**Tri-Hard**

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Of course I was well aware that my actions were wrong. But did that stop me? No way did it! How could I let Jess get to me yet again? No, this was all getting too much now, I'd left her alone, left her husband alone, left them to their own perfect little lives and yet still she couldn't resist having that little dig at me. So, I went for her. To be honest, I don't think I really stopped to think about the consequences, I've always been that way inclined, act first, think later.

So now I stand, in the corner, hands on my head, biting my lower lip as the realisation of the last 24hours hits me. I had to tell Master what I'd done, couldn't escape it really, not when he had phoned me and I'd blurted out "that bitch has done it again!" Surely he could see it wasn't my fault, not this time? Like he said though, I retaliated, I didn't rise above her and carry myself with dignity, I lowered myself to her level and engaged in a slanging match, a war of words between two not very lady like women who were fighting for supremacy.

He had told me he was coming today and the reasons why. I was to wear my school uniform for behaving childish and brat-like, he had sat me on the floor, cross legged while he drank the coffee I had made for him and I listened intently as he lectured me why I was to be punished. He, my Master, then went upstairs to prepare for my punishment, I was left alone to think about what I had done.

"Girl, up here now!" His voice boomed at me and I felt my legs turn to jelly. I walked quietly up the stairs, he was stood at the top waiting for me. He held the bedroom door open and indicated that I was to go inside.

As I got in I noticed the bits and pieces he had got out ready. A paddle, some rope, 3 different vibes, blindfold, cuffs and the gag. Obviously seeing these things I thought I knew what I was in for. Bad enough, but it could have been worse!

I felt hot pain tug at my scalp as he grabbed a handful of my hair and dragged me across the room, I was stood in front of the dressing table. "Spread you feet girl, bend forward, palms, chest and head flat on the table" I did as I was told.

I heard him leave the room, what now, I thought, surely he had everything to hand? A few seconds later I was aware that someone had come into the room, I daren't move to see who but I knew it was not my Master.

I kept my position and then heard my Master come in, he had been to get a bottle of wine and glasses and he chatted quite happily to his guests as he popped the cork and poured the wine. Now I was getting a little nervous and assumed that the punishment my Master had planned for me would be witnessed by whoever was in the room with us.

"Right girl, I think we are ready now. You have bought great embarrassment to me by your little bitchy outburst. To teach you a lesson I feel you have to know how it feels to be embarrassed and humiliated." Master then lifted my skirt up over my hips exposing my knickers.

I felt my face flush, knowing that others were in the room and could see me. "Hmmmm, 10 I think, over the knickers, count down girl." SWAT, he bought the paddle down firmly across my bottom, I felt myself jump slightly as it hit.

"10." I said obediently, there was a pause and then SWAT, on the other cheek, "9." It didn't hurt too much, my pride was hurting more at the thought of being watched.

SWAT "8.", SWAT "7.", SWAT "6.", SWAT "5." it was starting to sting a little now, another 5 to go and I knew my arse would be slightly red and warm by the end of it.

The last 1 hit, "1." I said, "thank you sir."

"well done girl, glad to see you haven't forgotten your manners!" I felt him gently run his hands over my knickers, I hoped he wouldn't pull them down, exposing my red backside, but I knew I wasn't going to get away lightly.

He didn't pull them down though, he ripped them off, pulled my head back by my hair and forced them into my mouth. There I was, naked, red, warm arse in the air, exposed for whoever to see, his foot went between mine and forced my legs further apart. I tried to resist, not wanting anyone to see me exposed like this, but that was a huge mistake.

I had both cuffs attached to my ankles and the spreader bar placed between them. I was forced open, exposed. I heard someone snigger as this happened, obviously enjoying seeing me in this vulnerable position.

I was there for what seemed like ages when I felt a hand brush ever so lightly between my legs. It felt soft, smooth, nice. Then it pinched my clit quite tight. I winced at the sharpness and suddeness of this action, then my clit was being rubbed between the thumb and finger, the sensation was one of pleasure and yet pain as well.

I then felt a finger at the entrance of my pussy, very gently teasing and toying, now that was pure pleasure, but I couldn't figure out what I felt more, the pleasure or the pain? "She is ever so wet." I heard someone say, a female voice, "She obviously enjoyed that. Dirty Slut Whore!"

My Master laughed "She's not here to enjoy herself." he said. My clit was pinched again, harder this time, the finger still teasing, then pushed a little deeper inside, I could feel it probing deeper, searching for my G-spot.

Suddenly my knees buckled slightly, ah he's found it and he knew it. With a little snigger he carried on, but with 2 fingers now, playing inside, thrusting a little harder, all the while my clit was being pinched, pulled and rubbed. I could feel my orgasm starting to build, yet I couldn't ignore the pain either.

Quite breathless I mumbled against my gag "Please sir, may I cum?" He withdrew his fingers, I groaned and the pain in my clit got stronger.

"NO." he said, "Not yet slut, we are not finished yet."

The fingers that pinched so tight let go. I felt my clit throb. A couple of minutes and I caught my breath and calmed down.

A blindfold was placed over my eyes, I was stood up straight, my t-shirt was removed and my bra taken off. As the cool air hit my breasts my nipples became erect, I was stood there -- naked. Not able to see, not able to speak, knowing other people were in the room looking at my body.

The spreader bar was removed from my legs, I was led to the bed and laid on my stomach. There were pillows under my hips, raising my arse in the air. I knew that meant another spanking.

Hands grabbed my ankles and pulled them apart, they were tied, then my hands were pulled above my head and I lay there spread eagled on the bed, pulling against my restraints, testing how far I could move. I couldn't move very much, I was tied tightly.

Hands started to caress my body, all over. In my hair, down my back, on my legs... "Ouch!" a slap across my arse. The hands continued to run all over me, I felt myself relax and start to enjoy their touch ... Slap, another. Again there was this pleasure vs pain scenario.

I gave into the pleasure and was jolted back by the pain. What else was I supposed to do? Give in to the pain? How could I do that? How could I let the swats wash over me? No, I wanted the pleasure. I wanted their gentle touch, I wanted to cum, to feel their tongues, fingers, vibes.

Slap! Harder this time. All hands stopped touching me. I let out a small moan, one of disappointment. I felt warm breath against my ear. "No, slut, no pleasure. Take your punishment like the brat you are, learn your lesson, then and only then will you be allowed release."

I was aware of mutterings, I couldn't quite make out what they were saying though, I guess I wasn't supposed to. I felt my bindings loosen and I was turned over onto my back. "you will not be re-tied, but you are not to fight against us. Accept what we give to you, disobey and you will be restrained. Do you understand?"

"Yes Sir." I said. I lay there very still wondering what they were going to do. I tried to slow my breathing, and remain calm, I relaxed my body allowing the bed to consume me. I cleared my head and felt like I was in a meditative state.

I felt something against my lips, "Drink." I was told. I opened my mouth and allowed the cool water to wet my tongue and cool my throat. Just one mouthful, thats all I was allowed as the cool water was then dripped down the entire length of my body.

I resisted the urge to move out of its way, instead allowing it to wet my skin. That was the start of my torture.

I endured 1 thing after another as my body was pulled, pushed, probed and pinched. My nipples were made erect and pegs placed on them, the flogger flashed across my pussy lips, my head was pulled up by my hair as a throbbing cock was forced to the back of my throat and held there for a few seconds, making me gag, then releasing me.

My tits were slapped, I felt ice pushed inside me, my arse hole was probed, hot candle wax was dripped across me, my clit was pinched and rubbed the same time as both my nipples were. I was put into uncomfortable positions, experienced a variety of sensations, hot, cold, sharp, cruel and relentless.

It then struck me, I was allowing this to happen. I was not restrained, I could get up if I wished. But I had submitted my body and soul to these people, willingly.

Then I was aware of the intensity of what I was feeling, yes it was pain, but I was turned on. I was actually enjoying it. I felt my needs and desires burning deep inside me, I wanted to feel a cock in my mouth, to feel the cold ice rub on my nipples, I longed for the sting of the slaps across my skin.

My breathing was becoming heavy, I writhed against their touches, pushing myself towards them. "Oh you dirty, dirty slut" my Masters voice. All I could manage was a whine as my reply, not really sure if I was agreeing with him or not.

"Hmmm I think she needs something more. I want to see her lick out a pussy." I was left alone then. The gag was removed from my mouth and something was hovering above my face.

I could smell pure sex, then I was instructed to lick and taste. I reached up with my tongue, probing, licking, feeling the pussy push down onto my face forcing my tongue deeper into her wet hole. I could feel and taste her getting wetter, I could hear her moans of pleasure as she moved her hips back and forth across my mouth and tongue.

"That's it girl, yeh, lick my pussy you dirty slut" I felt a twinge in my clit as she shouted those words at me, "It's all your good for is being used. Your going to lick up all my cum juices aren't you bitch?"

"mmmm" was all I could manage, forgetting myself and my position, busy enjoying myself. SLAP What a sting, right across my thigh, I let out a whimper and my body jolted.

"That is not how you reply to me, slut."

"Sorry." I mumbled.

"Lets try again." she said "Your going to lick up all my cum juices aren't you bitch?"

"Yes Mistress." I said

"That's better. Now tell me what you are."

I had to think for a second, what was I? A bitch or a slut? What did she want me to say? If I got it wrong then I would get another slap? I smiled to myself, I wanted to get it wrong. I wanted to feel her slap me, I wanted her to make me say it again and again, so I said I was a bitch as I felt sure she wanted me to say I was a slut.

SLAP, her hand came down across my thigh again.

"Wrong! You are a dirty slut. Now say it."

I could feel myself getting very wet, I wanted to explode, but I dare not. "I am a slut Mistress."

"Louder slut."

So I repeated it, "I am a slut Mistress."

"Yes you are. And again, tell me."

I knew this was turning her on as much as it was me, I could taste it running into my mouth, all over my tongue. SLAP, "I am a dirty slut Mistress"

SLAP, "Again."

"I am a dirty slut Mistress, I am a really dirty slut. I want you to cum on my face, i'm going to lick up all your cum juices."

I was getting carried away with it all. My pussy ached to feel touched, I wanted to cum so much.

"Oh yes, slut, yes. I'm going to cum now." It was so intense as she wriggled and writhed above me, the taste of her cum as it ran into my mouth was so sweet. I felt her judder and twitch and finally calm down as her orgasm washed over her.

She then moved from my face and my Master bent over and kissed me, tasting her cum on my lips. "Good girl" he said. "I think I need to see how much you enjoyed that."

My legs were grabed and spread open wide and held down. "Open your pussy lips for me slut." I reached between my legs and held my pussy wide open for him. I could feel a finger probe inside me.

"Just as I suspected. You really are a dirty slut. You enjoyed that didn't you?" He then pushed his finger inside my mouth so I could taste my own wetness. "Well. What have you got to say for yourself?" he asked me.

"Please, Master, may I cum?" I asked my question pleadingly, hoping it was my time now, that he would allow me release, I would do anything to be allowed that.

He laughed then. "Go ahead, cum slut."

I felt a bit confused, I thought either he or one of his guests would make me cum. Was he suggesting I play with myself? In front of these people?

"Go on then slut. You want to cum, you do it." My legs were still held wide apart, I was exposed, I was turned on beyond belief, I had to cum, even if that meant playing with myself infront of strangers.

I touched my clit, very gently and started to rub up and down, I arched my back as the pleasure started to take over me. I was very aware all eyes were on my fingers and my wet pussy, I was feeling so sexy, they were watching me, enjoying my little show, enjoying my pleasure, knowing of my pain and humilation and how much it was turning me on.

I could feel my orgasm building. A finger entered me, pushing deep inside me. I heard a laugh, and a shuffling sound as they were moving around.

"What are you?" The lady asked me again, her voice coming from between my legs, she was the one finger fucking me as I played with my clit.

"A dirty little slut Mistress."

"Yes you are, you are a dirty slut, a whore, you deserve to be used as a cum dump."

"Yes Mistress" I replied "I am a cum slut, a dirty cum slut whore."

"You are going to get it, slut. Tell the boys you want their cum over your dirty cum slut face."

I was so close to cumming, but I knew I had to tell them before I did. "Please can I have your cum over my dirty cum slut face?"

I wondered if I would be allowed to cum before they did?

I slowed my fingers down so I did not cum.

"Don't you cum before you have asked for permission." my Master said.

"No Master, please Master may I cum, I really need to cum Sir, I'll take your cum over my face, I'll clean your cock for you, please Master, please let me cum."

Again the laugh "I love to hear her begging." my master said. "Yes, slut, cum now, cum for me now."

With his permission I cum. Wave after wave of orgasm swept over me, my back arched, my hips pushing against the fingers inside me. I couldn't help but scream in pleasure.

As I was allowed release, so I felt the warm stickiness of cum shooting over my face, then a cock wiped over my mouth, I couldn't help but lick my lips tasting the cum. I took the cock in my mouth, gently licking and sucking it clean, just as I had promised.

"Good girl" my Master said. "I think you have learned your lesson." The blindfold was removed and I blinked and looked around. There was no one else in the room, my Masters guests must have left.

He then took me in his arms and I nestled into his chest, his hands gently stroking my hair, I smiled, "Thank you." I said and closed my eyes feeling safe, loved and wanted.