**Swat on a Hot Teen Youth**

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**Chapter 1. A New Life**

The dark room at the end of the corridor in the old house in Oxfordshire had a new occupant. For many years it temporarily housed the occasional maid or nanny, none of whom remained in the position for more than a few months. The room's newest occupant didn't have even the degree of choice that these other girls, poor though they may have been and consequently motivated to try to endure the taxing working conditions they encountered in the house. Those girls, the nannies, housekeepers, and French Maids, who'd spent anywhere from a few days to a few months living in this room while working for Mr. Edward Weston, and his nephew, Ralph, had all eventually exercised their choice to leave their employ. Their departure usually indicated an act of rebellion against the strange requests and requirements from their employers.

Ashley Bancroft didn't have such choices. Her mother had recently remarried after divorcing her father, and her step-dad and mother had decided that they needed time alone together to start to enjoy their new marriage. The presence of the eightteen-year old Ashley, who'd just finished high school in Boston, her mother and step-father felt, would distract them from one another, and the newly found passion that they were enjoying discovering. Casting about for a suitable place to park the girl for a while, they had chanced upon the idea of sending her abroad to work for a year. From an unexpected quarter they had received an offer which resolved many of their problems at once. Ashley's stepfather's brother, her now Uncle Edward, had proposed that Ashley come to stay with them. He needed, he explained, help around the old house in Oxfordshire, as well as company for his 18 year-old nephew, Ralph. In exchange for some housework duties, Ashley could stay with them.

This arrangement seemed ideal to Ashley's parents who realized that they would be freed of both the girl and her upkeep while she stayed at her new Uncle's house. Without inquiring much further into details, Ashley's folks packed her and a suitcase of her belongings off to England, where Ashley was met at the airport by her new family.

The lack of care with which Ashley's mother organized her daughter's new living situation was characteristic of her general lack of warmth and concern for her daughter. Ashley's mother, in early forties, was a handsome woman and had been when younger almost as attractive as her young progeny was now. As her daughter came into the female fullness she'd inherited from her, Sarah Bancroft's resentment of the natural passing of beauty's torch from one generation to the next grew commensurately with her daughter's maturation. As a consequence, Sarah's treatment of Ashley became colder and more severe as her daughter grew older.

Ashley's character, as a result of her mother's disregard and temper, became diffident and meek. She did try to please her mother, in spite of the impossibility of doing so. At school she had friends and was popular, but she had never developed an ability to defend or speak up for herself at home.

Sarah's new marriage, and the evident fondness that her new husband didn't avoid showing for the lovely teenager, was the final catalyst for Ashley's effective banishment. Ashley was unhappy to have to leave her friends, but many of these were off to college in the Fall, and she didn't have prospects of spending much time with them during the Summer. So it was with relief and excitement that she embarked on the adventure of going abroad for the first time.

Her first glimpse of her new family at the airport was reassuring. As she came out of customs, a man approached her and called out her name. Her Uncle Edward had seen her pictures, and recognized her from them. He was about 50, his balding hair was mostly gray as was his beard. Slightly overweight, he had a kindly look and soft eyes which charmed Ashley immediately. She also liked his patrician English accent, and the gentlemanly way he took her suitcase from her and welcomed her. He also had a certain formal stiffness that reminded Ashley of some of the British characters she'd seen in movies and TV shows.

Her uncle carried her two bags for her, and led her towards the parking garage, while they chatted about her flight, about herself a bit. He asked after his brother, her step-father. Before long, they arrived at his car. Ashley was impressed by the shiny, dark green, Jaguar. It was not the latest model, but a somewhat older one evidencing more of a patrician, classic design. The chrome shone. She stood at the door, and he asked her, smiling, whether she intended to drive. She blushed and went around to the left side of the right-hand drive, British car. When he opened the passenger side door for her, she climbed in and sank into the soft, impeccably maintained leather interior. She felt like a character in a PBS television special, or an actress in a commercial.

Edward climbed in opposite his niece, started the engine, which emitted a well-mannered, but powerful, growl. They drove out of the garage, and onto the motorway. Ashley and her Uncle continued to exchange tidbits of information, getting to know one another. Edward drove quickly but solidly along the initially crowded motorway. Beyond Ashley's window, the traffic and development of the airport area quickly thinned to verdant farming communities, and the occasional, picturesque, small town. The overcast sky darkened as they drove, and Edward cautiously turned on the car's headlights well before it was completely dark. The interior of the car was warm and relaxing, fragrant of leather and privilege.

During the drive to his house, he had asked her about her interests and her school, and she had talked freely, quickly becoming comfortable with the avuncular man. He had explained to her that she would be meeting his nephew Ralph the next day, when he returned from an overnight trip with friends. Arriving at the house in Oxfordshire, Ashley felt quickly comfortable with the plush, somewhat old-fashioned, very British, feel of the old home. Edward explained to Ashley that she would be required to work for her keep, but that none of it would be too taxing. Light housekeeping, serving at meals, and running errands would be most of what she would be required to do. In addition, she would serve as a companion and helper to Ralph.

As it was almost 8:00 in the evening, and Ashley had been travelling a long time and was consequently tired, Edward suggested a light snack, and that she then retire to bed, so as to be fresh for the next day. Ashley was grateful, as she was jet lagged and almost unable to keep her eyes open. Edward prepared a sandwich for her, as well as some cocoa, telling her that there would be time the next day or two for her to learn where things were and to start to cook for him and his nephew.

Ashley sipped her cocoa in the living room, while Edward told her stories of his family and entertained the quickly tiring girl, until he suggested that he show her to her room and that she get some sleep. He led the girl up to the room at the end of the hall on the second floor, next to his bedroom, and indicated to her the bathroom down the hall.

Closing the door behind her, Ashley opened her suitcase and unpacked her few belonging into the four-drawer, antique oak, dresser. Looking into the mirror by the dresser, she observed her own features, tired from the long trip. Quickly undressing, she put on the cotton boy's pajamas she had brought, and walked to the bathroom, where she showered and made ready for bed. Almost sleepwalking, she returned to her room, encountering her uncle in the hall as she exited the bathroom, and sleepily and respectfully bidding him goodnight.

In the darkened room at the end of the corridor, Ashley slept profoundly. She lay on her stomach, her arms under the pillow cushioning her face, her shoulder length brown hair splayed decoratively over her the pillow. She was partially rolled onto her left side, with her right leg bent at the knee and hiked up, as if readying herself to climb onto the pillow she embraced.

She did not stir when the door opened and the light clicked on. In the room at the end of the corridor, a ritual was to be enacted just as it had with the arrival of each new girl in the old house. Edward walked confidently into the sleeping girl's room, carrying a clipboard, a pen, and a small wooden box.

The intruder walked up to the bed and gazed down at the young girl, and said,

"Ashley, wake up! Ashley, do you hear me? Hello..."

There was no response from the slumbering girl, to which Edward showed no surprise. He then said, speaking to himself,

"Well... my sweet little niece, you sleep rather soundly! No matter, don't trouble yourself, a little sleep will be good for that fair complexion and your girlish bounciness...which we will have many an occasion to bounce in the coming months!"

He chuckled, and, carrying the chair from the desk over to next to Ashley's bed, sat down next to it. He petted the girl's brunette head, and gently pushed back the hair that covered her face, pulling loosed a few strands which had caught in Ashley's puffy lips.

With evident deliberation and slowness, he put the box down on the night table next to him, took up his pen and began the ritual catalog he created for his charges on their first night in his house, speaking aloud as he wrote,

"Ashley, you seem to have a sweet tooth which comes in very handy when feeding you drugged cocoa, don't you? Now, little one, you're eightteen, I would say 1 metre 60, and about 50 kilos. Not an insignificant part of that will be in those well shaped titties, I'll venture. Why is it American girls so often have such pouty, puffy, lips, I wonder.

"I suppose," he continued, "that we should just be thankful without inquiring too deeply into what makes those twin erection nuzzlers billow! For my money, and I am not a betting man, Ashley, the puffiness of your pretty mouth is probably echoed in your other soft tissues, isn't it? Do you have big puffy nipples, for your new family to play with, and is your cunt also nice and plump?"

"Hazel eyes, I recall, chocolate brown hair, long limbs," he continued, "but we'll have to make sure, won't we, Ash?" he continued, as he wrote. "Let's get a little more detailed now!"

Edward stood and grasping the covers from where they bunched at Ashley's neck, he slowly peeled them back, pulling them all the way off the girl's sleeping form. The unconscious girl presented a charming sight, wearing the tightish boy's cotton pajamas which were stretched a bit across the parts of her anatomy which were distinctly un-boyish, her thighs, breasts, and buttocks. Edward examined the sleeping girl, letting his eyes wander over her relaxed form freely. His moved his face closer to her body, first up to her face where he inhaled the warm, soapy scent of the just washed teenager. He placed his nose at the juncture of her jaw and ear, using it to part her hair and nuzzled the ear playfully. Pulling back his head, he examined the swelling of Ashley's covered bosom, then followed the depression caused by her waist and back up the hill of her hips, finally letting his stare slide down her legs to her sleek, naked ankles and feet.

"Can't expect...", murmured Ashley's uncle, "this old PJ to withstand the pressure of covering such charming swellings too well, Ashley. I can't imagine that it will hold up too long."

Suiting actions to words, he reached down and hiked up the tail of the shirt Ashley wore from where it lay at the waistband of her pants. Pulling it up, he bared a good portion of her upper midriff, to just below her ribs. The pants' waistband pressed into her soft belly flesh above her bellybutton. Edward reached for his box, and extracted from it a pair of small scissors. He stood and walked around the foot of the bed, watching the girl intently all the while, then advanced on her from behind, gazing smilingly at her bottom, tightly encased in the old cotton pants, thrust out by her bent leg and jutting hip.

He opened the scissors and holding one small cutting edge in one hand reached out for the girls waistband and grasped and pulled a gap open between waistband and flesh. Deftly he cut a small hole in the back of the top of her pants, and slit the elastic inside, releasing the soft tension around Ashley's belly. Inserting the index fingers from both hands in the little hole, he pulled and widened it into a 4 inch vertical tear above the girl's bottom along the seam of her pj bottoms.

"Much better," he sighed, "tight clothes should not be worn in bed by young ladies!"

Coming back around to the other side of the bed, he again sat down, and reached over and pushed down the now loose waist of the girl's trousers to bare her bellybutton and the gentle swell of her belly. He pulled down in front until he had bared the top of her pink panties, and reached over the girl's hip to do the same in back, pulling the pants down further there, to where they tightened over the swell of her panty covered bottom.

Reaching into his box, Edward pulled out a tape measure. Jamming one hand underneath the girl's belly, he inserted the tail of the tape under her, and brought it up around her back to measure her waist. He made some annotations on his pad, and gently pulled the tape out from under her, using his index finger to tickle and explore her navel while the tape slid from under her prostrate body. His fingertip continued probing the girl's small belly indentation. Ashley, in her sleep, squirmed slightly, to which the man responded by pushing his finger harder into her bellybutton and smiling.

He then slipped the tape measure around Ashley's cotton covered thigh, high up her leg close to her crotch. Ashley's trim but plush thighs came under Edwards examination as well, as his palm encased and squeezed the flesh at the back her leg. Again, made annotations on his pad, got up and walked around behind Ashley carrying his scissors and tape, and commented,

"Ashley, you have good thighs, just a hint of plumpness without being at all fat! It will be very pleasurable finding ways of making you show them and the stripes they will be receiving. Now, very important, niece, we need to attend to your posterior charms, where so much of our attention will be spent in the next months don't we?"

Edward knelt behind the girl's out-thrust bottom, pulled on the pants at her hips tautening them across her rump, and, using one side of the scissors, carefully cut every third thread in the seam of her pants. He used the tape to measure across the seat of her spread backside, letting his fingers graze the outline of the panties under her pj's. Then he placed his open palm against the lower curve of her asscheek, squeezed her there, then pulled his hand back slightly and smacked his palm down on the proffered cheek.

Ashley whimpered in her sleep and shifted around, which Edward took advantage of to grasp her shoulders and start her turning on to her back. The girl, unconsciously protecting her smacked backside, completed the turn on her own, and came to rest lying on her back face up, belly bared.

"Tits!" murmured the girl's step-uncle, which would have been unnecessary explanation of his goal to anyone who might have observed him, as his gaze was riveted on his niece's breasts. With no preliminaries, he cut two buttons from her shirt, leaving only a top one above his target area, and another in the rucked up lower part of her shirt. The shirt sagged open over the girl's breasts, rewarding him with a view of the plump flesh on the inside of each of her breasts. Her nipples indented the parted cloth of her shirt, and Edward ran a fingertip over one of her cloth-covered, nubs.

Even in her sleep, the contact of his finger against her nipple caused Ashley's legs and torso to shift and her boobs to sway under her shirt.

"Sensitive nipples, my filly, aren't they? Excellent!" exclaimed Edward. Unbuttoning the remaining top button, he slowly peeled aside the shirt's two halves baring Ashley's firm young breasts.

"Large mamm's," he said, "C cup, firm and high, with high, up-thrust nipples, big areola." With the motion he would have used to flick a crumb away, he snapped his index finger across one of the naked nipples roughly. Ashley's chest heaved, and her nipple poked out and reddened. The other one reacted in the same way when it, in turn, was snapped. Ashley whimpered in her sleep, and her breasts shivered. Sleeping, she arched her back, thrusting her breasts towards her tormentor. Edward smiled broadly.

Licking his index fingers, Edward touched the wet fingertips to Ashley's nipples and coated the hardened central nubs with saliva. He repeated his ministrations of her nipples, smearing his spit over her nipples. As his thumb and index finger coated her plump nubbins the second time, Ashley's back arched strongly, and her hips lifted slightly. The third application of saliva to her tits caused her thighs to start to quiver. Edward grinned.

"I think," he whispered, "that you have very sensitive titties, Ashley, and I'm going to design a special training program for them. I wonder how they'll like the feel of the ruler, or clothespins? Hmm.. Ashley, how will you like having these big boobs of yours milked with all kinds of toys, squirmy girl?"

"You're a good tweak and pull-toy, little niece," he said following his own advice and grasping Ashley's popped out eraser-like nipples, tweaking them between his thumb and index, and then giving them a long, slow, pull, stretching them out so that they pulled up her entire breast elongating it and making it into a cone whose apex was her imprisoned tit tips. Ashley's mouth opened and she panted lightly, as her entire chest heaved up to accompany her stretched out boobs, and when he released them suddenly her chest fell back. Edward watched greedily as waves of flesh rippled in her breasts. He inclined his head to her chest and gave each big nipple a long, slow lick, leaving a wet trail across each plump breast.

He stepped back and watched the girl, giving her time to relax. Few of the girls whom he'd stripped and palpated unbeknownst to them on their first nights had reacted so strongly to stimulation. His least favorite type would lie dead to the world, totally insensate to the indignities performed on her helpless flesh. His darling young step-niece, he hoped, would be that other kind, diametrically opposed, who although rendered unconscious by the drug, and remembering nothing the next day, baffled at the soreness of her body, would nevertheless while under his ministrations squirm and cry out as if the indignities were being perpetrated on her in her dreams. With luck, he hoped, she could be made to feel guilty for what she imagined she had dreamt.

Again, Edward used the tape and annotated various of his niece's measurements, freely handling her as he measured the distance between her nippies, and the diameter around each breast. "You're going to help me, Ash," he murmured, "to measure your bust, by thrusting your chest forward for me so I can slide the tape in." His mouth went to the nearer tit and fastened on her nipple. Back and forth his tongue laved the morsel imprisoned in his teeth, alternating hard flicks of his tongue with strong sucks. Ashley, once more reacted to her nipple's stimulation by whimpering and, after another nip of Edward's teeth, arching her back. "Good girly!" said Edward, sliding the tape beneath her body, and back over her bust. He added this very satisfactory measurement to the ones he had already taken of his victim.

"Sigh," he said, "goodbye for now, my new playmates." He withdrew the tape, and brought the shirt's halves together, closing the two remaining buttons of Ashley's pajama top.

His finger traced the silhouette curve of Ashley's body. He started at her finely boned cheeks, tracing her long neck and graceful shoulders, along her bust and waist, down onto her hips, where his fingers abandoned her outer curves for an incursion to the interior of her hips, coming to rest on the buttons in the flies at her groin. These buttons promptly ceded to his attentions and released the thin covering over the girl's panty clad mound.

Carefully grasping both sides of her pants, Edward softly but firmly pulled them down towards her thighs. In the rear, the material resisted momentarily, as the girl's ass held the pants to itself, but an instant later the cloth started sliding from under her rump, loosened, and slid to bunch at her thighs. Edward was heartened to find that Ashley wore a style of panty more risque than he would have expected. They were semi-transparent, pink mesh, bikinis, with a lacy flower pattern. Through the front of her transparent panties, Edward examined the finely haired pubis of his charge, a triangle of fair dark wispy hair forming a heart above easily perceived cunt lips, themselves almost devoid of hair.

"Panties down!" ordered Edward, as if the girl could obey him. He, however, had to perform the office for her, and grasping the panties, pulled their front down into her upper thighs baring her gently swelling pussy. He raked his fingers through her pubic hair, starting at its top and combing the fair wisps down to where they sparsened. There, one single finger became his ambassador, softly exploring the tender divide at the front of her pussy lips. Again, Ashley, did not disappoint. As her uncle's finger glided over her hooded clit and started to stroke the canyon walls of the front of her vulva, Ashley moaned softly and her hips twitched forward as her bottom clenched once. Edward smiled, enchanted, and blew on her pudendum, letting his breath stir her pubes.

"One more charming bottom clench, Ashley," said her uncle, and gently jammed his free hand under her only partially lace covered buttocks, to palm both half-naked cheeks. Again, his finger, this time liberally spit covered, pressed at the swelling of her covered clit, and this time the entire shaft of lubricated finger intruded between Ashley's pussy lips, and nestled in the warmth there. The finger performed small sawing motions against the girl's body, and Ashley's bottom, once more trembled with a slight spasm.

"Ashley, you are a natural bottom dancer aren't you, darling?" Edward lectured his niece, "won't it be wonderful when your bottom dances on my lap, honey?"

He continued his ministrations of her slit, and Ashley's bottom took up the rhythm of his frigging, further encouraged by being squeezed in the same rhythm by the hand below her.

Edward now flipped the girl over deftly, using the hand from her bottom to guide her hip over. Ashley turned easily over trapping her tormentor's hand between her pussy lips under her body. Her lacy panties covered only the lower curve of her full, rounded bottom, and not even that for long, as Edward yanked them down to her thighs, fully denuding her rump. Her splendid backside jutted up at Edward, smooth, pink skin, leading to twin dimples over it. Edward wriggled the fingers under Ashley's pussy, and watched the sympathetic spasms begin in her bottom, as it tensed and relaxed. At first, Ashley's bottom trembled, her rump cheeks shivering slightly, as if her bottom were cold.

Edward raised his palm high over his head. His hand swung down in a long arc, connecting sharply with Ashley's nude bottom, sending a sharp bounce through Ashley's spanked cheek. The girl whimpered and her bottom began churning in earnest as her uncle's fingers bit into her vulva directing her bottom dance.

Edward watched Ashley's nude bottom, while his own handprint reddened on it, writhe softly for a few moments, clenching and relaxing to the slowing pace of the friction his hand exerted on her pussy flesh. As he quieted his motions, so too her writhing slowed. Once her bottom had quieted, Edward leaned forward and kissed the mark his slap had left on his niece's rump, and gently pulled his hand out from under her. He opened and closed it repeatedly in the air, to reestablish circulation. He looked down at his niece, naked from the waist to her thighs, and felt well pleased. This was one of the best first night examinations he'd had the pleasure to perform, and he looked forward to the next days eagerly. Already, he had some plans for his niece which would soon provide his nephew Ralph and him fine entertainment.

For now, though, he needed to address a need that had become most pressing while watching and fondling the young girl. He stepped out of the room for a moment, and returned after a brief interval carrying a small towel partially wetted with warm water.

He approached the girl and considered her in her drugged sleep. Her face, its side nestled in her pillow, was turned to him, her mouth open relaxedly. He pulled open the flies of his pants, and released his confined erection. The evening's entertainment had taken its effect, and his cock dripped with pre-cum which had been flowing freely. He dried himself casually using the washcloth, then walked over to the recumbent beauty. Putting one hand behind her head, entwining the fingers in her auburn hair, he pulled the girl's face forward towards his crotch and bent his knees, bringing his penis towards her face. His cock touched the girl's cheek, in a soft, sticky, wet meeting. He used his hand to smear his secretions against her cheek, working his cock slowly towards the plump lips. Like some obscene lipstick, his cock slid onto her mouth, depositing its glossy balm on Ashley's plump lips.

The unconscious girl turned her face away from his cock and turned her body to lie on her right side, and Edward, murmured, "We'll soon find a way to get you suckling cock like a good girl, but for now I think perhaps you want me to come on your freshly spanked bottom, as you've been so good as to maneuver it into position for me..."

He stood and repositioned himself so he could bring his penis into contact with the girl's bottom. Placing the plum coloured head against her soft ass cheeks, he let his penis leak fluid on her until her bottom gleamed stickily. With his palm he pushed his cockhead into her soft flesh and began a fast backwards and forwards thrusting over her bottom, letting his cock foray between the cheeks and be massaged by the twin globes. As the girl's bottom heated up from his attentions, she again began to shift her hips, and Edward simultaneously dug his fingernails into the girl's left bottom cheek, scraped the soft flesh there deeply with his fingers, and then spasmed, flooding her bottom with semen.

The white fluid spurted over the girl's nates, decorating them like sugar on a cake. Cum spurted into the deep cleft of her butt, strings of it spanning the cheeks like an iridescent bridge from one perfect half to the other. Edward stood panting, somewhat shakily, and gazed fondly down at his niece's jism-covered backside.

He smiled, gleefully contemplating the further excitement the next days would bring. It took him only a few minutes to clean the girl up perfunctorily, pull her panties and bottoms back up and cover her.

The light clicked off, and the door closed. The room at the end of the corridor became silent once more.

**Chapter 2. The First Breakfast**

"Ashley!"

Her eyelids fluttered open slowly, drowsily. Her large, richly golden-flecked ochre eyes gazed sleepily at hew new room. Ashley awoke, disoriented, slightly dazed. Simultaneously she realized that she felt jet lagged and that she had been woken by someone's knocking at the door of her room. She groggily examined the room, taking in the old-fashioned stuffy furniture, and the weak, overcast light coming from the window across from her bed.

"Ashley, are you awake? I've brought you some tea. It is quite late and we've been waiting for you to get up." Her uncle was at the door. Before she could respond, he had pushed open the door and entered, smiling.

"Good morning, Ashley!" he said enthusiastically, "you've slept in quite a while, and Ralph has arrived. We've been waiting for you to make an appearance, but I thought that you might perhaps need something to wake you up a bit." Cheerfully, he placed the steaming teacup he was carrying on the dresser and sat in the chair next to it. "Up girl," he urged, "you'll be needing to be up early so that you can bring me the tea from now on. Well, just this once we can make an exception for my tired niece! Come have your tea."

Ashley, fumbled with her covers, and sleepily sat up. Her shortish brown hair was charmingly mussed, and her pretty face puffed a bit from her profound sleep. She yawned a bit and responded, "Good morning, Uncle Edward." She was unaware, for the moment, that, due to her uncle's doctoring of her clothes the night before, her pajama shirt was fastened with only two buttons, one above her bust and one at her bellybutton, her full figure causing a substantial gape to form in the loose front of her shirt, showing the creamy-skinned inside of her proud, round breasts.

She stood up, intending to reach over and take the cup of tea Edward held out for her. Just as her shirt inadequately covered her, the waistband of her pants also failed to stay up, and her pants drooped down exposing one hip to the top of her thigh. She became aware of the unaccustomed looseness of her clothes at precisely the same time as she heard her Uncle's shocked, indignant exclamation:

"Ashley! What in blazes are you wearing?" She froze as he pulled back the proffered teacup, setting it down again, while fixing her with a stern gaze.

"Young lady! Is THAT what you consider appropriate attire in which to present yourself to your new family? Have you not been taught some modesty and propriety? You are dressed like a SLATTERN after a night of debauchery! Your clothes are deplorable; they look like they have been ripped off you!"

"We will not condone" he continued, gazing at her with a new sternness, "such wanton sloppiness here! Why look at you, your body fairly bursting out of your clothes in public. What have you to say for yourself?"

Ashley was horrified and abashed. She was standing in front of her uncle with clothes which gaped and practically fell off her, and the modest girl felt exposed in front of s practical stranger for the first time. She stammered, "I... I... didn't... I mean..."

"Enough!" interrupted Edward. "I know how to educate young ladies who are willful and wanton. I want you to go into that bathroom, brush your hair and teeth, and come down to breakfast EXACTLY as you are! You are not to put on any clothes, even shoes. If you are so eager to parade yourself in this fashion, you shall have ample opportunity. Now, go, and be downstairs in 3 minutes dressed precisely as you are, or you shall be punished severely! Do you understand?"

Taking the teacup with him, in fact sipping from it as he left, Edward strode out of the room and down the stairs, leaving an astonished, barely awake young girl in his angry wake.

Ashley stumbled forward to the bathroom, where she brushed her teeth and combed her hair. She looked at herself in the mirror, and embarrassedly explored her shirt for signs of what had happened. Evidently, two buttons had fallen off the old pajama during the night, leaving her shirt gaping hugely in the center. Though her breasts were big enough that only the inner flesh between them showed, she was, nevertheless, quite provocatively exposed. In addition to her disheveled top, her pants would not stay up without being held, but hung loosely from one hip or the other, showing a good bit of her lacy panties. She desperately considered changing clothes, or at least putting on a bra to hide her naked chest, but was too timorous to disobey her Uncle's direct order to go to breakfast exactly as she was dressed. He'd mentioned punishing her, and she didn't want to start her stay in Britain being grounded or having to do extra chores! Hurriedly, she finished combing her auburn hair, arranging it into the charming, neat longish page-boy she liked, and headed downstairs, holding her pants up with one hand.

The stairs in the old house were narrow and spiraled down. The steps themselves were irregular in width. Ashley had to step carefully to avoid tripping on the unfamiliar steps. As she reached the bottom landing, she was called into the dining room by her uncle's stern voice:

"Ashley! Come in and meet your cousin Ralph." She entered the room. The room was wallpapered in an old fashioned raised felt in a sepia pattern, sporting urns and intertwining vegetation. In the middle of the room was a fair sized round table. The far corner, by the large glass doors leading to the back garden, was taken up by a small grand piano. Several bookcases and a small side table took up one wall, and several paintings were arranged around the room. Most of these, though the distraught girl was too preoccupied with her predicament to notice it, featured partially unclad, somewhat cherubic, young females sporting with numerous, properly clothed men.

The compromisingly clad young girl stood just inside the room, holding her pants up with one hand, and attempting to keep her shirt closed with the other. Gazing at her coolly from where they sat at the table were sat Uncle and a young man who she assumed was her new step-cousin, Ralph. Ralph, Ashley noticed, had sandy hair combed neatly to one side, was tall and lanky and appeared slightly older than herself. He was well dressed, and looked at her with a sardonic, but perhaps sympathetic smile. Ashley thought he was quite good looking, with strong features, and an athletic build. She was keenly aware of being presented to this young man in pajamas, and, worse, in pajamas that would practically falling off her were she to let go of the various bits she was holding tightly!

"Ashley is under the impression," Edward explained to Ralph, staring at the girl sternly as he said this, "that the style of undress she is in is appropriate, and to indulge our guest, I have decided that she should be permitted to wear it for us. Ashley, say hello to your cousin. And stand properly. Hands at your side!"

The girl let her hands drop slowly to her side, releasing her shirt and pants. The shirt promptly gaped open and her pants slid down one leg, baring the sleek bone of one hip, showing a glimpse of her panties, and her thigh on that side. She shuddered in humiliation, but managed a meek greeting. "Hello, Ralph."

"Hi Ash!" responded the youth, with a friendly intonation. Ashley decided she liked him, and began to hope they would be friends. Relief flooded her momentarily. She blushed furiously as she saw that Ralph was casually and freely examining her body, realizing that the disarray of her clothes gave him plenty of opportunity to gaze at exposed flesh.

"Go into the kitchen, Ashley, where you will find a tray of breakfast items prepared for us, and bring it here. Quickly girl!" Ashley turned and fled into the small kitchen and picked up the tray she found waiting there. She walked back to the dining room balancing the tray's contents carefully, and lay it on the table. Following her uncle's instructions, she poured tea for each of the men, leaning forwards with the hot, heavy, teapot to pour into the small cups. As she lent forward, she could feel her shirt spread itself wider and her breasts swing free and towards the opening in her shirt. She dared not look up at the men, and prayed that they were not watching her.

Which, of course, they were. Unobserved by the bashful girl as she poured each of them their tea, each man gazed languorously into the parted folds of Ashley's shirt, tracing with his gaze the contours of the young girl's heavy tits as they swayed forward pendulously. When the girl turned away from one man to serve the other, the one behind her took the opportunity to study carefully her swelling bottom with its charmingly displayed, naked hip, made to jut further against the cotton pants by the girl's bending away from her observer.

"Shameful, Ashley, your state of undress!" scolded her Uncle. "This is a lesson I expect we will have to emphasize with you repeatedly. Go stand in the corner, but while serving face outward. Oh, put your hands on your head and keep your gaze on the floor. We'll call you if you need to serve us."

Ashley walked over to the corner to which her Uncle had pointed and put her hands on her head. This movement, as intended by her Uncle, caused her shirt to open even wider, and her boobs were on display baring both breasts almost to the inner edge of her aureolas. In fact, as the girl trembled, the inner curve of the very large medallion of darker skin around her nipples would occasionally peek out at the two men from behind the spread open shirt. Her shirt also rode up, baring her belly from the navel down, and her pants sagged in the center, revealing her lacy panties sufficiently that an inch or two of her pubic hair was visible under them.

Ashley didn't understand how she had gotten into this predicament. She was always proper, even prudish, with her body, and suddenly she was standing in front of two men showing them more of her body than she'd shown anyone before. She gazed down, and a tear sprang from her eye and coursed down her cheek.

Ralph and his father ate their breakfast, calling Ashley over once to refill their cups. As she did so, she tried to hunch her shoulders forward so as to minimize the chances of a breast becoming fully visible, barely succeeding in avoiding her tit from coming totally out of her shirt. As she walked back to the corner to assume her position though, her pants slid even further down so they now hung only by her lower hips, and bared almost the entire front of her panties, save for an inch or two at the depth of the V between her legs.

"Ralph," Edward lectured, "your little cousin is a perfect example of lax American upbringing with no standards or disciple! Look at her, displaying herself as if she were a whore! Coming to table with her chest exposed, breasts hanging free and swinging! Do you think, young lady, that we are eager to examine every nuance of your undergarments at breakfast!"

Ashley's stomach contracted with fear. Her new Uncle who had been so nice moments earlier and the day before, was now visibly and properly enraged with her. She hadn't meant to, but certainly her state of dress was a clear sign of slovenly disrespect to her hosts. More tears rolled softly from her blurry hazel eyes.

"Turn around, young lady. Nose in the corner. Stand on your tiptoes, and stay that way until I return."

Ashley slowly turned and faced the wall. She stood on her toes as instructed. After a few moments, this became somewhat uncomfortable, but not too bad. She concentrated on the long, furry stripes, twining leaves and vines in the wallpaper. She felt much better facing away from the men, as from the rear she was pretty effectively covered. She heard Edward leave the room.

She continued facing the wall, trying to guess what her cousin was doing. She heard him finishing his breakfast and envisioned him looking at the paper in front of him. In fact, her cousin was sipping his tea, and eating a toast, while staring at the new girl closely. He was examining the swell of her hips, and how her rump filled her pajama bottoms, how her fine calves taughtened with the strain of holding herself on tiptoe.

Relaxing in his chair, drinking his sweetened tea, Ralph stared at Ashley's thinly covered ass, tracing with his eyes the delicate pattern of the lacy panties visible through the cotton. He watched frightened little trembling motions course through the girl's thighs and buttocks. Finally, Ralph stood and put down his cup.

He sauntered over behind Ashley. She felt his warm presence just behind her, and the warm woolly smell from his sweater. He stood next to her. He placed his hand on her naked hip softly, soothingly. She jumped slightly at the contact of his fingers against her hip, right next to the exposed side strap of her panties. She felt his fingers lightly stroke her skin and the lace there.

"Ashley," he whispered, bringing his mouth up next to her ear, "don't worry. My Dad has a temper, but he's really a kind soul and his rages pass quickly if he isn't provoked. Try to stay on his good side and it'll be fine!"

"He is reading his paper in the other room," Ralph continued, "you can relax until I see him returning. Here, sit down on the floor there so you can jump back up if you need to!"

Relief coursed through the young girl. Ralph was on her side. He was sympathetic to her plight and was helping her. She let herself kneel down and then sat on the floor hugging herself, closing her shirt. For a few moments, Ralph bent down next to the girl, and smoothed her hair, whispering, "It's ok. Don't worry. It'll be fine."

She looked up at him with her trusting clear eyes, wide in distress and incipient relief, and said, "Thank you, Ralph. I don't know how I got myself into this trouble... it..."

Ralph interrupted her. "Quick, he's coming back. Get back in position." He took hold of the pants at her hip, and in order to help her stand, pulled up on them. As he pulled, the remaining uncut stitches in the seat of her pajama bottoms gave way with a slight tearing sound, leaving an eight inch open tear in her pants at the very center of her backside. She heard the rip, but had no idea what had caused it and was back facing the corner and on her toes when Edward reentered the room.

For a few moments, he said nothing. She trembled in the corner. He approached her. He placed himself behind her and addressed her softly, "It just gets worse, doesn't it?" She didn't understand to what he was referring until she felt his hand, cold and immediate and intensely personal, rest itself on her backside where it was exposed by the tear. She felt his finger on the naked skin of the lower, bared portion of one ass cheek, and realized that her bottom was partly on display. She gasped. Edward took the edges of the tear in his hands and pulled apart the seam of the pajama bottoms framing Ashley's exposed, pantied ass, tearing the flimsy, already ripped, garment in half and completing the unveiling of his niece's bottom.

Ashley heard the tearing sound, then felt her pajama pants fall, torn, off her hips, slide down her legs, and pool at her ankles. "Oh...no...no...!" she implored, standing on her tiptoes, her long naked legs revealed stretched tautly, her skimpy lacy underpants the only meager covering for the lower part of her body.

Both men stared intently at the full globes decorated but not hidden by Ashley's panties. Edward barked, "Into the study, girl! Don't pick up your pants, I want you waddling in there. I'll have no more nonsense. You are to be spanked for your sluttish showing off, and spanked soundly as befits a young girl who thinks it proper to parade her bottom and boobs to her uncle and her cousin. We shall see if you are as eager to show off your anatomy once it has been properly chastened."

Ashley's tears began in earnest, and she froze, not moving until Edward gave her a push in the direction of the door. She then began shuffling downcastly towards the door. Edward and Ralph followed the girl towards the living room, gazing at her quivering bottom as she hobbled, restricted in her motion by the torn pajama bottoms at her ankles.

Ashley sobbed. Ralph and Edward looked at one another. They exchanged delighted grins and followed the girl into the living room.

**Chapter 3. Ways and Means**

The room into which Ashley shuffled her ill-clad form was filled with light. As opposed to the darker, more formal dining area, the living room featured a large picture window looking onto a lush front garden protected from the street by a high, dark green hedge. Yellow and green light from the flowers in the garden tinted the gauzy, translucent curtains. One end of the picture window was darkened by the shadow of an elm set to the side of the house.

The wallpaper in this room sported the same vases and vegetation motif used in the dining room, but the felt of the pattern was a yellow shade of green, lending the room a more open, summery air. Two large bookcases on the far wall flanked a large fireplace with an organically curved white marble lintel resembling the nacreous limbs of some creature half vegetable, half woman. Two deep, comfortable, striped damask chaises set away from the window were separated by a low round table heaped with books and newspapers heaped and a large vase from which cascaded a selection of white and purple flowers in a formal arrangement.

The floor was covered by a full, white, faux-fur carpet, extending almost to the edges of the room, leaving a wooden parquet border 3 feet wide on all sides. The long hairs of the carpet felt warm under Ashley's bare feet, the furry threads twining softly and comfortably between her toes.

Warmth permeated the room from the large, glowing logs in the fire grate, the palpably warm air soothing on Ashley's exposed legs.

An overstuffed, dark tan corduroy sofa was set on the edge of the carpet towards the wall adjacent to the door. The remaining wall was occupied by another bookcase containing a large television, as well as various shelves of books. Against this wall there was also leather armchair, larger than the other two chairs in the room, and an old, walnut, rolltop desk, its cover open.

The artwork on the walls in this room consisted of a pair of framed watercolors in bright washes of color applied over black ink, reminiscent of Dufy renderings. They both depicted the view from the privileged balcony of a hotel or villa, over the azure bay surrounding an old and established, wealthy, town. The amber shoreline in the painting was dotted with impressionistic black brushstrokes washed in emerald green, which managed, though merely a brief flick of ink and color, to perfectly conjure palm trees.

Above the fireplace hung the largest painting in the room, an early twentieth-century oil in a slim, silver, deco frame. Warm sunlight from above and beyond the confines of the canvas illuminated a sculptor and the statue of a naked and well-rounded nymph he had been carving until the moment when she'd evidently come to life, and bent her head to join her lips to those of her surprised creator. The process of her incarnation was clearly still incomplete as the warm skin tones of her cheeks, upper back, and the one visible side of a perfect breast, had not yet diffused to her full buttocks and thighs, which still evidenced the cool whiteness of her marble origins.

Edward walked over to the chair by the table and sank into it, crossing his legs in the boneless, feminine, European fashion impossible to American men. He gazed benignly at his niece, watching the girl look around the room. Examining the setting, she felt a renewed sense of what she'd first felt in her Uncle's perfectly-upholstered car, a sense of being an intruder in a wealthy, perfect, life containing no elements of disorder. Her current state of extreme dishevelment, both the torn rags barely covering her, and the emotions she felt, were the one incongruous element in the scene. The one part of the tableaux needing work and polishing.

Her Uncle began speaking softly. She stood in the center of the room, and Ralph watched from the vantage point of the sofa's arm on which he sat relaxed. Edward's words, she was surprised to note, focussed on precisely the feelings of inadequacy the girl was suffering.

"Ashley," began Edward sonorously, lecturing, "you are a lucky girl." He paused, while Ashley shifted her weight nervously on her naked legs and felt distinctly unlucky.

"I know," he continued, "that you don't yet know this. You are at this moment afraid; you are ashamed to be standing before us in your current deplorably attired state. You feel awkward and exposed.

"Your current outward situation mirrors, possibly for the first time in your young life, your own inner turmoil and lassitude. You are lucky--not insomuch as you are standing in a room displaying your tartish, next to and soon to be naked body to your relatives--but in that I am an expert in educating young people like yourself, adrift with no sense of their own balance and place in the world.

"Ralph," he motioned to the young man, "kindly fetch the camera and a notebook from the desk." As Ralph moved to the desk, crossing behind Ashley, Edward continued,

"Ralph is a very dedicated photographer. He shall document these training sessions for our future reference and your further education. Ralph, please take as many pictures of these proceedings as you can. I want to have an artistically compelling record of our youngster's progress."

"Look at me please while I speak, Ashley." Edward's voice was gentle, but there was no doubt in Ashley's mind of the seriousness of the orders they dictated, no matter how politely he might seem to be qualifying his demands.

"Why are you and so many young persons like you adrift and shiftless in this age? Why is it in your mind acceptable to entertain a low moral standard, to, for example, come to table dressed in rags. Lack of respect, Ashley. Lack of respect for others, and lack of respect for yourself."

"You don't care how you present yourself because you lack respect for yourself; you don't care how you are perceived because you lack respect for others."

"And, why is that? There is a very simple reason. It is easy to fall into the trap a little at a time. It is easy to relax ones standards for oneself a little each day, suffering only the most minor consequences for each slip of control over oneself. The effect over a short period may not even be noticeable. However, over time, ones standards and ones judgement are eroded to the point that one finds and even accepts oneself in situations which one would have been aghast to have envisioned at the outset of our journey."

"Having understood the process whereby someone like yourself, with no evil intent surely, falls into turpitude, it becomes simple to conceive a method for counteracting this tendency. And this, Ashley, is the cornerstone of the theory for my training program--of your training program for the next months, while you reside here, young lady.

"Instead of allowing the slow slip of standards caused by the normal consequence of small acts of lack of respect for oneself and others, we will magnify the gravity of the consequences, so that even minor acts of defiance, disrespect, dishonesty, and breaches of standards, place the subject in an exaggeratedly disadvantageous state. Rather than being unaware of the small toll exacted by a small loosening of standards, the excessive discomfort it will cause you will make you aware of the seriousness of that downward course."

"Do you understand my point to now Ashley?"

Ashley's lip trembled, and she refrained from answering. Edward waited patiently, regarding the nervous girl, and seeing that her Uncle clearly expected her to say something, she stammered,

"I... I think so."

"Good, good. By the way, Ashley, when you're not being trained, as you are at the moment, you may choose to call me 'Uncle' or 'Uncle Edward,' but while in one of these sessions, you shall please refer to me as 'Sir' and you shall use that title whenever you address me. As in 'Yes, Sir' or 'I think so. Sir', or, should I be requesting information from you and it be appropriate, 'No, Sir.' The latter will not likely be your response when asked to perform some action, though. Please, keep that in mind?"

"Yes, Sir," responded Ashley, feeling quite clearly where control of her current situation rested.

"Good. Hands on your head again, please." Ashley again placed her palms behind her ears. Her shirt, as expected, gapped open, revealing her belly.

"So, you are a lucky girl. Lucky because I know what ails you, and luckier still because I know how to cure you. You will leave this house having acquired a new elegance, confidence, and aplomb. When you complete your training, you will be a young lady who you would now, at this moment, idolize and wish to emulate."

Edward stood, and walked to the fireplace, and rearranged a log in the fireplace using an iron poker dangling from a rough, wrought iron stand next to a small pile of logs. He put a hand on the mantlepiece, and turned to look at the girl.

"What are the elements of my training program? They are simple: self-respect, discipline and obedience, honesty, and language."

"You will be expected to be disciplined and respect yourself and others. You will be expected to be obedient and honest, and to use language precisely and creatively. Conversely, a lapse of any of the above will result in your being quickly and emphatically stripped, temporarily, of your self-respect, of discipline being imposed on you arbitrarily and seemingly unfairly, of your being subjected to cruel, coarse, and denigrating language.

"One of the strongest stimuli I will use to counter tendencies which would otherwise over the course of time cheapen you and your self-worth will be to instead immediately lessen your own momentary self-image.

"This will be done by causing you humiliation and embarrassment. A moment's forced degradation now will prevent you from subjecting yourself to many years of unconscious self-degradation in the future. Your humiliation will be accomplished using language, physical posture, and sometimes a certain amount of pain.

"Pain, Ashley, is not something I believe in per se. It will never be the principal focus of your treatment, but will be present only to force you to concentrate on the moment. Pain is evanescent, temporary. while it is being felt, however, it is most efficacious at making us aware only of the present.

"The pain, the humiliation, all will fade quickly. They will be a strong contrast to the majority of your time here, during which you will be treated like the respected and respectful person you will become, and subjected to the kind of life to which you would otherwise only aspire fruitlessly."

Edward stopped speaking, gazed at his tremulous niece, and indicated the desk behind her with a crooked finger.

"Please fetch me the black leather trainer from that desk, Ashley, then resume your current position."

The girl looked around to the roll-top desk, and hurried over to it. On it lay a number of notebooks, a fountain pen, a cigar cutter and a box of cigars. She looked towards her Uncle, shyly questioningly.

"Open the first drawer, Ashley, inside you will find a box. Put that on the desk and open it."

The old wood of the drawer slid smoothly on its well-waxed hinges, and Ashley lifted out an inlaid wooden box a bit wider and flatter than a shoebox, and about twice as long. She opened it. The lid came off entirely, releasing the smell of old, oiled leather from the contents, at which she stared. She stood motionless, looking into the box. She didn't understand what all the items were, but they made her think of horses and riders, and of the traditional hardware that ensured one did the bidding of the other.

From among the belts, cords, silvered clips and other items in the box, she drew out a long, slim wand, encased in stiff leather. It was thicker in the handle, then flattened and tapered along its 18 inches of length. Another last 6 inches were added to it by a doubled loop of pliable leather stitched to its end. This was, Ashley thought to herself, what made the horse go. Her mind seemed to fill with cotton, and only slowly evoked her Uncle threatening her with spanking. A dropping feeling she had in her belly was proof that her body was less slow than her mind was in making the obvious conclusions.

She held this out to her Uncle, and shuffled over to him. She then went back to the center of the room, and slowly placed her hands on her head again.

"Two things Ashley," commented her Uncle, as he walked up behind her. He tapped on one calf with the training whip softly. "Elevated heels serve to lengthen the female contour, bring out the curves of the calves and thighs, as well as thrust forward the bosom, and rearwards the posterior. As such, they improve female posture and self-image. We will be procuring you an admirable collection of these shortly, and except where for one reason or another you are required not to wear them, you will be expected to always do so.

"As you are not suitably accoutered at the moment, please stand on your tiptoes to at least emulate some of the required effect. The girl obeyed, stretching her shoulders and torso upwards, taughtening the back of her legs and rising on her toes.

"Secondly, the remains of this shirt," Edward said as he walked around Ashley, then used the whip to trace one inner edge of the gap in the pajama shirt, its leather tip softly scraping down the inside of Ashley's partly covered breast, "are an insult to your looks and to those of us who are observing you. Please remove it."

Ashley gasped and made no movement, as if by pretending she hadn't heard this she could prevent the order from having been given. She blinked her eyes humidly.

Edward watched her for a moment, then he held the baton up horizontally and placed it slowly in front of her mouth. He gently pressed the center of the whip against Ashley's lips. Without conscious thought she opened her mouth and allowed her Uncle to rest the baton on her teeth. "Hold that please, and don't slobber on it," he instructed.

She brought her teeth down on the whip softly, tasting the leather and feeling the stitching on her tongue. Edward disappeared from her viewpoint and she turned to look. She watched him looking into the box on the desk, and selecting what looked like a long flat ruler. It looked twice as wide, perhaps two inches wide, as a normal ruler. Edward looked up at her. She quickly looked forward, and heard him come up next to her.

Edward held the wide ruler at one end, and swung it back. He looked down at the girl's pantied bottom taughtened as she stood on her toes, selecting his target. The lower leg seams of the girl's lacy underwear left a few inches of springy buttock flesh uncovered, facing back at him, below which her bottom cheeks curved under to merge with her thighs.

It was this part of Ashley's uncovered bottom cheeks onto which Edward brought the wide ruler smacking down. He slapped the whippy wooden slat across his niece's jouncy ass three times in quick succession before she fully registered even the first blow.

Ashley's mind first heard the loud splat of the rod against her flesh, followed a split-second after by a burst of stinging sensation in her bottom, which, due to the measured force of the blow, was intense but superficial. The two more slaps which followed the first almost without a pause deepened the sting considerably.

"Oowwww! Fuck!" exclaimed the girl, and brought her hands down quickly from her head, to clutch the lower cheeks of her posterior. As she shouted she dropped the training whip from between her teeth.

Edward quickly took hold of her slim wrists with his free hand and held them together easily. "Ashley, there are many rules you will need to be taught," he said, pulling her arms back and up by her wrist, forcing her to bend forward slightly and thrust outward her bottom. "On your toes!" She tried to rise on her toes from the awkward slightly bent position, which caused her weight to shift forward so she was balanced only by her uncle's pull on her arms.

"You will be allowed, even encouraged," explained Edward, "to moan and cry..." He thrashed the ruler across the naked lower slope of Ashley's naked right bottom cheek violently, making it shake with the impact, "but you will NOT be allowed any exclamations, especially any foul language. Any violation of this will immediately entail additional and severe punishment." A strong ruler spank across the left followed, and Ashley suited action to his indication by panting exclamations, "Ah... Ah... Ah..."

"You'll have far greater temptation, I assure you, to use profanity than you've been given in this initial little bottom warming, young lady! Your pudgy backside has only acquired the first shades of pink which will be warmed to a nice red glow by the end of this session, I assure you!

"You're also," SMACK!!! went the ruler, "NOT to let anything drop which you were told to hold, whether it is between your teeth," one quick flick of the ruler landed on each thigh—Ashley whimpered and wiggled under the lashing, "or," continued Edward, "between your round bottom cheeks, or your big, hanging boobs!

"Hands back on your head! Resume your position!" ordered Edward, releasing Ashley's hands. She rubbed the pinched flesh of her wrist quickly and stood upright, placing her hands on the sides of her head, in the original positions she had held. Her quivering thighs strained as she again came up on her toes.

"That's right," Edward commented, taking the whip from the floor and using it to once more trace the contours of the girl's open shirt , "you'll learn to be obedient, slut! Your body, so long as you don't treat it with the respect it is due, will be subject to the most base treatment and description. Now, as I ordered before, you are to remove, immediately, this sorry excuse for a shirt"

Slowly, but without wanting to appear to hesitate, Ashley, unbuttoned the remaining two fasteners on her shirt, and pulled the cotton shirt open. Her large, pale breasts came into view, and her silver dollar sized, deep red-pink nipples were exposed to the observation of Edward and Ralph. Edward pulled the shirt the rest of the way off her torso, leaving the girl totally topless, with her breasts hanging before her, taughtened by her outstretched arms perched behind her ears. Her slim naked belly rose and fell with her fevered breathing.

"Well, Ashley," commented Edward, running the tip of the whip along the outer curve of her right breast, "you seem to be pretty well endowed—your tits are full and fat, and those big, dark, nipples of yours are going to definitely need to be tugged and pinched to encourage your behavior!" The whip gently slid over the full, white, flesh of her right breast, and the leather loop at its end softly indented her areola, bending her nipple over, before it sprang back into position facing slightly upwards.

"So, our little Ashley is, as you can see Ralph, bountifully hung with good sized boobs. Which as we've seen she seems to want to take every possible occasion to show off in skimpy, inappropriate dress! Don't you, Ashley? Like to flash those tits? Tell us, now, what size are they? What size bra do you wear, when you do wear one, which you evidently don't seem to want to do around us?"

Ashley's lips trembled with shame and shock, as she stood on her tiptoes, displaying her naked chest to the two men. Her uncle's raw comments on her body, and the way that she was being forced to display it, made her want to sink to the carpet and cry. But she didn't dare move. She knew she had to answer. "I... I wear a 34 C... I always wear a bra ...Owww!"

This last yelp was caused by the training whip swiping through the air and landing on her panty covered bottom cheek. "Ashley, if I want elaboration from you, I shall ask for it!" commanded her Uncle sternly. "Ralph, please go to your cousin, and stand next to her. I shall be needing your assistance with some preliminary training."

The boy stood and walked over to where the girl stood whimpering, tears coming to her eyes. He smiled at her, but she could not bring herself to meet his eye, embarrassed at his being able to examine her feminine contours, clad only in her transparent panties, and at his observing her being spanked like a child.

"A few terms, now, Ashley, with which you will need to be very familiar! These are the standard panty positions. You are currently in the panty up position. That position may well, we will find, need to be kept to a minimum.

"Then we have the panties well-up position: that is with your panties wedged well up into your bottom and cunny lips. Ralph, please help Ashley to assume panties well-up!"

Ralph bent towards the near-naked girl, and took hold of the waistband of her panties in the rear He pulled up slowly on the material, causing the lace to begin to bunch. He continued, and the lace thickened into a scratchy cord of material and slid along the girl's curved asscheeks, up into the deep cleft between the pinkened, jutting cheeks. Ashley felt her bottom being uncovered of what little protection it still had, and her breath came in panicked pants. Her legs and rear writhed and squirmed delicately, as if to try to slow the process of having her bottom exposed.

"In the panties well-up position, which Ralph is helping you with, your naughty bottom cheeks should be naked and held apart by the panties wedged in them. Now Ralph, please help her with the front of her panties..."

Ralph let his fingers trace across her hips, and then came down on one strip of lace which snugly held the side of Ashley's panty on her hip. He began pulling this up. He repeated the same on the other side, causing the lace to pull into the cleft between the girl's genitals and her legs, making her little front mound puff outward daintily. "No Ralph, make sure that her cunny lips are well separated," corrected Edward.

Ashley looked straight ahead in order not to see what her cousin was doing to her, but she felt his fingers slide onto her mons and felt his thumb and index finger take hold of the side seam of the front gusset of her panty, stroking familiarly over one puffy vaginal lip. She moaned in shame. Ralph tugged the seam into her delicate cunt slit and the yanked upward on the front of her underpant with his other hand. Ashley's body jerked softly upward as he hauled the lace into her slit.

Edward commented, "Ashley, you are sweating in a most unladylike fashion! The sheen on your tits is most unbecoming. You must learn to keep yourself more presentable!" He reached out and placed his palm on one upturned boob, smearing her nervous perspiration over her chest and lightly squeezing his niece's bouncy, ripe young tit.

Ralph now wedged the other side of her panty gusset into her slit, actually pinching her pussy lip with his fingers and pulling it out of the lace in which it hid. Ashley whimpered, and tears rolled down her cheeks.

Edward queried Ralph, "Please tell Ashley what constitutes the correct panties well-up position and indicate the portions of her slutty anatomy which she needs to ensure are in place"

"Well," Ralph said, "her panties will need to be hauled well up her hips on the side..." he traced her hips with his palms, then descended onto her exposed ass, letting his palms cup and jostle the warmed cheeks. "Her bottom must also be uncovered, like this, with the panty pulled well into her bottom-crack, and the cheeks held apart by it." His finger traced the cloth bunched into her bum. "In front, Uncle, Ashley's cunny should be split open by the cloth of the panty, and the lips," he traced her delicate fleshy lips with a finger to the girl's astonished alarm, "must be well out of the garment, enveloping and covering it."

"Very good Ralph. Now, please help Ashley with the at-thigh position.

"This position is one you will like, Ashley, as it will allow you to exercise the exhibitionistic tendencies you seem to be determined to show us, by showing us your naked ass and pussy. Isn't that what you want, little one?"

"No, oh no..." whimpered Ashley. Her uncle reached out and lightly grasped her right nipple, pinched it between his fingers and began pulling it. "It will do you no good to lie, girl," he said, "so I recommend you ask Ralph please to pull down your panties. Now!" He squeezed her nipple hard and pulled the breast up by it. She whimpered and responded, "Please, aaahhh, pull my panties down for me." "Say sir." Commanded Edward, giving her another strong nipple tug. "Pull them down, please, sir!" she whispered.

Ralph took hold of the bunched up panties, and jerked them off her hips, pulling the lace out of her bottom crack and her slit, and bunching the panties at the top of her thighs.

Both men looked at the stripped girl, examining her silkily dark-haired triangle.

Her uncle cupped one full ass cheek with one hand, and hefted the near breast with the other. He indicated to Ralph to do the same on the other side. The boy placed a hand on Ashley's naked seat, and also grabbed a bare tit.

"Ashley has clearly been wanting to have her feminine, plump little body pressed and weighed like this, so let's oblige her. Get a good handful of her bottom cheek and her boobs. Do you feel how softly plump she is? That's right, rock her a bit by her naughty body, back and forth, back and forth. Push on her butt, then pull on her boob. Now mash her breast back a bit, and make her bottom rest on your hand! Good."

SMACK! SMACK! Edwards hand slapped Ashley's full bottom rhythmically. Ralph held her steady using his grip on her other buttock.

"Ashley, we need to know some more about your slutty little body... How much does it weigh? How tall are you?"

Ashley writhed while the men felt her up, but answered, "I'm 5 foot 4, and I weigh 110 pounds, sir."

Edward made a mental note of Ashley's weight. The exact figure would help him to gauge the exact amount of his soporific concoction with which to dose the girl on those evenings when he would be wanting to indulge himself with her beyond what he wanted her to be aware of. By giving her the minimum dose dictated by her body weight, he could keep the girl unconscious but responsive. The evening before he had estimated, leaving a healthy margin for error so that the girl would not wake up. However, a heavy dose served to keep the girl unmoving and unresponsive, diminishing the enjoyment he would have from her sleeping reactions and motions.

"You are in reasonable shape, Ashley. We can't allow your level of fitness to diminish during your stay here. We need to find an exercise program for you. Tell me, what do you do to stay in shape. Do you like to dance"

"I... I like to dance...sir... and I run sometimes and do sit ups."

"Good, good, we will continue your exercise regimen, and you will be encouraged to practice regularly. Ralph and I will personally supervise your training sessions and include regular dancing practice, especially bottom dancing. Do you know what bottom dancing is, girl? You'll enjoy doing it for us, and it tones the buttocks splendidly.

"Bottom dancing involved rhythmic contraction and relaxation of your bottom, while writhing it back and forth and side to side, in time to music. It isn't easy, but with appropriate hands-on coaching from us, you will be a star in no time." Edward laughed, tapping his palm on Ashley's bare bottom cheek.

"I am sure," Edward commented languidly, while he and his nephew squeezed the girl's full naked posterior and her heavy, pendulous breasts, "that our little slut, here, is enjoying having her bottom and boobs held and spanked."

His palm swung back and forth, spanking Ashley's bottom repeatedly several more times. "Ralph, I'd like you to check that she isn't enjoying this too much. Just run your fingers over the crotch of her panties, please, and tell me if it is wet."

Aghast, Ashley felt the boy's hand abandon the nipple it was squeezing and cup her pussy, then push down between her legs brushing her lips. The nerves, fear, and shame had made her sweat and lubricate, and she could feel her dampness on his hand.

"Sir, the panties are very wet, and so is her cunt," reported Ralph.

Releasing her, and stepping back, Edward motioned to Ralph to do the same. The stood before the naked girl, and Edward ordered, "Take off the panties and hold them up, Ashley."

The slight hesitation she showed was quickly overcome when Edward again picked up the whip. The sight of it was enough to get the girl moving quickly, pushing her panties down her thighs, then stepping out of them one leg at a time. She held the bunched up, lacy pink garment momentarily, then held it out shyly.

Edward took it from her hand, and untwisted it. He gazed at the cotton crotch of the panty and ran his finger over the moistness there. "Ashley, stick out the tip of your tongue!" he ordered. He then brought the crotch of her panties up to her tongue, and told her "I want you to feel how wet your naughty pussy has gotten! Lick it!" The girl was forced to comply, and brought her tongue against the cotton containing her own, sweet, pungent secretions. She gagged. Edward pushed the panties into her mouth enough so that she could hold them but with most of the cloth emerging from her lips.

"Bend over, hands on your calves!" The panty-gagged, totally naked, girl complied, bending at the waist and placing her palms on the back of her taut, rounded, calves.

Edward came up to her and placed a hand lightly on the far hip, holding the girl, then began a slow but steady spanking with his palm, alternating bottom cheeks with his blows. He started spanking softly, but after about ten spanks, he had built up force and rhythm, until the blows were of modest intensity, each one flattening Ashley's buttock, and making waves ripple through her bottom flesh. As he spanked her, Ashley reacted to the sting in her buttocks by moaning, and shifting her weight from leg to leg on each spank. The effect, observed by the two men, was delicious. A spasmodic writhing motion enveloped her entire waist, hips, bottom, and thighs as she rocked from side to side under her uncle's slapping palm.

Ralph took pictures while Edward continued spanking his niece, letting his palm strike the crest of her out-thrust bottom, then letting it land on the outer, fleshy part of each cheek, driving each bottom half in towards its mate, which bounced outwards with the impact.

Another series of crisp spanks, accompanied by outcries and whimpers from the girl being punished, entailed his hand coming down on the inside of one buttock, slapping it outward, so the meaty hemisphere was separated from its twin, revealing momentarily the private bud between her cheeks. And yet another series of spanks was delivered with the palm striking her bottom cheeks one after another, swinging into her soft, round globes from below, so they bounced up, only to be then hit again as the abused ass-cheeks fell back. By that time, Ashley's twisted mouth issued moans in a continuous lament, and tears leaked copiously from her anguished clear eyes.

After a few minutes of this, Ashley's bottom was aflame and a deep rose color. Her cheeks too, were wet and pink from crying.

Edward commented, "Ralph, the pictures of Stacey's spanking will be very useful in her correction. The contrast of the white skin of her lower back with the redness of her naughty backside..." and here he smacked the subject in question with a snapping motion of his wrist to impart speed and sting to the spank, "will make it evident to anyone we are forced to show the pictures to for the sake of Ashley's education, just how badly our American slut here needs her ways amended for her!"

As she whimpered, Edward's hand cupped each of her flaming hot, pained ass cheeks, testing the spring and resiliency of the punished skin, then pinching a section of flesh at the lower curve of her buttock, and following that with a series of fast spanks in which her uncle brought his hand back and forth across the outer portions of her posterior, slapping her right butt cheek hard on the inward swing, and backhanding the tender left cheek on the outward. Ashley's abused bottom danced under the spanks, as her legs churned and her buttocks clenched and unclenched beautifully.

The two men watched the young woman's distress, her churning bottom and bouncing ass cheeks, with satisfaction and lust. The stripped teenager's bottom bounced and bobbed under her Uncle's stern hand, and the photographs would show how thoroughly well-dominated Ashley was at the moment, as her Uncle commanded her bottom to dance under his palm.

The spanks slowed as the crimson hue spread to the outside of her buttocks and thighs, finally ending with a pair of stiff handed, strong smacks to the backs of her thighs.

"Stand up!" ordered Edward. "Now that you've had your first lesson, Ashley, I want you to go upstairs. I want you to shower, and I want you to shave your pubic hair. A self-respecting girl should have a well-defined, small, triangle of pubic hair, ending above her slit." His finger traced over the girls' pubis illustrating his explanation, "and leaving the lips hairless." After you're done, I want you to select an appropriate nightgown, and I want you to show Ralph your handiwork.

"If he deems it well-done, I shall take his word for it, and after you join us for a spot of lunch, we will be going out and doing some shopping for you. I trust that you have learned at least an initial lesson, and we will start to procure for you the beginnings of a wardrobe suitable for a dignified, self-confident, and attractive woman.

"Take those panties out of your mouth, thank me and Ralph for helping you in your development, and go upstairs."

The girl reached up and removed her panties from her mouth, and held them in both hands, while looking down at the floor. Timidly, she said, "Thank you sir... Thank you, Ralph." Glancing up to see if Edward was satisfied with her response, she saw him give her a paternal smile, and indicate with a toss of his head the door.

She bolted for it.

Ralph and Edward watched her naked back and thighs disappear, framing a naked, very female, and very thoroughly reddened bottom.

When her uncle indicated the door, Ashley didn't consciously decide to run. Her body, which had been riveted in place, on display in the living room for her uncle and cousin, felt suddenly freed. Without any thought or consideration, her body launched itself out of the room, her legs pumping hard as she shot up the stairs towards her room. Relief coursed through her, and strong sobs came to her mouth. She ran to her room, threw closed the door and leapt onto her bed, burying her head in her pillow.

She stayed this way, crying, until the fear started to pass, and the sobs to subside. After a few minutes, she regained her composure. She needed to pee very badly, and, first peeking out of her room and ensuring that she was alone on that level of the house, she sprinted to the bathroom, closing the door behind herself.

As she sat on the toilet, Ashley looked around and noticed a can of shaving cream and razor on a sill by the sink. She recalled the instructions she'd been given to shave herself. She'd attempted this once before, and had been pleased by the result. But, after, feeling somewhat embarrassed about having trimmed herself, she'd let her pubic hair grow back.

She gazed down at her slit. The lips were only lightly covered with a soft brownish down, which began to thicken to fur only just at the top juncture of her slit. The fur formed a trim oval over the front of her pubis.

She stood and climbed into the tub, then turned on shower. Calming herself after her recent ordeal, she stood under the warm spray turning slowly, letting the water run over her face and down her curvaceous body, relaxing her. She took up the bar of soap, and began lathering her body, starting as she usually did by raising a thick lather on the white soap bar using her breasts. Their size, heft, and fullness were most effective at rubbing the soap vigorously into froth.

This very act, the young girl using her boobs to bring forth streams of glutinous suds, caused her uncle and nephew to smile. Ashley was totally unaware of the pair of video cameras recording her through the main and a small ancillary mirrors in the bathroom. Their impeccable half-silvered nature prevented anyone in Ashley's side of the room from noticing anything amiss, but the remote controlled cameras covered every angle of the bathroom.

At the moment, they recorded and showed her family every move in the shower of the naked teenager. Had she done so intentionally, she would not have been able to provide a more entertaining scene for her male observers. After lathering her tits copiously, she proceeded to use her pussy and her ass in a similar way, coursing the bar of soap down her belly, using it to divide her cunt lips as she dipped it between her legs, then up between her bouncy, spank-pinkened bottom cheeks. The course was then reversed, down her bottom and up her triangular furry patch. As she did this, she turned and presented the recording eyes with every possible angle, enhanced further when she put her foot up on the side of the tub, lathered her thighs, then up into her cunt, holding it open by delicately pulling her left lip aside while her right hand pushed the soap bar through her vulva.

Turning away from the cameras, her bottom thrust towards her viewers, as Ashley bent down to place the soap in the dish at the side of the shower enclosure. She picked up the can of shaving cream and the shaver that had been waiting there for her, and turning, thrust her hips and lower belly forward to push her mound out so she could lather her pubis liberally with the shaving cream.

Putting down the can, and facing away from the shower's spray so the lather wouldn't wash off, Ashley looked down at her cream covered genitals. She again placed on leg up on the side of the tub, and reached down between her legs with the shaver, and delicately applied it to one inner thigh, high up against her crotch. She swiped slowly the section of soft leg, then gingerly across the fold of her crotch lip, collecting the lather on the shaver as she stripped it from her pussy lip.

She repeated her actions on the other side of her pussy, delicately shaving away the little hair on her lips between her legs and covering her slit to just below her clit. Thrusting her belly forwards, Ashley used the fingertips of her left hand to push against her mound at the top of her pubic hair, and pull her skin upwards, stretching the skin covering her delicate pussy. She then proceeded to shave the hair on the sides of the triangle on her taughtened mound to form a small heart shaped escutcheon. She relaxed and let the water wash away the soap and the shaved hairs down her legs and towards the drain.

She then rinsed off for a few more minutes and turned off the water. Stepping out of the tub, onto the warm, thick, green bathmat, she reached out for one of the matching green, opulent bath-towels hanging on the glass and brass towel holder. She wrapped herself in the towel, and proceeded to dry her body off to the delight of her watchers. She hefted each breast and dried the moist flesh beneath them, then turned and did the same between her buttocks. Finally, she wrapped the towel around her hair, and briskly rubbed it dry, causing her ripe body to vibrate deliciously. She put on the robe which was waiting there for her, and left the bathroom, reluctantly emerging once more to the world beyond the perceived privacy of her bathroom.

However, even entering her bedroom, she was observed by the cameras mounted in the wall between the bathroom and her room, which could be automatically swivelled around to record her through her bedroom mirror. The cameras recorded her standing indecisively in front of the her open wardrobe, trying to pick out a garment which would conform to her uncle's demand for an "appropriate nightgown."

In fact, she didn't think she had an appropriate nightgown, as all she really had brought with her were the boys PJs which she'd already suffered over. Opening the drawers of the dresser in her room, however, she found that her Uncle had provided her with a number of items, including a pair of nightgowns.

One of these was a brief pink chiffon baby-doll slip, with white lace covering the bodice and the hem. The garment felt luxurious, but she realized that it would be quite short, and that her legs would be almost bare to just below her crotch and ass.

The other nightgown was longer, a simple shift in purple silk, with spaghetti straps. It was trim and descended to the middle of her upper thighs. She felt this would be much more proper attire and picked it up. She noticed however, as she held the garment up, examining it, that it had long curving slits on the sides of the skirt which would bare the sides of her thighs onto her hips. Similarly, the front of the nightgown gaped open to the navel.

Putting the purple slip down again, she removed the robe and placed it on the bed, then, sighing, reached out for the pink baby doll and dropped it over her head, draping it over her curves. At least, wearing this she would have a bit more modesty than afforded by the gapes in the purple shift.

She stepped into the matching, loose pink gauze panties.

Her mind now returned to her Uncle's instructions, and she reluctantly went to her closed door, opened it and looked out on the empty landing. Squaring her shoulders, she walked out and headed down the stairs, barefoot, to find her cousin and comply with her Uncle's order to have him "check" her shaving job.

Ralph sat in the armchair of the living room reading the newspaper placidly. His outward cool demeanor belied his inner amusement and eagerness, as he awaited his little cousin's next appearance. Hearing the door slowly open, he glanced up to see Ashley shyly and reluctantly come into the room.

He glanced at the freshly washed, pink baby-doll clad, young girl, then looked down again at the newspaper he had in his hands, feigning more interest in the story he'd been ostensibly reading than in the appearance of the scantily clad girl.

"Ashley," Ralph said, with a nonchalant preoccupied, yet polite, air, "oh hello, again, come in. Let me just finish this article a moment."

Ralph observed her covertly as she made her way into the room, slowly walking to the center of the white furry rug. "She's positively shuffling in," he though to himself, "so embarrassed she can't look up!"

The girl stood a few feet in front of her reading cousin, waiting respectfully. She shifted her weight nervously between one mostly naked leg and the other. Her cousin slowly finished reading the article, looked up, and smiled handsomely at her. Ashley felt her stomach churn as she gazed back at her good-looking cousin smiling at her.

"Ashley," he said, "the nightdress suits you very well. Pink is a good color for you. It sets off your dark hair and eyes nicely."

"Thank you," responded Ashley diffidently. "Uncle said... I mean Uncle wanted me to..." she quietly attempted to get through her embarrassment, but was unable to complete the sentence by herself. Her cousin helped her, "Tell me what you want," Ashley, "don't be shy."

Clasping her hand into a fist nervously, she brought it to her mouth. The other palm moved to cover her belly, protecting her from what she was about to say. "Uncle wanted you to approve how I shaved myself." She rushed through the phrase and looked up at her cousin who was smiling relaxedly while taking in the sight of the innocent cherub clad in pink chiffon before him.

"Oh, yes. That's right, he said that. "Well I'm sure you've done a fine job. Why don't we just let it go at that, shall we?"

Ashley looked up, surprised. She hadn't expected this, and realized at that moment that she felt disappointed. She had actually felt excitement at the thought that her cousin would be examining her naked and in detail. She blushed fiercely. This wasn't lost on Ralph. She stammered, "But, but what if he finds out, or... I haven't done a good job. He'll be mad at me." The last sentence was intoned plaintively, almost an appeal for help.

Ralph could not but help her out of her predicament. "I suppose," he pondered, "you're right. Why don't you come closer?"

Ashley padded forward until she was standing just before her tall cousin's knees as he reclined before her.

"Turn, please, little one," encouraged her cousin. The girl rotated halfway around, affording her cousin the chance to examine her slim shoulders, draped with the pink babydoll straps, which scooped down leaving her upper back bare to the base of the curve out towards her hips and ass. These were lightly covered by the pink material draped over them, which came to a brief end at the top rear of her thighs. Ralph could easily see the outline of the brief matching panties Ashley wore, and the well-separated halves of the bottom cheeks they decorated.

"Bend right over, Ashley, touch your toes without bending your legs." Ralph watched as the girl doubled over causing the back of the brief shift to slowly rise, baring her panties and settling on the topmost out-thrust promontory of her buttocks.

"Spread your legs, Ash!" commanded Ralph. The girl complied, opening her daintily covered vulva to his gaze. The delicate material was indented by the shape of her slit, and beyond her cunt, between her legs Ralph could see the bottoms of her heavy boobs as her shift tented away from her body.

He leaned forward, putting one palm casually on his cousins panty clad buttock for support. The other palm cupped her inner leg just above her knee and slowly traveled up her inner thigh, feeling the resilient, soft flesh there, up to her upper thigh, and then inward. His fingers delicately traced his cousin's leg's contour down into her crotch, bringing his fingers up the side of the panties' soft gusset, where Ashley's pussy lips were barely contained by the material.

The girl panted as she felt Ralph's fingers touch the sides of her vagina and her bottom. Her bottom squirmed a bit as she felt her cousin's fingertip scrape over her pussy lip and then trace the crease of her slit slowly from outside her panties.

"Be still." Ralph said, and she felt the fingernails of the hand on her backside grip her buttock possessively. Brusquely, she felt him push the slip of material aside from her pussy, baring her feminine flesh to his fingers and his gaze.

Ashley felt the cool air touch her exposed, puffed out, freshly-shaved, pussy lips. For a silent moment, she could feel her cousin's contemplative gaze on her sex. Then, a soft fingertip slowly caressed the length of her slit from behind, starting towards her rear, and slowly scraping along her pussy, down and forwards towards her hooded, buried, clit. As Ralph's finger approached the tender skin covering her clit, his fingernail replaced the pad of his finger, and softly scraped her small, fleshy, bud, making Ashley squirm and issue a panting exhalation.

Ralph's hand tightened on his cousin's squirming bottom, and his finger began to travel up her slit in the reverse direction, back towards her bottom.

"You've shaved your pussy lips adequately," commented Ralph easily, "but I can still feel a tiny bit of roughness here on the sides of your pussy lips. Did you hold your cunt well open when you shaved? Pull your panties down to your thighs for me, Ash."

Ashley reached back and grasped the waistband of her thin panties, then slowly pulled them down over her rounded ass globes and scrunched the delicate material at the middle of her creamy thighs.

"That's right, little girl, push your bottom well out," instructed the young man, "Let me see... in order to give you a thorough searching of your little pussy, I think, it would be good to have you lubricated a bit more, don't you? Do you think that if we were to bare your breasts and give your sensitive nipples a bit of a twirl-and-tug, that might have the desired effect on your cunny?"

Ralph grasped the bottom of the baby doll nightgown Ashley wore where it rested on the upper part of her naked bottom, and slowly drew it up her back, baring the girl's lovely lower back, then stripping her to her shoulder blades. He reached under her belly, and pushed the lower edge up towards her hanging breasts, then rucked the material together above them so that it stayed in place, leaving her tits pending heavily. Ralph's left hand reached around her leg and fastened on her full left boob, which he began massaging and milking. Ashley responded to this new stimulation with rippling contractions through her upper thighs and bottom, and, when her cousin grasped one fat nipple and squeezed and pulled the tender morsel, she gasped and moaned.

Ralph played with her fat tit and hardened nipple slowly, and brought his right palm to her ass cheek, cupping it, then caressing it as his hand moved back to her pussy, where Ashley's slit was starting to glisten wetly. Two of his fingertips entered her slit to the first joint, widening her opening cunt, and grasped one side of her vaginal lip.

"That's better, Ashley," encouraged her cousin, with a sharp tweak to her captive nipple, and a tug at her right pussy lip, imprisoned in his fingers , "make your pussy nice and wet so I can check it thoroughly for remaining stubble."

His hand began a firm examination of her feminine organ, prodding and pulling her cunt and her lips. As his hand got wet, he wiped it repeatedly on her plump bottom, making her rear glisten with her own juices. The hand on her chest switched breasts, as he made her turn slightly sideways to himself, so he could comfortably reach across to torment her other breast. Between her legs, he cupped her mons, rubbing his thumb firmly into her pussy and over her clit.

Ashley had her eyes closed, and was breathing heavily as her cousin played with her almost naked body unabashedly. When his finger plunged into her now open pussy, she moaned and trembled. Again and again, his hand between her legs kneaded her wettening pussy, then dried itself using her bottom, thighs, then her calves, coating her full, soft flesh with the sheen of her own juices.

As he saw his cousin become more and more aroused, Ralph, grasped both fat nipples in one hand by pushing Ashley's plump breasts together, and used them to pull and jostle her tits. He shook her boobs quickly back and forth, and grasped her slick clitoris, and vigorously massaging the Ashley's sensitive little bud.

"Is this quite as wet as you can make your pussy, Ashley?" taunted her cousin, delving between her legs into her slick soaked pussy, "I guess you need more than just a real good tit handling, don't you? You need something for your naughty bottom, it would seem. Why don't you be good and make it easy for me by sticking it way out for me? That's good, push it out."

Ashley, obeyed, and leaned further over mashing her tits into her cousin's hand. He pulled her legs a bit wider, stretching the lacy panties at her thighs, then swung his firm palm hard against her soft, out-thrust bottom.

"Ahhhhh...!!!" exclaimed the girl, "oohh... ohhhh.." Ralph's fingers pulled her nipples and her clit, then smacked down sharply again on her bottom. The smack was all the louder and stung all the more as Ashley's ass was moist from her cousin's wiping her own juices over her. Ralphs finger returned to her clit momentarily, and slid the hood of her button back and forth over the aroused young thing's tense clit.

Again, his hand left her pussy barren, the other palm gave a long slow pull on both of her big nipples. His free palm swung smartly twice onto her plump, bare bottom cheeks, making each jounce sharply up with a resounding smack.

Back and forth, his hand alternated between milking her slick pussy to sharply slapping each bouncing bottom cheek in turn. Exhortations of "good girl," and "that's good, wet my fingers with your little pussy," punctuated Ashley's long, slow spanking, interspersed with her own exclamations and moans as Ralph stretched her nipple, or delivered quick, staccato slaps to the girl's soft bouncing backside, or flicked a fingertip over her slick, hard clit.

Ashley's body began quivering strongly, the muscles in her taughtened bare thighs quivering visibly with excitement and effort. Her buttocks clenched and released in time to the spanking, and the girl was unable to suppress a low moaning sound which emanated from her throat, rising whenever Ralph's hand stroked her stimulated clitoris.

Suddenly, accompanied by a sharp yelping exclamation, Ashley started orgasming, her bottom and pussy clenching as the boy's hand continued his domination of her body. "Huhhhhh... huhhhh," she moaned through clenched teeth.

"Naughty girl, cumming without any shame!" chided Ralph. The hand in Ashley's pussy drew her closer to him and pulled her downward. She collapsed to her knees, sinking into the soft plush carpeting, and bending forward at the waist until her chest rested on his midrif. Ralph enjoyed the sensation of the girls soft naked tits against his hard cock. Grasping her hair, he raised her face to his, and whispering, "good little bitch... that's the way to come for me..." he brought his lips against her pouting, panting mouth. His tongue entered her complaisant mouth, swiping over her plump lips. Her tongue timidly met his. His hand smacked her bottom hard, and she snuggled deeper into his lap and his kiss.

After a few moments of deeply tonguing Ashley's willing mouth, Ralph pulled back. Using Ashley's hair, he pushed her head and face down against his cock, which Ashley could feel pushing strongly against her cheek.

"I think we can call this examination complete, Ashley! I will tell Uncle you've done a credible job of shaving yourself, and perhaps I'll avoid...for now... telling him about what a shameless little slut you've been. And I'm sure you'll be showing me your appreciation for my discretion, won't you? Now off with you, I understand we're going into town in a bit.

"Go clean yourself up, and Uncle will call for you when we're ready!"

The girl rose unsteadily, and hurriedly pulled her panties back up over her reddened bottom and tender pussy. Blushing, she turned and ran from the room.

**Chapter 4, Guests - Serving Guests at Lunch**

"Ashley!"

Standing before her mirror in her room, Ashley was startled by the call from downstairs. She reluctantly turned away from the mirror, abandoning her efforts to arrange the clothes she wore so as to be as decent as possible, and made her way down the stairs carefully. The high, black, pointed heeled shoes she had found with her "uniform" required her to descend cautiously, balancing precariously on the elegant, thin-strapped, pumps. At every step she could feel cool air graze against the soft flesh which, when she extended her leg, was exposed between the tops of her white, thigh high stockings, held up by a lacy, transparent, pearl garter belt, and the hem of the too-small, black, front-buttoned maid's uniform. The hem was maddeningly short, she felt, only barely descending below the matching, full-bottomed whisper of a pearl-colored panty which accompanied her uniform.

She'd been alarmed to find that the dress was uncomfortably short in the skirt and tight in the bodice. In front, at least her lap was somewhat protected from view by a lacy, white, semicircular apron which tied daintily at the back of her waist. A matching tiara-like cap in her hair and wrist ruffles completed the traditional French-maid's uniform.

At the landing of the bottom floor, Ashley stopped to gather her breath, before opening the door to the living room tentatively.

"Ah, Ashley! Please come in here, I would like to present you to our luncheon guests!"

She stepped inside the room, in which she had only recently received her first, humiliating punishment. Two gentlemen, both somewhat older than her uncle sat casually in chairs around the room. Both wore impeccably tailored suits.

"Ashley, please say hello to Dr. Foster," said her Uncle, his open hand directing her towards the older of the two men, a moustached, balding, portly but elegant figure who Ashley judged to be in his mid-sixties. She walked over towards him and stood before him. The doctor smiled condescendingly up at the girl and she curtsied slightly. She wasn't sure what impulse guided her to that form of greeting, but it seemed appropriate given her attire, and she was pleased to note that her Uncle seemed satisfied with her servile and silent gesture.

"Mr. Parsons," her Uncle said turning to his other guest, a lean mid-fiftyish taller man with an athletic and debonair demeanor. He stood and Ashley walked towards him and curtsied again, accompanying it with a soft-spoken "Sir."

"Charmed," said Parsons.

"Ashley," explained her Uncle, "has come from my sister in America to receive the kind of proper instruction a young girl requires and which seems to be difficult to obtain there. She has shown herself to be a good learner, but has still many slothful and untidy habits which we are working on with her."

"Isn't that right, Ashley?"

"Yes, sir," she whispered, nervously.

"Sherry before lunch, gentlemen!" announced Edward, and motioned for Ashley to pour it for them.

Opening the cupboard between the dining room and the salon, where the men sat and talked, she gazed in helplessly at the confusion of bottles and glasses. She glanced back at the men deep in conversation. Peering into the cupboard, she looked at the bottles, trying to discern which might be the correct one. All those at mid-height in the cupboard seemed to be wine or Scotch. More bottles stood crowded onto the bottom-most shelf, and Ashley reached down to try to look at them. Her delicate footwear required her to balance herself by spreading her feet slightly and bending at the waist almost straight-legged as she turned the labels to read them.

"Ashley!" She heard the annoyance in her Uncle's voice at the same time as she felt his hand on her shoulder, holding it firmly and preventing her from jumping up as she had been about to.

"What are you doing, girl?" he demanded, angrily, "this, gentlemen, is exactly the lackadaisical and casual attitude which hinders my educating my young niece in the manner of a proper lady!"

She tried to rise to face her accuser, but he held her firmly in place, grasping the back of her neck by her hair. Horrified, she realized that the short skirt of her maid's uniform, in the position her Uncle's commanding hand held her, exposed not only a long expanse of nylon clad leg, but also a good 4 inches of naked upper thigh above her stocking tops. Bent over, the straps of her garter belt were also revealed to the men's gaze.

"Left to her own devices for a minute, you see," lectured her Uncle, "Ashley thinks nothing of immodestly displaying portions of her anatomy to strangers at luncheon!" Her Uncle sighed, and continued, speaking carefully as if to be understood by a naughty child. "Tell me, Doctor Foster, would you say that it is proper for a young lady to display her undergarments and naked thighs as my niece is currently doing, to gentlemen far her senior who she has never before met?"

Ashley, trembled as she saw the paunchy doctor come up to her, an expression of stern skepticism on his face. "No, Weston," said the doctor, "I am shocked at the primitiveness of your charge's manners! She seems to feel no shame at displaying her thighs to us." Ashley, from her bent position, watched him aghast as he reached out, and felt him pinch the naked flesh at top of her leg between his large thumb and fat fingers, squeezing it and using his grip to shake her thighs.

"Nor," he continued, "to show off her undergarments, which she is evidently proud to have us examine!" As he said this, she felt him grab the elastic strap of her garter belt and draw it out, tautening it like a bowstring, before releasing it to snap sharply back against her thigh. She yelped, and a faint red vertical stripe joined the marks the doctor's hand had left on her skin.

"Your American slut no doubt intended to let her inadequate skirt ride up and treat us to a showing of her rear end!"

Edward softly spoke to Ashley, and edge in his serious voice, "Is that right, Ashley? You are eager to show your bottom off to these gentlemen?"

"No! Oh, no, sir, ...I'm sorry, no..." moaned the girl. Her Uncle responded, "Ashley, how can I believe you, when there you stand, bottom outthrust with perhaps an inch of material covering your rear, a position from which where a mere movement will bare your arse?" Illustrating his point, Ashley felt her uncle's finger flick the hem of her skirt slightly causing it to ride up further and the pearl-colored lace panty-clad twin orbs of her bottom to peek out.

"The evidence," said the Doctor patting each firm partly exposed bottom cheek twice with his large hand, "is clear, young lady!

"Weston, in these circumstances I believe it always is best to let a person discover for themselves the implications of their behavior, rather than to check it. I'm sure you agree. So if Ashley is eager to casually display her backside to us, she must by all means be encouraged to do so!"

"That, my dear doctor, is exactly my approach to the education of willful young people," said Edward. "Ashley, please do proceed to lift your skirt up!"

Tentatively, hot tears stinging the edges of her eyes, the bent-over girl reaches back with one hand, and slowly pushes up the hem of her dress. The soft material flares around her spread hips and accumulates high at her waist, leaving the men staring down at her broadened, pantied bottom, fully exposed by the transparent material. Between the top of her panty and the back of the lacy garter belt at her waist, a pale crescent of naked flesh displays perfect twin dimples.

Edward tucks the material of the rucked-up skirt into the strings of her lacy apron, then reaches down to the front of Ashley's skirt, taut against the front of her thighs, and pulls that up as well, securing it by tucking it into her garter belt.

The doctor's large hand again cups both ass cheeks this time simultaneously, as he says sarcastically, "Perhaps, given that her panties do nothing to conceal her full bottom to our gaze, Ashley will not object to keeping her panties on at least until lunch has been consumed? What do you say young lady?"

He fingers the waistband of her delicate panties, and introduces his hand, with absolute confidence and familiarity into her underwear, testing the silky, warm resilience of her naked bottom.

"No, no... leave them on, please," sobs the girl as she feels her bottomcheeks explored possessively.

"Stand up!" commands her Uncle. She does so, but her skirt defiantly stays pinned up under her apron strings and garter belt. From the rear, her bottom appears no less totally naked for being decorated by the transparent pearly lace. Her plump twin cheeks and the deep cleft between them is not hidden, but framed by the garment. In front, however, the apron she wears thankfully covers her lap, which would otherwise be on display equally transparently.

Reaching into the cupboard, Edward indicates a bottle of amber liquid, with a cryptic French label. He reaches in and hands out a small, cut glass, goblet. "If you have finished for now attempting to distract us, Ashley, please finish serving us our overdue sherries!"

Awkwardly trying to maneuver herself to avoid revealing her exposed backside to the men, Ashley pours glasses of sherry and brings them to the amused gentlemen. Delaying getting close to the doctor who had taken such liberty with her, she serves the seated Mr. Parsons first. After she hands him his drink she attempts to back away towards the cupboard, but his voice stops her, "Young Lady! I do not think that from my vantage I was fully able to appreciate the full effect of your efforts to show yourself off! Please stand still and turn around."

Ashley slowly turns away from the man reclining comfortably and feels his gaze like a hot beam of humiliation travel across her rear and thighs. "Weston, your young lady seems to have a well exercised posterior, firm and rounded. Are you keeping her in exercise?"

"Certainly," responds her Uncle, "Ashley is following a regular exercise program. Ashley, why don't you explain your routine to Mr. Parsons."

A hot flush settles on Ashley's face and chest, and her rear towards them, she is forced to describe her regular training sessions to the men examining her posterior. When she hesitates, Parsons, prods her along, enjoying hearing the girl describe the humiliations she is made to suffer.

"I run... and I am made to do calisthenics... and I dance." "And what kinds of calisthenics do you do, young lady?" "I... I do sit-ups and push-ups." "And Ashley," Edward cajoles, "tell Mr. Parsons how you are assisted in getting the maximum benefit from these exercises." "My Uncle and sometimes my cousin help me by... by..." "Yes, girl, say it, what do they do?" "Uncle helps me with sit ups by pulling on... on.. my... nipples... and he uses a belt... a belt on my bottom... and he makes me dance... my ... bottom dance..." "On his lap?" "Yes, on his lap."

"Ah, it is doing you good, young lady, you should be thankful," says Mr. Parsons reaching up and squeezing her bottom cheeks. A final pat sends Ashley on her way to fetch the other two glasses of sherry, which she hands to the doctor and to her Uncle. The men, resuming their conversation, ignore the serving girl as she hands them drinks. Her uncle indicates with a casual gesture towards the corner near the door, and Ashley backs away from him, and stands in the place he has indicated, her hands folded before her nervously. A gesture from her Uncle indicates she is to turn, and she obeys and faces the wall, her ill-concealed bottom on display.

The men continue to talk, at times becoming serious and at others lighthearted. Ashley, scared and embarrassed, doesn't follow their conversation. Soon, however, she becomes aware that they are rising from their chairs, and walking towards the dining room.

As he passes her on his way to the table, Edward indicates to Ashley to begin serving the luncheon.

The men sit at the table, talking while eating. In the center of the round, white cloth-covered table, a heavy oval silver serving platter holds a large fillet of cold, poached, salmon. A garnish of cream, dill, and cucumber slices graces the top of the fish. Between bites, the men enjoy a crisp, white wine from the Riesling.

The early mid-afternoon sunshine is softened by the white gauzy curtains leading through double doors to a verdant, flower rimmed, garden. Standing by the wall, Ashley, awaits one or another of the men to indicate to her to fill his glass. She does so carefully, biting her lip in concentration, afraid that a drop may spill from the bottle onto the tablecloth.

The men enjoy the sight of the girl bending to pour wine into their glasses, the more so as she now wears only her translucent panties, garter belt, and stockings below her skirt, which has now been rucked up into her garter belt in front. Her lace apron, which had gone some distance to hide her frontal charms from the men, now lies folded uselessly on a side table. It has been ordered removed as a result of a miniscule splash of wine caused when Ashley startled when the doctor placed his heavy hand on her defenseless bottom as she poured his wine.

As she reluctantly removed her apron, comments had been exchanged on the appearance of her frontal charms.

"Weston, your niece's regimen is paying off handsomely. Her well defined pudendum, thrusts out only slightly from her flat little tummy."

"Yes, and the trim line of her pubic hair is very gracious, and decorously exposes her well-shaven lips."

"Stand still, girl, it is hard to examine your little mound if it you insist on churning your legs, making those charming little lips dance back and forth!"

She had blushed furiously as the doctor and Mr. Parsons made her stand before them, almost nude below the waist, so they could gaze and comment on her young, female genitalia.

Foolishly, Ashley had still entertained hopes that the men would limit themselves to observing and commenting on her form, ash she served them practically nude below the waist. These vain hopes disappeared when she went to serve a slice of salmon to the doctor. As she had leaned towards the doctor to offer him the platter, Mr. Parsons, from whom she was leaning away, had slowly run his palm up the rear of her stockinged leg, then onto her creamy, exposed, inner thigh and brushed against the rearward pout of her pussy. She had quickly finished serving, and had moved to distance herself from his touch, only to be sharply reprimanded by her Uncle.

"Stay as you are, Ashley! You are not to be rude to our guests."

Parsons then slid his hand further between her legs, and ordered, "Spread your legs, young lady!" She had done so reluctantly, and Parsons slowly and thoroughly palpated and split her vulva through the flimsy gusset of her panties, as she trembled helplessly.

Her Uncle too had later placed a casually possessive hand under her garter strap as she served him, resting his palm on the naked skin of her upper thigh and the lower curve of one ass cheek.

Now the men were finished with their meal, and Ashley collected the plates, but was stopped. She was ordered to stand still between the two guests, and for an agonizing few minutes she panted frightenedly as they each casually palmed and squeezed one of her ass-cheeks apiece. The doctor had even reached over and pulled the material of her panties taut between her cheeks, baring most of her bottom to their eyes and hands. She stood, blushing furiously as the hands roved over her naked bottom, patting and pinching the bouncy globes freely. She was then made to pick up the plates, and sent to fetch the dessert.

From the kitchen, Ashley carried out a large tureen filled with berries. The men had concentrated on the berries and cream, eating the sweet greedily. Almost as if in slow motion, Ashley had been horrified to see a spot of the bright red liquid drop from the serving spoon she wielded onto the white table-cloth. She had pretended that it hadn't happened, but her heart had sunk when her Uncle pointed the spot out, and sighed, with an almost a pained reluctance,

"Ashley, Ashley, ... it seems you are in constant need of correction regarding your slovenliness. It is almost exhausting to have to keep up with your lack of grace. Gentlemen, I look to you to help me out at least this afternoon."

"Yes, of course, with pleasure," answered the doctor, "I believe that my own work on discipline can be applied to this young lady, and will definitely complement your efforts!"

Ashley was totally ignored for a moment, while the men finished their dessert and Edward served them brandy. They merely glanced at her occasionally, a smile playing on their lips and making her shudder.

Edward suggested cigars in the drawing room. They all stood and made their way out the door. As they left, Edward said:

"Just clear the table Ashley, and start on the dishes. We will be wanting you in the drawing room shortly. We will call you."

Slowly, fearfully, Ashley walked into the dark-paneled drawing room. Books surrounded the room on all sides, and light came from a collection of standing and desk lamps with warm yellow parchment shades. The large window was closed off with heavy red velvet drapes. A variety of deep, brown, leather chairs and a matching ottoman stood around the fire and the sides of the room, and a buttoned leather sofa faced the fireplace in which a small fire glowed.

Seated by the fire, Parsons and her Uncle sipped brandy from snifters, but their attention was turned towards the standing figure of the doctor, as he leaned back on the edge of the desk before the window. He spoke as the girl entered.

"Ah... Thank you so much for responding Ashley. Your Uncle has been describing to us some of your circumstances, and his attempts at improving your education and your self-esteem. You know, we all are deeply interested in the subject of education, and share a belief in the redemptive powers of discipline and humiliation when needed.

"Your Uncle has asked that this afternoon I direct the ... correction... of your pecadillos, Ashley. Yes, you will say, you have committed no grave faults. But a cornerstone of our philosophy of correction, as your Uncle may have explained to you, is that small faults overlooked will become bad habits, and must be eradicated by strong negative stimulus.

"What better way to provide this negative stimulus than to make you suffer humiliations of your maidenly prurience? To make you aware that your transgressions will result in our enjoying ourselves with your reluctant and submissive young body? Such is the obvious consequence, you must realize, of your ignoring the social graces that would otherwise naturally put a formal and correct distance between you and others. Yet, you've forgone that comfort.

"Please stand before the fire, facing us, hands behind your back!

"Now, Ashley, I understand that you have had your bottom, the visual and tactile acquaintance of which we've all been treated to during lunch, spanked frequently during your corrections, is that right?"

"...yes, sir," Ashley responded.

"Yes, naturally, a girl's bottom, especially one prominent and rounded such as yours, is an obvious place to administer correction. But, one should not ignore the novelty and effectiveness of punishing other areas of a young female's anatomy which are equally tempting. And these we shall explore some of today, Ashley!"

The girl gazed down at her slim feet in their high-heeled shoes, resting in the white fur carpet matching the one in the salon. Hot tears collecting in her eyes blurred her vision.

"Ashley, please remove your dress."

Slowly, Ashley unbuttoned the front of her maid's uniform, feeling the taut cloth spring open at her chest. She pulled the skirt out of the garter belt where it had been tucked, and now wearing only underwear and the ruffles of lace on her head and wrists, handed the dress to Parsons, who held out his hand for it.

"Much better," continued the doctor, "you must be relieved to be free of the confinement of that tight dress pressing on your breasts. Soon, we will release them from their lacy cups as well, so that they can freely participate in our activity."

From the desk behind himself, the doctor picked up a soft leather strap.

"Turn around," he commanded. Ashley faced the fire, and felt the doctor take hold of her elbows, loop the leather around them several times, and draw them towards one another behind her back. He did not bind her tightly, and she could let her arms hang down to her sides slightly behind her back. The grip on her arms was mostly accomplished by the loops of leather on her upper arms. The effect however prevented her from bringing her arms or hands forward, and caused her bra-clad tits to thrust out toward temptingly towards the men, who gazed appreciatively at her plump young breasts straining at their lacy confinement. The straps of the bra indented the sides of her boobs slightly, tilting the pendulous globes upwards delightfully.

Grasping her by shoulder, the doctor turned the girl. Looking directly down into her face as she stood before him, he reached down and slowly, casually, and with embarrassing familiarity, pushed Ashley's panties down onto her thighs, until they caught on the straps of her garters. She felt his hand cup her exposed pubic mound, and his fingertips toy with her now naked slit.

"Parsons, perhaps you will be so good as to hold Ashley from the rear for me?"

The other man stood, took one more sip of his brandy, and came up behind her. Grasping her hips, he pulled her body back against his.

The doctor continued, "You know Parsons, I'm sure Ashley's embarrassment would be heightened if her naked bottom were made to feel your member. Would you be so kind as to oblige her?"

Ashley struggled feebly, but stopped when the doctor grabbed her chin roughly and glowered down into her eyes. She felt the other man's warm, hard, naked, penis nestle into her bottom, and groaned.

"Thank you, Parsons!" continued the doctor, "Now you can gauge and control our young lady's squirmings."

The doctor reached back towards the desk, taking from it a scissors, which he lifted up before Ashley, who shrank back towards the man holding her. The doctor's large fingers danced onto her lacy bra-cup, pinched the material there, then drew it outwards. He carefully snipped a large hole into the bra-cup, then released it to rest back against her breast, the nipple and much of the flesh of which was now squeezed out of the torn material. Distractedly handling her breast, the doctor pushed the remains of the cloth back towards the base of the boob, so as to make it thrust out further from its lacy border. His fingers sank into the plump sides of her tit as he pulled it well out of its torn casing, as his other hand grasped her nipple and used it to pull the breast fully through the tear in the garment.

Her other breast was similarly denuded, the doctor grabbing a handful of plump flesh and drawing it out of the hole torn in the other bra cup, as Ashley squirmed frightenedly. Parsons behind her enjoyed the feel of her bottom rubbing and tensing against his bare organ, her smooth, soft bottom sweetly stimulating his penis. Ashley's full bottom cheeks became moistened by the secretions her squirming elicited from his delighted penis.

"A young girl's nipples," said the doctor as he softly touched both of Ashley's fright-hardened nubs, "are a wonderful communicator of sensations, both of pleasure and pain, sometimes one mounting into the other so as to make them indistinguishable." His large thumbs rubbed the girl's trapped nipples slowly at first, then gaining slightly in intensity. Ashley responded to the handling of her sensitive morsels by starting to squirm earnestly, yet she was trapped by Parsons' hands on her thighs as well as the doctor's hardening grip on her nipples which stretched out as she ineffectively attempted to pull them from his grasp.

"Just as you mentioned, Weston, your young lady has sensitive nipples. You're quite a squirmer, young lady," continued the doctor, as his fingers plied the flesh of the girl's exposed tits, rolling first one then the other nipple roughly. "Parsons, perhaps you can get a bit firmer hold of our Ashley?"

The mention of his name brought Ashley's attention back to the man who was holding her pinned against him, his organ being rhythmically rubbed by the struggling hemispheres of her bottom. She felt his hands, which had been on her hips, move down and towards her middle, felt the fingers pull on her mound, then on her lips, and split her pussy lips. She yelped as his fingers pulled her open, stroked past her clitoris and as his fingertips entered her vagina. His grip inside her was shallow, but he held her tightly by her hole. His thumbs began rubbing her clitoris back and forth slowly, the thumbpad rubbing her little fleshy hood over her sensitive nub.

Ashley was now pinned between the two men, her vagina and cunt being played with at will and her bottom dancing on Parsons' raging erection. The stimulation of her clit was causing her the most distress, and moans and yelps, which the men clearly savored, accompanied her struggles.

The doctor had even more elaborate plans, in which he proceeded to instruct Parsons. "Mr. Parsons, perhaps you could be seated with Ashley on top of you. That's right... wait, we'll need her to be able to open her legs more, so let's remove these panties..."

The scissors were now used to cut away the sides of the panties at her thighs, and the doctor pulled the shredded flimsy material aside and placed it on the desk. Parsons sat back on one of the comfortably stuffed chairs, and the doctor helped maneuver the girl onto Parsons' lap, her back against him. He reached under himself to rearrange his penis, pointing it upwards and lodging it in the cleft of Ashley's bottom.

Ashley moaned, "no... no..." but the doctor continued, "Now, we'll need your legs open and over the sides of the chair, where they are to stay during your punishment. Don't make me remind you, or your correction will all the more severe for it!" Parsons pulled her legs open and placed them on the outsides of the armrests of the chaise, his hand then resumed caressing Ashley's now wide open vagina. She started to bring a leg back, but the man under her roughly grabbed her clitoris and squeezed, while admonishing her, "Put that leg back, NOW!"

She relaxed the leg, bringing it back to where he had placed it, and his grip on her sensitive clit relaxed, his fingers resuming a thrumming, frigging motion across her clitoris. In the meantime, the doctor pulled one of the ottomans close to the side of the chaise, and sat down beside the girl. He pushed her torso back until she was forced to recline backwards on Parsons, who took hold of her hair to fix her in place.

The doctor explained, "Now, Ashley, I think you've been spanked before, but it's been on your bottom, hasn't it? Well, there's many other places that a spanking can be effective, and one of these we will explore this evening. Your breasts, so charmingly displayed, pointing up nice and fat out of your bra, are to be smacked!"

Ashley, whimpered and squirmed, but Parsons held her tight by her hair and her pussy. The doctor raised his large, thick hand about six inches from her left breast, then smacked it down on the waiting plump boob. He watched the young girl's breast ripple and bounce with the shock. He waited a moment, then lifted his hand over her other breast, and slapped that one. The girl squirmed, and the doctor commented, "We shall work together, Ashley, on a nice rhythm of bouncing for these big breasts of yours, shall we?" Back and forth, his hand rose and fell on her jostling and reddening tits.

Ashley squirmed as she felt the stinging slaps envelop her chest, and her bottom felt the hard cock buried between its globes. She was crying openly, her sobs increasing whenever the doctor's hand spanked one of her breasts, and the tears wetting her chest. The moisture made his slaps louder, and he stopped for a moment to caress her reddened tits, then used his palm to spread the salty tears onto them. Grabbing a glistening nipple hard, he raised it upwards, pulling one breast up and stretching it out. The breast maintained its perfect globular shape, but her large aereola stretched out conically and her nipple lengthened in his grip. He slapped the suspended breast from right to left, as one might slap a face, making it throb and vibrate.

His hand swung back and forth, establishing a gentle but firm rhythm of slaps on Ashley's imprisoned tit. The girl whimpered as her breast was beaten. The doctor released her nipple, letting her breast bounce back into its natural shape, only to grasp her other breast and subject it to the same slapping treatment.

The doctor alternated spanks to Ashley's breasts with languorously feeling up her warm, red, tits, squeezing and hefting the abused morsels. As he occupied himself with her chest, Parsons continued toying with her pussy, thrusting fingers into her open vagina and rubbing his fingers over her clitoris and lips, while enjoying the churning motions the girl's bottom transmitted to his cock, nestled firmly between its cheeks.

Uncle Edward stood and walked towards the girl, who was becoming progressively more and more hysterical. The doctor ceased slapping her chest, and contented himself with holding her flushed boobs gently in his hand. Her uncle stood over the girl, and commented, "Ashley, you should be thankful for the doctor's fine ministrations to your tits. In fact, I believe that the doctor should experience your well-disciplined breasts first hand, or as that has already occurred, perhaps first-member!" Her uncle unfastens the thongs holding her arms behind her. Ashley brings one slender arm forward at a time, then rubs them softly, massaging out the stiffness. Her Uncle interrupts her, " Please stand up."

The girl is helped to her unsteady feet by the doctor and Parsons, and stands before them in the remnants of her clothes, her panties at her thighs, and her breasts protruding redly from the traces of her bra. Her face and chest are wet with her own tears.

"Kneel down, Ashley!" commanded her Uncle. "It is time you started to learn to handle the penis, little one, to complete your education and allow you to properly thank those who take time and effort in your education! Already it is clear by the gleaming moisture on your bottom that you are quite naturally talented at pleasing the male member. We will, rest assured, give you ample further practice!"

"Doctor, if you will be so kind as to have a seat?" The doctor sat in the recently vacated chaise before the kneeling girl. "Ashley," said her Uncle, "please remove what remains of your bra."

Slowly and demurely, Ashley reached around behind her back and popped the catches of her bra open, then let the flimsy, torn, garment slide down her arms and off her. The doctor held out his hand, and Ashley handed him the slip of material. Her heavy breasts hung freely.

"Now Ashley," continued her Uncle, "I want you to slide open the good doctor's flies, and gently and obediently take his member out." Ashley froze at these instructions for a few seconds. A whistling sound behind her was followed by an explosive smack on her naked rear, and she yelped softly. Parsons behind her, wielded a slim, leather clad, switch and brought it up and again striped her full posterior with it.

"Mr. Parsons will provide you encouragement and direction with this whip, Ashley, from which you shall learn pace and demeanor."

Before the third blow could fall, the confused girl reached out to the seated portly gentleman, and tremulously took hold of the tab of his zipper. She pulled it slowly down. Her hand then reached into his pants, and exquisitely found the hard penis, drawing it from his boxers through the convenient open panel.

Ashley was confronted with the sight of a large, angry looking, penis throbbing in her small hand. The doctor took obvious delight in having his cock handled by the young girl. "Now Ashley," continued her Uncle, I want you to lean over the doctor's lap, and holding your breasts against his penis, I want you to use those full morsels which have so recently been chastised to massage the doctors organ. Parsons will ensure that you do it competently by encouraging you with the whip!"

For the next ten minutes the girl was forced to use her plump, tender boobs to masturbate the doctor's penis thoroughly. Parsons, behind her, placed one hand over her vulva in front, and whenever she hesitated or faltered in her ministrations of the penis in her hand and between her breasts, his fingers dug into her pussy, pushed her body back and he whipped her out-thrust bottom. With the stimulation she was providing, the doctor's penis leaked copiously and Ashley's naked breasts and nipples became slick with his pre-cum. The doctor interrupted the massage the girl's tits were providing his trapped member, to grasp her large nipples. Using his grip on her tender nubs, he pushed her breasts firmly together with his penis between and jostled the heavy globes back and forth. Parsons, Ashley felt, now inserted a pair of fingers into her vulva and his hand behind her released the whip to caress and squeeze her bottom cheeks, then give her encouraging hand-smacks on her buttocks and the rear of her thighs.

"Face this way, Ashley," her Uncle orders, and the girl turns her head towards her Uncle, in time for him to photograph her sweet face hovering over her bent over frame, the stiff phallus nestled in the warm glistening flesh of her bosom.

"Has she been taught to suck yet, Edwards?" inquires the Doctor, somewhat short of breath. Ashley's Uncle responds, "No, I'm sorry, Foster, Ashley has not yet been trained in the art of using her tongue to elicit male emissions. This is on her training schedule, but for now you must satisfy yourself with her differently."

The next few pictures taken by her Uncle show the Doctor grabbing a full breast in each hand, and using this purchase on the girl's torso to haul her chest higher on his lap, then show her obediently having placed a hand outside each breast to push them together over his penis. His hand on the crown of her head, grasping her hair appears in the next series of photographs, showing her face pressed down towards her chest, her chin tucked in. The Doctor controls the girl's movements up and down, her breasts masturbating his penis back and forth, with the assistance of Parsons who is helping to guide her movements by pushing and pulling on her bottom cheeks, one grasped heartily in each of his hands.

During the upstroke, Parsons shoves on her bottom, and the Doctor pulls on her hair to bring her body up, until her tits close over the head of his penis. Then her head is forced downwards and Parson's hands form claws pulling on her rear. Her weight shifts down on her knees, and the penis thrusts its plush head out through her pressed-together breasts, rising and meeting her soft cheek as she turns her face slightly, gliding along the downy skin towards the girl's shell-like ear.

Ashley continues this up and down motion, and her cheek acquires a moist sheen. The Doctor, having enjoyed as much of this stimulation as he can bear, suddenly pushes the girl's face down into his crotch, pushing his spurting cock against her cheek, Ashley's lips pressed down against his throbbing balls.

The Doctor's sticky emissions spurt out rhythmically, spattering against Ashley's cheek and her closed eyelids. Tendrils of her hair catch the sperm and glisten with it.

Ashley grunts in disgust, but is subdued by a series of sharp spanks to her bottom from Parsons. The Doctor leisurely finishes himself off by forcing Ashley's buried face back and forth over his shrinking cock and balls.

The Doctor then pushed the girl back and away from himself.

"Stand up, Ashley, and fetch a towel with warm water. Clean the Doctor off politely, and clean yourself as well," commands her Uncle. Ashley is in shock. She has previously read about men's spurting jism when they orgasm, and she has talked about it in disgusted undertones with some of her girlfriends, but has never seen it firsthand.

She rises and, naked save for her stockings and the lace wrist decorations she wears, shuffles out of the room to get a towel. The men watch the naked, full bottomed girl leave, her breasts and buttocks contrasting redly with the pallor of the rest of her skin.

"That was delightful!" exclaims the Doctor, grinning. His grin is matched by that of the other two men present. "I'm afraid, Parsons," explains Edward, "we must think of some way of rewarding you for your efforts with my recalcitrant niece, which impose a tad less on her sensitivity, which I imagine is somewhat strained at the moment. Perhaps a change of pace... ah, I have it."

Ashley returns to the room, carrying a plush blue towel and bowl of warm water. Her face appears scrubbed, and the front of her hair wet. She has removed all traces of the Doctor's cum from her face, and her bosom has also been freshly washed. Without needing to be told what to do, she kneels before the Doctor and dips the towel in the warm water, then gently sponges him off, avoiding touching his naked penis with her hands.

"Very good, Ashley." Intones her Uncle. "Now, I'm afraid that you must also provide the good Mr. Parsons with some thanks for his efforts in your education this evening."

Tears spring to Ashley's eyes, but she remains mute, though her body stiffens visibly. Edward continues, "I know that you know this is necessary for you to complete this evening's lesson, and I trust that you will not need to be punished further as an inducement, but will submit with your accustomed sweet docility and feminity."

Soon after, pictures show Ashley lying on her back on two leather ottomans pushed together naked save for the lacy cuffs on her wrists and the lace band in her hair. At her head, Parsons stands above the girl, his erection and balls emerging from his pants. Her arms are stretched upwards, both her hands on his erection, and his balls lie on her mouth. His fingers hold the nipples of each breast pulled up away from her body, the heavy globes stretched up conically. The girl's legs are spread and raised, and her knees are bent. Sitting on the end of the second ottoman, Edward supports one of her legs holding the back of her thigh up, while his other hand is on the girl's vulva.

With extreme reluctance, Ashley is obeying Parsons' command and her hands are slowly stroking back and forth over his penis. At the same time, she runs her velvety tongue back and forth over his balls which rest on her mouth.

Edward's fingers toy with the girl's pussy, his index and middle finger rubbing against her exposed clitoris, while his thumb splits her cunt lips and buries itself in her soft vagina.

Ashley's eyes are closed in resignation, and she feels her heavy breasts shake and sway as her tormentor plucks her aching nipples. At the same time, her hips and bottom writhe while the fingers at her crotch and deep in her cunt wreak havoc with her self-control. She feels her Uncle's thumb withdraw from her vagina momentarily so her can squeeze and tweak her bottom cheeks, then feels two hard fingers push her open again and plunge wetly into her cunt.

Her nipples are released, and her breasts fall back towards her chest bouncily. Parsons pushes them together and, bending over the girl, begins licking her titties, his tongue flickering over the large, hardened nubs of her nipples. Ashley moans in response, and he sucks the large pink aureola into his mouth harshly. She squirms and involuntarily arches her back, pushing her chest up and forcing her breasts up towards her ravisher, who suckles her greedily.

"Ashley," commands her Uncle, "don't cease your ministration to good Mr. Parsons' testicles or his penis. After he has taken the time to minister to your education so conscientiously, I think he deserves the chance to spray his seed over you, don't you?"

Perversely, her Uncle then removes his thumb from her vagina, and abetted by the wetness it has collected there, plunges it effortlessly into Ashley's unprotected bottomhole, while simultaneously sinking his middle and index fingers into her open vagina, pincering the poor girl's sexual core in his hands. He uses this purchase to churn her upthrust middle, while the violated girl gasps and moans.

Parsons' teeth nip at one swollen nipple, while the other breast is mashed in his hand. Ashley urgently masturbates his penis with both hands and laves the heavy balls on her tongue. The girls delicate fingers grasp Parsons' penis firmly, one hand rings its base while the other cylinders the shaft, pumping it from its root to its head. Ashley's fingers rhythmically travel back and forth, cupping and squeezing the plump cockhead at the apex of their travel, assisted by the lubrication her fingers acquire during their ministrations of his bulbous glans.

Parsons straightens up, releasing her tits, and Ashley feels the penis in her hand pulse and jerk. At that very moment, a humming sound begins and she feels a spongy touch on her clitoris. Edward has placed the vibrator he'd prepared for this moment against her genitals, and the girl feels the buzzing against her raw clitoris which seems to liquefy her genitals and into the pit of her stomach. She orgasms strongly, and obliviously tosses her head back and forth moaning into the spasming testicles over her mouth as her hands pump Parsons' cock. She barely notices her throat and her heaving breasts being sprayed with warm heavy droplets, nor her Uncle's smacking her thighs as she comes.

Her eyes closed and legs collapsed, Ashley lies abandoned by the three men. Her naked torso is blotched with pink patches where she's been ro0ughly handled. Her breasts, throat and cheeks glisten with sperm.

The men have composed themselves and are lighting cigars and retrieving their brandies. The Doctor, who has been photographing the events, takes a few final pictures of the debauched girl before setting down the camera and himself retrieving his whisky from the mantelpiece.

The Doctor rejoins the other two men seated about the fire, and their conversation takes its own course. The debauched young girl is ignored, and after a few minutes, she rises, naked, and slinks from the room.