**Naughty Girl**

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**Naughty Girl Ch. 01**

Bernice was willing to indulge her husband, as it was a naughty fantasy of hers too. She took off her coat and threw it into the car, together with the keys. Unable to get back into the car, now meant it was impossible to back out of the game. This gave her an added thrill. She was committed to walking across the park, to meet her husband.

She was dressed in a schoolgirl uniform, feeling very naughty and sexy. She was more than ready, for her husband to pick her up. She was prepared to flirt with him, and just maybe, they might go that little bit further, if the situation was right.

Her heart raced as she made her way into the park. It wasn't windy, so she agreed to wear a thong, under the short skirt. The white blouse was tight across her small breasts, and she wasn't wearing a bra. They felt exposed in the thin blouse, as the nipples showed faintly through it.

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She was twenty-four, and slightly built, with a baby face. It was this, and the times she had to show Id to get a drink, that made him dare her. Of course, she knew there was more to it than that. He knew she liked to show off her long, sensuous legs in public.

Sometimes it was possible to go a little further, if the opportunity arose. At the beach, she let the bikini top accidently slip a little, for a moment or two, before pulling it back into place. Recently she had bent over, while fussing with a beach towel, knowing an old guy was behind her.

The bikini bottoms were pulling tight between her cheeks. It was an agony, not being able to turn around, to see if he had been watching. While bent over an attractive young woman walked passed, wiggling her uncovered bottom, cut by a thin string bikini. The guy was sure to be checking her out, so she glanced at him.

He was still looking at her near naked bottom! He was staring, seemingly mesmerised by the sight of her ass. Her face coloured up with embarrassment. His shorts seemed full of cock, he was so hard. She quickly sat, opening a book upside down, pretending to read.

She could feel her sex, burning with the heat of arousal. He hadn't even noticed the younger, more attractive woman. He had been so engrossed, with ogling her body.

That naughty moment confirmed she was an exhibitionist, though it took a few days to come to terms with it. When she did, the fantasies began to roll through her imagination.

A schoolgirl outfit, bought on-line, had been too tacky to wear outside the bedroom. On a mature, married woman, it looked positively lewd. So much so, she refused to go out in it.

While at a friend's house she borrowed a skirt, from a wash basket, while in the bathroom. It had been a moment of madness. Her friend's daughter wore it to school, so it wasn't too short for an adolescent. Though on her, it did look risqué, with long legs and white ankle socks. The blouse and school tie, were purchased at a local mall to go with the skirt.

She wore it in the bedroom, giving her husband a thrill. He cajoled her to wear it in public, and of course she refused. Thinking her husband was exaggerating, Bernice took a good look in the mirror. She had to admit it was true. She did look like an eighteen year old high school student. She could have walked down the street, with her friend's daughter, and everyone would assume they were school friends.

When the big day arrived she was so excited, they very nearly didn't leave the house.

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So here she was, wearing a daringly short skirt, dressed in a school uniform. She hesitated on entering the park gates, feeling highly nervous.

Plucking up courage Bernice walked into the park, feeling shy and anxious. Despite this, she felt naughty and highly aroused.

"Excuse me! Is this the South Gate?" a woman asked.

"Err, yes, ma'am," Bernice demurely answered. Oh! Shit! What the hell was she doing here? One of her employees was right there, talking to her. Joan was looking at her watch, so hadn't noticed who the young schoolgirl really was, yet.

The damn woman was the office gossip. Bernice dropped her head, in shame, trying to hide her face. It was fortunate not to have tied her long hair in pig-tails.

"Is it four yet, do you know?" Joan asked.

"Err, I think so," Bernice nervously answered.

"Well, students these days! Can't you look at me when I'm talking to you?" Joan demanded. The woman took a hold of her wrist, to look at a Mickey Mouse watch. Bernice still had it from school days.

Bernice remembered the woman was a bit of a bully as well as a gossip. She had to reprimand her once, for upsetting a secretary.

"Just look at you, dressed like a slut. I would have been sent home looking like that, not that I would have dared, of course. You young things should learn some respect for yourselves and your elders. If you were mine I'd put you over my knee and teach you some manners," Joan gleefully scolded her.

Bernice dare not look up. To be recognised by this dreadful woman, would put her in a difficult position. The gossip circulating around the offices would be intolerable. If she begged her to keep quiet, Joan could hold this over her for a long time to come.

She struggled from the woman's grip, needing to run away, like a frightened schoolgirl. The suddenly released grip had her tumbling to the ground. Joan looked down at her, with a look of condescension on her face.

"Good grief! Do you go to school like that? You really are a little slut," Joan smirked.

Bernice clamped her legs together, after revealing the thong, which was pulled tight into her crotch. She scrambled up off the grass, and mumbled her apologies. The horrid woman's laughter rang in her ears, leaving her feeling small and inadequate. Fighting down the need to retaliate, she scurried away, like a frightened rabbit.

The encounter left her giggling, as she felt all the more like a naughty schoolgirl, running off, on a dirty adventure.

This morning she had been dressed in an expensive silk business suit, leading her team, which included Joan. Now the woman had caught her in the park, wearing a schoolgirl's uniform. What if she had accidently done something, to warrant a punishment? Would she have been spanked, like a naughty girl, before everyone in the park?

The image of being spanked by an employee had her heart racing, from the sheer humiliation of it.

Joan had treated her like a naughty schoolgirl! The danger and fear from being under the woman's control, had been exciting. It was a good job she hadn't been recognised, as Joan was more than capable of taking advantage of a situation.

How would she explain it away? The woman was astute enough to figure out what she was up to. She would have enough ammunition to take advantage in the office.

It might even have started right here, in the park. Bernice dare not draw attention to herself, so she would have had to play along. The woman could humiliate her, just for the amusement of it.

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Bernice imagined being taken in hand, to be dragged round the park. Joan could make her play basket ball with the young guys. In the short skirt, wearing a thong, it would be shamefully embarrassing. Everyone would to see her bare ass, every time the skirt bounced up. The guys would be sure to comment rudely, on her bouncing, unfettered breasts.

Maybe she would be shown off to friends, while pretending Bernice was her niece. The woman could embarrass her, far more than a real aunt would. Bernice's imagination continued to work her up.

"Her parents don't look after the girl properly. Lift the skirt up and show them, do as you are told, girl," Joan demanded, and slapped a leg. "Just look at these panties. They are most unsuitable on a young girl," Joan told her friends. Joan took great pleasure in showing off her boss's panties to everyone, including the men.

"Her breasts are developing, so she should be wearing a bra, not just this tight blouse," Joan pointed out.

In an agony of embarrassment Bernice lifted the top, to show off her breasts to the woman's cronies. A couple of young guys walked by, and swivelled their heads to keep her in view, with a look of pleasurable surprise on their faces.

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Bernice was half way across the park when she looked back toward the south gate, wondering if Joan was still there. If Joan was watching her, it might be a sign that she had been recognised. She tripped and tumbled, landing on her face in the grass.

"Damn!" she cursed out loud.

At least Joan wasn't there. Bernice hoped the woman had walked off, with whoever she was meeting, and forgotten all about her.

Being blackmailed by the woman was frightening, though now the danger was over, it became exciting. Having to bow to an employee's will, would be humiliating, and that was doing something to her.

Sitting on the grass, she pulled her legs up, and wrapped her arms around them. Resting her chin on her knees, she slit her eyes to the low afternoon sun. Her pussy cried out for attention. With a slow slide over a thigh, her hand distractedly moved between her legs.

She meant to just press at the panties crotch, to adjust it, as it had slipped slightly. She began to fantasise about Joan again.

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"You need an appointment, you can't just walk in," Bernice's secretary explained to the woman. The tone of voice indicated that the likes of you, can't just walk in, you're not important enough.

Before Joan could say anything in retaliation, Bernice poked her head out the door and nodded to Joan. "It's alright, Joan has special privileges, she can call in anytime," Bernice told her secretary. A harrumph of irritation was all the response she got.

Joan strode into the boss's office, to find her next to the desk, standing at attention. "Have you followed all my instructions?" Joan demanded.

"Yes, miss," Bernice answered. The sound of her voice was pathetic, reflecting the way she felt. She was the boss, and was being blackmailed by this bitch employee, into obeying her whims. It was infuriation having to be submitting to Joan's demands.

"Show me," Joan demanded.

"Yes, miss," Bernice answered, in a little girly voice. It was one of Joan's demands that she must talk like a stupid girly. Lifting the skirt, she showed the woman a pair of black stockings, held up by red suspenders. The colour had been specified, as much as the rest of the clothes she was wearing.

"Good girl, no panties. Show me your chair," Joan mischievously smiled. "As I thought, you've been a naughty girl. Look at that wet patch! You will be punished for that," Joan gleefully pronounced.

"Oh! I'm sorry miss, really I am, please don't spank me. I'll be a good girl from now on. Honest I will, please don't spank me miss. I promise to do as I'm told, please, miss," Bernice whimpered.

All thought of her position was lost, as she genuinely pleaded with the older woman. She was back in the past, a naughty little girl, fearing a punishment.

"Why are you being punished? Speak up girl," Joan scolded her. Joan had taught her what to say, and just loved hearing her boss talk so contemptibly. She took great pleasure in punishing her, and took every opportunity to rub her nose in the dirt.

"I've been a dirty little slut of a girl. I've dirtied the leather chair with my sex juices, miss. I deserve to be thrashed, miss," Bernice spoke up, knowing she would have to repeat it all, if she murmured.

"Bend over," Joan grinned. It made it all the better, seeing her victim grimace. They both knew she enjoyed the humiliation, of being punished. It strengthened her grip on the boss. This important woman was having dinner with the mayor this evening, and that made this spanking all the more exciting.

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Bernice couldn't help it. Instead of adjusting the crotch of her panties, she played with herself. Out in the middle of a public field, made it a naughty thing to do. It made it exciting, and she was already sopping wet. It made her chuckle to think one of her employees had made her so wet. The fantasy was pushing the arousal to a fever pitch. There was no-one close, but she could see people walking their dogs, and playing games in the distance.

In her imagination she was bent over the desk in her office. With every imagined heavy slap Joan gave her bare bottom, she thrust a finger into her pussy. In-between each spank, she vigorously rubbed her clit. The fantasy seemed so real, she was carried away, deeply in need of an orgasm. Everything else around her had been blotted out.

"Keep going, you are nearly there," someone said.

Bernice opened her eyes, ever so slightly. Lying beside her was a man, watching her finger her pussy. She didn't even slow down, or miss a beat. She became aware of her moaning, in time with the imaginary slaps. A little hiss of breath sounded as she sucked in air.

"Fascinating!" he commented. "I've never seen anyone so carried away before," he whispered.

Was this too a part of the fantasy? Out of the corner of her eye she watched a hand approach, getting closer and closer. She felt it push up the top, and it pinch a nipple. The hand closed around her breast and gently squeezed.

The old man was there, in reality, and he was playing with her breasts! All she wanted in the world was to orgasm. There was nothing she could do, but work toward a climax. Her mind and body were in tune, working furiously toward big beautiful orgasm.

She was in the middle of a field, in a park, playing with herself, letting an old man fiddle with her tits. She felt a finger touch her asshole. Eventually the message reached the conscious part of her mind that it wasn't her finger!

She paid more attention to it. It was circling the little brown, pucker hole, down there, below her cheeks. It was pushing, now pressing insistently. It was in! Had she relaxed, to let it in, or had it forced its way in through persistence. The finger pushed and pulled in rhythm with her finger next door, working her pussy. The close neighbours worked together.

The hand cupping her breast squeezed tight. The finger in her asshole pushed deep. Two fingers in her pussy worked her slippery hole hard. Her free hand took the hint, and squeezed her other breast. Her mouth fell open, as she groaned a low animal, moaning whimper.

An orgasm walked all over her body, squashing it into the grassy field. It felt as though she were being rolled flat. Both his and her hands, and fingers, continued to work her body. She was lying flat, with limbs spread out, responding to the after shocks of an earthquake, with little shudders.

"Was that as good as it looked, young lady?" the stranger asked.

"Yes, thank you, sir" Bernice whispered.

Perhaps it was in her imagination, but the man doffed his hat and walked away. She closed her eyes for a moment or two then struggled up on one elbow. She felt guilty from letting a stranger play with her body. It was arousing too, despite having just cum. It had been nice, but she needed a cock inside her, for complete satisfaction.

The prospect of being led into the woods, by her husband, was looking very attractive. She might even drag him among the trees, to make up for this naughty act.

Bernice pulled at the hem of the short skirt, feeling vulnerable, and aroused by the danger of being exposed. A flood of guilt washed over her. Had she really been so carried away, that she let a stranger play with her body? Her husband often said she was vulnerable when aroused. It must be true.

She walked quickly, not looking back, in case she saw the old man. Heading for the north-side gate, she could see Angus, sauntering along a path. He must have seen her, for their paths would cross, near some trees.

Was that his plan? Was he going to try and sweet talk her into the woods? She was ready for it. It wouldn't take much. Her breaths came in short gasps, as she walked toward their rendezvous. He would know what the heavy breathing meant.

When this hot, it didn't take much to push her over the edge, into irresponsibility. Or, as he said in the bedroom, he aroused her, to become his naughty slut. He only had to whisper into an ear, to have her craving his cock.

That was in the privacy of their bedroom. It was disappointing to think he wouldn't take advantage out here. The thought of being discovered by someone, was enough to ramp up the excitement. There was no way she would let him take her out in the open, though in the woods she might.

Bernice was breathing hard, as though she had run all the way from the car.

She ran into him, when stumbling onto the path. He gripped her wrist to steady her, reinforcing the encounter with Joan. The touch was electric. She couldn't look at him, for he was sure to see how excited she was. He would be sure to take advantage of her submissiveness.

He knew how passive she became when aroused. At home, he would sometimes play at being a dominant master. He would order her to do things, naughty things, pushing past her inhibitions. Jim knew what she enjoyed, so it was fun and exciting to let go, letting him take charge.

Here though, it could be dangerous, if they both got out of hand. Bernice winced, on feeling that bad thought arouse her. She kept her head down, shielding her face, in long auburn hair.

He had a hold of her wrist, talking to her, so she had to focus on what he was saying.

"Well, why aren't you in school young lady? You nearly pushed me over!" he scolded her.

Bernice could hardly find a breath to reply. "Sorry, sir," she managed to say.

It was just perfect! This was all he had to do. He could whisk her away to his car right now, and have her home in twenty minutes. She wondered if she dare suck him, while he drove. She was that worked up, it was more than possible.

He had asked before, while on an empty road, and she had refused. Yet here in town, it was very likely she would initiate the wicked act. How could she bring herself to tell him how excited she was? Her legs trembled in anticipation of being so wicked.

"I've a good mind to take you to your parents, and tell them you're a bad adolescent," he loudly stated.

Bernice felt small and insignificant, as though she really was just a naughty girl. The game was especially stimulating after bumping into Jean. She was being shown up, in a public park, wearing just a thong under a short skirt. In the past, just showing off her legs had been a naughty thrill. She had gone way past that in the past hour. Even her nipples were getting in on the act, by poking out large, through the tight blouse.

She looked down at them, mesmerised by the way they swelled, and pushed against the thin blouse.

No-one took much notice when he told her off. Yet it was still a juicy thrill, being treated like a stupid eighteen year old. She dare not look up to see the people walking by. Jim knew her well enough, to know what he was doing to her. It was so very effective too. She could hardly stand, or think straight. More than ever before, she wanted to be at home, to be his naughty, uninhibited slut.

As though from nowhere, a young guy appeared from behind a tree.

"Hey, you! Leave her alone!" Harry shouted.

Bernice looked up, startled at the interruption, worried they had gone too far with the game. Jim was embarrassed too, from having their amusement interrupted.

The young guy was upon them before either could think what to do next. He grabbed Bernice's other wrist.

"I'll call the park ranger, if you don't let her go. They don't let perverts loose in the park," Harry shouted.

Jim looked at him in surprise. He didn't want anyone stopping to find out what was going on.

"You don't understand, she's, err, I mean," he tried to explain. He couldn't bring himself to say she was his wife. "It's OK. I'm going to take her home," he added.

"Ouch! Let go of my arm," Bernice squealed.

"That's it pervert, let go of her right now!" Harry exclaimed.

Bernice wanted to explain it was the young guy hurting her wrist, not her husband. She yelped in pain instead, while caught between the two of them, in a tug of war.

Thinking the old man had hurt this girl, he shoved a hand at him.

Jim could easily overpower the young guy, though obviously, he didn't want to attract attention. It would be humiliating to be caught out like this. Besides, he would be in trouble if a park ranger came by. Fighting with a ruffian like this, would take some explaining.

Again they were taken by surprise. The rest of his friends stepped out from among the trees, and quickly surrounded them. Jim let go of his wife, to ward them off. When he manoeuvred around to face them, it turned out to be a mistake.

Harry shoved Bernice behind him, meaning to protect her from the mean old guy. His friends circled him, trapping her between them. They began to edge away, back toward the trees. Caught in their circle, with her wrist firmly grasped, she couldn't do a thing, except trip along with them.

"What do you think you are doing?" Jim lamely shouted.

"She's safe with us, away from old farts like you!" Harry sneered at Jim.

"Please, let me go," Bernice cried out.

"See, she doesn't want to stay with you. Go bother someone your own age," Harry shouted.

"Stop! You can't drag her away like that!" Jim shouted back. "She's my, just stop, right now," he complained, in confusion. He stood watching them hurry off with his wife. Within seconds they had disappeared into the undergrowth.

Bernice couldn't get her breath to shout at them. By the time she thought of telling the guy he was her uncle, they were away, lost in the woods.

"Shit!" Jim said, under his breath. It had happened so quickly. There was no time to think. One minute they were intently playing a game, the next she was gone. His excitement had been cut short, leaving him shaking with anger.

He just stood, staring at the spot where his wife had been dragged off. They were a bunch of eighteen year olds, trying to protect one of their own. All very commendable, except it was his wife they had hauled away.

He should have done something! There had been six of them, so it would have been difficult to manhandle or threaten so many. He shouted her name, attracting the attention of a passing couple. They asked if he had lost his dog.

He felt like telling them he had let his bitch wife off the leash. It had been for just a moment then she ran off into the woods, with a pack of wild dogs. He was close to laughing, though not in a pleasant way. Hysteria was patting him on the shoulder, ready to take over responsibility for his abject failure.

"Everything OK?" a ranger asked. He turned up on a bicycle, on his usual rounds.

"My, err, she was kind of dragged off, by a gang of juveniles," he stammered.

"Who was?" the ranger asked.

"My niece, Barbara," Jim lied.

"Who dragged her off," he asked, while making notes. "How old would you say they were? OK! I know who they are. She should be OK. I'll get them checked out, make sure she's alright. We know where they hang out," he said, trying to be reassuring.

"I need her back, not just checked out," Jim demanded.

"Are you her guardian?" he asked.

"No! I'm, err, just her uncle," Jim bluffed.

"Well, if she wants to stay out till the park closes, there's nothing I can do to make her leave," he stated.

"She'll want to go home with me," Jim said.

"Well, why did she run off with them in first place?" he asked.

It was getting complicated, and Jim knew sooner or later, he wouldn't have the right answers. If this carried on, he was sure to get caught out. Besides, if the police became involved, their sordid little game would be uncovered.

It was difficult to accept there was nothing he could do. How could he tell them, his wife had run off with a bunch of wayward youths? It was humiliating to even think about. If it was discovered, it would get back to people they knew.

"What should I do?" Jim asked.

"Where's your car parked? Go home and wait for her there. We'll phone you as soon as someone checks on them. I'll radio to another ranger. It won't take long, as we know where they get too. Don't go wandering off after them, you'll never find them in the forest. I don't want to go searching for you too," he sternly warned.

Jim looked at him, and shrugged his shoulders. It was demeaning having to leave his wife out there, in the woods, with a bunch of adolescents. They were probably laughing at him right now.

When she got home, he would be in trouble. She would blame him for this almighty disaster. Still, in years to come they might laugh about it. When they were old, they might even be bold enough to recount it to close friends. At the moment though, all he could think about, was what she would say once home.

Before getting into the car Jim looked back at the park gates. Shit! He felt so stupid.

He dressed his wife up in a little sexy skirt and top. He then worked her up into such a state she was dangerously close to an orgasm, in a public park. Then he let a bunch of lusty young guys drag her off into the woods. What a mess!

When she was that close to an orgasm, she became docile and easily controlled. That's when he called her his sexy slut. Only then it was when they were safely at home, in the bedroom.

So, those young guys had dragged into the woods, a sexy slut primed, and ready for anything. Out there were a bunch of randy young guys, with a horny experienced woman, dressed like an eighteen year old, and behaving like a sexy slut. They had no idea what they had let themselves in for.

He dare not think about the consequences. If it had been his niece, would it be any worse than being his wife out there? He just hoped she could bring herself under control, before one of them discovered how easily manipulated she was.

She was bound to have recovered her composure, and become angry with him by now. As a mature woman she would find a way to handle the situation, though it would be a close run thing. When she returned home, he would be in big trouble!

**Naughty Girl Ch. 02** In the woods with the guys

Bernice was caught between two young thugs, gripping her wrists, hurtling through the trees. When they slowed, she begged them to stop. She doubled up, sucking in a great lung-full of air.

"Come on, not far to go now!" Harry said, hurrying her up, with a slap to her bare ass.

Being reminded she wore just a thong, was bad enough. Having this young lout take such a liberty with her body, was too much. "Don't do that again! Or you'll be in trouble," she protested.

"Just like you snotty girls! Saint Bernadette's is such an uppity school," Harry chuckled.

"So, in your school, the girls don't complain when you are rude?" Bernice arrogantly asked.

"Not when they're bent over, showing off a bare ass," he laughed, and the others joined in laughing at her.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked, quickly changing the subject.

"If you don't want to join us, go back," he teased.

Bernice looked around, unsure of where 'back' was. With a hopeless sense of direction she would wander around in circles forever. What would a real schoolgirl do? She tried to think like an eighteen year old, but it was impossible. It seemed so long ago, so much had happened, since university. The last few years had changed her, made her responsible, less reckless.

"OK! Whatever," she said. The casual shrug of her shoulders, belied the qualms she felt, over being led deeper into the woods. These young guys were harmless enough, despite looking a bit rough. She felt able to handle them, without too much difficulty.

Without warning, an awful thought popped into her head. On arriving, where ever it was supposed to be, she might be expected to actually handle them. The idea of taking each of them in hand, having to play with their cocks, was terrible. Her imagination intensified the scene.

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It was either play with their cocks, or be left out in the wild. Once she started pulling the first guy off, it was a short step to pushing her face onto it. Rubbing his cock over her face the lad plucked up enough courage, to shove his cock into her mouth. Seeing this, all his friends wanted a blow job.

Having to suck eight young cocks had her reduced to a sperm slut. She was soon covered in their young virile, sticky juices. At only eighteen they were fit and randy. By the time she finished the last one, the first was ready for her again. Only this time, he wanted her pussy.

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Bernice looked around at the young guys, checking them out for bulges in their pants. They had taken a good look at her ass, and made nasty jokes about it, and what they wanted to do to it. Now though, they were more interested in getting deeper into the forest, away from the well trodden paths.

Harry offered his hand and she tool hold of it. As they touched, a little spark of static shocked her. He had a firm grip, so at least she wouldn't become lost. He was a handsome young man. He wasn't muscle bound, but walked tall and proud with a long step. He had a cute bottom too.

When they got to a clearing, there was a park ranger waiting for them, in a jeep.

"Hi Sid, how you doin?" Harry asked.

"I'm here because someone complained that you ran off with his niece. That you Barbara?" Sid asked.

"Err, I guess so," she quietly answered. It was a good ploy, she thought. Her husband hadn't much chance to stop them, as it happened all too quickly. At least he had thought to cover up their game, for it would be highly embarrassing to be found out. Since being dragged off into the forest, it would be even more uncomfortable to be discovered.

"I can give you a ride home, if you want," Sid offered. "Your uncle will be there waiting," he added.

"She's OK. We'll see Barbara gets home," Harry interrupted.

She looked from one to the other. She didn't want to be with either of them. Getting out of a rangers vehicle outside her home, while dressed like this, would be hard to explain to nosey neighbours. On the other hand, she could manipulate these young guys, and sneak home after dark.

"I'm fine, like, I'll stay, for awhile, OK?" she asked. It was embarrassing, pretending to be an adolescent in front of this man. Hiding her face in long hair was becoming a useful habit.

"Sure. It's up to you," Sid shrugged. "See you around guys. If you are thinking of starting a camp fire, don't! Understood?" he warned.

The gang made the right kinds of noises, while Sid climbed back into the jeep.

"You hungry, Barbara?" Harry asked.

"Yea, a burger would be good," she teased.

Being called Barbara, released her into becoming a new person. She had already been forced to act like an adolescent, now she had a name to go with the performance. It made it easier to behave badly when they didn't know who she was, and had less expectations of her. She felt happy to hide behind the new personality of Barbara.

"I've got a salami sandwich for you," one of them said, raising a leering laugh from the others.

"Sure, that sounds nice and tasty, but you haven't got enough to satisfy me," she teased, right back at him.

"What about a squirrel burger? What a look! Only joking! There's a burger bar near by. You'll have to change though," he said.

"Into what?" she replied, with a grimace.

They should have been treating her like a lady; with the respect an older woman was due. Instead they were treating her like a slut, and she couldn't help responding to it. The way she was dressed, and the way she felt, made it difficult to react any differently.

He pointed up, into the tree. "In the tree house, there's a change of clothes. We don't wear school uniforms like you lot, but sometimes it's useful to change. We sometimes sleep here, or just need to hang out. We built it years ago, when we were just kids," Harry said.

Bernice gave him a look of derision, when he referred to them as kids in the past tense. They were only just eighteen, and still looked like kids to her. She realised her face was marked with dirt, as well as her knees, and she was dressed young too. It was no wonder they treated her like a girl around their age.

The others busied themselves, bringing down a rope ladder.

"A pair of jeans and t-shirt would be cool," he suggested.

To her they were just kids, but she had dropped into feeling like one of them. Bernice would welcome a pair of jeans, to replace the impractical short skirt. She looked up at the ladder in trepidation.

"You can change down here if you prefer," Harry teased.

His friends told him girls can't climb, and ridiculed her. While two of them said they would help her change, if she couldn't climb.

"I'll pick what to wear, and change up there, thank you," she sternly told them.

Gripping the rope, she hefted herself up two rungs then eased herself up the next. "Shit!" she sighed. They were blatantly looking up the skirt, making rude comments. She tried to keep her legs together while climbing, but it was impossible.

They kept up a running commentary, as each foot stretched up to the next rung, splitting her legs. Showing off her bare bottom was doing something to her. "Not now!" she quietly chided herself. She didn't want her pussy swelling out of the little panties, with this mob checking her out.

"Hey, like, stop it guys, I need to concentrate," she said, and looked down at them. Her head seemed to come off her shoulders. An instant later she was upside down, swinging by her ankles.

She didn't need telling to hold on. Everyone was shouting at once. Harry climbed up to her, while others gripped the ladder, so it didn't shake around. Her upside down face was level with his. It was weird looking into his upside down eyes. He kissed her lips.

"Hey, like, now isn't the time or place, guy," she complained.

"You haven't even thanked me for rescuing you in the park. Now I have to untangle you, before you fall on your head," he argued back at her.

"Well, OK! Thanks, thanks for sticking me up a tree," she demurely said, meaning it to be sarcasm.

"So, do I get a kiss, or do you want to be a bat all night?" he teased her.

"OK! Like, make it quick," she grudgingly agreed.

He kissed her neck, then her ears. She meant to complain, but she was stuck there, holding on for her life. He kissed her lips, and her mouth opened, of its own accord, accepting his exploration.

Bernice groaned. This was too good. The earlier playing around, followed by a let down, combined with an exciting escape through the woods, was getting to her. She was far from losing control, but the helplessness of her position was working on her.

"Phew! You're, like, some kisser!" she sighed. He looked embarrassed. He climbed up further, to untangle her ankles. Carefully placing his feet, to avoid stepping on her hand, he raised himself level with her crotch.

She looked up at him, seeing what he could see, and became highly embarrassed. The skirt had fallen down over her hips, revealing the brief panties. His face was inches away from them. All his friends could see her panties! They could all see him staring right between her legs! Her breathing became ragged, no longer from fear, but from arousal.

"Nice!" he commented while examining her. "The panties look cheap. Is what's inside them cheap too?" he asked.

"That's rude," she retaliated, only her voice sounded too weak to put him off.

"Calling your panties cheap or what's inside them?" he laughed.

"Both! Anyway, like, they aren't cheap," she said, trying to sound miffed.

"So what's inside these panties has a price, and it isn't cheap," he asked.

"No! You know that's not what I meant. I meant my panties," she shouted a him. Hell he had her discussing her panties, while his friends laughed at her. Bernice was becoming more fired up than ever.

She felt humiliated from telling him her pussy wasn't cheap or at least, that was what his friends were laughing at. He had tricked her into saying her pussy wasn't cheap and they thought it hilarious. She had called herself a whore as far as they were concerned and kept guessing at how much she charged.

It was just a nasty tease, but she could take it. It became infuriating as they kept on.

"Shut up! What's in my knickers ain't cheap, so you lot can't afford it, OK!" she shouted at them.

They laughed nervously, and settled down to murmuring amongst themselves. She just hoped the unintentional outburst hadn't started something nasty.

Moving his foot from a rung, Harry found her hand on the next one. Before he put his weight on her hand, he pulled the foot away, and nearly fell. His swung forward and his face slapped her right between the legs.

Bernice winced and yelped. She dare not move though.

"Sorry," he said. "Perhaps I should kiss it better," he suggested.

"No!" she shouted.

Unable to defend herself, and being dependent upon him to free her, she kept quiet. She hoped he would move on, if she didn't make a big deal over it. Instead, she watched him move in. His lips puckered up, ready to suck at her lips. She groaned in anguish and from arousal. The thought of what he was about to do, was enough to have her gasping.

Already aroused, this young guy was stoking her up, beyond the limits of control. She didn't want him, or anyone else, to touch her there. She couldn't even pull her thighs together, with her ankles caught in the rope ladder.

It was difficult to know, if she was more afraid of him, or of falling. It wasn't him she was afraid of, it was what she might do, once aroused. He pulled away the panty crotch with his teeth. His strong mouth covered her lips. They pressed heavily upon her sex, engulfing it.

She needed to tell him that she wasn't a silly girl, she was a responsible woman. She was a mature, married woman, and he must stop doing those lovely things to her.

The more deeply he kissed her the more his friends cheered. The more they cheered the more excited she became. She trembled like a leaf. She heard herself groaning with passion. It was so very wrong, yet she couldn't do a thing about it. The whole situation, and everything leading up to it, had her submitting to this young lad.

He sucked her lips into his mouth, bit on them then let go. She was on the verge of an orgasm when he stopped.

"What are you doing to me?" she cried out.

Mistaking her question, he told her. "Tying your ankles to this rope, to haul you up," he explained.

She was asking why he had taken her so close then suddenly stopped. Her mind was full of arousal. When he untangled her ankles she dropped a few inches, forcing a yell from her lips. He climbed over her, the hardness in his jeans rubbing over her face. It pressed against her sex as he climbed. Her panties caught and were dragged up around her knees.

The crowd below her cheered, making comments about how wet and open the slut was. She should have died of shame. Instead she was caught in a state of excitement, losing touch with everything but her sex. The dreadful state she was in meant the lewd comments stoked her up.

From the tree house, he pulled her up by the rope, tied around her ankles. He grabbed a hold of her arm pits and heaved her in. She sat panting on the floor, with her legs ether side of his.

Bernice was breathing fiercely, sucking great gulps of air. The fear added to her arousal, pushing her into becoming submissive. She could feel the familiar docile state, taking her over. She didn't want to be like that, in such a dangerous situation, yet it was impossible to fight the condition.

"That's the second time I've rescued you. I claim my reward," he demanded, with a light laugh, playing around his mouth. His eyes were intense, staring at her, judging her. He was trying to decide how far she would go.

She nodded, unable to speak. She could at least let him kiss her, that wouldn't do any harm.

He pulled her over his lower body. He dragged down the zip, and pulled out his cock. He pushed her face onto it, and rolled it over her lips. Without thinking, she opened her mouth, and sucked it in.

She couldn't stop herself. She licked and sucked, making a meal of it. It was a surprise when he cum. He spurted hot sperm into her mouth, tasting acrid and salty. There seemed to be loads of it! She assumed he had produced so much, because he was a young, virile man. She swallowed and gulped, not wanting to, only what else was she to do with it?

He kept his cock firmly pressed in her mouth, until at last he let her go.

She lay still on the floor, wondering what in hell had happened. She had just sucked off a complete stranger. She was still on the edge of an orgasm, trying to bring herself under control. She wanted to shout at him, but for what? It wasn't his fault he was treating her like a common little slut. She looked like one, and behaved like one.

He went to kiss her then pulled back from her, with a look of disgust. He fingered a drop of cum, from the corner of her mouth, and wiped it onto her parted lips. She had wanted him to kiss her, to receive some kind of affection. To have that need rejected, pushed her firmly in place, as a dirty little slut.

"Come on, I'll help you down," he said.

She was being summarily dismissed, by this young guy. He had used her to suck his cock dry, and was finished with.

"What about me? You've had what you want, what about my needs?" Bernice petulantly asked. She was angry, yet the words were driven by a deep need for satisfaction. She knew it, yet hadn't been able to hold them back.

"The guys can fuck you, if that's what you want!" Harry dismissively told her.

He was defining her place, more foully than she could take. In a fit of anger she retaliated. "Maybe I will," she spat at him. The thought of taking his friends on was painfully depraved, though being so sexed up, it was almost possible. Never before had she been so worked up, and so out of control.

"These jeans are too long for you. I'll make them into cut-offs. Here, grab a shirt," he said, throwing it at her. Most of the buttons were missing, but she couldn't bring herself to ask for another. The pile of old clothes looked dirty and worn. With shaking hands she undid the buttons on the blouse.

She didn't try to hide her body from him as she pulled off the top. She couldn't help making a show of it. She tied the shirt under her breasts, noting how much cleavage was on show, yet defiantly not caring.

He passed her the shorts. She looked around for her panties. Not seeing them, she pulled the shorts up under the skirt. The crotch of the shorts pressed against her sex, confirming how wet she was down there.

Abandoning the blouse and skirt, among the pile of dirty old clothes, she stood ready to descend.

It hadn't been such a good idea to get changed after all. Especially not up here, with him. Had she thought these ruffians would have a selection of designer clothes up here? If they had stolen them they might have. The clothes she wore now were worse than the school uniform. They were old and dirty, reinforcing the feeling of being a dirty slut.

They said nothing, as he eased her down the ladder. He pressed close against her in case she fell. He wasn't angry with her, for she had simply been used and dismissed. His friends were at last quiet; guessing the two of them had sex up there.

Once on firm ground, they were bemused by the antagonism she showed toward him. It was obvious they had sex, rather than making love, and she didn't seem pleased about it.

Bernice tried to adjust the shorts. They rode low over her hips and were cut high up her thighs. He had hacked at them with a penknife, leaving little material remaining. After pulling them about, she realised there was nothing to adjust.

The thin strip of material at her crotch wasn't enough to conceal everything. The material pulled between her lips, leaving just the fluffy, ragged cotton, to flutter over her sex. Her lips were just about covered, as long as the ragged material didn't fray anymore.

The top half of her bum was covered, but there wasn't anything she could do about the rest. Her cheeks rudely bulged out the back of the shorts. The tight fit cut her in two, riding up between her cheeks, only just covering her asshole.

The way the guys stared at her made her angry. The aggressive arousal was new to her. It wavered between wanting to angrily dare them to make a move, and a need to surrender. She caught herself staring at their crotch, looking for signs of their readiness to take her. She felt an urge to tease them, wanting to dare them, needing them to take her. She also experienced a strong contrary desire, to simply submit to them.

Her head was drowning, as she swam in a pool of sexual arousal. Bernice followed them out of the clearing along a path, not knowing, not caring where they took her.

In a burger bar they sat happily slurping coke, and munching beef. The blanched onions crunched, annoying Harry. It sent shivers through him. He was wound up enough to storm over to the server and argue with him. The others didn't take any notice, not caring what it was about.

"Over here!" Harry offhandedly said, while crooking a finger at Bernice.

She hesitated from moving, after being so derisorily summoned. Meaning to rebuke him for being so curt, she got up and walked toward Harry. She swung her hips seductively, and was rewarded by a look of lust from the young server. The guy ogled her figure so blatantly she felt a wave of desire wash over her, defeating the anger.

A shiver ran down her spine, on realising this nerdy looking guy had aroused her. He was just as greasy as the burgers he sold. He stood with a stoop, perhaps from leaning over a grill for too long. His lank dark hair, stuck to his head, in an unfashionable, short back and sides cut.

She must be desperate, to be aroused by such an unlikely specimen of manhood. Standing next to harry, the poor fellow didn't have a chance in hell.

She knew better than to tease them, for it was too dangerous. She was behaving like a sexy slut, and the more they responded, the more it dragged her into the role. The game had often been played, with her husband, in the safety of their bedroom. Here, in public, it was so very wrong. Being dressed like a stupid slut, and treated like one, shouldn't have made her into one. It seemed her husband was right. When aroused past a certain point, she lost control.

It was important to get away from them, and to somehow get home.

"Joe has agreed to take you in exchange for the meal," Harry informed her.

Her mouth dropped open. The expression on her face clouded darkly, with a storm warning, readying for a harsh announcement. Her lips flapped, unable to express the indignation she felt. How could they possibly treat her so badly?

Her hips moved back and forth, as though she were being humped, up against a wall. This slight movement betrayed how she really felt, behind the facade of anger.

Bernice tried to complain only her voice was dry. Being given away for a few burgers and bottles of soda, was the worst humiliation to strike in all her life. So demeaning was it, her mind couldn't cope. She was a sophisticated business woman, being given away by a callous youth, for food.

In business she had easily and abruptly, dealt with unwelcome advances. Customers sometimes tried it on, just before the signing of a substantial contract. Especially when the figures were so substantial, they thought they deserved something extra from her.

Now she was expected to fuck for food! It appalled her, yet the dire humiliation excited her.

"You work the rest of the shift, cleaning tables and washing up," Harry informed her.

"Oh!" Bernice murmured. She felt foolish. The arousal was still there, working away at her, heating her crotch. She thought the fringing, hiding her pussy, might catch fire any moment.

Harry was surprised she gave in so easily. He joined his friends, to hang around until the last drip of soda had been sipped. After all they had nowhere to go or do.

When they left in a loud, boisterous group, she became frightened. It seemed terrible to be abandoned. Left there working for this ugly looking guy, left her feeling as though she was at his mercy. She wanted to shout at them to take her along. As bad as it seemed, she wanted to tell them, she was their sexy slut, 'so please take me with you'.

Joe was working until ten, when he would close up as usual. It was only seven, yet he would already be clock watching. This evening he couldn't take his eyes off the beautiful woman working for him. What a body!

She couldn't blame him for she was flaunting it. Not just because the clothes were so brief, it was the way she moved. She couldn't do much about the clothes, so she would have to cool down, needing her behaviour to return to normal. Otherwise, she would be in serious trouble.

"You can go clean the tables. Put the cardboard and paper in the trash can. Bring back the plates and glasses to wash them," he told her. He explained what to do as though she were a dumb bitch. With her mind in turmoil, unable to think straight, she was acting like one.

There were few customers, but walking among the tables, left her feeling vulnerable in the brief shorts and skimpy top. It was obvious she wore nothing underneath. The guys stared, and the girls glared.

She felt him squeeze by her yet again. Despite there being enough room he pressed her against the sink. This time he gently rubbed up against her bottom. She was ready for him. She looked over her shoulder, ready to tell him off. Instead a more urgent request came to mind.

"Can I ask you something?" Bernice asked, putting on a helpless, girly voice. She had firmly sunk into the persona of Barbara, the sexy slut.

"Sure!" he shot back at her. He grinned with a wild look of pleasure plastered across his face. The slut hadn't pushed him away or shouted at his immature advances. She looked so hot, he couldn't help interpreting everything she said and did, as a come-on.

"Could I earn the cab fare home, please?" she asked. The sweetness of her voice would gain anything she wanted. She felt him press a little more firmly against her rear. She should have told him off, instead she sweetly smiled. She understood what she was doing to him, but couldn't hold back.

There had probably been more attractive girls walking into this greasy joint at some time or another, but they would have ignored him. Bernice was attractive, way above his standard, yet he had her working for him. He could hardly keep his hands off her.

This knowledge didn't help her calm down. She was still hot, still needing a man, still wanting to submit. She was trying to fight the need to be treated like a sexy slut. The mischievous thought reverberated through her head. She wanted to tell him she wasn't Barbara, the sexy slut, but the words caught in her throat.

She rolled her head around on her shoulders, trying to get rid of the tension. She bent forward over the sink, dipping her hands in the washing up water. She was trying to dismiss him from her thoughts, but he was still there.

When he pushed against her she pushed back, meaning to push him away, only he was too strong. As he pushed her forward against the sink, she felt his cock pressing against her bottom.

"Oh! No! We can't," she stuttered.

He ignored the weak protest. Joe rubbed his cock against the bare cheeks, protruding from the shorts.

Bernice looked up, finding they were hidden behind a small, cardboard advertising sign. It sat on the counter, hiding them from view. As humiliating as it might be, to let him take her over the sink in a greasy burger bar, she was aching for it.

In frustration, she lifted up on her toes and rubbed her bare cheeks over his hardness. His cock felt so hard and hot against her bare flesh. She pushed back on him, catching his cock in the crease of her bottom. The friction against the thin cotton at her crotch, was rubbing her up the right way.

Breathing heavily through her open mouth, she tried not to make any noise. There weren't many in the down market place, but an audience of one would be too many.

She felt him push between her thighs then lift. Her whole body was lifted up, to balance on her hands, and his cock. He grabbed her cheeks, pushing her into place, manoeuvring past the crotch of her shorts.

She sank back onto her feet, by sliding down the length of his cock. She gasped when it forcefully hit the neck of her womb. He was so deep inside her she thought she might choke. It felt as though he had filled her entire body with his cock.

She had eaten cum earlier, but needed a cock to fill her up, to orgasm properly. She wasn't thinking about that, she was thinking about being filled. It was so bad she was past caring who did it to her, just so long as she had a cock. She looked like a slut, behaved like a slut, and this proved without doubt, she was a dirty, sexy slut.

"Fuck me hard," she whispered, over her shoulder.

"OK! You want it, I've got it," he told her.

She cringed at his words. Little should be expected from a stupid young guy, working in a cheap burger bar. He was working her body now, and doing a good job of it, just so long as he kept his mouth shut.

He lifted her up off the ground a couple of times, while slamming away at her. Every deep penetration brought a feeling of euphoria. "Yes!" she hissed, when he reached so deep into her body, it felt as though he was taking her over. Her head flopped forward, until he pulled back.

She felt his cock rubbing over her clit, as he dragged it back. Her head lifted, with eyes wide open, anticipating the forward thrust and a satisfying, deep penetration. He wouldn't last much longer, and knew it would trigger her orgasm too.

Lifting her head, like a nodding donkey, her eyes grew wide. This time her eyes grew large with astonishment. A man had pushed aside the small cardboard barrier. He was smiling at her. The amusement on his face didn't mollify her fear. He could see perfectly what she was doing.

He put a finger under her chin, holding her head up from its usual dip. She couldn't tear her eyes away from his. The struggle behind her was being resolved. She felt his whole body stiffen, as he started pumping sperm into her vagina. The man still held her chin, and her gaze.

Her mouth flapped trying to announce she was about to cum. She dare not say it. The man knew anyway. He was watching the guy behind her thrust in deep, where he finally held his cock motionless, right up inside her.

The tremors sprayed out from her stomach, reaching her hands and feet, and swamping her head with lightning shocks. The man smiled at her. That smile told her he knew what she was doing and what was happening to her. He was so close he shared the intimacy with her, as though it was he that fucked her, and made her cum.

This was the second time she had an audience to an orgasm today. It didn't make it any easier. Still staring at him, she began to realise she had seen him somewhere before. His face was only inches away from hers, so she hadn't focused on it. Besides, she had been busy up till now.

This man worked for a consultancy business she had hired. Shit! He would start on Monday, looking over her business, preparing to give advice on expansion. Here he was, staring at her, studying her, while she calmed down from an orgasm.

He had watched her being fucked by this greasy young guy! She tried to look away, only he held her chin, forcing her to look at him, while he appraised her. His face revealed what he thought of her. To him she was a dirty little slut. In her own head, she was exactly that.

In self defence, her mind hid behind the persona of Barbara, the young, sexy slut. She desperately needed to be Barbara, the only way of escaping this sordid situation.

**Naughty Girl Ch. 03** Bernice is ensnared

While bent over the sink in a cheap burger bar, a young guy had taken advantage of her. So worked up from what happened with a gang of boys in the forest, she had given in. While she recovered from the orgasm, he wiped his mess from between her legs with an old dish cloth. She had been used, and put in her place as his stupid young waitress.

As humiliating as it was, Bernice had to ask the young guy for cab fare. It would be impossible walking home dressed like a slut. Besides, anything could happen on a long walk in the dark, as she had already found out this afternoon.

"You promised!" Bernice retaliated.

"When you've finished the shift. That was the arrangement with Harry, to pay for the burgers and drinks. Unless you want paying for the fuck," Joe smirked.

How could she agree to that! It would downgrade her from a dirty slut to a whore. It was difficult to think of herself as a responsible business woman, after letting him take her and the way she had behaved.

She dare not think about her husband either, or she might crumple on the floor in a sobbing heap. She had to find some way to get through this. She would have to carry on pretending to be Barbara, the gullible young slut.

Walking from behind the counter to serve customers, she could feel the fraying cotton of the cut off jeans, digging at her crotch. There had been little enough holding them in place, and with every step it seemed they were parting.

The steam from the washing up, together with sweat, plastered the little top to her breasts. It was all the more imperative to switch off from what she was, to escape the indignity. As Barbara the slut, it was just possible to carry on.

"I'll have another strawberry shake," a guy said. He was ogling her body, while the girlfriend looked daggers at her. The anger turned to a derisory sneer.

Bernice wanted to run and hide, though as Barbara it was possible to withstand the embarrassment. She waggled her hips from side to side, as she wrote down the order. In retaliation to the girlfriends look of rudeness, she smiled at the boy.

They were only eighteen, so they should have given her the respect a mature woman deserved. With a baby faced complexion and her hair tied in pig-tails, they thought she was a teenager. Dressed like a slut, she received an admiring look from the boy, and a look of disdain from his girlfriend.

Returning to the counter she wiggled her ass, feeling the cheeks bulging out of the tight jeans. Annoying the girlfriend was her only chance to get back at everyone who pushed her into this degrading situation.

Fetching a shake, she carefully placed it on the table with exaggerated care. Leaning over the boyfriend showed off a deep cleavage, with the darkness of her nipples on display.

"I like the wet t-shirt idea," the boy broadly smiled. His girlfriend dug him sharply in the ribs.

"I was only being friendly!" he complained.

"Don't encourage the slut," she crossly told him. "You, leave him alone, slut," she warned. The sound of her voice was a feral growl.

Somewhat satisfied from having wound-up the girlfriend, Bernice wiggled her way to another table.

"What time do you close?" Paul asked.

Looking over her shoulder, she sighed with relief. "Fifteen minutes," Bernice replied.

"I'll just have a coffee," he said, with a deep penetrating voice.

Only then looking at the man, she realised who it was. He was the consultant hired to advise her on raising capital, for a business expansion. He had witnessed that nasty session behind the counter, with the greasy haired boy. He had watched her orgasm!

At least he didn't know who she was. On Monday she would wear plenty of make-up, and dress in an expensive business suit. She just hoped he wouldn't remember her being here. She imagined him in the conference room, trying to figure out where he had seen her before. She almost broke down in a fit of nervous giggles.

This time walking back to the counter she couldn't sway her hips, for it seemed so rude in front of him.

The crotch of the tight shorts was cutting her in two. The frayed cotton at the crotch was down to a few threads, and was perilously close to parting. From the moment she pulled them on, her cheeks crudely bulged from them. During the short time she wore them, her lips were becoming more prominent. She just hoped it would hold together until the burger bar closed.

At last it was time to close up for the evening. She watched a couple of the guys leave a generous tip, only for the girlfriends to snatch the notes from the table. They gave her a farewell sneer, while the boyfriends looked longingly at her, before being dragged out the door.

"That's it. You can turn the closed sign on your way out," Joe offhandedly told her.

"What about the taxi fare?" Bernice asked, in dismay.

"You earned the bill for the gangs burgers and drinks. That's it, unless you want to whore for it," Joe taunted her. "I'm about ready for a blow job," he leered.

She was about to ask how she was going to get home dressed like a slut. To him she was just that, a dirty slut, so what was the problem. Unable to bring herself to answer him, she strode to the door purposely not switching the sign to closed, and left. It was a pathetic protest, yet all she could think of. After all, the whole afternoon and evening she left acting pathetically.

She should have taken control of the situation from that first moment, when being dragged off into the forest by those boys. It had all happened so quickly. At the time all she could think of was avoiding a scene. The last thing she wanted was to be discovered dressed as a schoolgirl. It had been a daring adventure with her husband, which rapidly degenerated into a disaster.

Standing outside in the gloom, she wondered what to do. Hearing the locks clicking shut meant she couldn't go back in to plead for the fare. He wanted a blow job, and there was no chance of that! The lights flickered off, leaving her in the dark. There were no other stores, just that one cafe on the edge of the park.

It was either walk out the nearest exit, with a long walk home, or a short cut through the forest to the entrance she used earlier. She wished she had taken notice of the paths the gang had dragged her along.

A crackle of branches put her on high alert. Being attacked by a wild animal would end the worst of days ever experienced.

"Hey! Babs!" Harry called.

Although he started the dreadful events, she was relieved to hear his voice. He had meant well. He thought he was saving her from an old letch in the park, not knowing she was just playing a game with her husband.

"Hi Harry," she said, sounding full of relief. "I need my clothes, will you take me back to the tree house?" she asked, with a plaintive note to her voice.

"Sure! It's not far, but be careful in the dark, stick close to me," he encouraged.

Again he had that nice caring note in his voice. It won her around when they first met. At least now she had lost the heat of arousal, which earlier loosened her morals to a frightening degree. It was shocking to know how badly she behaved when hot. Now she knew, she was at least fore-warned. A defence would have to be worked out, against becoming so vulnerable. Her husband had teased her about it, only she thought he was joking.

Harry held her hand, to guide her along a narrow track. She stumbled in the dark, eventually making it to the familiar clearing. Looking up at the tree house, she remembered her wayward behaviour, and cringed. No wonder he treated her like a stupid slut.

Despite the rangers warning they had lit a fire. The glow threw wavering shadows of the boys sitting around a camp fire onto the trees. They were only adolescents, yet from their treatment of her earlier, she knew to be careful.

"I need my school uniform, could you get it for me?" she asked, trying to sound reasonable, yet firm.

"Why don't you come up with me," Harry playfully suggested.

"No. I'll wait here," Bernice said. There was no way she could possibly go through that again.

"Please yourself," Harry shrugged, and climbed the rope ladder.

He threw down the skirt and the top, which one of them caught. At least she could go back home dressed as she had left the house. It would be easier to explain to her husband why she had been so long. Of course, it would have taken some time to find her way out of the park, and he should be happy to see her at last.

Turning up dressed in the shorts and top would take some explaining. Especially when she was flaunting her body so crudely. She would have to be careful not to reveal she had lost her panties. Recounting what happened this afternoon certainly couldn't include everything.

"We need those clothes back," Jimmy leered at her, while holding onto the uniform.

She glowered at him, with hands on hips. It was certainly true, she could cope with this now she wasn't all fired up. The sound of the crackling wood broke the expectant silence while she stared him out.

"No! I paid for your burgers and drinks by working in that stinking burger bar. You owe me these trashy clothes. I'm not striping off in front of you lot," she angrily flung back at him.

The hush was broken by laughter. They were laughing at both of them. Their eyes were still on her. She could see the glow of excitement in their eyes, though their faces were in shadow. The light from the flames flickered, reflecting off her soft flesh. There was too much of it showing while in the company of a bunch of wild boys.

"Just a friendly kiss, and you can have the clothes," Jimmy suggested.

"Harry, I need to go," she said, as he landed at the foot of the ladder.

"That sounds like a fair deal. I'll have the kiss though," he defiantly told Jimmy.

After sucking his cock earlier in the tree house, a kiss didn't sound so bad. In comparison it sounded perfectly respectable.

"OK. Then you'll show me the way back to the gate!" she firmly stated.

"Deal," he smiled at her.

Although his face was in shadow she could tell he meant it. He wrapped his arms around her, to the approving sounds of his friends. The words weren't vulgar, they were encouraging.

He didn't just dive in for a smooch. He looked into her flame lit face. He smiled, while gently pulling her close. He kissed her forehead, a cheek, her nose, then sucked her upper lip between his, to nibble on it. In the firelight it was a romantic moment.

She was sweaty and smelly from the cafe, and had been a dreadful slut, leaving her feeling inadequate. She was undeserving of such gentle consideration. All the doubts of adolescence came flooding back, to leave her feeling nervous. He was a handsome young guy, leaving her feeling young and attractive.

When his tongue touched hers an electric shock of passion gripped her, as tight as his arms. His hands cupped her cheeks. It felt natural for him to take advantage, as she was lewdly flaunting her body. She was Barbara, the young slut he had saved. She felt so hot, her passion was deepening.

Warning bells were peeling, yet she couldn't help kissing, sucking, and twining her tongue with his. The duel went on, seemingly endlessly. She didn't hear the bawdy encouragement from his friends. His hands were exploring her body, with very little clothing protecting it. Her world had closed in to the small sensitive point of their teasing tongues.

Her body was on fire, as hot as the crackling wood. Her nerve cracked, and her mind sparked with passion. She was past the point of no return. Her legs felt weak, giving way as he lowered her to her knees.

She didn't want to see his cock, she wanted a romantic cuddle in front of the fire. She looked up at him with pleading eyes, trying to tell him not to spoil the moment. Instead, he eased his cock into her mouth.

Sinking into the role of Barbara the slut wasn't an option. She had to keep him happy or she would never find her way out of there. She knew it was an excuse. As bad as it was, her body was desperate and couldn't be refused. She needed satisfaction from a deep lustful craving. Instead of offering up her sex, she would have to make do with on with this.

As much as she wanted a cock between her legs, her head bobbed enthusiastically. It was taking too long. She was cooling down, beginning to recover her wits. Too late, she couldn't stop now. At last he spilled his load into her mouth. She spat it on the ground, with a grimace of disgust dribbling across her face.

The shame left her too weak to stand. She remained kneeling where he left her. Yet again he dismissed her, by turning his back after making use of her. She wondered if it was her, or had he some problem with what she had done. He had been so caring before. It left her feeling like a worthless slut, not worthy of his attention.

When another of the gang stepped in front of her, their voices came into focus. They were drawing lots to see who would be next. This boy had won her mouth, and a second was already lining up to take her! They were going to make use of her body, and keep her as a gang slut!

She was so empty of emotion, feeling so pathetic, she said nothing. It was impossible to defend her pride, for it had burnt away leaving an acrid taste of ashes. There was nothing left of her self-worth, as it had gone up in smoke. She knelt on the ground, prepared to endure the ordeal.

She heard them discussing her, saying that a slut like her wouldn't be able to grip tight with her pussy. Another of the gang suggested using her asshole. It was bound to be tight enough.

Their coarse remarks left her beaten into submission. She couldn't cry, or complain. They were wild adolescents and she had proven how debased she was. She opened her mouth ready to suck on the cock nudging her face. In dismay she realised how wrong she had been. A deep arousal still griped her body and thoughts, leaving her helpless to resist.

"Hey! What's going on! Stop that right now!" a man fiercely shouted.

He strode into the clearing. Up close he seemed to tower over her. She couldn't see who it was, and didn't want to. He grabbed an arm, forcing her up off the ground onto shaking legs. Seeing her school uniform on the ground he scooped it up, and dragged her away.

The gang slunk back, thinking the stranger must be her father.

A torch lit the path, only she saw nothing through tear filled eyes. The shame of being found like that numbed her mind.

Trotting along, keeping up with his long strides, meant it didn't take as long returning to the cafe parking lot. Again she was led by the hand, making her feel like a naughty little girl. He didn't ask, he just opened the car door expecting her to get in. Once in she felt weak and numb, as though from running a marathon.

She dare not look at him, but recognised the voice.

Paul drove off, watching her out of the corner of his eye. She looked shamefaced with head down, looking as though about to shrink to nothing.

Bernice squirmed in the seat, wondering what frightful situation she was in now. At least he had saved her from herself. She couldn't blame the boys. She had been up for it, so they were just helping themselves to a willing victim.

Feeling the cotton finally give way, she sat perfectly still. The only thing covering her pussy was a flap of denim! Getting into the car had pulled the crotch until just a strand kept it together. Now that had given up the fight to hold her swollen lips in place.

There was no mistaking her state of arousal. That it was from the prospect of becoming a gang whore was unforgivable. Playing at being Barbara the slut, couldn't be blamed. It was her mouth that had been splashed with a strangers cum. It was her, preparing to take on that rough gang of adolescents.

"Home? Where to?" Paul asked.

"No! I can't go home like this," she whined. She trembled in anguish at the thought of her husband seeing her like this. A hotel was out of the question, even if she had the money.

"Your parents will be worried about you," Paul stated.

After awhile she answered. "They're away," she lied.

"I had better make sure you don't get into trouble, AGAIN!" he emphasised.

Sitting there with her pussy bare and everything else on show, she felt disgusted with herself. Her knees were caked in dirt and probably the rest of her bare flesh was filthy too. She felt as though she was just a dirty little schoolgirl, being told off by an adult.

Being caught having sex with an adolescent for a second time by this man, was too much to bear. She felt broken, and irreparable.

"Sorry. I'm so sorry, sir," she whispered.

"You had better spend the night at my apartment, until your parents get home," he told her. "You can't be trusted to be left alone," he added.

He knew she was lying to him. From the start he hadn't intended to take her home. He figured she would be afraid of going home, and not because of trouble from parents. They said nothing more on the journey.

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"Stand there and don't move," he ordered.

He settled into his favourite armchair. He let her stand before him while he studied the dishevelled woman.

Every part of her body had smears of dirt over it, especially her knees. Tracks from tears ran down her face, through the dust and wood smoke. She smelt of sweat, stale burgers, and burnt wood. Her hair was a mess, and what little she was wearing was falling off.

She looked like a tomboy after playing in the woods all day.

"You've sperm on your face. Don't touch it, or you'll spill it on the carpet. You'll wash in a moment," he told her.

The bachelor pad was clean and minimalistic, though richly decorated. She recognised some of the artists paintings on the walls, and an elegant bronze of a naked woman. They were expensive pieces of art. He was obviously unmarried, to be able to indulge such a hobby.

She kept her head down, trying to hide her face in long hair. After this she wouldn't dare meet him on Monday. Some excuse would have to be thought of, to cancel his consulting services.

At the moment she was standing before him like a naughty little girl. The feeling was overpowering, and he was making it all the more difficult. She felt he was justified, after what would have happened if he hadn't saved her.

When he pointed out there was cum on her face, she nearly collapsed with shame. She dare not reveal who she was, so the persona of Barbara the slut would have to be endured for awhile longer.

Surely he wasn't going to take advantage of her. Did it matter, after all that had been endured already.

"The school uniform will have to be washed. Like you its caked in dirt," he said.

She looked around for it.

"It's in the laundry room. I'll get you something more suitable to wear. You can't go home like that. What would your parents say?" he asked.

"Don't know," she whispered.

"Don't know? I imagine they would be shocked. You've been running around without panties. Those shorts are tight enough to reveal almost everything, and what they should be covering is on public view," he scolded her.

He had to suppress a laugh from the way she squirmed like a schoolgirl before the principal.

"As for your despicable behaviour with those boys, I'm shocked. Your parents should throw you out of the house. Are you ashamed of yourself?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, sorry sir," she whimpered.

She wanted to plead with him not to tell her parents, despite them having passed away several years ago. Besides, it would be just as bad if he took her home to face her husband. She sank further into the role of Barbara, the bad slut.

"You're a filthy little girl, and I don't want you polluting my apartment. You had better get showered and freshened up. I'll get some clothes for you. My cousin sometimes stays over, so maybe she's left something that will fit. I can't say you deserve decent clothes, after what I witnessed of your disgusting behaviour," Paul said, laying it on heavily.

"Yes, sir, thank you sir," she demurely answered.

"Run along then. Keep that thing between your legs covered in future. It isn't supposed to be given away so cheaply," he admonished her.

Bernice glanced in the direction of his pointing finger, and slunk off. She had been standing before him trying to keep her pussy covered. Every scathing remark was deserved. She felt like a low form of life, scraped off his shoe. What he said to her was so very true, and so very bad.

The shower was scolding hot, yet nothing could scour away the feelings of being nothing more than a dirty little bitch. The prospect of a full night of sleep didn't hold much hope either. Her father had always said, a night's rest would set things right by morning. She wondered if she could sleep with thoughts of this dreadful day buzzing through her head. Dare she sleep with the possibility of terrifying nightmares?

"Wrap a towel around you, and go into the bedroom opposite," Paul shouted through the door, after hearing the shower stop.

His voice made her jump. She pulled the door open a crack, to see him returning to the lounge. She scampered into the room opposite. Laid out on the bed was clothing, as promised. It seemed she was too filthy a slut for him to take advantage of. It was both a relief, and another put down.

Pulling on the dress, she found it was too large. It made her feel like a little girl trying on a big sisters clothes. The A-Line dress flared out from below her bust, to swirl around her knees. There was no bra, so maybe he thought she didn't need one. She pulled on the big white panties, hoping they would stay up.

As near as ready as it was possible to be, she timidly walked into the lounge.

"I'm in here," his voice shouted from the kitchen. "I'll make you something to eat. Anything your allergic to? Go find out how the washing machine works. The maid won't be in until Monday, and you'll need your school uniform," he told her.

She stood by the table waiting for permission to sit down. He just used the one word, 'sit', so she sat, and picked up the sandwich. The Ardennes pate was meaty and tangy. She would have liked a Rich Burgundy to go with it, only he provided lemonade, with a straw. Trying to be a good little girl, she ate and drank without fuss.

"Thank you sir. I don't deserve your kindness," she modestly spoke.

"You look sorry for yourself, and so you should. Just put the dishes in the washer, and come into the lounge, when everything is clean and tidy. You can do that without breaking anything, can't you?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, thank you sir," she respectfully replied.

She walked in to stand before him, trying to look like a reformed character. Shaking off Barbara might not take too long, though recovering her self-worth would take far longer, if ever.

"I didn't hear breaking plates. Did you do a thorough cleaning job?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, honest sir," she said, trying for an appeasing sincerity. She meant to please him, as she needed to make amends to someone.

"Shall I take you home and tell your parents what I know?" he asked.

"Please, sir, no, sir," she whined. She gave him her best little girl lost expression, designed to gain his acceptance. One foot was crossed over the other, as she struck a gouache girly pose.

"You need punishing, to fix in that silly head of yours how to behave properly. If you won't allow your parents to do it, then I will," he sternly said.

"Yes, sir," is all she could say. He was right, she deserved punishing for what happened out there. It was all her fault, with no one else to blame. She had flaunted her body, and behaved badly. She looked down at the plush carpet, to see a tear drop soak into it.

"Come here," he demanded. He tapped his knees, and was satisfied to see her bend over them. She squirmed into place, until folded over his lap.

"This will hurt. You ready for a spanking?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," she bravely answered.

He lifted the back of the dress. Pulled at the large white panties, for them to fall around her ankles. Feeling them slither down her legs, she whimpered.

Smack! The sound of a hard hand striking her soft fleshy bottom was a shock. The stinging hurt was more so. She steeled herself to suffering an undignified spanking, knowing it was fully deserved. Barbara the slut was being reduced to a repentant little girl. So was Bernice, the important business woman.

Another hard slap rocked her cheeks. This time she yelped from the pain. One after another the smacks shook her body. She tried not to squirm, even though her cheeks felt so painful. She locked both thumbs together to prevent covering her bottom.

After six he stopped. His hand was stinging, though it didn't look as hot as her bare ass. He had surprised himself, not intending to hit her so hard. He gently rolled her off his knees, where she struggled to stand upright. Her panties were around her ankles. He was surprised she didn't stoop to pick them up. Less so, than when she agreed to be spanked.

"What do you say?" he demanded.

"Thank you sir, for punishing me, err, for spanking me," she whimpered. Only just refraining from rubbing her sore bottom, she stood at attention before him.

"You've been a dirty slut. Say it," he quietly told her.

"I've been a dirty slut, sir, sorry sir," she agreed.

"Now you've been spanked, do you agree to behave yourself like a decent young girl," he wanted to know.

"Yes, sir. Now I've been spanked, I'll try real hard to be a decent little girl," she promised.

Paul studied her with a hard expression. She dare not look up at him. She struck a little girl lost pose, looking contrite. She looked as though she would promise anything at that moment.

"Go stand in the corner with your hands on your head. Pull up those panties, before you trip over, girl," he scolded her.

He selected a file from the brief case to study a photo. It was her alright. He had researched the company, its finances, and its employees. He had an eye for faces, and had a good look at her in the greasy burger bar.

It shocked him to realise a young guy was screwing her in public. It occurred to him she might be a younger sister. While she served customers he decided it really was Bernice. He always looked for weaknesses in a company when sent as a consultant, but this was dynamite!

It was unusual, but obviously she was playing a dirty game. How he was going to use this against her would have to be decided by Monday morning.

He added more notes to the file. There wasn't much else to peruse. He kept her waiting for as long as his patience lasted.

"Come here, girl," he ordered.

"Tell me what you have been up to today. Tell me everything!" he warned.

"I couldn't, err, I can't. It's too dreadful," she stammered.

"Did you suck them all off earlier?" he asked.

"No! Just Harry," she started to excuse herself, only to fail dismally. She had just admitted to giving that boy a second blow job! Paul had witnessed everything else.

"I'm sorry, I couldn't help it. I won't do it again, I promise. I'm so very sorry, sir," she pleaded, while wringing her hands in anguish.

He was used to making difficult decisions. On one occasion he had to close a company. This time there wouldn't be the grief from employees losing their jobs. This looked like turning out to be a pleasure. He liked playing games, though it would be under his rules, not hers.

"Your parents should be informed. Though I'm sure you don't want anyone to find out about this," he stated.

"Please sir, don't tell them, please!" Bernice begged.

"The only way I'll keep your dirty secret, is for you to do as I say," he said. She had been struck dumb. Her head nodded once, then rested upon her chest. She looked beaten, but he wasn't one to take a chance.

"You'll do exactly as I tell you. All the time, from now on, until I think you've learned how to behave like a decent young girl. Do you understand?" he demanded.

"Yes. Yes, sir, thank you sir," she pathetically agreed. She didn't know how to react in this situation, besides, what could she do or say, but agree to anything he demanded. Acting like a little girl trying to be good was all she could come up with.

He was appraising her, like one of his works of art. He seemed to like what he saw. That was both good and bad.

"Lift up that dress," he said, with a frown creasing his brow.

Without the slightest hesitation she lifted the hem around her waist.

"You seem to be enjoying yourself again," he plainly stated.

In dismay she realised the panties were wet! Her nipples were small pebbles. Her breasts were tingling. The warmness of her breasts was spreading to her tummy. An all too familiar hot feeling between the legs, heralded an uncontrollable need was on its way.

Soon she would be dripping on his precious white carpet. He had been toying with her, and so was he now going to play with her? Despite it being him, she couldn't deny the feelings that surged within. After being so badly humiliated, it was awful to feel how aroused she had become.

She had hired him to advise her on a business strategy. Now she was a sex doll, ready to be played with. More than ready, she was breathing heavily, needing it, needing to be satisfied.

Paul watched her visibly heating up. She was so aroused she couldn't stand still. It looked as though her motor was running, ready to get off.

"You really are a hot slut! I didn't spank you hard enough!" he sternly said.

"Do you want to spank me?" she slowly said. She was looking at him through long eyelashes, flaring her nostrils. The tone of voice indicated she was ready for whatever pleased him.

"Pull your dress down, you dirty little slut," Paul managed to say. He was tempted, but there was a long term strategy forming in his mind.

Bernice felt as though he had slapped her face hard. The desire was ready to explode. She was prepared to crawl to him, and beg for his cock. All that stopped her was a look of disdain on his face. Even that insult aroused her. She trembled with lust.

"Go to your room! I don't want to see you until morning," he growled at her.

In the spare bedroom she threw herself on the bed. As soon as Paul was asleep, she would phone home to make sure her husband was there to pay for a taxi. At least dressed like this she looked respectable, even if she didn't feel it.

Utterly shattered, she spread her legs to try and quell the fire. She began to furiously frig herself. It was no good. Kept on a high, unable to orgasm, she began to fantasise.

The boys in the woods were taking her one after another, using all her holes. They were robbing her of all self-worth, with every cock entering her. They called her a worthless whore, and she sank deeper into being what they wanted her to be.

"I'm your fucking whore, fuck me hard. Make me cum, please let me cum," she murmured over and over. "I promise to stay with you. I'll be your gang slut, and be ready for your use, whenever, and however you want me. I promise to do anything you want, just let me cum, please!" she whispered.

She imagined three of them at once taking her. It wasn't love making, they were simple making use of a willing body. With a finger in her bottom, another in her vagina, and furiously thumbing her clit, she at last began to climax.

It was a desultory unsatisfying event, so she managed to keep it quiet. It was just enough to quieten the demands of her body. The heavy demands of the long sordid day were exhausting. Her breathing calmed down, and her eyes closed. Murmuring that she should phone home, tailed off into a soft snoring.

Paul listened at the door. The heavy breathing revealed what she was doing. The murmuring was enough to piece together her fantasy. He figured from how she reacted, and what he had seen, that she was turned on by humiliation. Being treated like a naughty little girl was a particular turn on.

Still unsure what to make of it, he decided to keep up the pretence. He would continue the charade, while pretending not to know who she was. It would be an interesting weekend.