**Sera's Torment**=========================================================
Chapter One

Sera was very happy to have been accepted as a Panther. Panthers were \*\*the\*\* coolest social group in her College. Mostly it was for her mother, who had also been a Panther, and had really set her mind on Sera being one as well. It was, she had told Sera, a tremendous affirmation of her social standing, and meant that she had been accepted at her new College.

Sera herself wasn't so sure of all of that, but her mother didn't mind. She told Sera that she'd understand later. In fact Sera had secretly almost hoped not to make it. The thought of hanging round with the smartest people in her year made her nervous.

She had been a plain looking girl growing up, and had never received much attention from boys. They always went after the more flashy types, but this suited her just fine. Animals were her real love, and she hoped to one day become a veterinary assistant. She much preferred to spend time with animals than with the kids she knew and she had grown up a rather shy solitary child. Her mother had always worried about this. She had always encouraged her to get out and try out for school plays or sports or anything to get an active social life. Sera, however, had never been interested. She had a few friends, but just wasn't a social type of person. She was also very shy, and had never really dated. She knew one day she'd meet Mr. Right, and she was in no hurry.

Sera thought about her pets as she packed a bag. She had been invited on a camping trip with the other girls in the Panthers. It was a sort of a trip to get acquainted. They also mentioned some kind of test that Sera would have to perform, though they didn't make much of it.
It was just something they all had had to do they said, an initiation of sorts.

Her mother had said that it was perfectly normal, and that she'd had to do the same thing. She'd laughed to herself when Sera mentioned it, seemingly remembering wild times. It made Sera uncomfortable. The most important thing, Sera's mother had told her, was to be a good sport.
If you didn't go along, you got dropped from the "A" crowd, and once dropped there was no getting back.

Caroline, who was the leader of the girls had told her to bring lots of jeans, T-shirts, and warm things just in case. She also told Sera to bring along the swimsuit which she had helped Sera pick out. It was very skimpy, and Sera had been embarrassed when Caroline had pulled it off of the rack. It was a black two piece with bottoms that cut high up around the rear, which in Sera's case would leave her full, round cheeks hardly covered

Until a few years ago, Sera had been what they call "skinny." Though her frame was not inordinately frail, she had just always been a thin girl. In her early teens, however, she had blossomed substantially, growing not only flaring hips and a lush bottom, but very large breasts as well. They had started to call her "Wonder Woman," back at school in Cornwall, much to her embarrassment. Not only did her breast grow very big and round, but they stood out from her chest, and looked even bigger on her slim frame. Though they seemed to be the envy of many women, they made her feel cheap, and the effect they had upon men of all ages made her extremely uncomfortable. They often just stared openly. Even at her young age she was already considering reduction surgery. Both her parents and doctor had advised her to wait a few years.

Though there was nothing "bimbo-ish" about Sera, she was not comfortable with her new found attention. Her luscious thick, long fair hair and dark eyes gave her a more sophisticated look and she had really grown quite beautiful. With her slightly almond shaped eyes, high cheekbones, and full sensuous mouth, was often even compared to Michelle Pfeifer. She, however, wanted to be taken seriously.

It was the top of the bikini, therefore, that was the real problem. It was skimpy too, basically just a string that went horizontally around the lower half of her chest with two strips about three inches wide that rose vertically from it up across her nipples. Ample amount of Sera's breasts would bulge out of either side of both of the straps going up over them, and this bothered Sera even more than the bottoms.

Though Sera had initially balked at the bikini, she relented when Caroline insisted that she bring it- as well as a figure hugging black dress with spaghetti thin shoulder straps that Caroline lent her- "just in case" she decided later that she wanted something sexier.
Sera had not wanted to argue, and though she was quite sure that she would never wear anything like that, she agreed to bring them all along. She also made quite sure to bring a pair of cut-offs and T-shirt and sports bra in case they did go swimming.

This was Sera's first trip without any real adults, the first time she had been away with friends without any supervision. Of course her parents did not know the whole story. They thought that five girls were going to stay at the cottage Deirdre's parents owned up in Wales, a place that they had inherited but rarely used more then one weekend a month.

As the time approached Sera became increasingly nervous, hoping that the other girls didn't forget her and thinking about the test Caroline had mentioned to her. The Panthers was a special group, Caroline had said, and all of them had had to pass the test. If Sera wanted to be part of the group she would have to pass it as well. Probably it would be embarrassing but worth it because in the end everyone would know that she was a good sport.

She jumped when she heard the blast of a car horn and rushed out to the street pulling the backpack she had borrowed from her brother behind her. The other girls were in the car with Caroline, who jumped out and opened the truck for Sera's bag.
"Got everything?" she asked. Sera knew what she meant.
"Yes," she'd replied.

Caroline made her open her bag and show her that she had the dress, the bikini, and her own clothes. She even insisted that Sera go back inside and get her make-up, such as it was, mascara and an eyebrow pencil. It was okay, Caroline had said. She had plenty of make-up, and she'd put a lot of stuff into a case and would put it in Sera's bag.
She also grabbed Sera's big white fluffy towel and bathrobe as well.

The other girls were all very nice, and as they set off, they chatted away. Deirdre even joked about how one of the boys in the Panthers, a star footballer, had noticed Sera and had begun asking about her. They had all laughed because he was sort of Caroline's guy, and they teased her about Sera as competition. Sera assured them that she had no interest in football players.

Caroline drove to the out-of-town shopping centre where she pulled into the main parking area. She drove around, obviously looking for someone and then pulled up behind another car and gave him a blast with the horn.

A guy got out, and Sera recognised a guy named Billy. Billy worked with the College, supplying computers or something. Sera didn't really know him. He was older, late twenties, but she'd seen him around.
She's heard that he had a lot of access to all kinds of computer stuff, games, hardware, etc, and so a lot of people vied for his attention. There were others in his car as well, but Sera couldn't see who they were.

He walked up to the car and said hello to everyone. All of the girls seemed to know him well. He looked at Sera and smiled. He introduced himself and put his hand in the car towards her to shake. She took it and said hello. They made small talk for a minute, and then he went back to his car and they all started off.

They headed for the motorway and drove North. In less than an hour they were driving through empty countryside. The time passed quickly as the girls told her about where they were going, the lake, the wildlife, the privacy, and the beer Billy was going to get. They explained to her that for this weekend she was a guest, but if she passed the test and became part of the group she would have to chip in for the beer and food like the others. Sera told them that only seemed fair and she would never complain about chipping in, hoping that they would tell her more about the test....but nobody mentioned it again.
The stopped once for petrol and everybody shows snacks from the garage shop so that they wouldn't have to waste any time. In fact the only delay was when Caroline ran up to Billy's window, checking directions Sera thought.

Shortly afterwards dusk started to settle in and the cars left the motorway for the side roads, heading into the Welsh borders. Sera watched the sun drop behind the hills in the West and began to notice how much more isolated it was up here. The towns grew further and further apart and the traffic on the road became lighter and lighter.
As they passed through one small town, Billy slowed and then pulled up outside a small bed and breakfast and they decided to stop there for the night.

As the guys got out of the car, Sera realised that she only really knew one of them, and he gave her the creeps. His name was Jack, and she had him in one of her classes. He was overweight and pimply, and was one of those guys who stared.

Billy and Caroline each got a room, and the girls and guys all piled in accordingly laying sleeping bags on the floor. Sera tried to find out more about the test, but none of the girls would say much.

The next morning they set off again, but after about twenty minutes Sera noticed that Billy's left hand indicator was on. She hoped nothing was wrong with his car, as they were two thirds of the way there according to Caroline. She sat up and peered ahead trying to see why he was pulling over into a parking area. Caroline pulled in behind Billy as he jumped from his car. The boys all got out and went to the men's toilets. The five girls climbed out of their car to stretch their legs. None of them had to go, and soon the guys were back.

"Okay, let's load up." Caroline nodded and started back to the driver's door. She turned to Sera and casually said, "Sera, you ride with the boys for the rest of the way." Surprised. Sera stopped in her tracks, looked about nervously. She was about to ask why when Caroline came around and pulled her to one side.

"Its time for you to begin the test now Sera," Caroline said suddenly seriously. "From here on out, you have to do exactly as you're told."

Sera looked into the older girl's eyes for a sign of what this might mean, what she might have to do, but couldn't find one.

"What will I have to do?" Sera asked, feeling a rush of adrenaline in her stomach.
"Nothing that we ALL haven't had to do." Caroline replied. "It's not so bad." She looked Sera in the eye.

Sera looked over to the car where the guys were standing waiting, and started to feel a little scared. How bad could it be? Caroline noticed her apprehension.

"If you don't want to go," Caroline continued curtly, "let us know now and we'll drop you in Ludlow and put you on a bus."

Her head spinning Sera thought for a second and realised that if she went back there would be all kinds of questions from her parents that she didn't want to answer. Plus she knew that going home now, would be end of her hanging around with these kids, her friends, and besides they had all passed, they were just trying to scare her.

She turned to Caroline and said, "What would make you think that I would even consider going back."
"Good girl. We'll see you at the campsite."

Caroline opened the trunk and pulled out Sera's bag and walked it over to Billy, who took it and put it in the truck of his car. Caroline winked at her as she walked back to the other girls. Sera walked around the passenger side and climbed in the door that a guy she vaguely knew as Tom was holding open for her. As if she wasn't nervous enough, the smile on his face made her feel even worse.
Sliding towards the middle, she saw the creepy Jack Wilcox. . She also noticed another guy from school whose name she didn't know in the front seat. She avoided any contact with Jack who was sitting just behind driver's seat and she made her body even smaller when Tom climbed in next to her.

"OK everybody we're ready to go,” said Billy as he closed the door.
He turned the key and started the car. Sera listened to the engine idle. Billy turned to the back seat "Sera before we go....please take of your shoes."
"What?" she replied, not sure she'd heard right.
"Sera, until you pass the test, you don't get to ask questions. Your shoes, or, the bus!"

Sera felt her face flush with embarrassment, and started to look around at the other guys before realising that that only made it worse. She slowly leaned forward and began to untie her left trainer.
"No," Billy stopped her. "Put your foot up on the edge of the seat."

Sera was momentarily stunned. She pulled her foot up on the edge of the seat. She looked up and noticed that she had the rapt attention of all four guys. It really gave her the creeps.
"Gently loosen the knot."
Slowly, she undid her shoe and then eased it off of her foot. Billy held out his hand for it. She started to feel a bit dizzy as she undid the other shoe.
"Socks too, Sera"

Sera hesitated and then stripped off her right sock, then her left, and passed them to Billy. She instinctively stuck her feet under the seat in front of her. Four sets of eyes stared at her, and then broke into nervous smiles.
"OK. Everyone. We're off."

Embarrassed, but relieved Sera leaned back in the seat. Not wanting to have even the most incidental contact with the boys sitting on either side of her, she did everything she could to make herself smaller. As Billy pulled back on to the main road and headed North, she hunched her shoulders forward to make her breasts look as small as possible.

The boys continued to talk about the trip, the need to get firewood as soon as they got there, the beer, how much the beer cost, and most importantly would they have enough. They never acknowledged her again.
It was as if she didn't even exist. She leaned back and closed her eyes trying to make the trip go faster.

It was strange she thought, if anyone of these kids stopped by her house when she was barefoot it wouldn't have bothered her a bit. So why was she so embarrassed about Billy taking her shoes? Perhaps it was because that they took them? That she had no choice! That had to be it.

She nestled into the seat and tried to doze off, while at the same time not moving any nearer to the boys. At first she thought that it was nerves, but quickly realised that she had to go to the bathroom.
How was she going to handle this? Would they just ignore her and let her go in her pants? No. Billy would never let someone do that in his nice car. She would just hold on. They would have to go again as well and she could tough it out. Sure enough, not long afterwards, Tom leaned forward and said, "Billy, how about a piss stop?"
"OK. It's all that coffee. I'm due myself."

Turning on his indicator Billy waited until he could see that Caroline's car was indicating too before he pulled over to the side of the road. This wasn't a parking area. It was the middle of the forest. As Sera wrestled with how she should handle this, the boys jumped out, barely walked a few feet and started to piss. Looking over her shoulder she saw Caroline and the other girls heading for the woods.

She climbed out of the car as the boys were finishing and had their backs to her. She opened the front door and reached for her sneakers when she heard Billy shout, "What are you doing?"
"Getting my trainers"
"No trainers. You didn't ask for them, so you'll have to do without."
He looked at his watch. "You've got thirty seconds."
"I can't go in thirty seconds"
"Maybe you could have if you went in the front of the car with us " he said smiling.
Not even considering the alternative Sera headed for the woods.
Carefully watching where she put her feet she picked her way through the bushes until she had some privacy.

Quickly pulling down her jeans and knickers she relieved herself.
Jumping when she realised that she couldn't keep her balance and her feet dry at the same time. Finished she realised that she had nothing to wipe herself with and closing her eyes grabbed a fistful of leaves .....and prayed it wasn't anything prickly. Quickly and carefully she pulled her clothing back on and worked her way back to the car.

When she came out of the woods Billy was waiting there staring at his watch. "Five minutes, Sera. That's not good enough. She looked around and suddenly noticed that Caroline's car was gone. She looked again at Billy, who had a smug smile. She looked at the other guys.
They suddenly all seemed very nervous and were looking at the ground.

"They've already gone ahead," said Billy. "They know where to meet us."
For the first time, Sera began to feel really scared. Now she was alone with four guys.
"We'll deal with your lateness later," he said. "Let's get going."

As she approached the car door, Tom again held it open for her. Again he smiled at her in a way the made her tingle with apprehension as she slid into the seat. Again Billy started the car, and again he waited a moment. Suddenly, Sera began to fear he was going to ask for another piece of her clothing. Instead, he motioned to the guy in the front seat.

"Where's the thing you got on the plane, on your last trip?" he asked.
The guy in the front seat opened the glove compartment and handed something to Billy, who turned around in his seat to face her.
"Put this on," he said, handing her something.
Sera looked down to see one of those big blindfolds that people who sleep during the day use on flights. She just stared at it.
For a moment, there was no sound except the idle of the car.

Chapter Two

Sera realised that she could not look into the faces of the guys. She bit her lower lip, closed her eyes, and trying as hard as possible to keep her shoulders hunched and her elbows and arms in tight around her body, she slowly leaned forward, allowing her long fair hair to fall over her chest and slid the blindfold over the top of her head. She moved it into place. There was a thick moment of silence. She suddenly flinched as she felt another hand help adjust it. She started to reach up to pull it away, but caught herself.

"Relax, Sera," she heard Billy say, "just relax."
The tension in the car was suddenly tormenting. She heard rustling in the front seat, like a backpack being opened.

She swallowed hard, and closed her eyes tightly behind the blindfold.
She felt a hand gently pull her hair hanging in front of her back over and behind her shoulders exposing her chest area. She resisted the urge to grab it.

She felt as though the guys were all staring at her large breasts, and it made the full twin mounds feel even bigger than they already were, like they were sticking out all the way into the front seat. She wrapped her arms around them. This was her worst nightmare, and she actually began to contemplate leaving and going home. She heard someone clear their throat.

"Now remember," Billy said, "you have to follow instructions. And you're not going to have to do anything all of the others haven't done."
Silence. Not a sound save the idling of the car.
"Understand, Sera?"
God, could she go through with this? She remembered her mother.
Slowly, she nodded her head. He was right, they'd all done it. She had to go through with it.
"Okay, first you need to relax" Billy continued.
She nodded gently. She heard more movement.
"Now, put your hands, with the palms down onto the seat on either side of you."
Slowly she unfolded her arms and laid her hands on the seat.
"Put the palms down against the seat."
She bit her lip again, and turned her hands over, flat against the seat.
"Now, very slowly, Sera," Billy continued, "take a nice deep breath.
That will help you relax."

GOD.
Slowly she began to breathe in.
"No a DEEP breath, Sera, come on now...all the way...sit up straight...fill your lungs."
She could feel her face grow hot as her chest expanded, forcing her breasts to stand straight out. She prayed no one would touch her.
"Now hold it for a second"
She sat still. The sound of the idling car was interrupted by a gasp from one of the guys.
"That's right, Sera...now slowly let it out"
She did, fighting the reflex to cross her arms in front of her.
"That's good. Now again."
Again, she filled her lungs, making her boobs stick out.
"Now hold it."
She turned her head to one side, trying to lessen the embarrassment.
"Okay. Now let it out."
She did.
"Feel better, Sera?" Billy asked.
She nodded gently. She took a normal breath.
She waited to feel the car start moving.
It didn't.

"Before we get moving," Billy said, "I want to ask you a question."
Oh, God. She thought.
"And you HAVE to tell the truth, always."
She nodded again
"Tell us, Sera," he said. "Are you wearing a bra?"
She felt like she had been jabbed. She could suddenly hear her heart pounding in her chest. She could feel her breath get tight.
"Sera?"
She struggled to answer.
"I asked, Are you wearing a bra?"
"Ahh...yeah.." She whispered.
Of course she was wearing a bra. Even under her T-shirt, they could all see that.
"Good," Billy said. "Bras are nice."
He paused.
"Is it a nice one?"
Her throat became so tight she could barely breath.
She couldn't respond.
"What color is it?"
"W..wwhite." she finally said.
"White? Mmmmmm" he paused.
"Is a lacy one?"
She was unable to say a word. This was agony.
"Describe it for us, Sera."
"W..w...what?"
"Describe your bra to us."
She tried to catch her breath. She suddenly remembered the three other guys, and especially Jack who'd been staring at her all semester.
"Its..its...white..." she said finally.
"Is it lacy?"
"Ah...No...well...not really..."
"Not really? What do you mean? You mean part of it is?"

Sera tried to swallow. She had never been so embarrassed in all her life. Sitting in the back of the car, she felt as though she was under a spotlight..
"Y...y...yes...part of it,." she finally said. "Around the top.."
"The top of the cups?"
"Y..yeah."
"I see."
They all listened to the car idle, and Sera prayed the car would start moving.
"And what about the knickers?"
"Wha..."
"The knickers. You ARE wearing knickers..."
"Yes."
"Do they match the bra? Are they a set?"
"S...s..sort of..."
She was dying.
"Sort of?"
"Well...They...they're white too..."
"I see. That's nice."
A pause.
"Well, I guess we'd better get going," Billy said finally.
A wave of relief swept over Sera. She took a deep breath.
"We're going to leave the blindfold on for the journey, Okay, Sera? It part of the tradition."
She nodded. Anything to get moving.
But the car didn't move.
Again, she heard some rustling in the front seat.

"You know, before we go," Billy said suddenly, sounding only inches from her.
"I guess we really ought to just check to make sure your telling us the truth."
Sera's heart sank. She instinctively drew her arms around herself.
"Relax, Sera," Billy said. "It's nothing major. You won't even have to take anything off."
She couldn't relax. She could feel her face burning under the blindfold.
She could here the breathing of everyone in the car.
"Now, tell you what," he continued, "just reach up and undo the top of your jeans."

This was a nightmare. Her hands felt glued to the seat.
"Come on, Sera."
Slowly, she moved her hands along her thighs reached up to the button of her jeans. Her fingers felt dead. She sucked in her breath and worked her thumbs underneath the waistline. She rotated the metal button through the slot in the material.
"Good," Billy said.
"Now pull down the zipper"
Sera took another deep breath and lifting her bottom off of the seat, worked the zipper down. The jeans opened in a V pattern, exposing the top of her knickers.

Sera could hear the others nervously adjusting their seats.
"Now, just pull the top of your knickers up a bit so we can all see them."
She grasped the material in the front and pulled it up, pulling it taught in her crotch.
"Can everyone see?" Billy asked.
There was a general affirmative grunting, and their proximity started to make her feel sick.
"That's great," said Billy, suddenly sounding like he was right in front of her.
She released the material, and, lifting her bottom from the seat, started to work the zipper back up.
"Ah, just leave them that way." Billy instructed. "It'll be more comfortable."

She slowly lowered herself back down into the seat. She relaxed her hands, laying them over the exposed area. She pushed her bottom as far back into the seat as possible, and sat with her shoulders slumped forward.
They all knew what was coming next.
"Now, show us your bra, Sera."
She became dizzy. so light-headed that she almost fainted.
The tension had built up to the point of exploding the glass from the car windows.
"P...pl...please. I'm not lying."
"It's all part of the test."

Suddenly, she began to cry. It surprised her as much as everyone else.
The tears just burst out, and she hung her head down. Her beautiful thick blonde hair fell back forward over her chest. She started to reach toward her eyes.
"DON'T touch the blindfold," instructed Billy.

She stopped at his sudden sharpness. She let her hands slowly drift back to the top of her jeans, laying them flat over her exposed knickers. The tears built up behind the large blindfold and then leaked out from the sides, running down the far side of her cheeks. They let her cry quietly for a moment.
"Now, come on Sera, its not so bad," said Billy. "Showing us your bra is no worse than being on the beach."

She didn't respond. After a moment she stopped crying. She sniffled and brought her right index finger up to her delicate nose and gently rubbed underneath.
"We're going to run out of petrol here," said Billy, again sounding so close, but in a different spot, more to her right.
Suddenly she heard him turn off the engine.
There was silence.
She realised that he was serious.
She heard him reach over and put the radio on, and the sounds of some Seventies station filled the car.

"All you have to do is just show us the material, just so we know you were telling the truth, that's all."
Slowly Sera's hands drifted up from her covering the exposed area of her knickers to the bottom of her T-shirt. She ran her thumbs against the material.
"Atta girl," Billy said, though this time he suddenly sounded much further away.

Slowly, she raised the material up over the top of her jeans, exposing her creamy skin. She pulled it up beyond her navel.
"Now come on and sit up straight,"
"Hold on," Billy said, She stopped.
"Pull your hair back behind you. We need to be able to see."
Sera fought back tears.. She reached up and with the back of her hand, pulled her hair back off of her chest, pushing it back over her shoulders. She tried to sit up straight.
"Okay, much better."
She took a breath and grasped the front of her T-shirt again. She pulled it up just to the bottom of the bra.

Slowly she pulled it up to expose the bottom half of each full bra-cup. Her hands made two tight fists which met in the middle of the top of her breasts, squeezing them together like balloons, forcing them both to stick out rudely. She held the position. They could easily see the material.
"Come on, Sera. We've got to see about the lacy top part as well."
Choking back a new sob of humiliation at being forced to display herself like this, she pulled her T-shirt up farther, exposing the creamy skin of her cleavage.
"Higher, all the way up."

She could suddenly hear rasping breathing and the car's other occupants shifting in their seats. She pulled the shirt all the way up so that it was bunched up beneath her chin. Fully realising the obscene display she was making, she turned her head to one side in shame. She let out another sob.
"Well that does have some nice lace work on it," Billy remarked. His voice sounded odd, like it was partially obstructed. "Can you guys all see that?"
There were some grunts.
"See, its not so bad. What's all the crying about?" asked Billy.

With one swift move, Sera pulled the T-shirt back down. There was a moment of silence.
"You know what," he continued, "I think that since you are so uncomfortable, what we need to do is get you used to being more casual."
"P..p..please," she said, frozen in position. Her hands gripped the bottom of the T-shirt, making the knuckles go white.
"Why don't we take the T-shirt off all together..."
"NOOOOO..."
"...and have you ride for a while in your bra, just to kinda get you used to it?"
She could hear snickering from the other guys.
"No..PLEASE...I don't need...
"Yes, I think it's a good idea. It'll help loosen you up."
"NO, my God, what about...what about the other cars..."
"See, there you go. People wear much less than that big thing on the beach."

 Sera really started to panic now. But how would she get home from here? Where was the nearest phone? You never know who might be on the road.
As if reading her mind, Billy said, "It's all part of the test, Sera.
You have to do as your told..."
He paused for a moment.
"... or we can let you out here, but your T-shirt is coming up here in the front with your shoes and socks either way."

She Realised she had no choice. He sounded so serious, and she knew that alone, in just her bra and jeans with no shoes, she'd be in big trouble.
"It's up to you Sera."
"Pl....." she started but cut it off. She Realised it would do no good.
"What's it going to be?"
"I...I...don't have any choice, do I...?"
"Oh, I don't know," said Billy. "Standing out there in just your bra I don't think it would take you long to get a ride..."
Laughter filled the car.

Sera just sat clutching the bottom of her shirt-- her shirt that was about to come off.
"Okay, now we don't want to mess up the blindfold here, so here's what we'll do. Now Sera, you have to show us that you're going to do what your told here- that's the test."
She made no sound.
"So in order to keep everything together, Sera, first you pull your arms out of the sleeves."
She still didn't move until she realised he meant now.
"Come on..."

Slowly she obeyed reaching up with each hand and pulling her elbows and then her arms through the sleeves and back underneath. She crossed her arms across her chest beneath the shirt.
"Now Sera, put your hands back on the seat on either side of you like you had them before, palms down."
She straightened out her arms, and her hands appeared from underneath the material. She did as she was told and jammed her thumbs underneath her thighs.

"Okay," Billy continued, "now lean forward, Sera, and you two guys pull her shirt up to her shoulders and carefully lift it over her head- BE CAREFUL with the blindfold....that's part of the test?"
Instantly, Sera felt two hands on either side of her start lifting her shirt up, exposing her to all of their eyes. They stretched the neck hole out and lifted it over her head, pulling her hair out along with it.
Instinctively, her arms came up, and she immediately crossed her arms across her full breasts.
"Now, Sera," said Billy. She could her a smile. "You weren't supposed to move your hands..."
A sob escaped her lips. She held herself tight.
"Maybe," said Billy forcefully, "maybe we make you ride the rest of the way NAKED."

"NOOOOO.." her head suddenly shot up. She jammed her hands back down underneath her thighs.
"Now, THAT'S more like it."
Her shoulders sagged forward. She listened for the sound of the ignition.
"Just before we head out, Sera, lets try to relax with some more deep breathing"
GOD, would it never end.
"Ah...Sit up straight now...shoulders back" he said. His voice sounded odd, preoccupied.
"That's great. Really fill those lungs."
Her face burned as she felt her bra rise and tighten.
"Great. Okay."
She heard rustling as everyone got settled for the ride.

Finally the ignition, and the car pulled out onto the road.

Chapter Three

As the car moved along the road, thoughts swirled around in Sera's head. She wondered how bad this test could get. How far she could go?
Had Caroline and the others done this? The more she thought about it, the more she thought they had. These tests were always embarrassing.
Sitting in front a bunch of guys in just a bra probably wouldn't bother the other girls so much. But then the other girls didn't have breasts like Sera. They didn't go through life having their chest stared at, and having guys make rude comments.

Far from feeling more comfortable, as time passed, it became worse.
Behind the blindfold she had this horrible image of all four guys just staring at her, staring at her breasts, the whole way. An hour or so went by, and again the guys talked amongst themselves. Whenever it got quiet, Sera got nervous.

"Whoa," said Billy suddenly. "There's a petrol station. We'd better fill up."
Oh, God, thought Sera. That meant being in a public place. In just her bra.
"Can I please put my shirt back on?" she asked hopefully.
"Naw," said Billy, "it will help loosen you up."
She felt the car slow down and pull in over the curb. It stopped.
"Ken," Billy said to the guy in the front seat , the one she didn't know. "Fill 'er up will ya?"

She heard Billy's door open, and then Ken's on the passenger side.
Sera could hear people around her, and for the first time, even though it had gotten wet and soggy from her tears, she was glad to be blindfolded. She would have died if she had been able to see people looking at her. She heard the sound of the nozzle going into the gas tank.

Suddenly, she jumped as someone knocked on the window to her left. She heard Jack roll it down, and as he did, the noise of the outside filled the car. She stiffened. She could hear people talking in hushed voices. They were looking at her, talking about her, she just knew it. She pushed her bottom back into the seat and hunched forward.
She felt sick.

Finally, she heard Billy and Ken get back into the car, and start it up. She gave silent thanks as she felt the car move again. They pulled back out into the road. For a moment, no one said a word.
"Well, Sera," said Billy finally. His voice was now on the passenger side. Ken, she realised must be driving.
"You were quite a hit at the petrol station." He chuckled. A couple of the other guys chuckled as well.
"Now," he continued, "we've been kinda easy on you, cause your kinda shy. But one of the things about the test is that sometimes the girl has to make little sacrifices for the good of the group."
She felt her heart pound.
"Make a right up here," Billy told Ken. "There - there on the left...there they are... pull in here."

She felt the car pull in and slowly come to a stop. Her body stiffened.
"Now." Billy continued, "here's the deal, no big thing."
She heard things being moved around again.
"Now these couple of guys, they're some kind of travelling sales guys, saw you in the car, and were mighty taken with you."
"Please..." was all she could say.
"Don't get freaked out," he continued, "we're not selling you into white slavery..."
The guys all laughed.
"They're real nice guys."
More giggling.
"They even offered us fifty quid towards our camping trip."
It went quiet..
"Isn't that nice of them, Sera?"
She didn't respond.
"I said, Isn't that nice of them?"
Slowly, she nodded her head.
"I can't hear you Sera."
"Y..yes."
"Yes it sure is. Now, its only fair that we do something nice for them as well, don't you agree?"

"W..what do you mean..."
More giggling.
"Well, these nice guys, would really like to watch you take your bra off."
"NOOOO...Oh my God....." She crossed her arms over her body.
Laughter filled the car.
"LISTEN SERA," said Billy sternly. "Its no big thing, and EVERYONE'S done it."
"No...you don't understand...I COULDN'T..."
"Look, you can keep your pants on, even button 'em up."
"NOOO...please..."
He paused.

"You keep the blindfold on, so they won't even know who you are. We've pulled into a very secluded little parking place here. All you have to do is just go over there behind that building, away from prying eyes, well most of `em anyway, and take your bra off, let 'em have a look, and off we go."

The car filled with nervous tension.
"Please don't make me do this..."
"You HAVE to do it."
He paused.
"Come on."
"Please..."
"OR," said Billy, "if it would be easier, I can get Jack and Tom to take it off for you."
"NOOOO..."
"Either way, its up to you."

She couldn't move. She started to cry again.
"Come on," Billy said, opening the car door.
She heard all of the doors open, and Billy came around to the door on her right hand side."
"Now zip up your pants"
Resigned, she lifted her bottom off of the seat, re-zipped her pants and re-did the button.
"Here, give me your hand."
"Please...not this..."
"Come ON!"

He reached in and grabbed her hand. The contact made her jump, but she allowed herself to be slowly pulled across the seat.
"Here," said Billy, pulling her legs out from the car and setting her bare feet on the concrete, "I'll make this easy, just hold my arm."
As she stepped out the car, and stood up, suddenly a loud whistle rang out. It was followed by another, and the someone yelled,
"YYYYEEEEOOWWW..."
Her knees buckled, and she felt Billy lurch- and just as suddenly the noise stopped. It was quiet.

Billy walked her across the grass. Her legs were so wobbly that she had to hold on to his arm to make it.
"How about here, against this wall?" she heard Billy ask, but she wasn't sure to who.
She couldn't hear any response.
She felt him put his hands on her shoulders. He backed her up until her back was against a wall.

"Now, you just do exactly as I tell you, and everything is going to be fine, understand."
"Please...DON'T do this..."
"Stop it Sera. It's not so bad. EVERYTHING I say, and it will be over in a minute. Understand?"
He paused.
"Now don't embarrass me by making a big scene. I'd hate to have to let these guys take your bra off for you..."
Her head fell forward.
She was totally defeated.
"O...Okay," she whispered.
"Good. Now it will be over in no time."

He released her, and she could hear him walk away. She pulled her arms up to cover herself.
"Hey Ken," Billy said, "put a tape on will ya'."
With the back of her hand, Sera brushed a few tears away. She heard music fill the air, and wondered if the volume would call attention to them. It drowned out the distant sound of traffic. At least, she
wasn't standing where cars could see her as they went by. She tried to imagine where she was and who was watching.

"Now just relax a minute, Sera."
She could hear people moving around.
"You guys ready?"
She didn't hear any response.
"Okay, Sera," she heard Billy say, suddenly to her left. Her blindfolded face moved in his direction.
"Now put your hands flat against the wall."
She could barely move.
"Come on Sera..."

Slowly she released her grip of her upper body and moved her hands away from her breasts. She turned them over and spread her fingers out against the rough surface of the wall. She turned her head to one side in shame.
"Now let's take a couple of deep breaths to relax you."
She breathed in through her tight throat.
"All the way, Sera."
She filled her lungs making her chest stick out.
"Good," said Billy, now on the other side of her. "Do it a couple of times to get relaxed."

She could hear him walking around her as she took deep breaths. He was inspecting her like a piece of meat. Finally, he walked right up to her. She shuddered. She felt so vulnerable in this position.

"You know, Sera," he said, "it's just not fair that these nice gentlemen can't see your lovely face.
"NOOO, please, leave it on..."
He was standing right in front of her.
"These guys are all from Glasgow or somewhere, we'll never see them again."
He paused a moment.
"So, here's what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna take off the blindfold, but you HAVE to keep you eyes closed, do you understand?"
"Please, can't we just.."
"No, we can't," he said. "Now here's the deal. You CANNOT open your eyes, do you understand? And if you DO..."
He paused.
"...if you do, then as punishment, you are going to have to take your jeans down, and your knickers and take a spanking on your bare bottom, right here over the bonnet of my car."

She gasped. She was too stunned to say anything. She would rather be shot standing here against this wall.
"And I really mean it, Sera. Right here in front of our two friends from Scotland."
Things had gone so far out of control that it had become like some horrible dream.
"I..I.. won't look" was all she could say.
"No I bet you won't." He laughed.
"Okay, now he I go. Close your eyes..."

She bit down on her lower lip and clinched her eyes shut. As he lifted the blindfold from her face, she felt cool air rush in. Her face was still wet from crying. Billy carefully lifted the elastic strap off over her head. Very gently, he rearranged her hair, pulling it backward so that it fell back behind her.
"We don't want to cheat our new friends," he said. She heard him step back.
"Now remember, Sera..."

She leaned against the wall for support. She was NOT going to give them any reason to think she'd opened her eyes.
She heard him walk away again.
"Now, we want you to pose for us a little bit, Sera," said Billy.
"I...I...Can't..."
"Sure you can. Lean forward and put your hands on your thighs just above your knees.
She leaned forward.
"Keep your knees together."

She did, and realised the effect this pose had. Her two straightened arms crushed her big breasts together between them, making the mounds bulge obscenely over the tops of her bra-cups..
"That's nice, Sera. See, it's not so hard."
It was. She was so humiliated.
"Come on, give us a nice smile."
A smile? How could she. She tried.
"A REAL smile Sera, don't make me come over there and tickle you."
She forced her best smile.
"There, that's nice.

She could hear people moving around her, and was almost tempted to open her eyes. She didn't, of course.
"Okay, now stand up nice and straight."
She did.
"Clasp your hands together behind your neck."
This was so horrible. Did he have to shame her like this? Displaying herself like this in a parking lot in front of strangers she couldn't even see. Her head spun.

Suddenly, they were interrupted by the sound of skateboards against the pavement. She somehow managed to keep her eyes closed, but quickly wrapped her arms around herself.
"WHOAAA, dude..." a young male voice.
Kids - at least two.
The skateboards suddenly stopped. She turned around and faced the wall.
"Go on, piss off" she heard Billy say.
"Go on get out of here..."
She heard some movement, but didn't hear the skateboards rolling away.
"Okay, it was just a couple of kids," he said." They're gone now."

She didn't believe him. The thought of what was happening was horrific enough without the added shame of having a couple of grubby kids watch her shame as well. She didn't move.
"Come on Sera, we don't have all day here."
"Make them go..." she said.
"I SAID they were gone, Sera." She could hear a smile in his voice, like he was holding back a laugh..
"You can always LOOK if you want to, but you know what will happen..."
She didn't move.

"Let's GO Sera, or I'll send Ken to find them and bring them back."
She clinched her eyes shut and slowly turned around.
"Atta girl."
She just knew they were still there, standing watching her.

"Now let's go back to where we were before we were so RUDELY interrupted."
She heard snickering.
Yes, she KNEW they were still there- watching. Watching her standing in just her bra being forced into obscene poses.
"Now stand up straight and clasp your hands behind your neck."
She listened to the music and tried to lose herself in it. Slowly, she raised her arms up, feeling her bra lift with her body. She broughther hands behind her neck and laced the fingers together.

"Great, great. Now pull your elbows back"
Slowly, she did. It made her bra pull so taut that it became like a second skin. Her breasts rose up on her chest and stuck out. She heardsomeone suck in their breath. She tried not to think about it.
"Give us a smile, Sera, come on..."
She tried again, and remembering his threat about the tickling, tried hard.

"Great, now turn a little to your left."
She started to turn...
"In fact keep that beautiful smile, and keep those elbows pulled back nice and tight, and slowly turn right the way around for us, all the way around.."
She felt like meat on a hook. Trying to hold the smile and trying to keep from crying, she slowly turned herself around in a circle, giving the audience a lusty view of her outstretched body from all angles.

"Great," said Billy as she turned around to face them again.
"Okay, now let your arms down again."
She released her hands from behind her neck and lowered them, resisting the temptation to cover herself as they went down.
"Now," Billy continued, "reach up and ease the straps down off of your shoulders."
"Please..." she said. She just couldn't say anything else. She choked back a sob.
"Come on, Sera."

Slowly, with her eyes closed, she reached up and felt her way along.
She slid the tips of her fingers underneath the white shoulder strap on her left shoulder.
"That's right.."
She lifted it away from her skin, and pulled it up over her shoulder.
"All the way down, Sera."
She pulled it down until it just hung loose against her arm, peeling back the top inch of so of her bra-cup..
"Now the other one."
Slowly, she did the same on the other side, leaving both straps dangling.

The effect was breathtaking. With her long blonde hair pulled behind her, her long beautiful neck was open going right down her slim shoulders. Now all of the creamy tanned skin, from her shoulders, across her chest was exposed. Her big breasts just sat in the cups of her bra like scoops of ice cream, and the top half of the luscious mounds, though still in the bra, lay open to the gaze of the audience.

"Okay, now go back to the first pose, with your hands on your knees."
She leaned forward and did as she was told. Skill keeping her eyes shut, she could just imagine the sight.
"Pull your arms in nice and tight."
As she leaned forward, she felt the shoulder straps fall farther down, down to her forearms. The tops of the bra-cups fell back slightly as well. The effect, as she pulled her arms together, was like squashing two balloons. The bra barely contained her.

"Come on, now, another big smile, Sera..."
God, WHY did he HAVE to keep tormenting her. Didn't he realise how horrible this was? She forced another smile.
"Great," Billy said. "Now pucker up like Marilyn Monroe, give a big kiss."
She formed her mouth into a big "O" like a kiss.
"MMMMMMMmmmmmm-Wah" Billy imitated the sound of a big kiss.
"Now stand up nice and straight again."
She did.
"Reach your hands up as high as you can."

This, all of a sudden, was just too much. She just burst out into tears and put her hands up to cover her face, inadvertently mashing her breasts together as she did so. She squatted down on her haunches and started to sob.
"Awe, come on, Sera," said Billy. He walked up to her and squatted down in front of her.
"Why you makin' such a big deal about this? None of the other girls..."

"You don't UNDERSTAND," she said through her sobs. "You don't understand how TERRIBLE this is for me..."
"Well we're almost done," he replied. He reached out and stroked her hair.
"Please hasn't his been ENOUGH?"
"LOOK, GODDAMN IT," he said suddenly. "You either pull yourself together here, or I have half a mind to find a skateboard park and make you strip NAKED in front of a bunch of snot-nosed twerps."

Sera was stunned. She stopped crying instantly, maybe due to shock.
"Now Caroline had to do this in a bar, a bar full of men. You're getting off easy."
Oh God, no wonder she never said anything about the test. How could she...
"Now STAND UP and let's finish what we promised, here."

Sera, careful to keep her eyes shut, took a deep breath. She felt Billy take her hands and pull her back up. As soon as he let go she lifted her bra-cups back up and her hands went right back across her chest.
"Okay?"
He would probably do it.
"O...okay..."
She heard him walk back to wherever he was standing before.

As she stood there, she fought the temptation to open her eyes. She wondered who was watching her. It was better then in a BAR, though.
"Okay, now turn your back to us."
She turned herself around, suddenly feeling that her bottom was much too big.
"Pull your hair out of the way- pull it in front of you."
She reached back with her left hand and ran her fingers underneath through her hair, pulling it forward so that it hung down in front of her, exposing her entire back..
"...and reach back and undo your bra."

She took a deep breath, and slowly she reached behind her and grasped the two ends of the back strap where the clasps were, and pulled both sides of her bra towards each other to release the tension. She freed the four small eyelets. She had to do it a couple of times before they all came free.

Slowly she pulled the two sides apart. She reached around with her left arm and held the bra to her in the front. The two bra-straps dangled uselessly. This revealed a beautiful, slim and unblemished back. It was an exquisite shape, long perfect symmetry, and just a slight hint of ribs showing. From her shoulders, the lines narrowed gradually until you came to her waist, where they flared out again before disappearing into the tops of her jeans. From this angle, one would never imagine the enormous breasts hiding on the other side.

"Look back at us over your shoulder."
She turned her head back, and, unknowingly, with her eyes closed, portrayed a sensuousness she certainly did not feel "Okay, Sera, now turn around and face us."
Slowly she turned around clutching the material to her breast.
She could hear footsteps.
"Wait a sec.." it was Billy.

He moved around behind her and gently pulled her hair back away from her front so that it all hung down behind her again, giving an unobstructed view.
"We don't want to cheat our friends."
She heard him walk away again.
"Now turn a little sideways and lean your face up into the sun."
Clutching the material, she did what he asked, assuming several poses, unaware of how sensuous they looked.

"Okay, now the moment of truth."
She felt tears coming

"Turn and face us."
She rotated slightly, clutching the material. The way she held it pushed her breasts up.
"Okay, Sera. Now slowly pull it down."
A big tear rolled down her cheek.
She slowly lowered her bra.
Inch by inch, more creamy tan skin came into view.
"That's right, all the way off..."
She stopped just as the areolas were coming into view. She let out a little sob.
"Come on Sera."

Slowly the material came down. First the tops, and then the actual protruding nipples themselves came into view. They stuck out, aroused by the shame. She let out another little sob.
"Just drop it Sera."
Slowly, she released the grip her fingers had on the material and let the bra drop to the ground. She instantly crossed her arms over herself.
"Nah, Ah Ahhh..." said Billy.
"Put your arms down at your sides."
She couldn't believe it. Here she was being forced to bare her breasts for strangers she could not even see. Resigned, she let her arms drop and hang limply at her sides.

No one present had ever seen a sight like this in their lives. It was like something out of a magazine or a film. Usually boobs the size of Sera's hung down once released from their support. Sera's did not.
They gloriously stood out on their own, almost perfectly round, protruding ever so slightly towards the nipples.

Her aureoles were large, but not too. They were darker than her skin, and as a result of her heightened embarrassment, had contracted, creating little goose bumps. Likewise, the nipples themselves stood out. No one said anything. She just stood there, fighting the reflex to cover herself.

Billy cleared his throat.
"Ah, Okay, Sera, just a couple of poses."
She bit her lip. Please, please, let this end, she asked silently.
"Lean forward and grab your knees again."
For the third time, she struck the pose, only this time her breasts were bare.
"Big smile, Sera..."
She forced another one.
"Now, lets go back to the hands behind the neck."

She tried to just drift off into the music as she reached up behind her head and put her hands behind her neck. She could feel the air and the lusty gaze of the men on her huge, nude tits as they rose up with her arms.
"Big smile, Sera."
She forced another smile.
"Now, turn around again, all the way. Give us the full view."
She slowly rotated her body around, giving her unseen audience a spectacular visual tour of her perfect body. She came around full circle, still with her hands clasped behind her.
"Great, just great...now don't move..."

She could hear footsteps coming toward her. She turned her face and buried it into the upper part of her raised right arm, trying to hide.
"See," said Billy softly, "that wasn't so bad."
She started to release her hands.
"Wait," he said. "One last thing."
She could feel him staring down at her breasts.
"Put your hands back."
She did.

"That's great. Now pull your elbows back again."
She stretched them out again.
"Now since you've been such a pain about this.."
Her breathing sped up, causing her chest to move up and down.
"Well, these guys, well, they're wondering about...well... about whether your tits are real..."
"Oh, GOD, oh god, no....."
"Well since it took you so long here, well it seems only fair that we let `em see for themselves."

"Please...I did what you said..."
"It's no big deal. All they're going to do is come up and they're just gonna touch `em a little bit to see if they're real."
"Please, PLEASE, I did what you said...
"Now you CAN'T move. You gotta stay in EXACTLY this position."
"Please don't let them touch me...."
"They ain't gonna rape you or nothing. They're just gonna feel them a little bit."

Standing there, with her hands behind her neck and her elbows pulled back, with her big breasts sticking out, nude, like guns on a battleship was more shame than she could have imagined in her worst nightmare.

And now she had to let someone touch her.

Chapter Four

"NOOOO, PLEASE...." cried Sera.
It took all of her self control to hold the degrading position she was in- standing in nothing but her jeans in a parking area she couldn't even see, holding her hands behind her neck with her elbows pulled wide apart. Her huge breasts sat there, sticking out rudely, on offer like cantaloupes at the supermarket.

Now Billy told her that, keeping her eyes closed, she had to endure some stranger touching them. She felt adrenaline pump into her stomach.
"Just a little feel." he said. "Now, I'll be standing here the whole time. And remember, you can't move a muscle."
"Oh, please..." she sobbed.
"Now if you do," Billy continued, "if you move- no matter what happens- it'll be the same as if we caught you looking, youremember..."
"Oh God..."
"That's right, jeans and knickers down for a spanking."
Sera's head swirled, and she felt as though she might throw up.

She heard footsteps.
"Hi there." It was a man's voice.
Again, she fought the urge to panic.
"Come, on Sera," said Billy. "Say hello."
Did he HAVE to torment her like this?
"H..hi..." She clinched her eyes shut.
Sera stood rooted to the spot.
"Now, what will happen if you move?" asked Billy.
She could feel men standing around her. She could hear their breathing.
"Come on Sera, what will happen?"
She clinched her eyes shut.
"A sssaa...ss...sspanking..."
"That's right, a spanking. And where will you get it?"
"Oh my God, please...please don't do this..."
"Come on Sera," Billy continued, "where will you get it..."
"On..on..mmy...bottom...."
"That's right. And what kind of shape will your bottom be in?"
"Bbb...bare..."
"God," said a man's voice. He sounded much older. "That sure sounds good to me." He coughed. "Come on, sweetie, open your eyes..."
said another.

"Now," continued Billy, "just to serve as a little reminder, Sera, while keeping your arms in place, turn yourself around so that we can get a good look at your bottom."
It was not enough to be standing here with her breasts sticking out like this. She swallowed hard and decided not to argue. The stakes were just too high. Slowly she turned herself around so that her back was facing them..
"Wow, that sure is a nice ass." It was another man's voice.
"Yeah," laughed the first man. "It reminds me of a horse I once saw..."
They all laughed.
"Kinda hard to tell in those jeans though..."
Sera heart started pumping wildly.
"Now, now," said Billy. "We did promise her that if she doesn't move unless we say so that she can keep her jeans on."
"Awwww," someone said.

"But," Billy continued, "she could bend over for us a bit to show us the nice shape...couldn't you Sera."
She couldn't respond.
"Sure you could." Billy said. "Now keep your arms in position, and just bend over at the waist..."
Another sob escaped her full lips.
"SERA!"

She did it. She bent at the hips, with her elbows sticking out horizontally like the wings of a bird. Her big nude tits hung straight down unencumbered. They wobbled slightly.
"Bend one knee, and keep the other leg straight."
She did.
"Great...now bend over a little farther..."
She bent over even further.
"That's right," said Billy. "Really stick it out there."

Tears started to trail down her nose and fall to the pavement in little splatters. She could hear them walking around her. She heard someone come around to her left and squat down. She could hear breathing inches away. She heard him get down on the ground to look up at her. She bit her lip and clenched her eyes shut, as she imaging the sight her big hanging breasts were making for him.
"You sure have great tits.." the man said.
"Yeah." another man, suddenly on the other side.
She tried not to think about them. She heard the music and tried to tune in.

"Say, `thank you,' Sera" said Billy suddenly.
"Please..."
"Come on, Sera."
"Th...th...thank you."
They all chuckled.
"Well, you're welcome, Babe."

"Okay," said Billy. "Let's get you back into position. Turn around and stand up again, but keep your arms where they are. Once again she turned around and repositioned herself in the obscene pose, hands behind neck, shoulders pulled back, breasts thrust forward.
"Fred, you EVER seen tits that nice?"
"Shit no."
"Are these things real, sweetheart?"
"Y...yes." She knew she better answer.
"I don't see no scars, Bob."
"Sometimes they're underneath."
"Yeah, let's see."

Though she had braced herself, the touch was like an electric shock, and she flinched.
"Sorry..." she said quickly, hoping it wouldn't count.
There was chuckling, but no one said anything.
She felt a hand lifting her left breast, weighing it like a piece of fruit. Her face flushed.
"Gawd, they're heavy," said Bob.
"Let's see," said Fred.
She felt another hand lift her right breast.
"Your right, Bob," he replied. "Have you ever weighed these beauties,
Babe?"
"N...no."

Both hands pushed her boobs up, mashing them into her chest. The force made her have to take a step back.
"Nope, no scars under here."
She stood there as both men squeezed the breasts she was so tantalisingly offering.
"You know the best way to tell," said Bob, releasing the left one.
"What's that?" asked Fred, doing likewise.
She heard Bob walk around behind her.
"Oh..." she said as she felt the front of Bob's body come into contact with her. She could feel his big belly and then his erection against her back. She could feel his hot breath. It stank of stale cigarettes.
"You hold `em together like this," he said reached around from behind. Each hand grabbed a breast. "And see if they feel the same." He squeezed them, moulding them in his hands.

She could hear his breathing get raspy as he just played with them for a few moments.
"Then you gotta check the nipples." He released her breasts, letting them fall back into place. Then he began to pinch her nipples, tugging on them. Slowly, they became erect.
"They sure look real." offered Fred.
Bob went back to playing with them for a moment before releasing them.
"Here, your turn."

Holding her position, she heard Fred move to the same spot. As he leaned into her, she felt his erection as well. He did the same thing. He too smelled like cigarettes. It was foul. She wanted to be sick.
After a few moments of mauling, he too released her. She heard him walk back around. Though her arms were really starting to ache, she held her position. No one said anything. She could hear heavy breathing over hear the music. They let her stand for a moment. She wanted to die of shame.
No one said a word. She just listened to them walk around her.

"Well, little Sera," she heard Billy say. He was right behind her, though she couldn't feel him against her like the others. She waited, waited for him to say or do something. Then it happened. She felt his hands reach around her body and go to the top of her jeans. She lost control- her hands frantically leapt down and grabbed his, pushing them away.
She heard cheering.
"Awe, Sera..." he said. "that was just a test..."
In a panic, she suddenly opened her eyes...and froze.

There in front of her were not just two men, but a small group, more like seven or ten, all different shapes and sizes standing in a semi-circle around her. The sight before her made her scream. She fell to the pavement in a heap. Laughter and applause rang out. But that wasn't the worst.
A couple of them had cameras. She realised that men had been taking pictures of her the whole time. When she finally looked up again, she saw that both Ken and Jack had VIDEO CAMERAS.

She pulled her arms tightly around her and covered her face with her hands. The humiliation was almost unbearable. She spread her fingers apart and looked out. They were in a small parking area that looked like it was situated behind the building it served, which itself fronted the road. It looked as though it could hold around twenty cars. On the other side, facing her was some kind of warehouse.

Apart from Billy's, there were four other cars parked there. Then another sight suddenly caught her eye, and she froze. There, grinning at her, were four young kids with skateboards in their hands. They had watched the whole thing. Sera covered her face with her hands, her arms covering her breasts. She looked as though she were clutching a pair of pillows in front of her body.
"You BASTARD," she suddenly screamed at Billy.

Billy squatted down next to her. Suddenly, he grabbed a handful of her hair and jerked her head upright so that he was facing him. The move shocked her. She clinched her hands into little fists underneath her chin
"Don't you EVER call me a name like that AGAIN." he said.
The look in his eye suddenly scared her. She went silent.

Billy turned to the assembled audience, and told them to give him a minute. They backed off, most going to sit on the hoods of their cars.
"Now," said Billy. "Its time you and I have a little chat."
"How COULD you?"
"It's not such a big thing, showing off your titties."
She flinched at the word "titties." She was being treated like a whore.
"Now, we got a nice long weekend together."
Her eyes widened.
"Wh..what do you mean..."
"Well, we're going to spend some time together- me, you, and the boys." He looked her in the eye to make sure she was getting it.
That's what the test is all about."
She just stared in disbelief.

"Now we can all have a nice, easy time together if you do like your told."
"You BAS-" she stopped herself.
"That's right. You're learning."
"Wh..what do you want?" she asked.
"Well," he replied, "we're gonna want a lot of stuff, and its not all going to be easy for you..."
"You..you can't make me..."
"Well, its up to you to decide. You can either come along with us and do what we tell you to do, or we can put you on the bus home. It's up to you."
He suddenly smiled.
"BUT, we've got a lot of great pictures of you showing off your tits..."
"OH, my GOD..."
"...and some nice ones of you sticking out your ass."

He let her cry for a moment. He looked back over his shoulder and smiled and nodded to the men. He turned back towards the weeping girl.
"Now, listen real carefully," he said, "as I was saying, from here on out, I am going to make sure the rest of this weekend doesn't get TOO out of hand."
She looked up at him. Her eyes were red and wet.
"Wh..what do you mean?"
"I mean that things COULD get out of hand," he replied. He smiled down at her.
"You don't think each of those guys would LOVE to have his evil way with you?"
"OH, GOD, OH, GOD, NOOOOO, PLEASE...." She became panicked.
"But, I'm not going to let that happened. That IS," he said, "as long as you do as I say, and I mean EXACTLY as I say."
Tears of helplessness welled up again.
"OR..." he took her delicate chin in his hand. "Or things ARE going to get out of hand, and we've got a long weekend ahead of us."

"W...what. ..do...want me to do?"
"I want you to do what I tell you to Sera. EXACTLY. And as long as you do that I am going to make sure that things stay cool.
She stared at him.
"One of your school friends has a kinda mean streak that I have to control."
A hand shot up to cover her mouth. He could see the fear in her eyes.
"But, as I said," he continued, "I will keep things cool if you promise to be obedient, no matter WHAT I ask of you."
"Oh, God, I couldn't, I just couldn't."
"Mmmmm...let's see...imagine one day every computer in school starts up with a nice picture of you sticking your tits in some old guy's face?"
She just closed her eyes, forcing tears to roll down either side of her face.
She was totally defeated.

"Now," Billy continued, "we've got pictures of Caroline and all of the others as well, and we don't go handing them around. It's just between us. It's just this test weekend."
She opened her eyes and looked up at him.
"Now, I mean it," he said. "Do what I tell you and all this stuff will be kept under my lock and key."
She shuddered. The thought of pictures of her being passed around school made her sick. She was trapped. She had no choice.
"Okay?"
"O...okay...." she whispered.
"Okay," he said. "Now I promise to keep up my end. Do you promise too?
"Y..yes...." she heard herself say.
"Good," he said.

He stroked her hair, and ran the back of his hand down the side of her lovely face. Her eyes pulled shut.
"Well we got our first little test right here, don't we?"
"OH...oh...NOOOO," she said, her eyes widening with realisation. She had forgotten.
"That's right," he said. "Now, here's the deal," he continued, "if you don't cause a scene- any MORE of one I mean- and follow my direction..."
"OH, you COULDN'T, my God, PLEASE don't ask me..."
She looked beyond him and saw that none of the men had moved. They were all clearly waiting.

"As I was saying, if you do as I say..." He grabbed her by the chin again and looked straight into her eyes.
"If you do as I tell you, it will only be me who spanks you."
"Oh..my....." she started to feel faint.
He shook her chin to bring her around.
"This is going to be a good first obedience test for you, I can tell."
"Please...please...don't..."
"If you DON'T do it as I tell you...
She looked up at him in horror.
"Then it won't just be me who spanks you. It will be our friends from Glasgow too..."
She clenched her eyes shut at the thought.

"...and I'll even have to let the skateboard kids have a turn."
"Oh, God, oh no...okay..."
"Do we have a deal."
"Y...yes...DON"T let them..."
"I won't."
She grabbed his arm.
"And NO PICTURES."
He looked down at her.
"I'm sorry. Pictures are all part of the deal."
"Oh, no..PLEASE no pictures...." her hands covered her face.
"Hey we already got enough to put out a special Sera magazine, what's the difference?"
A hand went to her face in sheer disbelief.
"Besides, it's only a couple of pictures of your butt, no big deal."
She took a deep breath and tried to control herself.
"But don't worry. None of these guys will ever develop them, they're all from far away from us. They just like to take `em."

"COME ONNNNN" a voice from the crowd. "We haven't got all day here..."
Billy turned and looked back at them.
"Their getting agitated, Sera," he said turning back to face her. "The longer we wait, the harder its going to be for me to keep `em away from a turn."
She just sat there crying.
Billy stood up, and reached down and took her hands away from her face. She resisted, but he pulled her upright. As soon as he let go, she crossed her arms in front of her.
"Now you remember," he said as he put his arm around her and began walking her to where the car was parked. "You just do as I say, and we'll all get out of here in one piece."

She was scared.
She was petrified.
While most of the cars were parked normally, Billy's had pulled in long-ways and sat over several spaces. The passenger side faced them.
She tried not to look as Billy walked her towards the front of the car. He stopped just as they got to the front wheel and gently turned her around so that her bottom made contact with the bumper. He stepped back.
Once again she was facing her audience.

"Okay, Sera," Billy began. "Let's take the hands down and put them on the edge of the bumper. She couldn't look up. Slowly she lowered her arms, and immediately as her breasts bobbing into view she heard the clicking of cameras.
"Come on, look up."
She did, and saw what seemed like a mass of faces and cameras. She noticed Jack and Ken both pointing video cameras at her. Ken let the guys get their shots and instructed his two video photographers to walk around and get different angles.
"Okay, Sera. Now undo your jeans."
She whimpered, and had to blink away the tears as she looked down. For the second time today, her wooden fingers popped the button free.
"Great, now pull down the zipper..."
It slid down smoothly, again exposing a white triangle of the top of her knickers.
She tried to pretend it was a dream.

"Okay, now scoot them down a bit." It was all just a bad dream.
Slowly, she grabbed the material at the hips. She started to pull it down.
She stopped after a couple of inches and grabbed the top of her knickers with her delicate right hand to keep them from going as well.
She used her left hand to work them down, and got them beyond the knickers to the tops of her thighs.
"A little bit farther, Sera, about halfway down your thighs."
She had to fidget to do it, making her breasts wobble appealingly.

From her narrowest point, at about her navel, the lines began to flare out moving down her hips, and made a lovely contrast to her concave stomach. She was delightfully curvy. The material of her knickers looked effervescent in the bright sunlight, they seemed to glow. All along the top couple of inches there was a delicate lace pattern, which smoothed out into solid material below. The ball of her mons was clearly visible.
"Okay, now turn around."
He arms came up across her chest. She slowly tried to turn around without causing her jeans to go down any further. She leaned the front of her thighs against the bumper.

Though her waist was quite narrow, and her back and arms thin and delicate, her hips flared out into a surprisingly full, round bottom. The cheeks were clearly defined and stood out. They looked full, firm and solid. The line between them was visible through her knickers.
"Oh my God, what an ass," she heard a male voice say.
"NOOO Shit," said another.
She tried not to listen.
"Okay, Sera, now lean forward on the bonnet."
She couldn't believe this was happening.

Still clutching her breasts, she leaned forward, then put her hand down onto the bonnet. She lay her body down on the metal leaning her weight on her forearms underneath her. She was glad it wasn't too hot. She could smell the dust and dirt on the metal.
"You know," she heard Billy say. "Katie's knickers are going to come down now, and...well...I'm just wondering is this is not going to be too intense for these young guys."
"NOOO Way man," called out an urgent young voice.
"Come ON, Dude, it's TOTALLY cool," said another.
"I don't know..."
"Sure, let `em watch," said a man.
"Yeah, hell they're old enough," said another.
"Yeah," chimed in still another, "and they'll never get a chance to see anything this nice again."
Laughter.
"Well.......Okay," said Billy.

Humiliated, Sera, still lying on her forearms, buried her face in her hands. She just cried.
"Sera," it was Billy's voice, only now he had come around to the other side of the car and was in front of her rather than behind. She lifted her face up out of the cradle of her hands and looked at him.
She saw him standing there with Jack, who had the video camera in his hand.
Billy got down on a knee so that his face was level with hers. Jack did likewise.
"Now, Sera," said Billy, "it's real important that you keep your head up now."
She saw Jack smile at her as she realised why. He was going to shoot her face as she got her spanking.

"Now," continued Billy before she could say anything. "Pull your arms out and put them behind your back."
She looked pleadingly at him.
"Come on, come on.."
She leaned her body to one side and then the other and pulled her arms out from underneath her. Her big breasts squashed against the bonnet of the car. She crossed her arms over the small of her back.
Jack pointed the camera at her.
"As they say," said Billy, "Keep your chin up."
He chuckled and got up.

She stared at the lens for a moment, mesmerised. She heard Billy open the boot of the car and fish around. Then she felt the car move as he slammed it shut. He walked around Jack and stopped in front of her, just to her right.
"Look up at me, Sera," he said.
She lifted her eyes and saw that he too now had a video camera. She looked for a moment and then shut her eyes. She could hear him slowly walking to her right, shooting video down the length of her body. "Okay, Sera," she heard him say, now finally back around behind her.
"Now let's ease those pretty knickers down."

She choked on a sob. Her body felt tingles of shame. She thought about what he'd said again, about letting other people spank her, and fought the urge to resist. She uncrossed her arms and slowly moved them down to her hips. She slid her thumbs under the waistband, and slowly started to pull down.

The top of the cleft between her cheeks came into view. Because of the firmness of her bottom, it was shaped like a "Y." The material slowly came down, exposing the moons of her luscious ass. Like her breasts, the skin was slightly lighter in colour, though there were now discernible tan lines. She stopped just at the very top of her thighs.
Someone let out a whistle, and there was laughter- not because it was funny, but to release the tension. She choked back a sob. She was lying on a car with her bottom bare.

"Hey, Kid," Billy said, "do you know how to work a video camera?"
"Yeah SURE." he said enthusiastically.
"Okay, you take over here."
Sera just lie there with her eyes closed in horror. She tried not to think about Jack and the video camera just a couple feet away. She felt Billy lean against the car. His back was to her, and he faced the audience.
"Now put your arms back across your back," he said over his shoulder.
She pulled them back up and crossed them across her back.
"Don't move `em, or I may have to tie `em."
She lay perfectly still.

"Now, we need to adjust these..."
She flinched at his touch, but didn't move.
He reached over to both sides and took her knickers in his fingers.
He eased them down further, down to the middle of her thighs.
"WHAT A FUCKING ASS," a male voice shouted.
"I'm going to have to jack off right here," said another.
There was laughter.

She felt Billy's hand on her right cheek. He just rubbed it, like he was shining an apple. His fingers played with the resilient flesh. He moved to the other cheek and did the same.
"Okay...Ready, Sera?"
She sobbed.
"Y...ye...yes."
SLAP.

The first one made her cry out. It really stung.
SLAP.
Again, she cried out.
SLAP. SLAP. SLAP. SLAP. SLAP. SLAP. A succession that made her bodytwist around. Billy reached over and pulled her right hip in, pulled her pelvis into contact with his own, He held her tightly. Again he began to rub her cheeks, rubbing some of the sting away.
"Relax," he said.

She realised her bottom was clenched.
He gave a light slap.
"RELAX."
She did.
SLAP. SLAP. SLAP. SLAP. SLAP, he continued, spanking her all around her bottom and the tops of her thighs. Sera just cried openly at the pain. Tears streamed down her face. Again he began to rub her cheeks, rubbing away some of the horrible stinging.
SLAP. SLAP. SLAP. SLAP. SLAP, again, he continued, spanking her defenceless, naked bottom.

When he finally stopped, her bottom was on fire. It felt like it was glowing. He rubbed it for a while, and then he pulled her knickers back up.
"Okay," he said finally, "you can pull your jeans up and get in the car."
There was a loud round of applause.
Quickly, and despite the pain, she pushed her self up off of the hood of the car and reached down and pulled her jeans up. She did up the button and then came around to the back passenger side door and opened it. She quickly slid in along the seat, wincing from the pain. She pulled herself into a tight ball.

She watched as the guys stood chatting, and noticed money changing hands. She wanted to be sick. Billy opened the driver's side door and leaned in.
"That was great, Sera.," he said with a smile.
"How...how...could you?" she asked.
"AWW, it's no big thing," he said, "a little butt warming."
She just glared at him.
"Here," he said tossing her T-shirt to her. "You can put this back on."
She grabbed it and quickly pulled it on over her head. She felt relief at being covered again.

Billy walked back to the group. Every once in a while they would all look back at her, and her stomach would lurch. She saw all of the guys give Billy what looked like business cards. After a few moments they all broke up and went to their cars. Billy went over and picked her bra up off of the ground and slung it over his shoulder, and then he, Jack, Tom, and Ken all walked back to the car and got in. They watched the kids get back on their boards and skate away.
"I think those kids are going to be scared for life," said Jack laughing.
They all laughed.
Except Sera.

They all turned to face her.
She shuddered.
"Okay, now," said Billy, "are we all clear on the ground rules for our weekend together, Sera?"
She was totally humiliated. She knew she had no choice other than to listen to Billy.
"Y..yes."
"Good," he said.
"Now, let's be sure. Let's be sure that you're going to be nice and cooperative."
She closed her eyes. She felt her bottom burning against the seat.
"Now lift up that T-shirt and show us your pretty titties."

Slowly she grasped the bottom of her shirt and lifted it up, up over her lean stomach until her big nude tits sprang into view.
"Higher, all the way up."
She pulled it all the way up to her shoulders leaving the beautiful mounds totally exposed.
"Stick `em out."
She pushed her chest forward.
"Great. Now wobble `em around a little bit."
"Wh..what?"
"Come on, wiggle your shoulders back and forth and make `em dance a little."
She started to sway her shoulders, making her huge jutting breasts jiggle tantalisingly. They all watched the obscene show.
"Okay, Ken," said Billy. "Start `er up. I'll tell you where we're going next."

Chapter Five

They let Sera pull her T-shirt back down for the ride, but made her put the soggy blindfold back on. She had never before been out without a bra on, and she felt cheap. She could feel her big breasts jiggling under her T-shirt. That it was a white one made it even worse, as she could just imagine how clear her nipples must show through.

Billy still had her bra draped over his shoulder and that made her feel even worse, like it was a saddle, like she was property. She'd thought he might give it back to her after making her do that rude display, making her jiggle her breasts for them, but he hadn't. He just told her she could pull her shirt down. Her bottom stung from the spanking, but it wasn't too bad. It was just hot.

Even though it was Billy who was making her do all of these horrible things, she Realised that she was actually more frightened of the other three guys, especially Jack and Ken. Ken hardly said a word. He just stared at her with those dark eyes, making her flesh crawl. He even looked to her like the kind of guy who used drugs. They both really gave her the willies.

She didn't know how she could possibly face them again in school after being so humiliated. Her face flushed at the thought. After having to bare her breasts, and even being forced to pull down her pants and her knickers for a spanking.

She realised that the best way out of this was just to do as Billy said and pray for it to be over. The thought of those pictures going around school was unthinkable. What would her parents say? Even worse, what would her father say?

As they drove along, the guys again talked amongst themselves, though every once in a while, one of them would bring up the scene in the parking lot, and she would be reminded all over again. Her bottom, and her face, would burn.

"Anyone getting hungry?" asked Billy.
"Yeah, I wouldn't mind a burger," said Jack.
The other two guys agreed.
"Say Ken, pull into that Happy Diner" said Billy.
She felt the car slow down and pull in. It came to a stop.
"Okay, Sera off with the blindfold."
She pulled it off and blinked a few times to get adjusted to the light. She saw that they were in the parking lot of a typical looking greasy spoon Truck Stop.

"Say, Sera," said Billy, "since you didn't like travelling in your bra, I think you brought a swimsuit, didn't you?"
Oh God. She realised what swimsuit it was.

"Y..yeah," she said reluctantly.
"It's such a nice day out, why don't we have you change into that?"
She didn't respond.
"Let's go," said Billy.

They all climbed out of the car, and Billy pulled Sera around to the rear. He opened the boot and pulled out her bag. She watched him as he went through it, finding one then the other piece of the suit. He whistled when he saw it.
"Whew, that's a nice one, Sera."
She blushed bright red.
"It's not really mine..."
Billy smiled at her. He reached over and held the top up over her chest where it would fit when on.
"Well, it'll look just great on." He smiled at her. She looked away from him.

He looked at her face, and then went back to the bag. He pulled outthe little make-up bag that Caroline had left.
"We need to spruce you up a little bit."
He slammed the boot shut and walked her into the restaurant. There were two rows of booths to the right and a long counter to the left.
It was pretty slow. There were a few trucker type guys sitting at the counter and a family in one of the booths. The men went quiet when they saw Sera, and their eyes followed her across the room. She wondered if they could see her nipples through the T-shirt.

Billy lead them to the rear of the diner, and they all piled into the booth at the back. Sera was not very hungry, and every time she made eye contact with one of the guys he would smile at her, making her feel sick. She stared at the formica tabletop. Billy ordered cheeseburgers and milkshakes for everyone.
"Well," Billy said after the waitress had taken their orders, "Let's see what we can do to spruce Sera up." He slid out and stood up. Still holding her suit and the bag, he offered Sera his free hand.

She took it and slid out.
A couple of the men at the counter watched the two of them as they got out together. The two of them went down a short hallway, and when they got to the toilets Billy walked up to the door that said "Men's."
Someone had taken a blue magic marker and drawn an erect penis on the "man" symbol on the door. Billy looked at it and smiled.
"Think this guy has seen you?"
Sera looked at the floor. Billy opened the door and looked inside.
"Before you go change, let's get you looking good," he smiled. He motioned to Sera to go inside- into the Men's room. She stopped and stared through the open doorway.
"Please...don't make me go in there..." she said.

"Come on Sera, don't make a scene, or I guarantee it's gonna get real crowded."
She realised he was right, and reluctantly walked in. To the right along the wall was a counter with two sinks in it with a long mirror mounted above it. To the immediate left there were four urinals. At the back were two stalls with the doors taken off. The pungent smell of disinfectant assaulted her nose.

Billy lead her towards the corner where the counter with the sinks met the far wall. He stationed her in front of the mirror and opened up the little bag. She looked at herself in the mirror and saw that her eyes were red and puffy. She could clearly see the outlines of her nipples through the T-shirt. The sight of herself made her almost start crying.

Billy walked into one of the stalls and ran some toilet paper off of the roll. He pulled it into two wads and ran one under the cold tap.
"Come here," he said.
She turned to face him.
"Close your eyes."
She did.
He gently pressed the cold wad of tissue over her eyes. She gasped a little as the coldness of it. Her full lips parted slightly. She felt suddenly uncomfortable with his nearness. She felt aware of her breasts covered by just the thin T-shirt. She wondered if he was staring at them. At any minute someone could come walking in. She tried not to think about it.

Billy dabbed both of her eyes, and then just held the cold wad of tissue in place for a few seconds over each eye. He then wiped away the moisture with the dry half. She felt his hand move her chin.
"Now, keep your eyes closed," he said.
She heard him fumble around in the make-up bag. He pulled out a liquid eyeliner.
"Now keep still," he said.

He pointed the tip of the brush into the corner of her left eye and painted a thin dark line across the edge of her upper eyelid, just along the line of the lashes. He then did the same for the other eye.
He waited a moment, letting it dry.
"Here, put some of this on," he said, handing her a lipstick.
She took it and noticed it was one of Caroline's. It was a deep yet bright red. She was stunned at the effect the eyeliner had. It made her look even more like an Italian movie star- or more like a Playboy model. Quickly, nervous that someone would come in, she rolled out the stick and began to put on the lipstick on her full lips, struggling to do it as un-suggestively as possible.

"Great," said Billy, staring at the result. Her full sensuous mouth seemed even bigger bright red. He took the lipstick "Here's the finishing touch," he said and handed her the mascara.
"Look," he said, "it's the waterproof kind, just like the eyeliner."
She almost stopped to ask him why. Why he was being so cruel to her.
She'd never done anything to him. She decided against it. She wanted to get out of the stinking Men's room. She took a deep breath and applied the mascara.
"Now turn around, let's see."

Anxious to get out, she did. Behind Billy, she could see the urinals against the wall, reminding her where she was. She wanted to run. She stood there holding her hands together in front of her chest.
Billy held up her little bikini. The straps dangled down.
"Why don't you change into this?"
Relieved to finally be getting out, she walked towards him and began to reach for it. He pulled it away as she got close.
"Why don't you change right here."
Her heart sank.
She felt her resolve weakening.
"Pl...please let me out of here..."
"I'll tell you what," said Billy, "for now, we'll just put on the top."
"Pleeeeeease....what if someone comes in?"

"Come on, Sera, or our food's gonna get cold."
"Please...."
"Now you give me the T-shirt," Billy continued, ignoring her plea, "and I'll give you the bikini top."
She realised there was no way out. Her eyes nervously looked to the door.
"The sooner you change..."
She looked at him again. He smiled at her.
"Come on."

She reached down and gripped the bottom of the T-shirt, and slowly pulled it up, up over her trim stomach. Her big nude tits popped free. They rose up on her chest as she pulled the shirt over her head. She pulled it off and held it in front of her with one hand, and held out the other.
"Toss it over," said Billy.
She stood for a moment, and then lobbed the shirt to Billy. She crossed her arm over her chest.

Just then, the door suddenly opened, and in walked one of the truckers. He was in his fifties, and had a large pot belly that stretched the buttons on the lower part of the front of his dirty shirt.
"Whoaa, what we have here....?" he said, surprised. Sera leaned back against the wall, covering herself as best she could. Ample amounts of breast bulged through her slender arms.
"Sera here wanted to change," Billy told him casually, "but we couldn't seem to get into the Ladies room."

The trucker stood mesmerised by the sight in front of him. He took a deep drag from the cigarette hanging from his mouth. His eyes squinted slightly. Sera felt her blood race.
"I hope you don't mind," said Billy with a smile.
"Hell, Nooooooo, son." he replied. He looked back at Sera cowering in the corner. "You're damn lucky." He smiled, showing several gaps in his teeth. "And I guess, so am I." He laughed.

They both laughed and just stared at her like they were waiting for something to happen.
"Please...please can I have the top..." asked Sera, trying to sound calm. Billy didn't move.
Neither did the man.
"Boy," said the trucker, "she sure looks stacked."
Billy looked at him and nodded.
"She is," he replied.
They both looked at her again.
"Show our friend how stacked you are Sera," said Billy finally.
"Please...." she felt panicky.
"Sera," continued Billy, "what happens when you don't follow instructions?"
She didn't respond.
"What happened earlier today when you didn't follow instructions?"

She couldn't speak. She realised what he wanted her to say- to say in front of this gross man. He wanted her to admit that she'd been spanked, spanked like a child.
"Sera? What happened?"
She stood there, mortified.
"A...a...ssspanking..." she finally uttered, almost choking on the word.
"That's right," Billy said. "Now do you want another one, right here?"
"NOOOOOOOO...please..."
"I didn't think so."

The trucker figured that some game was going on here, but wasn't exactly sure what to do. He just stared. Sera began to panic.
"Now show our friend here how stacked you are."
Her eyes darted back and forth. She was trapped, and she knew it.
Slowly, her hands began to drop, and her ample breasts came into view.
"JEEEEESUS..." exclaimed the trucker.
She had to bit her lip to keep from pulling her arms back up.

"Step forward, Sera," said Billy.
She took a step away from the wall.
"Now put your arms behind your back."
She looked worriedly at Billy, and then at the trucker. Slowly her arms moved around her back, to the back of her jeans. Her wrists crossed over each other above the back belt loop. She felt horribly vulnerable, the whole front of her body exposed.
"Now, jump up and down for us," said Billy.
Oh God.
How could he ask such a terrible thing.

"Please don't ask me..."
"Come on," Billy clapped his hands together.
Sera made a little jump, making her breasts bounce.
"Come ON," Billy clapped his hands together again.
She started to make little jumps.
"Higher!"
She began to jump up and down, making her huge nude tits bounce and flop around, up and down. Billy walked up closer and watched. The trucker did likewise and soon looked on the verge of passing out. He reached down and rearranged the crotch of his trousers to accommodate his raging hard-on.
"Nice, aren't they?" said Billy.
The trucker could not speak. He just stood rooted to the spot. His face was bright

"Okay, you can stop," said Billy finally.
She put her hands up to her face, covering her breasts with her arms. She fought back the urge to cry. She had never been so humiliated in her life. She had never even imagined such humiliation was possible. Billy handed her the little bikini top.
"Here put this on," he said.
Quickly, she turned her back on them and began to put the bikini top on. She tied the back, and began to reach around the back of her neck.
"Here, let me help you," said Billy.

He reached for her shoulders and turned her so that once again she faced herself in the mirror, with him standing behind her. He gripped the two strings attached to the narrow strips that went over her nipples and fastened behind her neck. He began to pull them taught, so that they fit snugly over her breasts. He pulled tighter, causing her boobs to bulge out below and at either side of each side of the top. It made it look several sizes too small. It looked obscene.

"There we go," he said.
She couldn't look.
"Now, let's go have lunch," he said.
He took her hand, and led her out. The trucker went into one of the stalls.

Chapter Six

Sera felt as if everyone in the entire diner stopped and stared the moment she walked out. It was like time suspended. The five or six men seated that the counter literally stopped and stared. Their jaws stopped chewing. She could just imagine what they were thinking. She could feel the tightness of her top, pulling around her neck, mashing her boobs. She'd seen it in the mirror. It made her breasts look big and fat, bulging out of all sides. It was gross.

This coupled with her bright red mouth made her look so cheap. She stared at the floor as Billy led her by the hand back to the table. He motioned her inside, and she silently slid in down the bench seat.
"Wow, what a difference," said Jack.
She stared at the burger sitting in front of her. She could feel the eyes on her bulging breasts. She struggled not to cover them with her hands. Why was this happening to her?
"Come on, eat up, Sera," said Billy.
"I..I'm not very hungry," she replied.

She looked at Ken and Jack. They were busy eating, chewing, like animals. But they still just stared at her as though it were her that they were eating. She quickly looked back down.
"You have to eat your burger, Sera," said Billy. He smiled, "or you will have to be punished."
She heard the guys giggling. Sera suddenly felt the tears well up, and she began to cry. This was the most horrible situation she could imagine. Here she was, sitting in a crappy roadside diner practically naked, her breasts almost totally visible to anyone who wanted to look. She was on display, like an animal in the zoo.

A sob escaped her brightly painted mouth as she remembered having to jump up and down in front of that disgusting man in the Men's room. She was so degraded.
"Knock it off, Sera," said Billy, obviously growing weary of her tears. He handed her a napkin, "or I'll give you something to cry about."

And being treated like a five-year old made it even worse. She stopped crying and dabbed at her eyes with the napkin.
"Sure is a good thing we got waterproof make-up."
The guys laughed. She looked down at the burger and picked it up.
She started eating.
"Atta girl," said Billy.

Their waitress came back to the table. She looked at Sera with thinly veiled disgust.
"You sure you're warm enough there Miss?" she asked sarcastically.
"She's just fine, thank you." said Billy.
"Well, will there be anything else?" she asked. "I'm off now."
"Some more iced water, please." asked Billy.
"Sure thing," she said. She returned back with a pitcher and started filling up the glasses.
"Can you just leave it?" asked Billy.
"Sure," she replied.
"You can pay Marty at the checkout," she said, realising they weren't in a rush to settle the bill.
"Sure thing," said Billy.

The disgruntled waitress sauntered off, clearly not happy. She pulled a coat from the coat rack near the door and left. After a few minutes, Sera saw the trucker walk past their table and go back to his seat at the counter. She could feel him stare. She thought about what he'd seen. She felt sick again. She noticed him lean over and start talking to the other men. One by one, she could see out of the corner of her eye, the men take turns looking over at her. She tried to concentrate on her food.

The guys at her table went on talking again, and she hardly heard a word they said. She just tried to eat. After a moment, she saw the trucker from the Men's room get up and approach them. Her stomach tightened.
"Say," he said to Billy. He motioned back to the other men at the counter.
"I wuz just telling the guys about, about...and...well, they don't believe me."
Billy looked up at him impassively, drawing on the straw in the milkshake. He turned and looked at Sera. Sera could feel the butterflies in her stomach.

"Well," Billy replied, smiling back at him. "I wouldn't believe you either."
They all laughed. The trucker smiled back, showing his rotten teeth.
"I tell you what," he continued, "Bernice and the family that was here hit the road, and it just us friends. Now my buddies here've each got fifteen quid for a look like I got."
Billy looked at him for a moment, and then turned to look at Sera.
She felt the adrenaline. They were talking about HER! Billy and this man were talking about her like she wasn't even there.

"That's almost a hundred quid towards our trip," said Billy. She didn't respond.
"Please...don't..." she finally whispered. She stared at the tabletop.
She couldn't look up.
"You wouldn't mind helping for the good of our trip would you Sera?"
Billy asked.
"Please...No...."
There was a moment of silence. They all looked at her. She felt as if the world was swirling around her. She stared at the tabletop.
"Sera here is kinda shy," said Billy, "but I know she wouldn't want to disappoint us." He looked over at her. She didn't move.

" I think," he continued, "that what she means here is that she would rather have ME pull her titties out."
The guys all laughed.
"NOOOOO...that's, not..." her words were drowned out.
The trucker motioned to his friends, who quickly gathered around the booth. They moved faster than if someone had dropped a grenade.
"Jim," the trucker said to one of them, "go and get Marty, will ya'."
"Oh, my God..." Sera looked at Billy, her eyes welling up with tears.
"Please, no..." It was all she could say.
"We gotta help you with this shyness," he replied with a smile. "It's no big thing."

Sera could hardly breathe she was suddenly so nervous. The men were all gross, all looked like slobs to her. They stared at her, almost literally drooling. The only thing she noticed about one of them was a
huge Adam's apple that stuck out from his neck. Hair grew around it,like he's given up trying to shave around it. They were all so gross.

The one called Jim came back, followed by a huge, fat, greasy looking man in his late fifties. He had on a filthy T-shirt with a "V" neck that showed wads of back and grey hair on his chest. He had an even dirtier apron wrapped around his girth. He took one look at Sera and licked his lips.
"Jez a minute," he said, quickly moving down the length of the
counter, like he had a winning lottery ticket, "lemme lock the front door."
Billy got out from the booth.
"Step back guys," he said, waving his hands, "let's give her some room."

Tom, Jack and Ken all slid out of the booth and with the men formed aloose semi-circle. Billy reached his hand out for Sera. She sat there, visibly paralysed.
"Marty," said Billy to the greasy cook as he approached them, "do you have a plastic spatula?"
"Uh, yeah..." the owner replied, perplexed.
"Would you mind getting it for me?" asked Billy. He turned to face Sera sitting in the booth. "You see sometimes Sera here needs a little discipline..."
"HHOOOOOOOOOO," a chorus of the guys. Marty hurriedly ran back to the kitchen.

Sera looked up suddenly as though she'd been slapped. Oh, please, not again, she thought. She began to feel light-headed. Billy reached his hand out to her again. She didn't have to hear it twice. She reached out for his hand. He pulled her out of the booth. As she stood up, Sera looked even more statuesque, and her big, jutting breasts appeared to be straining even harder against the bikini top. There was a murmur of appreciation. Standing up made her even dizzier.

Marty returned with a blue plastic spatula. There were two rows of large holes cut into the flat blade part. The front edge and one of the sides was blackened and warped from use. Sera stared at it. Billy took it and set it down. He sat himself up on the edge of the table they'd been sitting at, facing the counter, and the men. He reached out and took Sera's arm and pulled her to him. He turned her around so that her back was in front of him, and so that she too was facing the guys with her bottom pressed against the edge of the table between his legs. His thighs straddled her hips.

Billy reached behind him and took the ketchup bottle from the table, and reached around the front of her body. He placed the bottom of it against the front of her jeans. It stuck out like an erect penis.
"WHOOOOOAAAAA" cried out several of the men. They laughed.
"Now, here Sera," said Billy, "I want you to hold this here, just like this with your left hand."

Sera looked down at the rude image. She couldn't look up, she couldn't face the men she could feel staring at her. The front door was locked, and she really was trapped. Once again, she thought that the best way out of this was to do what Billy said. Slowly, she wrapped her left hand around the bottom of the bottle.

"And with THIS hand ....," said Billy. He guided her right hand around the top of the bottle and forced it to close around the top just under the cap. He began stroking her hand up and down its length. She tried to pull her hand away, but Billy held it tight, keeping the motion going.
"YEAAAAH" cried the men. They made whooping sounds.
"Now you've got to keep this going, nice and steady," he told the humiliated girl, "no matter what happens...or there'll be punishment."

She felt Billy's thighs pull tight on her hips, making her feel even more trapped. This was so degrading, even worse than being in the Men's room. She looked down at the ketchup bottle sticking out from her crotch. Tears welled up and spilled out down her face. Billy continued to work her right hand up and down the bottle until he had established a good rhythm
"Now, you gotta keep this going, just like this," he said, as he let go and pulled his hands away.

Sera closed her eyes as she felt him rest his chin on her right shoulder. She could feel his breath on her chest.
"Keep it going nice and steady," he said.
She closed her eyes and tried to concentrate on the motion, tried to block out everything else. She felt Billy's hands on her shoulders. They slowly slid down her upper arms. He gently began rubbing them up and down, getting into the same rhythm. He worked them up and down.

His hands slid farther down and went to her elbows, and he began pushing them in, pushing her breasts together. They began to bulge out in the middle of her chest. She heard the men make cat-calls. She
struggled to keep her rhythm going on the ketchup bottle as Billy manipulated her arms back and forth like an accordion. Squeezing her breasts together.
"Awe, come on," said one male voice, "let's see those FUCKING TITS."
She shuddered.

"Keep it going nice and steady now," he said, as he relaxed her arms. She felt his hands go back to her shoulders. They rested there for a moment. Slowly, his fingers began moving down the line of the straps that ran over her shoulders. She felt them trace over each shoulder and slowly begin following the straps down across her chest. The fingertips began moving their way under the material as they went down. Her breathing became tight and fast.

She felt a tingle go down her spine as his fingers moved farther down the straps over her breasts, slightly pulling away the top. Her hand worked the ketchup bottle, back and forth.
"Come OOOOOOON" A man's voice.
Sera kept her eyes shut. She couldn't bear to look. She felt his fingers continue to move against her skin. She felt the material being lifted up, slowly, away from her breasts towards either side.
She waited for the feel of his entire hand.
"Now pull your shoulders back," Billy said in her ear. She bit down on her lower lip. She took a deep breath, and did as he said, making her boobs rise up. She tried to keep concentrating on the rhythm,
working her right hand up and down the ketchup bottle.

"AAAAWWWWW MAAAAN."
She could feel the men staring lustily, waiting for her breasts to be bared. This was too horrible to believe. She flinched. She suddenly felt Billy's tongue lightly touch the right side of her neck. A tingling spread across her body. The point of his tongue moved up her neck towards her ear. It was dizzying. Then with one sudden tug, the bikini top was pulled to either side, and Sera's big breasts sprang out.
WHHHOOOOOOAAA!!! The men all cheered.

She let out a whimper of shame.
"OH, my GOD, look at those TITS."
"FUUUUUUCK."
She tried to ignore the crude comments. She felt Billy's hands move underneath her bared breasts. He cupped them in his hands and lifted them up, bunching them up on her chest. She kept her eyes shut and concentrated on the ketchup bottle, keeping the stroking motion.
Billy began to knead the big mounds.
"AW, CHRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISSSTT"
Whoops of delight came from the men.
"I'd sure LOVE to run my prick between THOSE fucking melons," said one of them.

Sera almost choked. The thought of her breasts being used in such a disgusting and unnatural way by one of these greasy horrible men made her want to be sick. She began to feel panicky. What if Billy let him?
Billy began to run his fingers in a circular motion. He started to caress her nipples, tugging them outward.
"Let's get these things to stand out," he said.
The tingling feeling coming from nipples mixed with the fear and humiliation to create a swirl of emotion in Sera. She felt waves of dizziness. He rolled the big nipples in his fingers.

"Come on, Sera," he said, "let's make 'em hard."
"Let me LICK `EM" offered one of the men.
Sera shuddered. She felt Billy's hands pull away.
"Come on, make them stick out," he commanded.
She became a mass of confusion and fear and shame, and tried to keep her mind on the ketchup bottle. The sudden splash of cold water made her cry out. Her mouth and eyes popped open at the shock, and she dropped the bottle to the floor. Billy had taken one of the glasses of ice water from the table behind him and poured it down her front.

"AWWWWWWW" came a loud groan from the guys.
She instantly reached up to cover herself. Now that her eyes were open again, she suddenly noticed that Jack had climbed up onto the counter to get a better view, and had the small palm-sized video camera in his hand. He'd caught the whole horrible episode. She cried out in shame. A wild cheer went up and the men saw that she had seen Jack.

"Hey, I want a copy of that tape," said one of the men.
"Fuckin' A-Yeah" the others agreed.
She let out a moan of despair, and her hands came up and covered her face. She began to cry into her hands.
"Oh God, PLEASE...please stop..."
"Hey, she dropped the bottle." said a male voice.
"DIIIIISapline" said another.

Billy pulled her hands back down, once again exposing her dripping breasts to the lusty eyes of the assembled group. They were covered in delicate goose bumps.
We want see," he said, "shoulders back, now."
Beads of cold water continued to drip down her chest, and down the creamy light brown skin of her magnificent breasts. The cold water had indeed made the nipples tight and hard. Billy reached up and took hold of her shoulders and pulled them back, forcing her tits to stick out. She fought back the urge to raise her arms back up. Tears dripped down her face.

"Sera," said Billy, "you just have not followed instructions here."
She suddenly realised what that meant. Another spanking. Here.
In this greasy diner. In front of these horrible men.
"NOOOOOOO," She tried to squirm loose, but Billy held her tight. He gave her whole body a shake. She stopped struggling.
"Now," he said directly into her ear, just above a whisper, "you've got two choices." He pulled her tight.

The men all watched Billy talk to her.
"Once again, you can either do as I tell you," he told her, "or we're gonna have the whole gang in on it..."
"No, please...please don't....don't DO THIS..." she tried to turn around to face him.
He held her fast, and continued talking so that only she could hear.
"And if the whole gang gets in on taking your pants down, and holding you down, well, then things are going to get outta hand here..."
"Oh, GOD...No..."

She was terrified, suddenly more scared than she had ever dreamed possible. The thought of these greasy, horrible men holding her down and...
"What's it gonna be?"
She was speechless. Stricken with fear.
"What's it gonna be, Sera?"
"God, please DON'T...please don't let them..."
"Sera, you are just going to have to learn to follow instructions, or this is going to be a very difficult weekend for you."

She was numb.
"I think I'm going to have to teach you a little lesson here."
Tears welled up in her beautiful big brown eyes.
"Now, remember," he said, "the minute you don't do exactly, and I mean EXACTLY as I tell you, then I'm going to let the guys here take over."
He pushed her forward and scooted off the table. She found herself standing just a few feet away from the leering men, with her breasts sticking rudely from her top, and realised how much safer she had just felt a moment ago. She stared at the floor.
"You sure got nice tits honey," said one of them.

Billy moved to the next booth and pushed away the silverware and napkins. He picked up the spatula.
"WHOAAAA" a chorus from the men, who scrambled to get new vantage points. Three of them sat on the stools on the counter facing thetable.
"You guys," he pointed to Ken and Tom, "come slid in here." He motioned each one to one of the bench seats facing each other across the table.
"Okay, Sera, over here."
Slowly, with her big breasts hanging lewdly from her mauled bikini-top, she walked on shaky legs to the edge of the table. There was nothing she could do. Nothing except what Billy said.
"Now turn around."

She slowly turned around so that her back was to the men. Her long fair hair hung down near the line the strap of her top made around her back. The men all gazed at the smooth light brown skin. In front of her, staring at her bared breasts were Tom and Ken sitting on either side at the other end of the Formica covered tabletop. Tom smiled at her.
"I can't wait to see that ass," said Marty behind her.
"You can have her ass," said another, "I want feel my dick between those big tits."
The men had gone a bit quiet while Billy had been talking to her, waiting to see what was going to happen. Now they spoke up again.
Sera tried to blot out the rude comments, and closed her eyes again.
She just wanted this nightmare to be over.

"Okay, Sera," said Billy, "take your jeans down."
She took a deep breath. Once again, she reached up. Her numb fingers worked the metal button through the hole in her jeans. She grasped the zipper and slowly lowered it down. From behind, the men could see the waist of her jeans go slack.
"YEAAAAAAH."
She worked her thumbs into the top of the jeans and carefully started to lower them. She pulled the material away from her hips, careful not to catch her knickers as well. She slowly pulled them down.
"WHEEEEEEEW!!!"

Slowly her white knickers were exposed. Then, inch by inch, her scrumptious round ass came into the men's view. She lowered her jeans over the ripe cheeks to the tops of her thighs, presenting a
stunning firm, round bottom covered by white knickers, which were bunched up between her cheeks.
"HUH, HUH, HUH," the men chanted.
She waited her next instruction.
"A little lower," said Billy.
She moved them down a couple of inches, past the widest part of her hips.
"Lower,"
Another few inches.

"Take a couple of steps back, toward us," Billy commanded.
Slowly she moved away from the table. She waited.
"Take them off."
She was startled. That would leave her almost totally naked. She couldn't argue.
"Lean forward, Sera, and push them all the way down your legs without bending your knees."

She began to do as he said and lower the jeans down her tapering brown thighs, bending at the waist. The motion rounded her ass, making it stick out in front of the men.
"OH, YEEEEEEEEEEEEESSSS!" she heard.
"Stick it OUT,"
Her breasts hung pendulously as she bent over. Marty leaned forward in his seat towards her bottom, staring at it. It took all of his self control not to reach out and grab it. She pushed the jeans all the way down her long slim legs.
"Okay," said Billy, "now step out of them without standing back up."

She lifted one leg at a time, jiggling her breasts and spreading her bottom cheeks in her knickers, and managed to pull both of her bare feet free.
"Stand back up."
She raised herself back upright. Billy walked up, and stood on her left side. He looked down at her for a moment, standing there in just her knickers and mauled bikini top.
"Go back to the table."

She took the couple of steps necessary to reach the edge of the table.
The front of her thighs leaned against the edge. She looked at Ken and Tom sitting in front of her and noticed they were both staring at the front of her knickers. She was totally helpless. There was nothing she could do. She stood with her long legs bare all the way up from her delicate ankles, up to her bottom shaped like an upside-down heart.
"Now," said Billy's voice behind her, "reach back behind you and grab your knickers."

Her hands reached around and grasped the top of the material, just above each bottom cheek.
"Now pull them up."
She began to pull the material upwards, arching her back and slowly exposing her cheeks as the material reluctantly pulled away. The faint imprint of where the knickers had been was visible, an indentation inthe smooth skin.
"Higher."
She pulled the material taught, pulling much of it into the crack.
"HUH, HUH, HUH..."

"Now lean forward."
Slowly she leaned her upper body forward, leaning on the table edge with the front of her thighs. Once again her breasts hung freely from the bikini top. Out of the corner of her eye she could see Ken staring at them.
"Keep your legs straight and lean all the way over."
The height of the table was such that in order to make contact with it, her shoulders had to be lower than her hips, making her ass the highest point on her body. She pulled her ankles and knees tightly together and bent forward, making her knickers ride up even higher. Her full ass cheeks rounded in front of the appreciative eyes.

"Now," said Billy from behind her, "give your hands to Ken and Tom."
She became frightened again. She looked up at them fearfully. Tom smiled again. Ken didn't. He just stared silently. She let go of her knickers which snapped back down, though most of them remained wedged in her bottom. She slowly reached her hands out in front to her. The contact with the guys made her shudder. Their hands felt clammy.

"Okay," said Billy, "pull her as far forward as you can without pulling her off her feet."
They each grabbed her around one of her wrists with both hands and pulled her forward. As they straightened her arms out, her breasts mashed against the table top. With her arms being held down, she felt so vulnerable. She could feel her bottom sticking up in the air.
Billy picked up the spatula and whipped it through the air.
"WHOOOOOAAAA" a cheer went up from the men.

He walked up to Sera's waiting ass. He gripped her knickers in the middle just above her bottom and pulled up on them, once again forcing the material into the crease between her cheeks.
"YEEEAHHH."
He laid the spatula against her right cheek and pressed it against her skin. Small bulges appeared in the holes cut in the plastic. He lifted it away and inspected the imprint. Billy got down on one knee, with his face just inches from her left cheek. He just looked for a moment.
"Come ONNNNN," said Marty, "let's see that ASS!"

Billy didn't respond. Instead he took the corner of the spatula and touched Sera's leg with it, just behind her left knee. The knee flinched forward. He slowly traced a line up the back of her thigh,
rising up himself as he did. Then he moved it into the line between her legs, a line she was tightly holding together.

Sera squinted her eyes shut at she felt the utensil on her skin. The teasing gave her a tingling feeling. She tried to brace herself.
Billy reached out and grasped the top of her knickers. He slowly pulled them down over her ripe ass. Sera let out a moan of shame.
Now her bottom was totally exposed. He pulled them down to the top of her thighs, exposing both luscious cheeks and the dark line that ran between them that turned into a gentle "Y" at the top. Billy grabbed her right cheek in his hand. He squeezed it, causing her flesh to bulge between his fingers.

"Lemme' see her ASSHOLE," said Marty suddenly Both Tom and Ken felt her try to pull her arms free. They held them fast as she squirmed on the tabletop. The men watched her ass wiggle around.
"SPLAT," Billy brought the spatula down.
"SPLAT," instantly again on the other side.
"AHHHHHH" Sera cried out in pain. The burning was much worse than before. She burst into fresh tears.

Ken and Tom held her hands tightly. The watched her lovely face as the tears rolled down. Her bottom was suddenly much redder than it had been. Billy reached down and rubbed both cheeks. She held her knees tightly together.
"SPLAT," a little lower this time.
"SPLAT," on the other side.
"AHHHHHHHH," she cried out again.
Billy rubbed her bottom with his hands again.
Marty and the other men stared.
Sera sobbed.

Her bottom was on fire.
Billy continued to rub the red cheeks.
"Now, Sera," he said, "I want you to stay perfectly still."
She gave no reaction.
"Ready, Marty?" asked Billy.
The greasy restaurateur's face was bright pink. Billy slipped his fingers into the crack of Sera's bottom and pulled her ass-cheeks apart, giving the men a clear view of her anus.
She cried out in shame and humiliation. How could anyone be so disgusting? She asked herself over and over. How could anyone even think of such a depraved thing. Her bottom buzzed with warm pain.
Billy released her ass-cheeks and stepped back. The four red marks were clearly visible. He walked to the table they had all been in and picked up the pitcher of ice water the waitress had left them. Ice was still floating in it.

"Sera here has got a long weekend ahead of her," he said, "so we better cool things off a bit."
The men all smiled, seeing what he was going to do. Billy walked back over to the bent over girl, and stood just over her red bottom. He pushed his hip against hers and reached around and grabbed her other side, holding her firmly. He tipped to the pitcher, and a stream of water came down and made contact with Sera's lower back.

"AAAIIIIIIEEEEEEEEEEEEE," she cried out in shock. Her body lurched forward onto to the table as both of her feet left to the floor. She pulled against Ken and Tom. Billy let to the water run down over her reddened bottom. It make trickles down off the round cheeks. Streams poured down her legs and ran into her knickers. Her legs kicked in to the air. She gasped at to the cold.

He stopped for a moment and rubbed her cheeks. He pointed the pitcher into her knickers and poured water onto them. He set the pitcher down on to the other table and reached down and grabbed them. He pulled her knickers back up, pulled a puddle of freezing cold water into contact with her crotch. She whimpered as to the cold, wet material made contact with her skin.

Billy waited until she was still again and motioned to Tom and Ken, who let go of to the distraught girl. Billy pulled her to her feet.
Sera stood in total humiliation. She covered her big breasts with her arms. Water dripped down her legs from her sopping wet knickers, which were pulled tightly back into place. The men, who had been almost spellbound, came to life again. They cheered and gave each other high fives. Billy handed Sera her jeans.

"Here, you can put these back on."
She took to the jeans and held them in front of her.
"You can have five minutes in to the Ladies Room."
Sera quickly moved away from to the men and started towards to the restrooms.
"But leave the knickers on."
The men all laughed. Billy looked at his watch at they heard the sound of the Ladies' Room door closing.

"That was to the Goddamned hottest show I ever saw," said one of to the men.
"And the COLDEST," said another.
They all laughed.
"Yeah," replied Billy, "I went easy on her this time."
He smiled at to the men.

Chapter Seven

When Sera returned from the Ladies room, the men were all unusually quiet, and that made her nervous. They had all been watching, waiting for her to come out. She had re-adjusted her top and put her jeans back on, but as Billy had said, she'd left her wet knickers on. Billy and Jack were the only ones standing. Tom and Ken were still sitting in the booth. They rested their elbows on the table she'd had to lie on. The other men were all sitting on the stools mounted in front of the long counter. They were all rotated around facing her. She slowly walked up to the table. She noticed a big plastic container of margarine on the counter.

Billy had her little bag in his hand. He pulled a hairbrush out of it and handed it to her.
"Why don't you give your hair a brush Sera," he said.
It seemed an odd request and she looked around cautiously..

She reached out and took the brush. She began running it through her hair. The men all watched. She saw Jack, who was holding a wad of cash, walk over hand it over to Billy and then pick up the video camera again. He pointed it at her. Once again she felt the adrenaline. Fear welled up inside her again. She'd thought it was over. Now the sight of the wad of cash really scared her.

"Did you learn a lesson here, Sera?" asked Billy, watching her.
The brush stopped for a second, and then picked up speed again.
Something was going on.
"Y...yes," she said reluctantly. She tried to brush her hair as un-sensuously as possible.
"And what was that?"
She felt choked. She knew what he wanted to hear.
"Ob..obedience." she finally uttered.
"Obedience. That's right."

She finished with her hair. Despite her ordeal, she looked stunning.
Her beautiful blonde hair picked up a lustre from the brushing, and her full lips still showed the red lipstick. The waterproof eye make-up held fast. She watched Jack with the video camera as he walked around behind Billy.
"Do you think you learned your lesson Sera?" asked Billy. He smiled at her with intolerable smugness. Sera's nervousness and frustration showed.
"Y..yes," she replied.
She noticed one of the men at the counter shift in his seat. He reached down and readjusted his crotch. She looked down at the floor.
It was suddenly so quiet.
"Are you sure?"

"Y...yes," she repeated. God she wanted out of there. Billy stepped forward and held his hand out for the hairbrush. It took a minute to register what he wanted before Sera reached out and handed it to him.
"That's good," he said. He smiled at her and held up the brush and looked at it. "Cause I'd hate to have to discipline you again."
A shiver went down Sera's spine. The brush would really hurt.
"I'll bet your bottom is really sore."
Sera swallowed hard. Her mouth became dry. Billy was toying with her even more cruelly than before.
"Maybe we better look at it?"

She didn't answer.
"Let's see," he said, "show us your lesson. Why don't you turn around and show us your bottom, Sera."
Oh God. It was starting again.
"...your bare bottom."

In her time in the ladies room, she'd almost managed to distance herself from this horrible incident and now it was getting worse. She noticed the hairbrush in Billy's hand.
Suddenly, they all jumped. The tension was broken by the sound of the front door to the diner being shaken. They all looked around to see that a group of about five people had pulled up and were trying to get in. The people stepped back, looking around for a sign. A man cupped his hands together on the glass to try to see inside.

Sera almost wanted to cry for help. Her heart started to beat, and she could feel a scream welling up. She controlled it. She knew what would happen. Horrible pictures of her being touched by gross old men would go around the college, or worse, the video of her getting a spanking in a public parking lot, or of her with that ketchup bottle.
Her parents would find out and she could never explain it. Billy promised not to show them to anybody, and she'd never heard anything about the other girls, about any videos or pictures, so it seemed that he kept his word on that score. She just had to make it through this nightmare weekend, at least until they got to the camp. She was sure she'd be safe once she was with the other girls.

Marty walked up to the door and waved them off, shrugging his shoulders as if to say there was some problem beyond his control. They could hear the disappointed voices fade out as the people went back to their cars. After a moment, suddenly, all the eyes were once again on Sera. She knew what had to happen, and she slowly turned around so that her back was facing her audience..

She reached up and unfastened her jeans and slowly pulled them down.
This time, without having to be told, she slipped her thumbs into her knickers and pulled them down too. Once again, her beautiful round bottom came into the view of the men sitting in the diner. Both cheeks were reddened from the spanking.
"Mmmmmmm," she heard a male voice.
"Go ahead and take 'em off," said Billy.
She pushed them down her legs, and kept her knees as close together as possible as she pulled her feet out of each pant leg.

Billy walked around the front of her and took her jeans and knickers from her. She avoided his eyes and stared straight ahead. She felt his eyes roam up and down her body. She resisted the urge to cover her pubic mound with her hands when she felt his eyes there. He slowly walked around her.
"Now," she heard him from behind her again. "Marty, our host here, has been kind enough to offer to help alleviate the burning on your bottom Sera."
She heard some giggles.
"Since he doesn't have any cold cream here, he's offered to soothe you with margarine."
More chuckling.
"Come on over here," said Billy.

She bit her lip and turned around. She saw Billy was standing between the men seated at the counter and his friends at the booth behind him.
There was an empty stool waiting ominously between them. Now wearing nothing except her bikini top, Sera turned around and walked to where Billy was standing. She approached the stool.
"Get yourself up on this stool," he said, "on your knees."
She looked at it for a second before moving. She had men on both sides of her and she could feel them leering, staring at her nakedness. She had a hard time as the top of the stool rotated. She had to hold on to the edge of the counter as she climbed up. She managed to get into place and waited on her knees, with her feet sticking out back behind her, towards Ken and Tom. Her naked ass was elevated and in plain view.

"Now lean forward...put your elbows on the counter," said Billy. She bent forward, and rested her forearms on the counter. Her bottom stuck out behind her. She could hear the men moving around behind her. She heard the top of a plastic container being opened. She closed her eyes tightly.

Marty stared at the naked ass in front of him and wondered if he had died and gone to heaven. It was perfectly shaped. The slim thighs met the round out thrust cheeks, which were now bright pink. He reached his fingers into the plastic tub and scooped out a big wad of margarine. He reached out and wiped it one Sera's left cheek.
"Now," said Billy, "no moving, Sera."
Marty wiped another wad on her right cheek, and set the container down. She kept herself from flinching as she felt his hands reach out and slowly began to smear the margarine across her bottom.

Her ass began to shine as Marty massaged her cheeks. His face became red as he kneaded the globes. The men all gathered around and watched closely as Marty worked on her bottom. He began to spread his fingers out with his strokes to pull her bottom cheeks apart with his motion.
He began to run his thumbs along the inside of the cleft between her cheeks.

Sera opened her eyes in horror, and was shocked to see Jack and the video camera. He had come around the other side of the counter and was getting shots of her face as Marty was mauling her ass. She tried to ignore the camera, and what was happening behind her. Jack moved along the counter keeping the camera on Sera's face the whole time. He came all the way around again and zoomed in on Marty's hands.

Suddenly, Marty couldn't help himself any longer, and he slowly pushed his forefinger against Sera's asshole. He pushed the greasy digit in.
"AARRGGG..." Sera let out a gasp, and her bottom cheeks clenched instinctively, but otherwise, she didn't move. She was too shocked.
"YEAHHHHHH," a chorus of male voices cheered.
Marty slowly pulled the thick finger almost all the way out, and then inserted it again. His red face began puff for air. He looked as though he might have a heart attack at any moment. Finally Marty pulled his finger out of her ass. He stepped back, and with the other men just stared for a moment at the gorgeous sight in front of them.
Sera's full bottom glistened.

"Very good, Sera," said Billy. "You're learning."
He picked up her knickers and jeans and walked over to the sink behind the counter. He turned on the water and ran her knickers under it.
"Okay," he said, "come on down."
Slowly the humiliated cheerleader lifted herself off of the counter and spun around. She sat on the stool and leaned her head forward, avoiding eye contact. Her luscious hair fell about her face. She placed her hands demurely over her pubic bush. Billy handed her the sopping wet knickers.

"Go ahead and put these back on," he said.
Without looking up, she reached up and took the wet underwear. She got down from the stool and stepped into them. She quickly drew them up the length of her legs. Water dripped down her thighs.
"These too," said Billy, handing her the jeans.
She pulled the jeans on over the wet knickers. She was totally humiliated, and stood with her hair hanging down around her face.
"Well," said Billy, looking at Marty. "I'd like to thank you for your hospitality."

Marty could hardly speak. He just stared at Sera. He nodded his head.
"You guys can stop by anytime," said the first man from the bathroom.
"And you, honey, you're welcome ANYTIME."
The men all laughed.

Sera's mind was in a whirl as she slid into the back seat of the car.
Her sopping wet knickers were dripping under her jeans. Whatever else it did, the ice water had helped the burning of her now twice spanked bottom. It didn't hurt nearly as much as her pride. Her pride was devastated. She couldn't believe what had just happened. She couldn't believe that some horrible, disgusting man had put his finger in her bottom. It was the vilest and sickest thing she could imagine. She had never heard of anything so shameful. She was numb.

Billy and Jack got in the back seat on either side of her. Ken was going to drive again. She stared out the front windshield in front of her, just below where the rear-view mirror hung down. She felt the car start up, and they pulled out of the parking area.
"I'll tell you where," said Billy.

Sera felt the eyes of the three guys who weren't driving on her. She tried to concentrate on getting to the campsite and seeing the other girls. This test had been her worst nightmare. Billy, who was sitting on her right, slipped his left arm around her shoulders. With his free hand he pulled her hair back behind her, exposing the tops of her big breasts. She could feel the stares.

"Now, Sera," said Billy, "I have a little confession to make."
She felt his hand gently stroke her hair. Slowly it began to move down her neck. He began to stroke the skin along her collarbone. She didn't move.
"You see," he continued, "we're not really going camping."
"Wha..." she turned her head to face him.
"Well," he looked her in the eye. "We WILL be taking a hike together."
She heard the other guys start to snicker.
"AND," he continued with a sarcastic smile, "you're going to have a chance to...sort of... get back to nature."
Laughter.

Tears welled up in Sera's eyes.
"Please..." she said. Tears started to roll down her cheeks. "Please, hasn't this...Oh God...hasn't this been enough?"
Billy's hand slid down and covered her left breast. He gently cupped it in his hand. A sob came out of her mouth. "Oh my God, please..." she repeated.

Billy reached his left hand over around from behind her shoulder and pulled back the bikini top from her left breast. With his right hand he reached in and lifted it out of the top. Tom leaned forward from the front seat to get a better look at the exposed tit. Sera resisted the temptation to reach up. She looked up out of the corner of her eye out of the side window of the car at the traffic going by.
She blinked away the tears and watched several cars go by without paying any attention to them. She hoped no one would look in.

Billy moved his hands over to her other breast, and pulled it out. All three guys stared at her nakedness. Sera began to cry openly.
"You see," continued Billy. He went to her nipples and started to roll them in his fingertips. Sera's chest started to heave in nervous response. "The test is for the whole weekend, and each new girl gets to be sort of like a personal "playmate" of the members of the committee."
"Please, please stop..." she cried, "I can't...I just can't take this..."
Billy tugged her nipples outward. They became hardened.
"Sure you can," he continued, staring down at her nipples. "That's why we like to take pictures and videos."

She was so helpless. She just sat there crying with her hands in her lap as he manipulated her breasts, and the others watched.
"You see," he continued, "aside from computers, video and other multi-media is what I do."
Sera couldn't believe her ears.
"Ken," said Billy to the driver, "head for the Rainbow's End Hotel."

"Just think," said Billy, looking back at Sera. "You're going to get a chance to be a model.".

Chapter Eight

The reality of the situation set in on Sera as she watched the traffic pass the car window. She was very uncomfortable in the wet knickers and jeans and could see the wet outline through her pants.
Even though Billy had let her pull her top back up she realised she was a virtual slave to the four men in the car. It was really just that simple. She'd had to sit there while Billy lifted her breasts out of her top and handled them. He had pictures and videos of her in the most terrible situations imaginable and if they got out around College she would be totally ruined. Worse even was if her father saw them, and how sick he'd be. It would kill him and she'd rather die herself than let that happen. The worst part about it was that Billy knew it too. She could tell that even if he did not know exactly why, he knew she would do whatever he told her.

She wondered what he meant about being a "model." She had heard that the girls in the Panthers did get some modelling jobs. Mostly local stuff, but they were excited about it none-the-less. Sera was certainly not interested all. But she knew that wasn't what he was talking about.

It didn't take long to get to the Rainbow's End Hotel. It was a typical looking 50's style hotel, plain and square. It was beige with brown doors and black railings, and looked as though it hadn't been painted since it opened. The sign was missing several lights. They turned into to the parking area, which was mostly empty, and pulled into a space near to the office.

"Okay," said Billy, "Sera and I will go in and get the rooms."
She was surprised that he wanted her to go into to the office with him, and immediately thought of her wet pants. It would look like she had wet them. Billy opened to the door and got out of to the car. He held it open for Sera. Reluctantly, she slid over and stepped out.
Once again, she felt embarrassed at to the skimpy bikini top. It looked obscene because she was so big. She felt like a tramp. She looked down at her jeans and saw too the wet outline of her knickers.
Billy smiled at her as he saw it too.

"It's gonna look like we were too late getting you here," he laughed.
She blushed bright red. She followed Billy into to the small, dingy office just inside the door. It smelled of stale cigarette smoke and to the walls had turned slightly brown from to the nicotine. An older man standing behind to the desk under a big sign that read "Visitors must leave by: 11:00" He was tall and gangly, and as they got closer, Sera noticed that though he was balding, he had hair growing out of his nose and ears. She shuddered. He looked up at them dryly, before noticing Sera. His eyes widened as he saw her.

"Can I help you?" he asked with a leering smile, staring at her bulging breasts.

Billy said yes, and sorted out two rooms. She learned that she would be in his room, while the other three guys shared. Throughout the negotiations, the desk clerk kept stealing glances at Sera's big boobs. She stood nervously, trying not to fidget.
"Say," said Billy after they had finished with to the business. "Are you guys very busy now?"
"Naw," replied to the clerk, addressing both of them. "It's kinda slow. Just to the usual few sales guys."
"Well," Billy continued, "I'm a photographer, and Sera here is a model. And well I was wondering if we might take a few shots by your pool around back later."

The clerk looked at Sera. His face seemed to lift as his eyes went up and down her body for to the thousandth time. He cleared his throat and looked at Billy. "Well, I'm not too sure," he replied cannily. "Ya know, management and stuff. What ya' got in mind?" His eyes drifted back over to Sera, causing her to shiver.
"Well," said Billy, "I'm looking to get some good swimwear shots."
He turned and looked at Sera.

Suddenly to the door behind to the leering clerk opened and two younger men entered to the office. They both were obviously maintenance workers, gardeners or pool cleaners. They stopped short as they saw Billy and the clerk staring at Sera. They did likewise.
"This guy here," to the clerk told his two employees, "is a photographer." He turned to Sera, "and this here is a model."
To the two guys looked at her and nodded their agreement "Isn't she something?" Billy exclaimed. "Doesn't she have a great body for swimwear?"

She began to blush as she felt their eyes on her. The men just stared for a moment sizing her up.
"Turn around nice and slow for us, Sera," asked Billy.
She closed her eyes for a second and took a deep breath. Slowly she began to pivot on her left foot and turn her body around. She stopped when her back was facing them.
"Looks like she had an accident," the clerk said.
The men laughed. Sera's breath began to come in short bursts. The room went quiet and she waited for Billy to tell her what to do next.

"All the way around," he said.
She pivoted back to face them again and stared down at to the floor.
She couldn't look at them.
"You know," said Billy, turning to the clerk. "I think I'd also like to get a few shots of her without her top on. Do you think any of your guests would mind."
To the clerk swallowed with difficulty. His tongue came out and ran across his dry lips. "Well, ahhhh..." he muttered.
Sera's face flooded with colour.
Billy leaned forward confidentially. To the clerk did likewise. He whispered into his ear.
"Yeah, well..." said to the clerk. He looked over to Sera. "That'll be okay," he said. He looked very nervous.

"Great." said Billy. He picked up to the keys from to the counter.
"Why don't you wait right here, Sera," said Billy as he walked towards to the door, "while we bring in to the stuff." She looked at him pleadingly. He stopped and smiled.
"And you behave yourself."

Sera watched him walk out of to the office. She stared at to the door, hardly able to turn and face the three strange men. The clerk cleared his throat and the tension in to the little room became electric. She turned to face him and saw that he was staring at her. The two other men were as well, though they looked confused. The clerk clearly looked at though he was trying to think of something to say. Sera's feet felt rooted to the spot. There was no sound except to the little fan spinning above to the desk. The silence became agonising.

"So," said to the nervous clerk finally, "you're a model, eh?"
Oh God. She had to talk to him. "No...well not really," Sera replied.
She realised she had better not contradict what Billy had said. "I mean, well, I'm only just starting."
"Oh," said to the clerk. He looked flustered. His tongue came out and ran across his dry lips. To the two maintenance men looked at him expectantly.
"Well," he said. He cleared his throat again.
"Well, you should do well...I mean...you...look like a model."
He looked at to the other guys and then looked back at Sera.
"Don't you think guys?"
They nodded enthusiastically.
"At least...um....from what we can tell from here." he said nervously.

She looked down in misery at her bare feet. She realised what Billyhad said to him; that she would do what he said. She felt a wave of nausea.
"You gonna do some topless modelling too?" he asked, his voice gaining confidence.
She felt dizzy with anxiety.
"I...I...I don't know..." she replied, barely above a whisper.
"Well," said to the clerk, taking hold of to the situation, "I think me and the guys here are pretty good judges."
"Yeah," chimed in one of to the men.
"Why don't you go ahead and pull that top up, and we'll tell ya what we think."

"Please," she said, "someone might come in..."
"Naw, it's real slow," said to the clerk.
The two maintenance men came out from around the counter to get a better look. They walked up to her, stopping a few feet away.
"Come on, Girlie," said to the clerk, doing likewise to stand right in front of her. The three men formed a half circle in front of her.
Tension and lust radiated off of them.

Sera closed her eyes and slowly reached up to her bikini top. She gently slipped her fingers underneath the material covering her breasts.
"That's right," said to the clerk. His breath started to wheeze.
Slowly, she lifted to the top up over her breasts. The big full mounds came bouncing free.
"SHIIIIIIIIIT" said one of to the maintenance men.
"Oh my GOD," said to the other.
"Pull it right up," said to the clerk, enjoying power over a woman for the first time.

Sera closed her eyes tightly and pulled to the top up higher, all to the way to her collarbones totally exposing her big nude tits..
Mesmerised, the clerk reached out and put his hands on them. Sera flinched, but did not move away. Seeing this, he began to mould them in his hands.
Suddenly, to the door swung open. It was Billy.

"Well," he said, "look at this."
They all turned to look at him.
"Sera just loves to show her tits off." He smiled. "I can't leave her for a second."
Sera stood aghast. She started to pull her top down over to the hands of to the clerk.
"Wait," said Billy.
She stopped.
"Pull it back up."
Slowly she complied.
"You can't just come in here and flash your tits," he said.
"Please, I didn't..."
"You probably got our host here all hot and bothered." He looked to the clerk, "is that right?"

The clerk looked down at her bare tits.
"Yeah," he said.
"So, Sera," Billy continued, " pull his cock out."
Her eyes widened in horror.
"Wha...."
"You heard me," he said. "Unzip his fly and pull his cock out."
The clerk reached back up and grabbed her tits.
"Please...." she said.
"Do it NOW."
She was trapped. She had no choice.

Sera reached down and began to fumble with his trousers. The clerk started to maul her breasts, and his breath started coming in gasps. She opened his pants and they slid down his legs, leaving him in his briefs. She stopped, unsure what to do.
"Pull his shorts down."
She reached to the waistband of his briefs and tugged them down. His thin erect prick sprang out.
"Now," continued Billy, "wrap your right hand around it."
She took a hold of to the clerk's penis. She felt it pulsate in her hand. She closed her eyes in revulsion.
"Pump it."

The clerk's eyes rolled back in his head as Sera started to work her hand back and forth. He looked back down at her exposed breasts and let out a groan of pleasure.
"ARRRGGGGHHH," to the clerk suddenly moaned. After only about ten or fifteen strokes he arched his back. Cum shot out of his prick, hitting Sera on to the stomach, and on her jeans. Sera was afraid she was going to be sick as she heard the men cheer. She kept stroking until the man stepped back. The clerk stood as though in a trance. It took him a moment to gather his wits and pull his trousers back up.
Sera stood in revulsion. She resisted the impulse to wipe the disgusting spunk off of her, but did not move, waiting for Billy.
"Now," said Billy, "if you're done being a slut, put your top back on and let's check out our room."
Spent, the clerk fell into one of to the chairs. He was unable to speak.

Sera pulled her top back down. She looked for something to wipe herself off with but Billy opened to the door to leave. He looked at her and she followed him out.

[The original story is Cheerleader's Torment by James Dawson]