**Swat on a Hot Teen Youth**

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

**Chapter 10. Family Relations**  
  
Ashley had just started to calm down a bit from the disturbing evening at the bar with her Uncle and "Daddy Al." Her head felt a more steady on her neck, though the margaritas had certainly not yet totally loosened their grip on her, and she still felt the unsteady drifting feeling the hard alcohol had engendered. She was regaining the ability to concentrate on the detective novel she was reading, avidly engrossed as she was in following the travails of the strong female protagonist.  
  
She lounged in one of the hotel's high-backed beige, overstuffed armchairs, her bare legs bent, resting against the chair's arm, her body at an angle, her book resting on her lap. Tonight, of course, as usual, her Uncle had dictated her sleepwear. He certainly didn't allow her to lounge about in her preferred, loose, boy-style pajamas, dictating instead that she wear ultra-feminine, girlish sleepwear. Tonight, he had pondered for a while over her the suitcase of clothes he'd insisted she bring on their brief weekend excursion, far too many clothes for only two days away, she thought, and had finally chosen a translucent, sheer, gauzy pink, babydoll nightgown whose ruffled hem reached down to the middle of her upper thighs. The bodice consisted of two soft, unstructured cups of pique, cream lace contrasting nicely with the pink of the nightie. At the juncture of the bra cups a cream satin knot secured the two sides. Below the bow, a small gap served to display just a demure glimpse of the inner swell of each of Ashley's creamy, soft, full breasts. The hem of the babydoll draped loosely across her upper thighs as she read. Her feet were tucked in below her thighs, her candy red toenails peeking out.  
  
It was a testament to Edwards' training that his niece, who only a short time ago would have been mortified by being with a man while so skimpily attired, was now resigned enough to be so exposed to her Uncle that she was able for a moment to forget where she was and how she was dressed in the older man's presence, that she was able to attend to any other activity. In fact, Ashley was sleepily engrossed in her novel, and was unaware as her Uncle looked up from his own book towards her, and consider her intently as he tipped his glass slightly and savored the heat of his fine Scotch Whiskey. He examined her leisurely and with pleasure, his attention focusing on the soft drape of the nightgown's hem over his niece's trim thighs, which, compressed by her trim calves tucked under them, broadened and swelled ripely. "Ripe" was, as well, he thought, a good word for the way her heavy bosom swelled the lace of her top. Ashley turned a page distractedly. Edward's stare focused on the sway this engendered in his niece's free hanging breasts, their lace covering doing little to conceal the rounded orbs' pendulous shift. After Ashley's admirable boobs had stopped their fluid movement, his attention moved to her long bare arms, and her rounded shoulder, on which a single cream-colored, thin, satin strap was delicately poised. Her eyes shone brightly from a slight inebriation, and Ashley's auburn shoulder-length hair flashed with deep chestnut and reddish glints by the warm light of the room's sconce lamps and the fire in the small, dark wooded fireplace.  
  
Edwards, unlike his niece in her nightwear, was still dressed as he had been during the evening, in corduroy trousers and a red turtleneck. Ashley had not considered why her uncle had not changed for the evening, but she was accustomed to his being dressed while she was to one degree or another in deshabille. Had she stopped to think of it she might even have been relieved considering the duties she had so recently been called upon to fulfill when last he had presented himself to her wearing only a bathrobe. But her relief would have been misplaced. Edward had plans for the remainder of the evening that would have distressed the oblivious young thing had she known of them.  
  
The commencement of Edwards plans was signaled by a sound, that of knocking on the room's door. Ashley looked up puzzled, which the naive girl would not have she overheard the brief conversation which had taken place her Uncle had parted ways with the sad, older man at the bar. Their exchange had brightened that fellows expression notably.  
  
"My dear fellow," Edwards had said leaning towards Alfred conspiratorially, "It would please Ashley no end, I'm sure, of you were to come by in an hour to our hotel and help with her bedtime ritual? Why, you haven't even received you explanation for the meaning of her nickname, have you, and I have no doubt this would amuse you no end. Here's the address, come by for a nightcap and a chat and help put Tee Emm to bed, won't you? An hour should be just right to get her relaxed and dressed for bed."  
  
The man had agreed enthusiastically and parted quickly, eager to leave before this splendid opportunity changed on him. He hadn't even waited for Ashley to return from the restroom where she'd gone to calm herself after her awful evening. When she did return, her pleasure at her rude Daddy's departure showed clearly on her face and in the way her body relaxed. Edwards observed that with pleasure, relishing his niece's misapprehension that her evening's travails were done. They had, he knew, only entered a more refined and humiliating second act to which he'd secured the leading protagonist and arranged the new set.  
  
It was to this set, his and Ashley's cozy hotel suite, which he admitted Daddy Al, as Ashley eyes widened, and she tensed her legs and pulled them deeper under her, pulling hastily at the brief length of the skirt of her nightie in a vain attempt to cover their bareness. Due to the skirt's brevity however, she was unable to draw it down below the middle of her thighs, despite leaning forward. She was unable to avoid leaving bare a long expanse of her fetching, bronzed, smooth, feminine leg.  
  
She had hoped to never see the weasely, old, lecher again, ever, and here he was again! Worse, she was undressed and her Uncle had obviously planned him to be here. Her vision blurred and her chin trembled, her gaze dropping to the floor so she didn't have to observe the men exchanging pleasantries, her Uncle ushering the stranger into the room. She trembled at the thought of what might be in store for her this evening. She'd be at the mercy of her Uncle and this brutish, awful low-life. Her thoughts spun as she recalled him railing against the new generation and their permissive ways and his inability to properly discipline his own wayward daughters. Her Uncle might want to illustrate how very differently he went about educating and disciplining her! She sprung up to flee to her room, but froze where she had stood. She knew that if she didn't obey her Uncle's every command and whim, her punishment would be much much worse. If he wanted, she knew, even that punishment would be meted out not in private with her Uncle who she was at least accustomed to, but in front of the creepy stranger as well.  
  
"My dear Daddy," invited Edwards, "do sit. So good of you to stop by. You caught Ashley just before her bedtime as you can see, but no matter, she can serve us a nightcap. And keep us entertained awhile." Ashley's stomach knotted as she heard she might be "entertainment." "No need for her to retire just yet," continued Edwars, "even though she is dressed for bed! Ashley, whi don't you serve your Daddy here a glass of Scotch!"  
  
As the men sat down, Edwards in his chair and Daddy Al on one end of the ample sofa, Ashley walked slowly to the drinks cart next to Edwards chair. Her bare feet shuffled a bit on the bare wooden floor.  
  
"Yes, girlie's lookin' ready to be tucked in, eh? And a very fetching little outfit she's wearing, I must say! Looks very comfortable for bed, light and wispy-like."  
  
"Do you think so?" responded Edwards, "I supposed you're right. Young ladies, nowadays, seem almost uncomfortable if they're not wearing something revealing. Almost as if they're afraid their feminine appeal won't be appreciated and they need to demonstrate their fecundity, the ripeness of a bared girlish thigh, the curve of a full breast or buttock cheek!"  
  
Ashley blushed as she heard her Uncle's taunting descriptions of her body. She leaned down to take the bottle of Scotch. She'd been tutored well, and poured a measure of the amber fluid into a short, cut-glass tumbler for her "Daddy." She could feel the slight stickiness of nervous perspiration under her arms, caused by the awareness that the two older men were watching her scantily covered body as she prepared their drinks. She blushed, and felt the slight dampness under her breasts as she imagined the spectacle she was providing them.  
  
Ashley's nervousness was indeed warranted, given the amused and rapt attention that "Daddy" Al was affording the nubile teen-ager. His grin had broadened as the girl had leaned towards the drinks cart, her already short, flouncy, skirt hem riding up to reveal an expanse of the smooth, pale, rear of Ashley's upper thighs, the muscles of her leg rippling smoothly as she leaned over. Ashley tried to crouch down as she reached for the bottle on the lower shelf of the drinks cart, trying to cause her skirt to ride up as little as possible. "I don't want," she thought to herself, "to flash them my panties! Who knows what they'll think of next if they get a glimpse of my underwear!"  
  
Her efforts were in vain. Though she avoided for the moment displaying her panties to the men by bending in an awkward attitude at the waist and knee, she unwittingly provided them with a view of her negligee clad back flanked by the twin swellings of her full breast orbs swinging gently, their creamy lace covering stretching out as their heavy, almost liquid, mass swung free.  
  
She righted herself and quickly filled two tumblers with a measure of liquor. She shuffled over to the grinning "Daddy" and shily handed him a glass, which he took from her, his intent gaze never shifting from her front. She handed her Uncle his drink, which he took with a polite acknowledgement and a relaxed smile, displaying his lack of hurry, his mastery over the moment and his certitude that there was all the time in the world for him to enjoy her forced servility.  
  
He reached out, taking Ashley's hand and turning her so her back was to Al. She knew that man would be feasting his eyes on her bare thighs and the long expanse of her back exposed by the plunging rear of her filmy nightgown. Alfred did just that, as well as staring intently at the flowing pink swell of the nightgown's skirt as it broadened over Ashley's rounded rear. The material let light through but he could not make out her panties through it, to his annoyance. This was, however, only to be a momentary disappointment, as Edwards lamented, "Of course, as you yourself have observed, the fashion to which slutty young ladies like Ashley are drawn these days, this nightgown is much longer than Ashley would have chosen for herself, I have no doubt. True, it displays my nieces' upper thighs quite nicely, doesn't it...  
  
Alfred interjected, "Oh yes, very acceptable bare, yes. Smooth and creamy, full and not too slim, but not an ounce of fat, looks like."  
  
Edwards smiled and his palm smoothed the rear of Ashley's upper thigh proprietarily and casually. Alfred observed the ease with which the gentleman groped the helpless girl, the caressing hand clearly accustomed to taking liberties with her body freely and without resistance. He wondered jealously how the girls' Uncle had gotten her accustomed to letting him grope her body. Had he only managed to do so with his own naughty daughters, they'd have gotten what was coming to them! He knew he wanted to touch the young TM similarly and was confident he'd be given the chance by the posh pervert petting the rear of the girl's delicious and unprotected thighs. His hands clasped involuntarily, hungering to grope the helpless girl himself.  
  
Edwards laughed appreciatively as he sensed the low-life lechers fascination with the way he freely caressed the girl's defenseless, bare, thighs. "Still, left to her own poor choices, TM would probably choose a much shorter skirt, wouldn't you, Ashley?"  
  
Ashley quaked. She knew that only an affirmative answer was expected or would be tolerated. She could only play along with her Uncle's game of displaying her body to this foul stranger. She couldn't bring herself to say what she was expected to, even if it meant she'd be punished. She couldn't bring herself to say she'd have preferred a more revealing skirt. Instead she whimpered slightly as she felt Edwards' hands grasp her hemline and lift it slowly upwards. "Ashley, why don't you hold your own skirt, and pull it up to where you think is fashionable?" She grasped the hem at her sides but didn't raise it until, her Uncle commanded sternly, "Higher! I'd say." She raised it a hair, then a bit more as her Uncle's grip firmed on her thigh, his fingernails indenting her skin with a sharp bite. She obeyed, lifting the garment's soft hem, further exposing herself to the men.  
  
"Perhaps there," pondered Edwards, his hand moving up and down to grope the newly exposed skin, "showing the very top of our lovely TM's legs, just as they begin to broaden towards her backside?" His fingers traced the parts of Ashley's body he mentioned. "But girls nowadays, I do say, think of even their underwear as a public display, so maybe even higher, yes, thank you Ashley, affording us a crescent sliver peek of those lovely pale pink, lacy, bikini panties, so nicely filled out. As Ashley has chosen such transparent panties, observe the lower curve of the warm," he patted her bum, "twin moons of TMs little bottom. Ah, girls!"  
  
Al marvelled at the freedom with which Edwards fondled the obviously distressed girl. He watched intently as Edwards palm cupped and comformed to the lower, pink panty swathed curve of the girl's bottom cheeks, caressing first one cheek, then the other. Switching bottom cheeks once more, Edwards used his thumb and index finger to squeeze a wide pinch of the girl's bottom flesh, pushing her panties out of the way and causing the lower curve of her rump to swell and jiggle appealingly. He shook the captive morsel, then released it, leaving pale pink finger marks on her cheek, and repeated the movement on Ashley's other defenseless bottom cheek.  
  
"That's more as you like to wear your skirts, isn't it my dear?" Edwards taunted the girl, "brief enough to show your Daddy and I, we are all close family after all, the charming swell of your womanly bottom, panties pushed up to show a crescent of your tender bottom cheeks? Daddy Al, if girls are so eager to show themselves off whenever they choose, you must agree that they must be shown that the choice is not their own. If they will display themselves wantonly they must be taught they can expect to be made to do so at a man's choosing rather than as a result of their own petty feminine wiles!  
  
"So, now that you have entertained us, TM, with your round little posterior, how would that skirt length you're so fond of, look in front, I wonder? Turn around girl and let us see!  
  
"Ah yes, well, that is rather brief! Still, I suppose it matches the rear, doesn't it. If your skirt shows off a bit of your backside so charmingly, Ashley, it makes sense that your front should also display your upper thighs and a hint of your little panty covered mound!"  
  
The other man took up the humiliating narration of Ashley's exposure, "I think that works as a look for our babygirl, Edwards! Long bare legs and just a little V of panty crotch, just a little tease of pouting pussy lips, if I'm not mistaken!" Ashley trembled at the description. She could feel her own exposure. Her raised skirt covered her only so far as the top of her panty covered cleft. She glanced down and shuddered. She could see the smooth, pink, almost transparent material of her panties snug against her pussy, the cloth indented and conforming snuly to the cleft of her nether lips.  
  
The girl's exposure was not lost on Al, who stared fixedly at her crotch. He saw his chance, and taking his cue from Edwards casual handling of the girl's posterior he ventured to assay the girl's helpless body.  
  
"Ah how you young slutty girlies like showing off your bits, it amazes me!" he said amusedly, then sternly, "Up! Pull that skirt up, I want your entire puffy little mound exposed! Now!" He saw Edwards smile approvingly, and his own lascivious grin broadened. Ashley, trembling with shame and fear, obediently hiked the front of her nightie a few inches higher, exposing the gentle pink silk covered swell of her Venus mound to the men, her puffy vaginal lips bifurcated by her tight panties.  
  
She watched in horror as the old lecher reached his hand out towards her pubis, and yelped as she felt his thumb and forefinger pinch one side of her labia, grasping and pulling on her intimate fold. She whimpered, which only encouraged "Daddy" to pinch her delicate labium harder and roll it between his fingers, back and forth, stretching it away from her, elongating the compliant lip and pulling the narrow strip of her panty to one side.  
  
Al added to the girl's humiliation commenting in an amused singsong, "You little cunt toy, you! Can't wait to show off your sweet little twat, can you? You need those pussy lips pulled open, yes, that's it squirm for me as I stretch that lip out. Oh! I see, you can't wait to show it to me naked can you? That's it, let's pull those panties aside so you can show off that smooth cunny lip!"  
  
Ashley felt his hand release its grip, then grab her panties and pull the narrow triangle of cloth aside, baring her tuft of pubic hair and her pink, naked vaginal lips.  
  
"Girls nowadays, not happy until they're stripped bare, isn't that right TM? That's what you wanted isn't it, to have your naked cunny fondled?" Al, grabbed Ashley's tender genitals roughly, sinking two fingers deep between her lips, feeling her warm intimacy on his fingers. He pulled his hand up hard against her, making her gasp in discomfort and shame and shook his hand back and forth, burying it deeper inside her. The tips of his fingers played with the entrace to her vagina, and started spreading her open. Ashley moaned and struggled meekly as the stranger's fingers violated her.  
  
Al watched Ashley's face, relishing her humiliated whimpering as he fingered her initimate feminity. His fingers now ran between her legs, feeling the soft puffiness of her well-depilated pussy lips, back and forth, then letting his fingers trace the exposed inner curve of her full backside, into which he sank his sharp nails.  
  
Edward waited, letting his gleeful guest palpate his niece's vulva thoroughly. After what seemed and interminable time to Ashley, during which every inch of flesh between her legs was thoroughly mahandled and prodded, and after which her panties hung loosely, pulled halfway down her bottom so they clung to her hips, the center strip hanging loosely below her middle thigh and providing no coverage at all to her well groped vagina, Edward observed Daddy Al suddenly shift his gaze to Ashley's shimmying, lace covered bosom.  
  
"Ashley!" he commanded, "Come here! Hands on your head, girl!"  
  
Ashley gladly pulled away from Al's hands, relieved to get away from the hand groping her pussy, though she knew her ordeal was far from over. She brought her hands up, slowly, so they rested on her chestnut hair. Her skirt fell back covering her exposed genitals, but her panties still hung down below her hem, dangling loosely around her thighs. The cream lace at her bosom stretched out, straining to constrain her full breasts as they rose between her upraised arms. Al's gaze, she saw, was riveted on her ripe front, like a dog staring down some small creature it was about to pounce on and devour. His tongue pushed at his lower lip, his mouth in an intent snarl. Ashley could feel her frightened nipples tense and extend themselves. She quickly glanced down at her bodice where her buds pushed out the lace noticeably.

"My dear Daddy, now that you're starting to become better acquainted with TM, I think you'd be curious to learn the origins of her nickname wouldn't you?"  
  
"Of course" said Al, understanding that this line of conversation was to lead to some further debasement of the distressed young lady before him, confident he would soon be handling the admirable breasts on display, "and why do they call you TM, honeypie?"  
  
Ashley, trembled but remained silent. Edwards stood and approached the girl. He reached down and slowly pulled the hem of her nightgown up behind her, up past her thighs, up, baring her half mast panties and the twin, naked halves of Ashley's bottom cheeks. For a moment, both men contemplated the full, soft, trembling hemispheres, bare except for the scrap of pink panties hanging from the swell of her hips. Ashley felt the men's gaze on her defenseless backside. Slowly, Edwards hand arced back, the swung forward, his open palm casually but firmly smacking one of Ashley's bare cheeks. Even as a pink splotch of color bloomed on the soft, full white cheek, her Uncle's hand repeated its motion landing a stinging slap on her other cheek. She gasped and swayed forward on her feet. A second quick, hard spank landed on each cheek. Each time her Uncle's firm palm connected with her tender bare bottom, the girl emitted a high sound combining a small yelp with a muted whimper, cut short by a sharp intake of breath.  
  
"Daddy Al" was riveted in delight. His gaze shifted quickly back and forth, unable to decide whether to fix itself on the heavy jiggle of the girl's large breasts as the spanks fell, her bodice filling and straining under their load, or the fabulous sight of her almost naked, rounded bottom cheeks indenting and spreading under the rough palm's force, the jostling of her bottom cheek as it bounced back, and the way that the white roughly hand shaped mark on the just spanked skin at the center of the punished ivory globe slowly pinkened as a blush rose to her skin.  
  
Unable to hide his pleased amazement, he mused, "TM has her ass spanked like a little girl...?" He could see the fetching, smacked bottom trembling slightly, and Ashley's thighs quivered from shame and the stinging in her backside. She squeezed her eyes shut, feeling the moistness of tears starting to form.  
  
"Oh, yes," mused her Uncle, "little TM does require a bit of encouragement to make her obey properly, don't you my dear? She always does come around to doing her duty properly, but she's the kind of girl who's unable to comply readily to demands until she has received her due of humiliation. And I do believe she has come to almost depend on having her bottom smacked regularly like a little girl, as you say, to maintain her sense of place and discipline her. Of course, as you have been able to feel first-hand, in your recent and thorough exploration of her vulva, she does not have the body of a little girl. Her well-developed, womanly bottom requires much stronger and more frequent discipline to make an impression!"  
  
Now Edward resumed his commands in a slow, stern voice. "Ashley, tell our guest what your nickname stands for. Explain how you came to deserve your nickname!"  
  
"Yes, little one," teased Al, taking a moment to sip his Scotch, "tell Daddy what TM stands for...?" She had no choice. A sob escaped her and the moistness at the edge of her eye pooled into a tear which brimmed and trickled from her lower lid. She whispered in a little girl voice, haltingly, amidst suppressed sobs. "I.... Uncle calls me....TM. It... it stands for ..." a long pause, she can't say it. Al coaxes her, "TM, lovey, you shouldn't keep secrets from me. We're like family! Your little twat is still stretched open from my fingers, and they'll soon be buried deep inside you again. You can't keep secrets from your Daddy!" In a rush to get the words out she whines, "titmouse."  
  
"Titmouse!," repeats Al in delight, "Titmouse... what a lovely nickname. And very fitting I'd say from what I can see of those fine big boobies!"  
  
Edwards, admonishes his niece, "And why are you called Titmouse?"  
  
"Because...." she stutters, but is interrupted by Edwards' command, "Let us hear you, titmouse! I'm called Titmouse because...?"  
  
"I'm called.... Titmouse... (sob) because..." Tears interrupt her, at the knowledge of where her words will inexorably lead. Her imagination causes her breasts and bottom to experience the presentiment of the sting of the further punishments that are sure to follow her next words. She finishes the sentence haltingly, "because when my breasts are...touched... it makes my, my backside wiggle... it makes my bottom dance."  
  
Daddy Al cackles, "You mean, titmouse, that those big boobies of yours are so sensitive that you can't stop wriggling your butt when they're played with? Well, that is something I must see first hand."  
  
Edward seems to ponder for a moment, and she looks at him imploringly. "Oh, I do think that's only fair, my dear, don't you? Daddy Al having been so kind as to visit us this evening, and as he is your honorary Daddy? You won't mind showing him a bit of your "bottom dancing" I'm sure. Let's see, yes, just stand there for a moment, face forward, keep your hands on your head. Good girl."  
  
Ashley sees Edwards rise from his overstuffed chair and move behind it, then push it effortlessly across the floor. "Daddy, if you'd be so kind as to take this seat here. And you, TM, stand here, turn toward the chair." He puts his hand on her hip and pushes her gently to where he wants to position her. He walks over to where he's placed the chair and looks at her, then to his right where she is reflected in a wide, wood framed, tall mirror. The other man moves to the chair and sits down. "From there," explains her Uncle, "your dear Daddy can pay the required attention to your breasts, and get a good view of your dancing bottom as well! Perfect."  
  
The girl stands in front of Al, not daring look across at the seated man, as he straightens. He is tall, so even seated in the plush armchair, he looks straight across at the girl's full lips parted and tremulous in fear. Her doeish hazel eyes glisten with tears, which she blinks back with a flutter of her long lashes, well-shaped eyelids glistening. At Edward's instruction she shuffles closer to Daddy Al, her movements hampered by her hands clasped behind her head and her panties clinging tenuously to the middle of her thighs. She moves slowly, not wanting to let them slide down her legs. As silly as the thought is, she feels that if she keeps her panties, she might be able to reach down and pull them up and cover herself. As soon as this thought goes through her head, the relief in the image of herself quickly tugging her panties up and protecting her feminine core with even that minimal slip of gauze fabric, her heart sinks. She knows she wouldn't dare do so, and she knows the men will not allow it. She is thankful that for now at least, the flouncy nightie skirt covers her bottom and vulva, stinging and pulsing from the spanks and manhandling she's just suffered. She shuffles forward. Only a few centimeters separate her upturned bosom and the man's face, as he leans forward, closer to her chest.  
  
Al reaches out both hands and the large breasts before him sway heavily as Ashley involuntarily shifts her weight backwards, away from him, not daring to move away, but futilely trying to put any distance at all between herself and the leering old man. She watches as his hands close on her breasts, reaching for them slowly, almost with a lingering tenderness. His palms finally touch her, cupping the sides of both swellings simultaneously, his fingers closing and curving around the outer round contours of her bosom, his thumbs pushing under their heavy lower curve, lifting and supporting the full globes.  
  
Ashley's lace covered tits, Al marvels, are firm and maintain their shape as he cups them, and have a pillowy, shifting, weighty softness to them. He feels the warmth emanating from them, a slight trembling wobble communicating itself to his hands from the frightened and helpless girl. He cradles the girls breasts, all is stillness and anticipation as the submissive globes rest passively in his cupped hands. The only sounds in the room are those of the fire crackling, and Ashley's soft hiccupping whimper as she stands meekly, her hands behind her head, thrusting her chest into the stranger's grasp. Al thrills at the powerlessness of the girl before him. He should have taken those willful bitches of his daughters in hand like this, and taught them some manners! Uppity snipes! Well, he isn't going to waste this opportunity which fallen into his lap! So to speak, he puns to himself silently. He is going to enjoy taking advantage of this lovely girl to the utmost!  
  
His palms pulse slowly, indenting and lifting the trapped morsels, and a tremor courses through the girl. "Shh... just relax, Titmouse," he taunts, "your Daddy Al is going to give your naughty breasts the good, long workout they deserve, then you're going to show me your bottom dancing skills, and get the punishment you've earned by being such a disobedient little mynx, you understand?" Tears drop from Ashley's eyes and run down her cheeks. "And don't think you're going to get to keep that nightgown on much longer, either, girly! Oh, yes, Daddy knows how important it is to strip you naked for your punishments. No hurry, yet, but rest assured, darling, your going to be bare as a baby soon enough!"  
  
With a smile, the man registers the effect his words have on the girl. Her breathing hastens and rasps, he feels the tremor in her bosom hasten as he paints a picture of her helpless at the humiliations she is to suffer. Daddy Al slowly runs his hands along the sides and bottom curves of her breasts. He lets the full globes spill through his fingers, feeling the entire length of her breasts from their wide heavy base to the tips of her breasts as they slide out of his fingers. His thumbs turn up at the last moment to catch and course over the tense protrusion of her frightened nipples, which bend softly under their lace covering as his fingers move across them, springing back once the thumbs pass.  
  
She feels his hands repeat this motion again, slowly coursing along both breasts, familiarizing themselves with her full curves. Again and again, the sensation of his thumbs on her nipples courses sweetly through her, and she feels her nipples stiffen and resist, until the tense buds no longer bend but get pushed into the softness of her areolas.  
  
Al leans forward and looks into Ashley's pleading eyes, grinning, licking his lips. His right hand opens and takes a firm grip on one boob, his big palm unable to contain all of her breast, but securing a handhold by grabbing its end. His grasp tightens and loosens repeatedly, as he kneads her breast. She feels her tender breast being squeezed uncomfortably tightly, but with a rhythmically hypnotic beat. The rough hand closes on her breast, it rises and swells, his fingers indent the pliant orb. Ashley feels the tightness as her boob compresses and rises, then the weight of it swinging down as the man's grip loosens and her breast dips to cradle in his palm. His other hand splays itself over her other breast, and in turn fondles and kneads it. She closes her eyes, dismayed, but also lulled by the back and forth, one breast being squeezed while the other is held in his palm like a warm fledgeling, then the roles switch.  
  
"You're enjoying our little groping session, aren't you darling Tit Mouse?" Al taunts. "Those sweet udders were just begging to be milked weren't they, sweetness? Well, no fear, we're just getting started.  
  
"Bring your arms down from your head and just place your palms on the sides of this chair, TitMousey... lean forward. That's it, just let your boobies hang free."  
  
In this position, Ashley's shoulders are thrust forward toward the tall seated man, causing her bosom to swing forward slightly from her chest, filling out the cream pique bodice of her baby-doll nightgown. Unsupported directly by her chest, her breasts swing freer as he continues to maul one breast, squeezing it firmly, while letting the other dangle loosely, its lower curve caressing his palm. The softly pending globe then is encircled. Al's thumb indents its bottom curve, and his other fingers sink heavily into the top and side of the substantial globe. His opposite hand releases the other breast, only to roughly find her tautened nipple and pinch it firmly between his thumb and crooked forefinger. Ashley feels the rough lace scratch against her nipple as it is drawn against it, then a sharp, wide prick of sensation as her sensitive nub is squeezed. She feels the captive tit-tip tugged repeatedly as Al pulls on it, while at the same time, he shakes her other captive breast gently, causing it to wobble heavily in his grip.  
  
Using both hands, the man pulls her slowly forward. She turns her head sideways as it gets closer and closer to the grizzled man. She feels his warm breath on her cheek, pungent of beer and whiskey. Her temple comes to rest on his shoulder, her face turned away. Al's cheek and mouth nuzzle the fresh-smelling girl's silky, auburn hair. He nuzzles her, parting the hair from her perfect pink ear, which he whispers into, each word accompanied by a rhythmic squeeze of Ashley's trapped breast, each sentence ended with a tug and pinch to her nipple.  
  
"Just as your Uncle said!" A strong pinching nipple pull elicits a whimper from Ashley. "I've been watching your charming rear end in the mirror. I can see how your creamy thighs tremble and squeeze together when your titties are handled! See that? Your naughty little bottom sashaying around under that thin skirt?  
  
"You just keep that dancing about going while Daddy bares your little bottom for all our enjoyment, will you?" One hand releases its firm grip on her breast and goes around her, cradling her face in his elbow. She feels him take hold of the strap of her nightie where it joins the back and ever-so-slowly start to pull upwards. She freezes, her shifting bottom cheeks become immobile with fear.  
  
"Perhaps having your titties bare will improve your dancing, little darling!" Al says, and she feels the lace cup of her breast yanked down. Her breast is hanging naked and defenseless. His hand caresses it, his palm running down it. The sensation is amplified by the chill and exposure of being bared, and Ashley groans. The hand grips and shakes her breast, then gives it a little sideways slap. He grips her nipple and slowly stretches it out, pulling the pliable nub out. Ashley feels the man play with her naked boob freely, subjecting it to his every whim, as his voice murmurs in her ear, the tip of his tongue occasionally flicking the warm pink shell, "TitMouse's booby likes to come out and play, doesn't it... That's it, that bad little naked breastlet enjoys being tweaked and slapped, doesn't it, honey?"  
  
The intense sensation of her breast being mauled distracts Ashley so she unaware of the rest of her body. Al, however, watches her backside as it resumes its slow back and forth shimmy. He continues his attentions on her breasts, while slowly pulling upwards on the back of her nightgown, rucking up and collecting folds of the sheer fabric in his hand, then pulling up even further. The hem of the girl's dress rises unevenly, like a bias-cut skirt, baring the rear of her thighs, then higher still, until the lower rounded curve of one pale bottom cheek becomes visible. Golden hued, lightly tanned thighs are uncovered, then the capping, pink twin lower crescents of Ashley's naked bottom cheeks are exposed, the trailing soft hem of her nightgown framing them, sliding back and forth with the movement in her thighs and hips.  
  
Ashley closes her eyes, and lets her head rest heavily against the man controlling her. She feels the soft hem of her skirt rising, brushing against her full rounded, naked cheeks. A strong pinch of her captive nipple causes her to shift her buttocks, and the cool, slick material of the hem of her nighties edge grazes the crest of her naked bottom cheeks as Al pulls it up, baring her bottom fully for the first time. His hand releases her nipple, then tugs it, repeatedly pulling the girl's sensitive bud. His other hand courses down the length of her back, molding itself to the arch of her back as her bottom thrusts rearwards, feeling the side to side motion Ashley is unable to control as her nipple is stimulated.  
  
"My, young lady, your full rounded bottom is quite lovely!" The hand on her boob pulls her forwards, and she feels the man's hand come to rest lightly on her rear, caressing and fondling her bare bottom cheek. He squeezes one hemisphere repeatedly, then lets his fingernails scrape up the rounded orb. Ashley can feel each individual finger leaving a stinging scrape on her skin.  
  
His palms pulse slowly, indenting and lifting the trapped morsels, and a tremor courses through the girl. "Shh... just relax, Titmouse," he taunts, "your Daddy Al is going to give your naughty breasts the good, long workout they deserve, then you're going to show me your bottom dancing skills, and get the punishment you've earned by being such a disobedient little mynx, you understand?" Tears drop from Ashley's eyes and run down her cheeks. "And don't think you're going to get to keep that nightgown on much longer, either, girly! Oh, yes, Daddy knows how important it is to strip you naked for your punishments. No hurry, yet, but rest assured, darling, your going to be bare as a baby soon enough!"  
  
With a smile, the man registers the effect his words have on the girl. Her breathing hastens and rasps, he feels the tremor in her bosom hasten as he paints a picture of her helpless at the humiliations she is to suffer. Daddy Al slowly runs his hands along the sides and bottom curves of her breasts. He lets the full globes spill through his fingers, feeling the entire length of her breasts from their wide heavy base to the tips of her breasts as they slide out of his fingers. His thumbs turn up at the last moment to catch and course over the tense protrusion of her frightened nipples, which bend softly under their lace covering as his fingers move across them, springing back once the thumbs pass.  
  
She feels his hands repeat this motion again, slowly coursing along both breasts, familiarizing themselves with her full curves. Again and again, the sensation of his thumbs on her nipples courses sweetly through her, and she feels her nipples stiffen and resist, until the tense buds no longer bend but get pushed into the softness of her areolas.  
  
Ashley pants and whimpers, the sensations of her stimulated breast and the fingers starting to caress and explore her pussy making her tremble. Daddy Al feels the tremors course through the girl, and grins to himself. Edward, gleefully observes the delicious violation of his helpless niece, speaks in stern but caring tone, as if he were only looking out for Ashley's well-being instead of delighting in the humiliation of her ripe body,  
  
"Now, now, titmouse. We don't want you all trembly and worked up! We can't have you so distressed! Your bottom is churning at an alarming rate. Daddy, perhaps you would cool our young Tit Mouse down by attending to her dancing backside? Stand up, Ashley, and turn around!"  
  
Al's expression shows the reluctance with which he ceases his mauling of his captive's bare breasts, but he leans back or a moment, with a self-satisfied smirk, as Edward orders, "Turn around Titmouse, and take off that nightgown! That's it, it is time we strip your body bare. Hand that slip of ineffectual fabric back to you Daddy Al. if you're good perhaps you can earn it back later tonight. Excellent Tit Mouse, doesn't that feel better? To be quite naked, except for a slip of lacey panty at half mast, shall we say, caught between your thighs? Yes, a girl like you is bound to feel the natural order maintained by having her clothes taken so you can stand, naked as a baby, a baby woman in your case, your charming breasts bared, your slim proud belly trim and presented for our enjoyment, those slightly pink and soon to be much redder round bottom cheeks displayed for us. Much better, don't you think Titmouse?"

He waited expectantly, and Ashley glanced up then away. She knew she had to answer, and haltingly, breathily muttered, "Yes, sir." Edward prodded, "Tell your Uncle that you are happy to finally be naked in front of him, after such a long evening of teasing him with your womanly charms!" Ashley can barely enunciate it through her tears, but stutters. "I'm ... Daddy... oh, happy to be naked in front of you... sir."  
  
Edward turns from the charming scene, and walks over to the nightstand where he picks up his drink and sips. Then, putting it down, he moves to the an open suitcase, set out, splayed open like a book. He reaches in and pulls out a few items, then turns. He approaches the girl and instructs her to put her arms in front of her. Ashley's outstretched wrists each get encircled by a leather cuff which Edward secures with a small belt-like section which he buckles in. The cuffs are adorned with a shiny silver ring on each, while one sports a spring-operated clip which Edward uses, after ordering Ashley to place her hands behind her back, to manacle her arms behind her. Ashley watches him hand the other item he holds to Al. She shudders as she recognizes it. A round black leather handle serves as a secure purchase to wield the tail end, a foot-long, broad, stiff leather section of belt. She watches Daddy Al take the tawse delightedly from Edward, and turn it admiringly, then glance up at Ashley's already trembling naked posterior.  
  
"If you'll just stand for a moment, Daddy," suggests Edward in a polite tone of voice, "just behind our pupil...and we lean her over just so...." Edward grasps Ashley's hair and pulls her forward then pushes her head down so her torso aligns with the ground, her breasts hanging freely down and her bottom thrusting backwards. "I will take our Titmouse's bosom in hand so, and you are free to apply a bit of needed color to her naughty wriggling bottom!"  
  
Edward pushes his front against Ashley's face, and the girl feels his erection hard against her cheek. She closes her eyes, but hears his zipper open.  
  
"No sense in wasting this moment, Ashley, open your mouth and give suck like an obedient little girl!" Her eyes, still closed, Ashley opens her mouth and feels the invading, wet, hard presence of her Uncle's phallus burying itself deeply in her mouth. "Lick, titmouse!" he orders. She obeys.  
  
Ashley is submerged in a submissive trance as for the next ten minutes, though it seems like an endless time for the girl, Edward cradles and stimulates the girl's bare bosom, his cock moving back and forth in her mouth, cushioned by her sweet tongue and copious saliva, which mixes with the secretions her stimulation elicit from Edward's organ and coats her mouth and chin.  
  
As she sucks her Uncle's cock obediently, his hands pull and tweak at her full breasts. She's lost in the feeling of the penis invading her throat, its sweet and fragrant fluids coating her mouth and tongue, and her Uncle's stimulation of her breasts. Daddy Al watches, jealous of the other man's penis being serviced so deliciously by the young beauty, as her prominent creamy buttocks begin to shift and shimmy. He stands and caresses her bare backside, feeling the tremors in the smooth soft muscles, then puts a hand on her hip to steady her and begins smacking the belted leather down repeatedly on her bottom, aiming each stripe just below or above the prior, attempting to cover her entire womanly bottom with smacks. Ashley's bottom obediently turns pink, then crimsons, the reddest hue concentrating on the crest of her outthrust buttocks. Her mewling and whimpering as she is strapped only encourage Al to strap her more vigorously. Edward's penis feels her whimpers even more immediately, as he pushes his penis deeper into the girl's complaining mouth.  
  
Somewhere in the long span of Ashley's awareness of the stiff organ being forced into the back of her throat, the stinging at her breasts and the burning in her bottom, she becomes aware that Daddy Al's hand has slipped below her and is using his fingers, buried between her pussy lips and cupping her mound from below, to hold her steady as he continues strapping her bouncing bottom.  
  
Her bottom reddens deeply and her writhing becomes agitated. Ashley's hips swing wide from side to side, and her scarlet bottom squirms and spasms rapidly. Edward, as much as he is enjoying her oral ministrations, and the breathy whimpers her mouth communicates directly to his penis, decides to intervene. He draws his penis from her mouth, a hand on Ashley's copiously moistened chin, and directs a nod at Al, causing that man to reluctantly stop the regular rise and fall of the whip.  
  
"Once again, dearest, you seem to be all in a froth, and not only where your Daddy may have elicited your copious fluids from your cunt! We shall attempt to soothe and calm you a bit shall we?"  
  
"Perhaps your womanly attributes need to be put to the work they were intended! Those sensitive big mammaries of yours need to be put to their proper use being suckled? Yes, that'll calm you right down, won't it little angel? Turn around so you can feed your Daddy!"  
  
Ashley is turned by four helpful hands. Daddy Al places one hand on her bottom, enjoying the full globe's heat as she turns. He pulls her over towards the chair and sits.  
  
Continuing the exploration of her heated bottom his other hand grasps her bare breast, using it to pull her torso vertical, then in towards himself so Ashley stumbles forward a step, where the man traps her legs between his thighs. Leaning forward, his face moves toward her breast. Ashley watches with disgust as Al's thick tongue emerges from his mouth and broadens as if her breast were an ice cream cone he was about to lick. The glistening tongue touches the lower curve of her full breast, then slowly laves upward, gliding over the pale, soft skin of her breast, coursing over the edge of her pale pink areola, advancing like a wave to engulf her springy, turgid nipple. The bud pushes its way into Al's waiting mouth, where he captures it between his lips, sucking strongly while playing the tip of his tongue back and forth over the very tip of her nipple.  
  
Edward's hands grab Ashley's bottom cheeks, squeezing and palpating the tender, pink, round cheeks.  
  
"I think it's time to just pull these tiny little panties off you, young lady!" Al grabs Ashley's the lacy bunch at her thighs and draws it down her long legs, stopping for a moment to give her a sharp smack on each bottom cheek. "It is much more suitable for a girl whose breasts are being handled and sucked to be quite naked, wouldn't you agree, Ashley? That's it raise that shapely calf and lets just get these delicate underthings off you. Bend over well, push your titties out for your Daddy!"  
  
Al's mouth works on the girl's helpless boob. Sucking and biting, he licks the entire lovely full expanse of her breast, coating it with his spittle. Twin sparks flash in the helpless girl's head—the crisp, hot sting of Edward's hand as it slaps her churning, bare, bottom cheek, and the deep tugging pinch of her nipple stretching and expanding into Daddy Al's mouth as he sucks on her tit-tip vigorously. A wash of slick, wet, tugging sensation is interspersed with the hard thrashing of his tongue on her nipple, as he alternately sucks and tongues her tender, swollen bud. After leisurely delivering another smart smack to her bottom cheek, Edward reaches down and grips her free breast and pulls and shakes it. Al, seeing the beautiful orb dancing next to his cheek, releases the breast he is worrying and nips at the lower curves of the other before grabbing the heavy nipple there between his teeth and biting that. Ashley lets out a frightened and hurt yelp. Edward exclaims, "Now we seem to be making an impression on our little Titmouse! Give that nubbin another good tug, Al! Let me just insert my thumb deep in Ashley's yielding little cunt. Ah, yes,...." Ashley cries out again as she feels her pussy invaded and a moment later her nipple is trapped between hard, sharp teeth. Al slowly lets his teeth bite into the girl's pliant, reddened, nipple.  
  
"Very satisfactory," comments Edwards, his thumb pushing deeper into the girl's soft, warm, slickening vagina, "Ashley's little cunt throbs delightfully as her nipples are pinched and suckled. "Titmouse, push your bottom out. Round your bottom up, girl!"  
  
Ashley obeys, pivoting her hips around the intruding and stern hand in her intimate folds, causing her rear to jut out, and her breast to push forward into Daddy Al's delighted face. She feels her breast flatten against the man's bristly cheeks and the intensity of his sucking increase pulling at her trapped nipple. Edwards cups her free breast, cradling it in his palm, his fingers opening and closing slightly on her resilient, bouncy, boob. She watches his other hand swing backward, and tenses as it rushes forward to deliver a strong smack to one outthrust, easily-targeted, bottom cheek.  
  
Edwards uses the hand in Ashley's pussy to steady her and begins a slow, methodical, cruel rhythmic series of smacks, alternating from one softly jiggling bottom cheek to the other increasing in intensity until Ashley is emitting a constant series of gasps and mewls.  
  
The dimly lighted hotel room is quiet for the next few minutes save for the liquid, slurping rhythmic sound of Edwards' fingers pushing in and out of his niece's swollen, copiously lubricating sex. Her velvety vaginal walls grip the intruding finger as it slides into her, clutching it and bathing it in her sweet, viscous fluids, then seeming to not want to release the exiting finger, her swollen lips open and follow the finger as it pulls out of her, only to sweep across the outside of her soft vulva, caress its plumpness, then dive again into her trembling body.  
  
The quick periodic slurping from the girl's vagina is punctuated every few seconds by a sharp smack as the man's stiffened, open palm, slaps across one full bottom cheek then the other. His hand descends, flattens and stings one pink-splotched orb, then his fingers spread, caressing and groping the punished bottom cheek leisurely, shaking, pinching, delving between the ripe cheeks to tease the rear of her cunt, before swinging back to deliver another crisp smack.  
  
As her outthrust rump and pussy are ravished by her Uncle, Ashley's concentration shifts back and forth between her punished midriff and Al's delighted feasting on her boobs. The men delightedly seek to outdo one another in eliciting mewls and gasps from Ashley. Al bites the very tip of one nipple, increasing the pressure of his teeth on her soft bud, until the girl shifts her attention to him and gives a small cry of pain. Edwards, not to be outdone, delivers four, quick, hard spanks to the reddest part of her bottom, and is rewarded by a high pitched whimper. Al grasps both nipples before him in a strong pinch between thumb and forefinger and pulls slowly, stretching the girl's breasts towards himself. Ashley pants quickly. Edwards pushes his thumb hard into her pussy, using his other fingers to scrape roughly at her stiffened clitoris, Ashley wriggles her rump and utters a deep moan.  
  
So the game continues for the longest time. Ashley's mind is a haze of stimulation, the sharp and dull pains she careens between forming a haze of excited pleasure, causing her breath to come quick and rasping, her body twisting and thrusting back towards the spanks, then forwards to the mouth at her tits, her bottom tilting well-upwards to accommodate the intruding fingers.  
  
Edward's hand swings back and forth, repeatedly and deliberately smacking the frantic girl's wriggling rump. As his palm contacts her plump cheeks now, he can feel her wiggles quicken their pulsing, her full globes compressing together and releasing faster and more urgently. He knows the stimulation is mounting her to a keening pitch. It is time to deepen the girl's humiliation by causing her to climax unwillingly.  
  
"You will notice, Daddy," he pontificates, "that your young TM is becoming more and more agitated. Why I do believe that she is all but begging for her punishment to hasten her to a climax! Girls today!" He spanks her hard twice. Ashley moans. "They misbehave and tease, then act mortified when stripped nude, but secretly know they deserve to be chastised and fingered freely, all the while enjoying their debasement! Be so kind, Al, as to grasp TM's tit-tips firmly and pull hard, if you don't mind? Yes, just so, one then the other, make her breasts stretch out towards you. I will quicken the pace of Ashley's spanking as well."  
  
Edwards begins a rapid back and forth of hard spanks on the girl's now rapidly clenching and unclenching bottom. Her rear churns and her thighs and legs start to shake and tremble. His hand on her pudendum rubs her wet lips and clitoris mercilessly. She cannot avoid panting and moaning continuously, punctuating her groans with little yelps when Edwards hand shifts slightly to spank her upper thigh or the side of her bottom. Al sees the girls' excitement mounting and dips his head to one breast, squeezing it and cramming her nipple and the end of her soft globe into his mouth. He sucks and bites her hard. Her yelps increase, her breast mashes his face, and suddenly,... she freezes. A sharp, drawn out, "ohhhhhhhh" forces it way from her clenched lips. In his hand, Edwards feels Ashley's slippery vagina spasm vigorously, continuing to clutch and release like a strong heartbeat for a full half-minute, during which his hand caresses her backside lightly, petting it, while his other hand gently milks the orgasm from her pussy. Al also feels her climax in the heightened pulse in her chest and the way her nipple seems to fill and harden even further in his mouth before suddenly softening.  
  
Ashley is overcome by her orgasm, which seems to go on forever and repeats in waves, wracking her body with a sweetness made all the stronger for the stinging pain she has been feeling during her punishment. Her mind empties. The pleasure slowly subsides to a full warm wet feeling, and she feels the chill of the perspiration cooling on her body. A sudden rush of shame wracks her, as she senses the men's satisfaction at their domination of her body, causing it to betray her modesty, implicating her in her own punishment, as if she'd wanted to be played with like a toy.  
  
Al's saliva glistens on Ashley's breasts, glinting off the mottled pinkness caused by the man's sucks and bites covering her full morsels. Al finally sits up, his groin aching now from the continuous excitement of playing with the trembling girl. His penis clamors to join the fray, and, by now unabashed, he reaches down towards his fly. Ashley has had a moment of relief, but it is quickly replaced by a deeper humiliation as she sees Al pull his zipper down, reach into his pants and release a pale erection, already dripping with fluid elicited by her own reluctant womanly charms.  
  
All reaches his hand into the mane of Ashley's hair and grasps it, the leans back and shifts his hips forward and pulls her face towards his crotch. She resists his hand just slightly, blinking back tears of humiliation, only to hear her Uncle chastise her sternly, "Ashley!" he lectures, "It is most ungrateful of you..." a strong spank across both her bottom cheeks lifts her forward onto her toes and burns across her bottom, "to hesitate to perform your duty..." another stinging slap falls across both cheeks, "and apply your slutty young mouth diligently to your Daddy Al's member..." Edwards cups her pudendum from the front and lifts her hips up then smacks her jutting bottom cheeks quickly and sharply, back and forth continuously, using his fingertips in her vagina to push her up towards his chastising palm. "After he has been so kind as pay attention to your wanton wriggling, body, exercising those bouncing boobs and milking the juices from your dripping cunt!"  
  
"Now open your mouth..." the hard slaps continue to fall steadily, clouding her mind, "and use your tongue and lips properly!" The hand at her pussy lets her hips fall. The spanks cease. Edwards palm pushes down on the flat twin-dimpled portion of Ashley's lovely lower back, guiding her down until she is on her knees before the other man.  
  
Kneeling submissively, Ashley's world narrows as her head is drawn towards the man's erection. She feels a strange sense of comfort, now that her body is relieved of the discomfort and control imposed by the men on it. She is alone, just her and the penis towards which she dips her face obediently, as it throbs in its intense need of her ministrations. She watches its strong pulse. It bobs as if bowing to her. Closing her eyes, she lowers her cheek to it. It pushes against her soft cheek wetly, and she moves her face back and forth over it, her puckered lips closed and brushing the soft, sticky skin. A shine of slippery male liquid coats her angelic face. She kisses the phallus softly, feeling it rear up towards her plush lips, feeling them glide along it, frictionless across the slippery surface. She delicately pushes out the tip of her tongue; it darts out and she tastes Al's pre-cum. It is sweet and coats the tip of her tongue. She feels a perverse thrill as the man encourages her and her tongue laps along the length of his cock, "Titmouse, use that naughty tongue of yours to wash down all the stickiness you've caused." She opens her mouth and encircles his shaft, rubbing hard with her tongue as her Uncle has taught her, letting Al's cock head plunge into her warm, wet, mouth, then slide almost all the way out before pushing her face forward and taking it in again.  
  
"Nothing like a little bit of a bottom smacking and good tit workout to teach a disobedient minx manners, it would seem, little lady? Now open wide and swallow my cock like a good girl!" comments Al. He watches delightedly, his cock, stiff, but flexible, sways, rubbing over the naked, kneeling, girl's angelic face, her pleading brown eyes demurely downcast. His juices slick over her cheeks and lips, leaving a glossy trail, across her soft skin. The \ contact, the feeling of the tip of her demure, slightly protruded, tongue-tip across the lower curve of his sensitive bulb, is exquisite. He watches her as she follows his penis as it swings, her mouth and tongue chasing it then catching it and opening, sliding over it, lips and tongue delighting his knob, then closing and gripping his shaft.  
  
Ashley feel the humiliation of being made to pleasure the stranger's penis. At the same time, she is grateful that her punishment has ended. Even as she laps at the man's bulbous tip, she feels the stinging in her bottom and the heat in the skin of her breasts calming. "So long as I keep his penis pleased, I won't get spanked!" She devotes herself to the cock in front of her, licking the length of the shaft up and down, up and down, the swirling her tongue around the pulsing cockhead. She barely hears, so intent is she on her cock sucking duties, the sounds of the mechanical clicks Edwards' makes as it camera records her diligently pleasuring Al's penis. The camera is close, and will record fully her face, while the phallus getting lavishly pleasured will be anonymous, disembodied, a representation into which any man seeing the pictures will immediately feel his on his own member the oral attentions being lavished on by the attentive, submissive, beauty.  
  
Her hands are on the floor and the man's penis escapes her every time she releases it from the velvet confines of her mouth. Al reaches forwards and grasps one of Ashley's protuberant nipples as it swings on its pendulous globe. He pinches it. "Titmouse, don't just sit on your hands! Those fine delicate fingers belong on my cock!"  
  
Ashley leans back further on her thighs, and reaches up with both hands. One naturally wraps around the cock before her. The other she is uncertain what to do with, but Al takes her hand and turns it palm upwards, then guides it to his testicles. The man's scrotum is silky and warm, and she caresses it gently, while she rubs her fingers up and down his shaft and brings it to her mouth. "Lick it!" commands Al, "up and down, again, keep doing that." She lets her tongue lap at the cockhead over and over and feels the man release her nipple as he leans back letting her exert herself for his pleasure.

Ashley gazes up quickly at the man reclined before her. He is grinning, his eyes locked on her mouth as it glides over his erection and on her full breasts swinging softly back and forth as her head bobs slowly. He catches her looking at him, and his expression becomes stern for an instant. Ashley nestles her fingers into the man's full, soft scrotum, rhythmically pulsing her fingers slightly around his balls. Her other hand circles his long stiffness at its base, closing around it, and moving up and down slowly. As the hand reaches its lowest point, nestled at the base of his cock, holding it vertically her tongue reaches out and circles the plump tip slowly. The penis twitches and stiffens repeatedly. Her hand glides back up to the tip where her thumb courses over the tip, back and forth, before her hand plunges down again. Once more, her face dips, and her tongue laps the glans, then she opens her mouth and engulfs the phallus, her cheeks hollowing as she sucks it in deeply until her lips touch her own hand and she feels the delighted prick filling her mouth, causing her to almost gag as it slides back in her throat. She releases it from her mouth and gasps for breath, but her fingers don't stop, as she cylinder's the shaft and strokes it up and down several times quickly, making the hard erection shake. She feels the pliant, spongy, shaft swell and stiffen, then after a few more strokes, she varies her tempo, as she's been taught pleases men. Holding the man's member very still, she opens her mouth wide, and flattens her tongue, licking a slow wide trail up it's length. When her tongue reaches his wide head, it narrows to a point, and she vibrates it quickly back and forth vigorously on the sensitive bridge of skin at the bottom edge of his cockhead.  
  
She is lost in the hypnotic repetition, licking the twitching cock's tip, opening and engulfing the penis in her mouth, bathing it with her saliva, rubbing her thumb under the man's testicles. She feels the penis become harder, and Al's breathing quickens. She knows how this will end, she will be forced to swallow his emissions, sooner or later. She dreads making him ejaculate in her mouth, but wants to end her ordeal, so speeds up the motion of her lips and tongue. Puckering her lips to plumpness, she rubs her barely parted mouth back and forth vigorously over the cockhead, pulling back on the skin to bare it. She feels the tremor first in the cock has her tongue bathes it with long hard licks. She glances up nervously, and sees the man's thighs shaking.  
  
Edward observes the man's rapidly approaching orgasm. One of his hands reaches down and pinches Ashley's taught nipple, and pulls downward, stretching her breast. His other hand cups the back of her head and pushes her face and mouth down, making Al's cock slide deep into her mouth.  
  
"Good girl, Ashley," she hears he Uncle intone, "Take his whole cock into your mouth now, deep... deeper..." he pulls her breast down hard and she gags a bit. Saliva flows onto her chin prettily and she feels it thicken as a squirt of his semen bursts onto her tongue. "Keep licking! Use the tip of your tongue to draw out your Daddy Al's cum." She obeys, scrubbing her tongue over the sticky surface of the pulsing cockhead.  
  
In her mouth, the fullness increases and pulses repeatedly, she feels spurt after spurt tickle her thickly on her tongue, and the roof of her mouth. The slick gel is copious and her mouth cannot hold it all; it slides down the back of her throat and leaks past her lips down her chin. Edward pets the girl's heaving breast and orders, "Swallow, little one! What you don't get now you'll lick up after so do a good job; that's it, you're becoming a good little cocksucker, Ashley, suck all Al's treat for you out and swallow it all!"  
  
Ashley keeps licking, but feels the cock in her mouth soften and shrink, and Edward grasps her head and pulls it back. "Clean him up, Ashley, use your tongue. Softly, like a kitten on his cock!" She obeys, her eyes wet. Al heaves a relieved sigh, and chortles. He grins at Edward, who smiles slyly back.  
  
Ashley holds the softening penis in her hand and covers it with little licks, the tip of her tongue bathing across the dwindling plum head. As much as he enjoys the sight of the angelic girl continuing to minister to his organ, it is now satiated and sensitive, so Al reaches his palm out and cups it to Ashley's cheek and pushes her away.  
  
"You see, Ashley, you can be a good girl if you try, can't you?" teases the old man.  
  
"Stand up, girl!" orders Edward, "hand at your side. Now turn around slowly, keep turning." Ashley obeys, turning slowly, eyes downcast, as the two men examine her.  
  
Al chortles, "That'll teach you to behave young lady! I dare say, that red bottom of yours will smart for a bit, and I do think those big breasts look like they've got the attention they deserve as well! As much as you cried and fussed though, we know how you enjoyed it, don't we? You liked your punishment, your little pussy pulsing while your bottom bounced under its smacks and you nipples were pinched hard, no?"  
  
Ashley's eyes fill with tears of humiliation which flow freely as she is made to display her naked, well-groped body.

Chapter 11, Part I. Two in the Hand  
  
Edwards glanced out the window and smiled. Sunlight sparkled from the cut glass facets of the row of small diamond-shaped panes gracing the top of the window. The ancient and beautiful elm outside glowed with the orange tinted light of the early evening.  
  
He cradled the receiver of an old fashioned phone against his ear and waited for Doctor Foster to get around to actually ask for what he'd called about. In his usual prevaricating style, the doctor had discussed banal subjects for a good ten minutes. He might have saved himself the trouble, as Edwards had expected this call to come sooner or later after the "play date" a few weeks earlier when Foster had taken such pleasure in assisting with the continuing education of his delicious niece, Ashley, and it suited Edwards that Foster actually obtain the object of his conversation. There were benefits all around in fact, among them a chance to borrow one of the doctor's lovely villas later in the summer.  
  
"Yes, well old chap, as I mentioned, Ibiza is fabulous this time of year, and the villa empty. If you were to be at leisure next month, and wanted to pop round to stay, I'd be more than happy to have the housekeepers open it up for you. Why, I dare say the lovely Ashley would enjoy the air and sunshine. I can just see her prancing around in the kind of skimpy little bikini bathing costume girls wear these days, getting almost all her bits browned. Don't you think?  
  
"Why, yes," answered Edwards, "an excellent suggestion. I think we shall take you up on it. The only difficulty I foresee," he chuckled ruefully, "may be to get the young lady to keep her swimsuit on! You've seen her propensity for one way or another ending up undressed in public."  
  
Foster jumped at the bait. "Still having problems with that, are you? Yes, these habits take a concerted effort to educate out of a willful, stubborn girl. And with the strong Spanish sunshine, I shudder to image the effect on Ashley's notably creamy full breasts of being overexposed!"  
  
Edwards' smile widened. He heard many overtones in the other man's description of his niece's delectable chest, but shuddering was not among them. He knew this part of a girl's anatomy was that most appreciated by Foster, and that the doctors experience ejaculating with his member cradled on Ashley's breasts was one the old doctor was sure to have replayed in memory often and would be eager to repeat. He let Foster continue.  
  
"You know, Edwards, just picturing this has given me an idea! Just thinking of your dear charge's welfare, you know, but ... a girl like Ashley, with what cannot be denied to be very special gifts in the bosom department, benefits no end, in my experience, from focused training on the pleasures that her breasts can provide others as well as incidentally herself. And how these can go hand in hand, so to speak," Foster chuckled at his own, weak, double-entendre.  
  
"I take your point," Edwards commented, "I agree that it would certainly do the young wanton good to have some diligent attention paid to her breasts. What sort of thing would you recommend?"  
  
"Yes, well, haven't given it much thought till now," Edwards heard Parsons lie outrageously, "but of course, some manipulation followed by a humiliating slow forced exposure of the breasts, always excruciating to the girl; perhaps once the breasts are freed, prolonged nipple stimulation starting ever so lightly and proceeding to strengthen. Additional arousal with some genital component strengthening the association with the breasts as a source of pleasure. When well warmed up, proper milking of course. A good suckling. Perhaps, why not?"  
  
Edwards jested obviously, "It is evident, Foster, that you haven't given this matter much thought, but your natural talent in this regard shines. I do believe you're right, and I think I will put your suggestions to practice."  
  
Foster continued, "Ibiza does suggest itself as a wonderful backdrop for such activities, and I am rather well versed in their application, so perhaps I could join you there ..."  
  
"Most kind of you," interrupted Edwards, "to offer to assist, and I dare say it would help in terms of freeing one to document and film, as well as have more free hands say for whatever bits might need additional attending to.  
  
"But, we won't be able to get away to Ibiza for a few weeks yet and this ought to get done before then." Even though nothing was said on the line, the doctor's disappointment permeated the pause. He continued, "But, if you were able to say drop by day after tomorrow mid-afternoon, why the English sunshine may not be that of the Spanish coast, but the living room here ought to serve quite handily for my niece breasts to receive an appropriately educational workout."  
  
The hour agreed on, and a few remaining details sorted, the men ended their conversation, each putting down their respective phone receivers, wearing almost identical grins of pleasure and expectation.  
  
Ashley wandered the garden of the old house, several days later. She'd been sent to pick flowers for a bouquet and was enjoying herself. Lunch had been delicious, cold cucumber soup with dill, salad, fresh bread, peaches for dessert. Her Uncle certainly was healthy and she did feel better and fitter. Her regimen of running and sunning herself by the pool every day, and the avoidance of the American fast food she had been accustomed to eating had made her feel trimmer and livelier.  
  
It had been several weeks since her Uncle had been strict with her; instead he had been kind and praising of her, though always with a detached aloofness that made her feel somewhat of a supplicant. He had taken her shopping several times and bought her nicer things than her family had ever bought her, or would have bought her had they even been able to afford the high quality Uncle Edwards demanded in everything that surrounded him. Today she was wearing a soft, flowing sundress with a refined cream-colored background strewn with large, stylized orange flowers. Thin orange satin straps looped over her brown shoulders holding it up, the bosom was a spacious and loose peasant cut, tightening above her waist to support the swishy mid-thigh length dress. Though demurely high on her chest, baring only the very center of her chest and the top of the swell of her breasts, it did have large, loose, openings below her arms, but her Uncle had selected a pretty, orange, balconette demi-bra to go with it, and the flash of the undergarment's side when she moved made her feel like she herself was an orange flower, petals opening to display inner details of smooth shiny satin strap and just a hint of textured orange lace.  
  
All in all, she was becoming quite the proper upper-class English girl, she giggled to herself. If the girls at home could just see her, they wouldn't even recognize the refined young lady she'd transformed into.  
  
Collecting several more flowers from the garden she satisfied herself that she had sufficient for a lovely bouquet. She turned and strode back towards the kitchen to put them into a vase as she'd been asked. Her high, cork soled, orange canvas sandals crunching on the gravel as she strode, the forward tilt of the high footwear accentuating her own feminine gait, causing the loose dress to sway charmingly on her form.  
  
All of these details were keenly appreciated by the two men seated comfortable in deep armchairs in the sunlit living room. Had they been asked later, neither Edwards nor Foster would have had any idea what they had been chatting about good-naturedly while they awaited the next phase of the afternoon. Their talk was inconsequential and polite, their thoughts very much taken up by the anticipation of the delights quickly approaching.  
  
Ashley went into the kitchen, and stretched to fetch a vase down from its high shelf. One foot lifted off the ground as she reached, her dress hiking to reveal her upper thing and her leg tightened. That image was the one that greeted Edwards as he entered the kitchen. He watched the girl stretch and reach futilely. His eyes caressed the expanse of bronzed thigh and leg.  
  
"Ashley, dearest, let me help you with that." He strode over, brought down the vase, an easy reach for his substantially taller frame, and handed it to the girl. She blushed, as she seemed to quite often in his presence, the poise and self-satisfaction she had been feeling melting into the meek subservience that always overcame her in his presence.  
  
She tried to recover her composure by concentrating on arranging the flowers. Edwards let her finish this task before undoing all her attempts at maintaining her own poise, by intoning, "That is lovely Ashley. Now I will take these into the salon, and I'd like you to pour a couple of glasses of Macon-Villages to take into the salon for our guest and me. I'm sure you remember Doctor Foster? He has come by for a visit and is quite curious to see how you've come along in your education since he was here." He took the vase from the suddenly immobile girl, whose eyes flitted about wildly then looked down at the floor. He left the room.  
  
Ashley stood frozen, experiencing a sense of dread and deflation. She remembered all too well the occasion at which she had last seen the doctor. Involuntarily, she hugged herself, cradling her own bosoms where she could almost feel the stinging sensation of having her bare breasts slapped and smacked by the doctor on that occasion.  
  
She moved torpidly, pouring the wine and dawdling before forcing herself to go in. She tried to reassure herself that this time, now she was acting proper and refined, they would treat her with dignity. Last time she knew, she had been to blame; the stains on her dress and her sloppiness had been the cause for her punishment. She wasn't going to spill a drop this time, and her impeccable and lovely dress wasn't going to give them any excuse to accuse her of trying to reveal herself.  
  
She was bought back to the present from her distracted thoughts by the sudden chilling realization that her uncle might be displeased by her delay in making her appearance. With a redoubled sense of foreboding she strode out of the sunny kitchen and made her way to the living room carrying the two glasses on a tray. At the last minute she'd selected a sheaf of cheese pastry twists and put these on a plate. She balanced the tray with the glasses and savories in one hand and knocked timidly at the door.  
  
The door opened, Edwards held the door open for his niece and inside the living room Foster gazed out at the lovely girl. He saw a shudder go through her, and smiled realizing that the torments he'd visited on the sweet Ashley had not been forgotten, but were fresh in her mind. His smile widened, and he intoned,  
  
"My dear Ashley, how very nice to see you. How kind of you to arrange some refreshments for us. "I see you're looking as lovely as ever, perhaps even more so than last time we saw one another, yes? I dare say there's no doubt that our little session will have helped you to gain control over your former slovenliness? Your style of dress has improved greatly, you're positively elegant!"  
  
Ashley averting her gaze from Foster, lay the platter she was carrying down on a side table. She turned shyly and felt the still commanding presence of both men attentive to her. She forced herself to say,  
  
"Thank you, Sir. I'm glad you like the way I'm dressed."  
  
Moving in a daze, Ashley automatically went about setting out the flowers, and putting out the refreshments as the men continued chatting amiably. She glanced up at the doctor, and found him gazing contentedly at her. He smiled at her and she looked quickly away. The smile was too familiar and easy, and redoubled her nervousness.  
  
Foster walked over to where the girl was and reached over towards the wine glass on the table, coming very close to her. She dared not shrink back. He took her hand in his and gently lifted it up at her side, as he examined her.  
  
"Dearest Ashley, how delightfully your education seems to have improved you! Your appearance and manners are charming. Why look at how nicely dressed and refined you look. While only a few months ago, as I well recall, you were slovenly enough to be positively coming out of your clothes at every occasion, you are now quite properly and beautifully attired."  
  
"Come here, young lady," said Foster rising from the desk he'd been leaning against and coming towards her, "stand by me and turn slowly. Show off that admirable carriage and your lovely garments."  
  
Ashley couldn't help it; she was compelled to obey and walked up to the man. As she reached him he put a familiar hand on her bare shoulder and guided her slowly around, helping her to pivot on her heels. As she rotated the men examined her trim figure. She felt Foster fingertips, which he had placed at the height of her chest, brush softly against the lower curves of her breasts as she turned.  
  
After taking in her form hungrily, his eyes lingering on the swell of her breasts, Foster used her arm to cause her to turn, stopping her when she faced away from him. She felt his gaze linger at her back.  
  
"Edwards, this is a real testament to your unflinching efforts to teach your young charge the benefits of proper presentation," he said, casually leaving his fingertips lightly perched on the bottom of her breast, "Ashley, I assume that your Uncle has been diligent in properly punishing you at regular intervals, hmm? He's told me of your bottom dancing sessions and how you've taken to them? Hard to imagine that nice womanly bottom of yours, so composed and covered by this lovely dress now, wriggling and thrashing over your Uncle's lap as it is getting smacked!  
  
Ashley colored, and blinked repeatedly. The old man smiled.  
  
"Now, Titmouse, please bring that armchair over the middle of the room for me? I think it would be of great benefit to me to understand the progress you've made since we last saw one another. That's a good girl! There is something ineffably charming is there not Edwards in seeing a well-dressed young lady engaged in the awkward effort of carrying a heavy piece of furniture into place, is there not? Now please turn it so it faces away from us and clamber onto it on your knees. Right up, hands on the chair back. No sitting back on your haunches, young lady! Up on your knees and bend forwards over the chair back.  
  
"Good, now let me just sit down here where I can observe those charming thighs and that trim backside. The flowers on your little skirt are very becoming! Much better than those sloppy bottoms you were wearing last time, or shall I say barely wearing last time.  
  
"Now I'd relish learning how your education has been progressing. Why don't you recount for me the events of your last training session with your Uncle? Do keep in mind young lady, that if you do not do a thorough job of reporting this to me, I shall ask Edwards here to show me his methods in person instead! I'm do hope there will be no need to have to go to the trouble of punishing you today?"  
  
Edward smiled and looked over at the doctor. His gaze was fixed on the kneeling girl's posterior as if he could see through her skirt just by staring intently. Edward's imagined only too well how delighted he would be to take the "trouble" to punish Ashley. He wondered if the doctor would be able to restrain himself and keep to the plan of humiliating her through stimulating and causing her embarrassing pleasure rather than pain.  
  
Ashley knelt on the chair, dejected, her hands resting on the chair back, and forced herself to cast her thoughts back to the last bottom-dancing session she'd had with her Uncle. Her words came softly and haltingly. She was reluctant to describe the humiliating ordeal but knew she had no choice, lest she be forced to undergo it again with Parsons' watching.  
  
"It was two weeks ago," she recounted softly. "Uncle said I'd been making very good progress and learning, but ..."  
  
Foster interrupted her. "What had you been learning, Titmouse?" She cringed at the name. "To ... to suck ..." "To suck the penis ...Sir!" corrected her Uncle, "Say it! And don't leave out the details we went over!"  
  
Ashley, gave a little whimper of humiliation and continued. "To suck ... the penis, Sir. That I was getting much better at ... at using my fingers to stroke his penis up and down and doing kitten licks to his cockhead ..."  
  
Parsons' chuckled, "Kitten licks, Ashley? Now that is a good description. What does that mean?"  
  
"I have to stick out my tongue sir, and softly and slowly lick the length of the penis the base to the tip, and collect the ... the moisture at the tip, then use my fingers to stroke his penis a few times and do it again. Sir. Also he was pleased with how well I'd learned to hold-and-suckle."  
  
"And what is entailed in hold-and-suckle, Ashley?" asked the Doctor.  
  
"I have to close my lips, encircling the top of the penis, and suckle like it's a candy, and make my mouth really wet by licking it and collecting all the wetness in my mouth. I'm supposed to warm and bathe his cockhead scrubbing with my tongue.  
  
Parsons' commented as he rose from his chair, "It does sound like you are learning some very valuable skills, Titmouse, and I will interrupt your charming tale only for a moment before we have you continue. However, I think this is a very propitious time to inform you of this afternoon's goals. Why, I think you'll find that our activities will help your recollection."  
  
Foster rounded in front of the girl, standing very close to her. She looked up at him. He lifted a hand and slowly moved it towards her. His palm turned inwards and he brushed his fingertips very softly and slowly along the swell in her bodice at the side of her left breast. He repeated the motion on the other side of her chest. His touch was delicate and, except for the unwanted intimacy, almost soothing.  
  
"Ashley, you're well acquainted, as I have the pleasure of firsthand experience to know, with the effectiveness of having your exemplary titties punished. And the smacking I had occasion to give them and those they will receive in the future are no doubt extremely helpful to your education."  
  
Ashley flinched as the man raised both hands, expecting him to suit his action to his words. His hands, though, came to test cradling the sides of her breasts softly, just holding them gently.  
  
"But we need to emphasize that a young lady's pretty, pendulous, protuberances are also a strong positive reinforcement to pleasure, that they can be a source of delight and stimulation. There is a time for punishment, and a time for finding that pleasure. Today we hope, if you continue to be obedient, to concentrate on that aspect of your womanly gifts. Now continue what you were telling us. You were saying you were learning hold-and-suckle?"  
  
Foster fingertips slowly moved under her bosom. Ashley felt them lift slightly and caress the material at the bottom of her bra at the base of her breasts.  
  
"Yes. Sir," she squirmed, "I'm supposed to make the penis leak as much as I can, and then, when I'm told, I use my fingertips to massage the base of the cock between the balls from behind. I am told ..."  
  
She paused as a sensation of languor filled her tummy. Foster fingertips had moved to the exposed swell of the top of one breast and while one hand supported and lifted it from below, his fingertips traced the top down its curve, pushing the bodice's edge down until it encountered the top of her bra. He released her breast, then repeated the process, petting her other heavy globe as if it were a small warm creature.  
  
"Uncle told me," she continued, "I must pay attention to how his cock is moving in my mouth. I am supposed to feel it twitch and to use the tip of my tongue on the hole to taste the pre-cum. I'm supposed to collect every drop that leaks out. But just as each drop comes out, and I dip my tongue in it, I'm supposed to stay still until the pulse passes. I'm not supposed to make it come."

"That does sound delightful, Ashley, being held-and-suckled by that delicious full mouth of yours!" Foster made a strange gesture, licking the tips of a finger, then touching Ashley's full trembling lower lip and running his finger along it. "I shall certainly want to verify for myself how well you've picked up these skills in the near future."  
  
Ashley shuddered as she imagined being made to perform her cocksucking duties on the Doctor. She had grown to be proud of being able to please her Uncle as well as she did, and even to enjoy the sense of having her mouth put to use by him. But to do that to the doctor! She remembered his fat member spurting over her naked and stinging breasts the last time and her stomach lurched at the thought of him spurting into her mouth, his hands in her hair forcing her head down onto his member until she'd dutifully swallowed.  
  
As she imagined this, she felt his fingers move towards her back. Expertly, with one hand, Foster unhooked the catch on her bra. It sprung open energetically.  
  
"As pretty as this lovely bra is, Titmouse, I think we will remove it. Your breasts are young and firm, and don't really need the help maintaining an admirable upward tilt. How clever of you to wear a strapless bra today, so we can remove them without even taking your dress down yet. We will do so and have these bare titties out, but not quite yet yes?"  
  
She felt the doctor tuck one end of the strap at the back down into the large opening at her armpit, gripped it there and began to pull the bra off. The cups clung momentarily to their heavy contents, her breasts shifting sideways as he pulled, then their hold on the cups slipped, and Foster slowly dragged the lacey undergarment sideways until it came free.  
  
The excruciating slowness with which he removed her bra and dragged it over her skin made Ashley concentrate minutely on the sensation of the material dragging on her skin, the stiff underwire on the cups scraping across the bottoms of her breasts, then the coolness of being suddenly bared. Her dress still covered her, but was loose enough on the sides that she felt the air brush her newly exposed skin.  
  
Now Parsons' fingers came down and once again cradled her breasts from the sides, but his fingertips now caressed the wide expanse of bare skin at the side of her breast, again traveling over the swollen curve down to the very edge of the now visible darker skin of her areola. Ashley felt her nipple buds tighten and push against the cloth of her dress.  
  
Edwards noted how effective the doctor's protracted and gentle stimulation of his niece's chest was, as evidenced by the incipient squirming movements of her rear. Her skirt amplified the motion as it shifted softly over the tensing and releasing globes of her bottom.  
  
"Please continue your tale, Ashley, we have not even begun to hear about your last punishment session!" chided the doctor.  
  
Ashley had trouble not being distracted from the fingers on her breasts teasingly approaching her now throbbing nipples.  
  
"Uncle told me to come down to the study for my bottom-dancing session. He always leaves out the clothes I am supposed to wear. That evening I was wearing white stay-up stockings and strappy white shoes and a transparent, gauzy, pink outfit of tap pants and a short harem top."  
  
Edwards chimed in, "Ah yes, that outfit suits her very well Parsons'. Her unsupported breasts push out the top so the bottoms of her hang out and the bottom is cut high to expose a lower crescent of Ashley's bouncy bottom cheeks! The full rounded curves of her lower bottom cheeks and those of the bottom curve of her breasts echo each other most pleasingly, vying for attention and the chance to be squeezed and bounced!"  
  
"Charming!" commented Foster, "continue Ashley."  
  
"Uncle examined me and turned me around. He said I looked very beautiful. He took my hand and led me to the sofa. He sat down and told me to lie down over his lap. I did, and I could feel the lower parts of my bottom sticking out. The music started, it was slow. Uncle told me that we would start out slow but that he expected that before long my bottom would be bouncing much faster. First, he said, keep it utterly still. But, he reached under me and grabbed the bottom of my breast and began squeezing it. His fingertip reached under my top too and grabbed my nipple ..."  
  
As she said, this, Foster let his fingertips trace down and for the first time touch the very tip of the girl's large, tense nipples. She panted slightly as she continued.  
  
"He pulled it and then the other one. He told me that I'd already started without his telling me to, that my bottom was clenching and moving. He spanked each of my cheeks hard where they were bare, on my lower cheeks. It stung! I wiggled and he smacked my bottom again. He ordered me to slow down my bottom-dance. I tried but he kept pulling at my nipples which are so sensitive and it's like there's an electric charge that goes from my breasts to my bottom and I can't stop my bottom moving. Oooooh!"  
  
This last exclamation was elicited as Foster pulled the bodice down off of Ashley's large breasts, baring them, then his fingers softly gripping both nipples at once and tugging them gently and repeatedly. She moaned again as Parsons' repeatedly pulled and released on the elongating buds.  
  
"Good little titmouse," he said, "much better now that those breasts are nice and naked and have come out to play, no? That's a good little booby, reach out, stretch that nipple out. You like a nice nipple pinching don't you, Ashley? No fear, we are here this afternoon to give those breasts all the attention they need. Now continue. You were just bottom dancing for your Uncle? Did your clothes stay on, though? That doesn't sound like the naked missy I know now?"  
  
"No sir," exclaimed Ashley as her head swam from what the fingers were doing to her nipples, "Uncle soon pushed my top up under my chin and then he pulled my pants down to my thighs. He stroked my naked bottom until I slowed my bottom-dancing. He said "Clench!" and I tensed my cheeks, then "Soft!" and I loosened my bottom. His palm smacked one cheek hard! He made me do clench-soft 20 times, giving me a spank each time when my bottom was soft. I could feel the heat building in my cheeks, they must have been so red!  
  
"Then he told me to put my hands below my belly and take his cock out. I did. It was slippery. He said I was a minx who would have to attend to all the wetness she was causing in his cock. He asked if I was a good girl and would suck obediently. I told him I was going to be good and could I suck now? He said not yet, I was nowhere near done with my exercises. He told me to move my fingers on his cock, and to push my bottom right up. I caressed his slippery cock and brought my knees up a bit and raised my hips and bottom up. Uncle started smacking my bottom cheeks back and forth. He spanked me first slowly, but then he sped up and I could feel my cheeks bouncing quickly.  
  
Parsons' continued petting the excited girl's chest, now holding her naked breasts and letting his grip pulse around her swollen globes.  
  
Ashley closed her eyes, and gave another soft moan, as the Doctor ran his fingertips slowly over her tense nipple, scraping the nail over her sensitive bud. Reaching the tips, he captured the buds between his thumb and forefinger and applied slight pressure. He pinched and released, watching the girls' soft breasts shudder each time he did so. He applied more pressure each time until he was squeezing them quite hard, relishing Ashley's gasps at each strong pinch.  
  
Ashley came out of the reverie caused by having her nipples tormented when he finally released them. While she had been dazed, her skirt had been lifted up. Now she felt Edwards grasp her panties and slide them down her backside, tugging them off leaving her bottom naked, and pulling them down over her thighs to her knees. Her uncle's hand petted her denuded cheeks, then dropped to caress the pouting rearward thrust of her vaginal pouch, a finger running forward and back on her slit repeatedly, the tip of his finger intruding between her slick lips and sliding effortlessly through her lubricated flesh.  
  
"Now, Ashley, delightful as it is to watch you squirm as your bosom is manhandled, the pleasure you're taking evident from your naughty, wet vagina, I think there's room for some additional stimulation to help your perform even more deliciously for us. I am going to take this vibrator and push it between your thighs, just so, keep them tightly together and hold it there. Oh, yes, I'm sure you're hoping I will turn it on, don't fret. There we are, better?  
  
"Your job, sweet child, is to let your juices coat that dildo liberally. Not only will that show your appreciation for the effort we are putting into making you, shall we say, comfortable, but it will help you, little one, when it comes time to introduce it into your bottom later!"  
  
The expertly placed cylinder between her legs buzzed relentlessly against her vaginal lips and her hooded clitoris, the strong sensation not allowing her any surcease, and she began whimpering almost continuously. She squirmed, sitting back a bit. Thankfully, the vibrator slipped lower between her legs, giving her genitals a moment's respite. Edward, responded by delivering a strong open palmed smack to each of her naked bottom cheeks, and pushing the device back up against her vulva. He reprimanded her, "Legs closed, I said, girl! Do NOT let the vibrator slip down from your cunt! Sit up!"  
  
She obeyed, and as she moved up, delivered her naked breasts back into the Doctor's waiting palms, which grasped and squeezed them as if they were ripe fruit. Ashley mewled and shuddered at the combination of the insistent intrusion of the instrument she was riding and the feeling in her hot, swollen breasts. The doctor placed a palm under one heavy orb and lifted it, as if weighing it. His other hand grasped the upper part of her breasts and he pressed the accommodating globe between his hands, his upper palm traveling down her breast, stretching it out. He flicked his finger against her large, standing nipple, which seemed to relish the treatment as it responded by craning up and reddening. Foster smiled widely as this elicited a yelp from the girl, which by no means displeased him so he repeated the motion three more times, eliciting identical exclamations from the meek girl. Just when her nipple felt like it would burst, Foster switched positions and took her other breast in hand. He repeated the motions on this breast, flicking her bud even harder than the other one and getting an even louder yelp.  
  
"How is our Ashley's little quim doing Edwards?" asked Foster, "Is she coating the dildo satisfactorily? Let's have a look. Ashley, you just "hang out" there won't you?" he teased, releasing her breasts but giving both nipples a strong tug downwards to emphasized how she should "hang." Her breasts complied, hanging, naked, flushed, and proud, her nipples shining coral-red from their ordeal. She could feel them, large, soft, and warm from being handled, tremble and shiver as she whimpered in shame at the display she was giving the men. They both moved behind her and she knew they were watching her wiggling bottom as the vibrator did its work incessantly. She bit her lips and squirmed. At least while her breasts had been being tormented she'd been able to somewhat ignore the buzzing at her most sensitive feminine core. Now, the relentless sweet stimulation was all she could think of. Her thighs churned, sliding against one another slickly, evidence of how her juices had ran from her pussy and liberally coated the vibrator and her upper legs, her breasts swinging heavily in time.  
  
"Edwards, our TM's pussy seems to be enjoying itself thoroughly, judging by how lavishly it is anointing her toy with her lubrication!" Foster commented. Both men ran their palms over the rear of her thighs, palming the wet flesh. One of them grasped the vibrator and turned it, then thrust it back and forth so it slid through her wet slit. "What do you think Ashley, your lively little bottom really does need to be included in our play doesn't it? I think you're ready to nestle your toy in your lovely, soft, yielding bottom, aren't you? Yes, most certainly those full cheeks look like they would appreciate cradling something between them as long as they're clenching and welcoming. Let me renew my attention to those delicious breasts which I think are feeling neglected, and your Uncle will attend to filling that wiggly little backside."  
  
Foster walked in front of the girl and took her hands in his, and slowly moved them behind her back. Her dress rustled as he maneuvered both her slim wrists into one of his hands behind her back, forcing her to rise up on her knees. He pulled back on her joined hands making her arch her back, her shoulders pulling back and her breasts lifting up towards the man's face. He leaned forward and brought his cheek down to rest against one plump breast, then moved her torso back and forth, causing her breasts to caress his face. He then turned towards her and opened his mouth. She watched the man's tongue flick at her nipple, making it shine, and making it feel warm and sweet. He began tonguing her nipple repeatedly, copiously bathing her wide areola and the craning bud crowning it. His mouth fastened on her nipple and suckled her vigorously. She watched the tip of her breast drawn into his mouth, compressing the tip and making the flesh just behind her nipple swell. A hot, electric, current shot from her nipple into the depths of her pussy. He continued suckling and biting her nipple his eyes looking amusedly into hers so she had to look down. She tried to obey Edwards command to thrust her bottom out, awkwardly doing so while feeling her chest dragged forward by Parsons' grip on her breast.  
  
The sweet stinging in her breasts was distracting her but she felt Edwards behind her slide the vibrator back and out of her pussy. She gave a soft cry. Something hard and slick pushed against her anus, meeting resistance for only a moment before her bottom hole yielded and the firm cylinder penetrated her bottom.  
  
"That's a good little bottom, Ashley!" encouraged Edwards, "let it nestle and hug that vibrator, now that your pussy has made it nice and slick. That's better isn't it titmouse? You're enjoying having something for your bouncy rump to writhe on? Push it back and forth! Caress the vibrator between those round cheeks like you will a cock soon enough! That is pretty, isn't it, Foster, Ashley's full globes parting and welcoming the dildo as it pushes in and out of her bottom hole? I daresay she must be feeling an awful emptiness in her pussy now that's its been abandoned. We can't have that, can we little one?"  
  
Parsons' bit down onto Ashley's fat nipple. She moaned, her mouth forming a pouty O, and at that moment, as the soft utterance was forced from her, Edward's thumb pushed past her labia into her vagina, and his palm cupped the front of her pussy, while his thumb pressed into the sensitive spot on the front inner walls of her slick canal.  
  
Foster chuckled, and commented, "As they say, two in the hand is better, no? I can attest to the charms of being able to cradle your breasts in my palms? However, one in the bush as well does top that, old chap? Though you're not so bushy now, are you, with your smoothly shaved, bare quim gripping your Uncle's finger?"  
  
The film which Edwards had set to running for the occasion to document his niece's travails, and which will be enjoyed immensely among his group of friends, will have recorded several minutes during which Ashley becomes increasingly agitated, her trembling increasing in speed as her uncle pushes the buzzing dildo in and out of her writhing bottom and his hand forces her wet pussy to shudder quickly. Parsons' sucks one breast then the other hard, switching frequently, his tongue roaming over the expanse of each breast from tip to base, returning relentlessly to torment her sensitive nipples with his teeth and tongue.  
  
Ashley was by now mewling continuously, a high, girlish squeal punctuating the sounds when her nipple was bitten or the vibrator in her bottom was pushed deeply into her. Her bottom cheeks wiggled quickly as the hand in her vagina thrust inside her, shivering and jiggling deliciously. The heat in her innermost feminine core was building and, as she pictured the sight her Uncle had of her bottom and pussy opening and closing over the instruments of her violation, she felt simultaneously both blushing shame and the oncoming swell of an orgasm.  
  
Edwards expertly sensed his niece's impending climax in the momentary slowing of her churning, accompanied by the girl's subconsciously impaling herself deeply and repeatedly on the hand in her sex and the buzzing instrument impaling her bottom. His fingers could feel a stiffening of the anterior walls of her vagina and its incipient pulses.  
  
Ashley closed her eyes, fighting the oncoming wave of pleasure threatening to overcome her. The men watched her grit her teeth as she tried fruitlessly to maintain control and deny her tormentors the satisfaction of seeing how they'd forced her to take pleasure in their manipulation of her unwilling body. Her lips parted and a whimpering moan escaped. Edwards pushed his fingers hard against her clit and the front of her vagina, encouraging the girl, "That's a good girl Ashley, let it go. Yes, that's a good pussy clamping down on my fingers. You like how they're moving inside you don't you? Foster is giving those nipples a good squeeze for you. Show him how much you're enjoying having your breasts handled."  
  
These words pushed Ashley over the edge. The men watched as the girl's body stiffened and a small scream exploded from her. Her body quaked and shivered as she was rocked by her intense orgasm. Edwards' fingers felt her spasm, contracting and releasing quickly. He marveled at how long the paroxysm was lasting, as wave after wave tossed her, following one another closely, her head bucking, her eyes shut tight before, finally, she slumped. Her upturned face turned slowly downwards, her back bent forward and her eyes opened slowly, nervously darting between the men watching her. Hey beautiful large eyes were wide in embarrassment and humiliation at having shown the men how much she had enjoyed their exploring and groping her against her will.  
  
Slowly, she felt the hand she had ridden to pleasure pull out of her still fluttering vagina. The vibrator too was thankfully withdrawn. Foster released her heaving breasts, letting them fall pendulous and unsupported, their weight suddenly apparent on her chest.  
  
She heard her Uncle chuckle amusedly. "Now, now, young lady. That was quite a display you put on for us! But don't assume you're done yet! There are still many exercises and entertainments you will be responsible for this evening. We may even, I suspect, be seeing you orgasm several more times during the course of this afternoon and the long evening we have planned for you, as this has been most enjoyable for us. But you must be patient for the moment and calm your overexcited body."  
  
Tears of shame and pent up frustration leaked from Ashley's eyes. She was aware of the stinging in the very center of her bottom where her anus ached now she was no longer distracted by the onslaught of sexual stimulation. Her pussy was wet and dripping and she felt her own juices cooling stickily on her thighs.  
  
Foster walked casually away from Ashley, and reached for his drink on the sideboard. Edward did the same, instructing Ashley, "Stand up, Ashley. Next to the chair, facing us. Do hold your skirt up, we don't want it getting stained from your juices, do we?" She faced the two men as they sipped their wine and watched her with pleased expressions. She could only imagine what a sight she was, with her tear-streaked face, her top pulled down off her hot, flushed, breasts, the pretty orange blossom skirt held at her midriff exposing her now open, shiny pussy, and her delicate panties pooled at her feet where they'd slipped down when she'd stood. Her Uncle made a turning gesture with his hand, and she slowly turned around so the men could also examine her bottom cheeks, shiny with her own juices and still clenching softly.

Edwards chuckled, "I'm almost unaccustomed to seeing your round little bottom quite so pale, dearest niece, rather than crested with a rosy hue and finger marks from taking your spankings as is its frequent state. You must express your gratefulness to us for retraining ourselves in this regard, at least this time. Go ahead!"  
  
Ashley bit her lip, and her bottom trembled visibly. She softly intoned the words she knew the men wanted to hear from her, "Thank you Sir, Uncle and Doctor Foster, for not spanking my ... naked bottom."  
  
Foster grinned and walked over to the girl, placing his arm companionably around her shoulders, "Why, you're welcome, sweet Ashley! I dare say, though your full pale backside does really invite a good long smacking session, so long as you're being such an obedient and well behaved young lady, I do think we can continue to spare it from its accustomed punishments for the moment. Though, I for one, will relish having you do some bottom dancing for me at a future occasion!"  
  
Edwards looked at the young girl, with her dress bunched at the waist. "Ashley, I do think that though you were quite elegantly dressed, after that rather brazen display you gave us, your clothes are now in a bit of disarray. Why don't you just remove them?"  
  
The girl obeyed slowly, dropping her skirt, and then stepping out of the dress. She handed the pretty garment to Foster who held his hand out. She stepped out of the lacy panties at her feet. Foster nodded and she leaned down, keeping her knees demurely together, picked them up, and handed them to him as well. Finally, following his glance, she walked over to the side table on which her orange and violet brassiere lay discarded in a bunch, and took that to Foster as well. She stood, her hands clasped in front of her, eyes demurely gazing at the ground, totally naked in front of the two men.  
  
Edwards snapped pictures of the nude girl, commanding her to look into the lens, then came close to capture images of her breasts straight on and from the side, lastly ordering her to turn so he could capture her rear as well.  
  
"Bend forward, Ashley, well over. Touch your toes!" commanded Edwards. She obeyed and heard the shutter click as he captured her pose, her bottom wide and open as she stretched, her shiny pussy pouch framed neatly between the hemispheres of her backside and her lithe thighs.  
  
Edwards continued taking pictures of the girl until was satisfied he had documented the now naked, disheveled and ravished girl's state. He imagined with satisfaction the pleasure they images would cause when enjoyed by the gentlemen of his acquaintance who shared a passion for the education of impressionable, nubile young women.  
  
He addressed her in a jovial tone.  
  
"Ashley, I think now that you've enjoyed this afternoon's activities, you need to get cleaned up and prepare yourself for the remainder of our evening together. Please stand! From the sight of your own secretions splotching your thighs and bottom you're clearly in need of showering. You'll go upstairs and get cleaned up. Foster, I daresay you too could use a shower and a change of clothing, perhaps something less formal for the rest of the evening? Let's combine things in the interest of efficiency and hospitality, and you and Ashley can share a shower and she will help prepare you? What do you say, Ashley? Doesn't that sound like a marvelous plan, sharing a shower and helping the good doctor to prepare for the rest of the evening, as he has been so kind as to provide you with the pleasure you just experienced at his hands?"  
  
Ashley's eyes closed slowly as she contemplated the ordeal of being naked in the shower with the other man. And he would also be naked! She trembled, knowing that there would be no limitations to the liberties he would take with her body. She knew she had to answer.  
  
"Yes, Uncle, of course."  
  
Foster smiled and instructed the blushing girl, "Do top my wine glass up, Ashley, thanks. Now, let's get ourselves tidied up for the second part of this enjoyable evening, shall we?"  
  
Ashley walked over to the sideboard and refilled the man's wine glass, awkwardly aware of her body's nakedness as she performed otherwise domestic tasks. Much as she tried to maintain a rigid posture while serving, she felt her flushed breasts sway and the cheeks of her buttocks course against one another. A quick glance back at the men confirmed that they were watching her movements with an air of smug satisfaction at being attended by a subservient naked girl.  
  
She handed the wine glass to Foster, who took it, and, indicating with a gesture towards the door as he sipped followed behind her as she turned and walked towards it and out of the room.  
  
Foster, a few steps behind the girl, smiled to himself. He observed the moving hemispheres of the girl's ass move in front of him, alternate cheeks tensing and lifting as she walked. "Ah, yes," he thought to himself with glee, "What an astounding, round, unblemished bottom! A perfect match for her heavy, round breasts." He delighted in the notion that soon he would be sharing a shower with the nubile girl with no obstacle between her ripe flesh and his attentions.  
  
Though Ashley's thoughts dwelled at the same moment on the same imagery, her reaction was altogether different. Her thoughts raced and her breathing quickened. Her sense of dread and embarrassment was heightened by her realization that she had no choice. Lassitude and resignation filled her body, and her head drooped, downcast. She climbed the stairs, the man following close behind, and turned into her room.  
  
"Now titmouse," intoned Foster, with real tenderness in his voice, "You seem to be rather ahead of me in your preparation for the shower, given that you're already naked! Why don't you help me to undress?"  
  
Ashley stepped up to the man and started unbuttoning his shirt, working her way from the top down. Foster placed his open palms on the outward swell of her hips and left them there, resting comfortably. When she got to the last button, he took one of her hands and placed it on his belt, then returned his palm to her hip, which he slowly caressed. Ashley, threaded the tail of the belt out of the buckle, pulled and unhitched it. There was no alternative but to open his trousers, as she'd done often enough now for her Uncle. She grasped the fly and pulled it down, he fingers feeling the incipient stiffness below the cloth. She continued undressing Foster, her gaze unfocused in an attempt to distance herself from what she was doing, and soon he was naked. She glanced down. His penis was throbbing and quickly swelling.  
  
"Thank you, Ashley, now shall we head to the shower? I think that would be most refreshing don't you?" The man put his hand on her hip and guided her towards the bathroom. As she turned he placed a hand on her bottom, palming it as she walked. She stared ahead, but could not avoid catching a glimpse of herself in the mirror as they entered the bathroom. The hairy, naked man behind her wore a satisfied smile, his command over her evident in how he pushed on her bottom cheek, hastening her into the white and blue tiled shower room. In the mirror her bottom cheek indented around his grip. His fully erect penis contacted her thigh and twitched.  
  
The shower room was comprised of a large walk-in space tiled in white and blue with Moroccan designs in yellows and reds inside the glass-partitioned shower area. A marble vanity with twin, oversized sinks spanned one side of the room. A stack of impeccably white, plush towels was stacked on a shelf, and next to them, a pair of matching bathrobes were positioned on large wooden hangers. The larger sported blue piping on the edges, while the smaller was decorated in pink trim. Over the vanity hung the huge mirror in which Ashley was observing herself. A floor-to-ceiling pane ran half the length of the shower area and the two naked figures entered around it. A wide round showerhead with large openings was formed into the ceiling. The taps were heavy, elegant, and classically modern.  
  
"Start the shower, titmouse!" chided Foster, and Ashley felt a casual, soft slap on her rump, the contact harder than a caress but not quite a spank.  
  
She obeyed, and opened then adjusted the taps, bending slightly to test the water's temperature as it streamed from a wide, thigh-height, chrome shelf inset in the marble and tile wall. Her bottom jutted towards Foster, who didn't hesitate to run his hand up her thighs and between her legs, his fingers tracing the neat line of her vaginal slit. His touch felt gentle on her still dry skin, and she shivered at the sensation of his fingers tracing up her thigh, then trace a feather-soft course over the intimate folds of her genitals. They continued rearward palming the lower curve of her bottom. Ashley found the right temperature and turned the heavy pewter-colored lever transforming the heavy stream of water at her thighs into a copious overhead flow of warm rain which cascaded over the girl adding a lovely sheen to her pearly nudity. Her hair flattened and darkened, and she used both hands to collect it and direct it so it collected behind her head, rivulets of water streaming off the dark, wet mane and down her back.  
  
Foster reveled in the sight of the girl's heavy naked breasts rising up and bouncing fluidly with her arm motions, water pouring over them and flowing down, forming small twin waterfalls at the edge of her uplifted bosom. Ashley's eyes were closed, her face turned towards the water, as if she could, by not seeing the man in the shower, forget his presence. She was, however, startled when she felt him turn her firmly towards the water and felt his bulky body press against her back. A pair of large hands, slick with lemon-scented soap, grasped her big wet breasts firmly. Wide fingers closed on her full roundness forcefully, making the large globes shift and slide, bulging from their grasp and escaping slickly wherever Foster pressed his fingers down. As he massaged and kneaded her breasts, she felt his growing member press against her wet thighs and bottom, an insistent poke which she knew she be forced to attend to. She tried to turn sideways to minimize the contact, but Parsons' corrected her posture with a tug at her breast turning her so she felt his now fully erect, smooth organ, slip between the cheeks of her wet bottom and nestle there. His hands on her breasts were unable to get a good purchase as her slippery bosom kept shifting out of his hands. When tried to pinch her nipples repeatedly they compressed for a moment in his fingers, but then slipped out sideways. He repeated this motion until the soap on his finger washed off and her nipples were successfully trapped between his thumb and index fingers. He pulled repeatedly on one then the other, watching the water change course as it cascaded over her stretched-out boobs. She felt him use his nails on her, scratching back and forth on the buds one at a time, and as he knew she would in response to the strong stimulation, she churned her hips, causing her full backside to rub back and forth over his penis.  
  
She heard him speak into her ear, his lips nuzzling the soft pink shell. "You are due for some scrubbing, young lady, after your workout downstairs! You certainly worked up a nice lather during the penetration of your bottom and cunt. You're getting a good start by scrubbing that lovely, full, bottom against my cock, and we'll just add a bit of soap there. Now, continue to clean yourself off on me!" He pressed his nails harder into her captive nipples, causing her soapy backside to squirm harder against him. "We must also be sure to wash out your little holes thoroughly shan't we? You were getting quite sticky downstairs. Don't worry, dear, we'll get deep into all of your womanly nooks and crannies and get you pink and clean for later. I dare say, you do possess a very drippy little pussy, don't you Ashley?" One hand left her breast for a moment to demonstrate by burying itself in the rear of her vagina for a moment, his fingertips sliding shallowly in her still slick tunnel before returning to her breast and resuming tugging and scratching its throbbing reddened tip. "Truly, though you do require a bit of effort at first as appropriate for a demure young lady, and that flower between your legs needs to be forced open at first, tight as it is, once your ample tits are played with, or you receive a sound bit of spanking on your naughty bum, why your cunt just unfolds and drips generously, which is just one reason you are such a satisfactory sex-toy, Ashley! Your moisture does get one a bit sticky and wet, still, one makes some sacrifices to educate the young!"  
  
One hand still mauling her breast, the other collected soap from the verbena bar at hand, and she felt it push between the cheeks of her bottom. The hand spread the slickness between her bottom cheeks, back and forth, fondling the crack of her push bottom intimately. Back for more soap, and then she felt a soapy finger push hard on her rear entrance, which opens under the pressure, letting the finger roughly enter her. She gasps at the intrusion. Foster chuckles, and comments, "Wonderful how an application of a dildo on your bottom makes it amenable to opening up nice and easy, isn't it, dear girl! Now relax, yes, open that asshole up and lets just make sure you're good and clean. I think another bit of soap don't you? Why don't you bend right over and hold your bottom cheeks open so we can do this properly?"  
  
Ashley obeys, bending and placed her hands on her bottom cheeks. Reluctantly, she pulls herself open. Foster put one hand in front of her, holding her by her pussy, two fingers outside her lips and his middle finger resting enfolded by them. Pushing her bottom back, he uses the soap to lather her then teases her bottom hole with a fingertip, delicately running around her sphincter, before pushing it firmly inside her once more and pushing it in and out repeatedly.  
  
"Push back harder, bottom out! Ah, yes, why you now are swallowing up my finger to the knuckle! Well, we can't go any deeper here but as you're so eager why don't we try another finger as well." She feels another finger push into her bottom. It s tight, and she is thankful that she'd been stretched open in preparation. The fingers push in and out, transmitting a sense of fullness in her bottom and lower belly.  
  
Foster shifted the grip of the hand not buried in Ashley's bottom, moving it from the girl's genitals up and cupping a heavy, hanging breast. He caressed it softly, running his palms over her swollen, ripe globe, then brought his fingertips to the springy, rosy tip and ran them back and forth repeatedly over it, bending and pressing the pointy protrusion. The cheeks of her bottom move with the stimulation, caressing the hand lodged between them delightfully. As usual, the tugging and squeezing at one sensitive orb, then other, results in Ashley's hips thrusting and dancing, pulling away then impaling herself rhythmically on the fingers in her bottom. She feels the man's hand spread itself to cup and squeeze her squirming nether globes, riding her bottom hole while letting her bottom fill and push into his palm. By switching his attention between one breast and another he finds he can control the cadence of movement of her hips and backside, a entertains himself groping her upper and lower-body fullness until he notices she is tiring and her whimpering quickens.  
  
"Stand up straight," instructed Foster, turning Ashley towards him as she stood. "Put those charming fingers to work on my cock as you've been instructed, young lady!" Ashley released her bottom and felt her cheeks mold themselves around the hand buried inside her, as if striving to welcome the intruder's hand. Without looking down, she reached down towards Parsons' genitals and felt the long warm member bump into her wrist. She placed a hand on it, and wrapped her fingers around its warm, wet length. The cock pulsed in her hand.  
  
"Need I remind you, young lady ..." giving Ashley's well mauled, damp breast a loud, admonishing smack, "to use both hands to pleasure the penis? I'm a sure your Uncle would not be pleased to hear that you're forgetting your lessons, would he? Use your other hand to stroke the tip!" She brought her other hand around and placed it on the shaft then let it slide up until it her fingers rested on the bulging bulbous top of his penis, then ran her fingertips back and forth along it, feeling them glide in the combined moisture of the shower and the slipperiness issuing from Parsons' cock.  
  
A smart smack across her bottom cheek rang loud in the shower and Parsons' chided her, "Don't just hold that hand still, girl, move it up and down, slide the skin back and forth along the shaft!" Her other cheek received another hot spank, the wet skin amplifying both the sound and the sting. She knew she would have to be diligent and apply the skills her Uncle had taught her over the last several months. Her fingertips applied more pressure to the man's naked cockhead, and her other hand tightened and slowly pumped his shaft, occasionally stopping to cup and lift his scrotum, nestling it gently in her fingers and caressing his plump testicles, before returning to masturbating his organ.  
  
His fingers slid out of her bottom, and she felt him turn her so she faced him. He brought both hands up onto her breasts, and leaned in towards her, his entire body pressing against hers. His face dipped and she felt his lips brush against her ears and his tongue explore the springy lobes, then kiss the juncture of her dark hair and her face. All the while his hands worked at her breasts, massaging and squeezing them. Her own hands never stopped their dutiful attention to his genitals, even when his hands quit her bosom and encircled her, clasping her behind and pulling her hard against himself, so his penis was trapped between her hands and the softness of her lower belly. "Open your legs Ashley. Now rub the tip between those soft cunt lips like a good girl. Yes, that's right, use my cockhead to push open that girlish slit!"  
  
She held his cock between the lips of her pussy, right on her clitoris, and he pushed it back and forth, her hand keeping the contact hard and intimate. She meekly opened her lips to his slips and tongue and accepted his eager kiss, while he used his purchase on her bottom to pull her close.  
  
"A great pity," he whispered, his mouth against hers, "that your Uncle feels you're not quite yet ready for some intense fucking, titmouse, as my cock would so enjoy being buried in your soft cunt! Very unfortunate, still, one does soldier on in the face of difficulties, doesn't one? We will just have to make due otherwise. Now, of the opportunities that present themselves, of which shall we avail ourselves? Turn around and place your hands out on the wall, please, darling girl. How very tempting it would be to bury the erection you have so dutifully produced deep between your rounded cheeks. You're craving having your bottom stretched by more than a pair of fingers, aren't you titmouse? Shall we push open up your bottom hole and bury the hardness you're holding in it? Imagine how nicely your bubbly cheeks will nestle my balls!"  
  
He reached around and again hefted a full breast in each hand and pulled himself into her back. His penis slid up the groove of her bottom. He used his grip on her boobs to rock her body back and forth, the soft skin of her ass rubbing against his twitching penis. He moved his hips, bringing the wide tip of his cock into contact with her rear opening and pushed experimentally. At the first pressure, Ashley sensed how painful being penetrated by the wide head would be. She had just one hope, and respectfully said, "Sir ... you said you wanted to see how well I could lick and suck. I would be very pleased if you would let me suck you."

"Ah," he responded, watching his own penis slide across her full cheeks, then poke and indent the quivering globe, just as his fingers were sinking into her large breasts. "You'd prefer to suck, would you? I think that would be acceptable as an alternative for now. Why yes, I think I can be persuaded to give you something to drink down!"  
  
Quickly, before he could perhaps change his mind, Ashley turned and placed her hands on his penis, one on the shaft and one cradling his scrotum. She let herself sink to her knees, the gleaming teak wood flooring gentler on her knees than she'd expected. The man's erection hovered just above her face so she raised herself a bit higher on her haunches. Pointing the penis high with one hand she brought her face close and began kissing the shaft just at the base where it met his testicles. Her hand slid up to the tip and rubbed just that sensitive area as she used her tongue to lick from the very base, slowly up to the tip, not yet contacting the head with her mouth.  
  
Parsons' leaned back contentedly, letting the water cascade over his front and wash over the girl. He oriented himself to direct the stream onto her chest and body and avoid her face. He did not want to distract her from diligently servicing him by being unable to breathe easily! His cock thrilled to the velvety touch as he watched her repeatedly use her broadened and flattened tongue to lick slowly up his member, starting at his testicles where the point of her tongue outlined each swollen bulk, then onto the hard shaft, coursing up to where the wide cockhead mushroomed purple and throbbing.  
  
Ashley felt the man's thighs tremble as she worked to build up his pleasure. If she didn't please him, she thought, he would still want to penetrate her painfully. When she sensed him pushing back towards her, she began another slow lick, placing her lips against his scrotum and letting her tongue wash back and forth, then slide up his long shaft. This time though she let her tongue slowly cross the ridge below his cockhead, using the tip of her tongue to flick at the sensitive underside of the swollen plum at its end.  
  
Parsons' jaw clenched with the intense pleasure his cock was receiving. He said, "Very good, young lady. I think it is time to show me your "kitten licks.""  
  
Ashley obeyed. She brought her hand to his shaft, and encircled it. She pumped it up and down repeatedly, slowly, squeezing firmly and bringing up pearls of pre-cum from the tip. She was tempted to let the water wash them away, but knew her duty was to collect them on her tongue. The very tip of her tongue dipped into the sticky bubble and licked it away. The flat of her tongue washed his cockhead clean, only so several more pumps on his shaft extracted more clear accumulations, which she in turn drank.  
  
After enjoying Ashley's expert "kitten licks" as long as he could, he ordered her, "What was that other charming locution you used for the other cock-sucking skill you've been practicing, Ashley? Oh, yes, why don't you show me your abilities with hold and suckle"? He watched her glance up at him in tremulous obedience, and encouraged her, "open that charming mouth girl and warm my cock with your tongue!" Ashley poised her mouth above the tip, wet with the latest secretions from her pumping hand, and engulfed it with her mouth, closing her lips around the tip. As she'd been taught, she applied a light, pulsing, suction to the bulb, while running her tongue up and down it. She alternated that movement with a circular swirl in which her tongue ran all around the cockhead, always paying particular attention to the especially sensitive skin attached to the lower cleft in the cockhead, which she has learned was called the frenulum.  
  
As she licked she produced plentiful saliva, and was careful to let it accumulate in her mouth and provide a warm, slick medium to lubricate the man's cockhead. Her juices and his collected and filled her mouth filled with the viscous mix, and she was obliged to swallow a bit occasionally as it was leaking out of her mouth and running down his shaft.  
  
Parsons' reached down and cupped her breast, squeezing and mauling it, in time to the girl's licking motions. His grip tightened. Her breast ached and she opened her mouth in a little gasp, causing a rush of warm saliva to run from her mouth down the man's cock. "I see it is not only your little pussy that drips nicely, titmouse. Your mouth is giving my cock a veritable bath, I do believe I could get used to foregoing a shower of an evening and having you attend to cleaning my penis with your mouth! Open wide, pet," he said, caressing her nipple, "continue suckling!"  
  
Foster could barely contain himself. He let her continue her teasing attentions until his member was bucking with arousal and he could endure no longer. He ordered her, "Now Ashley, you have found that a girl's delicate oral ministrations are excellent for producing copious materials for the emissions to follow. But sometimes it is necessary to apply strong, deep stimulation to force them out explosively! I will now teach you what we shall call mouth fucking for obvious reasons. You will engulf the tip of my penis with your lips. Yes. Now slide down my cock all the way until you feel the tip lodged in your throat. No matter if you gag! Open wide!"  
  
Ashley had already been made to practice deep throating and was able to bring her lips almost to the base of the man's penis with only a slight occasional gag as the wide tip settled deep in her mouth. Parsons' bent down over the girl and reached under her arm to clamp a hand on her breast, squeeze hard and pull her close. His fingers captured her big, hard nipple and pulled on it. His member lodged deep in her mouth, he ignored the girl's grunts as he thrust his hips, pushing his cock deep into her throat. His tempo increased so he was bucking hard into her mouth, his penis scraping over her depressed tongue. His fingers pulled on her nipple rhythmically in time with the deep thrusts of his penis into her meekly receptive mouth.  
  
"Just as you will soon experience the sensation of having your pussy fucked hard, little one, your mouth needs to learn to yield to being well-fucked ... until ... you are rewarded with your drink. Now, Ashley, swallow nicely!"  
  
Ashley felt jets of hot emissions explode into her throat. She had no choice; the spurts went down without her even swallowing. The jerking penis emitted one glutinous mouthful after another, until she could not avoid some leaking from her stretched lips even though she swallowed repeatedly. Even after it quieted, she was held close so she could not disengage her mouth from his penis, feeling its hardness soften in her sticky mouth.  
  
She knew her duty had not ended, and she let water run into her mouth from the shower and swirled it around the penis, careful not to touch the cockhead only delicately as she cleaned it. Foster was delighted in the degree of expertise the young girl showed in being aware that the cock would now be extremely sensitive and she must not disturb the exquisite sensations just beginning to dissipate with a strong touch.  
  
He pulled her up to her feet and told her, "Very well done, young lady. I will attest to your Uncle that you have been practicing assiduously your skills. Now please take the soap and wash me and we will prepare for the rest of the evening."  
  
He closed his eyes and let the water run over his face as he felt the girl use the bar of soap to lather him up, washing him diligently.  
  
After he was done, he turned towards the tap and closed it, then stepped out of the shower. He handed a large towel to girl and she followed his indication and toweled him dry, her own body dripping wet and shivering from the cool air. He took a towel and wrapped it around her. Bit by bit, he delighted in scrubbing the girl's body with the towel, paying special attention to her buttocks and the slick slit between her legs, roughly passing the towel over her rump and her pouting genital bulge, then running his hands over repeatedly over the areas, ensuring they were dry and returning to them several times diligently. Similarly, he used the towel on her breasts, scrubbing each one quickly, making her boobs and bottom shake fluidly until her skin grew pink from the friction.  
  
Parsons' quickly dried himself while observing the girl, who meekly stood still enduring his amused gaze. "We do feel much better now, don't we Ashley, you and I, after a good washing down? All fresh and clean, eh? And positively glowing after having you bits scrubbed and then being put through your sucking exercises! As for me, why I feel positively ready for the rest of the evening, after your marvelous help in releasing the fluids you caused to build up. It does take a bit out of a chap, all the stripping, and fondling and opening up required to properly exercise a girl! But that's now water under the bridge. Or shall we say sperm down the throat, eh?"  
  
The man's description of what she'd been forced to do to him deepened Ashley's humiliation, and she gazed downwards in embarrassment, bringing a smile to the man who stood watching her naked and flushed, deep pink towel marks splotching her ample breasts and rounded bottom.  
  
"Now, back to the bedroom double time, young lady. I'm sure your uncle is impatient to continue with our evenings entertainment!"  
  
The naked girl turned away from him and made her way to her bedroom, and Foster followed, encouraging her to hasten her pace with a pair of friendly, light smacks across her warm, pink bottom.  
  
Her Uncle had clearly been in the room while she'd been in the shower with Foster. She shuddered, knowing he would have clearly heard the man's taunting instructions to suck, and the accompanying sounds of her bottom smacking. On the bed was a light pink, soft stretchy garment. She picked it up. It was a one-piece, with shorts and a short-sleeved button-closure top. By the bed she saw a pair of flat white sandals with a wide leather strap across the toes and another that closed around the ankle. It had a low heel, really just a bit to lift and tilt the body forward.  
  
"Ah, how appropriate!" said Foster, his hand reaching out and touching the garment Ashley was holding, "a playsuit. Just the thing for easy on-and-off, and for situations where a girl might get herself dirty! An excellent idea. Go ahead, dear, get dressed. Oh, my, no, no need to wear underwear with that. If your Uncle had wanted you to wear anything under the garment he would have laid it out. Besides, I do think the outfit will be tight enough that it would not be comfortable over underthings!"  
  
As Ashley stepped into the shorts, and pulled the shirt up, placing her arms in the sleeves which really only covered her shoulders, she knew that Foster was right. The little playsuit was very tight on her, and a bra or panties would not have been comfortable and would have cause unsightly bulges, though she felt distinctly uncomfortable without the minimal protection these undergarments would have provided her. As she buttoned the front with difficulty she felt how tight it was around her bosom, the cloth stretched and straining at the buttons.  
  
Foster observed the girl quickly dressing. The playsuit was marvelously snug, the short pants compressing her buttocks visibly and the top doing the same to her breasts, which tested the three buttons keeping the top closed, straining the eyelets so they stretched open precariously. The material stretched tight across her bosom snugly molded her twin mounds showing off the nubs of her nipples at the end of the tight seam around the bodice. The arm openings of the piece were, in contrast, cut loose, and the creamy sides of Ashley's large breasts showed teasingly from them.  
  
Ashley sat on the bed and put her sandals on, fussing with the little buckle slowly to delay what would come next. Foster took her arm and pulled her up. "Very good, my girl, now lets make our way downstairs, shall we?"

**Chapter 11, Part II.**

Edwards sat on an overstuffed armchair, sipping from a heavy, cut-glass tumbler, the fiery Scotch mellowed by the drops of water he'd added. He rolled the smoky, thick fluid in his mouth and savored the moment. He heard the reluctant, shy patter of the girl's steps as she descended the stairs. The sound of a muffled smack was followed quickly by a high, girlish yelp, and the rhythm of the steps quickened. He smiled. Foster had evidently decided that merely stimulating Ashley's breasts provided insufficient entertainment and was not sparing Ashley's bottom. Good, he thought. As entertaining as it was playing with the girl as they'd been, he was eager to punish the young thing. He missed the girlish squeals and whimpers a sound spanking elicited from her. He would remedy that shortly!  
  
Ashley knocked politely and entered the room, eyes downcast, moving slowly. The suit's tightness made her uncomfortable, all the bits it held tightly seemed to push out and want to escape each time she moved.  
  
Foster followed the girl into the room, smiling. He crossed over to the bar and occupied himself with pouring a dram of the Scotch. Ashley stood uncertainly in the center of the room, her hands clasping and unclasping before her, not knowing where to put herself. Edwards observed the girl delightedly, enjoying the sight of her ample curve squeezed into the brief, stretchy, pink playsuit. The high-cut shorts exposed the long expanse of her trim bare legs.  
  
Foster exclaimed, "Ah, my dear host. You were so right that a shower was in order! I am marvelously refreshed. Your naughty niece here was quite the obedient little cock pleaser" he chuckled, "She sucked splendidly. Didn't you, little one? Yes, quite a talent she has. Evidently, our studious young tart has benefited from your instructions and all the practice you've given her? Though I daresay she has an innate talent for pleasuring men."  
  
"Ah, yes, she has..." chortled Edwards amusedly, "she is made to practice at least every other day, certainly, and this helps I'm sure. She has become quite used to her mouth riding the penis, and has a delightful way of tonguing while sucking that I hope she showed you?"  
  
"Most pleasurably, yes. She eagerly elicited a copious helping of sperm to swallow, and drank it down greedily! Her tongue was well rewarded for its efforts.  
  
"And I for one feel quite refreshed, and ready to undertake the second part of the evening's educational program!"  
  
Ashley hung back, red-faced at the men's ribald comments on the ordeal she'd just undergone. As if she'd wanted to have to orally pleasure her Uncle's friend! Unconsciously, she rolled her shoulders forward as she stood, attempting to decrease the forward thrust of her tightly encase breasts. The stretchy fabric, however, molded closely to her, and conformed to them closely despite when her attempts to diminish their swollen appearance.  
  
"Come over here, right between us, Ashley. Why don't you turn slowly for us and model your outfit? That's it... just a bit slower. I think pink is a good color for you, titmouse, isn't it? This does suit you. But now that you're all dressed up and casually, perhaps we ought to go out? Shall we do that Ashley? Nip down to the local and say hello to the usual customers?"  
  
Ashley gasped in horror. The thought of being made to parade herself in front of even more men! They couldn't mean it... they wouldn't! She responded shyly, "Uncle, no, please!... I mean, this isn't really appropriate for going out."  
  
"Why ever not, Ashley? We'd only encounter workingmen and I'm sure they will forgive your being dressed informally. You would have been overdressed for sure in the lovely dress in which you started this afternoon, but your current attire seems altogether suitable for the company we'd find at the pub?"  
  
Ashley pleaded desperately, whining pitifully, "But Sir, it's too tight! I can barely move without it sliding off me!"  
  
Foster responded thoughtfully, "You know, Edwards, the girl has a point. The playsuit, fun and pretty as it is, does fit her a bit snugly. Her bosom strains to pop out, and Ashley's darling bottom does peek substantially from the pants, not to mention shall we say the fidelity with which her little slit is delineated in the front by the tight material. I mean this is all very well among ourselves, but I do think it might be a bit risque for the public."  
  
Edwards seemed to consider this for a moment, "Ashley, my own opinion is that your little playsuit is quite flattering. After all, your charming femininity is nothing to be ashamed of, but I can see that you might feel it somewhat unrefined. Is that so?"  
  
Ashley's breath quickened and she jumped at the opening her Uncle provided her. She wanted at all costs to avoid having to go out wearing the skintight playsuit!  
  
"Yes, Uncle, it is very tight and you have taught me yourself that a young lady needs to dress decorously!"  
  
"Yes," muttered Edwards, "though for our educational purposes we sometimes do need to indulge your usual sluttish penchant for being unclad,. But you have been quite obedient tonight. I have an idea!"  
  
Ashley's Uncle stood and went to a sideboard where he opened a drawer, from which he extracted a pair of scissors. "Perhaps we can see what kinds of modifications Foster and I can effect which may make your playsuit less uncomfortable?  
  
"Foster, you and I can take turns making alterations using these shears. Ashley let's have you bring over a footstool and stand on it."  
  
The men circled her looking pensively. Edwards held the shears and debated himself audibly; "The first obvious issue is that the playsuit bodice is really intended for a girl less endowed than you are Ashley, so it does strain to contain your heavy tits. Perhaps snipping the top button..." Edwards brought the shears together, slicing off and sending flying the uppermost button on her top. It sprang open, revealing her decolletage, the tops of her breasts pushed closely against one another. The girl jumped in alarm, sending a liquid tremor through the closely watched globes.  
  
Foster, watched intently, craning his head to look down at her breasts from above. "Hmm, yes, well that did release some of the strain Ashley's heavy tits put on her poor top; they're less bunched together and hang more naturally. Certainly a small improvement."  
  
He took the shears from Edwards and with steady pressure forced the tip through the material low at the center of her waist. "Now perhaps we can release some of the stress below her bosom, by removing the material below her breasts..." He snipped a careful line up the center of her belly, the metal edge scraping the skin of her lower belly, up past her belly button, stopping just below her bosom, where he veered sideways cutting the material away, circling closely below the swell of each breast, then across her back to the center. As he completed the mirror alteration in the other direction, the material sprang up, released from the outfit's bottoms. Holding the flap, he cut it free, circling just above her waist, and the swatch fell to the floor.  
  
Ashley's bared belly heaved with frightened panting. The material's stretchiness ensured that even though the suit was now cut into two parts it stayed on her, though its grip was precarious. Parsons' hand grazed the softness of her belly, stroking upwards, his fingertips brushing the now exposed bottom arch of one of Ashley's boobs, where it peeked out just below the material. The cloth pressed against her bosom, the rough-cut edge indenting the flesh of each breast just above its lower curve.  
  
Edwards smiled, "Bravo, Foster! You are a veritable couturier! You've transformed our girl's playsuit into a two-piece. With the briefness of her top, however, I think...", he murmured, taking the shears from the other man, "we need to make the bottoms match!"  
  
He circled behind the girl, and she felt his fingers take hold of the lower hem of her shorts at the rear of her thighs. She felt the cold metal slide into her pant leg just between her thighs and heard the scrunch of the scissors as she felt the seat of the outfit being cut away.  
  
Edwards carefully guided the implement up the girl's thigh, making an incursion between her bottom cheeks, cutting out a large swath and baring fully the lower half of her prominent, round bottom-cheek. He continued the alteration in the front, cutting away, for now, only a portion covering the girl's leg, but leaving the soft swelling V fully covered.  
  
He repeated the procedure to bare the twin cheek, handling each naked bulb freely. When he finished, Foster also stroked the bared cheeks familiarly, enjoying their velvety, springy, softness.  
  
"And now," intoned Edwards, "that our playsuit has been improved, we must test it with some actual play, don't you think, Ashley? Please stand up. Put both arms up in the air, stretch upwards!"  
  
Ashley obeyed, feeling her top creep up, its lower hem rising to expose the full, bottom curve of her large breasts. The men made pensive sounds, and their fingertips reached out to prod and stroke the exposed swellings. The men's fingers indented the full flesh, which cradled them accommodatingly. Edwards commanded, "Bend down! Touch your toes!"  
  
She bent at the waist, reaching her outstretched arms towards her feet. The modified shorts cut in between her nether cheeks, which themselves came under scrutiny as the men placed a palm on each prominent, bare, half-cheek, cradling the full, pliant hemispheres, palms squeezing the delicious, accommodating, plush flesh.  
  
"Push down, girl! Keep your legs straight and touch your toes! Push your bottom well, pussy back!" She bent deeper, her regular exercise regimen having increased her flexibility, to touch the toes peeking from her sandals with only a bit of strain to her legs, resulting in stretching and firming of the smooth muscles at the rear of her thighs and the widening and tightening of her bottom cheeks. One of the men's hand on her rear made an incursion to her inner thigh, caressing her intimate lips over the ragged-cut material of the short's gusset. She felt the light caress deep in her core, as the fingers played with the soft, thin fabric covering her sensitive labia.  
  
"This bit here," intoned her Uncle, his fingers now pinching down on the fabric enclosed pussy lips, "needs cleaning up. Foster, perhaps you could make a few snips and release some of the tightness around our your charge's puffy bits?"  
  
Ashley trembled as she felt the cold, hard, sharp tines placed on the inside of one bottom cheek and then scrunch their way down between her legs. Another set of fingers rudely pushed between her moist naked pussy and the fabric between her legs, holding it away from her body to snip down, trimming away all but a thin strip of cloth which, when released, quickly sank between her lips, baring the swollen morsels. The other side of the cloth between her legs was also trimmed away, and Ashley was left with a tight strip of cloth biting into the split peach of her swollen pudendum.  
  
The men watched the girl as she followed their instructions, repeatedly standing tall, craning up on her toes and raising her arms, then bending down deeply to touch her toes. Her shorts became tighter as they rode up her bottom, sinking deeper into the deep cleft of her rear. The inferior half-circles of her breasts worked their way free of her butchered top, jiggling as she dipped and rose.  
  
"It would seem," muses Foster, our creative efforts regarding your young charges' clothing serve well to let her natural ripeness assert itself! Observe, Ashley, how your own body works to get around the strictures imposed by your clothing as you move. Your breasts push out of the confines of their top with every pendulous swinging motion. I do believe I just saw a flash of ruddy nipple peek out. Keep moving!" He leisurely moved around her towards her back. "And, yes, your bottom cheeks assert themselves, enfolding the cloth of your shorts. Now stay down!" He pushes on her head forcing her rear to protrude further. "And there, your full vaginal pouch has fully bared itself, and straddles the gusset of your shorts which are shamefully wet and sticky again. Perhaps we should just sever that as well?"  
  
Foster inserts the scissors below Ashley's ass cheeks and cuts the slim line of cloth there. Her shorts, transformed into a slim skirt, spring open between her legs. No longer secured below her, the cloth slides up to rest below the twin-dimpled center of her lower back, exposing much of her bottom, with the dangling strip hanging raggedly. This tail is cut away by Foster, who takes the occasion to also remove a hank of the material above it, so the girl's bottom cheeks are totally denuded save for their uppermost crests.  
  
She is ordered her to stand tall and perform jumping jacks, her bosom bouncing fluidly, the naked lower swelling of her breasts jogging heavily as she moves.  
  
Soon a slight sheen of perspiration appeared on her breasts and her nipples stand out prominently catching the lower edge of the damp cloth of the bodice.  
  
Foster stepped up to the girl, scissors in hand, and commented, "Your top is creeping up in a most unseemly fashion, young lady! I suspect that we've compromised its ability to hug those admirable breasts effectively, but I have an idea!" He pulled the top down by its lower hem on one side, and grabbed Ashley's nipple pulling her breast firmly. Piercing the cloth just above her nipple with the point of the instrument, he snipped a large circle into the top, finally tucking the lower strip under her breast, gripping the bare reddened nipple, and pulling the fat, naked, globe fully through the round hole.  
  
"Much better!" he intoned, giving the exposed, prominent breast a little slap from the side and watching it jiggle.  
  
Her Uncle then made the same modification, baring her other breast, plumping and groping it after pulling it through the twin opening. "Up" he commanded. Ashley raised her arms and stood on her toes. Edwards caressed the raised, outthrust bosoms, letting his palm trace their heavy contours, then pinching her nipples.  
  
"Charming!" intones Edwards, picking up his ever-present Leica and snapping pictures of the exposed girl, coming in close to record the lovely juxtaposition of smooth, pink, naked skin with the raggedly cut cloth draping over it. Torn material rests next to and decorates a tight, large nipple. An ineffective, hiked-up swatch of the front of what was her bottoms slashes diagonally across her lower belly, her bulging pubis and its neat slit bare below it.  
  
"Hold your arms out to your sides, Ashley! You seem to have lost all the covering your clothing provided! Not much point in keeping these ragged pieces of fabric, is there, Foster?"  
  
Ashley watches the man walk up to her. He makes judicious cuts in the remaining garment, a snip on each side of the halter below her arms, then above her shoulders severing the narrow bands there. With the second cut, the top drifts slowly down off her. Though her breasts were already exposed, she feels their nakedness acutely as the last strips of cloth are removed. The brief skirt-like band around her waist falls with a single bite of the scissors at one hip and she is bottomless as well!  
  
"I think now we could all use a moment to compose ourselves after these efforts, Foster? Let's refresh our whiskeys and, as Ashley is once again in her seemingly natural state of lacking clothes, we can enjoy the view for a moment? Hands behind your head Ashley!"  
  
The men, amused and pleased, move to the sideboard and refill their glasses. Chatting amusedly they sit and observe Ashley's nakedness, occasionally indicating with motions of their hands that she should turn around to take in the view from the rear.  
  
"Now, titmouse. As charming as having fully naked is, I think we can add to the effect just a little. Please cup your breasts from below. Raise them up. Such full morsels, eh? Do you see what I have here, Ashley? This leash ends in a short section of chain with two ends. Observe the fastenings at each end. These clamps are adjustable. I'm sure you can guess where they go, can't you? Yes, I think you can from the way those large eyes are widening! They attach to the pink, tender, nipples on those big breasts you're so helpfully presenting. I shall just bridle you up like an obedient young mare. These leather fringed nipple clamps, dear girl, are quite ingenious. They can, if applied directly to a nipple cause a good pinch, but can also be applied to the base of a nipple, capturing the flesh there firmly while causing only a constant dull grip to be felt. As you are being such a good girl tonight, I shall fasten them below your nipples to keep you nice and snugly attached without causing undue discomfort unless we decide to pull on them now and again."  
  
Foster took one of Ashley's nipples in his fingers and pulled roughly outward causing Ashley's breast to stretch and the tip to become conical. Closing one wide-jawed clamp on the nipple, he captured the flesh just below her large areola, then turned a small knurled knob on the clamp making the jaws close and squeezing the base of the nipple. The captive bud lengthened and extend. He scraped his fingertip experimentally over the very end of the trapped pink bud, then licked his fingers grabbed her other nipple, and clamped it too between the leather-cushioned jaws of the other end of the leash. Once both breasts were secured in the nipple clamps, he had Ashley drop her hands from where they had supported her breasts. The short section of chain holding the clamps dangled prettily in a slight arc between the bound breasts.  
  
The leash itself was short. Had he released it would have settled at the lower swell of her belly above her sex, but Foster held it and began walking towards the sideboard. As soon as he moved, the leash tightened and Ashley's breasts pulled her forwards so she was forced to follow closely behind the man. "Please be so good as to prepare me a few refreshments for us, titmouse," he ordered.  
  
Ashley stopped and her breasts, stretched forward from being led by them, settled on her chest. The strange discomfort from the clamps on her nipples distracted her and she had some difficulty cutting the cheese evenly. Stinging, filaments of sensation seemed to course between her tit tips whenever Foster distractedly shifted the leash sideways or up and down, causing the captive breasts to bounce and shift as the chain between them clinked.  
  
With difficulty, she finished preparing the plate of hors d'oeuvres. Foster then had her lift the plate and pulling on the breast-bridle walked her over to a low table Edwards had placed midway between two chaises.  
  
"Put the plate down, Ashley, and kneel behind it. Sit back on your haunches, young lady."  
  
Foster and Edwards sat in the chairs at either side of the girl. Knees pressed together, feet tucked beneath her legs, Ashley sat straight-backed, her naked chest outthrust, the chain trailing between her prominent, proudly jutting breasts. Her hands rested demurely on her thighs. The men examined her, their gaze coursing over the breast tips squeezed into the clamps. The natural swell of the base of her breasts was compressed by the clamps, then swelled again just below her areola, forming a smaller hourglass bulge from which her distended, swollen nipples, popped even further than their normal, already exceptional, protuberance.  
  
Edwards reached towards her. Ashley saw another length of chain in his hand, which he attached to the center of the bridle, where the two shorter lengths attached to her breasts joined. Each of the men now held a leash connected to her breasts.  
  
Edwards instructed her, "I think I'd like to try one of those cheese sticks, Ashley, please." She took it up and held it out to him, but instead of taking it from her, Edwards pulled on the leash in his hand, immediately stretching both high breasts in his direction. Ashley was obliged to shuffle forwards on her knees. He kept pulling until she was right up against his leg, using the chain to hike her breasts up to rest on his thigh. He took the cheese stick from her and with his free hand, took a bite. When he'd eaten it, he put his palm on her head, and stroked her soft, straight mane.

"Put your head down, titmouse, lay it on my lap." She obeyed, closing her eyes, and inhaling the tweedy scent of his trousers. He continued stroking her hair, then, using the leash, pulled steadily so Ashley was forced to come up onto her knees. He continued pulling, and the girl could only follow her stretched-out breasts up and over so she found herself draped over Edwards' lap, his hand pulling the leash down now so her breasts pointed towards the floor. Her bare bottom lay over his lap and she felt his hand come up and cup one of her naked cheeks.  
  
The hand holding the leash moved from side to side, pulling her fat globes with it, making her breasts sway pendulously. She felt the heaviness of their motion and the dull squeezing at her nipples. Edwards laid his other hand between her thighs and forced her legs apart insistently. Her nether last exposed framed by her full soft thighs. His hand settled on the glistening slit between them, caressing the soft flesh back and forth.  
  
Idly, with taunting slowness and familiarity, Edwards traced the crease of her labia. At first just his fingertips explored the edges of her intimate lips, but then he pushed deeper, introducing his fingers between the lips, running through the soft, dry furrow. After just moments of this, his fingers began to slide more easily as the girl's vagina responded, secreting its sweet slickness. Edwards continued the motion, his finger raking backwards and forwards through the girl's genital groove, now traveling further on each pass so towards her front the tip of his finger contacted Ashley's bare clitoris, before reversing course and at the rear of her vagina pushing in just a bit, her warmth enveloping his fingertip, then pulling backwards to tug back on her pliant vulva. He pulled the short chain in his other hand back and forth in time to the rhythmic stimulation of her genitals, making Ashley's breasts swing heavily below her chest.  
  
Her nipples were full to bursting. The stimulation of her breasts as they rocked below her torso, tips throbbing and swollen and the sweet slick shots of pleasure coursing through her each time her clitoris was touched along with the tugging at the back edge of her slit forced her sex to gap open.  
  
"Evidently, Ashley, you are enjoying this!" commented Edwards. "Ah, well, as you did clamber on my lap and have conveniently positioned your bouncy backside so charmingly on my lap, I dare say you're suggesting that we involve it a bit more in the action, are you? It is uncharacteristically pale and unblemished. Far from the more accustomed, well-spanked appearance you like to sport? Is that it?"  
  
After a quick flick at the small throbbing bud of her clitoris bared temptingly by the stretching of her genital opening, Edward's palm shifted to caress and pet each quiescent, full bottom cheek in turn, gliding over the soft, smooth skin, letting the rounded hemispheres fill the palm of his hand. The skin was cool, for now, but he intended to warm it up until it shone pink and hot to the touch.  
  
"What do you think, Foster?" Edwards inquired of the other man, whose complicit smile left no doubt regarding his answer. "Evidently, Ashley requires that our little behavioral session extend itself further from just attending to her admirable breasts, as we'd intended. She is quite unaccustomed to not having her bottom spanked on such occasions, you see."  
  
Foster, harrumphed, and muttered, "Ah, yes, well. I see no harm in providing additional stimulation, if that's what the young thing requires, no? Perhaps though we ought to ensure the heat of her bottom is not totally disassociated from sensation in her chest? For purely educational purposes, I'd say?"  
  
"Capital idea, Doctor. Ashley, if you'll be so kind as to hike yourself forward further over my knee," Edwards pulled Ashley's breast-leash and the girl could not avoid pushing with her feet and climbing higher on the man's lap, "this way your top half will dangle free where the good Doctor can reach over and attend to your breasts for you! Just so, arms back... under your body. In fact cup your hands and place them under your thighs. Not on your pussy, dear girl, we will require access to that part of your anatomy! Hold the front of your thighs and spread your legs." She obeyed, squirming to lift her hips and put her palms on the front of her thighs. This position arched her back and elevated her rear up towards her Uncle, while simultaneously thrusting her breasts forward. Foster, sitting in chair near her head, tightened his end of the breast-chain and leaned forwards.  
  
Edwards continued casually caressing the lovely, feminine, naked globes draped over his lap, stroking the high-curved cheeks, and tracing out the arches of Ashley's upper-thighs with his palms. He observed Parsons' hands reach below the hanging breasts and brush the girl's reddened tit-tips gently, letting the hardened nipples drag slowly over his open palms.  
  
"Once again, Ashley, I would like you to pay attention to the sensation in those womanly globes hanging charmingly in my hands," explained Foster, his palms cupping the proffered breasts and lifting softly, as if to gauge their weight, "Attend to the myriad feelings the convey to you, from that of a gentle but insistent brushing against the lower curves of your fat boobs, to the concentrated prickling of a fingernail scraping your sensitive nipple."  
  
Ashley's trembling bottom conveyed directly to Edwards hand the intensity with which Ashley was feeling Foster' attentions as he toyed with her breasts. The Doctor continued, "Push those darling tits out, Ashley! These soft touches, such as that of my fingertips encircling the tips of your nipples softly and rubbing them back and forth," Ashley's bottom contracted as she felt her nipples softly twirled, "are best appreciated in contrast to a rougher touch, such as when I grasp those pliant nubbins and press down harder, like so, giving them each one a long... slow... pull. Observe how delightfully they elongate and stretch, and the lovely bright red hue that suffuses them?"  
  
Ashley did indeed see! Both breasts hung passively, compressed by the metal clamps into hourglass swellings of pale fullness, stretched by firm fingers gripping each elongated, reddened, nipple bud as the fingers yanked rhythmically on first one tense morsel, then the other, then, slowly, pulling even harder, on both together. The stinging focused at the very edge of her body; twin hot sparks pulling a sharp cord of sensation from the very tips of her breasts, through the pit of her stomach, finally tugging on her moist clitoris, which throbbed in time with each pull.  
  
Edwards petted the bottom in his palm as it clenched and relaxed repeatedly, letting his hand wander over the shivering, smooth, globes as they pushed into and filled his palm. Cupping one cheek and squeezing, he felt deep contractions in the girl's rear, the sides of her buttocks dimpling as her muscles clenched, then spreading and softening, only to bunch and tighten again. He stroked the hemispheres softly, relishing the spams marking the time signature to which Foster roughly milked the girl's pliant boobs.  
  
"I say, Foster, if you'll be so good as to just pull steadily for a moment on young Ashley's nipples, I think we might involve her eager bottom in our lesson? Your squirming has earned you a good long spanking, girl! Grip those thighs and raise your backside!"  
  
Ashley's breasts were pinched and pulled drawing her forwards and she could not prevent her backside from rounding and inviting the hand she knew would soon smack it soundly.  
  
Which was precisely what occurred next, as Edwards swung his hand up and back and delivered a strong crisp spank across Ashley's temptingly helpless bottom, his hand spanning the lower arc of both bottom cheeks, which responded by compressing at the point where his palm connected, swelling sideways, then bouncing fluidly upward. The girl gave a little shriek, only to have her breasts pulled sharply by Foster in reprimand.  
  
Edwards spanked the lower curve of Ashley's bottom again and again, letting his palm cover the central potion of both cheeks, rapidly smacking the lower juncture where her cheeks met just above the rear pout of her squirming pussy. Ashley felt her bottom jiggle and bounce as the quick, hard spanks fell, the sound of hand on flesh punctuating the girl's mewling and sniffles.  
  
"That is a proper blush for a disobedient young thing," chided Edwards, his hand continuing to rise and fall, "and while we will properly redden the inner curves of your bouncing bottom, we will leave the white and unmarked the wider expanse of each globe to be dealt with subsequently!"  
  
Edwards twisted his hand so his fingers pointed downwards, swinging his arm in a vertical sweep so his palm connected at the juncture of the girl's bottom cheeks, watching them bounce and separate on each smack, spreading open so his hand nestled between the hillocks to raise a glowing pink hue. Each time his palm connected with the inner curves of her smarting, bouncing, buttocks, the cheeks compressed, a wave of motion rippling up the length of her bottom, opening a gap at the lowest juncture as if to invite the punishing hand to nestle between the cheeks of her backside or into her vagina.  
  
Edwards arced his arm so his hand smacked the inner curve of one cheek, pushing it open, then, twisting his hand, struck her other cheek. Alternating quickly back and forth, he set up a rapid cadence of smacks, matched by Foster pulling firmly on one then the other nipple. Each spank caused the corresponding pussy lip to stretch and open, allowing a glimpse of her genital opening. Ashley's entire body twisted in response, shifting side to side in time to the rapid spanking and pinching she was enduring.  
  
One of her Uncle's hands spanned the upper arches of her bottom cheeks, pushing down and forcing Ashley's pink bottom to clench, pushing the cheeks together. This made a smaller, concentrated target for her Uncle's wide palm, which slapped crisply across the lower thrust of both bubble-shaped mounds at once.  
  
"I dare say," muttered Foster, fingers still pulling and pinching the girl's well-handled nipples, "our titmouse's bottom does wiggle pleasantly when both cheeks are spanked simultaneously. I see you are getting your point across clearly, Edwards, as each bounce is now being accompanied by a pleasant whimper from our appreciative charge!" He released one nipple and his hand reached backward, "Allow me to gauge the warmth of those nice red cheeks?"  
  
Edwards stopped spanking the girl and she felt the other man's hand on her bare backside, exploring the hot flesh, squeezing the smarting globes, then delivered a pair of crisp smacks on the crest of the cheeks which her Uncle had heretofore ignored.  
  
Foster releases her nipple and cups her breast, cradling the soft weight. His other hand rises and falls and the crisp report of a new hand on her bottom rings out. Foster spanks Ashley differently from her uncle. While the latter rained quick, hard, smacks on the lower curves of her bottom, Foster grabs handfuls of her globes, squeezing and shaking them, leaving the imprint of his fingers before releasing and spanking down on the crests of each cheek in turn. The pale middle span of Ashley's backside quickly acquires a pink hue, deeper, crimson, fingermarks blemishing her punished cheeks.  
  
Foster delights in spanking the responsive, bouncy globes, and enjoys observing as Ashley's whimpering and writhing becoming more frenzied. The heat in her backside radiates into her pussy as she pushes it down on the man's lap. Foster stops. "I say, I do think Ashley wants to come for us, don't you, little filly? Lets have you stand up for a moment. That's it... now I shall sit here, and I want you to bend over and offer me those haltered breasts of yours for a good sucking. And your uncle shall oblige and give that naughty bottom the thorough smacking you need. That's it, legs apart a bit."  
  
Ashley leans over the Doctor, who pulls her breasts close to his face. His hand reaches for her vagina, the lips splayed open and the central slit of her clitoris and its hood hanging between them delicately. His fingers tap the sensitive ridge, then run along it, back towards her opening, where his fingers sink in penetrating her, filling the wet tunnel. His thumb rubs her clitoris and she squirms. Her uncle presses her bare hip against the hardness in the front of his trousers, and places a hand on the outside of her hip, then begins to slowly spank her outthrust bottom. His hand smacks down, then his palm cups the spanked cheek and caresses it, diving between her legs to fondle the pout of her swollen labia, only to start over with the next smack.  
  
Foster's mouth fastens on a swollen nipple and sucks vigorously, creating a connection of sweet, hot, burning between her tits and pussy and her smarting, wriggling backside. His tongue flicks hard over the tensed nipple, moving back and forth, while his cheeks hollow from the suction drawing her entire tit-tip into his voracious mouth.  
  
Edwards talks to her softly, "Close your eyes, little one... concentrate on how your body craves the attention it's getting. Feel your breasts swell as Foster releases them from their halter, your nipples extending and pushing into his mouth as he sucks hard on them! That charming little naked bottom of yours is shimmying, all shiny and pink." He smacks her hard, watching the girl-flesh compress and bounce back. "It does enjoy being smacked, doesn't it? Observe how obediently it jumps as my palm spanks it, then meekly settles back, softly begging for the next smack. Push your pussy backwards so I can stroke it while your little bottom quiets... such a good girl! And such a slippery, slick, pussy, my goodness, we are enjoying our punishment, aren't we? Ah, yes, that's a delightful little whimper I heard as I sink my thumb into your slippery tight little cunt!"  
  
Ashley feels the man's finger sink effortlessly into her slick, receptive, vagina. She tries to relax her genitals, to not grip and caress the man's intruding thumb with her pulsing softness, but it is no use. She feels the contractions occur almost in time to the strong suckling at her nipple. Foster's fingers meanwhile push her firm little clitoris back and forth and she hears her own whimpers and pleading mewls embarrassingly betraying her pleasure, even as her uncle's thumb pulls out of her greedy pussy and spreads her slick wetness over her stinging bottom cheeks, then delivers strong, quick, spanks which cause her sensitive, swollen bottom cheeks to jiggle. She pushes her crotch into Foster's hand, her clitoris begging for the rubbing fingers, and pushes her nipples harder against his teeth. Foster bites her tit tips, and Ashley shrieks and wiggles deeper against the men. Edwards grasps her free nipple and rubs it hard between his fingers as his palm begins a regular cadence of crisp, staccato, palm-strikes on her bulbous, bouncing bottom.  
  
Edwards watches the reddened globes contract and relax rapidly in time to the rhythmic slaps of his hard palm on the girl's pliant, responsive skin. Her panting and yelping exclamations match the tempo of his hand's rise and fall. Looking up, he observes Foster's face, grinning as the girl involuntarily mashes her large breast into his mouth. Edwards cradles her other breast firmly, his fingertips pinching the springy tip. He presses it hard and stretches it out.  
  
Ashley can't hold back. Her bottom is burning and bouncing rapidly. Both men have firm hold of her breasts, pinning her chest in place, trapping her. The merciless stinging spanks won't stop and her pussy is pure hot liquid flowing freely out of her. She needs to press it down, hard and urgent against the hand impaling her! The wetness suffuses her pussy, the intimate, humiliating whispered encouragement in her ear punctuated by her own whimpers of need fuel her frenzied bottom-clenching ride towards orgasm. She imagines the men watching her body responding to their free handling and control of her.  
  
Her body stiffens, her muscles tensing, her head thrown back. Her mind goes blank and the spasms start in her core. Her pussy pulses and convulses seemingly endlessly. She feels the clenching hard in her vagina and her nipples throb. She tries to stifle her cries, but they squeeze out of her mouth keening and high and plaintive, showing the men how her body's responses are under their control. For the second time that evening, they make her orgasm at will, her naked body just a plaything, and instrument to be manipulated and made to sing.  
  
Finally, the girl slumps, the rigidity in her body disappearing. She falls forward, her bottom relaxes and fills out, releasing from its orgasmic, clenched condition and her head droops onto Foster's shoulder.  
  
A sweet torpid blackness envelops the girl for a moment. She is aware only of a far-away murmuring from the men. Her body feels heavy and limp. Slowly she regains her senses, feeling her nakedness supported by the man's hands.  
  
As she regains awareness of her surroundings, becoming conscious again of how her body is being held by the men's hands, she blushes to hear the amused doctor exclaim, "My, my, Edwards, scratch the surface of this young lady, take away the refined clothing you supply your little charge, and one does find a randy poppet, quite eager to press her quim onto a male hand and cum loud and hard! Girls nowadays, no moral sense at all!"