**Swat on a Hot Teen Youth**

**by**[**portersky**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1012714&page=submissions)**©**

**Chapter 5. Sunday Morning Exercises**  
  
Ashley woke slowly. Her eyes blinked several times fuzzily, and opened on her sunny room, flooded with soft yellow morning light from the window. She stretched languorously, thrusting her loose fists towards the ceiling. She felt refreshed and well-slept.  
  
She swung her legs out over the side of the bed and placed her feet into the furry pink slippers which lay by her bed. She stood and made her way to the bathroom outside her room, opening her door a crack and peering out to ensure she was alone before scurrying to the bathroom. She didn't want her cousin to see her before she had had a chance to clean herself up and brush her teeth. In fact, she observed, this particular morning she seemed to be more rumpled than customarily. Her pajama was quite creased, and it even seemed to her that her sweat must have left patchy areas of stiffness on it. She did not suspect that these traces had been left by her night visitors, wiping their secretions on her nightdress.  
  
Unbuttoning and removing her pajama top, Ashley, observed herself in the mirror, while at the same time she herself was observed by the hidden surveillance cameras behind it. The camera recorded the swing of her breasts as she soaped her armpits and washed herself, the soapy water coursing down the sides of the burgeoning flesh of her boobs before being flushed away by clean water, in turn dried vigorously in the plush, green, towel.  
  
She brushed her teeth, and combed her hair, the gathered it into a tail behind her head and fastened it with a rubber band from the shelf next to her.  
  
For once Ashley manages to make her way downstairs and out the door without running into her adopted family, and we leave her delighting in the crisp morning air, and the filtered sunlight as she runs through the quaint neighborhood and into an adjoining park. Her breath steams and her trainers pound a rustling tattoo on the path, brittle fall leaves scattering behind the athletic girl's footfalls. She smiles delightedly, enjoying the feeling of her strong body's rhythmic strides cutting their way through the brisk morning, whisking by thick trunked oaks, sporting their winter baldness. We leave her for the moment to herself, dear reader, watching her from behind as she crests a rise in the path on the way to the small lake beyond, and smile appreciatively at the sight of her tense, hard-working haunches, only momentarily disappointed that her rear is covered by her jacket, tied around her waist.  
  
Soon enough Ashley returns to the house where, this time, her Uncle has been waiting for her with well-hidden eagerness.  
  
"How was your run?" inquired Uncle Edward as he opened the door and let Ashley into the warm house. Inside, the air felt distinctly warm to Ashley after the sharp crispness of the outside air. She was still panting softly, catching her breath. She responded,  
  
"It was lovely! I ran down the lane like you said to. There were ducks in the little pond there! The morning is really pretty."  
  
"Good, good girl!" encouraged Edward, letting her into the house. Ashley panted and caught her breath. She peeled off her large sweatshirt, and Edward discretely observed her breasts heaving under the tank top as she pulled the outer layer over her head.  
  
"Now," Edward said, "to continue your morning exercises, I want you to go upstairs to the recreation room. There I will direct you in some additional calisthenics!" Ashley wasn't displeased to hear this. She had admired the rec room with its wall of mirrors, and reveled equally in the strength and grace of her well trained body, as well as in the sight of herself exercising and dancing. She smiled, "Can I get a glass of water first, Uncle?"  
  
"Of course, Ash," responded her Uncle, "in fact get a glass of grapefruit juice from the icebox, and bring me one as well, please. If you would bring a croissant for me, and put it on a plate and bring it upstairs, I think I'll take a bit of early breakfast too! Bring cups and a pot of coffee."  
  
Ashley headed for the kitchen, which was light but somewhat smaller than Ashley would have expected for a house the size of her Uncle's. Like most European kitchens, it had elegant, but compact, appliances. The refrigerator and the stove, while modern and extremely stylish, were smaller than the ones that Ashley had at her own parent's house. Opening the refrigerator, Ashley found a small box of grapefruit juice. She found two glasses in the pantry, and filled them, then took a croissant from the basket of them which had been delivered from the bakery that morning and put this on a flowered ceramic platter for her uncle. She took a sophisticated, square serving tray, with a honey-colored wooden border and wicker surface, from a shelf by the pantry, and placed the little platter on it. Next to this she placed a plate holding a rough morsel of fresh cream butter, and a small crock of raspberry jam.  
  
She opened a number of drawers until finding one containing silverware, and placed a serviette on the tray, covering this with one of her Uncle's large- proportioned, heavy, silver-plated Sheffield knives. Now all that was needed, she thought, to complete the pretty breakfast tray, was a flower. She looked around and saw a small bud vase on the shelf. She quickly retrieved a small ornamental rose from the bush just outside the door leading to the garden from the kitchen, and put it in the small vase.  
  
Balancing the tray, she headed up the stairs to the rec room where her Uncle awaited.  
  
Edward had arranged a chair so he could comfortably supervise his nieces' exercises, and was patiently waiting for the girl. Although not partial to popular music, Edward put on the stereo a compact disc by Brittney Spears, playing it initially at low volume, to inspire his young niece's efforts. He watched her as she came into the room, balancing the tray with his breakfast charmingly. He smiled at her, "That is lovely, Ashley, thank you!" He stood and took the tray from her, and placed it on the low desk at the side of the room. He sat down on the foldable chair he'd placed by the desk and sipped the juice, looking at his niece who stood before him expectantly.  
  
Ashley was wearing white sneakers, short white socks, black tights in a dun finish covered her legs, delineating them perfectly. Around her waist, she had tied her sweatshirt, as girls commonly do when wearing tights that would otherwise fail to conceal the shape of their bottoms. A good 8 inches of bare midriff showed below Ashley's pink halter, which was designed to tightly contain her large breasts.  
  
"Now Ashley," said Edward, "let's just get you warmed up again a little bit, as you've had a chance to cool from your running. Hand me the sweater. Nothing should be allowed to interrupt the clean lines of a dancer or impede her movements."  
  
Ashley handed Edward her sweater, untying it from around her waist. Edward observed his niece's nicely shapely, flat tummy coming into view, and walked around her. Her proud rump stretched the dun black material of her tights nicely.  
  
"Touch your toes, Ashley," encouraged Edward, turning up the music slightly to get the girl moving of her own volition. "Up, down, up, down!"  
  
Edward positioned himself behind his niece and watched her body bend itself down towards her feet, her hands flattened and pointed like a diver entering the water, as she thrust her upper torso down towards the floor repeatedly.  
  
"Slow and deliberate Ashley, don't hurry"  
  
Ashley bent at the waist, pushing her backside out towards her observant uncle, who carefully watched the tightening of the muscles of her rear and the backs of her thighs. As she reached down and touched her toes, Edward stepped up to her and placed his hand on her head, grasping the girl by a handful of dark hair. Softly, he pressed her head down towards the ground. "Deeper, try to go deeper, Ash!" he intoned. To help stabilize her, he casually palmed her right bottom cheek.  
  
"That's good, hold that position! One, two,..." Edward counted. With each slow count, he, almost as an afterthought to help his niece keep a steady beat, gave her bottom cheek a firm little slap, not so hard as a spank, nor so soft as a caress, but with the character of both.  
  
"Three... smack... four... smack... five... smack... UP!" Ashley straightened.  
  
"Hands above your head," instructed her Uncle, "and down again!" Again, Ashley bent at the waist and reached for her toes. The movement obliged her to push her bottom into the palm cupping it, and the smacking of her bottom cheek and the counting resumed.  
  
"One... smack... Two... smack..." Edward felt his niece's assaulted bottom muscles ripple from the effort and stimulation. He pushed down on her head, using his proprietary grip on the girl's hair for purchase. "The stimulation of your bottom muscles," he explained taking a moment to illustrate his point by gently kneading each of the halves of the girl's outthrust ass, "helps you to concentrate on achieving the correct form, and stretching these muscles evenly."  
  
"Three... smack... Four... smack... Five... smack... Up!"  
  
By now, the girl's bottom had begun the occasional involuntary writhing to which Edward referred as "bottom dancing." A girl's ass started the "bottom dance," he had observed, when the combination of stimulation and humiliation made her muscles react to the contrary desire to perform a controlled muscular task, while also trying to get away from the violation of her private parts by a marauding hand or other instrument. These conflicting goals resulted in deep spasms and involuntary twitches in a girl's flesh, be it buttocks, breast, thighs, or any other fleshy part of her body.  
  
Under her tights, the lines of a pair of classic, full-reared panties showed clearly. Edward made a mental note of this. Soon, he smiled to himself, the presence of her modest panties would be the reason for testing that very modesty. Similarly, Edward observed to himself, the jogging bra top Ashley wore was far too sturdy a construction for his taste, as it foiled his ability to see her breasts respond naturally to their displacement as she moved. Its lack of transparency was also a fault, in his expert opinion.  
  
"Ashley," pondered her Uncle, as he held the girl's thinly covered rump, "I don't think you're quite getting the level of energy which I expect from you."  
  
"Your energy must come from your middle, your center..." he moved his other palm to rest on the girl's belly, just below her navel, and caressed her there.  
  
"Perhaps these constraining clothes prevent you from moving as freely as you ought!  
  
"Go into the bathroom, where you will find some gymnastics apparel which I think will work better."  
  
The girl let her arms fall, and moved towards the half-bath at the rear of the large room. In the mirror, her worried reflection looked back at her. She closed the door of the small room which contained a sink, a small table and a toilet. The sink was a lovely, russet-flecked, yellow marble, and Ashley looked at her reflection in the large gilt framed mirror above it. She gleamed with perspiration.  
  
Looking around, she found a thick towel folded on the table. On it was a small purple box with a white ribbon. A card which had been slipped into the ribbon bore her name in large calligraphy. She slipped the ribbon off the box, and opened the box. Parting the tissue paper inside it, she pulled out two matched pieces of clothing. This was what she was to change into! Both items were made of a delicate pearly white, flouncy, material. The material when Ashley placed her hand behind it was opaque, but didn't block the light behind her hand. It was almost like a rich gauze. From the feel she could tell it was finely worked silk.  
  
The two-piece outfit was fluid, with no support or stiffness to it. The borders below the breasts and at the waist were edged in gold. Under the outfit, the box also contained a gossamer pair of panties, made in a matching, but even more delicate material. These were like a cloud, soft and almost transparent. The rear of the panties was not a thong, but was abbreviated, so that when Ashley pulled it onto her hips, her bottom was covered only in the center, leaving an even sized portion of flesh all around the backside of the panty.  
  
She pulled the tap pants over the panties, and finally cast off her stiff jogging bra, and dropped the flimsy top down over her head. It seemed to float into place, and she arranged the cloth over her breasts. Her breasts were totally unsupported in this top. Her nipples darkened the material slightly, and the lines of her breasts as they shifted under the material were barely concealed.  
  
She looked at herself in the mirror. The exquisite material made her into a Greek goddess of the boudoir. It was only with extreme reluctance that Ashley cracked open the bathroom door and shuffled out of the room.  
  
Waiting for her having a cup of coffee with her Uncle, was her cousin Ralph. He was very well dressed in cream linen pants and a white shirt which showed his golden tan to advantage. Ashley blushed at his presence. She wanted to impress him. She was unaware of it, but much of the chagrin she felt at wearing the revealing and beautiful outfit transformed into an eagerness to have Ralph see her in it.  
  
"Good morning, cousin!" intoned Ralph enthusiastically, coming over and giving her a friendly kiss on the cheek. Ashley smiled and said, "Hi!"  
  
"I hope you don't mind, Uncle has asked me to sit in on your morning exercise," he continued.  
  
"Ok." Ashley's response was demure and somewhat frightened. She saw Ralph's ubiquitous camera on the table next to the breakfast. She shuddered imagining the embarrassing images of her that she feared would shortly be captured there.  
  
"Now, Ashley," said her Uncle, once again raising the volume of the music, "show us some of your dance moves."  
  
The next ten minutes or so were the most enjoyable time Ashley spent that morning. As the two men watched, sipped coffee, and Ralph took pictures, the barefoot girl in her diaphanacious top and shorts, danced vigorously and alluringly to the pop music on the stereo.  
  
Losing herself in the music, closing her eyes and feeling the beat, Ashley almost forgot where she was, and swayed and jumped, twirled and lunged to the heated beat. The men watched her carefully, observing the free and carnal moves of her pendulous breasts under their thin covering, her naked thighs stretching and tensing as she danced. The gyrations of her full bottom were enhanced by the floating pearly material and the flashing sparkle of the bands of gold decorating her trim waist and the swaying curve below her breasts.  
  
Too soon for Ashley, the third song ended, and her Uncle turned down the music. She stood waiting nervously, panting, her outfit sticking to her damply in places, as her Uncle strolled towards her.  
  
"Wonderful, Ashley," he exclaimed, smiling. "You are a marvelous and talented dancer. We must do everything possible to encourage and nurture this talent of yours!"  
  
"Now, let's continue with some calisthenics.  
  
"Ralph, please bring over one of the mats. Ashley, lie down on your back. I want to see some sit-ups."  
  
Ashley lay down on the mat, and while the men watched, repeatedly pulled herself up, her arms locked behind her head, to a sitting position, and then let herself back down. Each time she did this, her breasts heaved and swayed under her loose top. The muscles in the front of her thighs strained visibly. Ralph photographed her, getting multiple close-ups of her breasts shifting under the gossamer top and her thighs straining to lift her to a seated position.  
  
"Now, Ashley, please, turn around. Get down on your hands and knees. I want you to do twenty push ups. I know that standard push-ups, with your body suspended between your arms and your feet, will be difficult for you, given your slender arms and large chest. Instead, I want you to keep your knees on the mat, and push up with your arms. Let yourself down onto the mat, but do NOT let your full weight rest between push-ups. Understood? Now, please commence!"  
  
Ashley took a breath and placing her hands some inches further forwards on the mat, lowered herself towards it. Her breasts came to rest on the mat first, relieving her of some of the weight, and she continued the dip, raising her chin. The sun shone into the room and danced off the mirrors. She strained upwards, pushing her hands into the softness of the gym mat, and raising her shoulders. Her thighs pushed forwards. Her knees pushed against one another, sinking into the mat.  
  
Again, she dipped her upper torso, relaxing her thighs. This wasn't so hard! She could do quite a number of these, she thought. In response to her Uncle's command, she shifted each knee outwards a bit. The slow cadence of her dips as her Uncle counted them out was relaxing. Her body dipped and strained, fell and rose, in time to her Uncle's leisurely count.  
  
Edward and Ralph observed the young girl diligently performing exercises as commanded. The swell and strain of her haunches shifted and swayed the brief white cloth of her tap pants. Her parted legs allowed their gazes to travel into the gaps which opened and closed as the cloth of her shorts swayed against her buttocks and upper thighs, affording rhythmic glimpses of the gold trimmed crotch of her panties. Her long bare thighs, smooth calves and pretty feet were also scrutinized languidly by the two voyeurs. Ralph took photograph after photograph of his cousin's well delineated rear, under its thin covering of material, as well as series of photos taken from between the girl's legs, showing the lower curve her breasts naked and hanging free framed by the darkness of her crotch under her panties.  
  
"Ashley, put less of your weight down on the mat when you descend," corrected her Uncle. She attempted to obey, trying to limit the dip of her torso as she lowered herself towards the mat.  
  
"Ralph," said her Uncle, as she tired, "could you help Ashley, please? Sit in front of her, and let her dip down into your hands, then encourage her to hold herself off the mat and start the next push-up by providing some support and resistance."  
  
The young man, sat casually in front of his cousin, and placed his hands under her body on the mat. As she lowered herself towards the ground, Ashley couldn't avoid delivering her breasts gently into her cousin's palms. She felt his palms cup her though the gossamer material, and press into her soft titties. Her nipples responded, hardening and poking themselves firmly into his hands.  
  
As she dipped, her cousin's hand's pressure on her breasts mounted, as he helped her to raise herself into the next push-up, mashing her breasts towards her chest. This did make it easier for Ashley to continue her push-ups, as Ralph's grip on her bosom took some of the weight from her tiring arms. She repeated this a few more times, but started to fall behind her Uncle's count as her arms really tired.  
  
Standing at the wall, Edward opened a drawer and pulled from it a section of leather belting, about 4 inches wide and a foot and a half long. He walked towards the exercising girl.  
  
"Good girl, Ashley, the last ones are most important! Just five more!" Ashley strained.  
  
As she struggled to start another dip, Edward slid his left hand up both her rear thighs, gathering up the loose material of his niece's shorts, and pulling it up over her outthrust, hard-working bottom. He half uncovered her rear quickly in this way, leaving her bottom bare from her thighs to the middle of each plump cheek, from where it the full globes were more decorated than covered by the abbreviated, gauzy white panties she was wearing.  
  
"One!" he barked, and aimed a casual swipe of the belt across the tensioned naked lower curves of his nieces quivering backside. A loud

SNAP...  
  
rang out. Ashley, pitched forwards, sinking her breasts fully into Ralph's grasping hands. Ralph worked his palms to place his cousin's hardened tit tips between the side of his thumb and index fingers, and pinched the twin nubbins firmly. He pushed back on her imprisoned tits, and Ashley managed to push herself back up onto her arms and haunches.  
  
"More pressure," intoned her Uncle, "Ashley needs more assistance to raise herself, as she's tired Ralph. Here, let's raise the incentive..." He grasped the material at the lower edge of her top and pulled up, stripping it off her hanging breasts. The hardened nipples crowning her naked breasts pointed down at the mat. "Down, Ashley!" Her weakened arms, locked at the elbows, trembled and balked. Edward nodded and said, "Ralph, help your cousin: pull!"  
  
Obligingly, Ralph grasped one nipple between his thumb and forefinger, and slowly stretched it down towards the mat. Ashley's breast elongated itself and that side of her body leaned down towards the mat. As her breast became stretched and conical, the girl's arms released and she fell forwards towards the mat. Her cousin caught her breasts and torso in his strong hands.  
  
"Up!" commanded her Uncle. She didn't move. Edward grabbed the waist of her shorts and pulled them down, bunching the soft material at her upper thighs. He aimed the belt across her bunched nates. SNAP!!! The leather smacked into the girl's quivering buttocks, and Ralph pushed her back up, aiding her weak efforts.  
  
"Down!" Again, Ralph grasped the opposite nipple, twirled it and pulled. Ashley moaned and again fell forward slowly. Edward strapped the girl again, watching the flesh of her bottom ripple and receive the warm red imprint of the leather. The flush stripe on one cheek disappeared under her brief panties only to re-emerge on the other tender cheek.  
  
"Three more..." Ralph helped Ashley to push herself back up. This time he only needed to hold her nipples comfortably in his grasp. She didn't wait for him to pull her boobs forward before flopping onto his hands again.  
  
As she lay on the mat, she struggled to rise before she could be spanked again, but even with the pressure on her breasts from Ralph's "help" she was unable to rise quickly. She felt her Uncle grasp her panties, and slowly, almost tenderly, lower them off her bottom. She felt the heat in her totally naked bottom as the men watched her struggle to raise it. The leather came down on her, wrapping each naked buttock in a strong stinging sensation which Ashley could feel deep in her bottom and between her legs.  
  
Her Uncle grasped her naked hips and pulled his niece's hips and bottom towards himself.  
  
"Perhaps we oughtn't to ask too much of Ashley so quickly," he said, "she looks very tired."  
  
"Let's move to the next exercise which will require much less effort on your part Ashley. Please stand up!"  
  
Edward walked back towards the wall, and placed the leather belt back in the drawer, closing it. He then turned up the music on the stereo slightly, and turned back towards Ashley who was raising herself onto her knees and standing up. She looked at him, tears in her eyes. Next to her, Ralph, helped her to stand, and petted her hair.  
  
"You did wonderfully, little one..." he whispered. A warm sensation suffused her breast in response to her handsome cousin's encouragement. The hand he placed casually on one naked and well strapped bottom cheek, felt supportive and friendly.  
  
"Lastly, Ashley, we would like to see some bottom dancing." Come over here and lay yourself down over my lap. The girl shuffled over towards her Uncle, hindered by the loose tap pants and taut panties binding her naked thighs. He patted his leg, and she lowered herself to her knees and draped her torso over his leg.  
  
"Up girl, further onto my lap," said her Uncle, accompanying this with a brief smack to her backside to encourage her. She hiked herself up so she lay over her Uncle. His hand grasped her panties and shorts and lowered them to mid thigh, then he forced open her legs as much as possible, so Ashley's right leg lay on the outside of one of his knees, held up by the cloth at her thighs.  
  
She stayed quietly in this position, while Ralph took a few pictures of her, and her Uncle smoothed and caressed her strapped bottom absent-mindedly. Ralph then came over and sat near her head on a cushion. He whispered, "Be a good girl, Ashley, and do a good bottom dance for us!"  
  
He pulled her top up towards her face, again baring her breasts, and began softly caressing the full, downward hanging, globes. She watched her cousin's fingers prod and press her titties. His palms brushed her nipples softly, sending electric thrills through her. A couple of good tugs on the nipples, caused her to start shifting around on her uncle's lap.  
  
She felt her Uncle's hand start to knead her bottom, which of its own volition began writhing. He spanked each cheek sharply, and Ralph squeezed each full naked breast in turn. Her bottom spasmed in time to the music and with the encouragement of the ravaging hands on her breasts, and the slaps on her posterior, Ashley's bottom was soon jiggling and bouncing on her uncle's lap in time to the music.  
  
Edward monitored closely his niece's distress as her bottom wiggled on his lap. From his viewpoint, he could easily observe the effect of this activity on the young girl's pussy, which lay accessible over his leg. He dearly would have liked to tug on Ashley's slick nether lips, but wanted to introduce each degradation to the girl slowly.  
  
The boy instead caressed the young girl's hair and face, murmuring to her,  
  
"Good girl, Ashley, move your pretty little bottom. Such a good bottom dancer you are! Perhaps Uncle will let me give you some private lessons. Would you like that? To have your bottom draped over my lap?  
  
Ralph moved his lips towards his cousin's hair, and placing them on the soft, curved shell of her ear, murmured into it as his father smacked her jiggling rear end repeatedly, "I would like that, little Ashley. I'd like to have your plump bottom dancing on my lap in time to my spanking it. Your little bare pussy over my crotch would give me a nice hard on, and I would spank you and spank you so you were rubbing your clit on me harder and harder and I'd watch you come like you did for me before..."  
  
"Unnhhh...", Ashley murmured, the boys description humiliating her but turning her on, an effect helped along by his fingertips working on her hardened nipples.  
  
Abruptly, Edward stopped his punishing hand, and ordered Ashley to stand. She slowly righted herself, with some difficulty, and stood before the two men, her tap pants and panties at mid-thigh, and her shirt askew and draped over one breast, leaving the other bare.  
  
"Ashley," intoned her Uncle, "that was a good start. Now please go prepare yourself for luncheon, which you will be serving in an hour. We will be having a few of my friends over for dinner, and I want to introduce you. Please remember that you must be on your best behaviour today, and I don't want any repeats of the slovenly attitude you've shown a propensity for.  
  
"In your closet you will find appropriate attire for serving us luncheon. Please put your current exercise gear away, clean yourself up, and present yourself in 45 minutes wearing the full uniform in your second drawer, including all the suitable undergarments, do you understand?"  
  
"Yes, sir..." whispered the girl, pulling up her panties and pants, and covering herself, before quickly exiting the room, the two men watching her with barely suppressed smiles of self-satisfaction as she meekly left the room.

**Chapter 6. ... and Night**  
  
Downstairs, Ralph and Edward finished their glasses of Scotch in the salon. Edward glanced at his watch, and addressed his son,  
  
"I think that our delicious charge will be ready for us now, Ralph, shall we gather our equipment and get on with our onerous duty?" He smiled ironically, as did his son. They both rose eagerly, and while Ralph picked up his ever present camera and tripod, Edward moved to a bureau and took out a large wooden box with brass handles. They moved towards the door of the salon, and Edward stopped in the kitchen to obtain a jar of Nutella, then led the way up the stairs to the third floor. The elegant nineteenth century townhome's wooden steps were steeper than is usual today, and Ralph led the way ahead of his father, who took his time leisurely climbing to the upper story, where his young charge slept in a finely drugged state, the doctored chocolate dessert having done its duty admirably.  
  
At the girl's door, the two men stopped momentarily, and Edward rapped briskly on the dark, heavy bulk of the door and called the girl's name sharply. There was no response, and Edward used his master key to open the girl's door, which she'd taken great care to ensure was locked in her attempt to escape the demands of the men in the household she had been made to join. Stepping into the room, Edward walked around the bed and switched on the two bedside lights, casting a directed light on the girl lying peacefully drugged under the covers, her hair splayed gently across her pillow.  
  
The men moved slowly, relaxed and confident that they had as much time as they would desire to enjoy the helpless young woman asleep under the light covers. Ralph set up his camera a few feet away from the bed toward the lower left edge, extending the tripod to its full height so the camera pointed down at the bed and captured everything that was to occur from an advantageous vantage point. He gazed through the viewfinder to focus his lens on the girl, ensuring that the length of her body would fully fit into the frame of the picture even were she to squirm sideways in her sleep. Edward placed the box he was carrying on the nightstand within easy reach of the girl, and, pulling the duvet aside, uncovered her completely.  
  
The two men smiled down at the girl. She lay on her back, her face turned sideways away from the men, resting on one cheek. She wore the cream colored silk top and pants, like a man's pajama, which they had bought that day at Harrods, sporting a girlish cut to accommodate Ashley's feminine figure. The satiny top's short wide sleeves exposed Ashley's delicate wrists and hands. Her long slim fingers looked particularly girlish, as her nails were long but were varnished with only a demure shiny transparent coat. Her pajama pants were short as well, baring her legs just below the knees, and displaying her slim but athletic calves and her small but high-arched feet. Ashley's toenails were dark red; she'd chosen a bolder color as she had believed her toes safe from public observation. Large mother of pearl buttons on the front of the top and smaller ones on the pants fastened the shiny, cream colored fabric.  
  
Ralph photographed her repeatedly, as Edward commented, "We're not going to waste time in exposing your body, Ashley! Let's strip you, my girl, so we can give you a thorough examination." Ralph actuated the automatically repeating shutter on the solid, professional, camera, so it would record a picture every thirty seconds, freeing him to pursue his own pleasure with the sleeping girl. He walked around to stand at the head of the bed to observe his nubile cousin.  
  
Sitting down on the bed next to her immobile torso, Edward gazed down at the young woman supine beside him and observed carefully how the peaceful rise and fall of her chest as she breathed swelled and contracted her large, full breasts, pushing them against the shiny fabric of her top. Reaching out with one hand, Edward began threading the large buttons free of their generous buttonholes, opening them one by one the top of her night-shirt, finally pulling the two sides open unceremoniously to reveal the girl's ripe breasts, their large, darkened, areolas relaxed and spread in sleep.  
  
Ashley's torso lay at a slight twist towards the cheek her face lay on, and one full, round boob perched high on the raised side of her body. Exhibiting the firmness of the girl's youth, it stood undaunted by gravity, exhibiting only the slightest fattening at its base as it perched unsupported. Her other mammary, turned towards the bed, hung slightly, a plump pear shaped morsel, topped by a pound-coin shaped ruby shaded nipple.  
  
Edward and Ralph studied the girl's denuded chest, and the older man extended his arm and let the hairy back of his hand graze the lower curve of Ashley's gentle, pendulous tit, accepting the breast's soft weight and hefting it, causing it to flatten slightly along its lower curve as it the coral nipple tipped upwards.  
  
Letting Ashley's boob hang freely, Edward turned towards the nightstand. Opening the wooden box he'd placed there, Edward removed from it two matching leather cuffs, lined in fur and sporting a number of leather thongs and small straps with which they were intended to be ingeniously attached to one another and to other objects. He slipped a cuff around each of his niece's unconscious wrists, slid home the catch that closed them, and then bound the two close together using a thong. Finally, he hefted the girl's arms over her head attaching Ashey's joined wrists to the headboard above her bed, simultaneously pushing her body around so she lay flat on her back, her breasts swaying up and towards her center. Ashley's arms lay flat on the bed, her elbows spread comfortably framing her face, her cheek nestling against her her soft pale upper arm.  
  
He beckoned Ralph towards him. Ralph quickly moved to the other side of Ashley's bed and also sat down next to the nude chested young woman.  
  
Each man reached out to take hold of one of the girl's defenseless breasts and began playing with it, each in his favoured fashion. The drug, though rendering Ashley unconscious, had the interesting effect, unlike true sleep, of leaving its victim able to experience sensations. It did not afford her the peaceful limpness of true sleep, but allowed her to move and react lethargically.  
  
She moaned when her Uncle grabbed her full right breast roughly and squeezed it, letting his fingers sink deeply into her pillowy, captive orb. Ralph simultaneously pinched her soft, fat, left nipple in his fingers, drawing her breast upwards to shake the globe gently by her imprisoned nipple. Ashley's torso arched, unconsciously seeking to relieve the strain on her stretched breasts, and her arms writhed softly against her bonds. She let out involuntary, mewling, sounds as her head slowly tossed back and forth.  
  
The camera's shutter fires at regular intervals, and unflinchingly documents her ravishers' playing freely and roughly with her boobs for many minutes. Their marauding hands prod and press, shaking and tugging at her mammaries. Her girlish globes are patted and petted, mauled, and pulled at the whim and mercy of the two delighted men who acquaint themselves with every bounce and quiver of the delicious frontal charms at their disposition.  
  
Edward turns serious, intoning "perhaps Ashley, you need those udders milked now like an obedient cow." Even though she cannot hear him, his tone carries, as it always has when forcing her to perform one or another humiliating ordeal, the outward veneer of benevolent reasonableness, ill concealing the icy authoritarianism that mocks and deepens the shame Ashley has felt at being made to obey his perverted desires throughout her stay in the house.  
  
Both men begin a coordinated motion, using their hands to ring the base of each breast, then roughly using the constricted ring of their hands to squeeze each tit upward, the fat globes bunching out, then slipping slowly through the fingers until Ashley's nipples reached their fingers. They each use a thumb and index finger apiece to grasp a reddening nipple and tug the moaning girl's naked tits by that convenient handle.  
  
Again, their hands moved to the base of her breasts and repeated the motion, milking the girl's puffy, soft, tits strenuously. Her naked belly heaved and her chest writhed as they milked her. Edward quit her breast for a moment, leaving Ralph free to grab Ashley's only momentarily freed breast, and repeat the milking motion on both breasts together. Edward, in turn, opened the buttons on Ashley's pajama bottoms, and saying "Let's see you make your pussy dance for us while you're milked!" pulled the sides of her pants down baring her hips and then her lightly furred pubis.  
  
He returned to his original position, and took hold of the breast before him, which Ralph reluctantly released. He bent his head down and placed his mouth over the girl's abused nipple, and began sucking and tonguing the nub while resuming milking the breast. Ralph, also captured Ashley's other nipple in his teeth, and nipped the bud while worrying the fleshy globe in his hand.  
  
The effect on the girl of having her breasts sucked and milked was pleasurable to watch for the two men. Ashley twisted her chest this way and that mashing her breasts into her molesters' faces, while her legs softly writhed. The two men sucking her boobs watched her lightly downed pulse with the rocking motion of her hips and midriff. Edward reached out one hand and placed it on her daintily feathery-furred slit feeling the warmth and pulse of her crotch in his hand as waves of motion passed through her. Capturing her now turgid nipple with his teeth, Edward sank his middle finger into the velvety nest of her crotch, letting the puffy lips embrace his invading finger, holding the writhing girl's body pinned between her tit and the moist entrance to her vaginal canal.  
  
Ralph's hand instead sought out another diversion. He placed his palm under her writhing body, cupping her naked buttocks, then insinuating his hand towards her vagina from the rear. One finger traced and forced open the rear of her vaginal slit, and his palm cupped his cousin's soft nether globes.  
  
Ashley pulled at her bonds in her sleep as both her breasts were simultaneously suckled and her cunt was fingered from rear and front. Her lips parted and gasps issued from her sleepily, "oh... ah, ah..." in time to her cousin's clutching her ass or thrusting his fingers inside her or her Uncle's tugging at her bared clitoris.  
  
"Fine little bitch," murmured Ralph, "feed me these big tits, slut. You like to wriggle that naughty bottom while it's being held, don't you? You liked your smacking today? There'll be many more spankings for you, little girl. You'll have ages bent over a lap being explored inside and out! We are going to enjoy stripping you naked and punishing you, feeling your flesh wriggle and pulse!"  
  
Ralph, excited by his own words, climbs onto the bed, resting his knees beside Ashley's head. He tugs at his zipper, which slides open, and reached into his pants to extract his penis. He has to adjust its angle as it is engorged and jammed into his underpants, so he unbuttons his pants totally, opens the waistband and lets the two halves hang. His black underwear strains to contain his erection, and in fact fails somewhat as the head peeks over the waistband. The cotton below it is wet with his fluids. He pulls down the waistband of his undergarment, tucking it under his balls and freeing his genitals which bob excitedly right besides the girl's sleeping face.  
  
It would take but a few strokes of my pen to describe to those of you in my audience interested in such anatomical details the male member which our innocent Ashley is to experience in a moment. Yet, just as her eyes are closed and she cannot see what stands waiting for her, so too perhaps we shall learn the particulars of her cousin's penis, and that of her Uncle's, along with Ashley, and postpone learning her visual reaction to them for a few more days.  
  
Ralph reaches over to the nightstand and grasps the jar of chocolate paste. Opening it, he extracts a dollop of the sweet confection. In her drugged, semi-unconsciousness, Ashley's senses register first the alluring whiff of chocolate, followed by the gliding stroke of a pair chocolate coated fingers inserting themselves between her partly opened, plush, lips. They push into her mouth, gaining entry while leaving a chocolaty trail across the girl's lips and teeth, then pushing deeper to smear the paste on her tongue. The fingers fill her mouth comfortably, and swirl in a circular motion pushing her passive tongue around until she begins to salivate, her tongue and mouth moistening and her lips opening of their own accord to softly lap at the stickiness coating the intruding digits. Ralph simultaneously anoints his member with a chocolate coating.  
  
Edward, meanwhile, tires for the moment of abusing Ashley's breasts, and moving down the length of the bed, grasps her legs, rolling her partially onto her hip, and revealing her bottom. He retrieves from the box a six-inch long, two-inch wide leather tawse. Steadying the girl's rear by the expedient method of reaching around her front and sinking two fingers into her vagina and forcing her to thrust her bottom rearwards. Holding her tightly by her sex, he smacks the tawse smartly down on the nearer, full, rounded, ass-cheek.  
  
Ashley gasps at the impact of the leather on her ass. A trickle of saliva escapes her mouth, shiny and wet with traces of chocolate lacing it, and makes the skin around her mouth glisten wetly. Ralph takes the opportunity to slide his chocolate covered, sticky-sweet, hardened member between her pillowy open lips, and as the leather tawse again smacks her defenseless bottom cheek eliciting a sound between a whimper and a gasp from the girl, her cousin pushes his cock deep into her mouth.  
  
The lightly sleeping girl registers something warm and sticky pushing past her lips and thrusting into her mouth. Her jaw widens slightly to let the hard yet velvety long object fill her mouth, bumping against her tongue and coursing its length as it settles into the back of her mouth. Her lips are distended around the intruding penis, and her tongue tastes the mixture of chocolate and a tangier, slippery fluid, sweet in a different way.  
  
Her pussy aches where her Uncle's fingers firmly grasp her genitals, and her bottom bounces and quivers as the leather strap repeatedly smacks one bottom cheek, striping it with wide red splotchy marks which contrast with the white, unmarked further bottom cheek. The strap marks cross the one ass cheek at slight angles to one another, each long, rectangular welt showing a crisp edge, as the very sides of the leather tawse convey the greatest impact as they bite into Ashley's softly receiving bottom. Between the hard, red edges, the strap's image is painted in an uneven pink and red, patchwork of tones.  
  
"Suckle that cock, little slut," intoned Ralph, grasping hold of her near plump breast and pulling the girl onto his cock by pulling her tit towards himself. The sweet in her mouth making her saliva flow, Ashley began an unconscious sucking motion. As if the cock-head in her mouth were a caramel, the girl's soft tongue laved the sweet-covered penis in her mouth. Ralph kneaded her breast as she suckled him, sinking his fingers into her plump tit. He paused playing with her breast occasionally to bring a finger coated with more of the chocolate to her suckling mouth, where he smeared her lips and his member afresh.  
  
As her mouth licked his penis for its sweetened coating, rubbing the plump head with her lips and tongue, her Uncle commanded the unconscious girl's posterior. He massaged her rearward thrust vagina, placidly smacking her thighs and bottom with the leather tawse.  
  
Ashley is caught between the searing stinging sensation suffusing her mistreated bottom and having her mouth repeatedly filled and emptied by Ralph's cock. Her tongue registers the smooth expanse of the skin of his shaft, then the abrupt ridge of his cockhead and the smooth, plum-like glans itself as it pushes in and out of her mouth.  
  
Ralph's eyes roll in pleasure at his cousin's ministrations of his eager erection. He chides her teasingly, "You're going to be a good girl and make me come, and you're going to swallow like a good little bitch. Oh, fuck, yes, suck the juices out of me." His hand leaves Ashley's well-fondled breast to entwine itself in her hair and cup her head. He pulls the girl's face towards himself, sinking his cock in her mouth as far as his pubic hair. Ashley feels a soft, heavy weight envelop her lips and chin as it settles into her young cousin's prickly, warm scrotum.  
  
Ralph feels the familiar sharp sweetness of sensation deep in the root of his penis. He holds Ashley's head still, thrusting slowly back and forth in the helpless girl's mouth. A brief small pulse at the base of his penis signals his impending pleasure, and a pearl sized sticky white drop squirts onto Ashley's slowly lapping tongue, pooling and spreading viscously. Ashley senses a sticky bitterness adding itself to the flavors of chocolate. Ralph thrusts strongly into the back of Ashley's mouth repeatedly, causing her to gag slightly, as his orgasm begins in earnest. Ashley feels a jerking and bumping against the roof of her mouth as the penis bucks and spasms, and suddenly her mouth is filled with a thick smoky fluid as Ralph's cockhead spurts jet after jet of sperm into her mouth, inundating her tongue and teeth, sliding glutinously towards the rear of her throat. Gobs of cum cling to her tongue as Ralph bathes it copiously.  
  
Ashley chokes slightly as the semen that Ralph pumps into her slides back in her throat. Confused by the sweet, she swallows languidly while her tongue washes the boy's cock clean of his pearly excretion.  
  
After a few moments spent blissfully recovering, his penis slowly softening between Ashley's parted lips, Ralph withdrew his penis from Ashley's mouth, and turned her head in the other direction. There, her Uncle's penis in its own turn awaited her ministrations.  
  
Edward's penis was also covered with chocolate, and Ashley's mouth sleepily widened to take in the head of his cock as he laid it between her plump lips. He used one hand to guide the slick, wet, head of his penis back and forth threw the sleeping girl's lips. Ashley felt the new intrusion as her lips were pushed open to stretch around a far wider cockhead. Though the back of her mouth and throat were not prodded as they had been by her previous violator's cock, her tongue was pushed down and her mouth was effectively stuffed. He upper lip curled up and her head was forced to tilt back as the large glans parted her teeth. Ashley gurgled and her breath came raggedly through her nose as she slowly became accustomed to being force-fed her Uncle's fat member.  
  
As his father ravished the complacently unconscious girl's mouth, relishing the angelic face enveloping his penis, Ralph moved down the length of the bedside towards Ashley's midriff. Grasping one delicious leg in each hand, he bent the girl's knees and pushed her legs open, causing the sticky lips of her cunt to separate and present her pussy helplessly to him. Between the delicate folds, Ashley's vaginal entry winked pinkly at the young man.  
  
He examined the charming sight of his cousin, stripped naked with a cock deep in her mouth, her reddened, much manipulated breasts exposed, and her defenseless pussy gaping open to his gaze and touch. His hand went to her soft, nearly hairless, pussy lips, and his fingertips began stroking the girl's vulva. Licking his fingers for lubrication, Ralph placed a finger at the rear of her cunt and slid it forward, gliding to her tight hole, then pushing slowly but decidedly into the girl's tight vagina. The girl moaned through her nose, as she simultaneously felt the cock she was suckling push deeper into her mouth and force her tongue back and a second finger push into her pussy, stretching her open rudely, then probe her gentle feminine sheath. Ralph's fingers embarked on a circular exploration of her vagina, alternating with a deep thrusting which pushed his digits into her to the knuckles and rocked her pelvis back tilting her pudendum up, pivoting upward towards her cousin.

Ashley, unconscious, but far from impervious to the manipulation of her genitals, mewed into the gag formed by her Uncle's penis deep in her mouth. Ralph thrust his fingers repeatedly back and forth in the girl's pussy, dragging the puffy lips with his fingers. His thumb grazed Ashley's clitoris, and the girl squirmed. She felt her organs swell and warm up, and a feeling of wetness being, as the stimulation of her sex aroused her and her cousin's fingers plunged in and out of her repeatedly, sliding easier as they became coated with her lubrication. A second hand now joined in the fun of playing with her pussy, as Ralph continued to push in and out of the girl with one hand while placing his other on the puffy rise of her mons and pulling upwards towards her belly, causing her clitoral hood to stretch back and bare her pink clitoral nubbin.  
  
Her thighs tensed and contracted with the intense stimulation of her genitalia as her cousin also used the remaining fingers of the hand penetrating her to cup her ass between her legs.  
  
Ashley's panting breaths came somewhat easier, as Edward withdrew his cock from the depths of his niece's mouth and she felt her lips close somewhat until they only held the very tip of the penis between them. Though the stimulation of Ashley's mouth by itself had been enough for the younger man, Edward required a more vigorous action to climax. His hand grasped his own member and he stroked his shaft vigorously while feeding only the very end of his cock to the closed-eyed waif lying tussled below him.  
  
Ashley felt a warm wetness engulf her clitoris, and her thighs trembled as her cousin's tongue came to rest on the delicate clit, then trace her vaginal lips and lap vigorously at her already thoroughly wet sex. The tip of the warm muscle worried back and forth over her throbbing clitoris and two strong hands clasped her naked buttocks and pushed her hips up so the marauding tongue gained freer access to her now lewdly widened opening. Ashley's bottom churned in her cousin's grip as he mercilessly flicked his tongue over her little promontory. His hands slid down her thighs, clasping her behind her knees, and Ashley felt her legs raised up and pushed upward, bent-kneed, until they rested, splayed widely, just above her torso, her lower legs and feet dangling beside her.  
  
Ashley's sleepy consciousness noted the sensation the warm assault on her most intimate and sensitive parts. From her point view, one of the unfortunate side effects of the sedative which her Uncle had sneaked into her system and which had reduced her to a helpless toy for the two debauched men taking advantage of her, was that she was unable to experience an orgasm. The sensations rocking her body therefore could not find their natural outlet, and the poor girl's pelvis, thighs and backside quivered with the pent up sexual charge she was unable to dispel.  
  
This however was quite the opposite for Edward, which accounts for Ashley's soft chocolaty sucking being suddenly interrupted by her mouth receiving a strong spurt of hot sticky fluid jetting directly between her lips, bathing the back the girl's tongue, coating it slickly. A second spurt followed, as she felt the penis at her mouth buck, painting a glutinous streak of cum along her lips and cheek, as well as her teeth and the front of her tongue. Edward lurched forward blissfully burying his spurting cock into his niece's protesting mouth, and spraying his semen deep into her throat where she involuntarily was forced to swallow it and the next, somewhat less copious ejaculatation.  
  
Edward removed his dripping penis from Ashley's cum filled mouth and rubbed the plump, spunk covered head of his cock against her soft, smooth cheeks, cleaning himself off on her angelic face. Her breath gurgled through her sticky mouthful, as the semen overflowed from her pouting lips and dripped down her cheek, threads of it catching in her hair and dripping down on to the sheet below her face.  
  
Moments after her Uncle withdrew from her mouth, Ashley felt her body flatten, giving softly under the weight of cousin who's youth reasserted itself, his hard erection pushing against Ashley's soft belly as he lay on top of her, her legs splayed around his torso. Ralph's mouth fastened on one of his cousin's delicious nipples and sucked and nibbled it, while he rubbed his cock hard over her trim flat stomach. The resilient springy morsel between his teeth tensed and stretched as he nipped and pulled on it, and Ashley's body rocked back and forth under her male cousin's motion. It was now her belly and the sparse pubic hair of her vulva that received her liquid, pearly reward, as Ralph ejaculated onto her ecstatically, sucking her nipple violently.  
  
After his paroxysm subsided, he released the aching nipple, and pushed himself off the girl. Ralph looked around. His father had gone, after bringing a dampened towel which Ralph used to perfunctorily clean the girl up. He manhandled her back into her pajamas, stopping to play with her breasts for another moment before reluctantly buttoning the shirt. He threaded the loose pants onto her legs and pulled them up in front, them holding her by one hip turned her onto her side to pull up the pants in back.  
  
Her round prominent bottom naked before him, the marks from her tawsing only now fading slightly, afforded him an opportunity which he could not pass up, and, leaning forward slightly over the girl, he raised his palm high in the air and brought it down on one bouncy bottom cheek, which compressed under the strong spank. Ashley's twin bottom cheek also received a spank, and smacks rang out for a long minute as Ralph leisurely spanked his girl-cousin, watching her tender ass bounce under his strict palm. A warm pink hue spread blotchily over the white crests of her backside, extending then to encompass her entire bottom, as his spanks took in more of her rump, falling as well on the firmer sides of her bottom, nearer her hips. Neither did he ignore the full lower portion of each bottom cheek which he spanked with an upward swinging motion to which the girl's now quite red bottom responded by swaying upward at each blow, stretching open her glistening nether lips.  
  
Reluctantly, Ralph end the spanking, running his palms over the well punished arse, and feeling its heat. He pulled her pants up, and stood, reaching over to the duvet and covering his cousin with it. Walking towards the door, he depresses the shutter on the camera ending its recording of the scene which just took place. He looked back and grinned at the disheveled girl sleeping troubledly, and snapped off the light.  
  
The door closed on the darkened room and the lock turned. The silence in the room was complete save for a regular, soft, sleepy whimpering coming from the bed.

**Chapter 7. Lingerie from London**  
Ashley, shifted restively in her seat in the orchestra section of the darkened opera house. On stage, the soprano playing Adina was behaving brattily to her admirer Nemorino, telling him her love was a fickle thing. The storyline was funny and she was enjoying the music, but Ashley was unaccustomed to the length of an opera, and so was having trouble keeping her attention focused on the goings on. Instead, she glanced around her and observed the well-dressed patrons seated all around her. Most of the men wore some form of dark suit, many wore tuxedos. The women were more colorfully dressed. Ironically, the young girl observed, the older the women were, the more garish the colors they seemed to choose. Whereas the dowager a few chairs from her wore a large turquoise brooch on a rainbow-hued blouse with a large Hermes scarf around her shoulders, Ashley's dress was a simple and severely elegant black and white.  
  
She'd been shopping for it with her Uncle, who sat next to her attentive to the opera. The dress had was mostly black with a diagonal strip of white off one shoulder and across the bodice. The high rounded neckline was a slash of black, suspended from thin black straps gracing Ashley's shapely shoulders and slim arms, and dropping on her side almost precipitously to bare her back to well below her shoulder blades.  
  
The dress was short, appropriately for a young woman with as perfect, sheer black, stockinged, legs as Ashley's. Her black and white Chanel high-heels matched her outfit as if they'd been made for it, and her ensemble was completed by a double choker of small pearls with a gold clasp. Ashley's entire wardrobe at home would not have cost as much as her shoes, or even of the expensive underwear which her Uncle had purchased for her.  
  
She blushed as she recalled the previous day's visit to the lingerie store in the Kensington High Street, where her Uncle had selected the undergarments she was currently wearing as well as many additional items. The shopgirls had appeared unperturbed by her Uncle's demands that Ashley model each piece for him in a private dressing room, but she had caught amused glances passing between the girls who assisted them and attended the modeling.  
  
She'd entered the store with a combination of embarrassment at being in so feminine an environment while accompanied by her Uncle, coupled with excitement at all the beautiful and delicate garments on display. Even the air had seemed perfumed in an intensely heady, feminine way. The shopgirls, both tall and elegant, one black and one redhead with a short bob haircut, had been solicitous. Her Uncle had explained that they were from out of town and needed to stock up on "foundation wear."  
  
The girls had asked Ashley her measurements. Edward had explained that he considered it best to have Ashley's measures taken again, as she was a growing girl and hadn't been fitted properly before. He also asked for a private showing room. They had been led to an elegant small room, where pair of elaborate painted, curved wood, upholstered benches were placed before a small dais raised about 8 inches off the floor. Mirrors surrounded this on three sides. Ashley was made to stand on this, and asked to remove her dress. The female assistance had hung her dress for her, leaving Ashley in only her blue lace bra and matching panties. While still in her heels, she had stood on the dais as the girl had used a tape measure to capture the span between a wealth of different parts of her body, rotating her so she could easily reach around her bosom, or down the inseam of her legs. Her Uncle had observed the proceedings with detached interest.  
  
Once her measurements had been taken, Ashley was given a silk robe, and she and her Uncle strolled through the store, selecting items. The assistants noted the items and after Ashley and Edward had returned to the fitting room, brought these in Ashley's size. Edward glanced through them, and handed Ashley a variety of items to try on.  
  
First had come a selection of panty and bra sets, for which Ashley had gone behind a screen and stripped totally, before putting them on one by one and coming back to the dais where she walked and pirouetted for her Uncle. Edward had carefully examined his niece's appearance in each of the undergarments, how one or another panty exposed or covered parts of her girlish buttocks, or how the lower seam indented the ripe flesh on the lower curve of her ass cheek. He noted how the different cups supported her youthful breasts, preferring the less sturdy bras which allowed the curves of Ashley's breasts' natural upward tilting hang to be seen in profile thus complimenting the ripeness of her full globes.  
  
While she was modeling one set of elaborate red lace bra and panties, Edward asked her to turn, and as she presented her rear to him, he fingered the leg hem of the panty experimentally, raising it slightly from her full ass cheek and fondling her exposed buttock. Ashley reacted to this sudden unexpected intimacy by pulling away with a quickly muffled squeal.  
  
"Temper, young lady!" exclaimed her Uncle admonishingly. "Bend over, well over, I want to see how your pussy lips appear in this panty." Ashley froze, blushing and unable to meet the gaze of the shopgirls who tittered in the background. She felt the moment frozen in time, her cheek reddening, and all attention focus on her meagerly clad posterior.  
  
Her Uncle stepped in front of the embarrassed girl. "You have forgotten how to obey, Ashley?" Her uncle took firm hold of her upper arm, and pulled her forward from the waist by it, causing Ashley's bottom to jut out. " You're embarrassed to do what you're told in front of these ladies? Perhaps we can arrange a better audience for you," he menaced, proprietarily giving her outthrust rear a casual but stinging smack.  
  
Turning to the shop-girls, Edward dismissed them, "Thank you, ladies. I think we will need a moment here to ourselves, with perhaps the help of a more participatory audience? Perhaps you have a male employee who can assist my recalcitrant niece?"  
  
The shopgirls exited the room slowly, giggling nervously at Ashley, who stared down at the floor in embarrassment, bent slightly at the waist and clad only in the skimpy underwear. Edward stepped outside the room. Ashley looked about frightened, but could see no escape. A moment later, Edward returned, accompanied by a young man dressed in a doorman's uniform. The man was tall and dark, and appeared to be of Slavic background. Edward addressed him and the girl, "James, this is my niece Ashley. She has shown herself to be reluctant to mind her manners in front of the ladies, so I think that a lesson is in order. She always seems less reluctant to do as she's told in front of men, isn't that right little one? Yes, she seems to require a dominating presence in order to bring out the best in her behavior."  
  
"Ashley, dear please turn around and show James here what we're considering buying." The doorman grinned and watched the lingerie clad beauty hungrily, as she turned to him, her eyes timidly downcast. Her breathing became heavier, and the man could hear her panting in fright as he gazed at her full breasts in their lacy red cups, through which he made out the slight darkening of her nipples. His eyes slid down her flat belly down to the red panties gracing her hips.  
  
"Turn, Ashley, and bend over," commanded her Uncle. The girl turned away from the two men, but was unable to bring herself to bend forward as commanded. The doorman took in the heavy hemispheres of her bottom, delicately covered with the red lacy panties. He delighted in the slight trembling motion that the girl's fear imparted to her soft posterior.  
  
"I'm sorry, James," said Edward, "my niece often finds it difficult to obey while fully dressed. She seems to behave best only when her clothes start to come off. I don't know why, but we must work with her nature, don't you think? And it would seem that even standing in front of her a stranger in only underclothes isn't enough undress to motivate her.  
  
"Perhaps you would be so kind as to just release her breasts from the cups of her brassiere? Being made to display her nude tits may make her less recalcitrant. Don't take the garment off her, for now, just pluck her breasts out and tuck the material below them."  
  
Ashley gasped as the eager young man approached her. He grabbed her arm roughly, then, with a slow and deliberate movement, tucked his index finger into the bra cup on the side of one plump breast. Running his finger down into the cup, he used it to slowly drag the cloth of the cup down the globe of her breast, baring the creamy full flesh. As he did so, he let his palm brush over her plushy tit, grazing her hardened nipple. He varied his technique with the other breast, using all the fingertips of his hand to drag the cloth down the front of her other breast, letting his fingernails scrape her breast firmly, leaving parallel, thin reddened scratches on her now nude breast. His thumb and index finger plucked each of her nipples in turn, yanking on her tit and giving it a little shake, to free each breast totally of its covering  
  
"What a bad girl," grinned the amused doorman, as he fondled Ashley's bared breasts. "Here your Uncle treats you to some nice clothes, and you don't even obey him. I do think that you deserve punishing for being so thankless."  
  
Ashley tried to cringe and protect her breasts from the assault of his hands, but he grabbed each tit in a strong hand and held her up, "Stand up!," he commanded, "stick those naughty tits out." He fingers plucked at her engorged nipples, pinching her delicate fattened nubbins, stretching them upward and forcing the girl to stretch her chest and shoulders upwards.  
  
To Ashley's surprise, the young man then grabbed both her wrists in one hand, and held them behind her back. He was strong and effortlessly tipped her backward slightly, making Ashley thrust out her nude chest at him. He dipped his head and brought his mouth to one breast to roughly flick his tongue over Ashley's nipple. She whimpered and writhed, but was unable to avoid the man's mouth as the doorman suckled and explored her soft breast delightedly. Again and again, he let his teeth nip at her turgid bud, and used his tongue to wash over the white softness of her plump tit. The girl wriggled to no avail, her wrists firmly caught in the man's grip, as her breast became shiny from his saliva. He concentrated on the one breast, clearly intending to cause as much irritation and discomfort to the girl as he could. He relished using the stubble of his cheeks to roughen up the fine white tender skin of Ashley's defenseless boob, which became pink and splotchy under his scraping and sucking.  
  
As he abused her imprisoned tit, the doorman chastised Ashley, "Are you enjoying me sucking your fat boob, girl? Is that why your nipple is so hard? It wants more, doesn't it? That's right, stick that big nipple up so that I can scrape it with my cheek... it likes that? I can tell by the way your tit is bouncing around, not to mention how your arse is wiggling. Harder? Is that what you need? Lift that boob so I can bite and suck your teats, my little cow!"  
  
Her Uncle beamed approvingly at his nieces' tormentor. After he was satisfied with the results of Ashley's breast punishment, he addressed the doorman, "James, please bring Ashley here to this chair." James used his grip on her hands to push Ashley over to the chair her Uncle indicated. "Kneel on the chair, Ashley, facing the chair back." James released the girl, who slowly clambered onto the chair, resting her front on the upholstery of the chair back. "Hold the chair cushion, Ashley, I don't want your hands leaving the chair."  
  
Now the two men stood behind the girl, as she leaned forward and away from them on the chair. Her body shook charmingly as she softly cried, and the men watched her slumped shoulders shake and her soon to be punished bottom shiver.  
  
"Ashley," said her Uncle, "Please assist James to remove his belt, I think I will require him to employ it in your correction!" The man leered at the girl, and, as tears crept down her face, she fumbled with the buckle detaching his wide black leather belt and then slowly drawing it from around his waist. "Now give me the belt, so I can get you acquainted with it, little love," sneered the doorman. Ashley handed the belt to him, and closed her eyes as he walked behind her.  
  
He observed her outthrust, defenseless and ripe bottom. Ashley felt the man's hand pat her rump, testing the resilience of her buttock. "It would be a pity to damage such a fine undergarment, wouldn't you say Ashley? Perhaps you would be so kind as to pull it down off your bottom?"  
  
Ashley reluctantly reached behind her, and slowly and hesitatingly drew her panties down over her tender bottom cheeks, baring them to the young man standing behind her. He gazed at the trembling twin white mounds as they were fully revealed to him, first one side, then, as Ashley used her other hand, the other bottom cheek. She let the panties hang between her leg, the sides of the underwear slightly indenting the outside of her upper thighs from where they were suspended. The men behind her enjoyed the view of her pale buttocks, framing the plump mound of her pudendum which peeked out between her thighs from behind the dangling panties.  
  
"Stick out your bottom for your strapping, little slut!" said the doorman, doubling the belt in his hand so it formed a long loop. His palm explored her now naked buttocks roughly, jouncing the springy flesh and investigating the curves of her bottom as he judged the effect the leather strap would have on the different sections of her posterior. His fingers caressed and pinched her full nether cheeks, softly exploring its curves, then curving in with the lower part of her ass to flick across the rear bulge of her warm and almost hairless vulva.  
  
The stranger's hand left her buttocks, and Ashley heard the sound of the belt whistling through the air moments before she felt it smack hotly across the widest section of her womanly backside, causing the plump buttock to flatten momentarily and vibrate hotly. She cried out and pitched forward, desperately thrusting her posterior downwards, away from the belt. The doorman petted her bottom again, feeling the warmth emanating from the wide pink mark left by the strap across her cheeks. Again, the loop came down on her tense backside, this time at a diagonal and across a single bottom cheek. As Ashley jumped from the blow, a twin smack brought the strap down on the other cheek.  
  
She cried out. Her bottom twisted back and forth before the doorman, its cheeks bouncing from the effort. He smiled and shortened his grip on the belt, leaving a smaller, more controllable loop dangling from his hand. His other hand reached out and steadied Ashley's naked bottom by her hip, and he then used the short leather loop to strike a repeated tattoo across one quickly reddening cheek of the girl's defenseless backside. As the leather thwacked her tender globe repeatedly, Ashley whimpered, and the doorman smiled at the accompanying ripples and bouncing in the pale globes under his hand.  
  
The doorman then released her hip and walked slowly around to her other side. From there, he reached out and let his hand glide over the lower curve of Ashley's breast, pushed up by the bra cup folded below the naked globe. His fingers found her tense nipple, and trapped it between a thumb and forefinger. The man squeezed the hardened bud, and pulled it tautly away from the girl's chest and down, forcing her to bend more and thrust out her bottom further.  
  
"I know you want to have your bottom cheeks the same color, don't you little one?" smiled the doorman, "So I'll just redden this pale cheek for you..."  
  
The belt struck her less punished bottom cheek strongly and Ashley tried to pull away, but the finger on her nipple imprisoned her, forcing her to remain still while the man used the belt to spank her bottom repeatedly, the pale flesh of her buttock quickly reddening to match its already well-spanked twin.  
  
A flash of light from the direction of her Uncle's seat observing the proceedings caught the girl's attention for a moment, and she looked up to see her Uncle taking pictures of her humiliating ordeal with his ever present camera. The eager photographer came closer, and recorded the grimaces of his niece's expression as the belt smacked her ass, as well as capturing the instantaneous distortion of her bottom cheeks, as they embraced around the thrashing belt.  
  
When the doorman was satisfied that Ashley's bottom cheeks showed similar degrees of redness, a process which involved him returning to the less recently punished half of her bottom for some "freshening" of its hue, he ordered the girl to stick her bottom out further toward him. She did so, and he reached out and pulled the lacy red panties, bunched at her thighs, down to her backs of her knees. A hand on Ashley's head pushed her down onto the back of the chair, her cheek pressing into the plush cloth of the oversized seatback. Her outthrust bottom, in this new bent position, allowed James to examine Ashley's vaginal pouch from where it rested, framed by her rear thighs, and the flushed hemispheres of her ass.  
  
His full palm and fingers cupped her pussy from the rear, and Ashley moaned in shame and fear as she felt his coarse fingers push through her outer lips and test her moist core. The doorman stepped to her side, and Ashley felt him thrust up against her hip with the front of his pants. She felt him rubbing his erection against her flesh while his hands roved over her bottom cheeks, her thighs, and her pussy. He squeezed both buttocks firmly in his hands, then caressed down onto her vagina again, this time forcing a thumb into Ashley's pussy.  
  
His finger still buried in Ashley's vagina, the doorman reached under the girl's hip and found the front of her genitals, where he grasped the hood of her clit, which he began rubbing up and down. Ashley's sensitive cunt was being ravaged from both sides, and her resistance to the strong stimulation held only briefly. The feeling was not pleasant, but the friction elicited lubrication from her vagina which coated the doorman's fingers, and which he worked into a froth strongly finger-fucking the girl, plying in and out the soft flesh of her pussy lips. As she moaned, his thumb left her vagina to apply a few sharp spanks to her buttocks, before forcing its way back into her moist vulva.  
  
The frantic girl's bottom churned. Suddenly, the man released her, and she felt him walk behind her. One of his hands grasped each buttock firmly, as if they were pastry buns, his fingers sinking into her pillowy flesh. He spread her cheeks apart, forcing the plump morsels to separate and bare her asshole. One finger of his swiped through her moist lower lips, collecting the secretions he'd caused her to weep and wetting his finger. She felt his fingertip come to rest on her exposed asshole and push. As she whimpered, his finger separated the tense ring, and sank into her reluctantly yielding butthole.  
  
The sound of his zipper coming down was closely followed by a tense pressure on Ashley's asshole. For a moment, while the girl grunted in pain, her bottom resisted this new indignity, but with a sudden parting, her anus yielded to the large phallus, affording his cock a grudging entry into her body. The man pushed hard and his cock slowly sank into the crying girl's bum, stretching her painfully. Her efforts at drawing away from her anal ravisher were countered by James' grabbing her hips and using this new purchase to force her bottom to swallow the entire length of his dick.  
  
Nor, once all the way inside her, was he satisfied with his new position, but slowly drew his cock out, her bottom now resisting his movements in the reverse direction, her anus pulling at the cock until it released and relaxed mercifully, only to be assaulted anew, another entry forced into her bottom, with marginally easier access. Again and again, he violated her ass, each time drawing his cock all the way out in a teasing ever broken promise of relinquishing his position inside her.

Ashley, exhausted, acquired the stillness of the helpless, her backside a mere static target for the man's thrusts. This didn't last long, though, as her lack of motion displeased him, and he elicited renewed frantic squirms by striking her already well-punished bottom-cheeks roughly and digging his fingernails into her reddened flesh.  
  
Her renewed squirming and squealing finally brought about the effect he'd desired, and she felt the cock in her asshole taughten and pulse repeatedly as he jetted his semen into her. Even then he continued thrusting strongly into her, until his spasms died down. Her asshole closed slipperily as he withdrew his satiated cock. Ashley's eyes were closed, and she whimpered as she felt his warm stickiness leak slowly out of her. She remained motionless, affording a charming vista of her ravished, sperm streaked, bottom, as James withdrew from her and put himself back in order.  
  
She perceived, as she kneeled frozen in disbelief and shame, that her Uncle exchanged a few words with the doorman, and handed him something. She heard the door close as James exited the room.  
  
Her Uncle came up to her and placed a possessive hand on her hip. His palm cupped her reddened buttocks, and his fingers pinched the resilient, bouncy flesh., smoothing her stinging posterior. The shutter clicked, capturing her shuddering thighs, the marks on her backside, and the streak of semen trailing from her abused asshole.  
  
"I shall have the other girls come in and help you get cleaned up, Ashley, and then I want you dressed and ready to go. I believe we've gotten what we needed here!"

**Chapter 8. A long lesson: Spanked into Sucking**  
  
Nemorino and Adina exchanged protestations of love amidst glorious music, ending the final act of L'Elisir D'amore. The house lights came up, and the singers took their bows. Ashley had enjoyed the melodic and comedic opera quite a bit, and came to her feet along with many of those seated nearby to give the singers an ovation. She smiled happily. Her Uncle observed the comely young woman, enjoying the sight of her pleasure in the spectacle to which he'd introduced her.  
  
He was also gratified at Ashley's ability to put the ordeals of the day behind her, so to speak. The fact that she was of such good cheer now, forgetting her anal ravishing and punishment earlier in the day, Edward reasoned to himself, meant that Ashley was becoming accustomed to being used sexually, learning to submit decorously to her sexual castigations, while being able to bounce back. All this was very positive in his mind, as it would allow him to incur into further and more extreme adventures with his step-niece, without risking her overreacting or rebelling against him. Not to mention, he smiled to himself, the pleasure it was to see the girl laughing and smiling. Though, he admitted to himself, there was a similar or even greater pleasure in seeing her crying in torment too!  
  
Edward rose and placed his hand gently on Ashley's arm, guiding her out into the aisle of the theater, joining the outflow of the crowd which disgorged into the foyer and then out the large gilt doors into the square. He helped her to secure the lush fur wrap which he had bought her, which framed her dark hair and pretty face with a softening chestnut aura. Bundled up against the cold, Ashley lent into his supporting arm, and let herself be led to the car park, where the opulent Jag lay waiting.  
  
Once in the car and underway, Edward turned toward Ashley.  
  
"Ashley, you seemed to enjoy the opera... Are you tired?"  
  
Ashley, excited by the events of the evening, and not overly eager to return to the hotel for what might turn out to be a private session with her uncle, responded,  
  
"Oh, no, uncle. It isn't very late at all, and I'm not tired!"  
  
"Very well, Ashley," said Edward, "perhaps then we should stop off at my club. I'm sure I could use a drink and some entertainment as well, and perhaps we can use the occasion to edify you in the minutiae of fine Single Malts, what do you say?"  
  
"Oh yes, uncle, that sounds wonderful!" responded Ashley, loosening the fur slightly as the car's heater worked away the chill of the outside air. Edward maneuvered the plush vehicle across town, into an older area off Piccadilly where the streets became smaller, darker, and narrower. Picking up his car phone, he placed a call. Ashley heard him arranging for their arrival, and placing an order for food. Soon after, they pulled up outside an old townhouse, twin carriage lamps flanking its stately oaken door. As Edward engaged the brake of the car, a tall man dressed in an anachronistic coachman's cape mounted to the sidewalk from the stair below the entrance. Approaching the Jag, he held open Ashley's door, assisting her descent from the car, then came around to the driver's side where he took Edward's keys and drove off in the car. Edward placed an avuncular arm around his niece and walked her up the quarter flight of stone steps to the impressive entrance where he rang a small brass bell set into a glowing brass ring. Under the bell, Ashley read the script on a small shiny plaque inscribed "Private Club. Members only."  
  
The door was opened by a stiff postured, formally dressed, butler, who greeted her Uncle by name, and took their coats as they entered the dark paneled, graciously appointed entryway of what had clearly been a grand private townhome, now the seat of some sort of very British, Ashley thought, gentlemen's club. Wood paneling everywhere glowed in the light of golden hued lamps. The entire establishment had a comfortable lack of bright lights, which romanticized the many paintings on the walls. The furniture was all wood and leather, and large oriental carpets covered most of the dark oak paneled floors.  
  
To Ashley's mind, the ambience was that of an old and exclusive club, where the privileges of money had not been changed by the democratization of society outside the ancient doors. She also had a strong sensation that the club was not the sort of place where anyone so young nor so female as herself usually frequented. She turned to her Uncle curiously, and saw that he was watching her bemusedly.  
  
"Come with me, Ashley, let's find a drawing room," commented her Uncle, leading the girl through a large common area room, strewn with many large, deep, leather chairs, and old dark wooden coffee table piled high with journals, magazines, and newspapers. A large unlit fireplace, with impressively heavy andirons standing by it, occupied a goodly part of one paneled wall. She followed Edward through a double wide doorway, through a bar room and down a corridor. Her Uncle opened a door from the corridor, and held it open for Ashley to enter a room. Inside, a bar graced one wall, and the middle of the room was occupied by a number of the same overstuffed leather chairs Ashley had observed in the reading room. A card table with more upright seating occupied the middle of the room, and along the wall farthest from the door, was a large buttoned leather sofa and matching ottoman.  
  
The fireplace in this study was much smaller than the one in the main room, but it was lit, two small logs burning in it noisily. Edward brought one of the cardtable chairs next to one of the comfortable large chairs, and sitting in the latter, indicated to his niece to sit nearby him on the more upright chair. Ashley lowered herself onto the chair, in three-quarter profile to her Uncle.  
  
At this moment, the butler who had let them in arrived, pushing open the door and wheeling in a small cart bearing a tray of plates, cutlery, and food as well as a variety of bottles and glasses. He brought this to the bar along one wall, and transferred to the contents to the long slab of wood. Edward went to the the butler, and exchanged a few comments with him, which Ashley was unable to overhear. Edward took a small plate and started placing some of the delicacies from the bar on it, then poured two tumblers of liquor. He carried them over to the card table next to Ashley and placed them on it.  
  
An assortment of crackers with cheese, small sandwiches, sections of sausage, and stuffed leaves of radicchio occupied the plate, and Edward encouraged Ashley to try some of these. He took a couple of crackers and placed them on a serviette, then carried that and the tumbler of Scotch with him, as he sat down once more in the deep chair.  
  
Ashley relaxed as she drank the excellent single-malt and her Uncle discoursed on the merits of the beverage. At first, the peaty flavor of the Scotch was not to her liking, but her Uncle introduced her to the more mellow exemplars of single malt. She quickly went through small tastes of Laphroiag, which she didn't care for at all, on to Dalwhinney, Glenmorran, and Lagavulin. The crackers and cheese she nibbled at only partly counteracted the alcoholic effect, which was making Ashley giggle and slump relaxedly in her chair.  
  
Her Uncle was also enjoying himself, and getting somewhat tipsy as well. The warmth of the room suffused their cheeks, and they laughed easily together. In spite of the trials she'd had to bear at the dressmakers, the past few days in London had been quite fun for Ashley, and she felt, thanks to the alcohol, somewhat giddy.  
  
Perhaps it was the Scotch, perhaps the effect of her overstimulated young woman's hormones, but during one of the long languid and relaxed silences she shared with her Uncle, Ashley, without premeditation and for the first time in her interaction with him, prodded her Uncle to action. Later, she would recall this moment as the first in which she realized that she was emotionally and psychologically involved in the amazing transformation her Uncle was orchestrating from naïve and innocent young lady, into a willing and compliant, but sexually powerful woman holding men in thrall to her strong sexual nature.  
  
"Uncle," she began tentatively, "are you pleased with my behaviour? I do feel like I am improving and I hope you think that I have. I would like to... be good... and do what I'm told. I... I... know you're helping me to improve, and I just, I mean, I want to ...do what you tell me to."  
  
Ashley blushed deeply and looked down.  
  
Edward, somewhat tipsy and slumped slightly in the overstuffed chair, smiled to himself. Splendid, he thought. The girl was prompting him now! He'd so established in her mind her subservience and her role as a subservient sex toy, that when a half day passed without requiring anything of her, she would push him to continue! Well, he'd have to take advantage of this. But, as this evening Ashley seemed to be a willing participant, he'd have to vary the tone.  
  
"Yes," responded her Uncle languidly, "I think you have made great progress, Ashley. You are now a much more responsible and obedient girl than when you first came to me. I would go so far as to say that you are becoming more and more a woman, and I am mostly quite pleased with you. You have a ways to go, certainly, and it will be my pleasure to lead you there, but you are making great progress. Why your very posture and carriage are a testament to how much you've changed!  
  
"Why don't you stand up, here, yes, in front of me and let me look at your bearing. That's wonderful. Very nice, perhaps you could take off the scarf. Now turn for me and let me look at you lovely figure."  
  
Ashley stood, just the slightest bit unsteady on her delicate and elegant high-heels from the effects of the Scotch she'd been drinking. Her Uncle observed the well-groomed girl in front of him.  
  
"Think, Ashley, how you've changed in the short time you've been here. From the slovenly slattern you appeared you have become quite a lady! I hope you are proud of your progress. It has not been an easy transition, and I am sure that you will require firm guidance in its continuation, but we can be proud of how far you've come.  
  
"In fact, tonight, I think we will reward you a bit for your good work, even if it will require some effort on your part to earn the reward. Will you obey, and make the effort that I will ask of you, Ashley? Do you intend to be a good girl this evening? The pleasures that you've tasted until now tonight will continue, if you are amenable."  
  
Ashley, was unsure what her Uncle had in mind, but entering this strange new ground where she was a willing participant in whatever adventure he had in mind, made her heart beat faster, and the blood suffused her cheeks.  
  
"Yes, Uncle," she softly responded, "you know what's best for me."  
  
Edward smiled, and went to the door. He pulled a cord by the door. Shortly after the butler knocked and entered. Edward referred himself to the servant, "Clyve, please take Miss Ashley into a room where you may assist her to hang up her pretty clothes, and help her to put on the items she will find in the box I left with you earlier this evening? Thank you.  
  
"Ashley, please follow Clyve, and I would appreciate very much if you would change into the clothes I have brought for you, which will be more appropriate for our subsequent activities. Clyve is an expert in the fitting of such items, and will help you with them."  
  
The Butler turned away and headed towards the door, and Ashley nervously followed his stiff steps. He stood and opened the door for her and she stepped out into the corridor. Wordlessly, he picked up a large elegantly wrapped box which Ashley recognized came from the shop they'd been to earlier, and led her down the hall from where her Uncle waited for her.  
  
Holding open a door, the butler ushered her into a the small room, evidently a sort of expanded cloak room, containing one overstuffed chair, a small sofa, a small boudoir table with a large mirror above it, and a coat closet. Placing the package on the table, the butler opened the ribbons and lifted the top off it. He parted the delicate tissue wrapping inside, and Ashley observed a beautiful bundle of black ribbon and lace nestled in an erotic tangle in the lavender tissue . Clyve began removing the garments from the box and laying them out. Ashley turned away, embarrassed that this stranger should be aware that she would soon be modeling such provocative intimate apparel for her Uncle.  
  
Clyve turned to the girl, and said, "Miss, please remove all your clothes and I will hang them for you, then I will assist you in fitting these garments, as per your Uncle's instructions. Do not be shy, miss, in my work I am often called on to assist with young ladies' educations, and your fine, ripe, femininity makes it that much more pleasurable work for me."  
  
Ashley demurely started reach for the buttons behind her dress but Clyve approached her and deftly and carefully undid the buttons, baring even more of her back. He then slid the straps off her rounded pale shoulders, and bade her step out of the dress. Ashley did so, and stood confusedly in her lacy panties and half bra while the butler hung her dress. He returned and said, "Now, please take off all the rest of your clothes, young lady, including your shoes. You need to be totally naked." In a matter of minutes she was, and the butler watched her shield her pudendum with her hands, but she was sharply admonished and made to put her hands at her sides, baring her light fleece to the man's gaze.  
  
"Please turn around for me, miss," instructed the butler, "your prominent breasts and full buttocks will be well complemented by your new outfit, young lady. But first, I think we need to make some minor make-up adjustments. Your nipples for example, are nice and fat, but they are perhaps a shade too dark for the color of the bodice you will be wearing. Perhaps a bit of powder there is indicated? Please step over to this mirror."  
  
Ashley walked naked to the mirror and watched in it as the butler reached into the boudoir and came out with a box of make-up. Pulling out a stiff brush, the butler came up to Ashley and started flicking her nipple with it. Her dark, large areola responded by tightening, and becoming slightly glistened by the moisturizing cream on the brush. Her other nipple came under the same treatment. Clyve observed them, then put down the brush and delicately but firmly grabbed one of her nipples in each hand and gave it a tug, causing the nude girl to flinch and gasp. He then loaded a circular powder puff with a pale powder and lightened her areolas slightly with it. He dabbed the same puff over her large breasts, as well, delicately blending the pale color on her bosom.  
  
"Turn around, young lady!" he ordered, "and bend over, elbows on the table."  
  
Ashley turned and bent over the table, supporting herself on her elbows. Her breasts grazed the tabletop, and the butler could not resist reaching below them and caressing the pendant, heavy underside of her heavy teats.  
  
"Best to moisturize the skin to ensure elasticity where there is likely to be some chafing, miss," the butler said, opening a jar of light cream on the boudoir. He dipped a hand in it, and then his hand came back to the undersides of her breasts, this time sliding the soft lotion on her flesh, his fingers working the moisture into her breasts, plying the bouncy flesh of her tits. Her glistening breasts swung back and forth as he massaged them, swaying slickly over the wooden tabletop. Ashley observed herself bent over towards the mirror, her breasts bulging and swinging as the man's fingers clutched and manipulated the soft heavy globes.  
  
After thoroughly working her breasts, she observed in the mirror that he took a handful of the cream and she felt the butler's moist hand apply the lotion to her naked posterior. He freely explored her out-thrust bottom, working the lotion into her bare rounded cheeks, then dipping between them into the cleft of her bottom. Ashley tried to lift herself up in surprise when she felt the butler's hand first introduce itself between her bottomcheeks, but his other hand gruffly pushed her head back down and she quieted and submitted to his groping.  
  
His hand, freshly apportioned of lotion, then came down on her inner thighs, which she parted in response to the pressure of his palms pushing her thighs apart, and he worked the lotion into her inner thighs, making his way leisurely but surely up to her vaginal lips. Ashley felt the man's hand slide over her cleft between her parted legs and massage it with the lotion. More lotion followed and his hand expertly worked at her moistening genitals, his fingers strongly kneading the front of her nearly hairless mount and her sensitive clitoris. Ashley closed her eyes as the sensation grew, and moaned softly when the other man's hand joined the first on her genitals, this one approaching her cunt from the rear and pulling her cunt lips apart to stroke the widening opening there. She felt her legs tremble slightly as the stranger stimulated her expertly.  
  
As quickly as he'd started though, the butler stopped his ministrations, and bade her stand up. He then proceeded to help her dress.  
  
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Edward sits in the overstuffed leather chair, quietly smiling to himself. He's looking forward to his nieces' return eagerly. A small, contented smile plays at his lips. He sips his scotch.  
  
At last, a knock at the door signals Clyve's return.  
  
"Come," intones Edward, and the door is opened. Clyve holds open the door, and Ashley steps into the room, eyes demurely downcast. She walks in slowly, her pace slowed and her elegance enhanced by the precariously high heels she is wearing.  
  
"Come in, little one," Edward tells her, then directs her with his gaze to walk over towards him. Ashley, by now accustomed to her role, naturally stops at the center of the large Persian rug as if on display. She clasps her hands before her, and glances up nervously at her uncle, her cheeks suffusing with color as she feels his gaze rake over her.  
  
Her hair has been meticulously combed to a lustrous sheen, and falls around her face in a flat, chestnut mane, accented by a white lace bow attached to a skein of her hair in the rear. Clyve has expertly applied cosmetics to her lovely face, her eyes widened and tinted green, her lips a deep pale pink.  
  
Ashley is a vision in frothy white. She wears a lace corset which pushes up her youthful, full breasts. The lace frames the large, round boobs, affording a only slightly obscured view of her wide, dark nipples, under the stretched lacy materials.  
  
She ambles in, eyes downcast, obedient. Edward observes her, and is aware that she's given herself up to obeying for this evening.  
  
She steps in, her long legs encased in beautiful white stocking, with bows at the lace tops at her thighs. Wide white straps attach to the tops of her sheet white stockings, and travel up the front of her taut upper thighs, then at the top juncture of her leg, slide under a satin, frilly edged panty, with narrow sides over on her jutting hip. It is low cut and the straps re-emerge a few inches higher from her panties and travel up her flat belly to the lacy bottom edge of her corset.  
  
As she walks slowly towards her uncle, he gazes contentedly at her crotch, where the satin has conformed itself and delineates clearly her pussy lips. The narrow dark fold as the panties split her vulva sways softly as she transfers her weight carefully from one leg to another, balancing precariously on her high-heels.  
  
Her shoes are a platform with a 10 centimeter heel, and a simple set of double narrow white straps which cross over her delicate feet and travel up her ankle, each wrapping it twice then clasp at the side of her lower calf. A small, soft bow matches the bows on her stockings.

Her Uncle observes her walk towards him then stop meekly a meter away from his chair. "You look very charming, dear niece," he says, "like a present I shall enjoy unwrapping slowly over the course of this evening."  
  
Ashley blushes, and then in response to her Uncle's signal, turns slowly around to afford him a rear view of her body encased in its sexy package.  
  
Edward's gaze travels down from her shiny auburn mane and its gracenote bow, to the hard cut edge of her hair just above her naked white shoulders. Her back is slim and narrow, and Edward smiles at the sideways bulge of the girl's full breasts beyond the silhouette of her back. The corset swoops down so most of her back is naked, save for the three buttons holding it closed. Ashley's lower back swells, its twin dimples winking above the start of her hips and buttocks. In the rear, the satin panties the girl wears also cling to her bottom cheeks, but are made to be more translucent than the front of the underpants, and are almost transparently gauzy, so that Ashley's bottom cheeks are quite visible.  
  
Edward stands up and indicates to the girl that she approach him. Ashley walks up close to her Uncle. Even in her heels he is still a head taller than she, and she feels the heat radiate from him. He is wearing only full length, blue silk dressing gown, and she suspects he has nothing underneath, as the erection she knows she has elicited from him, tents his garment unconstrainedly.  
  
His hand reaches familiarly out to cup the lower curves of both her bottom cheeks over her panties. Ashley feels the tip of his silk covered penis touch her outer thigh softly and then push against her creamy flesh. The hand on her bottom squeezed her rear softly and possessively.  
  
"Tonight, Ashley, we're going to make substantial progress in your education," intones Edward, while his hand palms and kneads her buttock. "You are becoming better educated and your training is clearly improving your disposition and your behavior. As such, it is more incumbent on you to be able to show your gratitude and appreciation for what you're receiving."  
  
"Now the need to humiliate and punish you using your sexual timidity is certainly something that has an effect on the gentlemen who are assisting you so kindly in your need to make progress and it is time for you to learn how to thank them appropriately. The best way to do this, given the state of arousal that educating a willful but sexy girl like you is bound to engender in myself and the other men I required to further your progress are naturally made to feel, is for you to attend to their penises. Do you not agree that that is appropriate, Ashley, that you should be offering to reward them by providing their penises with the pleasures you can give them?"  
  
The girl blushes fiercely, aware of her Uncle's member pressing against her thigh and its role in the discussion. She knows that during the course of the evening, she will be coming into much more intimate knowledge of it. She doesn't respond.  
  
"Now, Ashley, this shyness will not do!" intones her Uncle, "I want to hear you give me the correct responses this evening, so I think some encouragement is in order.  
  
"Please push your panties down to your thighs, uncover your pussy and bottom!"  
  
Ashley shudders at her Uncle's command to display her naked midriff, but obeys slowly. She reaches to her waist and slips her fingers in the side of her delicate white panties, then slowly glides them down her smooth hips and belly. Her jutting bottom cheeks reveal themselves, glowing pale and full in the light, and in front her delicate pussy mound gleams warmly. She stands, panting, her entire midriff bare and naked, next to the man who has control over her pubescent body. Her Uncle's hand comes up softly, and the girl closes her eyes in shame momentarily. Ashley feels his palm gently cup her soft pudendum possessively, his finger resting lightly on her bare cunt lips, the pad of a fingertip against her the little swell of her bare clitoris. A slight pressure on her turgid clit causes her bottom to push backward and thrust out further.  
  
Edward brings his hand back slightly and, aiming for the very crest of the cheek of Ashley's bottom further from him, slaps it down against her bottom with a soft smart smack. The smack smarts more than hurts, and Edward follows it with another spank to the bare near cheek of his niece's womanly rump. His hand cups the recently spanked girl-flesh.  
  
"What is your response, girl?" he chides.  
  
"Yes,...sir." Ashley tries. Edward expects more from her, wanting to hear her describe the lascivious actions he will force his niece into. "I want to hear full answers to my questions, little one!" he warns. For her briefness, her bottom receives another pair of warming spanks, centered exactly on the crests of their already pink bulges. Her hips shimmy with the stinging of her bottom, and Edward observes the delightful tremors passing through her full, rounded, exposed backside. She hesitates. Again her Uncle's hand spanks her bottom.  
  
"I need to, to give them pleasure,...." Edward gives her an encouraging caress across her warm naked bottom. "..to, make their penises feel good!" blurts the girl. SMACK... She jumps, and repeats quickly, " I need to take care of their penises!" Eduard's hand squeezes the delicious morsels of the submissive girls' bottom cheeks, then gives her another smart slap.  
  
"Very good, Ashley," her Uncle praises, his hand smoothing to pinkened flesh on Ashley's naked bottom, "you see how sage a judicious smacking of your bottom can help you to become?" "As you say, pleasuring their penises is a duty you will have to apply yourself to assiduously, and practice, my dear, is the key to perfecting any skill, so we shall make sure that you get extensive practice with men's organs."  
  
"In fact, no time like the moment, no? So, let's get started, Ashley?" Edward's hand cups and squeezes each of his niece's naked bottomcheeks, and he orders "Place your hand on my cock, next to you, softly hold it."  
  
Ashley looks down nervously at the protruding bulge in her Uncle's silk gown. She obediently reaches out, and displaying a natural gentleness encompasses the silk encased member with her hand.  
  
"Hold the head of my cock," orders her Uncle sternly, and she slides her hand up until it cups the wide head of his penis which she can feel distinctly through the thin material.  
  
"Ashley, you need to maintain a gentle rhythm on that cock, you understand, regardless of everything else!" Ashley caresses the hard penis with her hand. She closes her slim delicate fingers over the silk sheathed, plump, springy, wide head of her Uncle's penis, and gently opens and closes her fingers over it. The silk slides over the silky head, bunching at its tip as she tightens her fingers, and then stretches out to cover and sheath his cockhead as she opens her fist and lets it slide down off his glans and ring the shaft just below. Her fingers feel the silk start to evidence the moisture she's causing her Uncle to leak onto her ministering hand. Back and forth her hand moves excruciatingly slowly, bunching and tightening the cloth over the twitching member. Edward watches her delicate hand outline his plum-shaped, silk encased glans.  
  
Ashley wonders for a moment what he mean by "ignoring everything else" but is soon enlightened as she feels his hand on her neck, pushing her to lean forward and making her naked bottom jut out behind her, her panties hanging prettily at her trim, pale thighs. She feels his hands both grip her bottom cheeks and start to fondle her arse clenching her cheeks powerfully in his grip. She shudders but concentrates on maintaining the rhythm of her hand.  
  
"That's right, little one," her Uncle intones, "masturbate my cock well, while I attend to this rounded little bottom of yours." Ashley strokes his cock tenderly, and feels her Uncle tug her bottomcheeks into position for another smacking she knows is coming. She mewls as his hand begins a strong staccato smacking of her tender, rounded, exposed backside.  
  
Edward gazes down at his niece, her eyes closed and her delicious face twisted with the conflicting emotions her body is giving her, humiliation and pain, and pleasure of the most prolonged and delayed nature. She intently jerks his cock, increasing the sharpness of her movements as his hand delivers another crisp smack to her womanly backside, and his fingers delve between her legs to pull at the soft, slightly scratchy skin of her nether lips. Caressing her complex folds back and forth, he observes her womanly cavity stretching open and closed with each stroke of his fingers through her vulva. He repeats the motion, going back and forth tugging at her puffy cunt lips until her bottom and thighs quiver with excitement.  
  
Ashley can't help but raise her bottom to her Uncle's expert ministrations, standing on tiptoe in her high, white heels, giving him closer access to her backside and cunt. His fingers slide through her moist lips, flicking her little clit and making the girl bounce, her lithe calf muscles tensing.  
  
But Edward has much more lasting plans for his niece, and after sending his thumb on a final foray knuckle deep into the very rear of Ashley's slickened cunt, steps away from his niece. Her hand parts with the cock she's been masturbating with reluctance.  
  
"Stand up and pull up your panties," Edward chides. "I must say, your bottom and cunt are wanton, aren't they little slut? Writhing under their spanking and positively begging for more. Well, we shall see about this."  
  
Ashley reaches shyly down and grasps the soft white panties, then pulls them up, feeling the heat of her spanked bottom and the moistness of her well manipulated pussy become encased in the delicate silk. For a moment, she feels shame and sadness at covering herself, making her pulsing pussy less accessible to her tormentor.  
  
Edward sits in the deep chair, and pulls his robe aside. Ashley tries to not look, but her gaze takes in peripherally her Uncle's bared phallus, large and eager twitching and reddened. She watches it intently as if it were a snake which could biter her. The shaft is not long, but very wide, and the head of her uncle's cock looks positively huge to the inexperienced girl. In fact, Edward's cockhead is uncommonly wide, almost the size of a plum and more than makes up or his member's modest length.  
  
"Ashley come over and sit facing me straddling my legs." She walk over, a vision in frothy lace, then opens her legs to bookend his as she sits on his thighs facing him.  
  
He indicates his cock with his gaze, pointing straight at the lingerie clad girl, and she obediently takes the now naked cock in her hands, using both hands to exquisitely caress the shaft repeatedly, then running her right hand over the swollen tip, back down to his shaft, back and forth sweetly.  
  
Ashley's hand glides back and forth over her Uncle's penis, collecting the wet, stickiness on her fingers as they delicately play over his engorged member, her fingers caressing the plump, slick head dutifully. She straddles his legs bending forward to minister to his organ, her lace encased breasts suspended in the filigreed white material of her brassiere.  
  
As she delicately masturbates his uncle, Edward's gaze rises over Ashley's soft stockinged legs, over her flat soft belly and to her plump tits, hanging before him.  
  
"A girl with big sensitive tits, like you, Ashley," he intones caressing the inner curve of her cleavage, "needs attention there, doesn't she?" Ashley's breathing comes with greater difficulty, but she doesn't say anything, blushing as she continues to rub Edwards cock.  
  
"Sit on my thighs, Ashley, legs spread apart," Edward instructs the girl. She dutifully, lowers herself, letting her pretty, panty-clad bottom down on his naked thighs. Edward feels the warmth of the girl's thighs and the slickness of her stockings against his thighs.  
  
"Now, Ashley, a good girl needs to know how to stroke a cock well. I want you to reach below my balls with one hand and cradle them and, ever so gently, stroke my scrotum."  
  
Ashley's hand follows her Uncle's instructions, cupping his balls, while her other hand holds his shaft in her fist and slowly pumps it back and forth.  
  
"That's right, young lady. Now don't let yourself get distracted!" So saying Edward places his hands on the outside swell of each of Ashley's large white lace covered tits, and strokes their sides, following the contours of the underwire of her bustiere.  
  
"A plump, young pair of breasts like yours Ashley," intones her Uncle, as his palm traces the contour of the heavy white lace cups over Ashley's full breasts, "are going to naturally be the focus of attention for your teachers, and you'll have to learn to offer them up like an obedient girl."  
  
"Like this, little niece," Edward instructs, "pull your shoulders back to thrust your breasts out and offer them up properly." Ashley, draws her shoulder back, causing her breasts to rise toward her Uncle, who appreciatively uses one hand to trace the inner line of her naked boob down into the inside of one of the bra cups, running one then all his fingers down into her bra, and caressing her naked breast.  
  
Ashley watches riveted to the spectacle as Edward repeats the motion on her other breast, running his fingers over her springy full flesh, avoiding for now contact with her hardened nipple.  
  
"Now little one," Edward warns sternly, "you're not to cease your care of my penis! That would be unappreciative of the attention that I'm paying to your education, woudn't it?"  
  
Ashley pants softly as she feels Edwards hand gently lift one of her boobs in its lacey cup, freely playing with her submissively proffered tit. "Yes, ... sir," she mumbles, her hands resuming the rhythmic motion on the throbbing erection moistening her fingers while her other hand cups and delicately massages her uncles testicles. She is amazed at the softness and gentle weight of his balls, their slight dampness and how they fill her palm perfectly.  
  
Her Uncle's hands cup both breasts now, delicately, feeling their substantial heft, weighing them in his hands. His thumbs find her large hardened nipples, and start to rub back and forth over her nubs. Ashley squirms as she feels her nipples being stimulated by her Uncle's fingers through the lace of her bra. "Ooooohhhh" Ashley moans, and involuntarily pulls her shoulders back thrusting her tits forward for more. The pace with which she masturbates her Uncle's erection increases, as his fingers find and grasp one of her turgid, stimulated nipples and roll it between his thumb and forefinger.  
  
"Now Ashley," continues her Uncle, increasing the pressure with which he holds her large, captive, lace covered nipple. "Keep a constant, slow pace on that cock. You are to stimulate it so as to prolong its pleasure, and let the testicles build up a large supply of fluid. You are to strive to make your teacher's secretions as copious as possible, so that you may be sprayed down by them later. A girl's reward for pleasing her teacher is when she receives his bath of sperm, whether on your breasts," accompanying his words by his other hand reaching out to grasp Ashley's to now unmolested other breast, "or on your naked buttocks well-smacked and warmed in preparation, or in your vagina, or between those pinkened lips deep into your throat. Today, my dear niece, we will definitely be concentrating on that plump mouth of yours, so you are to continue your ministrations to ensure a plentiful supply of sperm for you to swallow, do you understand?"  
  
Edward looks down at the girls hands gently ministering to his hardened cock, her stockinged legs straddling his, wide open, the brief panties stretched wide over her clearly delineated pussy lips.  
  
"Now, I think it is time to offer your naked breasts, Ashley, please lower your bra straps onto your arms." Ashley releases the throbbing cock and slowly pushes the delicate, wide lace bra straps off one then the other shoulder, drawing them down her upper arms to come to rest just above her elbow.  
  
The full, white, plump globes of her breasts rest in their clinging white lace cups, the top triangle of lace at the straps now turned downward, starting to peel away and off her youthful tits. "Pull your bra down," orders her Uncle quietly. Ashley looks at her chest before her, as her own hands peel down the supporting cups, freeing her large breasts to her Uncles' unobstructed gaze and handling.  
  
His palms come up and quite naturally cup her now naked tits, though she's sufficiently large breasted than her breasts spill out of his hands, more than filling them. For a moment, Edward holds her now naked, feminine softness, relishing in the warmth and springiness of her breasts flesh.  
  
Holding her tits while squeezing lightly and kneading them, he looks into her big amber eyes, submissively attentive to his every whim, and instructs her, "Stand up and turn around." She slowly pushes herself off his legs and stands precariously, swaying for a moment on her white high heels before regaining her balance and composure. She slowly turns. Edward gazes with pleasure at the full roundedness of his nieces' womanly backside, covered only by the sheer transparent material of her brief white panties. Her bra straps hang down her arms, and he can see even as she stands obediently turned away from him, the swell of her large breasts jutting on either side of her torso.  
  
"Now, Ashley, you're to learn how to use your bottom to further stimulate a penis. A girl must know how to give a good "lap dance".  
  
"You'll take your rhythm from the groping and fondling of your naked breasts. Now sit on my lap, facing away from me,...that's right, center your bottom, squirm it so you can feel the penis between your cheeks, good. Now lean back so we can give your breast a good workout!"  
  
Ashley sits on her Uncle's lap, and feels the hard erection trapped between her cheeks, burning hot and wet. Her bottom cheeks feel like they welcome and surround the hard penis, which pushes against her panties delicate material, stretched tight across her full nether cheeks. The tip of her Uncle's penis rests on the rear of her naked lower butt cheeks and the very top of her thigh. She clenches and shifts her weight on her bottom experimentally, feeling the shaft of the cock roll between her cheeks and the tip slide wetly over the naked skin of her bottom just below the lower hem of her panties.  
  
Edward grasps Ashley's wrists and pulls her hands down until her palms rest on the outside of his thighs, pulls her backward so she rests her back against his chest, then runs his palms slowly up her arms, inward over the outer swells of her twin mounds, finally coming to rest on her denuded, defenseless breasts.  
  
Ashley rests against her Uncle, her back pressed to his chest, her bottom warmly enveloping his erection between her soft plump cheeks. Her large areolas softly accentuate her long, fat, hardened nipples, pointing upward as if inviting her Uncle's marauding hands, which heft the lower curve of her naked breasts, then slide up towards her nipples and, possessively, without regard to her sensitive teats, grasp the nubs strongly and pull upwards on them causing Ashley to moan, and her back to arch to follow the breasts stretching away from her chest.  
  
"Some girls," Edward explains to his moaning niece, as he mandhandles her breasts, "have low hanging or small little breasts, with poor little nipples, almost like a boy's."  
  
"That's a pity and such girls need not be exercised in breastplay as assiduously, but girls like you, Ashley, with big lush tits," encircling the base of her breasts with his hand and then squeezing and sliding outwards along her breasts so they're thrust out plumply and burgeon from his fingers as they slide down to the crests and pinch down on her fat nips once more, "and sensitive long nipples which harden and rise to being tormented," his index finger scratching and flicking the tip of her nipples as Ashley pants and moans, "respond to being trained strongly on their breasts and to regulate the movement of their bottoms accordingly, just as you're wiggling your naught rump delightfully on my cock as your breasts are worked out. Isn't that right, little titmouse? Do you feel a connection between these plumpers and that wiggling butt or yours? Answer me titmouse."

Ashley feels her Uncle grasp her mounds and squeeze firmly, her nipples feel like burning stars which heat up as her Uncle tweaks and pinches them causing her to squirm as she pants and little mewling exhalations escape her mouth, her bottom, as he's indicated writhing spasmodically back and forth rubbing and pulling his cock nestled between her backside's cheeks, as they splay and separate around it while jerking back and forth.  
  
"Yes, oh.... yes sir, my bottom is dancing to what you're ...oooohhh... doing to my breasts, ooooo" Edward rapidly flicks his index fingers over his niece's sensitive nipple tips, and interrogates her, "How does your bottom feel titmouse?" as he smiles at this new nickname which he decides he'll use to condition the girl to know when she's to be worked through her breast-play paces. Ashley squirms and responds submissively, "I can't keep my bottom still, you're making it dance on your penis and my panties feel wet against them from your, your, stickiness..."  
  
Edward grasps Ashley's nipple and areola in one clenched hand and pulls her breast up slightly, baring the fat rounded curve below her breast. His other hand opens and stiffens, and he flicks it upwards against the exposed lower curve, smacking her tit crisply. The breast bounces fluidly upwards with the impact, then settles back, only to receive a second smart smack. "Even a good girl like you're being, Ashley," SMACK, SMACK, "needs to be reminded frequently of proper behavior," SMACK, Edward switches breasts, releasing the recently smacked one, then grasping its twin and, in turn, lifting it and subjecting it to the same treatment. SMACK, SMACK, "oooohhhh," moans the girl, continuing her writhing, "and a good titty spanking is an admirable incentive to ensuring," SMACK! "that you continue to behave like a good little girl!"  
  
"Now Ashley, as you pointed out that your bottom is nice and wet, we should make use of that condition. Please stand up."  
  
Ashley manages to clamber off her Uncle's lap, facing away from him, her shoulders and thighs visibly shaking from her ordeal at his hands. As she admitted, her panties are damp with his juices and more than likely her own as well, and cling to her backside, plunging between her cheeks wetly.  
  
"Lie down over my knee, Ashley," commands her Uncle, "I think we need a brief interlude to emphasize your lesson."  
  
Ashley gingerly leans over her Uncle and he takes her wrist and pulls her down until she is lying across his lap. He pulls her up a bit higher on his legs, ensuring that his cock is warmly nestled against the naked skin of her lower belly.  
  
One hand reaches below her and takes hold of her breast. He squeezes her hanging boob rhythmically. His other hand comes down on her dampened bottom, petting the upthrust hemispheres intimately.  
  
Suddenly, Ashley feels her Uncle take hold of the top of her panties and pull them down, over her damp bottom, baring her totally. He pulls them down to her knees and gazes fondly down at his niece's naked, damp bottom, defenseless and uncovered save for the white straps of her garter. Ashley feels the cool air caress her naked bottom. She bleats meekly as her panties are pulled down, and waits with breath held as her uncle gazes at her bared bottom.  
  
Edward observes the paired, white, globes, taunting him plumply to take his pleasure with them. The crests of her wide butt cheeks are just a bit pinker than the pale jouncy edges of her prominences, where the spankings that Ashley's already received have left their color. The skin just inside the deep crevice between her cheeks is whiter than the rouged crests, and looks temptingly untouched and unpunished, yet is marked by a shiny encrusting of Edward's secretions, which have coated Ashley's right bottom cheek and her crack as she danced over his penis lewdly. Ashley's bottom sways slightly, tremor running through her soft pliant flesh as she anticipates what her uncle intends to do to the naked, defenseless feminine backside Ashley is compelled to present him.  
  
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Lying on her Uncle's lap, bare bottomed, trembling and waiting for him to do whatever he likes to her, Ashley's mind wanders to an incident which had occurred shortly before she'd been sent to England, before her mother had remarried. She tried not to think of it usually. Her embarrassment had been such at the time that she'd put the shameful incident out of mind. She'd blamed the boy, certainly, and that exonerated her to some extent, but at the same time, she knew deeply though never admittedly even to her secret self, she'd been as much to blame as he, and more perhaps. Perhaps she'd caused it all to happen, just as she seemed unable to stop him though merely refusing would have been enough, she knew. Perhaps she'd wanted him to do what he'd done, and, maybe, she felt, more, wanted him to do much more than he'd dared.  
  
Unbidden, she remembered the boy in the class who she had realized weeks ago had a crush on her, who seemed to always be watching her, except when she looked his way, would seem to just have turned his head away. This had gone on for weeks! Ashley knew that he was looking at her, and though he wasn't good looking, she'd felt something about his fascination with her that means she should pay attention to him, something that called for her to go be closer to him, as he expected and wanted.  
  
Every day when she was dressing for school, standing in front of her mirror in her room, choosing what to wear, instead of thinking about what the her girlfriends would be wearing and what they'd consider cool as usual, she kept thinking about the boy who watched her, about what he'd be seeing. Ashley almost saw herself through his eyes, the boy watching a hot young girl, taking in her body and trying to look right through her clothes to see the form of her shapely young body.  
  
Sighing, not understanding what was driving her, "he's not that good looking, what do I care...", she told herself, and yet, she put down the cool Nirvana t-shirt, and picked up one of her ultra-feminine, lacy, flimsy gauzy tops. White spaghetti straps, lace over the bodice, light translucent cotton with light green leaves across it. She closed her eyes, realizing what was next. She reached behind her back and unclasped the tan utilitarian bra she was wearing, letting it fall to the ground. Rummaging in her drawer she found what she knew she had to wear with this: her white lace, strapless half-cup French bra. She'd saved her allowance quite awhile to be able to buy it. Turning it upside down and inside-out she placed the lacey bra against her belly, and clasped it, turned it around her and flipped it over, tucking her breasts into the supportive cups.  
  
Ashley pulled the top over her head and down her sides, pulling the edges down over shoulders and reaching behind to do up the two little buttons holding it closed. The outfit was completed by a pair of shortened, cut-off jeans shorts, and her usual flat sneakers.  
  
At school that day she'd been painfully aware of the boy watching her. In study hall, as she leaned forward over her paper, she knew her breasts were hanging down showing her cleavage. She had glanced towards him and seen him openly staring. He hadn't even tried to pretend he wasn't and she had blushed and returned to her work bending even deeper towards the paper.  
  
After school, he had been across the parking lot, near his car, an old pickup which had seen better days. Ashley didn't know what drove her, but she felt that she was expected to go talk to him. She walked over to the boy who looked somewhat surprised to see her come over towards him. She knew she had to say something, but didn't know what to say until she heard herself stammer... "Um... hi. I'm Ashley, I... I was wondering if you could give me a ride... I mean home, could you give me a ride home? I mean, I don't have a ride and I missed the bus, and as you have a car and,...." She stopped embarrassed and glanced up at him. He looked at the meek girl standing before him and his expression hardened. Something in her suppliant attitude made him stretch out taller and feel strong, otherwise he would never have answered the nymph who had been plaguing his dreams and every curve of whose body he had spent day after day memorizing for his nightly masturbatory sessions with a self-confidence foreign to him, inspired really by the girls' manner.  
  
"Get in." he stated simple, almost a command. He was amazed as the girl seemed to accept it as such. For the first time, perhaps since he'd started to be fascinated by Ashley, who all the guys thought was the sexiest, hottest, little bitch in the school, whose air of innocence and detachment though threw them off, and who therefore preferred to chase her more adventuresome girlfriends, he smiled feeling like he was in control! He'd been fascinated by her incredibly sexy, yet detached, unaware demeanor, and now, she seemed to be making an effort to make friends.  
  
He climbed into the pickup truck's cabin, and the girl sat next to him, buckled in, looking down. He turned the ignition and the truck fired up. Lurching forward he drove out of the school and turned towards the park. He knew he was heading away from her house, and didn't look at Ashley lest she reprimand him for taking her in a different direction.  
  
Ashley looked forward towards the park where she was being driven. She felt like she ought to say something about taking her home, but something inside of her felt pleased, like she didn't want him to head straight for her house, and deliver her to her normal suburban existence. She glanced shyly at the boy driving and when he caught her eye, she smiled, actually feeling happy and adventurous.  
  
Soon, the boy turned into a street and down to a dead end, where there was a turnaround in the trees. Glancing at her, he pulled to one side of the road and turned off the engine. He unbuckled his seat belt, and looked at Ashley. She unbuckled hers, and he glanced down at the seat next to him. Ashley felt like she'd been told to move and looking into his eyes, she slid over towards him, letting herself up against his side. She looked down. His arm came over and placed itself on her shoulders. She stiffened and looked out the window. She didn't move. The boy leant towards her, and placed his mouth close to the curtain of her short brown hair, near her ear. Through her hair, he began to lightly graze her ear and cheek with his lips. She didn't move, just feeling his lips insistently tracing her ear, then a soft, wet probing, as his tongue tasted the delicate curls of her ear and the sweep of her jaw.  
  
She moaned slightly, and her whimpered sound gave him just the courage he needed to let his hand drop from her shoulder and trace down her back, then over her side to lightly come to rest on the side of her breast. "uhhmmm," exclaimed Ashley, as he grazed her breast, and suddenly his hand opened and fastened on her boob, urgently and roughly.  
  
His hand grasped and squeezed her captive boob, now, and Ashley panted. He wasn't gentle with her breast, it was one of the few he'd ever touched, and most times he'd felt like he was a trespasser about to be evicted, but with Ashley he felt like her breast was his reward for taking the decision to bring this girl to a deserted, private location, to not ask her, and now to enjoy his prize. Something about her made him feel powerful, like he had only to tell her what to do and she would.  
  
Taking his arm from around Ashley, he faced her. Ashley watched him. Would he kiss her mouth now, she wondered? He raised his hand and put it on the back of her head, grasping her hair. He then pulled her forward so she bent over and she felt him undo the two buttons at the back of her top, then push her back. She leaned back against the seatback, her top loose and hanging from her rounded shoulders, the two halves of the back loose behind her. She watched his hand come forward to grasp her blouse and pull it off her. He gazed at her big tits, supported in their lacey half-cups of her white bra. The flesh of her plump breast swelled above temptingly above the cups.  
  
She panted in fear and felt her bosoms tightening in anticipation. She watched him reach out towards her and dip his head down as his hands grasped the shallow cups of her bra, and suddenly YANK them down off her breasts, baring her globes and her big taut nipples. His mouth opened and closed on one of her just denuded nipple buds, and started to suckle and bite her tit urgently. She stifled a yelp as his teeth worked her sensitive bud, and his other hand grabbed her breast, pinching the nipple at its crest between his fingers and pulling.  
  
Ashley mewled under the boys assault of her titties, as she felt his tongue vibrate against her hardened nipple, bending it back and forth with strong wet licks. "Oooohh", she moaned, and the boy sucked her nipple strongly, stretching her breast out. She didn't know what to do with her hands, and placed them behind her head.  
  
Ashley leaned back in the seat, pushing her large firm breasts out towards the boy, her lacey white French bra rucked unceremoniously under her meaty orbs. Her nipples stood stern and hard at attention, shining wetly with the boy's saliva. He gazed bemusedly at the girl offering her plump morsels up at him. Ashley watched the impassive boy, and glanced down at her beckoning, defenseless boobs, rising and falling with her excited breath.  
  
The boy smiled cruelly, and intoned, "You like it, don't you, ...slut!" The last word was said almost experimentally, but the boy watched the effect of his words on Ashley. She trembled slightly, and her eyes became moist and shiny. At the same time he watched her pull her elbows further apart, sticking her bosom out even more towards the boy. "You like showing off your fat naked boobies, slut?" His hand reached out and he grabbed one of Ashley's boobs from below, letting it rest in the palm of his hand and squeezed it between his thumb and his fingers, cupped along the side of the girl's jouncy breast, and gave the compliant orb an experimental shake.  
  
Outside the parked car, the shadows lengthened as the sun descended over the course of the next hour, during which the boy enjoyed Ashley's breasts in every way his adolescent fantasy could envision. Ashley consciousness narrowed to the sensations that flooded her sensitive, virgin upper torso. Her nipples, as the boy licked and sucked them incessantly, throbbed and made her squirm. Pulling her towards him, the boy dipped the submissive girl's torso back so he could better feast on her proffered mammaries, which he nuzzled, feeling the hard nipples rub against his eyelids and cheek, then guiding them one by one into his mouth and biting down, he felt his teeth indent and pinch the sensitive girl. Her body trembled and shook in response, and Ashley whimpered. She didn't dare move as the sharp bites caused pinpricks of pain mingled with pleasure to course down her belly and settle in the ever increasing moistness between her legs. Ashley felt the gusset of her think, white cotton panties grow heavy and wet between her legs.  
  
The boy watched the writhing girl responding to his stimulation of her breasts, and grasped one slick nipple in each hand, tweaking the nubbins between his thumbs and forefingers. As he stretched Ashley's malleable nips out he spoke to her as he would a pet, "Shh... little slut, push out your titties so I can give them the licking you need!" His tongue washed slowly up and down her breasts, tasting the damp sweet perspiration from her efforts. As he licked, repeatedly flicking his tongue against the resilient buds crowning her ripe mounds, his hands cupped her bottom, sliding under her full cotton panties to enjoy the warm, soft, naked flesh of her arse as she squirmed under him. "You can't even keep your ass still, can you, bitch?" he taunted, "Oh, you're very wet aren't you, hmmm... wow!" he exclaimed as his hand slid from the lower mounds of her damp bottom crest and followed Ashley's moistness until he touched the wet folds between her legs. His finger slid into Ashley's slippery cunt simultaneously as his mouth engulfed one breast tip, struggling to cram as much of her teat into his mouth as he could fit.  
  
Both the boy's hands were now prodding and pulling Ashley's genitals, the lower curve of her moistened bottom cradling the urgent fingers which worked in and out of her virginal tunnel, sliding effortlessly into her velvety vagina on the copious slickness the girl politely provided her ravisher. Ashley moaned loudly as her cunt spasmed repeatedly, the oblivious boy neither noticing her orgasms as they washed over her, nor slowing even a moment for her to recover before the intruding digits caused another and another orgasm to wrack her frame, making her breasts buck and bounce against his face.  
  
Finally, the light ebbed and it became cold. The boy got up and tidied himself without a word to Ashley. She embarrassedly pulled herself together as best she could, pulling on her discarded bra and closing the delicate, now twisted and rumpled shirt. Ashley flushed hotly at what she'd endured and imagined the boy's silence to be an indication of his disgust at her orgasms and how wet she was. She never imagined the truth, that he himself had come three times in his underwear and had wanted to hide this from her.  
  
They rode back in silence and he dropped her off without even a goodnight kiss. She'd cried herself to sleep that night, though not before making her self cum again, reliving the hours in the car while using two fingers to rub her throbbing clit.  
  
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"Your bottom is shamefully damp, Ashley," Edward scolds, "It needs to be smacked dry." One hand continues to plump and knead her breast, the other palm now cups one of her arse cheeks tenderly and squeezes it softly, his fingers sinking into her warm tender bottom flesh. He squeezes the other cheek in the same way, then slowly lifting his palm up, delivers a crisp smack to the center of her upturned buttcheeks, encompassing both cheeks at once, and causing her bottom flesh to compress and jounce. The cheek nearest him get singled out next to receive a single SMACK, then the far one too gets spanked. "Ever since you came to stay with us, Ashley," he intones, as his hand sets up a sweeping back and forth of spanks on either upturned defenseless cheek, "Your naughty bottom has benefited from being punished frequently." SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK, "Some young ladies, such as you, seem to require regularly being taken over ones knee and having their panties pulled down as if they were little girls. In your case though, those prominent, jouncy buttocks of yours, so in need of constant attention and chastisement," the back and forth smacking continues as he speaks, "are not a little girl's are they, Ashley? Why, we need only observe, while you are so conveniently placed bottom up and spanked, what lies between those dancing reddened cheeks. Open your legs Ashley. The girls receives encouragement to do as her punisher instructs by receiving two stinging spanks to her thighs. Ashley open her legs, stretching the panties at her thighs taut and revealing, between her legs, her slick, moist, hairless, pouting genital lips, puffy and pouting from having her body manhandled.  
  
"No," says her Uncle, as he deliver another pair of spanks to the inside lower portion of her spread cheeks newly made available by her spread legs, "this wet, squirming slit is that of a naughty young lady, responding as such to her well-deserved punishment." His hand dips between her spread thighs, and Edward grips Ashley's rear pouting lips and rubs his thumb back and forth along her exposed cunt lips, letting it slide between her lips and test her slipperiness.  
  
"Soon, titmouse," intones Edward, tweaking Ashley's nipple bud hard as he pronounces his nickname for her, "these soft, pink, pussy lips of yours which seem to enjoy being pushed open by my fingers, will get a chance to do their work to delight penises, as they are so evidently suited to doing. You'll like that won't you Ashley, a big, wet dick pushing into your cunt, stretching you wide?

Ashley whimpers as Edward plays freely with the lips of her cunt, pulling them open to observe the pale reddened interior of her vagina, and wiping her wetness over her rubbery pudendum.  
  
"For today though, Ashley, we will be training, as I mentioned prior, your mouth. Now a willful young girl like you may think that it is a simple and natural matter to take a cock in her mouth and manhandle it inexpertly. I will disabuse you of this notion," Edward continues, his fingers now stroking and soothing his submissive charge's pale thighs, calming her for the next stage of her ordeal.  
  
A smile plays on Edward's face as he strokes the bare bottomed girl across his lap and describes some of what he has in store for her.  
  
"You will be trained in the proper techniques of becoming and expert fellatrix, Ashley, how to start the stimulation of the penis slowly, using the softest, broad tongued strokes, and how to slowly take the entire length of a cock into your mouth, without gagging or jarring it against your teeth or your cheeks.  
  
"But now, enough theory, girl! Stand up!" A smart spank to one of her bare bottom cheeks causes Ashley to scramble to her feet awkwardly, her bared breasts swinging under her as she rises precariously on her high heels. She stands before her Uncle obediently, brassiere pulled down off her tits, delicate white panties bunched at her thighs and her well manipulated shaved pussy in plain view.  
  
Edward stands as well, and turning his back to the ravishing and helpless young girl, walks over to the drinks cart, taking time to relax and compose himself for this next part of the evening. He pours himself a measure of Scotch, turns to contemplate the lovely girl in his power and sips it contemplatively. Ambling over to Ashley, he proffers the glass. Ashley, gratefully tips the warm, golden contents into her mouth and glances at her Uncle, shy and apprehensive.  
  
Edward takes the glass from the girl and walks over to the drinks cart. He walks over to the bell on the wall and depresses the button. Ashley can hear a chime in another room. She hears a doorhandle turn, the door to the room opens and Clyve, the butler, walks in. His gaze travels coldly over the naked torso of the girl on display, and he turns to Edward awaiting instructions.  
  
"Ah, Clyve, so good of you to come. I'll be needing some assistance with my niece, who is about to undergo her first lesson in cocksucking. As usual, the right combination of pain and pleasure will be key to her picking up the correct habits of fellatio, and I will require your assistance in providing these stimuli.  
  
"Ashley, please pull the ottoman over close to the armchair. It will provide the ideal first position for you.  
  
The men watched the girl struggle with the heavy ottoman, pushing it in front of the armchair her uncle had just vacated. "Not only is it heavy," Ashley though to herself as she pushed it over, "but my panties at mid-thigh make it even more difficult to push." The men watched with amusement as the girl strained, legs splayed and breasts swinging, to reposition the furniture, assisting the men in her own debasement.  
  
"Clyve," intoned Edward, "I would say the pinky vibe, some lubricant and a ruler are in order." As Clyve walked to the chest of drawers and started his preparations, Edward ordered Ashley to position herself facing the armchair, with the ottoman in front of her white-clad shins. Edward strode over towards his niece and grasping her mane of hair gently pulled her forward towards the ottoman. "Right over, girl!" he ordered her, "I want your bottom up and your chest supported by the cushion in front of you. You will need to raise your head so I can train your mouth!"  
  
Ashley leaned over the soft cushion, her full bottom spreading as she bent, and lowered her chest to it. Her knees were on the floor behind the cushion, her belly on it, supporting her torso. She felt her defenseless backside sticking back towards where she heard Clyve making ominous preparations.  
  
Seating himself in the deep armchair, Edward was perfectly positioned. Ashley's pouty lipped mouth lay in his lap. He pushed aside the silk robe, and his wide-knobbed penis sprang up right in front of the girls' eyes and twitched in front of her of its own accord. "Take hold of the penis with both hands!" Edward ordered. Ashley reached out and placed her long nailed fingers delicately against the make member before her. "Hold the member between your fingers, as in prayer, girl!" Edward ordered.  
  
As Ashley held the velvety textured cock in her hands right before her angelic face, meekly awaiting instructions, she was suddenly startled Clyve's hand brazenly separating the twin mounds of her bottom. She yelped as she felt a cold, gelatinous material dropped on her exposed anus. The cold was followed immediately by a pressure against her sphincter, which resisted only momentarily indenting itself before yielding and opening, to envelop a smooth hard object. Ashley panted fightenedly and mewed under the anal assault, but her obedient backside gently accommodated the object violating her arse. A tear sprang to her eye, and at the same time she heard a soft buzz commence, she felt the dildo in her bottom vibrate and shiver, adding to the initial pain and discomfort a warm, pleasant, suffusing sensation of stimulation in her asshole.  
  
"While you, little one, attend to your sucking lessons diligently, learning how to pleasure the penis with your tongue and lips, Clyve will ensure that you have the appropriate incentive and correction to improve. For the moment, dearest little niece, your yielding bottom is welcoming only the narrow end of a vibrating simulacrum of a penis, which Clyve can easily push further into you, and as the dildo gets quite a bit thicker the further he pushes into your backside, he will be able to provide the appropriate correction. In addition to which he has a ruler, with which to motivate you should your concentration flag or the pace of your cocksucking need adjustment. Now, open your legs so Clyve can demonstrate his efficacy with the instrument.  
  
A frightened Ashley shifted her knees to open herself wide, the lacy white panties at mid-thigh indenting the outside of her legs as they stretched taught between her splayed thighs. Clyve gazed down at the girl's up-thrust, rounded bottom, the smooth plump slit between her legs, framed by her feminine thighs, The slash of the straps holding up her stockings bit slightly into the soft curve of each buttock.  
  
Ashley, grunted as she simultaneously felt Clyve push the intrusion in her bottom deeper, causing, just as her Uncle had threatened, her anus to resist its forceful widening, and the sting of the ruler smacking the juncture of her inner thighs and bottom. The dildo retreated slightly, easing the pressure against her rear entry.  
  
"And now," Ashley, ordered her Uncle, "let your mouth hang open and stick out your tongue, soft and flattened, for your first of many tastes of the penis. Ashley obeyed, letting her mouth open slackly and thrusting her tongue out, trying to relax and broaden it, watching intently as her Uncle slowly let his large glans contact it. Ashley tasted a combination of sweet stickiness, combined with a of touch of saltiness as the very tip of her Uncle's penis rested against her obedient tongue.  
  
"Wrap your fingers around the shaft of the penis, and ever so slowly, let them glide up and down the shaft, and at the same time very slowly lick the underside of the cockhead. That's right, girl! Very good for a beginning cocksucker."  
  
Ashley felt the vibrator in her bottom speed up, its humming communicating itself directly to her splayed open genitals. She observed her fingers reverently and obediently moving up and down the cock in front of her as her tongue rubbed against the lower part of the cockhead. She continued as she had been instructed, feeling immensely naughty but excited at handling a man's genitals so intimately. Her tongue explored the plush cockhead before her, running over the lower ridge, then licking slowly up the smooth sides of the turgid member's tip. She continued in this way for several minutes, becoming bolder and letting her flattened tongue venture up the sides of the cockhead, exploring the top of the plush helmet. As she licked, she felt her own saliva mix with moisture that leaked from the tip of her Uncle's delighted penis. Her mouth glistened with the frothy combination of her own spit and her Uncle's pre-cum. Ashley closed her eyes and let them roll back as she savored the wet, slick feeling on her lips, tongue and cheek.  
  
"Very good, my young cocksucking niece, now let us exercise your mouth a little differently," said Edward, shifting forward in his chair. One hand collected Ashley's chestnut mane of hair into a sheaf, pulling tightly to control her head. Ashley felt her Uncle shift position, but did not slow her ministrations to his member. Suddenly though, she felt him hold her head steady and pull her mouth down towards him. At the same time, Edward slowly pushed his penis past the tip of her tongue and let it slide slowly into her mouth. Ashley tried to relax her mouth, opening it to accommodate the new penetration, but soon her mouth felt full and her lips stretched. Edward's cock continue its slow penetration of her mouth, and she began to attempt to pull back. The wide tip pushed past the back the of Ashley's now struggling tongue and Ashley began to gag.  
  
"Take it! Take it deep, Ashley!" ordered her Uncle, letting his cock slide back and forth slowly only the merest small distance, causing Ashley to gag each time he pushed, going a bit deeper on every excruciating thrust. As Ashley gagged on the penis pushing into her throat, she suddenly felt a burning pain in her asshole, as the butler pushed the dildo deeper into the gagging girl's defenseless bottom. At the very same instance, the hot sting of the ruler burned on one of her thighs. Under this assault to her throat, anus and tender thighs, Ashley, mewled plaintively, the cock deep in her mouth muffling her effectively. Tears came to her eyes and her Uncle watched their lovely sheen make her big, delicate eyes, glisten. He slowly pulled his cock back out of the depths of her mouth, until only the large head distended Ashley's lips. "Lick softly!" He ordered. Ashley obeyed instantly, letting her tongue wash over the cockhead between her lips, grateful of the shallow presence.  
  
"Towel." Intoned Edward, and Clyve handed him a plush blue square of toweling. Edward spoke to Ashley, "wipe off the penis, Ashley." She felt the dildo retreat slightly in her ass, and her anus settle comfortably around the narrower intrusion. She took the small towel and dabbed at the glistening wetness of her Uncle's cock as he withdrew from her mouth altogether. If anything, she observed as she wiped the copious glistening wetness from it, her Uncle's cock seemed to have grown. The vein on the underside of it bulged thickly.  
  
"And again," Edward intoned, as once again presented his cock to the ministrations and laving of Ashley's out-thrust tongue tip. This time, her licking session became messier, as Edward let his plump cockhead roam over her youthful cheeks and chin, bedewing her with a glistening combination of their juices. As he moved his cockhead over her face, her tongue attempted to follow it, swiping velvetly over his cock whenever she could catch it. Her hand on the shaft increased the pace of stroking his shaft as her urgency seemed to grow.  
  
She felt him shift forward and knew what was to come, as the penis again slid home into her mouth, pushing into her roughly. The accompanying stretching of her anus by Clyve was almost a welcome distraction from the panic Ashley felt as her Uncle sank again into the back of her mouth. He held her head firmly, pressing her down onto his rampant member as Ashley gagged repeatedly. Finally, he withdrew slowly, watching Ashley's tear covered face delightedly.  
  
"Now, that you've had your first lesson in 'soft licking' and a first opening of your throat, let's change our positions for the second lesson. Roll over on your back, Ashley, and bring your legs up to your chest. Make sure that you don't release Clyve's toy or he will have to show you how disappointed he is.  
  
Awkwardly, Ashley twisted onto her back, keeping her legs well open and one leg bent so her knee touched her chest, in order to not dislodge the dildo in her bottom. She lay on her back on the ottoman, looking up at her Uncle's cock above her, her legs wide open, her cunt on display and the dildo still lodged in her ass.  
  
Edward pushed a small pillow under her head, turned her face slightly and angled his cock towards her mouth from beside and above her. "Now for this part of your cocksucking lesson, girl, put you hand around the shaft of the penis and move it back and forth in long strokes. Ashley grabbed the member swinging above her face and began masturbating it as she had been instructed. The tip once again dipped down finding its way into Ashley's mouth, where her Uncle began pumping himself in and out. Once he'd established a rhythm that pleased him, and adjusted the tempo of Ashley's strokes, he reached down and grabbed one of her plump breasts and began squeezing it in time with Ashley's sucking.  
  
Ashley's eyes are closed and her head bobs slowly back and forth, feeling her Uncle's penis slide slickly into her mouth, then glide back. A trail of frothy saliva and her Uncle's fluids leaks from her as she sucks. She obeys her Uncle's instructions to concentrate on the feeling of the cock she ministering to, to pay attention to its jerking and stiffening and intuit the exact and changing rhythms she must use to accommodate its needs. Her bottom vibrates plumply all the while to the thrum of Clyve's dildo in her arse, and her boobs and pussy are manhandled by the man whose penis she suckles.  
  
Ashley's laves her tongue over her Uncle's knob repeatedly, her eyes half shut and rolled backwards as she feels her mouth becomes an instrument of pleasure, her gentle sucks repeatedly drawing a smooth trickle of pre-cum which slides down her throat. She feels the slick lubrication run into her and laps at it thirstily. Her attention jumps back and forth between the cock she is avidly sucking and the sensations of her asshole being pushed open and stimulated by the vibrator. Suddenly another sensation adds itself to her awareness, as an expert hand runs over the small little triangle of hair over her pudendum, and then cups her smooth shaven, prominent little cunt, a finger bisecting her pussy. The hand begins petting and exploring her cunt, as a wide-legged Ashley moans and pushed her face down further onto the big cock. Fingers spread her lips and flick over the soft folds covering Ashley's clitoris, pulling open her cunt to show her pink vagina, which pulses visibly, spasming open and closed.  
  
Clyve unhurried and expert probing of the girl's genitalia is thorough. Her clitoris is robbed of any protection, as Clyve pulls back the wringled little hood, baring the small pink nubbin, which a pair of rough digits pluck at and rub. Each scratchy stroke of her most sensitive bud causes Ashley's hips to buck towards her tormentor. Her bottom clenches and thrusts upward toward the hand on her pussy, and the vibrator in her ass jostles as the girl writhes.  
  
Clyve's fingers release the clitoris, and the moist folds of her clitoral hood embraces it again, but the reddened, throbbing clit is now too prominent to be covered, as if refusing to return from being out to play. The same two fingers are joined by a third which trace down her split lips and roughly push into her vagina, which broadens and swells to receive the intruding hand.  
  
"Unnggg..." Ashley mewls, her tongue lashing the throbbing cock in her mouth, as she feels the fingers enter her and Clyve simultaneously pushes the dildo another inch into her bottom. His fingers pulse in and out of her moistly, bringing up her moist, velvety secretions which coat her spread open cunt lips and the juncture of her lower bottom cheeks.  
  
Clyve's fingers retreat and again splay the front of her pussy open. The pads of his index finger flicks her helpless clitoris repeatedly, punishing it for its brazen craning upward.  
  
This continues, Edward occasionally taking the initiative and pushing his swollen member deeper into the girl's mouth, holding it to the back of her throat as she gags. At one point Ashley meekly attempts to push back on her Uncle's belly to dislodge the hard cock from the very back of her mouth, but he wrists are grabbed in one of his hands and pinned over her head, and he roughly bucks his hips back and forth driving the tip of his penis back and forth against her throat. She can do nothing to prevent it and her head bobs helplessly.  
  
Edward observes the state of his niece's excitement, and nods at Clyve. The manservant turns a knob at the base of the dildo to double the vibrations, and grabs Ashley's blood flushed little clitoris between thumb and forefinger and begins a vigorous rubbing.  
  
As Ashley is inexorably drawn towards an orgasm, Edward talks to her, imprinting this moment and its sensations on the girl:  
  
"Feel that fat cock pushing deep into your throat, little one; that's it, you feel it push down into you. See how your butt is shaking with another cock buried in it, pushing into you, like they're trying to meet, balls deep against your pixie face and nestled between the soft plump, well-spanked cheeks of you naughty bottom."  
  
"Ahhh...Ahh...Unggg..." Ashley's cunt begins deep, strong spasms, in time to Clyve's tugs on her clit, and the girl cannot contain her exclamations or her writhing, her boobs and bottom trembling and shaking as wave after wave of warm, wet, orgasms wrack her frame.  
  
Edward maintains his position, his cock buried in the girl's mouth until the spasms die out, then slowly draws out of her mouth.  
  
He allows a moment for Ashley to slowly recover. She opens her eyes and blushes ashamedly, glancing quickly at her Uncle then away. She doesn't even dare look towards the servant whose hand is now absentmindedly petting her quieting genitalia, as if stroking a tame cat. "And now, Ashley," commands her Uncle, "on your knees before me, in the culmination and reward an accomplished cocksucker strives for. Clyve's dildo is withdrawn from inside her, and the disheveled, slick faced girl stands shakily, only to follow her Uncle's instruction and kneel before him. Rising on her knees, panties pulled down and breasts bared, she gazes hypnotized at the cock she has been adoringly suckling for what she thinks must have been an hour.  
  
"You will, in time be taught to improve your sucking, but now I think you need your reward. As I mentioned before, good little apprentice cocksuckers like you are rewarded by good feeding of sperm. You will swallow obediently, but not until I say you may.  
  
Looking intently into his submissive niece's eyes, Edward stands above her and places the head of his cock against her lips. They part, and Edward lets only the tip of his glans enter Ashley's mouth. "You are to lick the underside of the penis vigorously but slowly Ashley and continue to do so until I tell you to stop. You may not swallow until told to."  
  
Her tongue swipes flicking over the cockhead partly buried in her mouth, and after a few minutes, she feels it stiffen against her lips. She maintains the same steady sucking and lapping, even as her mouth receives a flood of thick, viscous emissions, which coat her tongue and teeth, then fill her mouth and begin to stream from the sides of her mouth, in a bubbly, pearl cascade which drips down her cheek and chin. Sperm hangs and drips from her cheek, plopping stickily onto her receiving breasts. She blinks back tears as she feels herself submissively being bathed by her Uncle's gushing of ejaculate.

Lost in the rapture of coming copiously into his lovely niece's face, Edward watches his jism flow out of the meek girl's lips, collect on her delicate rounded chin for a moment, stretching in a long drip until gobs of his spunk break off and plop drip down her luscious body. "Swallow!" he commands, his cockhead still held between her lips, and he watches the girl's throat obediently open to let the cascade of his sperm into her throat. Her nacre throat pulses as she swallows the warm emissions. Her prominent, heaving breasts are each decorated with small shiny puddlings of sperm, and Edward reaches forward to heft one breast and position it to receive another falling portion, maneuvering it so that her large, reddened nipple is anointed.  
  
"Now, pet," intones Edward, "It is proper for a good cocksucker to finish off by licking the penis and making sure it is left clean and fresh!" Ashley is amazed at how much come she has had to swallow, and finishes a series of small swallows to try to get the sticky fluid all down her throat. She already feels the hot spunk cooling and setting quickly on her face and chest. Nuzzling her Uncle's quickly detumescing member, her tongue daintily swabs the softening flesh, dissolving the crusting fluids on it.  
  
As she licks, her Uncle pets her head and intones, "Not at all bad, little one, I do think with appropriate practice you will make a credible fellatrix. Now stand up, give me a hug and thank me properly for you lesson! Then go with Clyve who will help you get cleaned up."  
  
Ashley slowly pulls herself to her feet, balancing precariously on her high-heels after so much time spent supine. She puts her arms around her Uncle and brings her head to his chest. Her bare breasts mash against his as he reaches around her and places one hand on her back and one hand on her bare bottom, caressing the soft flesh distractedly.  
  
"Thank you, Uncle Edward, for teaching me to... to suck you ... properly...." Her bottom receives a strong squeeze egging her on, "and...for filling my mouth with your sperm and making me drink it!" The latter rushes out of her, wanting to please her Uncle and put an end to her confusing ordeal.  
  
Edward smiles down at his niece, pats her bum just a bit roughly, and smiles. "Go now, get cleaned up!" He watches as she turns and follows Clyve out the door. Amusedly, he observes how she does not even stop to pull her panties back on, but walks out, her naked bottom wiggling with her steps. "Yes," he thinks, "she is becoming well trained indeed."