Betsy The Bitch - a Samantha's Shame Story

by Delta Venus

My name is Samantha, Sam for short. I am writing this journal

mostly against my will, because of my older sister, Betsy. Betsy

is a bitch. A 24 karat, no-holds-barred, total fucking bitch.

Don't get me wrong, I love her because she is my sister, and she

is the type of sister who would do anything for me. Unfortunately

she is also the type who would do almost anything to me. I can

write that because she ordered me to be totally honest in this

journal, and write down all of my feelings. In fact, she told me

if it was obvious that I was leaving out anything I felt, or

anything that happened to me, she would make me very sorry.

Betsy has pretty much always been a bitch to me. When we were

young it was mostly physical abuse. She wouldn't do anything that

would result in permanent harm, but she would regularly slap my

face or punch me in the stomach or thighs, give me charley horses

and indian burns, and every so often just kick the shit out of

me. When I hit puberty, she suddenly figured out that I became

tremendously sexually aroused by embarassment and humiliation,

and found that absolutely hilarious and otherwise wonderfully

entertaining. Since I was the shy type, one of the easiest ways

to embarassment was to have me naked and exposed, although she

sometimes stuck with tried and true verbal humiliation, and could

tease me into near tears with just words.

Just before I turned 15, Betsy caught me masturbating, and took

some very revealing pictures. She has used those pictures to make

me do what she wants, even though many of the things she has had

me do have been far more embarassing than the pictures, and I'd

probably do whatever she asked anyways because she scares the

shit out of me. I wouldn't be writing that down, because it

probably gives her even more of a hold on me, but she has me

scared enough that I don't want to leave it out when I think she

already knows, and I believe her threats to make me sorry if I

don't write down everything.

When it was just between the two of us, I could sort of handle

it. The sexual twist was new, but otherwise it was the same old

torture I'd been enduring as long as I could remember. Then Betsy

took it to another level. Shortly after my 15th birthday, Betsy

brought her current boyfriend home, and they had gone up to her

room to make out. No one else was home, so they could do whatever

they wanted without worrying about being caught. That didn't

matter much to Betsy, because she had no intention of letting

things get out of hand, her boyfriend wasn't going to get much

past "first base". Apparently he complained about this quite a

bit, and that gave Betsy ideas.

"SAM! Get your ass up here!"

I began to quiver, because I had an idea of what lay ahead, but I

quickly complied and ran up the stairs to her bedroom before she

could get pissed and decide I needed a beating. She and her

boyfriend, Jack, were laying on her bed kissing when I came in

the door.

"About time, slut. Come over here next to the bed."

I sidled closer, my eyes downcast, not daring to look either of

them in the face. I was already blushing, and my panties were a

little damp, because I just knew what was going to happen. I was

about to be their plaything, and there wasn't anything I could do

to prevent it.

"Sam, Jack here has never seen a girls boobies in real life. I'm

not a slut, like you, so I'm not about to let him see mine, but I

hate to see him so disappointed. Take of your shirt and let him

look at yours."

Jack looked like he thought that was a wonderful idea. My blush

crept down from my face, and covered my upper chest, while my

panties got even damper with juice. I hated this, but it was also

exactly the sort of treatment that turned me on something fierce.

I felt betrayed by my body, because my mind rebelled and reeled,

this was not something I wanted to do, I really loathed being

exposed, but it got my heart racing and my juices flowing like

nothing else. I responded even though I really did not want to.

Knowing I had no choice, I went ahead and took off my top. I

hadn't been wearing a bra, so my newly formed tits were

immediately on display, the nipples hard and jutting, the blush

of embarassment just reaching from my face to their tops. I was

breathing hard, and obviously turned on to anyone who wasn't blind.

"See, Jack, I told you she would like it. Sam is a slut!" laughed Betsy.

The word "slut" sent shockwaves through me, right to my pussy. I

was now much more than damp, I was soaking wet, and almost

shaking with excitement. My mind screamed "Don't do this! Don't

let them see! Don't let them know!", but my body was reacting in

spite of my mental torment, and I was as turned on as I can

remember ever being. Betsy and Jack began to make out again,

pausing now and then to stare at me, and comment on my features

and how obviously excited I was being exposed to them. They made

me stand there as their entertainment for quite some time, while

they fooled around with their clothes on. Jack began to reach

out, as if to pinch my nipples...

SMACK!!

Betsy had slapped his face, hard!

"Don't you dare touch my sister! She may be a slut, but she is my

sister, and you won't touch her! Besides, you are supposed to be

my boyfriend, so you had better just enjoy the view, and leave

her alone otherwise."

Jack looked a little shocked, and mumbled "Sure, sure. I was just

playing, you know I love you."

"I'm sure you do, so don't blow it by doing something that will

piss me off. We'll have lots of fun with Sam, if you'll just do

as I say. Sam won't mind, she is a horny cunt, but I will mind if

you get out of line, and then the fun and games will be over. Got

it?"

Again, Betsy's words were a shock to my system. "Horny cunt",

"lots of fun", what was going to happen in the future? I began to

tremble. Betsy either took mercy on me, or more likely decided

that she had had enough fun today (perhaps worried that the

'rents would be home soon), and told me to put on my top and go

away. I was relieved, but still incredibly wired up and horny. I

put on my top, ran to my room, flopped onto my bed and found

release the only way I could. I jammed my hand into my pants, and

frigged my sloppy box until I had a killer orgasm. It was

intense, and I felt completely drained afterwards, and also

totally humiliated. I had been exposed in front of a boy! He had

stared at my tits, and commented on them in the most vulgar

terms, while I had been turned into a total horndog with my pussy

hot as an oven and dripping with juice. I could die! I also knew

that this was only the beginning, I was destined for much worse

to be sure.

When I arrived home from school the next day, Betsy grabbed me

just as I got in the door.

"Get in the car, slut, we're going for a ride." she commanded,

grabbing me by the elbow and guiding me back out the door to her

VW. The bitch got the ride a year ago, when she turned 16, and

didn't deserve it if you asked me. Of course, nobody asked me. I

gave in, and got in. She peeled out, and quickly headed out of town.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"Never you mind," she said. "Just know we are going out of town

so you won't be recognized." and started cackling like a maniac.

I did not like where this seemed to be heading! In the house was

one thing, in front of her boyfriend was another. This was going

way beyond that, it was sure to be in public, not in private. Oh

God! I began trembling with fear, and of course my body decided

that this was exciting stuff, and began to betray me. My nipples

were sticking out through my blouse, again I wasn't wearing a bra

(I don't really need one yet, although it is getting close).

Betsy reached over and tweeked one of my nipples. It sent a shock

through every nerve in my body and I gasped.

She giggled and said "I may not let Jack touch you, but don't you

go thinking I won't!"

We drove out the main highway, and headed out of town. It didn't

take long before we exited the highway in a neighboring town, and

Betsy may have known where we were going, but I was quickly

disoriented and had no idea where we were. After a couple twists

and turns, we wound up somewhere. I don't know where, but it

didn't look good. It seemed like we had been in the college

district, but now it looked a lot more skid row. Sometimes those

two can be a little intermixed, colleges tend to low rent areas,

and certain flavors of low rent are attracted by the ready

availibility of young adventurous college students. I wasn't

quite afraid of being raped and murdered, but I couldn't quite

get the idea out of my mind either.

Besty knew right where we were going, though, and we pulled into

an apartment building's underground garage, and parked. We got

out of the car, and walked over to an elevator. We took the

elevator up to the second floor, and got out, Betsy led me to the

right, and we went down the hall aways until Besty proclaimed

"This is the place." A knock on the door was quickly answered,

and we were inside a small apartment before I could blink.

"Relax, Sam. Just do what I tell you to do, and you'll be fine.

If you don't, you'll just make things difficult, and I'll make

you pay for it when we get back home. Believe it!" Betsy barked

at me. I took her threat seriously, as Betsy had never made an

idle threat yet. If she said you would regret something, you

would indeed regret. We were not alone, there were two guys who

looked like college students. One was tall, the other average.

Neither had any particularly stand out features, they looked like

any other college age men you might see around a campus. I wasn't

really frightened (yet), but I wasn't seeing anything to put me

at ease, either.

Betsy quickly took command, telling me "OK, slut. It is time to

play! This apartment is inside the "red light" district. Girls

hang out on balconys naked, or nearly naked, as advertisements.

You can guess what they are advertising. Since you are almost a

whore, you'll make great "copy" for my friends here. I want you

peeled down to your panties, wearing nothing else. You will hang

out on the balcony until my buddies here have gotten a certain

amount of business. The sexier you act, the quicker the johns

will react, and the sooner we can leave. You don't have to put

out, just be the bait. Draw them in, and we'll go home. If you

argue with me even a little bit, I'll trick you out all night -

and keep the money your john's pay to fuck you senseless."

Hard to argue with act sexy or you'll get banged by strangers all

night. I acted sexy. I stripped down to my panties, just as

Bestsy told me, and went out on the balcony in the cold night

air, and acted as sexy as I could. I could blame the cold air for

my rock hard nipples, but it would be a lie. I was immensely

turned on. Scared as hell, feeling quite debased and demeaned,

but also horny and excited. I hung out on the balcony as quite a

few people wandered through the local alleys, hooting and

hollering, obviously out for a good time and used to what the

neighborhood had to offer. I wanted to hang way back, where

nobody could see me, but I realized that if I didn't get a few

guys to respond that I'd either be out on that balcony all night,

or my sister might make good on her threat and trick me out like

a regular prostitute, to get fucked who knows how often by

whatever strange guys rang the doorbell.

I made sure I was quite visible from the street, and the thought

of anyone at all, in fact everyone that wandered by, seeing my

almost completely naked body shot thrills through my nervous

system, while at the same time it made a mush of my brain. I

hated the very thought of anyone getting a glimpse of me, but

being exposed also thrilled me beyond belief. The contradiction I

can't explain, but it is the way I am. I hate this sort of thing,

yet it turns me on beyond belief. I would never expose myself to

others, yet being exposed lights every nerve fiber in my body on

fire.

I tend to blush when excited. At first it is just my face, but as

the level of my excitement rises, the blush extends down my body

to cover my entire chest. As I started my "advertising" my blush

extended past my face, but wasn't much past my neck. That quickly

changed after the first wolf whistle from someone down in the

alley, and I was blushing right down to my rock hard nipples. MY

nipples harden at the first sign of anything remotely resembling

sexual arousal, but when I really get riled up, the whole areola

swells, and there are many goosebumps that swell quite a bit in

the surrounding territory. I was in goosebumps fairly rapidly

that evening. It doesn't matter how embarassed I am... I take

that back. The more embarassed I am, the more aroused I get. I

hate it. I feel like my body is betraying me. Why should I get

cranked up by being humiliated? A healthy sexual arousal is one

thing, but getting wildly turned on by situations that are

humiliating or embarassing seems both inappropriate and more than

a little slutty. Embarassment should just be embarassing, not

sexually exciting, unless you are a slut. At least that is what

Betsy keeps telling me, only a slut would be getting excited by

such things. A slut like me.

I hung out on that balcony all night. I shook my stuff, acted the

fool, shook my tities, pinched my nipples, hung my ass over the

banister, did anything that might entice and attract the strange

men that wandered the alley to ring our bell and ask for

satisfaction. It turned me on no end, but also made me feel a

deep sense of humiliation. I liked being the subject of random

mens fantasies, the object of their lust, someone hot enough to

rate thinking about as nothing but sexy and attractive, yet I

hated the idea that a bunch of guys thought I was nothing but a

slut, someone to fuck in some random encounter. I was an object,

an advertising icon, a piece of meat to lure the dullard drunken

massess into enough of a sexual frenzy to get them to part with

their cash and their dignity. I was a slut, and damn near a

whore, and it had my pussy dripping like a leaky faucet even as

it had my mind reeling with debassment and chagrin.

Betsy finally came out and said "Good job! We made three hundred

dollars with you out drawing them in like flies to honey. Next

time maybe we'll put you on the menu, and make twice or three

times as much!" She laughed and laughed.

I was allowed to put some of my clothes on, which suprised me.

When we showed up in this slummy neighborhood, I really figured

on getting gangbanged. A small part of me was disappointed, as I

was so horny from all the exposure and attention that I would

have welcomed a good hard fucking, even by a group of horny

freshmen. Of course another part of me was completely relieved.

As horned out as I get sometimes, I still want to wait until I am

older to get fucked, I want to remain a virgin for the time

being. Contradictions, but then it is different parts of me that

what to be banged mercilessly and want to save myself for a

meaningful relationship with that special someone. I did

momentarily remember Betsy slapping the shit out of Jack for

trying to touch me, and felt a momentary pride that while I was

such a total trollop, my sister did want to protect me. She might

enjoy torturing me, but she wasn't going to let anyone really get

to me. I couldn't completely trust Besty, as she was a cruel

bitch, but the reality was that she most likely wouldn't let me

get in physical trouble. I couldn't be 100% sure, because she

might flip out if she was pissed off, or she could get caught up

in the moment if the setup was just too sweet, but it was

unlikely she would get me raped, or otherwise fucked over. That

wouldn't spare me a great deal of humiliating behavior, because I

was sure that anything short of sexual penetration would just be

fun and games to her, and I could just suck it up.

I hadn't yet gotten completely dressed when Betsy led me down to

the car. She had me climb in, and we pulled out of the parking

lot and headed for home. Betsy drove one-handed, and reached the

other hand over to cup my pussy.

"God, slut, you are soaked! I knew you would like that!"

I was trembling from the whole experience, and horned up like a

desperate housewife. I was so fucking horny, I didn't even think

twice. I had to peel my panties to the side, they were stuck to

my pussy. I had two fingers working in and out faster than you

could say jack off. Betsy didn't do too badly keeping her eyes on

the road, but she did keep glancing over at me, and occasionally

tweeking my nipples. We were stopped for a red light when I

orgasmed.

"Don't look now, but the guy in the SUV next to us is really

enjoying the view," whispered Betsy. I glanced up at this middle

aged guy with gray hair looking at me with intense lust, and the

flash of humiliation combined with the orgasm I was already

having caused me to go into multiples! I had never done that

before, I was shaking and convulsing almost like an eplieptic,

all the while my eyes were locked with the man in the SUV next to

us. Oh, God, I couldn't believe I had just done that in front of

a total stranger! The light changed, and Betsy had to drive like

a maniac to lose him, because he was on our tail like a dog after

a bitch in heat. I guess that fit, because I was in heat! I know

I've said it before, but I was turned on more than I had ever

been. Even though I had already had several orgasms, I kept

playing with my pussy all the way home, I just couldn't stop. We

pulled into the drive, and Betsy threw the rest of my clothes at

me.

"Put these on before you scare the neighbors, slut." I put on the

shorts and sweater, ran into the house, up the stairs, and into

my room. I began to sob and cry from how humiliated I had been,

exposed to all those different people, caught playing with my

pussy like a total slut. I didn't come out of my room until well

after our parents got home, and even then I felt like they knew

what a whore I was - everyone must know, it had to be obvious! I

finally calmed down some, but I was still very confused. Why did

I get so horny when I was embarassed and scared? Why did

humiliating situations push all my buttons, and turn me into a

total slut? I didn't know, but I knew my sister would be taking

even more advantage of my condition, because she obviously got

off on it. I got off on it, too, even though I hated it just as

much. I wanted to be left alone, and I wanted more. I couldn't

tell you which.

Betsy left me alone the next day, I don't know why, but I was

grateful for the rest. It took a lot out of me to be so stressed

out and on edge, and the sexual tension was also quite tiring,

even sexual release burned quite a bit of energy. The following

day, though, the bitch was back at it. She brought Jack home

again, and they headed up to her bedroom. I was about to sneak

out of the house, hoping I could get away before Betsy could get

her evil hooks into me. Alas, I was too slow.

"SAM! Get your ass up here!"

Doomed. Well, maybe it wouldn't be too bad, after all she hadn't

let him touch me last time, she probably wouldn't push things too

far. Oh shit! Last time I had thoughts like that, things went a

lot farther than I would ever have dreamed. I tromped up the

stairs and into Betsy's room. I gasped in shock when I got there.

She had Jack naked on her bed, and was fondling his very hard

cock! She still had all her clothes on, but he was butt naked.

"I'm giving Jack a hand job, because he's been a good boy, but he

just can't quite get there. He needs a little more stimulation.

Get naked, girl, and make it fast!"

"There is no way I'm fucking anyone, Betsy! I'm too young and I

want to stay a virgin!"

"You stupid cow, Jack isn't going to touch you! He just needs

something to look at, like Playboy magazine, to help him out. Now

strip before I really get mad!"

I bowed to the inevitable, and took off my clothes. You can guess

what state my body was in, but I was still feeling a little

rebellious. I was covering up as best I could with my hands, one

arm over my tits, the other hand blocking the view of my pussy.

Betsy looked at me covering up, and giggled. "Sam, you are funny!

The whole idea is to give Jack something to look at while I

handle his crank, and he's going to see everything you've got."

I dropped my hands, and sighed. My arousal was very obvious, the

usual jutting nipples, the flush of excitement across my face and

chest, pussy beginning to lubricate, the whole works. The fact

that I knew Jack didn't help, in fact it probably made things a

little worse. At least with a stranger you can tell yourself

they'll never see you again, and they know nothing about you.

Jack knew me, and was getting to know me much more intimately

than I liked, but there was no helping it with Betsy calling the shots.

"Get up, Jack. Let Sam lay on the bed. Sam scoot down so your ass

is right on the very edge. That's right, now spread your legs.

Wider, bitch! Kneel down right in front of her, Jack, so you can

get a good view. Let her feel your breath on her slutty hole."

Jesus! I could actually feel Jack's breath barely brushing my oh

so tender lips like the gentlest carress. I felt totally exposed

and vulnerable, Jack was so close he could touch me any time he

wanted, and I felt like he was staring right into my soul, not

just my hole.

"Do what you were doing in the car the other day, slut. You know,

when that gray-hair in the SUV was watching you?"

Oh my God, she expected me to masturbate in front of Jack! I felt

like I was going to faint. I felt a dribble of juice leak from

between my pussy lips. Jack was intensely focused on my naked

body, his eyes wandered up to my swollen tits then quickly back

down to my juicy box. I could see his cock throbbing as he took

in the view, and my clit seemed to throb with the same timing as

his cock. Betsy began stroking his dick again, talking to both of us.

"Look at the slut's dripping pussy, Jack! You like pussy, don't

you? She must like your dick, Jack, or she wouldn't be so juicy!

You fucking slutty cunt, you like his big hard dick, don't you?

You slut, you just want a hard cock in your cunt, don't you? Look

at how swollen her lips are, see the juices leaking out? She is

really turned on. Only a fucking slut would be turned on having a

guy stare at her pussy from just inches away. Get going, Sam, we

want a show!"

I began by fondling my breasts. First with the left hand, leaving

my right hand up playing with my hair, then with both hands.

Caressing the outside, cupping my tits, then moving in to lightly

run my fingers over the nipples. I ran both hands down my rib

cage, towards my pussy, but withdrew them before I got into

sensitive territory, and brought them back up to my breasts,

circling outside, then working in towards the nipples again.

Betsy kept up a constant dialog. I got verbal humiliation, Jack

got encouragement to spurt his cum. It was fucking hot! This was

my first close up view of a hard dick, and I had never seen one

shoot off before, so in spite of being humiliated beyond belief,

I was looking forward to Jack's finale.

Jack must really like what he is seeing, I thought, or his cock

wouldn't be so hard and red. I may be a slut, like Betsy is

saying, but Jack likes it! I let my hands work down from my

breasts, across my belly, then outwards and down across my hips,

working down the outside of my thighs, then across my knees to

the inside of my thighs, and up towards my pussy. I repeated this

motion, letting my fingers trail lightly across my pussy lips at

the end of each cycle. I started a motion that let me caress my

ass, staying away from the most sensitive areas at first, then

trending back towards the more vulnerable areas, ending up

rubbing my thighs and my lips about equally. As I heated up, and

could really feel my juices flowing, I began to get more

explicit. First rubbing my lips instead of just my thighs, then

rubbing my clit instread of just my lips. I arched and spread

even wider, both of my holes puffed, exposed, aroused, and ready

for action, totally open to Jack's intense gaze.

Just as I switched from rubbing my juiced up lips and slipped a

finger inside, finally penetrating my pussy, Jack gave an immense

groan and let loose a virtual torrent of sticky cum. He really

ejaculated quite a load, six or seven strong shots with lots of

energy. He nailed Betsy right in the face with the strongest

straight up spurt, as she had been intensely focused on the hand

job and my hot box, and was only inches away from the action. She

probably would have gotten it in the face even if she hadn't been

right on top of him, as the shots really had some power to them.

She covered his cock with her hands quickly, which kept the rest

of the cum from flying all over the place, but some still managed

to splash through, and a couple drops went splat on my left foot

and calf.

Seeing Betsy get it in the face drove me over the edge, and I

heard her squawking about something, but I was oblivious for the

moment while I shuddered and shaked through a nice solid cum.

When I came back to reality, Jack had a new hand print on his

face, and was busy licking up his own cum from Betsy's hands, her

face already clean. When he finished there, she made him lick the

drops off my foot. I guess I'm not the only one who is scared of

her! I got dressed and left them to their own devices, and went

to my room to take a nap. I couldn't sleep, I kept thinking about

that shot Betsy took in the face. I finally had to masturbate

again to get the image out of my head, a nice strong orgasm

helped me nod off. Obviously I wasn't the only one who could be

humilitated, but Betsy's reaction had been much different than

mine.

Was it because I was a slut, and Betsy wasn't? No, that didn't

fit. Betsy had been just as into it as I had been, but her

reactions had been different. Betsy had obviously been just as

much of a slut as I had been, she was in the scene up to her

eyeballs after all. "Hands on" if you must. But our roles had

been very different. What cranked my scooter wasn't the same as

what did hers, but we both got cranked just the same. I got a

sudden revelatory moment, where I understood that being in

control was just as much of a buzz for Betsy as being under

control was for me. I didn't forgive her. I didn't even forget

that I thought she was a Bitch with a capital "B". I did suddenly

understand a certain something, though. An underlying fundamental

reality, an understanding of the way certain people are under all

the social bullshit we like to pile on top. I knew I would always

be the "victim", and Betsy would always be one of those who

exploited "victims", and as long as we stayed within the rules,

we would both be happiest if that reality remained the status

quo. It didn't make me happy with my situation, or the way my

body always betrayed me, but I did suddenly understand the

dynamic. I also knew Betsy wouldn't stop anytime soon.

Fucking bitch.

There's An App For That - a Samantha's Shame Story

by Delta Venus

My name is Samantha, Sam for short. This is another installment

in a journal that my bitch sister Betsy is making me write (see

"Betsy The Bitch"). I wouldn't be writing these things down if I

wasn't being forced into it. Writing this journal isn't the only

thing I'm being forced to do by Betsy, I'm also compelled to

expose myself to whomever she chooses, whenever the mood may

strike her. She knows that I am incredibly turned on by being

embarassed and humiliated, the more sexual the situation and the

greater my embarassment, the more my body responds with

excitement. My brain rebels, but my body doesn't care. The more

humiliating the situation I have to endure, the hornier I get. My

sister says that makes me a slut. I'm not sure about that, but it

is hard to argue against the results.

So far Betsy has limited my shame to strangers, with the

exception of her boyfriend. While she hasn't even let him so much

as look at her tits, I have had to masturbate for the two of them

while she jacked him off. He can't get past first base with her,

but she'll give him hand jobs that rival the best massage parlor

action while forcing me to put on a pornographic display that

would cost a pretty penny in the downtown porno palaces. I'm glad

that she has kept our activities segregated from the locals, but

it is a small consolation. I've been exposed to so many I've long

since lost the count, and the number is going to grow steadily

and quickly, Betsy has no intention of slowing the action down on

my account. I can only hope she continues to exercise a little

restraint, and doesn't completely ruin my life by letting

everyone we know in on the fun and games, leaving no one who

doesn't know what a total whore Betsy has made me.

If I knew who the geek was that she got to program the phone, I

might just kill him. Not really, but just thinking about whoever

it must be makes me tremble. Rage, lust, fear, it all gets mixed

up in one big boiling mass of hormones. This was my latest

humiliation, and it was completely automated. Betsy set it up,

and explained the rules, but it was all coordinated by the phone,

and the "killer app" that some geek had written at Besty's

request.

It was the middle of the week, and Betsy dragged me out of the

house to take a ride in her VW. I knew that meant trouble, but

what could I do? I was stuck. Fight Betsty, and I'd regret it. At

the least she would kick my ass; the worst would be much more

humiliating than a mere beat-down. We drove out of our neck of

the woods, and again ended up in a neighboring town. Thank the

lord for small favors, at least my upcoming degredation wouldn't

be in front of the locals.

We pulled into a parking lot in front of one of the prominent

museums that ring the towns central park. Betsy handed me a

phone, and explained the rules of the game I was to play that

day, like it or not. The phone would guide me, via GPS, to

several places. I had to make my way to those places, inside of

the time alloted to me, which would be displayed on the phone.

When I arrived at the specified locations, I was to get a picture

taken of me, flashing in various manners for the built-in camera,

exactly as I was directed by the instructions the phone would

provide. I would need to recruit total stangers to take the

pictures, I couldn't take them myself. The photos would all

instantly be uploaded to a web site that had already been set up.

If I stayed inside the time limits, all of the pictures would

automaticly have my face blurred out, but if I couldn't get to

all the places I needed to, and get all the pictures taken within

the time limits I was given, all of the pictures would be

uploaded to the web clear as a bell, with my face quite visible

and obvious to anyone. Fuck!

I was allowed to say whatever I wanted to get people to take the

pictures, and if I needed any help, there was an SOS logo on the

phone I could press. Betsy didn't tell me what kind of help I

might get, but she did tell me that if I got in trouble with the

cops, I was on my own.

"Don't be stupid, bitch. Keep your mouth shut if you get caught.

But don't get caught, use your fucking head, don't let your

slutty cunt do your thinking for you."

As always, I contemplated rebellion for a moment. Whatever Betsy

might do coudn't possibly be worse than having my face and body

posted on the Internet for everyone in the world to look at,

could it? Except, thinking about it, Betsy could make things

worse than world-wide exposure. She was a scary bitch, and

anything was possible where she was concerned. I could think of a

few things, including a vicious beating, that would rank worse

than being exposed to every person on the planet with Internet

access. Much worse. Damn. I took the phone, muttering under my

breath about what a bitch Betsy was - very much under my breath.

Game On.

The phone told me that a countdown would start as soon as the

first picture was taken. That first picture was to be right there

in front of the art museum, and I had to flash my boobs. I began

looking for a recruit to take the picture I needed, but there

wasn't anyone around at the moment. The museums all close on

Wednesday, for maintenance and what have you, which was a mixed

blessing. It meant that I wouldn't be exposed to a lot of people

while I was doing my flashing, which shouldn't matter much to me,

since the pictures were going to the Internet anyways, but it did

matter, and I felt a little more at ease. I still had bubbles in

my gut, I was nervous, embarassed, and more than a little aroused

by my predicament. The trouble with everything being closed was

there weren't many people around for me to recruit to take

pictures. This did not bode well for the time limit part of this

game, making it far more likely that my face would not be blurred

out of the pictures.

Betsy was still sitting in her car, watching me with a sly smile

on her face. Finally a skateboarder, taking advantage of the lack

of authority figures around to enforce the ban on skateboarding

on park sidewalks, came roaring by, grinding his axles on all the

curbs and stairs.

"Hey! Dude! Could you help me out?" I yelled.

He rolled over towards me, and I really got nervous. He was a

skinny teenager, with stringy brown hair and an acne problem.

Could I do this? I had to. I was a little shaky in the knees, and

I was blushing, but I had to forge ahead. I could see Betsy still

staring from the parking lot, so I took a deep breath and got on

with it.

"I made this stupid bet, and I need you to do me a favor. I have

to flash my boobs here in front of the musuem, and get a picture

of it to prove I did it. Could you take the picture for me?"

"Hell ya! I'd love to see your boobs, you are really cute! Gimme

the camera."

At least getting a teenage boy to take a picture of me was easy.

My nipples perked up when he said he wanted to see me, and my

blush was growing. I felt a little dampness, too. I hoped it

wasn't too obvious to this dork that this was turning me on. I

got situated in front of the museum, took another deep breath,

and pulled up my top, exposing myself in public to this geeky

skateboarder and anyone else who happened to be around.

"Awesome! You're tits are even better than I thought they'd be!"

Dork-boy exclaimed.

"Just hurry up and take the picture!" I yelled.

"Hey, I'm just admiring the view. Need to get you in the frame

properly and all..." he said as he stalled.

"Look, do it now, or I'll go away and get someone else to take

the picture later!"

"OK. OK."

The phone let out a loud, exaggerated shutter noise, then beeped.

I quickly pulled my top down, ending my direct exposure, but the

geek was still looking at my tits on the phone.

"Hey, your face is blurred out. Tits still look really nice,

though! What's with the countdown timer?"

I grabbed the phone from him, and flushed in humiliation as I saw

the shot he'd taken. My chest was flushed, and my nipples were

swollen and sticking out very obviously. Anyone could tell that

flashing was a turn-on for the girl in that picture. At least

Betsy hadn't been lying to me, and no one could really tell the

girl was me, because my face was indeed blurred out. In the lower

corner of the screen, a timer was counting down from what I

assumed started out as 2 minutes. That was how long I had to send

in the picture, or the blurring would be removed. Once I'd sent

it in, I'd get more instructions.

"Thanks. That is how long I have left or I forfeit the bet I made."

"You going to be showing off some more? I'd love to take more

pictures of your sexy body! You are hot!"

"No! I'm done with that," I said.

The dork looked disappointed, said "Well, you should show off

more often, you have nice tits." and skated off into the park. I

was glad he left. I pressed <send>, and the picture disappeared.

I'm sure it was now on the Internet, and it wouldn't be long

before porn-hungry guys were jacking off to it. The thought sent

a quick thrill across my already overstimulated nerves, even

though I felt debased and degraded. The screen now showed a map

of the park, with simple directions to the planetarium, and a

message "moon the camera here". The countdown timer had reset to

fifteen minutes. I glanced over briefly to the parking lot to see

if Betsy was still watching, but her VW was no longer there. I

headed off into the park, making my way to the planetarium. I had

plenty of time, except I wanted as much time as possible once I

was there, so I could find a new photographer.

I was in front of the planetarium with ten minutes to spare, but

again nobody was there. The park was empty, what could I do? I

could try to take the pictures myself, except it would be

obvious, and I'd wind up losing the little privacy this game was

allowing me, plus Betsy would be pissed and I'd wind up punished.

I didn't want my face exposed, nor did I want Betsy to kick my

ass. I didn't want to be exposed at all, but I had no choice

about that, so I'd do my best to keep my face private. What could

I do, though, except wait and see if someone would come along

before my time ran out.

A jogger! I was in luck. A lady jogger was heading towards me. I

flagged her down, and gave her the same spiel I had given the

dork, I had made a bad bet, and now I had to moon the camera here

in front of the planetarium. She laughed, but was happy to help,

and my skirt was up, my panties down, and the picture was taken,

and I had still had five minutes left. This picture didn't blur

out my face since the angle of the shot didn't show my face.

Good! The lady jogger wished me luck, and went back to doing her

roadwork. She was quickly out of sight.

Again, the timer gave me two minutes to submit the snapped

photograph. I hit <send>, and the moon disappeared into the

ether. The map of the park was back, with directions to the

botanic gardens, and a brief message "flash pussy at tulip

display". The countdown had reset to ten minutes, not fifteen

like before. That wasn't much time, I'd have to haul ass!

"Hey, you lied to me!" said the skateboard geek, appearing out of

nowhere. "You just flashed your ass to that jogger."

I ignored him, and began to trot towards the gardens. Skateboard

boy wasn't going to go away this time, he was following me. Shit!

I didn't want to flash him any more, I was already embarassed as

hell at what he had already seen. If I couldn't find anyone else

to take pictures, he might come in handy, though, so I didn't say

anything, I just let him tag along. I had about two minutes left

when I got over to the gardens, and it took me one of them to

find the tulip display, because the damn directions on the phone

weren't that detailed. I was sweating a little from hurrying, and

my heart was beating fast. My heartbeat stayed high as I

contemplated what was about to happen. No people! I would have to

let the skateboard geek take another picture, and this one was

going to be very humiliating. I wondered for a second if this

dork had ever seen a pussy in real life, or if his only exposure

was Internet porn or girlie magazines.

"Quick! I need you to take another picture!" I stammered.

"Sure! Gotta flash them boobies again, huh?"

"No, this one is going to be my pussy." I said as I handed him

the phone.

He looked stunned. "Really? Wow! My friends aren't going to

believe this shit!"

I stood in front of the tulips, about to expose my two lips. I

pulled my panties off first, and they had an obvious wet spot

where I'd been leaking juices into them. I couldn't blush any

harder than I was at that moment, my body was flushed with

excitement and embarassment. Heart pounding, legs shaking,

trembling from head to toe, I pulled up my skirt, and let the

geek get a good look at my dripping, swollen pussy.

"Don't fuck around, or this is over!" I screamed at him. "Take

the fucking picture!"

The dork was staring at me like I was a platter of steak and he

was starving, practically drooling. He did take the picture right

away, though. Another shutter noise, and a beep. The countdown

timer reset to two minutes, but the asshole woudln't give me the

phone! I covered up right away, so he was staring at my pussy

close up on the screen, and didn't want to quit looking. I was

terrified! In this photo I was totally exposed, my pussy was

puffy and swollen, pink peeking out from between my outer lips,

you could tell I was wet with excitement, and if I didn't get

that picture sent off quickly, it would go on the Internet with

my face clearly framed for all to see. Everyone in the world

would know what a slut I was, showing off my dripping hole in

public. Shockwaves were rolling through me as I imagined the

teasing I would get at school, how all the boys would be talking

about my pussy, and how they'd never believe I was still a virgin.

"Give me that phone you fucking asshole!" I screamed.

"What's the problem, I'm just admiring your hot body, baby. I'll

give it back soon enough."

"I need to send that picture now, or I'm in deep shit!"

"OK. Then let me see your pussy again. Flash me, and I'll send

the picture - I just have to hit the button, right?"

"Yes, yes, hit the button before the timer goes off!" I didn't

have time to argue with this motherfucker, so I yanked up my

skirt and let him get another eyeful. I felt total humiliation,

not only was Betsy forcing me to play this stupid flashing game,

I had to show off to this dork as well. That hadn't been part of

the game, but as usual I didn't have any good options, and no

choices.

"OK, I sent it. I think I love you, you are smokin' hot! Hey,

there is a new timer, and a map!"

"Give me the phone, asshole!"

"Nope! I know you still have to get naked, and you've got seven

minutes to do it according to the timer. It says 'Stand

completely nude in the fountain', and that is where the map gives

directions to." He laughed. "You're stuck with me, baby! No way

am I going to miss seeing you in the buff."

The fountain wasn't too far, but it wasn't close. I'd have to

hurry. I kept trying to grab the phone away from the dork as we

hurried towards the center of the park where the fountain was. I

wanted to make sure he'd sent the picture, and that I did indeed

have to get in the fountain naked. He let me see the screen, and

it said what he had told me it said. Fuck! Although he let me see

the phone's screen, I still couldn't get it away from him. I

hoped he'd take the required picture and send it off in time, I

really didn't want my identity revealed considering just how

slutty looking these pictures were turning out.

We got to the fountain, and dork-boy said "You've only got two

minutes, you'd better strip quickly and get in there!" I ripped

off my clothes, and jumped into the fountain. That was when the

skateboard asshole sprang a surprise on me. "I'm not taking your

picture, unless you let me touch you." Oh, shit! How could I do

it? I didn't want to be touched, but he had me totally at his

mercy. Naked, in a public fountain, with only about a minute to

get my picture taken, or be exposed as a total slut on the

Internet.

"OK, asshole, go ahead."

He grabbed my left tit and gave it a squeeze, then ran his hand

down across my belly, and cupped my throbbing pussy. His touch

felt like fire on my skin, then he slipped a finger into my

wetness and slid it right up inside me. I could have died of

embarassment! Naked and finger fucked in public, what a total

slut I'd become. He pulled his finger out, and licked it clean.

God! Then he took the picture, and said "Seconds to spare, no

problem. You are a hot little slut, I'd love to fuck you. Your

pussy tastes like candy!" I was about to cry and on the verge of

having an orgasm at the same time. I felt like used goods, a

total whore. I jumped out of the fountain and tried for the phone

again.

"You've got to send the picture in," I gasped.

"Or what? What happens if I don't? What will you do to get me to

send it in?" he teased, as he kept the phone away from my

clutching hands. I grabbed up my clothes, and got myself covered

up.

"Never mind. I'm not doing anything for you, you do whatever you

want. I don't care any more!" I started to cry.

"Don't cry, baby! I'll send the picture."

Smack! Dork-boy went down, hard. The phone flew out of his hand,

and hit the concrete with a hard crack. A huge black guy was

standing over the skateboard punk, and an even larger white dude

was standing next to him.

"Don't fuck with our friend, dipshit!" said the black guy. "We

should kick the shit out of you on general principles."

"I didn't do anything to her," whined the punk. He got up, and I

could see his lip was split open and bleeding. I thought that was

wonderful, he deserved worse. I didn't want to admit to these

guys what had been happening, so I kept quiet and watched to see

what would happen next. They told the dork to beat it or they'd

use him as a punching bag, and he skated away at top speed.

Suddenly Betsy was there, laughing her ass off.

"That was great!" she sputtered between laughing fits. "I'll bet

he shit his pants! You football players really know how to put

the smack down on someone."

Suddenly I realized I didn't know if the last picture got sent in

time, so I scrambled for the phone. The screen had a crack, and

was completely dark. It was broken! Oh, fuck me! Did the last

picture get sent before it was smashed, or was I now an Internet

star? Fuck, fuck, fuck!

Betsy saw how shocked I was, looked at the broken phone, and her

laughs got louder and harder. "Poor little slut! You don't know

if you made it, do you? she giggled. "Well, lets go home and take

a look at the website, we'll see if your face is there, or just

your slutty cunt."

I was on fire the whole way home, I was terrified that my

identity would be revealed, not just my body, and the humiliation

of it made every nerve ending in my body tingle. I was gushing

juices from my pussy, everything on my body that could swell with

excitement was pulsing and throbbing, and my heart was racing

like I had just run a marathon. The trip in Betsy's VW took

forever, but we finally made it home. Betsy lit up her PC, and

logged on to the new website. I was shocked and stunned. There

were tons of pictures! Videos! The shots I had sent in from the

phone were there, but someone must have been following me,

because there were lots of otherpictures, all incredibly

revealing. As Betsy clicked around the website I realized they

even had a video clip of dork-boy sliding his finger into my

snatch! I wanted to die! The only good thing was that my face was

blurred out in all of the pictures, I had literally been "saved

face".

"God, slut! You really got into it, didn't you? Why did you let

that geek finger your pussy like that? You are such a whore. You

could have hit SOS, and the football players I had beat on him

would have saved you and kicked the shit out of him. You must

really like it, strange people looking at you, dorky strangers

touching you. Fuck, you are probably dripping right now just

thinking about the hundreds of people who will be watching his

finger sliding into your pussy tonight!" she laughed and clapped

with delight. "You can go, now, game over."

I ran to my room, flung myself on my bed, and started crying -

and masturbating. I was so worked up I couldn't stop myself. I

was creamy and steamy, my fingers slid into my hole without any

resistance. I jammed them in and out hard, rubbing my clit at the

same time, and began to cum, sobbing and groaning, tears running

down my face in torrents. I thought about the skateboard geek,

and how his finger had felt sliding easily into my wetness. I

wondered if he would ever find the website, and recognize the

slut he had finger fucked in the fountain. Would he jerk off

thinking about what a whore I was? I had multiple orgasms, my

fingers sticky with my juices. I fell asleep still crying. I was

crying with shame, but also because I knew Betsy would try to top

this adventure, and I was in for a rough ride in the future.

I also cried because I liked it.

Birthday Bash - a Samantha's Shame Story

by Delta Venus

My name is Samantha, Sam for short. This is another installment

in the journal of my shame that my bitch sister, Betsy, is making

me write. She left me alone for a week or so after the last

embarassing episode, where my embarassment had been controlled by

a specially programmed cell phone (see "There's An App For

That"). I welcomed the break, but in the back of my mind I knew

that it only meant Betsy was working on something diabolical,

something significantly more intense than I had previously been

forced into.

My birthday was coming up on Saturday, and I began to dread it

instead of looking forward to it. Most people would be very happy

to turn 16, anticipating that they would soon be getting their

driver's license, a major milestone. I was happy about that, but

the lack of abuse from Betsy leading up to my special day was

giving me the heebie-jeebies. I grew more and more certain that

she had special plans for my special day, and I wasn't going to

be happy about them.

My parents threw me a pretty cool party, all my friends showed up

for BBQ, we ate like pigs and swam in our pool. Money has been a

bit tight, so I didn't get a car, like my sister had when she

turned 16, but I did get a key to the family car, and got

enrolled in a driver training class that will help me get my

license sooner than I would have if I had to wait until the fall

to take Driver's Ed in school. After the afternoon was over, and

all my friends had left, Betsy grabbed me and hauled me out to

her VW. I knew it! I was in for another embarassing episode for

sure.

We drove to the neighboring town, which I was becoming all too

familiar with, and made our way into the college area. Betsy

parked in front of what looked like a frat house, complete with

greek letters above the door. I could hear a loud party going on

inside. I began to get some serious butterflies in my stomach.

What would I have to do this time? How far was Betsy going to

take things? I actually was so nervous, I didn't get widly turned

on like I usually do when I'm about to be subjected to

humiliations and embarassments. I thought I might be sick. Betsy

must have noticed, because she took a moment to reassure me.

"Don't look so freaked out, Sam. You're not going to do anything

you won't enjoy doing, you fucking slut. I'm not going to get you

gang-banged or anything, you are just going to pay back the

football players that helped out in the park by being a waitress

for them at their party. No worries!" She laughed. Her laugh

didn't really set me at ease, but I did calm down a little bit.

Betsy had been good about keeping within certain limits so far,

they weren't the limits I would have picked given a choice, but

they were limits nonetheless and she seemed to be keeping anyone

from touching me. People would get an eyeful, and I might have to

touch myself, but no one had been allowed to touch me. The

skateboard geek who had touched me in the park had gotten pounded

by football players, it was those football players who were

holding this party that I was supposed to be a waitress for.

Thinking about being touched, and how the big ass football guys

had easily crushed the geek who did it, caused a little warmth

down below. I was sure I would be showing off for those beefy,

butch dudes before too long, and while still very nervous, I was

falling into my usual pattern of arousal at the thought of being

exposed and embarassed. I began to blush a little thinking about

what I slut I must be to get turned on as we were walking up the

sidewalk to a frat house, where my sister would basicly be

pimping me out. I should still be freaking out, not getting gooey

panties.

The door was open, so we went right in. The place was full of

guys who looked like they played football, they were all huge!

The black guy from the park adventure saw us come in, and hurried

over to greet us.

"Alright! Glad you could make it, ladies. Come right this way,

and we'll get you set up."

He led us back into the house, to a spare room off the kitchen,

and pointed out some clothes laying on a table.

"There's the uniform, Betsy. Have her put it on, and get busy."

He started to leave, but Betsy quickly stopped him.

"You don't need to go. Don't you want to see the merchandise?"

she giggled. "Sam, strip your clothes off, and get that uniform

on, and don't fuck around!"

I must have turned bright red. I could feel the heat of all that

blood rushing to the surface of my skin. I hesitated for a

moment, and Betsy slapped my face and barked "Get your fucking

clothes off, now, bitch, and get that uniform on!" I could see

that shocked the football player for a second, and then he seemed

amused. He certainly wanted to see what would happen next,

especially if it involved me getting naked. I took my clothes off

in a hurry, before Betsy could really get worked up. She is scary

when she is pissed, and I wanted to get out of there without

having some real serious shit go down. The black football player

was enjoying the view for sure, his eyes travelled my body up and

down repeatedly, slowing to enjoy the curves.

The uniform wasn't too bad. I don't usually wear a bra, because I

don't really need to yet, but there was a black lacy bra, more

like a half-bra. I put that on. There were also a pair of black

thong panties. I pulled those on, too. Then there was a

half-shirt tank top, sort of like the Hooter's girls wear. That

went on, and it was a bit tight, but fit OK. It left the tops of

my tits showing while holding them up tightly, the lines of the

bra were quite visible, and my belly was fully exposed. A short

skirt finished off the outfit, and it was mini enough that if I

moved too quickly or bent over at all, my ass cheeks, fully

exposed because of the thong, would be showing. It beat being

naked, but not by a whole lot. I was showing a lot of skin, and

was packaged to show it in a very sexual manner.

"Very nice," said Betsy's friend. "The guys are going to love

you. Now, we aren't serving any booze, so you don't have to worry

about taking orders, or anything like that. Just fetch pitchers

of beer from the keg in the kitchen to the tables and groups of

guys that want them. That's all you have to do. If anyone gets

out of hand, just holler, and I'll take care of it."

"OK, Jerry. Sam may be a silly slut, but I think she can handle

that." said Betsy.

Now at least I knew the black guy's name - Jerry. I clung to it,

like his eyes were still clinging to my cleavage. He didn't want

to look away, and I was glad to have at least one guy I sort of

knew here in this house full of testosterone. The noise of the

party was getting to me a bit, I hadn't seen many girls here, it

was almost all big men. I felt small and vulnerable, and to make

things worse, feeling small and vulnerable added to my

embarassment, which of course pushed all the wrong buttons and

made me blush even more than getting naked in front of Jerry had,

no matter how quick it was over. My heart was pounding, and each

beat seemed to rush blood to my pussy, and I felt each throbbing

pulse in my clit. My nipples were straining against the

unfamiliar restraint of the bra and the tightness of the tank

top.

To get my mind off my muff, I quickly headed out to the kitchen,

and started in on the job at hand - hauling beer for drunken

football party goers and their guests. If I thought I'd get over

being horny, and feeling vulnerable and exposed, I had another

thing coming. All the guys attention was on me any time I came

near, and it was obvious what they were paying attention to. I

rarely got eye contact, they were too busy looking at everything

else I had on display. I quickly discovered that the line I had

imagined earlier, that Betsy wouldn't let me be touched, was an

illusion. These guys were worse than a boatload of octopuses,

their hands were everwhere! The thong left my ass bare under the

skirt, and it was subject to constant slaps, pinches, and

caresses. More than a few cupped both cheeks and pulled me into

direct contact with their raging erections, only thier trousers

and the thin layer of the thong panties separating us.

If it hadn't been for that thong, my pussy would have had

numerous fingers in it, and my tits were constantly being

fondled, weighed, patted, pulled, pinched and kneeded. I felt

like my chest was made of play dough, but my nipples were

responding strongly, standing proud and erect, loving every pinch

and pull. I was soaking the thong, too. More than one guy

commented on how wet I was, and that wasn't even close to the

worst of the nasty things they said to me, and about me to their

buddies. They were treating me like a whore, and I felt like one

- a nasty, sexed up tart of a whore who got off on the rough

treatment. The only thing that kept it from being too much was

how busy they kept me. These guys were thirsty, and I was in

constant motion, bringing pitcher after pitcher of beer from the

kegs in the kitchen to the other rooms in the frat house,

including many many trips up and down the stairs to the second

floor. Each trip up the stairs I got whistled at, as the short

skirt left nothing to the imagination of the guys looking up from

below.

Betsy finally grabbed me after one of my runs up the stairs, and

hauled me out into the back yard. I was dripping with sweat,

which had soaked the tank top through, so that I looked like an

entry in a wet t-shirt contest, and welcomed the break. A lot of

guys watched her haul me out, and they all followed along. There

were already a lot of guys out back, and they were all facing a

small impromptu stage set up between two patios. Betsy pulled me

towards the stage, and I froze and began to panic! She wouldn't!

Oh, god, she would! She practically dragged me up a short set of

stairs next to the stage area, and behind some curtains that were

hanging there. She slapped me so hard my ears rang. It snapped me

out of the panic, but I was trembling. Partly from fear, partly

from excitement. I knew what was going to happen next, even

before Betsy told me.

"You are the night's entertainment, slut. You will celebrate your

sweet sixteen by being a stripper! Get out on that stage, and do

your best to turn all those horny football players on by doing

the sexiest strip show you can. If you don't, I will rip your

clothes off myself, and leave you here all alone. From what I've

seen the guys doing to you already, I don't think you'll stay a

virgin for very long if that happens! Do what I tell you, and

you'll get out of here without getting gangbanged."

What could I do? I was about to faint, but I was also on fire.

Betsy turned on a boom box, and cranked the tunes, and I stepped

out from behind the curtains onto the bare stage, and began to

dance. The guys exploded! Cheers and whistles and stomping and

clapping, hoots of "Take it off, baby!" and cruder suggestions

filled the air. I really didn't know what the hell I was doing,

but I tried my best, and the guys didn't seem to care. I'd seen

plenty of strip acts in movies and stuff, but I had never

practiced any of the moves or anything, so I was awkward and

definitely not up to professional, or even amateur, standards. It

wasn't an issue. I was a hot looking 16 year old girl, very

obviously arroused, getting naked, and the guys went apeshit.

The tank top went first, not that it mattered, it was already

see-thru from my sweat. Next was the skirt, and again it didn't

really matter, it hadn't been covering much, and everyone had

already seen - and felt up! - my ass most of the evening. I kept

dancing, trying to be sexy, imitating things I seen in the

movies, and I sucked at it. Sucking made me even more humiliated,

and being debased like this in front of so many horny dicks had

my pussy dripping, my heart about to explode, my nerve endings

all on fire.

There had to be fifty guys in the yard, all watching me make a

total fool out of myself. A naked, slutty fool. I peeled the bra

off. It was sticking to my heated, sweaty flesh, and at the first

exposure of my rock hard nipples, the crowd hollered and hooted

like a raging animal. The whistles and hoots made my newly

exposed nips even harder, which I wouldn't have thought possible.

I could feel the beating of my heart in every extremity,

especially the sensitive areas. My mind was empty, I was entirely

a mass of raging hormones, lost to lust, completely abandoned to

the twin sensations of total humiliation and total arousal. I

wanted to die, I wanted to run, I wanted to get fucked, I wanted

to cum, I didn't know what the fuck I wanted. I danced.

I don't even remember taking off the thong. I think I remember

hearing an awesome hush, followed by a unanimous cheer, but I

wasn't there any more, so I really couldn't tell you. I was

floating in a cloud, a cloud of firey caresses across my skin.

The world wasn't real, and I was nothing but sensations and

sensuality, I no longer felt embarassed or debased, I had left

all that behind, and I've never been closer to having an orgasm

without actually having one. I snapped back to reality as Betsty

grabbed me. She yanked me behind the curtains, threw the skirt

and tank at me, and began dragging me up the rest of the stairs

into the house next to the frat party house. I managed to tug on

the tank, and trip into the skirt as she pulled me along, still

dazed at my almost transcendental experience on stage.

"Come on! We've got to get you out of here. You were too much!

You can't dance for shit, but that was one of the hottest things

I've ever seen. I thought you were going to lay down right there,

spread open, and finger fuck yourself silly. If we don't get you

out of here right now, you are going to get fucked, fucked hard!

There is no way those horny dicks are going to let you escape.

Move your ass!"

We hauled ass through the adjoining house, and burst out into the

street.

"There she is!" hollered one of the jocks, and a stampede of guys

poured out of the frat house. We made it to Betsy's VW, and for

once she didn't fuck around about letting me in. We peeled out of

there seconds after we got to the car, we could have set records.

Betsy kept looking in the mirror to make sure we weren't being

followed, but the guys were all way too drunk, and once I was out

of sight, they gave up the chase. She slowed down at the corner,

and there was Jerry.

He waved, and hollered "Thanks, Betsy! That was the fucking best

show I've ever seen! Bye, Sam, you are one hot fucking slut! Call

me when you finally decide you want to fuck a man, instead of

just teasing."

I don't remember the drive home. Betsy told me I masturbated the

whole way, and that she had to ditch several guys who caught a

glimpse of me in action, the short skirt up around my hips, and

the tank top all but torn off. I wandered into our house, and up

to my room in a daze. Sweet sixteen, and never been kissed - but

I had stripped for a whole frat house full of guys who had felt

me up all night. Ashamed and embarassed at what a slut I was, I

nonetheless realized something powerful about the shame and

humiliation.

I really got off on it, and I was ready. This slut wanted to get

fucked.

Happy Birthday!

Sam Takes a Belt - a Samantha's Shame Story

by Delta Venus

If you've been reading these journal entries, you already know my

name is Samantha, or Sam for short. If you haven't been reading

them, now you know. I am being forced to write them by my bitch

sister, Betsy, who pretty much controls everything I do now. The

last thing she had me do was play hostess and then stripper for a

football player frat party, on my sixteenth birthday no less (see

"Birthday Bash"). At the end of that night I had decided that all

the exposure and embarassment wasn't enough, well it was too

much, but I liked it anyways, and now I wanted to give up my

virginity and get fucked. After I got home from school on the

following Monday, Betsy called me up to her room.

"I sense a change in you, slut. I think you want a dick now.

You've always wanted to stay a 'good girl', and remain a virgin,

but now I think you want to get laid. Am I right? Do you want to

get fucked?"

"Yes," I bashfully answered. Why deny it? "I do want to get fucked."

"OK, Sam, you slut. We'll have to see about that."

She waved me away, and I left and went to my own room to change

into after school clothes. She was leaving me alone, again, which

usually meant she was up to something. This time it didn't worry

me so much, because I did really want something to happen. I

didn't want it, but I did. I have a love-hate thing going with

all the stuff Betsy makes me do. I don't like it, but I do like

it. It embarasses me, which makes me horny. I don't like being

horny, which embarasses me. It is a viscious loop, and I hate

what it does to me, except that I love what it does to me. If I

didn't get horny, it wouldn't be so embarassing. If it wasn't so

embarassing, it wouldn't make me horny. I don't know why I

respond to humiliation the way I do, but I do respond -

intensely. I hate it. I feel betrayed by my body. I love it. I

feel so alive when it happens. Obviously I am one very confused

slut! This time around, I figured whatever Betsy would do to me

would lead to my getting laid, and I wanted to get laid. How

wrong I was!

About a week later, Betsy showed up home late from school, with a

boy in tow. I knew the guy, his name was Paul, and we had a

couple of classes together. I knew he liked me, and I liked him a

little, but had been too shy to say anything to him, especially

with the stuff Betsy was regularly making me do. I got a little

nervous. Why had she brought him home? What was going to happen?

What would she make me do, and would she make me do it in front

of Paul? Oh, God!

"Come upstairs, slut. We'll go to your room this time."

She practically dragged Paul up the stairs and into my room, and

I trailed along obediently, wondering just how deep the shit I

was going to be in would be.

"Stand over there, Sam. OK, Paul, time for the truth to come

out!" She forced him to kneel in front of me. "Paul, do you like Sam?"

"Uh, yes." he whispered.

"Speak up you little bitch!" she pinched one of his ears.

"Ow! Yes, yes! I like Sam!"

"Do you -really- like her, Paul? Really?"

"Yes, I really like her. I think she is great."

"I thought so. Would you still like her if you found out she was a slut?"

"What?!"

"I said would you like her if she was a total fucking slut? She

is, you know. Tell him, Sam. Tell him you are a fucking slut."

Oh, shit! I didn't want to tell Paul that, but I couldn't refuse

Betsy's request, or she'd be pissed. I never want to deal with a

pissed off Betsy, she is a scary bitch when she is mad.

"Yes, Betsy, I am a total fucking slut. You know that!"

"OK, Paul, you heard her. Still in love with the silly little twat?"

Paul hesitated only for a moment before blurting out "Yes, yes I

still love her, and I do love her! I don't care if she is a slut..."

I was shocked. I had no idea Paul had such strong feelings for

me. I felt bad that Betsy was treating him like this. It felt

good to have someone say they loved me, and that they didn't care

that I was a slut. My liking Paul kicked up a notch, I could

honestly say I was very fond of him, although I wasn't in love

with him.

"OK. I think you make a cute couple, so you two are going to be

boyfriend and girlfriend from now on."

What the fuck! Well, here it comes I figured. I didn't like the

idea of getting paired off like this, I sort of wanted to fall

into love all by myself, but Paul was cute, and this certainly

meant I was going to get laid now. Betsy was sure to have us

fucking around for her enjoyment before too long. Again, how

wrong I was!

"OK, Paul. Just so you know, this silly slut is still a virgin.

She's a slut, but she hasn't been fucked. You are going to find

out just how much of a slut she is, after all you are her

boyfriend. However, you aren't going to fuck her, and she isn't

going to fuck you. In fact, she is going to stay a virgin until

she is eighteen, and you are going to help with that! Take off

your clothes, Sam, and let Paul see your slutty body. Now!"

I was confused. We weren't going to fuck? Why was she making me

get naked?

"Now, Sam!"

I pulled my blouse off over my head. I wasn't wearing a bra, as

usual, since I really don't quite need one yet. I pulled down my

skirt and stepped out of it, leaving me just in panties. Those

came down and off, too, and I was bare-assed in front of my bitch

sister and my newly proclaimed boyfriend. Betsy pulled something

that looked like a bikini bottom, except mostly string, out of

her dresser. She also pulled out a measuring tape. Paul was still

kneeling in front of me, and his eyes were about to pop out of

his head! He couldn't get enough of my naked body, scanning me

from head to toe. He was staring without blinking, as if he were

to blink I would disappear or something. Betsy took the tape

measure, and measured around my waist, then made me spread my

legs and measured from my crotch to my waist, and from my crotch

up between my butt cheeks to the small of my back. Then she took

a pair of scissors, measured the strings on the bikini thing, and

cut a few loose ends.

"OK, Paul. Before we put this on her, and you'll be doing that, I

think you should see what you won't be getting to play with. On

the bed, slut! Spread your legs and let Paul get a good look at

your pussy."

I got on the bed as directed, and spread my legs. I was terribly

embarassed to do this. I had done it for Betsy's boyfriend Jack

in the past, but this was a new pair of eyes, and even with Jack

I had felt degraded and humiliated opening myself up like that.

Paul was transfixed. You'd have thought he was looking at a pile

of solid gold, or a stack of hundred dollar bills. He was just

short of drooling, and obviously couldn't believe his luck. Here

Betsy had made him my boyfriend, and now he was getting to see me

naked and exposed. I was blushing hard, my face lit up like a

pink lightbulb, my nipples were perking up rigid and swollen, my

pussy was exposed between my wide spread legs, and my clit was

swelling and peeking out from between my lower lips, forcing a

little pink to show. This was much better than any old porn

magazine for Paul, because he loved me, and I was very real, and

right there in front of him. He made a move to touch me, and

Betsy slapped his hand.

"None of that now! You'll get to touch her all you want later,

but it won't do you any good!" She laughed.

"Touch yourself, Sam. Let him see it all, spread your lips, dip a

finger in your juices, show him what a fucking slut you are, just

like you've done for Jack and me."

I couldn't hold back now. I was terribly embarassed, so I was

terribly horned up, too. I spread my lips slowly. I ran a finger

up in between them, across my slutty slot. I held it up, dripping

with my juices, then I pushed it inside and began to masturbate,

rubbing my clit with one hand, while I slid the finger from my

other in and out of my hot hole. Paul couldn't hold off, either.

He had his cock out and in his hand in record time, and matched

his strokes to the speed of my finger sliding in and out, slow at

first, then building in speed. We both came simultaneously, my

arching back thrusting my pussy closer to his gaze, and his

jerking spasms responding to my closeness. Betsy caught his cum

in her hand, and made him lick her fingers clean.

"OK, Paul, get your pants on. Enjoy a last look, because you

won't be seeing that any time soon - at least not without my

permission..." Betsy giggled. "Now, Sam, stand up so Paul can put

this belt on you. Paul, put it on her. That end goes around the

back, that strap goes there, yes, that's the ticket!"

The bikini, belt, what-have-you was made of cables encased in

plastic, like a bicycle lock, not strings like I had first

thought. It had a hard plastic cup with a slit in the middle, and

as Paul put it on me, the cup firmly covered my pussy and lower

mound. Oh, fuck! I figured out what the hell it was, just as one

of the clasps clicked into place firmly. A chastity belt! The

cables, after Betsy had trimmed them, held the plastic cup very

tightly over my pussy. There were two combination locks at the

top side ends, clicking into the cables that went up my crack in

the back, tightly around my waist, and down the sides of my

mound. A small 'Y' in the cable at the bottom would let me take a

crap, and I could pee through the tight slit in the cup, but my

pussy was now tightly encased, and not going to be seen or

touched by anyone until the combinations were entered!

"OK, Paul. You may now touch Sam anywhere and anytime you want

to. Be warned she will find it very frustrating to get all hot

and bothered and not be able to get any release, so don't tease

her too much. Sam, Paul is your boyfriend, so you'd better let

him do whatever he wants, if I hear you aren't acting like his

girlfriend, I'll kick the shit out of you, and forget the

combinations to those locks. I'm the only one who does know the

combos, and if you try and cut that thing off, you'll probably

cut yourself, and if you don't get hurt tyring I will make you

wish you had! If things get too intense, or you just feel horny,

you can come to me and ask to have it removed so you can

masturbate, but you have to have Paul there, too. You aren't

getting fucked until you turn eighteen, I'll let you take it off

on your birthday in two years, until then your pussy belongs to

me. I'll let Paul see it now and then, to remind him of what

he'll be getting in two years, if he wants to stick around a slut

like you for that long without getting laid, but you aren't going

to be feeling his cock inside you any time before then!" Betsy

exploded with laughter suitable for a mad scientist. "Go ahead

and cop a feel of her tits, then get her dressed and get the fuck

out of my face!"

Paul did give me a quick feel, and it shot tingles right down

into my clit, which was still tender, and felt like it would stay

that way from being pressed against the hard plastic. I got

dressed, and I was still mildly aroused from the device pressing

into my puss, and I stayed that way the rest of the day. Paul

left shortly after that, whispering in my ear "I do really love

you. I won't give up on you, no matter what Betsy does." He

pressed his hand against the plastic just before he went out the

door, which further lit my fires. I soon learned that I was

doomed to always be at least mildly turned on, because of the

pressure the plastic cup put on my mound and clit. It was like

someone was cupping and rubbing my pussy all day long!

Damn, I thought I was going to get laid, but instead I was going

to be constantly teased. I would have to see if Paul could make

me cum with the device in place, or invite him over pretty

regularly to beg Betsy to take it off and let me masturbate for

him, although knowing Betsy she wasn't going to let that happen

too often, she enjoyed teasing the hell out of me too much.

Now I had a boyfriend, but Betsy controlled him, too, and we were

both at her mercy - and she had none.

Pool Party Pleasures - a Samantha's Shame Story

by Delta Venus

My name is Samantha, Sam for short. This is yet another

installment in the journal my bitch sister Betsy is making me

write, detailing all the humiliating things she has done, and is

doing, to me. She has been leaving me alone more than in the

past, ever since she put the chastity belt on me (see "Sam Takes

A Belt"), probably to get me to beg her to release me, or at

least let me pleasure myself. I have been incredibly horny, but

I'm trying very hard not to give her the satisfaction of begging

to get off. I know better than to beg to have the belt removed,

she'd never go for it, and it would most likely piss her off,

which would be bad news for me.

My new boyfriend Paul has been a bit of a chore, he is very

clingy and wants to hang around constantly. Part of me likes the

attention, but I hate getting turned on when I can't do anything

about it without involving my sister, so having him around is

also very frustrating. We tried manipulating the chastity belt to

see if we could get around it, or if I could get off with it on,

and had no luck at all. Even pressing a very strong vibrator

against the cool plastic wasn't enough to get me off, it just

made me horny as hell, with no relief in site. This means I've

limited our makeout sessions quite a bit.

I have had two orgasms since the belt went on. I broke down and

begged Betsy several times to let me play with myself, but she

said no except for once when her boyfriend Jack was over, and

once when my boyfriend Paul was over. She seemed to really enjoy

teasing Paul with what he wasn't allowed to have, making me show

off in very lewd fashion for quite some time, a posing session

worthy of Hustler or some even dirtier porn rag. In front of her

and Jack it was more the usual show and tell, with me

masturbating and her giving him a handjob while they both watched

me get off. My orgasms both times were very intense, likely

because I hadn't cum in weeks. They were so incredible they were

almost worth the torment of not being able to cum for so long.

Almost.

Usually when Betsy leaves me alone for any length of time I

figure she is up to something, planning some adventure for me

that I'll find terribly embarrassing, a situation I'll both love

and hate. This time I was lulled into a false sense of security,

thinking that she was only leaving me alone so that I'd be forced

to beg her for sexual release. You would think I'd have learned

by now, but I haven't. Her plan involved a pool party for

friends, set for a weekend when our parents were scheduled to be

out of town.

I found out about the party the day before. At that point I still

wasn't worried, I figured Betsy would be too busy having a good

time with her friends, and that they weren't the sort of people

she would enjoy tormenting me in front of. I figured wrong. I

knew I'd blown it the day of the party after my parents had left,

that I should have begged to go with my parents, or made some

other plans to get the hell out of the house, when Betsy told me

I'd better be at the party, or else. Dammit! Usually I don't

argue with my sister, she always gets her way, and she is scary.

This time I just couldn't help myself.

"Betsy! How can I be at your pool party, wearing this fucking

belt! It isn't a swimsuit, all your friends will know that right

away!"

"That is right, they aren't stupid, like your friends. They will

figure it out. Deal with it!"

"Fuck, Betsy! I've gone along with your crazy shit, but you've

kept people we know out of it! I can't parade in front of all

those people we know in a god damned chastity belt!"

"Yes, you can. You had better lower your fucking voice, and

address me with some fucking respect, or I will do things to you

that you've never even dreamed of in your worst nightmares.

Things that will hurt, not just humiliate. You will parade around

in front of everyone, and not only will you be wearing the

chastity belt, it will be the only thing you'll be wearing! Got

it, bitch?! GOT IT?!"

There was a menace in her tone that shook me, it rattled down my

spinal column, and caused severe bubbles in my stomach. I gave

the only answer I could.

"OK."

I felt like I had just lost my best friend, I was crestfallen. I

knew a lot of Betsy's friends, and they in turn knew me, and a

lot of my friends. My secret was going to be out, there would be

no holding it back, and everyone I knew would know I was a slut.

Not just your ordinary slut, either, but a slut enslaved by her

sister, and forced to wear a chastity belt. My life was over!

"Don't look so fucking depressed, bitch, you'll bring me down on

party day. If it makes you feel any better, none of my normal

friends will be here. This is another college bash, paying off

the nerd who programmed that wonderful cell phone you had to use

in the park." (see "There's An App For That")

It did make me feel better. Strange that I should look forward to

wandering around topless, wearing only a tight fitting piece of

plastic covering my pussy, in front of total strangers, but it

beat the hell out of doing it in front of a lot of people I knew!

Betsy let me go up to my room, but told me that once the party

was underway, I had better not be wearing anything but the belt,

and I had better come down and join in the fun around the pool -

or else.

I hid in my bedroom, reading a magazine, and heard many guests

arriving for the party as the afternoon progressed. The noise

level around the pool began to pick up, and it actually sounded

like a pretty good bash was underway. I would have been looking

forward to it, if I didn't have to make a spectacle of myself. I

finally decided I'd been hiding long enough, and if I stayed in

my room I was going to piss Betsy off, which I did not want to

do. I took off my clothes, leaving the damn belt on, not that I

could take it off myself since I didn't know the combinations to

the locks on either side of my mound.

I felt more naked than if I had been completely undressed, the

belt seemed to emphasize my exposure, and was itself an

eye-catcher, drawing more attention than a normal bikini bottom

or thong underwear would have. I was embarrassed to see that my

nipples were poking out, hard. The idea of being exposed in such

a humiliating manner was taking its usual toll on my body. I was

getting horny at the thought of everyone staring, even as it made

me horribly uncomfortable. I wish I could get used to being

demeaned and humiliated in public, to being reduced to a sexual

object in front of strange people, but I never do. It is always

horribly embarrassing, and I react to the embarrassment by getting

incredibly turned on. Total feedback loop, because being so

turned on embarasses me further, which turns me on even more, and

so on and so forth. Betsy knows it, and really gets her jollies

watching my reactions. Bitch.

I went downstairs, and people were everywhere in the house, both

guys and gals. I got more than a few stares, mostly from the

guys, the girls seemed to want to look at anything but my near

nakedness. Every eyeball fastened on the chastity belt almost

immediately, each intense stare seemed to push the plastic cup

covering my pussy harder against my clit, more than the usual

pressure the tight fitting device constantly applied, and I was

really starting to get juicy under there. I went out by the pool,

figuring I'd look a little less conspicuous in that setting. I

was surprised to see another girl was topless, and that actually

helped me to relax a little bit. The party was in full swing, and

everyone was obviously feeling good, and some were feeling no

pain. Betsy spotted me instantly.

"Good! I won't have to go upstairs and get you, come on and join

the party!"

She had a drink in her hand, and it obviously wasn't her first,

or even her third. Jack was sitting next to her, but that wasn't

keeping her from flirting with some of the other guys. She looked

good in her french cut one piece, and the guys were enjoying the

view, and the flirting, and Jack was looking a little out of

place and uncomfortable. My arrival drew attention away from

Betsy, which Jack seemed very pleased about.

The guys weren't trying to hide anything, they assessed my

topless form very openly and casually, except for one nerdy dude

with coke-bottle glasses on, and a white blob of zinc oxide on

his nose. The nerd wasn't just looking, he was staring, hard.

First he couldn't take his eyes off my tits, then he registered

the chastity device, and he couldn't stop staring right at the

thin slit cut into the front. His stares were tangible, I could

almost feel them physically touching me, and it made my nipples

pop out even harder than they already were, and my pussy was

tingling like it had been rubbed with nettles or pepper spray. I

felt a few drops of my dew drip out around the plastic cup, which

made me blush intensely, sure that everyone there could see that

my pussy was dripping like a leaky faucet.

"Wow," said the nerd. "What the hell is that thing? I've never

seen a plastic bikini bottom before!"

Betsy spared my having to answer, saying "That's so none of you

perverts can take advantage of my little sister. She wants to

play grown-up, and I want to let her, but if she gets too drunk

you fuckers might take advantage. This way she can party, and

still be safe with all you horny dicks!" She laughed, and all the

guys hanging around her laughed along with her. I wasn't sure if

they thought it was funny, or if they were just laughing because

she was, and they wanted to impress her.

"Go ahead and get a beer or something, Sam. You're allowed."

I wandered away from the little cult of Betsy worship, over to

the coolers by the side of the house, and grabbed a beer. Maybe I

wouldn't feel so self-conscious if I got a little buzzed. I

noticed I had gathered a small following, a couple of the guys

who had been hanging around Betsy were now following me, focused

on my exposed ass, which I had nearly forgotten was hanging out

for all to see. The belt only covered the front door, not the

back, so they all were getting quite a view. I shuddered thinking

about it, I felt even more exposed than when I had stripped on

stage in front of the football frat party. (see "Birthday Bash")

Betsy hadn't said anything about what I was supposed to do or not

do, so I quickly thought about getting in the pool. I could hide

my lower half under water, where it wouldn't be so exposed, and

any juices running from my over-excited honey hole wouldn't show!

Brilliant! I didn't even hesitate for a moment, if Betsy didn't

like it, she would tell me, and I'd get back out. She seemed

quite occupied, though, so I wasn't worried about it at all and I

jumped right in. I felt better almost immediately. The water was

warm and soothing, and I felt a lot less exposed. Even better I

had shucked most of the unwanted male attention, only one of the

guys who had followed me over to the coolers jumped in with me,

the others wandered off to chat up some of the other ladies, they

must not have wanted to get wet.

A few monosyllabic responses to the remaining hanger-on, Uh huh,

nuh huh, yep, nope, and he finally got bored, and wandered off

himself, looking for easier prey. Relief at last! I felt good, I

wasn't on display any more, no one was staring at me, and I was

starting to catch a buzz from the beer. I stayed like that in the

pool, hanging out near the edge for more cover, only getting out

to fetch more beer, and I quickly started grabbing more than one

so I wouldn't have to get out as often. I was actually starting

to enjoy the party!

I was hauling my buzzed ass out of the pool to make another beer

run when it happened. I had drifted over a few feet from where I

had been hanging out, and wound up in front of one of the water

jets that keep the circulation going. As I hauled out of the

pool, the jet hit me right between the legs, and forced straight

through the narrow slit in the plastic that allows me to pee

without taking off the device. It sent a shockwave through my

whole body, I felt like someone had started nibbling right on my

clit! Intense! It had been more than a week since I had been

allowed to cum, and the stimulation wouldn't have had to be very

strong for me to react, but it was VERY strong, and my reaction

was off the chart. I held still for just a moment, and I started

shaking with a mindblowing orgasm! It only took seconds, and I

was cumming like a mink in heat!

Whew! I looked around quickly, but no one seemed to notice, so I

hauled out quickly, went and grabbed a couple more beers, and

jumped back in the pool right by the jet. I didn't plan on it,

but I had found a way to get off without taking off the damn

chastity belt, no more begging Betsy in order to pleasure myself!

I had to keep it a secret, or Betsy would find a way to ruin my

fun. I kept a close eye on everyone, sipped my beers, and every

so often I would move over in front of the jet, and let the

pulsing water pound my lips through the tight slit. It was

awesome! I came and came and came, letting each orgasm wash over

me like a raging river. I was nervous as hell about getting

caught, but I couldn't resist, I just kept hitting that jet over

and over, looking around like a paranoid meth freak in the

interludes.

After a few times, it started taking a little longer to reach

climax, but it felt just as intensely wonderful as the first

time, so I was still hooked. It did mean it was riskier, as the

longer I took, the longer someone had the opportunity to notice

what I was doing, and I would have had a very hard time pulling

away in the middle of the fun, it was just too sensational to

quit before getting all the way to the top of the ride. Of

course, I got caught.

I had pressed up against the jet a little more tightly than I had

been, bucking my hips with the pulses, which really lit my

rockets. I was flushed, my nipples felt like they might pop right

off my heaving tits, and my clit was exploding. It took every

ounce of my willpower not to scream out, and I bit my lip to help

me not vocalize the intensity of what I was feeling. I was just

coming down from the last convulsive wave, which had felt like it

started at my toes and ended at the t0p of my head, lighting

every nerve fiber in my being on fire, when I looked up at the

house, and saw Jack in the window watching me. I knew he had seen

what I was doing, he had a shit eating grin on his face that made

it obvious. Busted! What the fuck was I going to do?

Jack solved my problem for me. He came outside, knelt down and

whispered "We should go and talk somewhere in private..."

"What about Betsy?"

"She's way to busy enjoying herself to notice, or give a shit

what either of us does, come on up to her room. Now." He walked

off into the house.

I pulled myself out of the pool, and wandered into the house after

him, dripping wet all the way up the stairs. I went to Betsy's

room, and Jack was there waiting.

"You know you can't fuck me, and if Betsy catches us she will

fuck you up, right after she kicks my ass, so what the hell do

you want?"

"You know as well as I do that you aren't supposed to cum unless

Betsy lets you. What do you think she'll do when she finds out

what you've been doing with the pool jets, huh?"

Fuck. He was right. But what did that matter now?

"I just want a handjob. Jack me off like Betsy does, while I look

at you, and I'll never say a word."

This was some fucked up shit, but it was a better deal than

getting busted by Betsy.

"OK, but that is as far as it goes. If we get caught, we are

dust!"

Jack pulled down his trunks, and released a raging boner. I could

see it throbbing with his heartbeat, and it was standing almost

straight up. I had just taken hold of it, feeling the heat of so

much blood in one place, when my new boyfriend Paul opened the

door and came in.

"If he gets a handjob, I get one, too! Otherwise I'll narc you

both out to Betsy!"

Obviously he had seen what was going on, and had been listening

at the door. Well, fair is fair. If I'm going to jack off my

sister's boyfriend, I should be willing to jack off my own

boyfriend, right? How do I get myself into these situations?

"OK, Paul, that is only fair. Drop trou, lets get this party

going, before we are missed, and Betsy gets pissed!"

Paul yanked his trunks down, and his cock, only starting to rise

to the occasion, was bigger and beefier than Jack's. I suddenly

realized, although I'd seen his cock before, that my boyfriend

was hung like a horse! I took his dick in my other hand, and

started jacking both of them. They were quickly breathing hard,

and their stares never left my jiggly boobs, which were jumping

up and down in time with the pumping I was giving to their dicks.

Within a few minutes, they were both grunting, and then two hard

cocks were shooting stream after stream of semen across my tits.

They shot quite a lot of cum, I was dripping with it. I quickly

rubbed it into my skin. It felt great on my tits, warm and

sticky, better than the most expensive skin lotion I'd ever used.

I wondered if it would be good for my skin, too. Watching me rub

it in had Paul hard again almost instantly, while Jack was going

to take some time to recover.

"Sorry, Paul, you'll have to deal with that yourself. We need to

get back to the party before Betsy misses us." I playfully

flicked the head of his dick before he pulled up his trunks.

I was back down the stairs in a flash, and back in the pool. This

time I stayed away from the jet, and just enjoyed the water and

my last beer. Betsy never had a clue what happened, she was still

being the queen bee of the party, buzzing here and there,

followed by a cloud of horny dudes. She'll obviously find out

about what happened from this journal, but she hasn't been

reading them so far, just making sure I'm writing something. I'm

still too nervous to not write down the truth, as she warned me

if I didn't write down everything, and she found out I held back,

I would regret it. Eventually I'll be busted, and I'll have to

pay the price. Jack will, too, which makes me feel a little

better about my future predicament - at least I won't be alone. I

figure getting busted for the handjobs will probably suck, but it

will suck less than getting caught not telling the truth about

what happened.

In the meantime, I have my secret - I can cum!