Toying with Tiffany

CHAPTER ONE:

THE ONE WITH THE ANTS IN THE PANTS

Tiffany Daniels squirmed in her seat. Her delectable

16-year-old ass slid forward

and back, forward and back, rubbing against the wood. As she

rubbed her butt

against the seat, she crossed and uncrossed her legs.

Tiffany Daniels, high school junior, cheerleader, princess

tease, was antsy. Very

antsy indeed.

She swung her right leg over her left, crossing them in

mid-thigh, and squeezed

the muscles in her legs. She scooted back an inch in her desk

chair. Nothing she

did revealed the terrible itching in her sweet young pussy,

the itch that spread

deep up into her virgin asshole. She was afraid that if she

wriggled much more,

her embarrassingly short skirt, which was already climbing up

her thighs, would

ride up high enough to expose her white knickers in front of

her teacher and all

her classmates.

Mr. Green, her English teacher, was droning on about Emily

Dickinson in front of

the class. Tiffany was too pre-occupied with the uncomfortable

feeling in her

pussy and ass to notice how often Green was looking her way.

He didn't stop

talking, but he was keeping his eye on the writhing youngster.

What he saw was one of the prettiest, sexiest young girls at

Daniels High School.

(Named for Godfrey Daniels, Tiffany's grandfather, making her

one of the town's

blue bloods, and one of its biggest snobs.) Even in days past,

when Tiffany had

dressed like a typical teenaged girl, she had been a vision of

pure desirability.

She stood five feet seven inches, weighed 115 pounds, and had

blonde wavy hair

that fell down over her shoulders and gorgeous blue eyes. She

had sprouted a

fantastic set of breasts over the last couple of years,

perfect grapefruit-sized

beauties that stood out from her chest with the arrogance of

youth. Capped with

the kind of large pink nipples that you usually only saw in

girlie magazines. Her

slender waist flared out into rounded hips, and from there on

down she was

nothing but long, tanned legs. Her cheerleading kept her fit.

Her family's money

kept her tanned, with regular trips to a tanning salon, and

exquisitely groomed

with regular trips to the best hair stylist in town.

She had been told, frequently, by boys at school that she

resembled the tennis

player Anna Kournikova. She figured they were just saying that

to get some pussy

- teenaged boys would say or do anything to get some pussy,

particularly some as

wonderful as Tiffany's - but it was true, there was a

resemblance.

But today, Tiffany was not dressed like the other girls. Just

about everybody,

even the rich bitches like Tiff, wore jeans, sneakers and T-

shirts to school. It

might as well have been the official school uniform at Daniels

High. Tiffany,

however, wore a white blouse that was about one size too small

for her, so that

her breasts pushed the front of the blouse out, calling more

attention to them. A

plaid pleated skirt was the traditional Catholic schoolgirl

look, but this skirt

was much shorter than any Catholic school would ever allow. It

fell only a few

inches below the cheeks of her ass, and that's why she was so

concerned about it

riding up as she wiggled in her seat. On her feet, she wore

little white anklet

socks and white high-heeled sandals made up of many small

criss- crossing straps.

It was an outfit that virtually screamed "Look at me! Look at

what a sexy little

16-year-old tease I am!" Which was the idea. But not Tiffany's

idea.

Tiffany was mortified by being forced to wear the too-tight

blouse and the

too-short skirt. But she had forgotten about her deep shame

for the moment as the

unbearable, agonizing itching in her pussy suddenly became

even worse.

"MMMMMMffff!" moaned Tiffany, biting her lip, and rubbing her

ass against the

chair for all it was worth.

"Miss Daniels, is something wrong?" asked Mr. Green,

interrupting his lecture. He

stared at her. The entire English class stared as well.

"No sir, I'm OK," the suffering teenager squeaked out.

"Then why are you squirming so much in your seat and making

noise?" asked Green.

His eyes glittered with a touch of evil.

"I'm sorry," said Tiffany. "I'll be good."

"Stand up, please," ordered Mr. Green. He gave her a hard

look, willing her to

get to her feet.

Reluctantly, Tiffany slid out of her seat and stood beside her

desk. Every male

eye in the classroom was riveted either on her naked thighs

(the leg men) or her

nipples, which pushed against the thin fabric of her top.

"Miss Daniels, which poem are we discussing?"

Tiffany blushed. She had no idea. She had been so pre-occupied

by the feelings

her young crotch that she had tuned the teacher out for the

entire class.

"Mr. Green? Please? I don't feel well," Tiffany said, her

voice taking on the

pleading tone of a little girl.

"And what exactly is the matter, Miss Daniels? Do you have

ants in your pants?"

The whole class burst into laughter. Tiffany turned crimson

red in shame.

Because the truth was, she did have ants in her pants. She had

hundreds of ants

crawling all over her pussy, down between her legs, along her

ass crack. She had

ants up deep inside her pussy, and ants deep up inside her

rectum.

And the rule for the day was, she could not take them out.

Couldn't even take her

knickers off to scratch. She had to suffer, all day long, both

the physical

discomfort of the nasty little insects violating all of her

private parts, and

the psychological pain of knowing that she was not allowed to

do anything about.

Green waited for an answer. Tiffany wondered: Did her know?

She stammered, unable

to answer.

"Well, if you won't even give me the respect of an answer to a

simple question

like whether you have ants in your pants, would you please

come up to the front

of the room?" Green asked, politely but firmly. Tiffany didn't

move. Her heart

was pounding like mad.

"Now, Miss Daniels!" barked the English teacher. "Or it will

be detention for you

today after school!"

Detention? thought Tiffany. God, that was the last thing she

could handle.

Reluctantly, she walked to the front of the room.

"I believe you know the spot," Mr. Green said, and gestured at

the blackboard.

There was a chalk circle drawn there, and whenever a student

misbehaved, Green

ordered them to stand with their nose pressed to the circle

and their back to

their fellow students. Tiffany had never been singled out for

this humiliating

punishment, and on this of all days! She didn't know how she

could bear it.

"Circle or detention, Miss Daniels," Green said coldly.

Suddenly she knew,

somehow, that Green was in on it, that he knew what the

principal had done to her

that morning. How he'd poured honey all over her pussy and

ass, parted the tender

labia with his rough fingers and dribbled the honey deep into

her pussy, then

parted her ass the same way and applied honey there. How he'd

then pulled a jar

of ants from his desk drawer and dumped them all over her

middle. How he'd handed

her the white knickers, and after she put them on, had taken a

roll of heavy-duty

white duct tape and firmly taped the top of the knickers to her

skin, all the way

around her waist, 360 degrees, then done the same with each

leg band, taping each

to her luscious thighs. The ants were trapped inside the

knickers, but they didn't

mind. They had honey to feast on.

The principal, Mr. White, had told the cheerleader that she

would keep the ants

in her knickers all through the school day, and only be allowed

to take them out

at the end. If she tried to get the ants out before the final

bell, the next day

he would repeat the exercise, using fire ants instead of

regular ants. Fire ants,

Tiffany knew, would bite her tenderest places repeatedly and

be a hellish agony

far worse than the tickling of the regular ants.

Green knew about the ants, Tiffany thought. And if he knew,

detention would be

far, far worse than the chalk circle. It would mean she'd have

to keep the ants

in her pants after the final bell.

Slowly, Tiffany walked to the front of the room, as the guys

snickered and

watched the sway of her short, pleated skirt moving back and

forth across the ass

they all wanted more than anything in the world. Her cheeks

burned. She felt as

if she was on the verge of tears, but told herself she would

not cry. She reached

the black board and pressed her nose into the circle. In order

to do so, she had

to stand so close that her 36-C breasts mashed into the

blackboard as well. She

worried that she was getting yellow chalk marks all over her

blouse right over

her breasts, which would call even more attention to them the

rest of the day.

But she did not dare take her nose out of the circle.

Mr. Green went back to his lecture on Emily Dickinson, but no

one was listening.

The boys were all ogling Tiffany, wondering why she had

started dressing like

such a slut. The girls looked at her with various mixtures of

envy for her good

looks and malice for her past bitchiness.

"Nice ass, Tiff!" she heard a boy yell. She couldn't recognize

the voice, but her

face felt so hot. She didn't dare look around and let them see

her.

Tiffany felt the itching start again, deep, deep insider her

rectum. Several ants

were working their way up further and further. She wanted more

than anything to

rip her knickers down, even there in front of everyone, and

plunge her fingers up

her own ass, crushing the ants, plucking them out. But with

every eye on her,

that was impossible. Even if she had been alone, she knew what

would happen if

she didn't keep the knickers in place all day.

So Tiffany Daniels suffered. And waited in agony. There was

still half an hour to

go in English class.

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DaddyCool

Respected Poster

Joined: 03 Jun 2006

Posts: 189

Location: Just around the corner

Posted: Sat Jun 24, 2006 9:09 am Post subject:

CHAPTER TWO

THE ONE WITH THE FLASHBACK

Tiffany stood with her nose in the chalk circle, her large,

firm teen breasts

pushing against the blackboard, her back to the class. She

could feel the lustful

gazes of the young men, all 16 years old just like she was,

and as full of

hormones as 16-year-old boys can be, staring at her long

tanned legs. Those legs

were even more on display than usual, as the skirt she was

wearing - had been

forced to wear that morning - was about an inch shorter than

her normal

cheerleading skirt. She knew that if she were to bend even

slightly at the waist,

it would ride up high enough for everyone to see her white

knickers. Her thighs

were smooth, the inner surfaces freshly shaved, her calves

shapely.

Tiffany Daniels was a good girl. She rarely got in trouble.

Made mostly Bs,

occasionally an A from a male teacher who graded her up just

because he enjoyed

having such a sexy girl in his class, occasionally a C from a

jealous female

teacher. She never got detention, had not tried drugs, and was

still a virgin,

although she had had a couple of close calls with boys who had

pushed hard during

make-out sessions. She had let one such boy, Brad, get as far

as a hand down her

knickers and a finger teasing her teen pussy lips, and it felt

better than

anything had ever felt in her life, but she didn't want to get

carried away, and

it stopped the necking session, leaving Brad with a case of

blue balls.

Brad had only told a couple of friends, but that was enough to

get Tiffany

branded a "prick tease" around Daniels High School. That, and

the normal cruelty

of teenagers. She exuded the confidence of the young, rich,

good-looking teenaged

girl, the kind who got out on the basketball floor every

Friday night in her

tight cheerleading uniform, and knew that every male cock in

the arena was

twitching over her. It gave her a feeling of power, and even,

sometimes, made her

pussy a little juicy, just thinking about how horny all the

boys were for her.

Well, she wasn't feeling very powerful today. Powerless, in

fact. She felt an ant

crawl across her clit. It was a maddening tickle, and made her

slightly horny.

God, what a slut, she thought to herself, I've got an insect

crawling on my

clitty and I'm getting off on it.

One little mistake, she thought. I cheated on one lousy little

test, and now I

here I am with my knickers taped to my body and my pussy full

of ants. God damn

that Mr. White and the rest of them.

Her mind drifted back three days earlier, when her ordeal

began.

Tiffany had been in algebra class with Mr. Brown, taking a

test. She had been so

busy with cheerleading lately, and making signs for the big

homecoming game, that

she had neglected her studies. So she had made up a tiny cheat

sheet on a piece

of paper the size of a matchbox with the half-dozen formulas

she needed but

hadn't memorized. When it looked like Mr. Brown was busy

grading papers at his

desk, she had pulled the cheat sheet out and placed it beside

her test and gone

to work.

The 16-year-old beauty was so engrossed in the test, her head

bent low over the

paper, that she hadn't realized Brown had gotten up and was

walking through the

room until he was standing right over her. He put his hand

down on the cheat

sheet. Tiffany looked up, fear in her bright blue eyes.

"See me after class, please," Mr. Brown said. He picked up the

cheat sheet and

walked away. The other students hadn't even realized what had

happened.

When the bell rang, the students filed by Brown's desk,

dropping their test

papers. Tiffany lingered. When the last student was gone, Mr.

Brown shut the

classroom door.

"What do you have to say for yourself, Tiffany?" he asked. His

dark eyes burrowed

directly into hers.

The young girl trembled. She didn't know what to do or say.

"Oh, please, sir, I'm so sorry," she blurted out. "I didn't

mean to."

"You didn't mean to what?" Mr. Brown asked.

"I didn't mean to cheat on the test."

"Oh really?" he said sarcastically. "And how did that cheat

sheet in your

handwriting get on your desk if you didn't mean to?"

"Oh, please, oh God," Tiffany burbled, almost starting to

hyperventilate. Brown

noticed approvingly how her sweater was rising and falling

rapidly, thrust out by

her heaving bosoms as she gulped in air.

"You've already said you're sorry," Brown said. "So just take

that last little

step and tell me what you did."

"I I I I cheated, sir. Oh please don't flunk me!"

"You cheated on my algebra test, Tiffany Daniels?" repeated

Mr. Brown.

"Yes," she said in a tiny voice. "I cheated on the test."

Brown opened a desk drawer and pulled out a small tape

recorded. He clicked

rewind for a second, and Tiffany's voice filled the room,

admitting her

transgression.

Tiffany suddenly felt sick.

"Why did you tape that?" she asked.

"Evidence," Brown said simply.

Tiffany didn't like the sound of this at all. And she liked

the rest of the

conversation even less.

"I'm going to give you a choice, Tiffany," her math teacher

said. "I can take

this cheat sheet and this tape recording, and you, down to the

principal's

office. There, we can call your parents. When your parents

come in, we'll tell

them you're getting an F in algebra this semester and why. And

we'll remind you

of the school rule that any F means you cannot participate in

any

extra-curricular activities, meaning you'll be kicked off the

cheerleading squad

as of this afternoon.

Brown took a deep breath. It was time to play the card.

"Orrrrrrr," he continued,

"we can work out an alternative punishment. You can meet me

tonight at this

address. Your parents won't know, you'll get an A in math,

you'll stay a

cheerleader."

Tiffany had a feeling that the meeting involved something

sexual. She felt

nauseated, felt like she wanted to cry. She was being

blackmailed, but she had no

choice.

"I'll meet you tonight, Mr. Brown," she said timidly.

"I liked it better when you called me sir," he said sternly.

"Let's stick with

that."

"Yes sir," the blonde beauty said. Her knees were trembling,

and she was on the

verge of tears.

At 8 p.m., Tiffany knocked on the door at the address Mr.

Brown had given her. It

was a nondescript apartment complex on the outskirts of town,

and when Brown

opened the door, Tiffany saw that the apartment itself was as

plain as could be.

Nothing on the walls, minimal furniture, no trace that a

person really lived

here.

"Is this where you live, sir?" she asked, remembering to

address him the way he

had requested.

"Oh goodness no, Tiffany," he said politely. "This is just a

little place I rent

on the side."

He studied the 16-year-old cutie. Her blonde hair was pulled

back in a ponytail

and she wore little makeup, but she was still a knockout. She

wore khaki pants

and a long-sleeved navy T-shirt from Abercrombie and Fitch.

Brown could tell she

had tried to make herself as plain and unsexy as possible.

He'd soon fix that, he

thought.

"Come in, have a seat," he said, and gestured to the couch.

"Can I fix you a

drink?"

"Like a Coke?" Tiffany said nervously. Her heart was

hammering, her bountiful

breasts heaving again under the shirt. She had to get control

of herself, she

thought.

"No, a real drink," Mr. Brown said. "Scotch and water,

perhaps?"

"Uh, sure," said Tiffany. "I mean, I'd like that, please,

sir." Tiffany wasn't a

drinker, but she wanted to play along with her math teacher.

Plus if she could

somehow get evidence that he had offered a 16- year-old

student alcohol, she

could counter-blackmail him and maybe get out of this jam.

Brown went into the kitchen, poured Scotch over ice, added a

dollop of water, and

then his own little modest addition. He poured a powdered mix

out of a baggie

into the unsuspecting girl's drink. It contained half a dose

of GBH, a

tranquilizer that was another version of a "Roofie," or

date-rape drug, mixed

with half a dose of Ecstasy, the tripping drug used at raves.

Even together, the

dosages would not knock Tiffany out, just give her a mellow

buzz, a feeling of

being disconnected from what was growing on. Brown hoped it

would also make her

horny and make her highly suggestible.

The cheerleader sipped her drink, and Brown his, which was

undoctored. To relax

her, he asked about cheerleading, about her other classes,

about where she wanted

to go to college. Tiffany drank nervously, and answered, and

began to think that

maybe her math teacher didn't want to fuck her after all.

Maybe he was just

lonely and wanted to talk, she thought.

"That was tasty," she said after she had finished the Scotch.

"May I please use

the bathroom, sir?"

"Sure," Brown said. "It's right down this hall."

The teenager stood up, and suddenly her head began to swim as

the drugs took

effect. Her legs felt wobbly, her tongue was thick in her

mouth, and her whole

body was tingling in a strange way. She quickly sat back down.

"I don't feel good, Mr. Brown," she said pitifully.

"Oh you're fine, Tiffany, just fine," the scheming teacher

reassured her. "Just

not used to drinking Scotch, I imagine." He got up from his

chair and sat down

next to her on the couch. He continued to talk to her in a

low, reassuring voice.

Tiffany felt so strange. Everything was swirly. She was very

aware of her body.

Her nipples seemed to be more sensitive - she could feel them

pushing against the

inside of her bra. Her pussy felt warm and open. Her limbs

were numb and heavy.

She felt hot and flushed. She could hear Mr. Brown's voice,

talking, talking. It

seemed to anchor her in all the confusion.

"I feel hot," she told the lecherous teacher.

"Let me see - do you have a fever?" He put his palm on her

forehead and applied a

little pressure. Tiffany leaned back, her head against the

back of the couch, and

shut her eyes.

"Yeah, you're really feeling warm, sweetheart," Mr. Brown

said. "Is your heart

beating fast?"

"Oooh, God yes," said Tiffany. Even with her eyes closed, she

felt the room

spinning, and the tingling was increasing.

"We'd better cool you down," Brown said. "Let's get you out of

those clothes."

Oh God! thought Tiffany in the part of her brain that was

still functioning. He's

trying to get me naked! But she couldn't believe when she

heard her voice say, as

if from a distance, "OK."

Brown pulled her arms over her head, and pulled the T-shirt up

over them,

exposing her white lacy bra. He quickly undid the front clasp,

exposing her

teenaged breasts, leaving her naked from the waist up.

When the air hit Tiffany's nipples, they instantly sprang to

life and became

erect, jutting out like little erasers. God, they felt so good

and tingly,

Tiffany thought.

Meanwhile, Brown leaned over and unlaced her tennis shoes,

pulling them off. He

lifted her ass up off the couch and somehow quickly pulled her

pants and knickers

down together. 16-year-old Tiffany Daniels, the virgin

cheerleader, was now

wearing only her white knee socks.

"Here, lie back, Tiffany, you'll feel better," Brown purred.

She stretched out.

Everything seemed so strange, like it was happening to her but

not happening to

her.

She heard Brown's voice. It sounded so soothing. "Are you

feeling tingly?" he

asked. "Are you very aware of your body and how it feels?"

"Oh God, yesssss," she moaned.

"I want you to touch your pussy," Mr. Brown said in a low,

commanding voice, and

placed her right hand on top of the blonde curls. "I want you

to play with it.

The more you play with it, the better you'll feel." His voice

had a hypnotic

quality, and Tiffany obeyed.

She was no longer in a strange apartment with her math

teacher. In Tiffany's

mind, there was only the male voice telling her what to do,

and the the strange

but increasingly wonderful way her young body felt. She used

her fingers to pry

open her lips, and began to rub her clitoris through its

little hood.

"Mmmmmm" she moaned. She was oblivious to everything except

the warmth spreading

out from her young pussy.

Brown let the drugs, his own suggestions and the girl's

growing horniness work

their own magic. He got up and re-arranged Tiffany's legs,

putting one leg high

on the back of the couch, placing the other foot on the floor.

The effect was to

spread her legs wide apart, which wasn't difficult for a girl

used to doing the

splits as a cheerleader. It also pulled her pussy lips wider

apart, exposing more

of a special place.

Brown went into the kitchen and brought back an armful of

stuff, which he

carefully arranged on the coffee table in front of the sofa.

The bottle of Scotch

sat next to Tiffany's empty glass. He pulled out a Ziploc bag

of pot and several

rolled joints, and scattered them on the table. He also laid

down a mirror with

several lines of cocaine laid out.

Tiffany, her eyes closed, her head thrown back, her right hand

working furiously

on her young, throbbing clit, was blissfully unaware of what

he was doing.

"Feeeels so goooood," she purred. The dazed and confused girl

continued to

masturbate as the combination of drugs took her further and

further away from

reality. She felt as if there was a river of warmth flowing up

from her crotch,

up her torso, caressing her breasts with their erect nipples,

up her neck and

straight into her brain.

She was completely unaware of the tiny, high-pitched whir of

the digital video

camcorder recording her every move. The Daniels High School

principal, Roger

White, was sitting in a closet across the room from the

masturbating cheerleader,

pointing the expensive camera through a broken slat, capturing

her every move.

His erection strained against the front of his pants, and he

thought how nice it

would be to get out of this damn closet, whip out his massive

prick and plunge it

into her boiling twat. "All in good time," Roger, he thought.

John Brown, her math teacher, saw the Tiffany was approaching

her orgasm. Her

breathing was getting ragged, her large breasts rode up and

down, her fingers

flew. Her pink clit had now completely escaped its protective

hood and was

swollen with lust.

"Uhhhhhhhhh. Uhhhhhhh," Tiffany groaned, lost in her own

druggy world of sensual

pleasure and self-gratification.

"Does that feel good, sweetheart?" Mr. Brown asked softly, his

lips only inches

away from Tiffany'e ear.

"Ohhh, yessssss," she shuddered as her climax approached. Her

young pussy was now

slick with her own sweet juices, and her inner labia gaped

open, exposing the

redness within.

"I want you to listen very carefully, Tiffany," Mr. Brown

addressed her. "In

order for you to be able to cum, I'm going to have to cum,

too. That's the only

way you can cum tonight is to make me cum."

Tiffany's eyes flew open in panic, and she saw her math

teacher standing next to

her head, his trousers down to his ankles, his huge erection

bobbing a few inches

from her face. It was angry and purple, its head swollen.

She knew she should be afraid of the large organ, and what Mr.

Brown was asking.

"Close your eyes, sweetie," Mr. Green said. "And open your

mouth. Doesn't your

pussy feel so good?"

Tiffany obeyed. Her young lips parted, almost of their own

accord. John Brown

moved forward and slipped the bulbous head of his cock between

her lips.

"Now suck on it, Tiffany."

A tiny part of the drug-addled girl's brain knew this was

wrong, but she didn't

have the strength to object or fight. It was so much easier to

just do what he

said, and keep fingering her pussy. She began to suck on the

teacher's dick, and

he pushed a couple more inches into her mouth.

For the next few minutes, the room was quiet. There was the

slight whir of the

video camera, the slurping sound of Brown's cock as it sawed

back and forth into

the cheerleader's luscious mouth, and the wet, sloppy sound as

she frantically

rubbed her clit, which slid around in circles in the

lubrication of her pussy

juices.

"OK, I'm going to cum now," Mr. Brown told her, his breathing

labored, as he felt

his scrotum tighten and his balls prepare to release a massive

load into the

young girl's warm, moist mouth. "There's going to be some

sperm shooting into

your mouth, and as soon as you feel it hit your tongue, it

will be time for you

to come too. I want us to come together. And I want you to

swallow all my sperm."

Tiffany, in a daze of lust, close to her own orgasm,

practically stripped of her

own will by the drugs, just moaned in agreement.

Suddenly, she felt her teacher's hot cum spurting onto her

tongue, and his

hypnotic suggestion took hold. She tipped over the edge into

her own orgasm and

began to cum hard. The older man's cum spurted and spurted,

hot and salty, and

she began to swallow, as her pussy began to spasm. Her hand

kept busy on her

clit, rubbing furiously, as Green rammed his cock into her

mouth again and again

until his balls were drained.

The student and teacher were both at peace, drained by their

tremendous orgasms.

The remainder of the evening was just logistics. Brown helped

the groggy girl get

dressed, and fished out of her purse the address he had given

her, so as not to

leave any link to himself. He walked her out to her car and

drove her home - she

was certainly in no shape to drive! - all the while talking

gently to her to keep

her from freaking out. Tiffany just hummed softly to herself,

and seemed unaware

of her surrounding.Brown parked the car in her driveway and

told her to go into

her house and go to bed, and the girl obeyed. Roger White

drove up five minutes

later and picked the math teacher up.

"God almighty," I got a hard-on like fucking crowbar," said

White.

"Well then," said Brown, "I guess you get first crack at her

tomorrow."

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Daddy's Tight Wet Teens

I have some pics...

Teen Tiffany

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DaddyCool

Respected Poster

Joined: 03 Jun 2006

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Location: Just around the corner

Posted: Sat Jun 24, 2006 8:03 pm Post subject:

CHAPTER THREE

THE ONE WITH THE GOLDEN OLDIE

And that's how it had started, Tiffany thought, as she prayed

for the bell to

ring to signal the end of English class. Her pert little nose

had been parked in

the chalk circle for 10 minutes now, but it seemed like an

eternity. She had to

stand still even as hundreds of ants feasted on the honey that

had been applied

to the insides of her vagina and far up into her teenaged

asshole. The maddening

ants kept her in constant agony, and were even starting to

make her horny as they

marched back and forth all over her little clitty.

Of course, she only found out some of the details when Brown

and White finally

told her how they had worked out the plan; the night she had

fingered herself to

orgasm and swallowed a load of Brown's hot cum, she had been

so doped up on GBH

and Ecstasy she barely knew her own name.

The morning after the cheerleader had put on her little show

for the treacherous

older men, she woke up feeling awful, an after effect of the

drugs. She told her

mother that she didn't feel well and asked her to call the

school office. Her

mother agreed; Tiffany was not the sort of girl to fake being

sick.

Her < < CENSORED > > sister Stephanie popped her head into

Tiffany's room. At 14,

Stephanie was a budding beauty. She still had her braces on

her teeth, which were

due off in a year, and her breasts had not yet begun to sprout

into the

impressive 36-Cs that poked out of Tiffany's torso, but she

was still a little

cutie who was obviously going to be just as hot as her older

sister.

"Hey!" said Stephanie cheerfully. "Where were you last night?

I didn't hear you

come in."

Tiffany cast her mind back. She remembered going to her math

teacher's apartment,

but not much else. She had a vague memory of being naked, and

she blushed. What

had happened? Why couldn't she remember?

"Oh, I stayed at school to work on homecoming banners,"

Tiffany lied. She hated

being dishonest with her sister, but couldn't possibly tell

her the truth, and

she wasn't even sure of the truth.

Tiffany stayed in bed all that day. The next day, although she

felt fine, she

also had her mother call in sick for her. She was dreading

facing Mr. Brown. Had

she really been naked with him? Had he fucked her? she

wondered. No, she'd be

able to feel it in her pussy, she decided, and she could tell

she was still a

virgin.

On the third day, Tiffany felt like she had no choice. She

couldn't stay home

from school forever. Homecoming was approaching, and if she

missed too many

practices she wouldn't be allowed to cheer. She dressed for

school conservatively

- blue jeans, a bulky sweater, Doc Martens - and drove to

Daniels High School.

Sitting in first period, Tiffany listened to the morning

announcements over the

P.A. system. Just as they were winding up, the vice principal

who was reading the

announcements said, "And Tiffany Daniels, please report to the

principal's

office."

Every < CENSORED > in homeroom turned and looked at the cute

cheerleader, and she blushed.

But hey, she thought, I haven't done anything wrong. There

could be all kinds of

reasons to meet with Principal White - student council

(Tiffany was vice

president), homecoming plans, all sorts of things.

The teenager gathered up her book bag and marched down the

hall to Principal

White's office.

"Come in, come in, Tiffany," Mr. White said jovially. His eyes

twinkled. Tiffany

was relieved. If she'd done something wrong, he'd be acting

stern.

"Have a seat," White said once Tiffany was inside his office.

He shut the door.

Tiffany thought she heard him turn the lock, but maybe she was

mistaken.

"Well, well, Miss Tiffany Daniels," said the principal.

Suddenly he was no longer

twinkly, but stern. "How are you feeling?"

"I'm fine," she said nervously.

"Fine, huh?" repeated the principal. "Well, maybe we can

change that. I want you

to watch something."

The sexy blonde cheerleader noticed for the first time a TV

set on a portable

cart, with a VCR underneath it. White pressed a button on a

remote control, and a

video flickered onto the screen.

There was Tiffany Daniels, sweet 16, splayed out stark naked

except for white

knee socks on a sofa. On a table in front of her, crystal

clear, was a bottle of

Scotch, some joints, and what looked like lines of cocaine

spread out on a

mirror. Tiffany had never touched drugs of any sort, but the

juxtaposition was

damning.

As the girl watched in growing horror, she saw herself start

to masturbate. There

was no sound on the video, but the image swung up and down her

lithe young body,

focusing first on her face, with her eyes closed and her mouth

open in ecstasy,

then panning down her breasts with her nipples hard and firm,

down to her pussy,

where her fingers were working away at her clit. The image

zoomed in on her

pussy, showing her blonde pubes slick with her pussy juices.

The image jumped back to her head, and a man's torso entered

the frame. He was

unidentifiable, seen only from mid torso to mid thigh. He had

an enormous

erection, and he approached Tiffany's mouth and slid it right

in. She could see

the man's cock move in and out of her mouth. She was

horrified, humiliated,

totally degraded, as she watched herself suck a strange man's

cock while

masturbating, and watched it in with her school principal

standing right beside

her.

White laid a heavy hand on her shoulder, and Tiffany jumped.

"Some video, huh?" he asked, leering. He hit the remote, and

the screen went

black.

"But wait, there's more!" White said, making his voice sound

like a TV pitchman

on an infomercial. He was enjoying her distress, toying with

her, piling on the

humiliation.

Tiffany sat numbly, her world shattered. She realized the

video must have been

made two nights ago at Mr. Brown's apartment, even though her

memory was hazy.

White walked to his desk and pulled out a large envelope and

tossed it to her.

"Have a look, baby," he said with a grin.

Tiffany pulled out a tape recorder, pressed play and listened

once again to her

confession of cheating on her algebra test. She stopped it and

pulled from the

envelope her cheat sheet. But the last thing in the envelope

was the worst. It

was an 8x10 photo taken from the video. It showed her face in

closeup, her eyes

closed but very recognizable. Her lips were stretched around a

male cock.

Printed across the bottom of the photo in some sort of

electronic type was this

message:

"MY NAME IS TIFFANY DANIELS. I LIVE AT 300 W. ALAMEDA STREET,

BEVERLY, TEXAS. MY

PHONE NUMBER IS 555-1212. I'M A JUNIOR AT DANIELS HIGH SCHOOL

IN BEVERLY. I LOVE

SUCKING OFF NASTY PERVERTS. IF YOU CAN IMAGINE IT, I WILL DO

IT."

"Oh God, Mr. White," the poor girl moaned. "What is this? What

are you doing to

me?"

Mr. White was humming to himself. Tiffany didn't recognize the

tune.

Suddenly he began singing the song he had been humming.

"You're 16, you're

beautiful, and you're mine! You're 16, you're beautiful, and

you're mine!"

The stunned girl sat, immobile.

"Let me explain your new life to, Miss Tiffany Cocksucker

Slave Cunt Daniels. You

are mine, utterly and completely. You will do anything and

everything I tell you

to, starting at this moment. Am I making myself clear, you

wretched little slut?"

The cheerleader nodded, mute. This was all a horrible

nightmare, she thought. No

one had ever dared talk to her in such a way. It was

unimaginable. She'd report

him to the school board. She'd tell her parents. She'd kill

the motherfucker!

"Now, Miss Slut Slave, here is what will happen if you don't

do exactly as I tell

you from now on. There are already dozens of copies of this

video dubbed. They

have been edited so there is no sign as to who made them. The

only thing people

will see on this video will be Tiffany Slut Cunt Daniels

sucking a man's cock

after she's obviously indulged in < < CENSORED > > drugs. The

tapes are in envelopes,

already addressed, and with a friend of mine. If I say the

word, copies will be

mailed to your parents, your pastor at St. Timothy's, your

fellow cheerleaders,

and about 50 of the guys here at school. I'm sure they'll make

sure they're

distributed to everybody else.

"The picture you see with your name, address and phone number

will be posted

repeatedly on every sex newsgroup on the Internet. Within 24

hours, thousands of

perverts nationwide will know who you are, where you live and

where you go to

school. Of those thousands, surely a couple hundred will want

to track down the

girl in the photo. You'll be stalked at home and at school,

probably raped

repeatedly, possibly kidnapped, never to see your family or

friends again.

"If you go to the police, or even if you get really brave and

try to kill me, my

friend will mail out the tapes and make the Internet postings.

Your life will be

over. So you see, Tiffany Tits, why I sing: You're 16, you're

beautiful, and

you're mine."

The cheerleader felt like she was dead. She was being

blackmailed, and she had no

choice but to go along with her perverted principal.

"So, shall we begin, you little slut-monkey?" he said evilly,

trying to degrade

the teenager even further with his name-calling

"Please," the poor girl squeaked. "Please don't do this to me.

Please let me go.

I'll be good."

"Oh, you'll be good all right," White said sarcastically..

"You'll be great.

You'll be as much fun as we've had in a long time.

"We're going to play a series of games," he continued. "We'll

call it Toying With

Tiffany. You won't like hardly any of them, although there's a

good chance that

you'll get some nice orgasms along the way. Your like here at

Daniels High School

is going to be a living hell for a while, until we get tired

of you, and then

we'll move on. That's right, Tiffany, I said 'We.' I'm part of

a team of men here

at Daniels that breaks young girls like yourself. You aren't

the first and you

won't be the last. You're just our Number One project at the

moment."

"Please," the cheerleader pleaded. "I beg you, Mr. White. I'll

do anything."

"That you will, Tiffany, that you will. Now, stand up and

strip."

Tiffany hesitated.

"Now, cunt!" he barked.

She had no choice. Maybe later she would figure out how to

beat the horrible

principal. But for now, she had to obey him or risk destroying

her entire life.

She rose, and slowly began to peel off her clothes.

When she was naked, White ordered her to lay on his desk on

her back, grab her

ankles and pull her legs back. Her heart pounding, she obeyed.

Was he going to

rape her now?

Instead, he pulled a jar of honey from his desk drawer. "Don't

move a muscle,

bitch," he hissed, and began to apply the honey all over her

blonde pubes. He

swathed it down the sensitive strip between her pussy and ass,

and smeared her

ass cheeks with it. He held open her pussy lips with one hand

and poured honey up

inside her, then did the same thing with her ass. Tiffany was

mortified at what

was going on, but didn't understand.

"Please, don't do this to me," she wailed.

"Shut up!" he snapped. "I don't want to hear another word out

of you." He reached

down to the floor and picked up her white cotton knickers and

stuffed them into

her mouth. "Keep them there until I tell you to take them

out," he ordered.

Then he pulled out the jar of ants. "Not a twitch, bitch, or

mommy and daddy and

the whole world will see that video." And with that, he poured

the ants all over

her crotch. Tiffany was petrified, but obeyed his order and

didn't move a muscle.

She wanted to scream, but didn't.

"One final touch," he said. From a closet be brought forth a

bag. "The clothes

you came in are a little too modest for a whore-dog like you.

From now on, you'll

wear what we tell you to wear. Put these on."

Tiffany climbed down from the desk, her head spinning. Honey

dripped down one

thigh. The horrible ants were crawling all over her. She

pulled out another pair

of knickers, also white cotton, and pulled them on. A short

pleated skirt went

over them, one a little shorter than her cheerleader skirt

that almost showed the

bottom of the cheeks of her sweet teenaged ass. There was no

bra, and she looked

at Principal White with a pleading expression, not daring to

take the panty gag

out of her mouth and ask a question.

"That's right, no bra. And on future days, probably no

knickers," he said.

Tiffany put on the sheer white blouse that was a little too

small. She buttoned

it all the way up, but White unbuttoned the top two buttons.

Her large, firm

teenaged breasts strained against the cotton; White could

faintly make out her

aureolas under the blouse. The cheerleader continued getting

dressed, pulling on

little white anklets with lacy tops and then buckling on white

sandals with high

heels. God, she thought, I wouldn't wear an outfit like this

in a million years.

It's so slutty.

White pulled out a roll of duct tape. "Just to make sure these

knickers stay on,"

he told her, and wrapped a thick strip of tape around her

waist, taping the

knickers to her bare skin. He did the same around each thigh,

taping the knickers

to each leg. "If you try to remove the knickers to get rid of

the ants," White

warned the scared girl, "we'll repeat the game tomorrow, using

fire ants.

"Now there's one last order of business, Miss Blow Job

Daniels," the principal

said. "I'm more than a little horny after our little meeting.

I want you to kneel

down and suck me off."

Jesus, thought Tiffany, this will never end. Reluctantly, she

kneeled down in

front of the principal and pulled the knickers out of her mouth

as he unzipped his

fly and hauled out his erection. "Take it deep, little girlie,

and use your

tongue."

She leaned forward and opened her lips and allowed the

principal to insert his

cock into her moist young mouth. She had never felt so

humiliated or degraded in

her 16 years, to be kneeling here, sucking off her principal

in this slutty

outfit, while hundreds of live ants crawled all over her most

private and

sensitive parts. It was a nightmare, she thought, but she had

no choice.

After a couple of minutes of sucking, she felt his cock begin

to swell. He

clasped his hands on the sides of her head and thrust deeper

into her throat. She

started to gag, but fought down the urge, as his cock erupted,

shooting stream

after stream of jism deep into her throat. She swallowed over

and over until he

was done.

"That's a good little slut," Mr. White said. "Go back to class

now. And during

the day, if a teacher tells you to do something, I suggest you

do it. There are

several of us in on this little project, and you wouldn't want

to piss off

anybody."

Humiliated, Tiffany stuffed her old clothes into her book bag

and left the

office. As she left, she heard White singing to himself:

"You walked out of my dreams, and into my life Now you're my

angel divine You're

16, you're beautiful, and you're mine."

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Daddy's Tight Wet Teens

I have some pics...

Teen Tiffany

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DaddyCool

Respected Poster

Joined: 03 Jun 2006

Posts: 189

Location: Just around the corner

Posted: Sat Jun 24, 2006 8:05 pm Post subject:

CHAPTER FOUR

THE ONE WITH ALL THE CHEERING

Finally, the bell ring, signalling the end of Tiffany's

humiliation in front of

Mr. Green's English class. As the other students filed out,

Tom Green said softly

to the teenaged girl, so no one else could hear, "Stay right

where you are,

Tiffany."

She stood, her nose pressed to the chalkboard. The live ants

were having a field

day in her sweet little asshole, crawling up and down,

irritating the sensitive

lining. It was maddening, but Tiffany stood still.

As the last student filed out, Tom Green shut the door.

"Well, well, well," he said. "Little Miss Tiffany My Pussy's

Too Good For Y'All

Daniels. How do you feel?"

The cheerleader didn't know what to respond. Green was

obviously in on the

conspiracy with Brown and White to degrade her, so she knew

she had to tread

carefully.

"I asked you a question, Miss Tiffany Ants Up the Ass

Daniels." Green stood

directly behind her and leaned in so his breath was hot in her

ear and on her

neck. If anyone had walked in, it would have looked like a

teacher having a

conference with a student who had been disciplined, but

Tiffany knew this was far

beyond that.

"I don't know sir. Please, can I go to my next class?" Tiffany

pleaded.

"Sure, slut," Green said. The teenager flinched with each new

verbal assault. She

was used to respect and deference, not horrible sexual

insults. "And you didn't

move, so you don't get detention, even though I'm sure you

wanted to wiggle that

little ass, didn't you?"

"Please, may I go now?" she repeated.

"Yes you may," said Green, and Tiffany stepped back from the

blackboard. Green

ogled her brazenly, and his eyes stopped on her gorgeous

teenaged tits.

"Uh-oh, little problem here, Tiff," he said. She looked down

and saw two large

yellow chalk smears, one over each breast, where they had

pressed against the

board.

"Here, let's clean you up," Green said with mock kindliness.

"No, that's really OK," said Tiffany, "I'm gonna be late."

"Nonsense," Green countered. "We can't have you walking around

the halls looking

like that." And he pulled a packet from his desk drawer. It

was several of those

moist towlettes, like little napkins soaked in antiseptic

cleaner. "Here, hold

still, and let me clean you off."

Knowing what was coming, Tiffany took a step back. She didn't

want her English

teacher pawing her tits; despite all the terrible things done

to her over the

last few days, she still had her dignity.

"I said hold still!" hissed Green, "That's a goddam order! Put

your hands at your

sides, bitch!"

The trembling teen obeyed.

Green extended a towlette and begin to dab at her right

breast. The coldness and

wetness soaked straight through the thin cotton and, since she

had been forbidden

to wear a bra, hit her young nipple, causing it to spring to

life in full,

glorious erection. As her nipple hardened, Tiffany looked down

and realized the

moisture was soaking the blouse all over her breast, causing

the fabric to become

nearly transparent!

"Please, Mr. Green, I'm gonna be late! Oh God, people are

gonna see!" The poor

girl, who had already endured so much, was becoming more and

more frantic.

"Don't move a muscle!" barked Green. "I'll write you a fucking

pass." He pulled

out a new towlette and began the same process on her left

breast, with the same

result: a perky, extended nipple and thin, wet, white fabric.

Anyone could see

both of Tiffany's perfect teenaged breasts and their hard

nipples, and the halls

were full of her fellow students changing classes.

"There, we got all that nasty chalk off," Green mocked her

with a sick smile. He

scribbled out a pass for her tardiness to her next class," and

then said,

matter-of-factly, "When you go to your next class, Miss

Daniels, why don't you

carry your books by your side under your arm rather than

hugged in front of your

chest. In fact, consider that an order. If you try to hide

that pretty little

chest, I'll report you to Principal White for disobedience."

Tiffany knew what that meant. She would just have to hope she

could make it there

quickly.

The halls were still packed as Tiffany scurried along, her

breasts in plain view,

jiggling wildly in their braless state. As her nipples rubbed

the inside of the

tight blouse, they stayed erect. Every student in the hall

stopped and stared.

Some laughed, many pointed, as the wealthy young woman, named

for the founder of

the school, walked rapidly along.

"Hey, Tiff, I like the new look!" called a male voice.

"It's Tits, not Tiff," yelled another. Raucous laughter burst

from a pack. Her

face burned with shame. This couldn't be happening to her, she

thought. What a

horrible nightmare.

Several boys started a chant, mocking her cheerleader status:

Gimme a T! Gimme an

I! Gimme a T! Gimme an S! What's that spell? Tits! Who's got

'em? Tiffany!"

God, were there no teacher to save her from this? Tiffany was

almost in tears

when she reached study hall. She burst into the room, made

straight for her desk

and sat down. She choked back tears. Her life was a living

hell.

The rest of the day passed without major incident for Tiffany.

Her blouse dried

in study hall, and her nipples finally returned to their

normal state. The ants

were still driving her nuts, but many of them had died from

being squished

between her butt and the chairs she sat in. The ones that

remained, though, were

the worst, for the they were the ones crawling deep inside her

pussy and ass.

Mr. White had not given Tiffany any instructions as to what

was happen to her at

the end of the day, although she thought she was due to have

the ants removed. So

she was not surprised when, during her last class of the day,

a student "runner"

from the office came in with a sealed envelope for Tiffany.

"Report to my office at the final bell," read the note inside.

Tiffany could tell

White and the other male teachers were being careful not to

leave any evidence

that could incriminate them.

A few minutes after the last bell rang, Tiffany was once again

in Principal

White's office, the place where she had begun her day in hell.

White again shut

the door.

"How was your day, Tiffany-Bitch?" he asked maliciously.

"Hellish," she answered honestly.

"The correct answer would be, 'Hellish, SIR," he corrected.

"Yes, sir," she responded.

"I imagine you're anxious to get those ants out of your pussy

and ass," the evil

principal said. "But I'm concerned it might be difficult to

get the ones that

have crawled up really high and out of reach. So I bought you

something to help."

He pulled out an enormous black dildo, about 10 inches long

and as big around as

a paper-towel tube. Tiffany's mouth hung open as she stared at

it.

"No, bitch, it's not for your mouth," White said, "although

you might want to get

it wet there first. It's to crush the ants. Your fingers won't

reach far enough.

So you insert your new little friend here all the way up your

pussy, then all the

way up your ass, and use it to crush the ants. I'm afraid that

if you don't use

this, you'll never kill them all, and tomorrow you'll still

have ants crawling

inside you. You don't want that, do you?"

The dejected, dazed cheerleader just shook her head.

"So take your new friend here and put him in your backpack. Go

on home and find

yourself a little privacy and get rid of the ants. Heck, be

glad I'm not ordering

you to do it right here on my office floor. It would make a

great addition to the

videotape: Sweet little virgin Tiffany Daniels fucks herself

up the ass with a

big black dildo. Yeah, that would be a popular offering on the

Internet," he

chuckled.

Tiffany reluctantly took the dildo and stuck it in her

backpack.

"Then once you get rid of the ants, we thought it might be

nice to go shopping

tonight," White continued. "So tell Mommy and Daddy you have

to come back to

school after dinner to work on a Homecoming project. Be here

at 7:30 p.m., and

we'll meet you in the parking lot. We'll have you back by 9:30

so you can get

home and get your beauty sleep."

"May I ask a question, sir?" Tiffany was looking down at the

floor submissively,

which White liked.

"Yes, you may, ass-licker."

"Where are we going tonight? And who all is going?

"Well, you're the central attraction, of course," White said.

"And there will be

myself, and Mr. Brown and Mr. Green, and maybe some others

depending on their

availability. We're going to the mall and pick out some new

clothes for you,

something more in line with what you were wearing today. I'm

sure as hell not

gonna spend any more of my own money buying you slut outfits

like this one."

"So should I bring money, sir?"

"No, that won't be necessary," White said ominously. "You'll

be paying for the

clothes, but not with money." He smiled at her and winked.

Tiffany felt sick. She didn't know what was in store, only

that it wasn't good at

all.

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Daddy's Tight Wet Teens

I have some pics...

Teen Tiffany

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DaddyCool

Respected Poster

Joined: 03 Jun 2006

Posts: 189

Location: Just around the corner

Posted: Sun Jun 25, 2006 11:32 am Post subject:

CHAPTER 5

THE ONE WITH THE RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN

Tiffany tore up the stairs to her bedroom, frantically locking

the door behind

her. She stripped off the hateful slut outfit and started

ripping at the duct

tape.

"Ooh! Ooh! Owwww!" she moaned as the tape pulled away from her

skin, pulling tiny

golden hairs out with it. The tape around her tummy was bad,

but the tape around

her young thighs was even worse.

Finally she was able to tear off her knickers. She desperately

pushed a finger up

her pussy, trying to fish out the ants.

After a few minutes writhing around on her back on her bed,

her legs spread wide

and one finger, then two fingers, up her cunt, the 16-year-

old realized she

wasn't able to get to all of the nasty little insects. She

pulled the large black

dildo from her backpack and positioned it at the pink, pouting

lips of her pussy.

Just as she sank it in about two inches, there was a knock at

her door.

"Tiffany? Are you OK?"

Jesus, thought Tiffany, it was her < < CENSORED > > sister

Stephanie.

"Go away!" yelled Tiffany.

"What's wrong? Can I come in?" asked Stephanie.

"No, go away!"

"Why not?"

Tiffany's mind raced. "Uh, no, I'm having female problems,"

Tiffany replied,

using their code word for that time of the month.

"OK," said Stephanie and walked away. Tiffany rammed the dildo

home.

God, it felt good, she thought, like scratching an itch you've

been needing to

scratch all day. She pulled it out and sank it into her sweet

virgin (well,

technically virgin) pussy over and over and over again. She

could feel her juices

start to flow, lubricating the walls of her vagina. She was

barely aware that her

clit had popped out as she slid the rubber monster deep

inside, over and over.

The ants were all dead, but the wealthy cheerleader kept

fucking herself, closer

and closer to an orgasm.

"Ohhhhhhh, yesssssss," she moaned softly, not wanting to alert

Stephanie or her

mom. Her large perfect breasts heaved on her chest, her

nipples poked up, hard,

she splayed her knees even wider, and rammed the dildo home.

She reached down,

and as soon as she touched her swollen pink clit she exploded

in a delicious

teenaged orgasm.

After she caught her breath, she became aware that she still

had ants up her ass.

She pulled out the dildo, now slick with lubrication, and

gently pushed it into

her own rectum. Although she had masturbated before, she'd

never stuck anything

up her own ass. It hurt a little, but also felt kind of nice.

She felt very full.

As she began to work up some speed with the dlido in her ass,

crushing and

killing the ants her principal had placed there, she realized

she wanted to come

again. So again she started to fondle her own clit, rolling it

in her fingers.

Heat seemed to be building inside her body, and soon she came

again, even harder

than before.

"Oh God," she thought, suddenly ashamed of herself. "Did I

really just do that,

masturbate with a black dildo up my bottom? Oh, but it felt so

good."

She allowed herself the luxury of mentally drifting for a few

minutes, enjoying

the heavy feel of her recently satisfied body. But then she

jerked, realizing she

had to hide the dildo and face her family. And even worse, her

principal was

expecting her to meet him for a trip to the mall. She was

dreading the encounter.

If she had known what she was in store for, she would have

dreaded it even more.

Promptly at 7:30 that night, Tiffany pulled into the Daniels

High School parking

lot in her new Miata, a present from daddy for her 16th

birthday. The lot was

empty except for a few cars at the far end, where she saw some

men standing. She

drove over and got out of the car.

Roger White, the Daniels principal, was there, as was John

Brown, the math

teacher who had originally caught her cheating, drugged her

and videotaped her,

starting her horrible descent into being a sexual slave to

these depraved men.

And there was Tom Green, the English teacher who had

humiliated her earlier that

day. The fourth man, though, surprised her: Joe Black, Old

Joe, the school

custodian. Old Joe was only in his '50s, but to the smug young

teens of Daniels

High, he might as well have been in his '80s. He was a large

black man, big but

not fat, just hulking and heavily muscled. He rarely said a

word to the students

except "Excuse me" when he needed to get by with his broom or

mop.

"Right on time, Little Miss Cheerleader Cunt," sneered Mr.

White.

Again with the horrible names, thought Tiffany. This all would

be bad enough but

it's so much worse when they call me these names.

"Looking good, Tiffany," said Mr. Green, eyeing her up and

down. She wore

sneakers, jeans and a white short-sleeved blouse.

Old Joe licked his lips. The janitor leered at her, and she

shuddered. It was bad

enough to be the toy of these teachers, but to have a dirty

old janitor doing it

too, that was just too yucky.

"Why is he here?" she asked White, referring to Old Joe.

"Why, Old Joe here is our best buddy, aren't you Joe?" White

answered, and put

his arm around Joe's shoulder. Joe smiled at Tiffany.

"About 10 years ago, when you were just in first grade,

Tiffany, I was fucking a

student in my office one night. Chrissy, I believe her name

was. Anyway, I had my

cock up her ass and in walks Old Joe. There to empty my

wastebaskets and vacuum.

He and I pretty much decided that either he could report me

and get me fired, or

he could wait until I was done and then fuck Chrissy up the

ass, too. So when I

got done, he took his turn. We kind of bonded that night, Old

Joe and I, and

we've been working as a team ever since. These other guys have

joined the club as

the years have gone by."

Tiffany barely heard most of the principal's story. At the

words "cock up her

ass," she had frozen in fear. The luscious young student had

heard whispers among

her girlfriends that some guys - and even, occasionally, some

girls - liked anal

sex, but she had never heard it referred to so brutally. And

if these men had

done it to another student, would they do it to her? Was she

going to eventually

get fucked up her virgin little ass by all four men? Was that

what was in store

for her?

"And now, off to the mall we go!" the principal chortled,

breaking Tiffany's

reverie.

The men opened the doors of the Lincoln Navigator and motioned

for Tiffany to get

into the back seat. "But first," said Old Joe, let's get those

jeans off, missy.

Knickers too."

"Oh, no, please don't make me do that," Tiffany whined.

"You just don't get it, sweetheart," said Mr. White. "Have you

forgotten that

little video we have of you? What will Mommy and Daddy think?

And all your

friends? I can pretty well guess what all the perverts on the

Internet will think

when they see that sweet innocent little face with a cock

stuffed in its

mouth-hole, complete with your name, address, and phone

number. You'll be the

most popular girl in Texas. It'll be like you're a dog in heat

and they just

opened the doors of the kennel!"

Tiffany shuddered at the gross image, and sagged in defeat. It

was only she and

the men in the parking lot, so she slipped off her sneakers,

then her jeans, then

her knickers. She felt horribly exposed and vulnerable

outdoors, so she quickly

climbed into the backseat of the large SUV.

"Might as well do the blouse and bra, too, sweet cheeks," said

Old Joe.

"Sweet cheeks?" echoed White. "Why Joe, we don't call our

friend Tiffany a name

like sweet cheeks. We call her fuckmeat, or ass-licker, or

juicy-cunt, or

shit-for-brains." The men all laughed raucously. Tiffany

blushed furiously.

"Please, may I ask a favor?"

"Sure, smegma-breath," said Green.

"Would you just not call me horrible names? All this is bad

enough, but could you

just not call me names?"

"Awwwww!" the men jeered in unison. "Poor little Tiffany got

her feelings hurt!"

White climbed into the driver's seat, with Green beside him.

Old Joe got in on

Tiffany's right, Mr. Brown on her left. The nude girl huddled

between them, aware

that all of their eyes were drinking in her lovely 16-year-old

body. The night

air was chilly, and her nipples had sprung to attention,

further betraying her,

making it appear she was sexually aroused.

"Tell you what, Tiffany," said White. "We'll play a little

game on the way to the

mall. If you win the game, we won't call you names any more.

You have my word. If

you lose the game, we'll keep right on calling you whatever we

like. Seeing as

how we have total power over you anyway, what do you have to

lose?"

What, indeed, she thought. She might as well try.

"What's the game?" she asked meekly.

"Remember last year when you were in the school production of

"Sound of Music?"

Such a nice musical," White said. "Even though you didn't play

Liesel, I'm sure

you heard her sing in rehearsals over and over. We'd like for

you to serenade us

on the way to the mall by singing that song "I Am < < CENSORED

> >, Going on < < CENSORED > >."

"That's all I have to do?" Tiffany asked nervously.

"That's it. Just get through the whole song one time,

perfectly, without stopping

or making any mistakes, and we'll stop calling you names."

This will be easy, Tiffany thought. I'm sure I can remember

all the words, and

Liesel's part is really only a few lines, cause it's a duet.

"But we've got to make it challenging," said Joe. "Put your

hand behind your

back. Without even thinking, Tiffany leaned forward in the

back seat and placed

her hands behind her. In a flash, Joe pulled out a pair of

handcuffs and cuffed

her wrists. Her arms were now pinned back at the shoulders,

her hands trapped.

"Stop! Oh God please, take them off!" Tiffany shouted in

panic.

"Shut up!" yelled White. "Listen, girlie, and listen good. If

we get stopped by

the cops, or if anything happens to us, in any way shape or

form, whether it's

your fault or not, all of guys have had it. Our careers are

over. And the only

satisfaction we'll have is making sure your life is hell. So

if anything happens,

my friend mails those videos out and posts them on the Net. So

it's in your

fuckin' best interest to make sure that we don't get caught!

Got it, bitch?"

Tiffany nodded. She was feeling horribly numb again. The logic

was inescapable.

She was trapped as the toy of these men and could do nothing

about it.

"Let's get comfortable," said Joe. He grabbed Tiffany's naked

right leg and

pulled it into his lap. He then crossed his legs over her leg,

trapping it. On

her left, Brown did the same thing.

The result, even before White had started the Navigator, was

that Tiffany was

nearly immobilized in the backseat. Her hands and arms were

cuffed behind her

with the weight of her body leaning back against them, and her

legs were spread

wide and held pinned by each muscular man on her sides. She

squirmed and wiggled,

but could do nothing. She also noticed, for the first time,

that the windows of

the vehicle were darkly smoked, and no one could possibly see

inside.

"Here we go," White said, starting the SUV and pulling out of

the parking lot.

"Any time you want to start singing, be our guest," said Brown

with a giggle.

"Tiffany took a deep breath and began: "I am 16, going on

17..."

Old Joe's right hand shot out and grabbed ahold of one perky

nipple and started

massaging it.

"Oh God, stop!" shouted Tiffany. Joe kept up his manipulation

of the nipple,

which was growing harder.

"Come on, we want a song!" shouted White from the front seat.

Tiffany started over. "I am 16, going on 17..."

Mr. Brown's right hand began to rub up and down Tiffany's bare

thigh. She kept

singing.

"I know that I'm naive...."

Brown reached around with his left hand and started to tickle

the underside of

her breast, while inching his right up until it reached her

pussy.

"Oh, please, I can't do this!" Tiffany wailed.

"Fine, then, little lesbo bitch," said White. "She doesn't

want to sing for us,

guys, so it's back to name-calling."

The teenaged cheerleader knew this was just a horrible game to

all of them, but

maybe if she got through the song she could at least have that

small victory. She

steeled herself against the roaming, prodding hands of her two

teachers as they

explored her writhing young body, and started again.

"I am 16, going on 17 I know that I'm naive Fellows I meet may

tell me I'm sweet

And willingly OH! OH!"

She couldn't help herself. Joe's hand at drifted down to her

pussy and he had

plunged a fat finger deep inside her. She hadn't realized she

was still slick

with juice from her recent session with the dildo, and Joe's

finger quickly slid

all the way in. The poor girl's hormones started to flow. She

could feel herself

starting to get horny as Joe pulled his finger out and plunged

it back in,

finger-fucking the confused girl.

It's my only chance at self-respect with these fuckers, she

thought to herself,

and began again. This time she got as far as the line "Totally

unprepared am I,

to face a world of men," when Brown leaned over and kissed her

neck, right behind

the ear. No man had ever kissed her there, and it sent a

shiver of delight

through her young body. She didn't cry out, but she stopped

singing for an

instant.

"Nope, doesn't count!" White called out from the front seat.

"We said you had to

sing it perfectly."

Tiffany started over. Joe's finger continued to frig in and

out of her pussy,

feeling better and better. Brown continued to kiss her neck,

which felt

incredibly good, and both men were pawing her breasts and

nipples.

She had barely sung a few words when Joe placed his thumb

against her clit and

began to rub.

"Ohhhhh, please, stop, stop, don't do this to me!" she cried

out. She felt so

alone, so exposed, so humiliated. She was trying to just

complete one simple

task, sing a song she knew well, and she couldn't even do

that. Her mind was

confused, but her body wasn't. Every inch of her was

responding to the caresses

and touches of the men who had pinned her down in the

backseat.

"I am 16, going on 17," she started again. Joe and John Brown

let her sing,

keeping their touches light, till she got to the lines "I need

someone older and

wiser, telling me what to do," and then Brown bent his head

down and placed his

mouth over her erect nipple and started to tongue it, while

Joe pushed a second

finger up inside her.

"Uhhhhhhh," Tiffany moaned. Her head rolled back against the

seat, her eyes

closed. She was lost in a delirium of overwhelming sexual

desire.

"You want us to keep doing this?" whispered Brown.

"Oh, God, I don't know," moaned Tiffany. "No. Don't. Stop."

"Don't stop?" asked Black with a nasty smile. His fingers were

churning inside

the tormented girl, his thumb expertly manipulating her clit,

which was now pink

and throbbing. Tiffany's hips started rotating, almost without

her knowing it, as

she thrust her pelvis forward into Black's hand, while Brown

continued kissing

her hard little nipples.

"Since Tiffany doesn't seem up to singing," said White from

the driver's seat,

"you guys mind if I offer a little tune? It's Rolf's part from

the same song, and

kind of appropriate."

The principal launched into the song in a strong, forceful

baritone:

"You are < < CENSORED > > going on < < CENSORED > > Baby, it's

time to think Better beware and

canny and careful Baby, you're on the brink You are < <

CENSORED > > going on < < CENSORED > >

Fellows will fall in line Eager young lads and roues and cads

Will offer you food

and wine Totally unprepared are you to face a world of men

Timid and shy and

scared are you Of things beyond your ken You need someone

older and wiser Telling

you what to do, I am < < CENSORED > > going on eighteen I'll

take care of you!"

Tiffany vaguely heard the deep male voice, telling her she

needed someone telling

her what to do. She had stopped even trying to sing her part.

Her body had taken

over, and she was inching closer and closer to orgasm. She

moaned, thrust her

tender young breasts out, humped her pussy frantically against

Black's fingers.

"Oh yes! Oh yes!" she cried out. She teetered on the verge of

a powerful teenaged

orgasm

"Whoops, here we are fellows!" called out White as he turned

into the shopping

mall. "Time to look sharp."

Black and Brown immediately pulled themselves off of the

writhing, humping

schoolgirl, which took more discipline than they'd ever

thought possible.

Tiffany didn't know what had happened. One moment she had been

on the brink of

cumming, then everything had stopped.

"Please?" she asked plaintively.

"Please what, baby?" asked Joe, teasing.

"Please don't stop what you were doing," she said softly. If

her hands hadn't

been cuffed behind her, Tiffany thought, she would have

finished herself off

right there in front of them. God, everything had felt so

good. Her heart was

pounding, she was shaking and sweaty, she wanted to cum so

damn bad!

"I don't think so," White ordered.

"Pleeeeeeese," begged Tiffany.

"Let's hear what you want," White said briskly.

"I want to, you know," Tiffany said. She knew they knew. She

was beyond shame,

she decided. She had to cum.

"I want to have an orgasm," she begged.

"Maybe later," White said coldly.

Tiffany lifted her head and opened her eyes, and looked right

into the lens of

the video camcorder. Green, in the passenger seat of the

Navigator, had been

taping her the whole time.

"Smile," her teacher said, "you're on Candid Camera."

Tiffany wanted to cry.

"Joe, get those balls into her like we planned," White said.

Black reached into a

bag on the floor and pulled out a small box, extracting two

small metal objects

slightly smaller than ping-pong balls.

"Here ya go, babe, just so you don't get that empty feeling

inside," Joe said,

and pushed one ben-wa ball, then the other after it, up inside

Tiffany's swollen,

sopping wet pussy. They were cold, but strangely, Tiffany

didn't mind. She was

slowly getting used to having something inside her young

pussy.

"Those will have a real interesting effect on you when you're

walking around in

the mall," White said, and all the men laughed. Tiffany didn't

understand but

knew, with dread, that she would eventually.

"Let's help her get dressed guys," White added. Tiffany was

still horny and

wanted to cum so badly, but she had no choice, with her legs

still trapped and

her hands cuffed. She wasn't going to be allowed to cum just

yet, and she still

had to endure whatever they had planned for her in the mall.

She looked out the darkened SUV window and could see the

bright light malls of

the mall in the distance.

"And just to remind you, you never did manage to sing the song

all the way

through, you little slut-monkey," Green mocked her from the

front seat as he

stowed the camcorder in his shoulder bag.

"Yeah, dog-fucker," said Brown.

"This is gonna be a shopping trip you'll never forget, babe,"

Black whispered in

her ear.

The teenager shuddered, partly from the lust that still boiled

in her hard young

body, partly from pure fear.

\* \* \*

Although I am merely reposting a story that someone else has

written, comments would be welcome. What do YOU think of this

story?

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Daddy's Tight Wet Teens

I have some pics...

Teen Tiffany

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DaddyCool

Respected Poster

Joined: 03 Jun 2006

Posts: 189

Location: Just around the corner

Posted: Sun Jun 25, 2006 11:35 am Post subject:

CHAPTER 6

THE ONE ABOUT THE HIGH PRICE OF HIGH HEELS

The words still echoed in Tiffany's head: "You need someone

older and wiser,

telling you what to do."

Sweet God, thought the befuddled, horny teenager. Her

tormentors had even taken

something innocent and precious to her, "The Sound of Music,"

which she'd

performed in last year, and turned it into something she would

now think of only

with shame and humiliation. She was being told what to do by

men older than her,

but not the way the song meant.

"May I ask a question, please?" she asked meekly as Joe Black

released her from

the handcuffs, freeing her trapped arms."

"Sure thing, slut," said Mr. Brown.

"What are those things you put, uh, you know..." She couldn't

bear to bring

herself to say where she meant. "You know, inside me," she

finished."

"You mean stuffed up your little teenaged pussy?" responded

Brown. "Those are

ben-wa balls, baby. God, you really are such a < < CENSORED >

>! They're hollow metal balls,

partially filled with mercury. Women use them to masturbate.

They fit snugly up

inside that pussy of yours, and when you walk, they shift

their center of gravity

over and over, stimulating the inside of your pussy. The

sensations, I'm told,

are quite delicious."

Tiffany shuddered at the thought of these awful foreign

objects inside her most

private place.

"The thing is, as I understand, a woman will usually sit in a

rocking chair when

she has the ben-was in place and rock and play with her clit.

The result is a

spectacular orgasm for the woman. For you, though, it's likely

to be mostly just

an exercise in frustration, cause you're going to be walking

around the mall. You

won't be able to finger yourself to get yourself off, although

if you want to, we

probably won't stop you, so long as it's some place nice and

public, like the

food court. Mainly, as we see it, you'll just be in a

heightened state of

horniness for our little shopping trip."

Brown smiled diabolically. Tiffany, stunned at how much

trouble they were going

to, just looked down and bit her lip.

The men helped her back into her clothes, all except for her

bra, which they told

her she didn't need.

"Those 16-year-old tits are so perfectly perky you should

never wear a bra,

babe," said Joe Black. "They'll get more bounce that way when

you walk. Guys like

that!" Finally Tiffany was dressed - jeans, blouse, sneakers,

no bra - and they

all got out of the SUV. She realized she had no idea where

they were, that during

the long ride of torment she had been paying attention to what

was being done to

her in the backseat rather than where they were going.

"Where are we?" she asked.

"This is Southlands Mall, in Bernard," said Principal White.

"About 30 miles away

from town. We figured there's a lot less chance of being

spotted and recognized

here than if we went to the mall back in town. Last thing any

of us needs is to

be spotted hanging around outside school hours with our

school's prettiest

cheerleader, particularly when she's doing what you're going

to be doing here at

Southlands."

"Please, sirs, I'm begging you, can we just go home?" Tiffany

implored. She was

trembling with anxiety, and still a little lust from being

brought so close to

orgasm by the men and then stopped right before her climax.

"Of course not, bitch. We've gone to a lot of trouble to set

this up," said

White. "Now listen carefully, because once we get inside, I

don't want to have to

be repeating these directions for you over and over. You can

make this simple, or

you can make this complicated. The simple way is you do

exactly what we say for

the next hour, no questions, no tears, no trying to alert mall

security, and

after an hour, we go home. The hard way is you give us any

shit, or fail to

follow our instructions precisely. If that's the case, then my

friend starts

sending out those videos. We'll probably be able to add a few

more minutes onto

the part with the cock-sucking and the masturbating and the

appearance of drug

abuse of little Tiffany, naked, singing "I am < < CENSORED >

>, Going on < < CENSORED > >," if

Mr. Green here got a nice tight closeup that crops out the men

to your sides.

"You understand so far?"

"Yes sir," Tiffany said quietly.

"So you're going to get yourself some new clothes tonight,

stuff you can wear to

school from now on. Here's how it will work. We'll see

something in a store

window and tell you what we want you to get. You go into the

store, and one or

more of us will go in with you, but we will pretend like we're

not together. You

don't acknowledge us, we don't acknowledge you. But we'll be

keeping an eye on

you to make sure you keep our deal. You try on the item or

items and make sure

they fit. Whether you like them or not is irrelevant. If we're

doing our job,

you'll probably hate 'em, but tough shit. You take them to the

cashier, who we'll

have scoped out in advance, and who will be male. Tell him you

want to buy this,

but you don't have any money, and could you pay for it instead

with a blow job."

White paused to watch her reaction.

The color drained from Tiffany's beautiful young face. "What?"

she shrieked,

forgetting where she was. "I can't! I won't! I'll scream for

help!" They were

asking to offer oral sex to strange men in a shopping mall.

"You scream for help, missy," said the girl's principal, "and

out go the tapes,

complete with name, address and phone number. By the way,

isn't your daddy

running for City Council? We better make sure we add his

opponent, and the news

media, to the list of recipients. Make a helluva of a campaign

issue! Charles

Daniel's Teenage Daughter in Sex and Drug Video Scandal! What

a headline!"

"Stop! Stop! Stop!" shouted Tiffany, holding her hands over

her ears as if she

could block out the torture. "I'll do it, I'll do it!"

"That a girl," said White. "So as I was saying, you offer the

clerk or the

cashier or whoever the blowjob. Maybe there's a backroom you

can use, maybe a

dressing room, maybe you have to go to the mall men's room and

find a stall.

Picture that. Tiffany Daniels, the cock-teasing princess of

Daniels High, down on

her bare knees on a men's room floor, swallowing a stranger's

jism. It will

certainly be in your best interest, once you get started, to

make it nice and

quick. Suck his cock, swallow his cum, and meet back up with

us.

"Simple as that," concluded the principal.

Tiffany could barely speak. She started to hyperventilate in

panic and outrage.

She wanted to cry, or run, or kill these men. None of those

was an option. Her

only option was to do as they told her.

"Give me your purse," ordered Mr. White. He took the girl's

purse and gave it to

Mr. Green, who stuffed it into his shoulder bag with the video

camera. "Now you

have no money, no charge cards, no ID. You're not Tiffany

Daniels, spoiled little

rich girl any more. You're the Blowjob Queen of Southlands

Mall.

"Let's go," said Mr. White jauntily, and Tiffany and the four

men walked to the

mall. Almost immediately, the sexy cheerleader felt the ben-wa

balls start to

move in her pussy. It was a strange sensation, really rather

pleasant. She was

still wet from her masturbation session with the dildo and

then the

finger-fucking in the back of the Lincoln Navigator, and the

slick balls slipped

and tumbled inside of her.

Their first stop in the mall was an upscale shoe store. White,

who was clearly

running the show tonight, told her to stop, and the

cheerleader and her

tormentors all looked in the window.

"I kinda like that pair there," said Old Joe, pointing to a

pair of sexy black

open-toed pumps with 5-inch stiletto heels. The price tag in

front of them read

$79.95.

"Nice choice, Joe," said the principal. "But do you think a

blowjob even from a

stone-fuckin' fox like Miss Daniels here is worth $80?" There

was no one else

standing nearby, and the men were talking about her like she

was some sort of

street prostitute! Tiffany burned with shame.

"Oh, easily," said Joe. "I'm sure she lacks a certain

expertise, since I haven't

sampled her yet, but just look at those lips. The chick looks

so much like that

Kournikova girl that plays tennis, that's worth a lot right

there."

"Well I've had a blow job from her," chimed in Brown, the math

teacher who

started it all, "and while she's not a seasoned pro yet, when

my dick started to

spurt down her throat, I would have gladly paid $500 on the

spot. Course, I was

getting it for free!" He laughed, and the other men laughed

with him. Tiffany

wanted to die.

"OK," said White, turning to Tiffany. "Go in there and get

those shoes. You know

what to do. We'll be watching you. And do exactly as you've

been told, or the

whole world gets a special video treat starting tomorrow."

The cheerleader swallowed hard. Her stomach felt like lead.

She walked into the

shoe store, still feeling the metal balls churning and

churning inside her pussy.

"Hi, excuse me," she said to the salesman. He was a

middle-aged man, about her

father's age, but obviously just a clerk in a mall shoe-store

at night: a little

dumpy, dressed in polyester, no wedding ring. His pin= on name

tag said Jim.

"May I help you, miss?" His eyes glittered as he took in the

ravishing teen girl

before him.

"I'd like to try on that, uh, pair of shoes in the window,"

Tiffany said

nervously, pointing.

After Tiffany gave her size, the clerk went to get a pair from

the window, and

she sat down. White and Green had entered the shoestore and

were standing at a

display, pretending to be engrossed.

Jim returned with the shoes and tried them on her feet.

Tiffany stood up - Whoa!

They were by far the tallest heels she had ever had on. She

swayed precariously

and grabbed the clerk's shoulder for balance. He grinned and

quickly slipped his

arm around her waist, as if to steady her, but actually just

to brush up against

that firm teenie flesh.

"Take a few steps and see how you like them," the clerk said.

He was so engrossed

in Tiffany that he hadn't even noticed the two male

"customers."

Tiffany took a few wobbling steps. Normally a healthy five

foot seven, she was an

Amazon in the shoes, six feet tall. She could feel the muscles

in her legs moving

differently than they ever had before, stretching and pulling,

and she also felt

the ben-wa balls inside of her moving in a more stimulating

way. The heels

changed the way she walked, she realized, causing her to

thrust her pelvis out,

arch her back to maintain her balance. She was starting to

walk more like a

provocative slut and less like the normal teenaged girl she

still desperately

wanted to remain.

As she wobbled around the store, getting used to the high

heels, her large,

lovely breasts bounced more than usual in her blouse. Freed of

their bra, the

nipples rubbed against the cotton fabric and the stimulation

began to make them

erect. Soon her teenaged nipples were poking straight out

through the shirt, with

no bra to hold them back. All the while, the ben-wa balls

stuffed up inside her

rolled and rolled, a constant reminder of her horniness.

She walked back to Jim and spoke to him in a low voice. "Can I

talk to you

privately, please?" she whispered.

Jeez, thought Jim, what's up with this chick? The middle-aged

clerk saw her

nipples poking out, obviously braless, and now she was coming

on all

husky-voiced. He took her by the elbow and steered her toward

the back of the

store, with Tiffany hobbling and wobbling along, trying to

keep up.

"I, uh, mister, uh," she stammered. She could barely make

herself speak the

unspeakable words. But her two tormentors were still in the

store, stealing

covert glances at her, and she knew what the penalty would be

if she didn't

follow through: not just humiliation in front of her friends

and family, but

Internet postings of her name and address that could get her

stalked and raped.

The beleaguered cheerleader forced herself to do what she

must. "I don't have

money for these shoes, but I really want them," she blurted

out. "If you'll let

me have them, I'll, uh, you know..." She stopped again.

"No, I don't know," said Jim, but his cock was beginning to

get an idea. It

stirred in his slacks. What was this little slut up to?

"I'll, uh, make you cum."

"Yes!" thought Jim. "Thank you Jesus!"

"I think we can work something out," said Jim. "Excuse me,

gentleman," he shouted

at the two men hovering in the front of the store. "I have to

close up for a few

minutes. Out ya go!"

Mr. White and Mr. Green exchanged smiles and willingly left.

Jim slid the glass

front of the store closed and locked it.

"I'm all yours, little lady," he leered. "Now more

specifically, what did you

have in mind?"

"Can we go in the back room?" Tiffany said quietly, close to

tears.

Jim steered the trembling schoolgirl into a backroom, and

unbuckled his belt. His

pants fell to his ankles, and Tiffany could see the outline of

his erection

throbbing in his jockeys.

Tiffany took a deep breath. She could either drag this out and

take all night, or

get it over with and get home, safe in her own bed. There was

only one way out.

She dropped to her knees in front of the clerk, pulled his

shorts down, and

engulfed his cock in her warm teenaged mouth.

"Oh yeah, baby, suck that rod," the salesman said. "You can

have all the shoes

you want anytime you want, baby."

It was the first time young Tiffany had given a blowjob on her

own. Her first

time she had been drugged and her mouth little more than a

receptacle. The second

time, her principal had fucked her mouth and forced her. Now

it was up to her to

figure out what to do.

It didn't take long for the girl to learn. The salesman held

the sides of her

head and started sliding his cock in and out of her mouth.

"Use your tongue, baby, and lick the underside," he ordered.

She did, running her

pink tongue along the bottom of his shaft and then around its

thick purple head.

"Oh yeah, baby, that's it."

Tiffany felt the cock moving in and out, sometimes pushing so

far into her mouth

that she almost gagged. She didn't even think to use her

hands, and it didn't

occur to Jim to tell her, because it wasn't necessary. Jim had

had three blowjobs

in his entire life, and all three of those from hookers, and

to have a sexy young

girl come into his store, drop to her knees and start sucking

him off was beyond

his wildest sexual fantasy. He felt the sperm building in his

balls.

On her end, Tiffany felt the head of Jim's cock start to

swell. He was pushing in

harder and faster now, and his grip on her head tightened. Her

knees hurt from

the concrete storeroom floor, and her humiliation knew no

bounds. She wished the

earth would swallow her whole.

"Here it comes, slut!" shouted Jim, and suddenly the cock in

her mouth erupted,

shooting stream after stream of thick white jism onto her

tongue and straight

down her throat. She started to spit it out, but remembered

somehow in the back

of her mind her orders were to swallow, so she started

gulping.

It had been more than a week since Jim had masturbated, and he

had a huge reserve

of salty semen for the kneeling cheerleader. She swallowed

over and over, eight,

nine, ten times, and finally Jim's cock was quiet.

She arose from her kneeling position awkwardly, stood again on

the high heels.

Jim pulled his pants back up.

"Could I interest you in another pair of shoes?" he asked with

big grin.

"God no!" Tiffany blurted. Now that she had followed her

orders, she wanted to

get out of the shoe store so badly she could scream. She

walked quickly toward

the front of the store and Jim, reluctantly, let her out. As

he watched her walk

away, he wondered if this was where those letters to the

editors of Penthouse

came from. And here all along he thought they were made up!

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Daddy's Tight Wet Teens

I have some pics...

Teen Tiffany

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DaddyCool

Respected Poster

Joined: 03 Jun 2006

Posts: 189

Location: Just around the corner

Posted: Mon Jun 26, 2006 10:13 am Post subject:

CHAPTER 7

THE ONE WHERE OUR GIRL GETS MALLED

As soon as Tiffany left the shoe store, White fell in right

beside her.

"I see you got the shoes," he noted with approval. "Nice job.

Now let me smell

your breath."

Tiffany was too dazed and befuddled with all the demands and

orders that she

didn't even pause to wonder about the strange request. She

opened her mouth and

exhaled.

"Ah yes, the smell of cum in a young girl's mouth," White said

quietly. "Nothing

like it. Better than napalm in the morning."

Tiffany had no idea what her principal was talking about. She

just wanted to get

this horrible trip to the mall over with.

The other men joined them. "We found some nice clothes over at

the Gap," said Joe

Black as the four walked along.

"Lead on," said White, and soon Tiffany found herself walking

into the Gap, this

time with the Daniels school janitor, a man she normally would

not even

acknowledge, but who now controlled her as surely as if she

were a marionette and

he the puppeteer.

"There's a pile of clothes I gathered up in the far right rear

corner," Black

whispered to her. "There's six items. Take the black skirt off

the top, try it on

in the dressing room, and wear it out. Get the other clothes

and find the clerk

named Ralph. Make him your offer." Black turned and walked

back out of the store;

he knew that even in the '90s you just didn't see a black man

and a pretty white

girl chumming around together in a suburban mall at night.

Tiffany found the pile right where Joe had assembled them,

took them into a

dressing room and stripped it off her jeans. She pulled out

the black skirt and

was puzzled - surely it was way too small! Her teenaged hips

were not wide, but

they were certainly voluptuous and full. No way she would fit

into this!~

She pulled the skirt up and found it was made of Spandex, and

stretched to fit.

She tugged it over her thighs, up to her waist. Jeez, this

sucker was tight! But

finally it was in place.

The black Spandex skirt was a micro-mini. When Tiffany looked

in the dressing

room mirror, she couldn't believe her eyes. It clung to her

like a large black

rubber band. That's practically what it was, anyway. It came

down to just two

inches below her crotch, and the bottom moons of the cheeks of

her ass were half

an inch away from being plainly visible.

Still, she knew what she had to do. She pulled the black

high-heeled pumps back

on, gathered up her old jeans and the other new clothes and

went off to find

Ralph.

"Just get through this, just get through this," she kept

telling herself.

Every person in the Gap stopped what they were doing and

stared at the stunning

teenager as she strolled through the store. Inside her white

blouse, her

unfettered breasts bounced freely, showing off the hint of

darkness around each

nipple. The micro-mini clung to her ass and crotch as it if

was spray-painted on.

Her long bare legs were tanned and magnificent. And the high

heels made her walk

with a hooker's strut, rolling her hips and pelvis. (What no

observer could see

were the ben-wa balls turning and churning inside Tiffany's

pussy, ratcheting up

her awareness of her own sexuality with every step). She

looked like she was

auditioning for a Penthouse video.

"Yo, babe, check it out. Nice walk!" called a black teenager.

Tiffany ignored

him. When she approached the check-out counter, she spied the

clerk named Ralph.

This one, at least, was someone closer to her own age, maybe

about 18, and not

bad-looking. He wore khakis and a polo shirt, and was decent

enough looking that

under other circumstances, Tiffany might have even talked to

him.

"Hi," she said. "I need to talk to you privately for a

minute."

"Sure thing, ma'am" said the boy. Tiffany's stomach fluttered

a bit. He had a

sexy voice, and kind eyes, and she was horny, and she knew

what she was going to

do to this boy in just a few minutes, and that thought,

somehow, made her

hornier. What had been sick and disgusting back with the shoe

store clerk was now

seeming not so terrible. If only she could get off too! But

that would take more

time, and more explaining, and she couldn't imagine what she

would tell the boy

about the metal balls inside her.

"I want to get that stack of clothes I left up on the

counter," she told Ralph

once they were in a corner, "but I, uh, my purse was stolen."

She didn't know why

she lied, she just wanted to think of some way to save face.

"So maybe I could do

something real nice for you in exchange for the clothes."

Ralph looked the sweet high school student up and down. He

knew he would get

fired if he was caught, and he wasn't sure what she had in

mind, but he had to

find out.

"There's an employee men's room in the back," he said. "Follow

me." He marched

through a curtain and Tiffany followed him into the men's

room, where he turned

and locked the door from the inside.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Ralph asked.

"No, but I have to," Tiffany answered honestly.

"You don't have to do anything," Ralph said. "If you want to

trade clothes for

sex, I won't say no, but wouldn't it be nicer if we went

somewhere and made love

properly? Then you could come back and I'd give you some

clothes. I mean, this is

kinda tacky," he concluded, gesturing at the squalidness of

the men's room.

"I know," said Tiffany. Her mind was reeling. This boy was

actually very nice. He

said things like "make love" where all the other men just

talked about sucking

their cocks. He was good-looking, and he smelled nice. In

another world, she

would have dated him, maybe, gone to a movie, maybe gone

parking down by the lake

and made out. But that was not Tiffany's world right now. She

knew Old Joe and

the others would be waiting outside, waiting to smell her

breath and degrade and

debase her further. She steeled herself, reached out a hand

and unzipped Ralph's

khakis.

"I'd love to chat," she said, trying to sound nice, "but right

now I just have to

give you a blow job."

Ralph had tried to do the right thing, but he was, after all,

a teenage boy, with

a lovely girl squatting down and unzipping his fly and pulling

his dick out with

her tender fingers. He sprang to life, hard as a steel bar,

and knew he wasn't

going to be offering this little slut any more alternatives.

Tiffany leaned forward and placed her lips around the head of

Ralph's prick.

"Ohmigod!" the boy moaned softly. "You are so sexy!"

Pleased at the compliment, Tiffany reached a hand into his

open fly and began to

fondle his balls. Although the ben-wa balls were stationary,

her pussy was

suddenly leaking a trickle of juice than ran down her thigh.

Her clit was

throbbing, and she thought about reaching down with her other

hand, pulling her

knickers aside and masturbating while she sucked the teenaged

boy. But she forced

herself to focus. Even though this was much nicer than her

previous blow jobs,

the goal was to get the evening over with.

The blonde cheerleader pulled her mouth off the engorged dick,

then stuck her

tongue out and swirled it over and over the head. Ralph moaned

and leaned back

against the bathroom wall. Tiffany leaned forward, her

gorgeous red lips open

wide, and ran her mouth all the way down onto his cock as far

as she could

manage. His kinky pubic hairs tickled her nose. She pulled

back, then started

bobbing her head up and down, faster and and faster. Her hand

seemed to be on

automatic pilot, rolling his testicles around in his scrotum.

She could feel them

start to inch upward and his scrotum tighten as his orgasm

approached.

"Oh yes, ohhhhh yes," the boy moaned. Tiffany pussy spasmed

slightly. She was so

damned turned on. She had never been this horny in her young

life. She reached

down with her free hand without even thinking, pulled aside

her knickers and

started rubbing her exposed pink clit with two fingers.

Suddenly, Ralph's cock exploded into her mouth, pulsing out

wave after wave of

hot boy semen. She started swallowing dutifully, and kept

working her clit,

faster and faster, approaching her own climax.

Sated, Ralph pulled his cock from the girl's hot mouth with a

"pop" as the

suction of her lips was broken. The blowjob was over, but she

still hadn't cum!

Without the cock in her mouth, she was suddenly very aware of

who she was and

what she was doing: squatting on a men's room floor

masturbating furiously in

front of a total stranger! My God, she thought, what was

happening to her. She

pulled her hand away from her sopping wet crotch, and the

spell was completely

broken. She had once again come so close to an orgasm, only to

fall short.

Ralph was zipping up his pants. There was nothing for Tiffany

to do but stand up

and smile, weakly.

"Thank you, thank you thank you," blabbed the lucky Gap clerk.

Boy, would he have

some story to tell his friends! He wished he had a Polaroid

camera to take a

picture of this vision of loveliness, dressed like a total

whore, standing in

front of him with a tiny dribble of his semen at the the

corner of her mouth.

"You're welcome," was all Tiffany could manage as her

well-bred manners

automatically took over.

"Can I have your phone number?" Ralph asked. "I could call

you..."

Tiffany thought it was wonderful that he was still acting as

if they had met in

the food court after a basketball game, but she was in enough

trouble and wasn't

about to give her number to a boy who thought she gave out

blow jobs all the

time. She declined, scooped up the clothes, stuffed them in a

large Gap bag that

had been left in the restroom and beat it out of there without

even saying

goodbye.

Ralph stood forlornly and watched her go.

Click click click went Tiffany's heels as she walked quickly

along the tile floor

of the mall. Swish swish went the round globes of her ass

under the tight black

mini, back and forth, mesmerizing every male in the mall. She

saw Old Joe coming

toward her. He smiled when he saw the Gap bag in her hand.

"Well done, little missy. By the way, in case you didn't have

time to have a

proper conversation with young Ralph, he's on the baketball

team of the local

high school. I believe they're our opponent for homecoming."

He smiled a toothy

grin.

Every time Tiffany thought her ordeal had reached the bottom,

it got worse. Now

she would have to go out on the court Friday night in her

cheerleader uniform and

Ralph would be telling all his teammates about how that blonde

cheerleader had

sucked him off a few nights ago in the mall. Her face burned

with shame.

Old Joe told her to walk on ahead until she met Tom Green, who

would direct her

to her next store. That store turned out to be The Rave, and

this time Green

walked right in with her. Tiffany had never been in this kind

of store, which

sold hippie clothes, punk garb, Goth stuff, some surfer garb.

Heavy metal played

loudly on the stereo, and black light posters of skulls,

bare-breasted witches

and cartoon dogs fucking hung on the walls. A glass case along

one wall contained

bongs, buttons with sayings like "Cure Virginity," temporary

Harley tattoos. It

wasn't really a rough place, it was just for suburban

wannabes, < < CENSORED > > who didn't

have the guts to get a real tattoo but would get one that

would come off in a

week.

It was still enough to scare Tiffany, who was more used to

shopping at stores

like the Gap with daddy's American Express.

"In here, no one will think it's weird if we're together,"

Green was saying as he

put his arm around her shoulder. "You're my girlfriend, if

anyone even cares to

ask. We'll pick out some clothes, and then I'll let you

arrange payment." He

chuckled.

Green led her to a stack of halter tops. He picked one that

said "Porn Star"

across the front in glitter letters. Another said "Stop

Looking at My Tits!" One

had no words, but was white and so sheer it was almost

transparent. She might as

well wrap Saran Wrap around her tits, Tiffany thought. Green

put them all in a

pile for "purchase," then found what he was looking for and

said "A ha!"

The halter was black, like her shoes and her skirt, and across

the front, in

large silver script, it read: "JUST DO ME." Underneath was a

Nike swoosh.. It

probably broke all kinds of counterfeiting laws, but The Rave

staff didn't care

much about such niceties.

"This is the one I want you to wear the rest of the night,"

Green told the

frightened girl.

"Do they have it in a bigger size?" she asked. "I think that

one will be too

small."

"Nonsense," said Green. "Here, let's try it on."

"You mean in the dressing room?"

"No, I mean right here, my little video star." Green turned to

the man behind the

counter. "Hey, dude, you mind if my girlfriend here tries on a

halter top without

using a dressing room?" he said in a voice loud enough for

everyone in the store

to hear.

The guy behind the counter was large and hefty, a beefy guy

who looked like a

biker even though he wasn't. He had a handlebar moustache and

long black hair

tied back in a ponytail, and the sleeves of his black T-shirt

were cut off,

showing off his muscles. His right bicep bore the tattoo

"Pretty Fucking

Dangerous" under a skull smoking a cigarette.

"Knock yourself out, man," he said with a big smile.

"Please don't make do this," Tiffany begged. She tried to make

herself look sweet

and vulnerable and pitiful to Mr. Green.

"I'll make you a deal," he said. "If you try on the halter

right here where

you're standing, I'll let you off the hook with blowing Mr.

Dangerous over

there. I'm a little worried about him. He looks like the kind

of guy who might

really hurt you, might want to slap you around a little if he

has you alone in

back. He might even have a knife and want to cut you a

little." Green was laying

it on thick, terrifying the already frightened girl, whose

trembling had started

again.

Tiffany was about to pee on the floor she was so scared. Mr.

Green was right, the

biker behind the counter did look very mean indeed. If Green

left her alone in

the store and she had to offer him a blow job, it might be a

much uglier

experience than dorky Jim in the shoe store or sweet Ralph at

the Gap.

"You mean I have to be p-p-partially naked right here in the

store?" she

stammered.

"Yup, and you'd better get moving, little video star, or I'll

walk over there to

Mr. Dangerous and tell him what he's about to get in five

minutes. Once he

focuses on getting his dick in your mouth, there won't be

anything either one of

us can do." Green was playing the teen like a violin.

Tiffany felt sick, but knew she had no choice. She glanced

around nervously and

started to move behind a display.

Green stopped her. "Right there where you're standing," he

ordered. "If you get

to skip a blow job, the other guys are gonna be pissed and

want to know why, and

I need to be able to tell them it was a fair trade- off."

Actually, Tiffany didn't realize that her three other

tormentors were standing

right outside the entrance, blocking the door, which served

two purposes. First,

it prevented mall security from wandering in unannounced.

Second, Brown had the

video camera out and was getting the whole thing on tape to

add to the Tiffany

Blackmail Video. The men had already scoped out The Rant and

figured out this

variation in their plan.

"Better get busy with those buttons," Green told her. "And

smile, baby. Don't

think of it as showing off those pretty tits of yours. Think

of it as avoiding a

nasty encounter with Mr. Dangerous back there."

Tiffany swallowed hard. The room seemed to be wavering again,

but this time there

were no drugs in her system. She knew what she had to do, and

began unbuttoning

her white blouse. When all the buttons were undone, she

reached out to the halter

top Green was holding. The teacher stepped back out of her

reach.

"No, first the shirt comes all the way off. Lay it on the

floor, and then ask me

politely for the top."

Tiffany cursed him under her breath, then slid the blouse over

her shoulder and

down her arms. It fell to the floor, and the 16-year-old

cheerleader was standing

naked from the waist up in the middle of the store.

She realized the store was utterly quiet. Two teenage girls

who had been looking

through the clothes and stopped and were staring at her. The

ugly man behind the

counter was ogling her magnificent tits too, and from

somewhere in the back, two

teenaged boys had appeared and started pointing and nudging

each other. The poor

girl wanted to die.

Tiffany instinctively crossed her arms over her chest.

"Hands at your sides, Tiffany. Get 'em there this second, or

I'll ask some of

these guys to come over and hold them there."

With that, the tattooed man bounded out from behind the

counter and was at

Tiffany's side even before she could obey. "You need some help

here, boss?" he

asked. "Little lady causing you problems?"

"I don''t know," Green answered. "Are you causing me problems,

Tiffany? Do we

need this gentleman to assist us?" The burly man towered over

Tiffany and stared

straight at her cleavage.

"No, sir," Tiffany said, and slowly lowered her arms to her

sides. Her 36-inch

breasts, capped with the beautiful pink nipples, were on

display for all the

world to see.

"Oh, man!" said one of the teen boys in a voice louder than he

intended. "Check

out that rack! Jesus Christ!"

"Please, sir, may I have the top?" Tiffany said, her voice

steely. It was taking

all her will power not to run screaming from the store.

"Let's ask our salesperson," Green said, taunting the girl.

"Do you think she'll

look good in this?" He held up the black "JUST DO ME" halter.

"I don't know, man," said the man, playing along with the

game. He wasn't sure

what kind of weird shit these people were into, but he was

willing to see where

it went. "It's kind of small, and those tits of hers are

awfully big."

"How big are they, Tiffany?" Green asked.

"Please, please, please, sir," the schoolgirl begged. "Can I

just have the top?"

"Not until we find out how big your tits are," Green replied.

"What's your bra

size, honey? We need to know to make sure we get this fitting

right."

"36 C, goddamn it!" Tiffany spat.

"Yup, they look about that size," said Mr. Green. "Here, you

can have the top,

but since this gentleman works here, I think maybe he ought to

help you into it.

And that's the only condition you can have the top."

Tiffany started to shiver. It was cold in the store, and her

nipples were getting

hard. The metalhead music blared, and the teen boys were now

giggling like Beavis

and Butthead. The two girls had crept closer as well, and the

customers formed a

ring around Tiffany, staring and pointing. She knew she had to

do whatever Green

said or he would just keep her standing here with everyone

staring at her naked

breasts.

"OK," Tiffany said softly.

"OK what?" Mr. Green asked.

"OK, he can help me try it on."

"Ask him," Green ordered.

"Would you please help me try this halter top on?" she said to

the ugly biker.

"Oh, one more thing, Tiffany," Green said nonchalantly. "To

make sure we get the

best fit, I want you to take a real breath and hold it till I

tell you to let it

out."

Tiffany knew what the sadistic teacher was doing, but had no

choice. She inhaled

a lungful of air, which caused her to stomach to flatten in

and her chest to

stick out even more. It looked as if she was deliberately

flaunting her fantastic

bare tits at the customers in the store.

Mr Dangerous grinned, and Mr. Green handed him the JUST DO ME

top.

At the entrance to The Rave, Roger White was capturing the

whole scene on video.

The biker held the tiny top in his meaty paw and eyeballed the

scared, half-naked

cheerleader standing in the middle of his store. He slowly

untied the two sets of

strings on the back, taking his time. The four other teenagers

in the store just

stared. It felt as if everyone was holding their breath,

waiting for the next

move in the strange little drama of dominance and submission.

Mr. Dangerous laid the halter down over the tops of Tiffany's

beautifully jutting

breasts, then stepped behind her and pulled the two strings

that tied around the

back of her neck. Although her breasts were now partially

covered, the pink

nipples, stiff with cold and fear, still poked out for all to

see. She wanted

more than anything in the world to cover them, but knew she

had to keep her hands

obediently at her sides, or else the whole process would be

dragged out even

longer.

The clerk took hold of the bottom of the halter and pulled it

gently down over

her breasts, brushing the hairy backs of his hands over her

nibbles as he covered

them. The top came down a little below her nipples, but still

left sweet-looking

half-moons of teenaged flesh hanging out below.

"Doesn't look like it's gonna cover 'em up, boss," he said to

Green. "These

titties are just too big." Tiffany was mortified.

"Let's keep trying, maybe we can make it work," Green replied.

Dangerous pulled

the second set of strings behind Tiffany's bare back and tied

them there.

"OK, you can exhale, Tiffany," said Green. She did, but even

as her body regained

its usual shape, it was apparent to all in the store that the

halter top just

barely covered her. In addition to the breastmeat that hung

out the bottom, she

was flashing as much cleavage as if she was wearing a

Wonderbra, and only a

Wonderbra. The small amount of black fabric that covered the

middles of her

breasts and the still-erect nipples was stretched extremely

tight, and the logo

JUST DO ME was slightly distorted, but still readable.

"What do you think?" Green asked the burly clerk.

"Well, I liked her better with her tits hanging out," he

answered honestly, and

the teen boys watching nodded furiously in agreement, still

speechless. "But it

does make her look pretty fuckin' hot, I gotta say that."

"Tiffany, do you think you look pretty fuckin' hot?" Green

asked.

The tormented teenager didn't know what she was supposed to

answer. She decided

the best course was to quickly agree with everything, just to

get the ordeal over

with. "Yes sir," she whimpered meekly.

"I'm worried that when you leave the store and start bouncing

through the mall,

your tits are gonna pop right out of that top," Green told

her. "So hold your

arms very firmly against your sides." Tiffany did so, and the

effect was to push

her bosoms out even more, accentuating the cleavage.

"Very good," Green said. "And since you have your arms holding

the sides of your

new halter in place, you won't be needing this." And he deftly

reached around and

untied the strings stretched across her back. Tiffany

instantly knew that she had

to keep her arms locked at her sides, that any release in the

pressure on the

sides of the halter would probably cause it to pop right off

her chest, so tight

was the fit.

"Tell you what," Green said to the tattooed clerk. "How about

giving us the

halter in exchange for the little show we put on?" There was

no disagreement,

only a big grin and a nod.

"So, let's go, sweetie," Green said, and guided Tiffany by the

elbow toward the

entrance, where she saw her principal clicking off the video

camera that had

captured the entire humiliating display.

As the young girl walked out of the store and into the mall,

she realized how

vulnerable she was. The high heels made her walk unsteady. The

ben-wa balls began

slooshing around again inside her wet teenaged pussy, sending

wonderful erotic

messages throughout her confused body. She had to keep her

arms locked down at

her sides as she walked. From behind, she was naked from the

neck to her ankles,

except for the micro- mini skirt that clung tightly to her

hips. From the front,

she had a little more covering, but was advertising herself as

the biggest slut

in the world with the JUST DO ME logo on her shirt. It was all

she could do to

keep walking, and yet she knew that was her only hope of

eventually getting out

of the mall.

"One final touch, bitch-baby, and then we're done here and

ready to go home,"

White told her. As he pulled her into a small alcove of pay

phones that was

fortunately empty. He reached into a Spenser's Gifts bag and

pulled out a plastic

tiara, the kind little girls would wear for dress- up. It was

silver and crusted

with cheap rhinestones, and the plastic had been molded in

front to spell out the

word "PRINCESS."

"Since you think you're such a princess," White told the girl,

"We thought we

should make it official." He put the tiara on Tiffany's head,

adjusted it, and

tucked its clips into her hair. Somehow the tiara was the

worst touch of all to

the girl. The slutty clothing was at least a coherent

ensemble, but the tiara was

like a sick joke, and just called even more attention to her,

if that was

possible.

"You can take a stroll up the length of the mall and back

again, by yourself,"

White told her, "and then we'll take you back to school." He

pulled out the video

camera. "And make it look like you're enjoying yourself. We're

not quite done

with our evening yet; there's more to come when we get back to

school. If you put

on a good show here at the mall, maybe we'll go a little easy

on you when we get

back. But if you look like you're miserable, we'll just have

to think of some

more things to do. Think we can come up with any, fellows?" he

asked the three

other perverted men in the group.

"Oh, I got a little mental list," whispered Joe Black. " A

looooong mental list."

"Get going, babe," White said, and slapped Tiffany hard on her

Spandex-covered

ass. She took a few wobbly steps out into the mall.

Once she got going, it wasn't as bad as it could have been. At

least it wasn't a

rainy Saturday afternoon, she told herself, when the mall

would have been packed.

Or at least it was the Beverly Mall at home, where she

couldn't avoid running

into friends and classmates. As she walked, the balls in her

pussy worked their

magic, turning and churning, upping her lust level with every

step. She tuned out

her surroundings and barely saw the middle aged men who

stopped in their tracks

to stare, the boys from The Rave who had hooked up with some

friends and were

trailing her every step a few yards back, the disapproving

stares of the women

who saw only a cheap slut strutting around, offering her

nubile body to every

man. White got the whole thing on video, even the cutaways to

the onlookers.

Finally she was finished with her long walk. The whole trip to

the mall had only

taken an hour, but it seemed like an eternity to the poor

girl. She wondered how

much more abuse she could take from these men, and whether it

would get worse.

She knew that so far, none of them had fucked her, and she'd

only sucked off two

of them, and she somehow knew, even though she wouldn't let

herself dwell on it,

that such a status quo could not possibly last much longer.

Nor would it. The men had carefully timed the evening's

events, and knew that if

they left the mall now, and drove quickly back to Beverly,

they'd have about half

an hour with Tiffany before she was due home. All four had

raging hard-ons based

on what they had done to the school's best-looking

cheerleader, and based, as

well, on what they had in store for her when they got back to

school.

(Dr. Wu would like to pay homage to James Dawson, whose

classic story

"Cheerleader's Torment" provided some of the inspiration for

this chapter.)

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Daddy's Tight Wet Teens

I have some pics...

Teen Tiffany

Back to top

DaddyCool

Respected Poster

Joined: 03 Jun 2006

Posts: 189

Location: Just around the corner

Posted: Mon Jun 26, 2006 10:15 am Post subject:

CHAPTER 8

THE ONE WITH THE HISTORY LESSON

The big Lincoln Navigator sped through the night on the way

back to Godfrey

Daniels High School and the remainder of Tiffany's evening

with her tormentors.

Traffic was non-existent, but had there been any, they would

have seen a strange

sight: out of the back seat window on the driver's side stuck

a cute bare foot.

And out of the passenger's side back seat window, another cute

bare foot.

In the back seat, Tiffany was in agony. After she had left the

mall with the men

and gotten into the SUV in the parking lot, they had ordered

her to strip off her

knickers. Mr. White, the principal, had told her they would see

how the trip

worked without handcuffs this time, but that they were ready

to cuff her again if

she wasn't completely co-operative.

Wedged again in the back seat between Joe Black, the school

janitor, and John

Brown, her algebra teacher, the cute cheerleader was ordered

to take off the

high-heeled pumps in which she had been strutting around the

mall looking like a

slut. She did so willingly, as they had really been hurting

her feet. Then White

told her to stick her right foot out the right window, and her

left foot out the

left. To make sure she obeyed, Old Joe got out the cuffs and

rattled them in her

face.

Although it was difficult, the girl quickly complied, so

anxious was she to avoid

being cuffed and helpless again. Fortunately, her cheerleading

practice and

teenaged limberness served her well. She went into what

amounted to a splits in

the backseat of the Lincoln, and managed, barely, to get each

foot out of each

rear window. As soon as they were out, White hit a button in

the control panel up

front and both windows began to move upward.

"Nooo!" Tiffany shouted and started to pull her feet in. But

in a flash, Black

and Brown each grabbed an ankle firmly in their hands and held

her feet in place.

Up, up, up went the power windows, until finally Tiffany's

feet were trapped in

place. The glass pinning her ankles to the ceiling wasn't

really painful, but the

position was a terrible strain. Her beautiful naked legs were

now spread as wide

as they could possible be spread, almost but not quite in a

straight line. In

order to accommodate the position, Tiffany had had to scoot

her butt forward on

the seat, hiking the black miniskirt up almost to her waist,

and completely

exposing her gorgeous blonde pussy to the lustful gazes of the

men. The muscles

in her thighs quivered slightly at the difficulty of holding

the position, but

Tiffany knew that she had no choice, and that in all

probability she would be

trapped like this - spread wide, vulnerable, naked from the

waist down - for the

entire half-hour drive back to town.

The teen beauty's big blue eyes were filled with fear and

anguish. "Ohh, please,

my legs hurt," she begged her captors. As the Navigator picked

up speed, the wind

blew against the naked soles of Tiffany's feet, tickling them

slightly, adding

yet another sensation to the over- stimulated girl.

"Hush, Princess," said Tom Green, her English teacher, from

the front seat.

"That's what we're going to call you from now on: Princess.

You've even got the

crown to prove it," he added, referring to the cheap plastic <

< CENSORED > >'s tiara

Tiffany was still wearing. "You've always acted like such the

little princess,

and now we're just following through on that. It's going to be

a real hoot when

you show up at school tomorrow wearing that tiara, Princess."

The teenager's perfect breasts heaved up and down as she

struggled to maintain

her composure at the thought of appearing at school in such a

ridiculous mockery.

"Now that we're alone," White said, "we can do without the

halter top."

Instantly, Joe Black grabbed the bottom of the skimpy black

halter and yanked it

up, and Tiffany's milky white tits spilled out. With the

halter now bunched

around her neck and the miniskirt hiked to her waist, all of

her lovely charms

were on full display. Her face burned with shame, her leg

muscles ached, the wind

tickled her feet, and the SUV pushed on relentlessly.

"Before we start our next game," White told the 16-year-old

girl, "I want to tell

you a couple of stories. I suggest you listen well, because

your future depends

on how well you understand them.

"As I told you earlier, these games have been going on for

about 10 years. I

started it, then Old Joe joined me, then Tom and John. We wait

for a student at

Daniels to fuck up, and then we exploit her weakness and

blackmail her. Sexual

abuse is part of the game, but after you've fucked 40 or so

teenaged girls, the

mind longs for more, er, creative pursuits. So we've been

focusing more and more

on entrapping the stuck-up cunts, the cock-teasers, the

princesses, the little

girls who walk around like their shit don't stink, and then

humiliating them

utterly. Coming up with new ways to accomplish that keeps us

on our toes and

keeps the game interesting.

"So far," White continued, "you've performed better than some

of our past

victims, but still not quite at the level we expect. Back

there in The Rave, for

example, we told you to smile when you were trying on your

halter top, and you

didn't. We were shooting the whole thing on video, and it

would be much more

effective if it had appeared like you were doing that little

number of your own

free will. Now we'll have to have our friend, Mr. Isherwoood,

edit the tape, and

it will probably only be snippets of you, stripped to the

waist in public being

ogled by a gang. Admittedly, once we get those few shots added

on to your ongoing

video, along with the shots of you strutting around the mall

like a whore in

heat, it will look to anyone viewing it that you are not under

any duress, which

is, of course, the idea. But we hate it when one of our

victims makes our little

games harder for us, and when we hate something, it makes us

even more creative

and even nastier. So I suggest you get with the fucking

program, Princess!"

Tiffany sniffled, and shuddered. They were madmen! But she was

trapped, so she

simply said, very meekly, "Yes, sir."

"Now let me tell you about a little girl named Claire. This

was about eight years

ago, and Claire was a senior at Daniels. An honor student.

National Honor

Society. Salutatorian. Played first violin in the school

orchestra. A virgin. A

little on the thin side, but a real beauty. She could have

been a model. Such a

good girl. But to keep her grades up and manage all of her

workload, Claire had

developed a bit of a speed habit. Not a lot, just sometimes,

for studying. One of

her teachers suspected, and sent her to me. I did a search of

her purse -

< < CENSORED > >, of course, but I guess Claire wasn't that

bright after all - and found a

few capsules.

"The game was on, and for awhile, it went pretty much the way

yours was going. We

started with some videos, to get even more blackmailing

material on Claire. While

she technically was cooperative, at every step she made it

difficult for us.

She'd threaten to tell her parents, or she'd cry throughout a

video shoot to make

it unusable, on and on. What a pain in the ass!

"Her attitude just pissed us off. Normally, we cut our girls

loose after we've

had our fun, and let them go back to their little teenaged

lives, dry-humping

boys in the backs of cars and watching MTV or whatever the

hell they do. But not

Claire. We felt she hadn't learned her lesson, so when she

went away to Harvard,

we kept tabs on her. We flew up midway through her freshman

year with a video

from her senior year of her giving eight consecutive blowjobs

to some guys we

recruited, her face clearly visible, and told her we'd show it

to her boyfriend

and all her teachers if she didn't make a new one. We rented a

hotel room, and

tied her down spread-eagle on the bed, and brought in a German

Shepherd we'd

borrowed from a friend.

Tiffany's heart was racing as White told the story. My God,

she thought, these

men are worse monsters than I thought! A dog! Oh my God!

"Little Princess Claire freaked out, but fortunately she was

well tied and

thoroughly gagged. We spread Alpo all over her pussy and

turned the Shepherd

loose. His big, rough tongue started licking, and licking, and

licking. We'd

tucked some Alpo well up inside her, and he was rooting that

nose up into her

pussy, and lapping for all he was worth. Pretty soon the

inevitable happened.

Against her will, Claire started to get turned on by the dog

going down on her.

She stopped struggling, and started bucking her hips upward.

We took the panty

gag out of her mouth and instead of screaming for help, she

started moaning,

"Ohhh, Jesus, yes, Jesus, don't stop! That feels so good!" And

right there on the

bed, Claire had herself one shattering, mind-blowing orgasm

from being licked by

a dog.

"That's when we told her we had been surreptitiously taping

the whole show. She'd

forgotten how devious we were, and when she didn't see a video

camera and started

focusing on the dog, she just forgot everything. That was one

of our all-time

best videos, and we showed it to Claire. Although the Internet

was pretty new at

that point, we'd managed to get in touch with a Japanese

businessman who had

offered us big money for that kind of tape, or several other

types. We told

Claire she could either continue to cooperate, or we'd sell

the tape. She didn't

know if she'd ever even visit Japan, but the thought of a

bunch of Japs sitting

around watching her orgasm with a dog and whacking off had a

powerful effect. We

turned off the video camera and boned that Harvard freshman up

the ass for one

solid hour. She was still so turned on from Rover that with a

little tweaking on

her clit, she came over and over even when Old Joe had his

rather impressive

piston at work. Hell," White added with an evil leer,

"especially when Old Joe

was working that ass!

"So flash forward a few years," White continued. "Claire

graduated Harvard, went

to Law School, made Law Review, got a great job on a

partnership track at a top

firm in New York. She was about 26 now. This would have been

about six months

ago. The four of us flew to New York and made an appointment

to see a Mr. Mason,

the senior partner in the firm. We told him we had important

information about a

young woman at his firm who was about to be made a full

partner. We played Mr.

Mason the video of Claire and the dog, and man, I thought his

eyes were gonna pop

out of his head. It was a risk, we knew. The guy could have

had us arrested, but

we gambled that most men, faced with the opportunity we were

presenting to Mr.

Mason, would take the low road, the testosterone highway. Not

only did he pay us

nicely for the tape, but we signed a contract, that if we ever

needed legal

representation, he would provide it pro bono. Sooner or later,

we figure, some

little girl is going to squeal on us, and there's going to be

a trial. But we not

only have high-priced counsel on call, we have the tapes. Any

girl dumb enough to

go to the authorities is going to have to sit up on that

witness stand, while Mr.

Mason plays the videos we've taken of her, carefully edited so

that everything

looks non- coerced.

"Imagine yourself on that witness stand, Tiffany, with your

family in the

audience, and your friends, watching that video of you

masturbating and sucking a

dick, with a table full of drug paraphernalia spread out in

front of you, and

trying to explain it. Or stripping off your top and strutting

around a mall like

a bitch in heat. But I digress.

"Mr. Mason told Claire that he was sponsoring a small retreat

that weekend with

some powerful lawyers at other firms, but not to tell anyone

at the firm because

it might be construed as favoritism. When Claire showed up at

the resort, Mason

played the video for her, and then dictated the deal: He would

make her a full

partner in the firm, and in return, she would be his sex

slave. The guy was in

his 60s, and sometimes had trouble getting it up, but he found

that whipping

Claire's ass until it bled got him good and hard.

"So now, every weekend, Claire meets Mason in an expensive

hotel room in New

York, where the walls are so thick they're virtually

soundproof. He orders her to

strip, and he gags her with her own knickers, so her screams

are muffled. Then he

has her lay face down on the coffee table, and straps her

wrists and ankles to

the legs, immobilizing her. A couple of pillows from the bed

are pushed under her

tummy, raising her ass up, presenting it as a target. Mason

reaches into his

briefcase and pulls out a thin, supple switch, and proceeds to

just beat the

bejeesus out of Claire's ass and the backs of her thighs for a

good half hour.

Then, when he's good and hard, he sodomizes her - fucks her up

the ass, which

probably really hurts since she's covered with raw, bleeding

welts.

"And that is Claire's life for the foreseeable future,

Princess."

The beautiful cheerleader was speechless. Her mind churned

with the images her

principal had planted there, of a high school honors student

who was now the toy

of a cruel and sadistic boss. She knew that somehow she had to

avoid Claire's

fate, although she wasn't sure just how far these men would

push her. But she

would do anything, she vowed silently, anything!

"Remember the part about the Japanese businessman?" White

asked. Tiffany was

silent.

"Hey, Princess, I asked you a direct question!" he barked.

"Yes, sir," she blurted out. "Yes, I remember!"

"Well, we've been corresponding via e-mail for some time, and

the market in Japan

just gets stronger and stronger. It seems the really rich

perverts over there are

have burned out on anything that smacks remotely of

commercially produced. They

want fresh victims, with the emphasis on victims. Real girls,

American, innocent,

being defiled and abused in ways that are even a bit

disgusting for us. That's

why occasionally we farm out some of our video work to a guy

we'll call Dr. Wu.

You know, like the Steely Dan song: "Are you crazy, are you

high, or just an

ordinary guy?"

Tiffany had never heard the song, but responded quickly: "Yes,

sir!"

"Anyway, Dr. Wu is where we send girls who really a need a

wake-up call. OK, not

girls. So far it's only been one girl. Tara O'Hara. She was

two years ago. One

week a nice, normal high school girl, the next week, a total

wreck. I hear she's

a crack whore now in Dallas, giving blow jobs for $25 a pop.

"Any rate," White continued, "we were at the mall one night

with Tara, playing

pretty much the same game we were with you tonight. Little

Tara can't stand it,

and breaks away from us when she sees a security guard and

goes running up to

him, babbling about how she's been kidnapped by those men over

there, and they're

going to rape her, yada yada yada.

"We thought the jig was up. Fortunately, mall security guards

are not always your

most upstanding citizens. We quietly offered the guy a sizable

bribe and a

half-hour with Tara in his office. Of course, he took it. And

he took her. Rather

roughly, from the look of her when she staggered out.

"But Tara needed to be taught a lesson, so we made her call

her parents from the

mall and tell them she was staying over at a friend's house.

We drove straight to

Dr. Wu's cabin, way out in the boonies. Nobody around for

miles. The kind of

place where a girl can scream and scream, and no one will ever

hear her, except

for a bunch of horny Japanese businessmen watching the tape of

her screaming.

"Dr. Wu made several videos of Tara that night, aimed at

different markets. One

of the milder ones was for guys who like watching a girl get

pissed on. He

brought in half a dozen bikers, gave 'em a few beers each,

propped her mouth open

and let 'em all line up and take their turn. She just about

choked to death, but

managed to swallow most of it. Then there was a doggie tape,

only Dr. Wu didn't

stop like we did with Claire with just licking. He had a

couple of Great Danes

mount Tara and fuck her half to death. One in the pussy, one

in the ass.

"Then he made what he called the toys tape, which means

different things that

were used to fuck little Tara. He started out small, with a

pool cue, then moved

on to a beer bottle. Gradually, her pussy was lubricating and

she got looser, so

he moved up to a cop's nightstick, a kitchen glass, a billiard

ball. He finished

her off with the fat end of a baseball bat. Got it in about

six inches, if I

remember correctly. Six inches of Louisville Slugger. Man, you

should have heard

her howl.

"And while he was filming the finale, you know what song he

was playing on his

boombox, Princess? That song by the Beastie Boys that goes "I

did her like this,

I did her like that, I did her with a whiffle ball bat." That

Dr. Wu has one sick

sense of humor, but one eclectic appreciation of popular

music!" the evil

principal chuckled. He took a breath, then continued.

"Finally, there were the torture tapes. Because she had to go

back to her family,

he was not able to do anything causing permanent damage, which

limited him

somewhat. But you'd be surprised what a sustained beating with

a rubber garden

hose on the soles of the feet can do. Or how an expert can use

a cigarette

lighter and hold it just close enough to a girl's nipples and

pussy to make them

unbelievably painful, yet not cause any actual burns.

Electricity is pretty good,

too. You shove a metal dildo up a girl's cunt, attach

alligator clips to her

nipples, and attach them both to a hand-cranked generator.

Then let her rip!

Yeehaw! Little Tara had thought she was screamed out from the

baseball bat till

she started getting jolts from volts!

"And all this, Princess, was being done to a sweet little

girl, only 15, a year

< < CENSORED > > than you. We split the profits of the tapes

with Dr. Wu. Tara, as I said,

was completely broken by her night in the cabin and never even

graduated.."

Mr. White paused. "And that's what happens to little

Princesses who don't get

with the program, Miss Tiffany Daniels."

The luscious young backseat beauty was in shock. She was

beginning to

hyperventilate again, and her luscious breasts bounced with

the increasing gasps

of air she was taking. She was hardly aware of the pain in the

muscles of her

widely stretched legs, or the presence of the men on either

side of her in the

back seat.

"So you are facing a choice, Princess," White said. "You can

give less than 100

percent cooperation, and face the fate of Claire or even Tara.

Or you can go

along with us, do exactly what we tell you, never question an

order, and do

everything we tell you with a smile, as if it was your idea,

your fondest

fantasy. If you do that, we promise you we will not cause you

any real physical

pain. That's not what we're into. We also promise that you

will remain a virgin,

at least technically. That's as much for our own protection.

We don't like

wearing rubbers, and a pregnancy is just too messy to deal

with. Finally, if you

cooperate, eventually we will get tired of you, and some new

little piece of

teenaged fluff will present itself, and we'll move on, and

you'll be left with

only a set of interesting memories, but can go about the rest

of your life.

"So what's it gonna be, Princess?"

"I I I I'll cooperate, sir," Tiffany stammered. "I'll do

whatever you say. Please

don't hurt me like those other girls." She has no choice, she

told herself. No

choice. It was out of her hands.

"That's a good princess," White said. "And who knows? Maybe

not every moment will

be torture. We like to see our playthings having a good time,

like you did that

first night with Mr. Green. There are few things more wondrous

than a beautiful

teenaged girl having a body-shattering orgasm, or a string of

them. And with

that, let's have some music."

White pulled a CD out of the console beside him, pushed it

into the Lincoln's

player, and hit the advance button several times. The track he

wanted came on,

filling the SUV with the sound of Mick Jagger's nasty vocals,

more than 30 years

old:

"Under my thumb

The girl who once had me down

Under my thumb

The girl who once pushed me around

It's down to me

The difference in the clothes she wears

Down to me, the change has come,

She's under my thumb ..."

"Why don't you relax as best you can, Tiffany, and the guys

back there will make

you feel good," White suggested. Old Joe the janitor and Mr.

Brown needed no more

prompting. Immediately, Old Joe put his fingers up to the

opening of her young

pussy and ordered, "Push those ben-wa balls out, baby."

Tiffany, obedient, did

just that, and the two metal balls pooped out into Joe's hand.

They were wet with

her pussy juice, and they left her young twat wide open.

"Here's a little something to fill up that opening," Joe said,

and pushed a pink

vibrator up inside her. He flicked a switch at the end, and

the small machine

began to hum and vibrate inside Tiffany's highly stimulated

vagina.

While Joe was busy with her pussy, Mr. Brown reached into a

soft drink cup he'd

gotten at the food court and pulled out a large piece of ice.

He reached over and

began to run the ice on her left nipple. The tip-tit, shocked

by the cold, began

to grow erect. Around and around went the piece of ice, making

Tiffany's nipple

grow more and more engorged with blood. When it reached its

peak, he transferred

the ice to her right nipple and began to rub again, making it

erect as well.

"Since your hands aren't cuffed, Princess, I want you to reach

down and pull on

your pussy lips and hold 'em open," Joe ordered. "But no fair

touching your clit.

That's gonna be our job."

Tiffany, still scared to death of the threats, obeyed meekly,

pulling her pussy

lips wide with both hands. Her little clit popped out from

under its hood,

looking like a small, moist pearl, glistening with desire.

"Yum yum yum," murmured the older janitor. He licked his

thumb, and then pressed

it down, gently but firmly, on Tiffany's hot, throbbing clit,

and began to

massage it in a circle.

Tiffany inhaled sharply. It felt soooooo good. Her horniness

had temporarily

vanished when she was being publicly stripped and displayed

inside The Rave, and

later, during White's long history lesson. But her erotic

feelings had really

just been pushed below the surface. She had, after all, spent

half an hour

walking through the mall with ben-wa balls jammed up her

pussy, stretching her

and massaging the sugar walls of her teenaged twat.

Mr. Black leaned over and began to whisper in her ear. "I

gotta tell ya, sweetie,

back there in the mall, you may have been the sexiest girl on

the face of the

earth. You looked so sweet and so hot, like Chinese mustard,

baby, prancing

around in those high, high heels, that teeny tiny skirt, that

sexy top." His

voice had a low, monotonous quality, almost hypnotic. "You got

the longest,

sexiest legs of any girl at Daniels High, sweet cakes. Those

titties of yours are

magnificent. And what's more, you know it, don't you girl? You

know how hot and

sexy you are. You love how the boys all want to have sex with

you, how the male

teachers all try to look up your skirt, how everyone ogles

those tits. You love

it, Princess."

And all the while Joe was cooing into her ear, telling Tiffany

her own secrets,

she continued to hold open her pussy lips with both hands, and

Joe continued to

rub her clit, which was getting bigger and bigger, redder and

redder. It was if

the tiny organ had a mind of its own and was straining upward

for release at

Joe's hand. And Mr. Brown, on her other side, kept rubbing the

ice over her

nipples, which were so hard Tiffany thought they might

explode, that she might

explode, that she was hovering on the brink of an explosion,

that she was getting

close and closer to her orgasm, and the vibrator in her pussy

was buzzing and

buzzing, and the wind tickled her toes as they stuck out the

windows. She was

going to cum so hard, so hard, and Joe's thumb was moving

faster and faster, and

it was a blur, the nipples, the pussy, the legs spread so

wide, the clit, the

toes, and she was getting so close, so close....

Tiffany wasn't even aware that she was moaning, over and over,

oh yessss, Oh God

yesss, feel so goooood.

And Jagger spat out the words and the music of the Stones

filled the Lincoln,

which smlled strongly of musky teenaged pussy:

"Under my thumb

The squirmin' dog who's just had her day

Under my thumb

A girl who has just changed her ways

It's down to me, yes it is

The way she does just what she's told

Down to me, the change has come

She's under my thumb."

And as she got closer, images from Mr. White's stories kept

flashing through her

mind, disgusting things, hateful things, about girls being

fucked by dogs, being

raped by old men, being tied down and whipped, on their bare

ass, being fucked

with beer bottles and baseball bats, and being whipped, and

fucked, and fucked up

the ass, and dogs' cocks, and she had no choice, she had to

give in to them, it

was out of her hands, she was their slave, she was a sex

slave, and she was

getting closer, she was almost there...

"That's enough, guys!" ordered Mr. White, who'd been watching

in the rear view

mirror. Instantly, Brown and Black stopped what they were

doing, withdrew their

hands.

"Nooooo!" wailed the poor cheerleader, jolted from her dark

and jumbled fantasy.

She was teetering right on the brink of the biggest climax of

her life. Without

even thinking, she whipped both hands down to her clit and

began to rub it in a

frenzy, trying to get over that edge.

And again, she was thwarted, as the two men each grabbed a

wrist and yanked her

hands away.

"Pleeeeease! Pleeeeease!" the blonde beauty pleaded.

"No way, Princess," said White coldly. "You don't come until

we do. But this is

our exit, and we're five minutes from school, so let's end the

evening with a

bang, so to speak, and we'll all get our ya-yas out."

"A siamese cat of a girl

Under my thumb

She's the sweetest, mmm, pet in the world," sang Jagger in his

anthem of

dominance and control.

Tiffany's mind was a tangle of dark thoughts, unholy fantasies

and images that

she had never thought of in her 16 years, but over all,

overwhelmingly, the

desire to cum. Then she felt something, tickling her clit. She

opened her eyes,

and saw that Mr. Brown was bending over her lap, over her

obscenely splayed

thighs and wide-open pussy, holding the plastic straw from his

soft drink, and

blowing on her clit!

It tickled. Wildly. It stimulated her, but not enough. The

short puffs of his

breath struck her clit, and where normally it would not bother

her at all, now it

was the most maddening thing she had ever felt. It was if the

blasts of air were

keeping her clit super-sensitive, keeping her aware of her own

pussy, her deep

and abiding horniness.

Her head rolled back against the seat, her hair flying from

side to side as Brown

and Black securely held her wrists.

"You ready to cum, Princess?" whispered Black. "You ready?"

"Yes! Yes! Please!" she begged.

"Here's the school parking lot," said White, as Green, in the

front seat, shut

off the video camera that had been recording Tiffany's

frenzied begging for an

orgasm. "Joe, would you go unlock the cafeteria? Not much

longer, Princess

Tiffany, and you'll have some orgasms you'll never forget.

He didn't add, because he didn't need to, that she wouldn't be

the only one.

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Daddy's Tight Wet Teens

I have some pics...

Teen Tiffany

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DaddyCool

Respected Poster

Joined: 03 Jun 2006

Posts: 189

Location: Just around the corner

Posted: Mon Jun 26, 2006 10:17 pm Post subject:

CHAPTER 9

THE ONE WITH TONGUES PLANTED FIRMLY IN CHEEKS

Tiffany practically had to be carried from the SUV into the

school cafeteria. Her

leg muscles had gotten sore from striding around the mall in

the highest high

heels she had ever worn. Then she had endured the half-hour

drive back from the

mall with her long legs obscenely spread into the widest

possible splits, each

ankle trapped in a back seat window on either side. Her legs

were killing her,

and she was having trouble walking.

In addition, she was still intensely focused on having an

orgasm, and her four

tormentors were just as determined that she not have one just

yet. Every time

they relaxed their vigilance, the 16-year-old cheerleader

would steal a hand down

between the damp blonde public curls of her pussy and begin

pushing her clit as

if it were an elevator button and she was impatiently waiting.

The horrible

images from the stories that Mr. White had told her continued

to spin in her

young, impressionable mind, making her hotter than she had

ever been, and ashamed

at how they had affected her. She had to cum, dammit! the

horny and confused girl

thought. She just had to. Maybe cumming would release the grip

the stories had on

her, she rationalized with the part of her brain that was

still capable of some

level of thought.

So it was for the best that John Brown and Tom Green each

slipped one of

Tiffany's arms around their shoulder and half-walked,

half-carried the glazed,

trembling girl into the deserted cafeteria, which Old Joe the

janitor had gone

ahead and unlocked. They laid her down on a long table in the

center of the room,

its fake-wood laminate cold against her bare skin.

"Pleeeze," she murmured, although she wasn't even sure any

more what she was

asking them to do? Let her go? Let her cum? Some of both? She

just knew that

right now she was in hell.

"How's that little pussy, Princess?" asked Principal White.

"Does the little

Princess want to cum?"

Tiffany felt something wet trickle down out of her virgin

opening and start

moving down her thigh. Oh God, was she starting her period?

She was mortified,

but she had to find out. She reached down one index finger and

wiped at the

sticky goo and looked at it. It was clear, so it wasn't her

period. She was so

sexually over-stimulated that her pussy was actually leaking

lubrication onto her

body, and running down onto the lunch table!

"Yes, sir, I want to cum," she answered. God, the shame, she

thought. Nearly

nude, in her own school lunch room, begging this man for an

orgasm.

"Well, as I told you, we're going to help you, Princess

Tiffany. It's going to

feel so good. But we're going to trade orgasms. You make us

cum, we'll make you

cum. And since we've promised you that we'll let you stay a

virgin, we're going

to cum in your ass. That's right, Princess. It's time for a

gang bang in Tiffany

Daniels' virgin asshole!" He was practically shouting in

jubilation, power and

lust."

"Oh nooo!" Tiffany cried and started to get up from the table.

Instantly powerful

male hands pushed her back down on her back. She struggled to

get up, but Old Joe

was pinning her shoulders to the table while Mr. Brown slipped

off the Spandex

miniskirt. Joe grabbed her halter, which was barely tied in

place, and yanked

upward, pulling it off. The sweet teen was stark naked, pinned

like a beautiful

to the lunchroom table.

"Don't, oh please don't do this!" she wailed in panic as Brown

pulled on her

knees, moving them up to her chest. While he held them there,

Mr. Green grabbed

her flailing arms by the wrists and pulled her wrists around

her bunched-up legs

until her hands were underneath her legs. He quickly snapped

the handcuffs that

had imprisoned Tiffany before onto her wrists.

Breathing heavily from the exertion, the men stood back to

examine their beautilf

captive. She lay on her back on the table, her knees pulled up

to her chest. Her

arms circled down below the backs of her knees, where they

were locked in place

by the cuffs. She could not move her arms now, nor could she

lower her knees. The

most important part of the arrangement, as Tiffany was about

to find out, was

that it left her sweet little bunghole poking out between her

gorgeous round ass

cheeks. The little rosebud was completely exposed and

defenseless as it winked

nervously near the edge of the table.

Tiffany was moaning and shaking her head from side to side as

the men rubbed

their erections inside their pants. They'd been playing with

her all night,

exposing her in public, forcing her to give blow jobs to

strangers at the mall,

teasing her sexually, bringing her to a fever pitch, then

abandoning her sexual

needs the moment before her climax. All four men, although

well into middle age,

were as rampant as teenaged boys.

"Shut up!" barked White at the moaning, squirming girl.

"Listen to my voice!" he

commanded. Tiffany forced herself to be quiet.

"First of all, no one can hear you, Princess, which is why we

haven't gagged you.

But you need to be quiet to listen to me. I want you to think

very hard about the

stories I just told you, about what happened to Claire and

Tara when they didn't

cooperate. I want you to know that we aren't fucking around

here, and if you piss

us off you've got a visit to Dr. Wu coming, maybe even

tonight. And you do NOT

want to go there, girl. Now take a couple of deep breaths,

because this isn't

going to be nearly as bad as you think. Mr. Brown, would you

like to do first

honors?"

Tiffany stiffened her body, thinking that she was about to

feel her teacher's

cock probing at the opening of her ass, trying to penetrate

that too-tight hole.

But she didn't. Instead she felt something wonderful - smooth

and warm and wet.

For a few second she resisted, but it just felt so good, and

soon she began to

relax. As she let down her guard, her sphincter unclenched,

and the warm, wet

object began to make little forays up inside her. It would

push in a little, then

withdraw, and make lazy circles all over her asshole. It was

beginning to feel

very good indeed.

Suddenly the girl realized what was happening at her backdoor.

Her math teacher

was licking her asshole with his tongue!

"It's called analingus, Princess," Mr. White explained. "Also

known as a rimjob.

It's a little more sophisticated sexual technique than you and

your

clumsy-fingered boyfriends as probably used to, or have even

dreamt of. The anus

is as full of nerve endings as the vagina, and properly

stimulated it's one of

the most intense erogenous zones on the body. Plus saliva

makes a wonderful

lubricant, as you relax, soon you'll be able to take in

something a little harder

than a tongue."

Even though she knew what was coming eventually, Tiffany put

it out of her mind

and concentrated on the good feelings. Her horniness had

returned, and now it was

even stronger because of what her math teacher was doing. It

was so wicked, but

so wonderful at the same time! While Brown licked, Tom Green

the English teacher

reached between Tiffany's legs and placed his first two

fingers on either side of

her clitoris and began massaging it gently. The feelings on

her clit and the

feelings in her ass began to merge and mingle. She'd never

realized how close the

two were, never thought of her own ass as anything erotic.

"How's that feel, Princess?" asked White.

"Mmmmmmm," was all Tiffany could reply. Her defenses were

coming down, as her

math teacher continued to tongue her asshole. As she relaxed,

he was able to push

his tongue further and further up inside her warm, moist

rectum. Green,

meanwhile, continued to work over her hot, throbbing clit,

careful not to tip the

horny youngster over the brink into an orgasm just yet.

Tiffany Daniels had forgotten that she was stark naked, that

she was laying on a

table in her own high school cafeteria, that she was

handcuffed. The sensations

on her clit and in her little bunghole were indescribable,

better than anything

she had ever felt.

"How's that taste, John?" asked the principal.

"Tasty as can be," said Brown, taking a break draw a breath.

"Her pussy's runnin'

like nobody's business, and the juice is like pure nectar."

"OK, Princess," said White. "Remember we were talking about a

trade? Well, fair's

fair. You're getting a hot tongue stuffed up your ass, and now

it's time to

reciprocate." Tiffany felt the table shift and opened her

eyes, and realized that

her principal, Roger White, was now naked and climbing up onto

the table. He

knelt so that one knee was on either side of her head, as he

faced her feet. His

ass hovered above her face, and slowly he started to lower it.

"Come on, Princess. You can feel how good that tongue is

working on your ass.

Turnabout's fair play. I want to feel your tongue up my ass."

And he lowered his

bulky frame so that his big hairy ass hovered just an inch

above the

cheerleader's mouth.

Tiffany drifted in a dream state of confusion and horniness.

She knew what her

principal was asking her to do was grosser than gross,

something that even a few

days ago would have made her run screaming from the room. But

she also knew that

she had no choice, she had been reduced to a sex slave, she

had to do it. She

stuck out her tongue as the principal lowered his buttocks the

last inch and

settled his own ass crack right onto the beauty's mouth.

Her first thought was that it wasn't as bad as she thought. It

tasted weird, like

apple cider or something, but it wasn't all that nasty,

really, if she didn't

think about what she was really doing. She moved her tongue a

little.

"Oh, yeah, Princess, that's right, use that tongue. Lick that

ass," ordered

White. Tiffany complied, licking back and forth along White's

ass crack. His

erection bobbed in the air out in front of him, and he bent

slightly at the waist

so that he could rub the head of his cock, which was swollen

with blood and

oozing pre-cum, over the girl's large, erect nipples. The

sensation of having her

nipples stimulated added to the delicious massaging on her

clit and the

incredible oral reaming of her asshole, and Tiffany felt

herself getting closer

and closer to orgasm.

Tiffany moaned into her principal's asshole and continued to

work her tongue. It

was all so nasty, so humiliating, and yet so wonderful. Her

whole body was on

fire. Maybe soon, she thought, they'd let her cum.

She felt Brown's mouth leave her ass, and then something

different. Something

much harder. She knew it must be the head of his cock pushing

against her rectum,

knew she was about to be violated. But she also knew she had

no choice. She

couldn't see a thing except her principal's ass, so she just

concentrated on the

feeling of her clit getting rubbed.

Brown pushed slowly, gently, and eased his cock up into the

cheerleader's ass. It

was so tight. So hot. So moist. But his analingus and the

girl's own secretions

had gotten her plenty wet, and she was relaxed from the erotic

attentions, and

didn't seem to be in any pain. Brown pushed forward, inch by

inch, letting his

cock luxuriate in the feeling of Tiffany's rectum.

Finally, he was all the way in. His coarse pubic hair tickled

her labia. Tiffany

Daniels, once the most stuck-up cock tease in school, was

getting fucked up the

ass by her math teacher. Brown pulled out slowly, then pushed

in again. As he

stroked, her ass relaxed and opened up even more. Soon he had

a slow but steady

rhythm going, in and out, in and out, pumping his cock up

inside her shitter.

White climbed off the table and Old Joe Black the janitor took

his place. With

her eyes closed, Tiffany was only vaguely aware of the

movement. But she realized

that a different male asshole was now plastered over her

mouth, one that smelled

and tasted different - a little stronger, but still not bad.

She didn't even

think about what was happening, she just plunged her tongue

upward and began to

give a teenaged rimjob to the school janitor.

Brown plunged his cock into the girl over and over. Like all

of the men, he was

so horny and the girl was so tight that he wasn't going to

last long. He could

feel his balls churning and tightening in his scrotum, and he

gaze Green a thumbs

up that he was about to cum. Green pulled out the pink

vibrator they had used on

Tiffany in the Lincoln and jammed it up inside her pussy,

already turned on and

buzzing madly. He pinched her clit between his thumb and

forefinger and began to

squeeze it rhythmically, gently but firmly.

The beautiful young victim nearly went insane when the

vibrator hit her sensitive

pussy and her English teacher upped the ante on her love

button. She was getting

fucked up the ass with one cock, fucked up the pussy with a

fake cock, her clit

felt like it was about to explode.

And then it did. Tiffany Daniels launched into her orgasm just

as Mr. Brown's

cock swelled even larger and began to pump a huge load of

sperm up into her

bowels.

Tiffany screamed with pleasure, but the scream was trapped by

Old Joe's buttocks

covering her mouth. The scream went right up into his asshole.

Her hips bucked up

and down wildly, her entire body tensed and went rigid, the

muscles in her rectum

clamped down ferociously on Brown's cock as he emptied gush

after gush of hot

semen up into her bowels. Green could hardly hold onto the

girl's slick clit as

she writhed frantically on the cafeteria table. It was as if

her entire body was

being jolted by blasts of electricity as she jumped and

wiggled.

"Mmmmmppffffffff!" the girl bellowed with pleasure into Joe's

asshole. The

janitor raised himself up a couple of inches, depriving

himself of the pleasure

of her rimjob so that everyone could hear her orgasm.

"Yessssss! Oh God yesssssss!" the cheerleader yelled as she

continued to cum.

Finally, after about 10 long seconds, she began to subside,

and Brown withdrew

his cock, which was still stiff, and now coated with his own

jism and Tiffany's

juices.

"Who's next?" he asked with a leer. In a flash, Tom Green, her

English teacher,

had moved to the edge of the table where her asshole, now

gaping open somewhat,

waited, poised, to be filled again. He didn't wait, but

plunged his tool in

immediately. Unlike Mr. Brown, he didn't have to ease her into

the anal fucking.

He just shoved his cock in, as hard and as far as he could.

Tiffany's eyes bulged

out in surprise, but she was well- greased enough that it

didn't hurt. In fact,

it felt good to be filled up again.

"Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah," she started muttering. Her head

whipped from side to

side, banging against Black's thighs. White motioned for the

janitor to climb

down off the table, and he did so. As soon as he was down,

White aimed the video

camera at the young beauty's face.

"Tell us what you want, Princess," the principal said. "If you

like that feeling,

tell us!"

"Feels so good!" Tiffany managed. "More! More! More!"

"Tell us exactly, Princess, or we're gonna stop and you won't

be allowed to cum

anymore," the older man guided her.

"I want to cum!" she panted. "Cum! Cum! Cum!" The former cock

tease had been

teased for so long that now, when she was finally being

granted a sexual release,

she had entered another plane of existence. She was barely

aware of the men

around her, focusing only on the incredible feelings coming

from her pussy and

ass. Her eyes were squeezed shut, and White's voice seemed to

come from some

distant place, an order that she had to follow to keep the

good vibrations

coming.

As Green stood at the foot of the table, plunging his cock in

and out of the

teenager's ass, he reached down between her upturned legs,

between her handcuffed

wrists, and located her clit with his fingers. He began again

to rub it, again

sending the girl shooting upward.

"Do you like the cock up your ass, Tiffany?" asked White. "Do

you like having

your clit rubbed? Tell us what you like, Tiffany, or we'll

stop."

"Don't stop!" she moaned. "Please don't stop! Make me cum!

Fuck my ass! Play with

my clit! Please fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, don't

stop!" The more she

said it, the more she felt it. Her desire now permeated her

whole being, became

her entire being. White focused the camera tightly on the

girl's face as she

begged to be fucked in the ass. It would be the perfect

climax, so to speak, of

the video scrapbook the men had been compiling, the one he was

mentally calling

"Toying With Tiffany."

Tiffany wasn't the only one who felt as if she'd been teased

for the past few

hours. Green and the other men were practically going out of

their minds with

unslaked lust, and the juicy friction of his cock rubbing

against the walls of

the cheerleader's rectum soon proved to be more than he could

bear. Even though

he wanted to make it last, he was soon ready to blast her ass

with another load

of sperm.

Tiffany felt her teacher's cock head swell inside her ass; it

felt like it was

the size of a tennis ball. But it was the magic fingers

diddling her clit that

had most of her concentration, as the youngster approached her

second orgasm of

the night. She had forgotten about White's instructions, and

was now just

screaming for more of her own free will.

"Yes! Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me! Make me cum!"

The English teacher obliged her, groaning loudly as he emptied

his balls into the

student. He roughly gripped her clit and shook it from side to

side, like a dog

playing with an old sneaker, and Tiffany once again went rigid

with an

overwhelming orgasm.

White turned off the camcorder, having gotten the footage he

wanted. He was dying

to fuck the blonde cheerleader, and had moved around to stand

behind Mr. Green.

Mere seconds after Green had withdrawn, White rammed his

hard-on deep into the

girl's bowels. In Tiffany's swirling, lust-crazed mind, it was

as if the

ass-fucking had never stopped.

Joe Black looked at the girl laying on the table, the

bitch-princess who had

never even noticed his existence as he pushed his mop and

bucket around the halls

of Daniels High. Her mouth was open and she was breathing

heavily, and he decided

he wanted to put that mouth to more good use. So he climbed

back up onto the

cafeteria table, knees planted on either side of Tiffany's

head again, and

lowered himself onto the cheerleader's face. His aim was true,

and he managed to

maneuver his dangling scrotum right into her gaping mouth.

Tiffany was startled by having her mouth suddenly full of the

janitor's heavy

balls, but by this point she was on automatic pilot, and just

moaned. Her moaning

vibrated her mouth, which vibrated Joe's testicles, giving him

the most exquisite

pleasure imaginable. He just knelt there, unmoving, letting

his scrotum get a

hum-job from the teenager. His cock, huge and purple, waved in

front of him like

a divining rod, one that sensed teenaged ass instead of water.

As Tiffany tickled the janitor's balls with her tongue,

Principal White was

practically a blur between her legs. She was now slick enough

from two massive

doses of semen shot up her butt that he could ram away on the

girl as if she were

a piece of meat, which is exactly what he did. He did not

neglect her pussy and

clit, though, knowing that if he could give her a third

orgasm, she would clench

her muscles so tightly that he would have one of the greatest

orgasms ever.

Joe pulled his balls, wet with teen saliva, from Tiffany's

mouth, and scooted

down the table a short distance. He knew their time was

growing short, and he

wanted some more rimming from the girl. He saw that Brown had

picked up the

camcorder and moved in close, framing the shot so that all

that could be seen was

Tiffany's face, glazed with lust and drool, and the anonymous

midsection of a

middle aged black man hovering over her. Joe lowered himself

down onto Tiffany's

face as the camcorder captured every moment.

"Lick my ass, Princess!" Joe commanded. "Ream me out with your

tongue. The

farther you get your tongue up my ass, the bigger the orgasm

you're gonna get."

Tiffany was at a point where everything said to her seemed

like a command she had

to obey, and she obediently stiffened her tongue and drove it

as far as she could

up between the janitor's butt cheeks. She penetrated his anus

with her tongue,

and kept going, inch by inch, until her tongue began to ache.

"Now wiggle that tongue, Princess," Joe ordered, and Tiff

again obeyed, moving

her tongue as best she could within Joe's tight asshole,

giving the man the

sweetest rimjob he had ever had in his life. She was so insane

with lust that she

was barely aware of the musky, sweaty odor and taste of the

asshole she was

rimming wildly.

Inevitably, White's orgasm hit, just as Tiffany's third orgasm

of the night

launched like a Saturn 5. For the third time, she felt wave

after wave of

pleasure wrack her delightful young body as her principal

emptied his seed into

her.

Joe reluctantly climbed down from his perch on Tiffany's face.

He had fucked

plenty of girls at Daniels High during his recent career of

blackmail and

humiliation, but the rimjobs had been a recent addition to the

gang's repertoire,

one that combined extreme pleasure for them with extreme

degradation for the

victim.

But his monster cock needed satisfying, and he moved into

position with the head

at the entrance to Tiffany's bunghole. Joe had gone last for a

reason. Although

racial stereotypes frequently are false, in this case there

was some truth. Joe

Black was hung like a stallion, and the other men had

discovered a while back

that if they let him go first, he would ream the girl in

question so far that she

wouldn't be tight enough for them. So Joe had become the

clean-up hitter, and now

he rammed his baseball bat of a cock home into the

cheerleader.

"Ahhhhhh!" Tiffany screamed, this time in pain. Even with a

thoroughly reamed-out

asshole swimming in semen to provide lubrication, Joe''s Dirk

Diggler of a dick

hurt. "Noooo!" she wailed. "Take it out! It hurts." But Joe

ignored, and while

his comrades in torment watched, began to fuck the girl's ass

in earnest. In and

out, in and out he pumped, and gradually Tiffany's protests

subsided as she got

used to the ravishing.

White unlocked her handcuffs, which allowed her to spread her

legs. He took her

hands and placed them on her pussy, and instantly her fingers

began a frantic

dance on the surface of her clit, rubbing the hard, swollen

nub for all it was

worth. Soon she was once again screaming "Yes! Yes! Fuck me!

Make me cum!" as

another orgasm built in the girl.

When it hit her, it was the biggest one yet. Her blue eyes

rolled back in her

head, her face went red, her whole body rigid. Green had

leaned over her with

both hands and was tugging on her erect nipples, pulling them

gently but firmly

upwards, adding to her pleasure. As her muscles tightened, her

rectum clamped

down on Old Joe's prick, and he began to cum, gushing his hot

sperm up inside

her, the fourth time in the evening she had gotten an assfull

of thick, salty

semen.

After a few moments, the cafeteria was completely quiet.

Tiffany and Old Joe were

both panting. White and Green were already pulling their pants

on. It had been

quite an evening, but tomorrow was a school day!

"So Princess," asked Mr. Brown, "what did you think about your

first fuck?"

Tiffany was coming back to reality, realizing where she was

and what had

happened. The buzzing in her firm young body was dying down,

and she was now very

aware that she was laying naked on a table in the school

cafeteria, that she had

been fucked up the ass by four men. And the worst part was,

she had wanted it!

She had begged for it!

Suddenly a wave of shame and humiliation washed over the

confused girl. All those

names they had called her on the way to the mall, slut and

whore. It was true!

She was a slut, a whore, a worthless scumbag. She hadn't

wanted them to do this,

but when they did, she had liked it! How could she face them

again? How could she

facer her parents, her friends, her little sister Stephanie?

The day had been a long one. It had started that morning with

Principal White

putting ants up her ass and her pussy, which she had suffered

with through the

school day. Then had come the humiliating trip to the mall,

the blow jobs, being

forced to strip in front of other people, the horrible songs,

everything. And

after all that had been done to her, her response had been to

get excited and cum

over and over!

"Up you go, Princess Tiffany," said Mr. Green, helping her sit

up on the table.

She was so embarrassed, and put one arm across her breasts to

shield them from

the view of the men. They all laughed, and she realized how

absurd it was to try

to cover herself.

"Here's the clothes you came to school in," White said,

holding out a bag. "You

need to wear them home so nobody gets suspicious. We'll keep

all the stuff we got

at the mall here at school. Now get dressed, and you can just

make it home on

time." He patted her condescendingly on the head, as if she

were a five-year-old

or a puppy dog that had successfully been paper-trained.

In a daze, Tiffany got dressed.

"Tomorrow morning, I want you to report to my office first

thing in the morning,"

White told her. "Don't even think about calling in sick, or

I'll plan an audio

tape of you begging to be fucked in the ass over the

loudspeaker for the morning

announcement. It'll seem like an accident, and I'll be safely

somewhere else when

it happens. But just imagine how your girlfriends on the

cheerleading squad will

react when they hear your voice. Or even better, just imagine

your sister

Stephanie sitting in freshman homeroom, listening to her big

sister hollering

"Make me cum!

"So tomorrow morning, first thing, my office," he repeated to

make sure she

understand in her dazed and confused state. "After all,

tomorrow is another day!"

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Daddy's Tight Wet Teens

I have some pics...

Teen Tiffany

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DaddyCool

Respected Poster

Joined: 03 Jun 2006

Posts: 189

Location: Just around the corner

Posted: Mon Jun 26, 2006 10:19 pm Post subject:

CHAPTER 10

THE ONE WITH THE DRESS CODE VIOLATIONS

The alarm went off, and Tiffany slapped it, shutting it off.

She awoke from a

deep dream, an erotic dream, in which her naked nubile body

was stretched out in

an X and being fondled by anonymous men, and in which she was

having orgasm after

orgasm. She realized she was alone, in her own bed, in her own

bedroom, and that

her pussy was wet with excitement.

Suddenly, the events of the previous day came flooding back to

her in a jumble of

memories. The ants in the pants, the boys cheering her in the

hallway, the

humiliating trip to the mall, the clerk at the Rave and the

others ogling her

naked breasts in public, the anal gang bang in the school

cafeteria. She had been

raped by her principal, her English and math teachers, and the

school janitor.

Her ass, she realized, was a little bit sore, but she wasn't

really in much pain.

But was it rape, she wondered. She had cum, harder than she

had ever cum in her

life from her experiments with masturbation. She had begged

for them to do it to

her, given herself over to the lust. They had told her she was

a slut, and she

had acted just like a slut. Nothing in her pampered privileged

upbringing had

prepared her for such a situation. She was from one of the

upstanding local

families - the high school was even named after her

grandfather, Godfrey Daniels!

- and her parents were rich. She was beautiful, popular,

envied, admired. Boys

wanted her, but she had always called the tune. Now others

were calling the tune,

and it felt ... well, young Tiffany was ambivalent about how

it felt. It felt

awful, demeaning and degrading, but it also felt kind of

exciting. After all, her

pussy was wet. What more evidence did she need?

There was a knock at the door, and her little sister

Stephanie, 14, burst in,

full of girlish excitement as usual. Tiffany thought that if

possible, her sister

was going to be even more gorgeous than she was. She hadn't

yet sprouted big

breasts like Tiffany's, and her figure was still coltish: long

legs just

beginning to take on their womanly shape, thin hips just

starting to fill out.

She was tall, though, like Tiffany, and blonde and tanned and

fit.

"Hey sis, what's up?" said Steph. "Can you take me to school

today? I really,

really don't want to ride the bus. Those awful Davis twins

have been sitting next

to me and trying to feel me up. Please don't make me ride the

bus."

Tiffany felt sorry for the < < CENSORED > > girl. If only she

knew that life could hand

her a far worse situation than a couple of 14-year-old boys

brushing up against

her on the bus and giggling, trying to cop cheap feels. But

Tiffany couldn't tell

her sister, couldn't tell anyone about the horrible situation

she was in, lest

she end up at Dr. Wu's cabin in the woods for an all-night

session, the way her

principal had threatened. She shuddered at the thought.

"Sure, honey, I'll take you. Be ready in about 45 minutes."

As they drove to Daniels High in Tiffany's Miata, top down,

the breeze ruffling

their hair, Stephanie suddenly asked, "What happened to you

yesterday?"

Tiffany stiffened. "What do you mean?"

"I just heard this weird story, that you changed clothes in

the middle of the day

and you were wearing this really short pleated skirt and a

white blouse, and some

people said you weren't wearing a bra. And then I heard that

between 5th and 6th

period you were out in the hall and your blouse was all wet

and boys started

making fun of you. And I just couldn't believe that anybody

would have the guts

to make fun of you or that you would really dress like that."

What should she respond? The truth was out, but if she said it

never happened,

Stephanie was bound to find out otherwise. She couldn't squeal

on her tormentors

or they would make the videos public as they had threatened,

so she in the

uncomfortable position of having to pretend it was all her

idea. There was no

other way.

"Yeah, sis, I just got sick of always wearing the same tame

stuff to school, so I

went for a sexier look, and I guess I took it a little far.

And you know guys,

they went a little nuts. So I learned a lesson." She glanced

at Stephanie. The

< < CENSORED > > girl digested the story and nodded. The ruse

had worked.

They pulled into the school lot and parked, then hugged

goodbye. Stephanie went

off to her first period class, and Tiffany went off to

Principal White's office,

as she had been ordered to do the previous night. When she got

there, she noticed

that the usual receptionist, an elderly battle-axe named Mrs.

Milano, was not at

her desk Roger White stepped out of his office and motioned

her inside.

"Sometimes the fates just work in a person's favor," he told

Tiffany. "Mrs.

Milano's husband had to go into the hospital, and she's taking

a couple days off.

I figured I could get by without her. And it's one less person

to notice your

comings and goings. Speaking of coming, how are you this

morning, Princess?" he

leered.

"I'm fine, sir," Tiffany said, flushing. She hated the

"princess" business, but

guesses it was better than the filthy names they had been

calling her before. And

she was embarrassed by the reference to last night, and to her

own mixed feelings

about it all.

White closed the office door and locked it. The 16-year-old

cheerleader was alone

with her main tormentor. "Time to get naked, Princess," he

ordered.

Tiffany, not surprised anymore by the outrageous demands of

cruel men, obediently

stripped. She paused at her bra and knickers, but Principal

White just glared at

her and waved a hand to continue, and she did so. Within a

minute, she stood

stark naked in his office.

"I went through all the clothes and stuff we collected last

night to pick out

your outfit for today, Princess Tiffany," he said. "As much as

I like novelty, I

decided that the slut clothes you wore at the mall would be

the best for school

today. Here they are. Put them on." He handed her the

obscenely short black

Spandex miniskirt and the skimpy black halter tape with the

Nike knock-off that

read "Just Do Me." On his desk, she noticed the high-heeled

black pumps she had

worn last night.

"Oh please don't make me wear these," Tiffany begged. She

couldn't bear the

thought of her friends and classmates seeing her in such a

revealing outfit for

the entire day. God almighty she thought, Britney Spears

wouldn't even wear these

for a photo shoot!

"I thought I told you I don't want any back-talk or

disagreement," White said

unpleasantly. "Now get 'em on. And leave the knickers and bra

on the floor. You'll

be doing without underwear today."

Tiffany was mortified, but again told herself she had no

choice. She was their

slave, their plaything, their toy, and had to do as she was

told. The

alternatives - release of the blackmail videos to her friends

and families, the

postings on the Internet, possible even a trip to Dr. Wu -

were far worse than

strutting around school all day in a slutty outfit.

Anxious to cover her nudity, the blonde beauty quickly

dressed. As before, the

micro-mini came down only a couple of inches below the cheeks

of her ass, and her

large breasts barely fit into the too-small halter. Her tits

bulged out at the

sides of the halter and threatened to spill out over the top

completely. She

stepped into the high heels, elevating her 5-foot-7 frame to

nearly 6 feet tall,

and stood before White.

"Now don't move a muscle, girl," he said harshly. "I hear that

slit skirts are

all the rage these days, and I wanted to make sure you were

fashionable." He

pulled a pair of fabric shears out of a desk drawer and knelt

in front of

Tiffany. Grasping the hem of the skirt in his left hand, he

used the shears to

begin cutting her dress. He snipped carefully along the ride

side, from the hem

up to the waistband, and then repeated the cutting on the left

side, hem to

waistband.

Tiffany was horrified. The dress had been terrible enough

before, but now her

long, tanned legs were completely bare up to the waist.

Depending on how she

moved or sat, she would have to be very careful or she would

inadvertently expose

her ass or pussy. And she wasn't even wearing any underwear!

"Mr. White," she stammered, "I can't go to classes like this!

I'm practically

naked!"

"That you are, my dear, that you are. You know what might

help? A couple of

safety pins. You could pin the dress on each side and then it

wouldn't be

flopping open and exposing your charms for every boy in the

school to ogle. Would

you like some safety pins to pin your skirt?"

"Yes, please," the humiliated cheerleader answered meekly.

"I happen to have some right here," he said. "But you're going

to have to earn

them. Why don't we change positions? I'll stand up, and you

can kneel in front of

me and see if you can figure out a way to earn your safety

pins before the first

bell rings. You have five minutes."

The abused girl knew what he wanted, and decided it was best

to get it over with.

On her knees, she unzipped White's fly and pulled his cock out

through the

opening of his boxers. Leaning forward, she wrapped her lips

tightly around the

swelling purple head and began to suck. She wrapped her

fingers around the length

of the shaft and began a gentle but insistent tugging motion,

jacking him off

while she blew him.

"Oh, my, that is just excellent, Princess. You're getting to

be really good at

this. What a great little cock-sicker you've turned out to

be!" Tiffany's face

burned with shame, but she kept on sucking. Within a few

minutes, she felt the

principal's dickhead begin to swell, and she could taste the

pre-cum oozing out

onto her tongue. She sucked harder than ever as he started

jamming his crotch

forcefully into her face, shoving his cock deeper and deeper.

"Swallow it all, Princess," he ordered, and suddenly his cum

was exploding into

her mouth. She dutifully kept her lips clamped around his

cock, and allowed the

gushes of cum to flow over her tongue and down her throat. Her

swallowing caused

her throat muscles to milk White's cock even more, until

finally he was done.

"Here are your safety pins," he said, handing her two small

ones. Tiffany looked

down to her sides, trying to figure out the best way to

preserve her modesty, and

finally decided to place each safety pin about half-way up

each slit in her

skirt. If she put them at the bottom, she figured, the entire

slip would gap when

she sat down, exposing more skin. But no matter what she did,

she knew, she was

in for a school day of far more exposure than she had had the

day before.

"On your way now, Princess," Principal White said as the first

bell of the day

rang. "And I want to see you back here in my office between

every single class.

Since Mrs. Milano isn't in, just walk on in. And if you miss a

period, we'll see

what we can do about making sure everybody sees that video

we've been compiling.

Maybe we can project it on the wall during halftime of the

homecoming game!" he

teased.

Tiffany rushed off to first period, which unfortunately was

algebra with Mr.

Brown. As she walked quickly through the halls, all the

students around her just

stopped and stared. Tiffany Daniels, the most stuck-up

cheerleader in school, was

wearing a skirt so short it barely covered her ass, teetering

on high heels, and

nearly bursting out of a tight halter top that invited "JUST

DO ME." "Whoa,

Tiffany!" shouted a senior boy as she brushed past. "Even

better than yesterday!"

"Tiffany Tits!" yelled another, and everyone laughed. She

flushed crimson, and

kept moving, her ears ringing with their mockery.

Finally she reached Mr. Brown's math class. and hurried to her

seat. A boy in the

back of the room whistled, and again everyone laughed. There

was an excited

murmur among the boys, and Tiffany knew they were all ogling

her and talking

about her. Their lustful gazes burned her exposed skin. Out of

the corner of her

eye, she saw several adjust their pants, and knew they had

sprouted hard-ons.

They were fantasizing about her!

"Quite an entrance, Miss Daniels," Mr. Brown said with a smirk

as the second bell

rang. "Did you come to class today to participate or disrupt?"

Damn him, thought Tiffany. He knows exactly what White has

done, and he's just

taunting me. And I can't say a thing against him.

"To participate sir," she replied.

"Very good, then. Class, open your books to Unit 8, quadratic

equations, and Miss

Daniels, you can do the first problem at the blackboard."

The bastard, thought Tiffany. He's gonna play me like a fish.

But she got up,

wobbling slightly on her heels, and tugged her skirt down to

cover her ass. The

room was hushed as she walked to the board and began writing

in chalk as Mr.

Brown dictated a problem to her.

She could hear the whispering, and feel the hot stares of the

boys. She knew her

ass was the focus of every thought in the room. At least her

back was to them,.

and they couldn't stare at her breasts. Her hand shook as she

tried to follow

what Mr. Brown was saying, and the formula she wrote on the

board was a mess. She

looked at it and didn't have the slightest idea how to solve

it.

"Go ahead, Miss Daniels," Brown said haughtily. Tiffany didn't

move, and soon

snickers were mixed in among the whispers.

She heard a whisper from the back of the room, intentionally

loud enough to reach

her ears. "What's the square root of piece of ass?" one boy

asked. "Speaking of

root," said his friend, "I'd like to sink my root into that!"

"That's enough, fellas," Mr. Brown said sternly, but he was

smiling as he said

it. "Miss Daniels, it appears your unusual attire today is

distracting the class

after all. Perhaps you'd better have a seat." Grateful, but

totally humiliated,

Tiffany sat back down.

It seemed as if no time until the bell rang signalling the end

of first period,

and Tiffany marched glumly back to White's office, again

through a chorus of

catcalls from horny boys who now lined the halls, waiting to

see the biggest cock

tease in school in an outfit that made Victoria's Secret

models look modest by

comparison. White was waiting for her, and her stomach turned

over when she saw

he had the shears out.

"Time for another alteration, Princess. How was math?" Tiffany

just looked at the

floor as White approached her, and moved around behind her.

This time he grabbed

the back of her tiny skirt and cut a slit all the way up the

rear, exactly

following the crack of her ass, all the way to the waistband.

Her naked ass now

hung out, completely exposed!

She instinctively reached around behind herself to close the

gaping skirt around

her delicious young ass, but White reached out and smacked her

hands away. "I

kind of like you like that, Tiffany," he said, "and I'll bet

the boys will, too.

I wonder if there's anything we can do to help the situation?"

Tiffany saw where the game was going. "Can I please have some

more safety pins.

sir?" she asked.

"More than one?" White replied. "Goodness, I don't know about

more than one. Can

you earn more than one?"

Not even knowing what he would ask, Tiffany knew that her only

chance to survive

this hellish day was to get out of his office with her skirt

pinned rather than

flapping wide open exposing her entire ass. "I'll earn them,

Mr. White. What do

you want?"

"Gee, Princess, I just came an hour ago, and I'm not the young

buck I used to be.

I don't know if I'm quite ready to cum again. So it'll have to

be something else.

How about a little addition to our video, Toying With

Tiffany?" He had been

planning this all along, and quickly pulled out the digital

camcorder.

"I want you to look and speak directly into the camera, tell

us your name, and

then talk for a minute about what a slut you are. I want you

to be nasty, and

vulgar, and crude, but most of all creative, If I approve of

the first take, you

get safety pins. If I think you're being too coy, out you go

into the hallways,

bare-assed."

The beleaguered teenager swallowed hard, knowing she had no

choice. They already

had so much on tape, what was one more minute? White swung the

camcorder eyepiece

to his eye, hit the record button, and Tiffany began.

"Hello, my name is Tiffany Daniels." She paused, not knowing

where to go. But she

had to make herself, had to get those safety pins! "And, I'm,

uh, uh, I'm a slut.

I'm 16 years old and I uh, like to masturbate, and uh..." she

trailed off. White

shut the camcorder off.

"Not good enough, Princess," he barked. "That bell is gonna

ring in two minutes,

and if I'm not happy, it's gonna be an interesting rest of the

day for you. Now

are you gonna do this little scene that's only for me and the

boys, or are you

gonna give the entire school a treat to remember? Now get

nasty!"

This was agony, Tiffany thought, but she steeled herself and

started again. "My

name is Tiffany Daniels, and I'm a slut," she said. "I like to

masturbate. And I

just got fucked in the ass for the first time. It happened

last night. These four

older men stripped me naked and laid me on a table and they

took turns fucking my

ass. I thought it was going to hurt but it didn't, except for

this one guy, who I

guess had a really big dick. And even with him, I had a really

big orgasm." She

did not even realize it, but she had become caught up in

re-telling her story,

and was hardly aware of what she saying.

"And while they fucked me up the ass, some of the other guys

made me lick their

assholes. They called it a rim job. I thought it would be

really gross, but it

was OK. And I just had the best orgasms I've ever had in my

life."

She stopped. White lowered the camera. "Nice work, Princess,"

he said. "I think

you earned your safety pins. Would you like to do them or

should I?"

Tiffany didn't want the older man fumbling with her skirt, but

she remembered

everything he had done so far, and it didn't seem so bad by

comparison. And she

knew she couldn't pin behind herself properly. So she asked

White to pin the gap,

and he did, one pin near the top and one near the bottom.

There was still a

slight gap in the skirt, and her ass crack was visible

slightly, but it was much

better than it had been. She hurried away, on to second

period.

"Tiffany Daniels!" snapped Mrs. Wolfe, her second period

science teacher. "What

is wrong with you girl?" Tiffany had walked into the science

classroom and the

elderly teacher had instantly turned on her. "I realize this

school doesn't have

uniforms, but we do have a dress code that states students

must be modestly clad.

I don't know what kind of game you're playing, but that outfit

is not acceptable.

Report to the principal's office immediately.

The classroom snickered and guffawed. It was an entirely new

batch of students,

nearly all of them seeing Tiffany for the first time. She had

tried to slink

quietly into the room, but Mrs. Wolfe had called her up short.

"Please, ma'am, I'm sorry, but please don't send me to the

principal's office!"

she pleaded.

"I'm sorry, Tiffany, but your rear end is practically hanging

out of that skirt."

The boys in the class exploded with laughter, and several

yelled "Hell yeah!"

"And I won't even repeat that message on your, er, top. Have

you lost your mind

dressing like that? Now get to the principal's office at once,

and don't come

back until you are decent! No argument! Go!" Tiffany bowed her

head in shame as

the other students stamped and whistled, and slunk back to

Principal White's

office.

"Why Tiffany, back so soon?" he asked in mock surprise. "You

must enjoy coming

here," he mocked.

"Mrs. Wolfe sent me here," she said grimly. She hated this

game.

"Oh she did? Well, I'm not going to let you change into

anything else, and Mrs.

Wolfe won't let you back, so I guess you'll just have to stay

here for the entire

period." He grinned wickedly.

"Unfortunately, I have other business to attend to. As much as

I enjoy our little

games, I still have a school to run. On the other hand, I

don't want you at loose

ends. Idle hands are the devil's playground, as I'm sure you

know. So let's make

sure your hands aren't idle. Go ahead and have a seat in my

chair here, and put

your feet up on my desk. That's a girl. Now spread 'em nice

and wide. Wider.

Wider. Come on, remember last night in the van? You can get

your legs further

apart than that.

"There. Perfect." Her skirt had ridden up to her waist,

completely exposing her

naked pussy. "Now I want you to start masturbating. If you can

get yourself off,

be my guest, but please don't stain the leather seat with your

secretions. You

will masturbate for the entire period. I will close the door

so you won't be

bothered, but you're not allowed to lock it. I will come back

at random times,

and when I open the door, you'd better be in exactly this

position, with your

fingers in your crotch, playing with yourself. You got that,

girl?"

"Yes sir," Tiffany replied. At least he wasn't going to cut

her clothes up

anymore.

She began to masturbate as the principal pulled the door to.

At first she was

just going through the motions, but soon the solitude, and the

confusing memories

of the sexual exploitation she was undergoing, and the

orgasms, began to mess

with her young mind, and she became aroused. Unable to help

herself, she started

thinking about the previous night, and what it had felt like

to have a man's

tongue probing her tender, virgin asshole. It had been so

warm, so moist, so

thrilling. She'd never imagined something so nasty could feel

so good. Her

fingers dug deep, and her little clit began to lift out from

under its hood. She

gasped as her fingertips made contact with the button, which

had been worked over

more in the past 24 hours than it had in her entire life. But

the little clit

loved it, and wanted more, and more, and more.

Tiffany drifted, her naked legs splayed out obscenely on the

principal's desk,

her hands busy in her lap, bringing her closer and closer to

another orgasm, when

suddenly, the door to the office burst open. The girl looked

up, expecting to see

Roger White, and instead saw the Davis twins, Bret and Brian,

standing in the

doorway staring at her.

"Whoa, dude, check it out," said one. Tiffany had no idea

which was which. These

were freshmen, beneath her contempt, nasty little boys.

Normally she would have

squashed them with a glance.

"Hey, you're that Tiffany Daniels the cheerleader!" said the

other. "Everybody's

talking about what a slut you've become. What the fuck are you

doing jerking off

in the principal's office?"

Tiffany quickly pulled her legs off the desk and tried to sit

demurely in the

chair, but she painfully aware of what the boys had seen, and

could still see.

"What the fuck are YOU doing here?" she screeched shrilly.

"The principal told us to walk on in and wait for him," said

one evil twin. "He

must not have known you were sittin' in here playing with

yourself. God, you're

an even bigger slut than everyone says."

"Can we see your pussy some more?" asked the other.

"No!" Tiffany yelped. God, this was the worst thing yet! These

wretched little

boys had seen her masturbating and now they were going to tell

the entire school!

"Listen, this isn't what it looks like," she said frantically.

"Principal White

told me to come in here ..." she trailed off. She realized she

couldn't tell them

the truth, how she was being blackmailed, or they'd have an

even bigger story to

tell the school.

"Oh yeah, right," said one Davis. "The principal told you to

wait in his office,

so you sat in his chair and started playing with your pussy.

Makes sense to me!"

"Please," pleaded the mortified teenager. "Please just go away

and leave me

alone."

"Yeah, well, I guess we could. But he told us to wait here. So

we can't. By the

way, where did you get that cool halter. JUST DO ME. Is that,

like, an invitation

for guys to fuck you or something?"

Tiffany was beyond mere hell. Just then Principal White walked

in and took in the

scene he had obviously set up. He smiled. Motherfucker,

thought Tiffany.

"Goodness gracious, I've got a full office," he said,

pretending to be unaware of

what was going on. I'm surprised to see you in here, Miss

Daniels. I hope you

weren't going through my files. Boys, I had intended to speak

with you about your

grades, but I guess I need to speak to Miss Daniels first

about coming into my

office. You go on back to class now."

The twins grinned at each other. They didn't know what was up,

but they knew they

had just witnessed something that would spread like wildfire

throughout the

school, as soon as they got done telling every single guy they

knew. Stephanie

Daniels' big sister, the most stuck-up bitch in school! They'd

seen her naked

pussy! They trotted off, slowly, because of the boners they

had sprung in their

pants.

"What a shame Mrs. Wolfe kicked you out of class, Princess,"

the principal said,

continuing to toy with her. It's almost time for third period,

though. Time for

another modification for your outfit."

"Oh God, please don't do this to me, please sir please," the

poor girl begged.

"I'll do anything. Please. I'll suck your dick again. I'll do

the other guys.

Anything. But don't make me go back out there."

"Oh, you'll do anything we want anyway, Tiffany," he chortled.

"Now stand up and

take your medicine." He pulled out the shears and this time,

instead of going for

the dress, he inserted them in the front of her halter, right

into her cleavage,

and began carefully cutting downward. In seconds he reached

the bottom, and the

tiny top, which had been terribly stretched to begin with,

parted. Her huge

breasts sprang free, unfettered.

"Oh my, you're really going to need a safety pin for that," he

smiled. "I think

one will do it, though." He reached out and pulled the halves

together and ran

the pin through them. They stayed closed, covering her bulging

tits, but only

barely. A full two inches of bare cleavage now shown through

from the top of the

halter to the bottom. She might as well have shown a spotlight

on her tits and

walked around screaming "Look at my tits, everybody!"

"There you go, Tiffany. Time for third period. See you after

class!"

She had to do something. No way would she go to another class

like this, her body

screaming for every male in the school to ogle her, a walking

target for teenaged

lust. She ducked out of the principal's office, ran down the

hall, her boobs

bouncing so violently that they almost flew out of the halter,

and ducked into

the girls' restroom. She entered a stall and shut and locked

the door. Safe. For

a while, anyway.

Tiffany spent the next period in the restroom, trying to

remain calm. But soon

the bell rang again, and she knew she had to go back to

White's office. He was

waiting, shears in hand. "How nice to see you, Princess," he

said. "I have good

news for you. This will be the last cut." And he put the

shears at the front of

her skirt and sliced neatly upward, halving the mini right in

front of her naked

pussy.

"I have to confess, I'm running out of ideas for tormenting

you, and that's

unlike me," he said. "It's not pity, mind you, but for now,

here, take the safety

pin and pin that front together. What's your next period, by

the way?"

"Lunch," Tiffany said without thinking.

"That should be interesting," White replied. "I'll come in to

the lunch room and

check up on you. I wouldn't want you to skip and, say, hide in

a bathroom or

anything. Off you go now."

And Tiffany, beaten, left the office. Even when the outfit had

been intact it had

been provocative beyond belief. Now, with the slits exposing

her all over, she

was a walking exhibitionist. She tried to shuffle to keep her

skirt from gapping

and exposing her bare ass and pussy, but it did little good.

She headed for the

lunch room, which was filled with students.

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Daddy's Tight Wet Teens

I have some pics...

Teen Tiffany

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DaddyCool

Respected Poster

Joined: 03 Jun 2006

Posts: 189

Location: Just around the corner

Posted: Tue Jun 27, 2006 11:13 am Post subject:

CHAPTER 11

THE ONE WITH THE QUICKER PICKER-UPPER

"Vanity of vanities, all is vanities," says the Bible, and if

ever there had been

a girl full of vanity, it had been Tiffany Daniels. But never

had there been a

girl in the history of Godfrey Daniels High School brought so

low from such a

height. Only a few days ago, she had been queen of the school,

a cheerleader,

dead ringer for Anna Kournikova, rich bitch driving her Miata

and going to the

tanning salon, hanging at the country club. Her daddy was rich

and her mama was

good-lookin', and Tiffany Daniels was both.

Technically, all that was still true, but the games that

Principal White and the

others were playing with young Tiffany had changed her image

drastically. Now she

was walking toward the cafeteria in her black high heels, the

ones so high they

made her walk like a cheap whore trolling for tricks, her

pelvis rolling as if it

was mounted on greased ball bearings. The halter they had made

her wear,

advertising JUST DO ME, was ripped down the middle and barely

held together by a

single safety pin; her gorgeous teenaged tits threatened to

spill out with every

step she took. Her black Spandex micro-mini just barely

covered her bare pussy

and ass cheeks, and had been sliced all the way up on both

sides, as well as

front and back.

The effect was almost worse than being actually naked, as it

was so grotesque to

the normally prim girl. Her mind was a swirling vortex of

shame, humiliation and

anxiety as she approached the cafeteria. It was the very room

where she had been

fucked up the ass just the night before, and had licked the

janitor's asshole,

and had come over and over, but she wasn't going to think

about that now. She

really wasn't, she thought.

She stopped outside, and took a deep breath. There was only

way she would survive

this, she told herself. She must remember who she was. She was

a Daniels Ñ her

grandfather had founded this school, her father was a wealthy

businessman about

to be elected to the City Council. Every boy wanted to fuck

her, and every girl

wanted to be her. But none could.

She would brazen it out, she decided. Her teachers might have

the upper hand over

her, but these were mere students, none of them good enough to

wipe her ass, she

told herself. She squared her shoulders, stood up straight,

and forced her face

into its usual gaze of haughty condescension. And walked into

the cafeteria.

The usual clamor assaulted her, of 400 students talking at

once. But as her heels

clicked across the linoleum, she noticed the room getting

quieter. Conversations

continued, but in a low buzz, and she could tell, by all the

faces looking at

her, that the buzz was about her, and the way she was dressed.

An outrageous wolf whistle sounded from somewhere, breaking

the tension, and

everyone laughed nervously. Tiffany tried to ignore and

gathered her usual lunch,

a veggie wrap, yogurt and a bottled water on a tray, paid for

it, and looked for

a place to sit. She saw a table of her fellow cheerleaders Ñ

Marla, Brittany,

Suzy Ñ with an empty seat, and even though the table was in

the middle of the

room, she wanted so badly to be among friends who wouldn't

mock that she walked

over and sat down.

"Jesus, Tiffers," exclaimed Brittany, "What is, like, the

deal? Halloween is so

over.

"Hello to you too, Britt," she replied. "I don't have a

problem if you don't."

She was still trying to bluff her way through.

"Yeah, but come on!" said Marla, a perky redhead. "What is

with you? Everybody is

talking about the way you've been dressing the last two days,

like some kind of,

like, whore or something. I mean, that dress is all ripped,

but even if it

wasn't, you can practically see your butt!"

Tiffany was painfully aware that the conversations at several

nearby tables had

ceased as the < < CENSORED > > tried to eavesdrop on the

cheerleaders' conversation. She had

to just plow ahead.

"Why is everybody ragging me about the way I'm dressed?" she

demanded, trying to

take the offensive. "I can dress however I want to! I don't

follow fashion

trends, I start them!"

"But Tiffers," Brittany squeaked, still not buying it. But

before she could

finish, a blast of music roared forth from across the room. At

first it was hard

to tell what it was or where it was coming from, but as

Tiffany looked around

frantically she could see it was a table of several football

players, not the

cute ones that she sometimes dated, but the big ugly grunts

who played lineman

and rarely got the good-looking girls.

"I met a babe in a backseat drive-in/

Back in the saddle she'd sit/

Pulled on the reins just to keep me risin'/

She loved to chomp at the bit."

Tiffany didn't know the lascivious song, but the boys all did:

"Cheese Cake" by

Aerosmith, a dirty little ditty by a dirty little band.

The songs was apparently being played on a portable CD boom

box, which was

strictly forbidden on school grounds. Tiffany looked around

for the cafeteria

monitor who would make them turn it off, and spotted him: Mr.

Green, her damned

English teacher and one of the men who was abusing her. He was

standing against a

wall, smiling, arms folded, tapping his foot in time to the

music. Although the

boys were violating the rules, he made no move to stop them.

"Daddy do it, ooh, just do it/

Daddy do it, please let me see/

Do it, please just do it daddy/

Do it, do it, drivin' me crazy."

As Steven Tyler sang, one of the beefy boys climbed up on his

lunch table. At

least, thought the embarrassed cheerleader, the students were

now all looking at

him instead of at her. But then he pulled his T-shirt up to

the middle of his

ribcage, imitating her halter top. He reached under the shirt

with both hands and

with a mighty heave he ripped it in half down the middle, just

as Tiffany's

halter was ripped. He looked right at her and grinned and

stuck out his tongue

and wiggled it obscenely, and the place went completely nuts,

as if Aerosmith

themselves had just appeared in their midst to perform for

free. They were

cheering her degradation, Tiffany knew, and there was nothing

she could do about

it.

"She always walks with her eyes down on her bootlace/

She lives to give it away/

She don't believe in the right time or the wrong place/

She's always liable to say/

Cheese cake, looser than her sister/

Cheese cake, mmm, her sugar gets me high/

She knows I can't resist her (cheese cake)/

Got my fingers in her pie (cheese cake)."

The brutish lineman did a bump and grind, waggling his pelvis,

and everybody

roared with laughter as Tyler's voice boomed out. Green

continued to do nothing

about the scene.

The moment the song stopped, Tiffany heard a loud splash, and

realized it was

right beside her. She whirled away from watching the football

player, and saw,

out of the corner of her eye, Old Joe the janitor hovering

near her. Brittany was

standing up and shrieking, "Ohmigod, ohmigod, you knocked over

my Coke, you

clumsy oaf!" Brittany's enormous cup of Coke was laying on the

floor, ice and

cola flowing everywhere. Some of it had splashed onto

Brittany's and Tiffany's

ankles, as well as Joe's.

"Oh ma'am, I am so sorry, I really am," Old Joe said, taking

on the subservient

tone he was well-known for, one that bordered on a Stepin

Fetchit parody. But

Tiffany knew the man better, knew what he was capable of.

Briefly, she flashed on

last night, when he had been the last to fuck her up the ass,

the one with the

biggest cock, and the one who gave her an orgasm that still

made her tremble,

even as a memory.

Old Joe's voice was obsequious, but his eyes glittered with

hardness, Tiffany

noticed for the first time.

"You idiot!" Brittany was still shrieking.

"I apologize, miss, I surely do," Joe said. "I wish I could

clean it up, but my

back went out this morning, and I can't bend down for nothing.

Would one of you

girls do me a big favor and clean this up for me?"

The cheerleaders all looked at him as if he were insane. Old

Joe the janitor was

asking them, the cheerleaders, to get down on their hands and

knees in the middle

of the cafeteria and clean up a spilled Coke? As if!!

"It's a little thing to ask," Joe said. "How 'bout you, Miss

Daniels. Would you

do this for me?" he asked. "'Scuse me a minute, girls, while I

talk privately to

Miss Daniels here."

He loaned over so that his mouth was close to Tiffany's ear,

and only she could

hear. He whispered, harshly. "Cunt, if you're not down on your

hands and knees in

10 seconds getting this floor spotless, tonight we're gonna

take turns on you,

and we're gonna fuck you with my mop handle. How far up do you

think we can make

it go if we push reeeeeeal hard?" he hissed.

Tiffany flushed with anger. Goddamn it, they had trapped her

again. She had no

choice.. She got up out of her chair as her friends all

started babbling. "Jeez,

Tiff, what are you doing? You don't have to clean up that

mess. He knocked it

over, it's his fault, let him do it."

Joe pulled a large rag, almost as big as a towel, out of his

pocket and handed it

to Tiffany. She bent down, and realized the only way to clean

the floor was to be

on her hands and knees. She knelt with the rag, which was dry

but very dirty, and

began to mop up the spilled soda.

Within seconds, she realized the sight she presented. Bending

over on her hands

and knees caused the skimpy halter to hang away from her

chest, and the better

parts of her tits were in full view. If someone were standing

above and in front

of her, they could see right down her front almost to her

nipples. The rear view

was even worse, she knew. Because her skirt had been split

right up the ass

crack, then pinned back together, and because the skirt was so

tight, the bending

of her ass caused the skirt to pull apart, exposing the crack

of her ass

completely. With no underwear, she was showing off her booty

to the entire lunch

room.

Still, Joe's threat was real. She had no doubt the men would

fuck her with the

mop handle if she refused to cooperate. Or worse. They had

told her they expected

full obedience of everything they told her to do, or she would

end up being video

fodder for the perverted Dr. Wu. All she could do was mop up

the Coke, and do it

quickly.

But even though she was working fast, rubbing at the Coke for

all she was worth,

there was so much of it all over the floor. And many of the

boys, realizing the

position she was in, had decided that subtlety was for wimps,

and they wanted a

good look. A couple dozen boys had stood up behind Tiffany,

and several more had

walked over, so that there was a good-sized mob of teenaged

boys all gathered

behind her, staring at the fine crack of her young ass, and at

the rounded globes

as they pressed on the tight Spandex of the skirt. Another

crowd of youngsters

had gathered in front of Tiffany, ogling her tits. The two

groups gawked, and

laughed and pointed. Elbows nudged ribs, guys jockeyed for a

better view, and

teen dicks started stiffening inside jeans.

"Ohmigod, Tiff, what do you think you're doing?" Marla called

to her. "You are

putting on such a show. You don't have to do this. Get up,

girl! Show some

self-respect."

But Tiffany's self-respect, once an armor she had worn with

pride, was now in

tatters.

And just when she thought it couldn't get any worse, the

Aerosmith song started

again. They had only pushed pause on the CD player, and there

was more to sing

about still:

" Cheese cake! Sneakin' out the back door/

Cheese cake! Rollin' down the lawn/

Everybody's kissed her (cheese cake!)

At the crack of dawn!"

Tiffany scrubbed at the soda, slowly soaking it up into the

dirty rag. The crowds

of boys grew and grew, and they hooted at the richest,

prettiest girl in school

down on her hands and knees with her ass and tits showing. A

rubber band was shot

out of the crowd and smacked her right on her naked butt crack

and she flinched,

but refused to look around at whoever had shot it. She was

focused intently on

getting through the outrage and getting this day over with.

Mr. Green walked over, finally. "Is everything OK here?" he

asked blithely.

"This nice girl is helping me with a spill," Old Joe

explained, winking at his

co-conspirator. "I just don't know what I'd do without her."

"Why Tiffany Daniels, I'm pleasantly surprised," Mr. Green

said in a voice louder

than it needed to be. "You used to have a reputation for being

stuck up, but here

you are down on your hands and knees mopping up Coke, helping

our janitor. Good

for you!"

The students all guffawed at this. Tiffany grit her teeth and

didn't say

anything, but her face was crimson with embarrassment and her

skin burned with

shame.

"I hope I'm not out of line here, but this kind of sacrifice

deserves to be

honored," Mr. Green said with fake sincerity. "Why don't we

all give Tiffany a

hand?" He began to clap, and the students joined in. The

applause rose, louder

and louder, echoing off the lunchroom walls. It was supposedly

for her doing a

good deed, but Tiffany knew they were all really applauding

the spectacle of her

near-nudity, her position of submission at the feet of the

janitor, the sudden

and drastic change in her image from prim and proper to

dressed-to-thrill.

Tiffany had always craved the spotlight, but only when she was

in control. Now

she no longer was. It seemed to her as if everyone else in the

school was above

her, putting her down. She had never felt so low.

Of course, she hadn't gotten to Homecoming yet.

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Daddy's Tight Wet Teens

I have some pics...

Teen Tiffany

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DaddyCool

Respected Poster

Joined: 03 Jun 2006

Posts: 189

Location: Just around the corner

Posted: Tue Jun 27, 2006 11:14 am Post subject:

CHAPTER 12

THE ONE WITH THE SPECIAL HALF-TIME SHOW

The next morning was beautiful as Tiffany drove her < <

CENSORED > > sister Stephanie to

school through the suburban streets of Beverly, Texas. It was

Friday, and tonight

was the big homecoming game, something that Tiffany had been

looking forward to

for the entire school year. Until this last week, though, when

the four sadistic

older men had embarked on their campaign to blackmail, abuse,

degrade and

humiliate the lovely 16- year-old. Now she dreaded the game,

wondering what sort

of torment they would dream up to shame her even further.

She was lost in her own dark musings when Stephanie spoke up.

"I hate to bring

this up again, Tiff, but you know yesterday, in the cafeteria?

People said you

were even worse than the day before! I told em that when we

went to school you

were just wearing jeans and a T-shirt like you always do, but

I heard from

bunches of people that at lunchtime you were dressed in this

really whorey

looking black skirt that was all cut up and held together with

safety pins, and

you were down on your hands and knees on the floor and guys

were staring at you

and laughing."

Tiffany wanted so badly to tell her innocent young sister the

truth, the awful

truth about what bastards men could be, and the unspeakable

predicament she was

in. But she knew that telling Stephanie would somehow put the

girl in danger

also. She had to lie.

"Yeah, that was a little but out there, I have to admit,"

Tiffany said. "I'm kind

of embarrassed about it now. I guess it seemed like a good

idea at the time." She

stopped, hoping that would end Stephanie's questions.

An embarrassed silence fell over the girls. Tiffany felt that

her sister wanted

to talk further, but that it would be rude to question an

older sibling, and one

who was so beautiful and popular.

Added to that was the conflict raging within Tiffany. It's the

dirty little

secret of nearly every cheerleader that there is a bit of the

exhibitionist

lurking somewhere within. Most cheerleaders, and certainly

Tiffany, don't get off

on the thought of all those hormone-driven teenaged boys

fantasizing about

fucking them, and all the middle-aged pervs in the crowd

staring at their

panty-covered crotches and thinking evil thoughts. But to be a

cheerleader, to

prance about in front of crowds in a tight sweater and a

short, flippy skirt,

exposing your bare legs and your underpants, there has to be a

small part that

enjoys it. And that was certainly the case with Tiffany.

Normally she felt as if

she were operating from a position of power Ñ this was her

nubile young body, and

nobody could touch her unless she said it was OK.

But the events of the past week had reversed that, and Tiffany

was confused. In

some ways, her tormentors had just taken her love of being

looked at and

amplified it far beyond her wildest dreams. Her name was on

everyone's lips at

Daniels High School, the image of her slutty outfits and

bizarre behavior the

talk of every classroom and bus stop. The part of her that

craved the spotlight

secretly loved all that, even as she was mortified by the

stunts she had been

forced to pull in recent days.

And then there were the orgasms. Although she had masturbated

a few times and

petted a little with boys her age, she had never cum the way

she had the other

night when the men were fucking her ass in the cafeteria, or

the way she had in

her bedroom crushing the ants with the big dildo. What was

happening to her? Was

she secretly a slut who had just been liberated, or was she

still just a normal

teenaged girl?

As she pondered all that, she pulled the Miata into the

parking lot, kissed

Stephanie on the cheek goodbye, and trudged to her first stop

of the day:

Principal White's office.

Today wasn't just any day, though. It was Homecoming, the Big

Game. Cheerleaders

always wore their uniforms on game day out of school

tradition, and even with all

Tiffany had been though, she had worn hers. The tight white

sweater with the big

gold letter D clung to her shapely chest, and the pleated gold

skirt swirled

around her lovely tanned legs as she walked into Principal

White's office.

"Shut the door, Princess," he ordered. She complied.

"Well, well. Homecoming," he began. "Big night for you and

your little friends,

eh? I suppose you're wondering what's in store?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, me and the boys decided to let you have a day off. Not

completely, but

almost. We want you to save your strength and focus for the

game, to be able to

help our players on to victory. And I'm sure you'll be able to

help them."

Tiffany had no idea what he was getting at, but had heard the

"day off" part and

focused on that, hopefully.

"Whatever you say, sir," she said. It was best to wait and see

where it was

going.

"Take off your knickers, Tiffany," he said. The youngster

reached under her short

skirt with both hands and pulled them down to her ankles,

where she stepped out

of them. She bent and picked them up from the floor.

White took the white underpants from her hand and laid them

out on his desk. He

pulled out a big black laundry marker and wrote across the

crotch of the knickers

in large letters "FUCK ME." Then he flipped them over, and

across the ass he

wrote "SPANK ME." He handed them back and told her to put them

on.

Tiffany's heart sank. Was this his idea of a day off? Wearing

knickers all day

under a short skirt, worried that ay any moment a breeze could

expose them, or a

careless drink of water at the fountain.

"Aww, come on, Princess," he joshed. "It's not so bad. It's

not like I'm gonna

fuck you up the ass or anything. Then again, you kinda liked

that, didn't you?

Maybe you're disappointed cause you wanted to be fucked up the

bunghole again.

Maybe it was the Joe Black dick that got you over the top.

Hmm?"

"No sir," she said, staring at the carpet and blushing,

because he was close to

the truth. "May I go now?"

"Sure, Tiffany. See you at the game tonight."

Compared to what she had endured over the last two days,

Homecoming Day wasn't

that bad. She was back in her cheerleading uniform, and that

helped Tiffany feel

in control. In class, other students would whisper and dart

their eyes at her,

and sometimes giggle or guffaw, but there wasn't any outright

harassment. Even in

the lunchroom, the scene of her humiliation the previous day,

she sat with her

buddies and ate in peace. Everyone seemed focused on the big

game coming up.

And before she knew it, it was game time. 7:30, and the

gymnasium was packed.

Daniels High School students in one set of bleachers, and

facing them, the

students of Jefferson High School, for what was sometimes

referred to as the

annual Jeff-Daniels Game. Tiffany took the floor with Marla,

Brittany, Suzy and

the rest of the squad and they started their routines: high

kicks, spins, back

flips, cheers, as the basketball warmed up by shooting baskets

and following

lay-ups.

As the girls formed a chorus line and kicked in rhythm to the

band's music,

Tiffany saw the students in the front few rows begin to point

at her and nudge

one another. Damn! She had managed to forget that FUCK ME was

written across the

front of her knickers in big black letters. Every time she

kicked, she was showing

it off to the boys. Soon the whispers began to spread through

the Daniels crowd,

and more and more teenaged boys moved down close to be able to

see.

Tiffany scanned the crowd nervously, and saw one man who

wasn't moving down: Mr.

Green, who sat about half-way up with the camcorder held to

his eye. He was

aiming it right at her. It was very common to see high school

parents in the

bleachers with camcorders, videotaping their sons on the

basketball floor, but

Tiffany knew that Mr. Green wasn't taping the game. He

probably had the zoom lens

cranked up all the way, she thought, and was zeroing in on her

pussy and the bold

advertisement that was printed there. Just more for their

little collection, she

thought bitterly.

The first half of the game went quickly, with Tiffany and the

other cheerleaders

taking the floor occasionally during time-outs. After one

flip, the hem of

Tiffany's short cheerleading skirt rode up and accidentally

clung to the top of

her knickers, exposing her delectable cotton-clad 16-year-old

bottom and the words

SPANK ME printed there. She blushed furiously and quickly

pulled it back down,

holding it there with her hands. She didn't know how many had

noticed, but surely

some of the horny boys, who were not even watching the game

any more, had seen.

The whistle blew, signalling the end of the first half.

Tiffany looked toward one

end of the gymnasium and was shocked to see Principal White

standing there, his

back to one concrete-block wall, talking with Stephanie, her

14-year-old sister.

White caught the cheerleader's eye and gave her a hand signal

to come over.

Tiffany obeyed, her stomach sinking. The torment and abuse of

her was bad enough,

but she had to keep Stephanie away from these predators no

matter what.

"Hello, Miss Daniels," the principal said in almost courtly

way, his voice of

free of sarcasm. "I was just talking to your sister here, whom

I've barely had a

chance to get to know." His words seemed so innocent on the

surface, but Tiffany

knew there was great potential for evil lurking somewhere

within them.

"I need a favor, Miss Daniels. You know Old Joe, the janitor?

His back is still

bothering him and he asked if you'd help him out for a few

minutes. While you do,

I'll just visit with Stephanie here for a few more minutes.

I'm sure you'll be

back for the second half." His eyes were clear and pure,

devoid of malice, but

Tiffany got the message: Obey me, or Stephanie becomes part of

the game as well.

She left the gym and found Old Joe standing right outside the

doors. To Tiffany's

surprise, he was dressed in a snazzy suit rather than his

janitor's uniform. He

motioned her to step back into a stairwell.

"So you saw that Mr. White is talking to Stephanie, Princess?

I'm only going to

explain this one time, so you better listen closely. If you

don't follow every

instruction perfectly, we're going to take a trip to Dr. Wu

tonight to make one

of those special videos. Not just you, but you and Stephanie

as well. Dr. Wu

tells us he's getting impatient, and so are his friends, for a

little tender teen

flesh to abuse. Do you remember the little talk the other

night about how Dr. Wu

treats teen meat like you and your sister? Of course you do.

So you're going to

obey, right."

Tiffany swallowed hard, and nodded. She had to keep her sister

safe. She would do

anything to keep Stephanie out of trouble.

"It seems that both the coach and the assistant coach from

Jefferson had their

cars stolen from our parking lot during the first half," Black

continued.

"They've just been told, and they're out in the parking lot

now talking to the

police. They'll probably be gone about 15 minutes. That means

the Jefferson boys

team is in their locker room, with no adult supervision. You

and I are going to

go in their now. I'm just going to stand over in a corner,

keeping an eye on

things. It's going to be your show, Princess, your special

half-time show. You'll

do all the talking. If I don't feel as if your performance is

exactly what me and

the fellas have in mind, I have a cell phone, and Mr. White

has a beeper. I'll

just dial the beeper, and Mr. White will leave right then with

Stephanie and take

her to Dr. Wu's. You will join her there later. If she has an

hour's head start

on you, though, she's likely to be in pretty bad shape by the

time you show up.

You with me so far?

Tiffany nodded. "I have no choice," she told herself over and

over. "I'm their

slave. I have no will. I have to do what they tell me to."

Joe told her what he wanted her to do, and together they

entered the visiting

team's locker room. The noise hit the lovely teenager like a

tidal wave - the

sound of 14 teenaged boys pumped up on testosterone and

adrenaline, left without

adult supervision. Some were yelling, some were snapping

towels, others were

laughing. They all fell silent as soon as they noticed Tiffany

and Joe Black. As

he had promised, Joe faded into a corner, leaving poor Tiffany

standing alone in

the middle of the locker room. She had never felt so

vulnerable and alone.

She took a deep breath, told herself she had no choice, she

would do this to save

her sister. She forced a seductive smile onto her face.

"Hi boys. Would anyone like a blowjob?"

The room instantly erupted again with hoots, laughs, rebel

yells, screams of

"Fuck yeah!" Several of the boys advanced toward the

cheerleader.

She raised a hand. She had to keep some control or she would

be gang-raped. What

she was about to do would be bad enough.

"Hold on, boys," she called out. "Settle down. My name if

Tiffany, and as you can

see, I'm one of the cheerleaders at Daniels. I heard your

coaches weren't here,

so I came over to offer a little oral relief to y'all. But if

y'all are gonna get

out of hand, I'm just gonna have to leave." She was following

the script that Old

Joe had outlined to her.

"Now everybody knows there's a pecking order, so we're gonna

have ourselves a

pecker order. I'll blow as many of you as I can, beginning

with the starting

lineup. I hope I'll have time to get to the substitutes as

well, but I can give

them hand jobs while I blow the starters. So I can take on

three guys at one time

- one in my mouth and one in each hand. Everyone will have to

cum as quickly as

he can so the guys who are waiting can have a shot."

"What the fuck is this about?" shouted one Jefferson player.

"Just a little Daniels hospitality," Tiffany answered. "Plus I

really like the

taste of cum, and love to have a big old cock spurting into my

hot little mouth."

"Who's the black guy?" another yelled.

"Don't mind me," said Joe. "I'm just the little lady's escort.

Now you guys gonna

stand around and ask questions, or is somebody gonna get this

girl a towel to

kneel down on so she can start sucking some cock?"

All the boys started moving and yelling again, many of them

"Me first!" and

"Dibs!" Instantly a towel appeared and was laid down on the

cold concrete floor,

and Tiffany kneeled down. No sooner had she assumed the

position than she was

presented with the crotch of the team's starting center, a

huge black teenager

whose dick was already halfway hard. She opened her sweet

young mouth and closed

her lips around the thick purple head and began to suck.

Mere seconds had gone by when she felt both her hands being

raised up. She was

vaguely aware that two other teens were now standing on either

side of her, then

shorts and jock straps down around their ankles just like the

center she was

blowing. Each of her hands had a hard-on stuffed into it, and

she dutifully

wrapped her fingers around each shaft and began a pumping

motion back and forth.

"Oh, fuck, this is unbelievable," yelled a boy who was getting

a hand-job. "Jack

me off, you little whore-dog!"

"What a slut! What a whore!" the mob of boys yelled. The

center took his large

meaty hands and put them on either side of Tiffany's beautiful

face and began to

face-fuck the girl, pushing his large cock in and out of her

mouth, which made a

series of rhythmic slurping sounds. She could smell his heavy

sweaty smell, could

feel his large balls, loose in his scrotum, banging against

her chin repeatedly

as he fucked her mouth.

Jesus Fucking Christ I'm gonna cum in this slut's mouth!" the

boy suddenly

bellowed, and as Tiffany felt his cockhead swell up in her

mouth, he erupted.

Gush after gush of hit salty semen poured into her young

mouth, and she swallowed

frantically to get it all down.

"Me next!" hollered a guard, and pushed the center out of the

way before his dick

had even begun to soften. Tiffany felt the first cock pop out

of her mouth, only

to be replaced by a second erection, this one pink and thick,

but also tasting of

sweat. She started to suck again, when suddenly her left cheek

was hit with a

huge gob of ejaculate.

"Uhhh! Uhhh! Uhhh!" grunted the boy on her left as she pumped

his cock into her

fist. He was spewing his sperm all over the side of her face.

She was disgusted,

but knew she didn't have time to stop and wipe it off. She had

been ordered to

get all 14 boys off in 15 minutes, and knew she would have to

work like mad to

accomplish her task. Fortunately, she knew, they were teenaged

boys, and could

cum quickly. The sticky sperm dripped down her cheek and

rounder her jawline,

just as the boy on her right exploded in orgasm. His cum hit

her in the right

eye, temporarily blinding her, and continued shooting out of

his dick, coating

her face.

"Man, you're cummin' all over the cheerleader cunt's face!"

yelled a player.

"This is sooo fuckin cool!" The room erupted in cheers.

As the cheers echoed off the tile walls, the second player

erupted into Tiffany's

mouth. He seemed to have even more sperm than the first guy,

and she gagged

slightly as wave after wave filled her mouth. Half- blinded by

the sperm in one

eye, she groped out with her fingers and found two more naked

erections,

throbbing with adolescent lust. She began to pump both of

them, her fingers slick

with the semen of the first two boys.

The time passed quickly. Tiffany did not even have the time to

consider the image

she presented, one of unspeakable depravity and nastiness. A

beautiful

16-year-old girl, on her knees in a boy's locker room, dressed

in the opposing

team's cheerleading uniform, surrounded by panting, cheering,

swearing, rutting

boys, all with the shorts and jock straps pulled down to their

knees or their

ankles, their erections bobbing angrily in the humid locker

room air.

Another blast of boy-cum hit Tiffany's other eye, and as the

boy spewed his seed,

some went into her thick wavy blonde hair as well. It barely

registered, because

yet another player was cumming in her mouth, jamming his cock

forward so hard

that it banged against the back of her throat. Tiffany's gag

reflex kicked in,

but the muscle action of her gag reflex just milked the boy's

cock all the

harder.

They came on her hair. They came in her face. Their sperm

sealed her eyes shut

and coated her cheeks. Thick globs of semen dripped down her

chin and fell on the

large gold D on her chest. Her tongue felt thick from the

semen that had flooded

over it again and again, and her jaw ached terribly from

having her mouth open

and stuffed with cock so much.

Tiffany Daniels had become a mindless blowjob and handjob

machine. To the

Jefferson basketball team, she might as well have been some

inflatable love doll,

or a piece of meat. They used her, they called her names, they

laughed joyfully

as they watched the mask of sperm get thicker and thicker on

her face. It was the

most un-fucking-believable thing that had ever happened to

them - to have a

cheerleader from the opposing team walk into their locker room

at half-time and

give everybody blowjobs and handjobs!

Cock after cock after cock assaulted the willing, kneeling

victim. She had

stopped thinking about what she was doing, what was happening

to her, the shame

and humiliation she had felt at first. If the boys viewed her

as a machine,

that's how she viewed herself as well - a robot with no

purpose except to extract

the seed of 14 young men in a specific time.

She was surprised when she heard Old Joe's voice in her ear.

"That's it, babe,"

he told her. "Let's get out of here." Tiffany realized that

the last boy's cock

had cum in her mouth, that she was done. She had taken seven

loads of sperm in

her mouth, all of them massive, because unbeknownst to her,

the Jefferson coach

had forbid his players to have sex or even to masturbate for

five days before the

game. The boys had obeyed him, so that each had built up a

huge load. Tiffany's

stomach gurgled with nausea. She wondered weakly how much

sperm was sloshing

around in her stomach.

In addition to the cum in her stomach, her face was a mask of

white; eight boys

had come on her face while she was jacking them off.

"Hey, you want to come back after the game?" called one boy.

"We could all shower

together!" The room exploded with whoops and high-fives.

Tiffany was now moving

out of her trance-like, robotic state, returning to the real

Tiffany Daniels, and

she flushed at the boy's comment. The humiliation of what she

had done washed

over her.

"Let's get you to a restroom, Princess," Old Joe told her.

"You done good, but

the second half's about to start, and you can't go back out

there like that."

Tiffany nodded, numb from what she had endured over the past

quarter-hour. Joe

led her from the room of goggle-eyed boys, some of whom were

not pulling up their

shorts and getting ready to go back out on court for the

second half.

That half passed in a blur for young Tiffany. She knew she was

out on the court

between Brittany and Marla, going through the motions. At one

point Marla had

even leaned over and asked "What's that in your ear, Tiffers?"

Tiffany had stuck

a finger in her ear and pulled out a small gobbet of sperm

that she had missed

while washing off the mask of cum.

She was vaguely aware that the Jefferson team, which had been

up by 10 points at

the half, played the second half as if they had 10-pound

weights strapped to

their ankles. They couldn't shoot, couldn't rebound, could

barely even focus.

They grinned at one another as they jogged lazily up the court

while their coach

screamed at them from the sidelines, wondering what had

happened to his team.

Occasionally one would glance over at Tiffany and give her a

thumbs-up and a big

grin.

Tiffany never noticed. Her mouth still tasted like sperm, her

tongue ached, her

jaw ached, her hands ached. She knew what she had done, what

she had been forced

to do, and her whole being ached with the shame of it.

But at least she had kept Stephanie safe, she thought. That

was her consolation.

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Daddy's Tight Wet Teens

I have some pics...

Teen Tiffany

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DaddyCool

Respected Poster

Joined: 03 Jun 2006

Posts: 189

Location: Just around the corner

Posted: Tue Jun 27, 2006 11:16 am Post subject:

CHAPTER 13

THE ONE WHERE THE TORCH IS PASSED

Over the weekend following the Homecoming game

Friday night, Tiffany tried to recover. The harder she sought

to put the events

of half-time in the visiting team's locker room out of her

mind, though, the more

they stuck with her. She had been horribly assaulted, used as

if she were a

common whore or a plastic sex doll, sodomized against her will

by 14 boys!

And yet, she knew, it did not appear that way to the boys of

Jefferson High's

varsity basketball team. To them, they had been minding their

own business when

the most gorgeous beauty they had ever seen, a cheerleader for

the home team no

less, had flounced into their locker room and announced free

blowjobs and

handjobs for everybody! She had done it willingly, in their

eyes, and this

injustice burned at young Tiffany as surely as their hot semen

had burned being

pumped down her throat by the cupload.

As bad as the indignity and public humiliation was, however,

Tiffany gnawed on an

even worse fear: What if one of the guys from Jefferson told

one of the guys from

Daniels about what had happened? Word of such an incident

would spread like

wildfire through the school, and her debasement would be

complete. She just had

to pray that over the weekend no one from the Jefferson

basketball team had

bumped into a member of the Daniels High team.

Her prayers were not answered, she found, on Monday morning,

when she had only

been in the hall a few minutes before the first bell when Jay,

a reserve guard,

walked up to her boldly and said in a loud voice, "Well, well,

if it isn't our

own little Blowjob Betty!" Several students paused in the

conversations to

listen.

"I heard you were quite the Little Miss Mouth at halftime on

Friday night,

Tiffany! Is that what all the slutty outfits have been for

lately? Have you been

getting into training for your big blowjob run on Jefferson?

And hey! How come

you didn't come to our locker room and give us all blowjobs?

Aren't Daniels High

School cocks big enough for you."

Tiffany's face was hot and scarlet, and her heart was

pounding. "Please, Jay,

please, could you at least whisper?" she begged. It seemed as

if the whole high

school could hear, and she knew she couldn't deny it or it

would only get worse."

Jay leaned over to the cheerleader's ear. "I'll be happy to

whisper, Tiffany, if

you'll meet me after school and put a lip-lock on my love

muscle!"

"No, please, don't do this," Tiffany pleaded. "Leave me

alone." She forced

herself to walk away and duck into her classroom.

Fortunately, when she had reported to Principal White's office

that morning, as

she had been ordered to do every morning, he hadn't been

there, so Tiffany had

gotten away without having to change into some slutty outfit.

She was dressed

like her friends, in khakis and an Abercrombie and Fitch

T-shirt, to all outward

appearances a normal teenaged girl, not some remote-controlled

whore being

blackmailed and threatened by a gang of authority figures.

An old John Mellencamp song popped into Tiffany's head: "I

fight authority,

authority always wins..."

As the day wore on, it seemed that more and more of Daniels

High was learning

about what Tiffany had done last Friday night. When she walked

into the

lunchroom, three whole tables of boys, about 20 in all, had

gotten pints of milk

and smeared the milk all over their lips and upper lips,

looking like perverse

versions of the "Got Milk?" ads. "Hey Tiffany!" they roared in

unison when she

entered.

"Got cum?!!!" The cafeteria exploded with laughter. The entire

school must know,

Tiffany thought.

In English, when she got up to read a poem, several boys made

fake coughing

sounds into their cupped hands. But instead of coughing, they

were saying

"Blowjob! Blowjob!" When she walked in the hall between

classes, boys whistled at

her, or made loud lip-smacking sounds, or grabbed their dick

through the front of

their pants and squeezed, in a contemptuous come-on.

Somehow, she managed to get through Monday. Tuesday was as

bad, although once

again Principal White was not in his office, so she could stay

in her regular

clothes. Wednesday, the taunting and teasing started to die

down a little.

Teenagers have such short attention spans. Thursday was as

close to normal a

school day as Tiffany had had in two weeks.

But on Friday, when she reported to Principal White's office,

there he was,

sitting smugly behind his desk, his eyes glittering with lust.

"Come on,

Princess, and lock the door behind you," he said pleasantly.

Roger White was counting a large stack of money. "Know what

this is, Princess?"

he asked. "This is money I won off the Jeff-Daniels game

Friday night. Five

grand. I won it betting with a bookie on Daniels High School.

And you know what

made it possible? You did, Tiffany. Our boys were getting

beaten in the first

half, but you really took the energy out of that Jefferson

High team the second

half. So thanks to you, I won $5,000. Kinda like I killed two

birds with one

stone, huh.

"I'm not a greedy man, so I thought it only fair that I share

it with you. I

figure $5 a blowjob times 14 is $70. So here are your

earnings." He pealed off

three 20s and a 10 and handed them to the girl.

Tiffany continued to be amazed at the small things that could

humiliate her. She

was rich; her daddy probably made 100 times as much a year as

a high school

principal. Yet here she was being paid $5 a blowjob, like the

cheapest prostitute

on record. The blowjobs had been bad enough, but getting paid

for it, and so

meagerly, made it even worse.

"So you've gotten kind of a break for four days, haven't you,

Princess?" White

continued. "No nifty new clothes to wear around school, no

ants in the pants, no

rimjobs, no gang-bangs. Do you miss it?"

"No, sir," Tiffany said, and she was telling the truth, but it

was also more

complicated than that for the confused teenaged girl.

"Well, me and the guys decided to give you a little taste of

what it would be

like to go back to the old Tiffany Daniels for a few days. Now

I hear a lot of

what goes on around here, and I know some of the boys were

having a little fun at

your expense for a couple of days, but that's already pretty

much died down now,

hasn't it."

"Yes, sir."

"And the way things are going, I imagine in a week or so

nobody will hardly

remember all this nonsense if we keep going on this track,

right?"

The youngster nodded in agreement.

"On the other hand, if you start dressing like a slut again,

and doing really

nasty outrageous things in public, like showing off your tits

to a bunch of

strangers in a store in a mall, then it's all gonna start

raining down on you

again, Princess. Maybe this time we would pick a place a

little closer to home

for you to show off those tits. Maybe next week's basketball

game, we could have

you go braless under your sweater, and rig the sweater somehow

so that it comes

off when you're in the middle of the floor in front of a

couple thousand people."

He smiled at the thought. Tiffany remained silent, knowing he

was just tormenting

her, not expecting a response.

"So the choice is yours, Princess. You do one last thing for

us, and we let you

go. You're free forever from us. If you refuse to do this one

last thing, though,

the last two weeks is gonna look like rookie camp before the

big leagues. We're

talking public exposure on a scale you haven't even dreamed

of. We're talking

trashing your reputation so thoroughly you won't be able to

find a decent boy to

piss on you. We're talking all-night sessions with Dr. Wu and

his vide equipment,

being tortured in ways that would make the Marquis de Sade

puke.

"So what's it gonna be, little Tiffany?"

"What do you want me to do, sir?"

"Give up your sister," White said, as if was the simplest

thing in the world.

"Ss-ss-Stephanie?" stammered Tiffany, shocked.

"You got any other sisters you want to give up?" White said

sarcastically.

"Please, sir, anything but that," Tiffany said. "She's only

14."

"That's why we want her, Tiffany. We've had a good time with

you, but we're

always on the lookout for fresh meat. We want Stephanie, and

we want you to help

us get her. We could wait forever for her to screw up the way

you did. So we'll

give you a bag of cocaine to put in her backpack. A

significant amount, enough to

count for distributing. I search the backpack, and voila!

Stephanie is ours, just

like you are."

Tiffany stiffened. "I won't do it," she said simply.

"The word 'won't' is not a part of your vocabulary, Princess.

You will do it.

Period."

"I won't," Tiffany repeated.

"Very well, then," White sighed. "Strip off your clothes."

Tiffany knew she would have to be tough to save Stephanie. But

she would do

anything. She stripped naked in front of the principal.

"Hop up on my desk and spread your legs. Feet flat on the

desk, you worthless

cunt." As soon as she did so, White reached into a drawer and

pulled out a small

metal cylinder about the size and shape of a lipstick tube. He

roughly placed his

fingers on her tender young labia and spread them apart, then

pushed the tube up

inside her. Without lubrication, the dry metal hurt going into

her virgin pussy.

"Don't move, you little piece of shit," White said. The next

object he pulled out

was a real lipstick tube. He pushed up the bright red lipstick

and began to apply

it carefully to one nipple, then the other one. When he

finished, each was a

bright crimson.

"Get down and get dressed," White ordered, throwing two pieces

of clothing at

her. The first was a tiny pair of denim shorts - Daisy Dukes,

the < < CENSORED > > called

them. But these shorts were so tiny Tiffany couldn't believe

it as she pulled

them on. They came up over her ass and kept going, so that the

bottom third of

each delectable rounded ass cheek hung out the bottom of each

side. The crotch

fit snugly up into her own pussy - naturally, White had not

given her any knickers

to put on. She tugged at the top of the shorts, trying to get

the waist up to

snap them, and the more she tugged, the tighter they bit into

her pussy. Soon the

rough seam of the jeans material was working its way up into

her snatch,

spreading her labia apart.

Finally, painfully, the Daisy Dukes were almost ready to be

snapped. She sucked

her tummy in as much as she could to pull them around her

waist, and barely

managed to fasten them. But now she could barely breathe.

Plus, sucking her

stomach in had the effect of pushing out her already large

breasts even more.

With the Daisy Dukes in place - biting into her pussy

painfully - she quickly

pulled on the white blouse that White had given her. It was a

sheer material,

bordering on see-through, the type of thing a teenaged girl

would wear over a

two-piece swimsuit at the beach as a coverup. These must have

been in the pile of

clothes we got at the Gap last week, Tiffany remembered.

She buttoned the blouse, but like the Dukes, it was much too

small for her, and

the buttons barely met. Her tits were straining against the

thin fabric, rubbing

against it. When she looked down, she saw to her horror that

her breasts were as

visible as if she had been wearing nothing at all. Even worse,

the lipsticked

nipples were so obvious they might as well have had blinking

neon signs attached

to them.

"You can wear your own sneakers and socks," White told her.

When she was dressed,

Tiffany stood in front of her principal, dressed in the most

provocative outfit

yet. Her ass hung out of the teensy denim shorts, and she was

afraid that when

she sat down, if she didn't keep her knees together tightly,

people would be able

to see the actual lips of her pussy peeking out on either side

of the center

seam. Her breasts would be on full display for everyone in the

school to see.

"One last thing, cum-breath, and then off you go to class."

White pulled out a

small object that looked like a television remote control,

only with a small dial

and just one small green button in the center. He pushed the

button....

And Tiffany's crotch exploded with pain! It was as if she had

been kicked with a

heavy boot. She doubled over and grabbed her midsection. Her

breath had been

knocked out of her so suddenly that she couldn't even scream.

The pain lasted for

a second, and then stopped.

"Oh gee," said White at the bent-over girl, who was gasping

for air. "I think I

set it a little too high. It's a remote control for delivering

electrical shocks

to that little tube in your cunt. Here, let me turn it down,"

he added, and

twisted the dial a bit.

He pressed the button again, and this time Tiffany could feel

a painful jolt of

electricity stab her from inside her own pussy. She let out a

little yelp and her

hands involuntarily shot down to her crotch.

"That's better," said White. "I want to toy with you, Tiffany,

not destroy you.

Now that tube is gonna stay inside you all day long. And I'll

be walking around

school with this remote, which by the way has a very good

range. You'll never

know when I'm going to zap you. And while you walk around

today in your rather

creative attire, which I'm sure all the boys in school will

really appreciate,

and you get random shots of electricity at different levels

zapped straight into

that sweet little snatch of yours, I want you to be thinking

about how long you

can endure this, and whether it wouldn't be better to just do

what we ask so

we'll leave you alone. Now off to class with you, girl."

And Tiffany obediently went to class. When she first appeared

in the hall after

leaving Principal White's office, she nearly caused a riot.

She was dressed like

some model out of Hustler Barely Legal < < CENSORED > >, and

the boys started flocking

around her. "Man, nice fuckin' tits, Tiffany!" they yelled.

"Nice fuckin' ass!"

"Think those shorts could be a little shorter, Tiff?" From

somewhere, she knew

not where, a hand reached out and grabbed the naked part of

her ass cheek which

hung below the hem of the cut-offs. The boy's hand squeezed,

and a finger tried

to push up under the jeans, but they were too tight.

Tiffany was about to slap the intruder's hand away when Zap!

She felt the metal

tube in her pussy deliver a strong, painful burst of

electricity. Instantly both

hands shot down to the crotch of her tiny cut-offs.

"Hey guys! She's grabbin' her crotch! What a whore!" yelled a

boy. A small crowd

of boys had gathered around her, hooting and grabbing at her.

Tiffany's back was

forced up against a row of lockers, and she was surrounded by

horny young men,

breathing hotly on her, poking her with their fingers,

laughing and mocking her.

She felt a hand reach up under her blouse and try to grab at

her large breasts.

She tried to reach up from her crotch to knock away the

intruding hand, but the

crush of boys against her made movement impossible. An unknown

face leaned in and

began licking her neck, and she could feel other hands running

up her smooth

young thighs, pinching at her crotch. She felt trapped and

panicky.

Suddenly the bell rang signalling the beginning of first

period. When the boys'

attention was diverted for a second, Tiffany marshalled all

her strength and

pushed through the crowd. Suddenly free, she started to run,

heading down a hall.

She could hear the mob behind her shouting and calling her

filthy names.

She hit the door of the girls' restroom at full run and burst

in, heading

straight for a stall. She locked herself in, breathing hard,

on the verge of

tears. Just yesterday, it had seemed possible that she might

get her reputation

back, that everything would be forgotten. Now she knew that

her tormentors could

and would ruin her, torture her endlessly, escalating their

nastiness. But she

couldn't betray her innocent young sister. She just couldn't

do it.

Another blast of voltage, stronger than the last one, ripped

through her pussy.

She doubled over and screamed. "God damn it! Leave me alone!

Stop torturing me!"

It burst from her mouth before she could stop it.

She heard the bathroom door open, heard footsteps. "Tiffany?"

a girl's voice

called out.

It was Stephanie!

"Go away, Steph, I'm OK!" she called from inside the stall.

"What's the matter? Why did you scream?"

"I can't talk about it. Please just go to class and leave me

alone."

"I'm not going anywhere until you tell me what's been going

on. And if you don't

tell me, I'm gonna tell Mom and Dad!" Stephanie threatened.

Tiffany took a deep breath and tried to calm herself. She

swung the door open and

saw her little sister standing there, looking at her with

curiosity and

surprising calm. Without warning, Tiffany started to talk.

Like a dam bursting

under great pressure, the entire story poured out. How she had

cheated on a test

and been caught, and then drugged and videotaped. How the men

had continued to

put her into compromising positions with their blackmail

threats, then made more

and videos, getting her in deeper and deeper. She left nothing

out: the ants, the

trip to the mall, the blowjobs, the public exposure and

humiliation, the anal

gang bang, the rimjobs, the half time show for the Jefferson

team. And now,

finally, this horrible dilemma: They wanted Stephanie.

Tiffany was crying as she talked, tears running down her

cheeks. Finally she ran

out of words.

"Jesus, Tiff, I had no idea," Stephanie said. Her eyes were

huge, and she was

trembling. "Come here and give me a hug."

Tiffany embraced her 14-year-old sister tightly, and was

surprised to feel the

girl's nipples were hard. She pulled back. "Stephanie, are you

wearing a bra? I

can feel your nipples!"

"Uh, no," said Stephanie, "I usually don't wear a bra. My

boobies aren't as big

as yours yet," she said, using the term the girls had used

when they were little

and took baths together. "And as for my nipples being hard,

well, I guess they

are. I thing your story kind of excited me."

"Excited you?" Tiffany was puzzled.

"Well, yeah," said Stephanie. "Listen, Tiffany, since it's

confession time, maybe

I ought to tell you a little something. I'm not the sweet

little innocent you

think I am. I'm not a virgin."

"You're not? Who have you slept with?"

"Well, actually, lots of guys. I, uh, lost my virginity a

couple of years ago.

And I liked it. Actually, I loved it. Fucking was just about

the coolest thing in

the world. I started doing guys all over the place, all the

time. After about six

months, I realized that boys my age were so pathetic that

they'd probably even

pay me for it. I'd get to feel their cocks ramming away inside

of me, and I'd cum

like crazy, plus I'd make some money. I charge $25 for a

blowjob and $100 for a

fuck. I've got more than $2,000 saved up so far. I just wish

I'd thought of it

sooner."

Tiffany felt as if her universe was being scripted by

lunatics. Was everyone but

her a depraved pervert? Her own little sister was a high

school hooker?

"I I I I don't know what to say, Stephanie. Isn't it

demeaning?"

"Fuck no, sis. Get your head out of your ass. Fucking is about

the greatest thing

in the world. And to get paid for it is even better!" The

freshman was grinning

from ear to ear, and Tiffany could see the youngster's hard

little nipples poking

through her T-shirt.

"But I still can't turn you over to these guys, Stephanie. You

wouldn't be in

control. They're vicious bastards, they get off on power-

tripping over girls,

humiliating them and making them do nasty things. It's way

different from humping

14-year-old boys who don't know what they're doing."

Stephanie's eyes glittered. "Actually, Tiffany, the whole

thing kind of turns me

on. 14-year-old boys aren't that great, to tell you the truth.

Most of them don't

know what they're doing, and some of them last about 10

seconds before they cum,

if they don't ejaculate when I just touch their dicks. But one

time, this older

boy, who was about 16, he was doing me in his parents' bed,

and he started

holding my arms up above my head. I felt trapped, almost

helpless, cause he was

bigger and stronger. And it was the best fuck I ever had. I

came so hard I almost

peed!

"So anyway, Tiff, I started thinking that maybe I'm just a

girl who likes to be

dominated, who likes to feel helpless, to have the guy be in

control. And if a

16-year-old boy pinning my arms down was a turn-on, I can only

imagine what a

group of older, sadistic men would be like. I'd be in heaven!

My pussy's getting

juicy just thinking about it!"

The teenaged sisters continued to talk for a few more minutes,

with Stephanie

gradually convincing Tiffany of her position. They left the

girls' restroom and

walked to Principal White's office. Tiffany hesitated, but

Stephanie took her by

the hand and marched right in.

White sat at his desk and looked up, startled. "Good morning,

girls," he said,.

not sure where this sudden arrival was heading.

"Good morning, Mr. White," Stephanie said, taking the lead.

"I've been a bad

girl, and I need to be punished." White felt his cock stir in

his pants.

"What have you done, Stephanie?"

"Does it really matter?" she responded, in an exaggerated

little- girl voice.

"I'm sure a man like you can think of a suitable punishment

for a little

14-year-old girl like me. If you don't wash my mouth out with

soap, maybe you can

wash it out with something else." She looked right at his

crotch, and licked her

lips.

This wasn't the game plan White had been counting on, but he

was one to go with

the flow.

Stephanie spoke up again. "But while you're punishing me, sir,

and I'm sure it

will have to be spread out over a long time, I think you're

done with yucky old

Tiffany, don't you. Why don't you have her get dressed in her

regular clothes and

go back to class. Then you and I can be alone and you can

start my punishment."

White licked his lips. His dick was throbbing. God almighty,

an

honest-to-goodness real teenage submissive slut, right here

begging him for

punishment. Wait till the rest of the gang heard about this!

"Good idea," he said. "But Tiffany, once you get those shorts

off, take out that

little device in your pussy. I think it's Stephanie's turn to

wear it." Stephanie

was already stripping of her clothes, and soon stood naked in

the principal's

office, her nipples hard as little erasers, her teen pussy

oozing moisture. She

took the tube from her older sister and without pausing

slipped it right up

inside her. With the lubrication, it slid in easily.

"Why don't you kneel down, Stephanie. It's time to get

started," said Roger

White, coming around to the front of his desk and unzipping

his fly. His erection

waved stiffly in front of him, and Stephanie watched it

closely, her mouth

watering.

Tiffany was dressed and heading toward the office door to get

back to her old

life. She paused and saw her sister Stephanie, naked, kneeling

on the carpet, her

mouth just beginning to slide over the head of White's cock.

Just before her lips

made contact, White pushed the button on the remote and

Stephanie stiffened as

she felt a blast hit her young twat. A small orgasm shook her

body. She was

getting off on the pain!

"Oh yes, master! Make me cum! I've been a bad little girl!"

Stephanie moaned.

Then she leaned forward and pushed her mouth onto White's

cock, taking it as far

back into her young throat as she could.

Tiffany shook her head, and left the office. The last thing

she heard was her

sister happily humming away on the cock in her mouth.

THE END