

BRITTANY'S First Summer



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Brittany stood in the alley and watched as her BMW drove away with Wendy behind the wheel. She hadn't been allowed to drive her own car since that fateful day some three months ago when her entire world had collapsed.

Before that, the roles had been reversed with her and the young girl. Brittany had used Wendy as her pet, torturing and humiliating her every chance she could. She had made two big mistakes though, one was underestimating Jimmy and the other was keeping a journal.

Jimmy had figured her out and, with the help of his father, destroyed her life in only a few days. He had confiscated all the blackmail material and had gotten enough evidence to lock her away for a long time. To make matters worse, he had found her journal.

The journal contained all of her ideas for future torments and notes on past successes regarding her domination of different people. She had begun by blackmailing her nanny with a few pictures she had taken of her with a boyfriend making love. Brittany had showed the nanny, Maria, the pictures the very next morning and threatened to send them to her father. Maria submitted quickly to Brittany for fear of losing her job as her father was very strict. That was the first time she had dominated anyone.

"Fuck Jimmy," she said to the empty alley. He had been the catalyst that started her downfall and she was determined to get him back. No male had ever played her like he had and it frustrated her that she could not control him. She had certainly tried to control him though.

She remembered the middle of June when Jimmy announced they were going to the lake. His girlfriend Katy was busy visiting some college she was planning to attend, so it was an opportunity to get him to bend to her will. She had followed his orders and worn a small bikini with only a t-shirt as a cover.

On the way, she had spoken to him suggestively, in her sexiest voice, and made sure to keep her legs spread to entice him. She thought it was working until they arrived at the lake and Wendy had been there to meet them.

It was a blow to Brittany's ego that Jimmy never showed any interest in her sexually or otherwise. He was always dotting over that bitch Katy and had even chosen to fuck slutty Diane over her. It infuriated her to no end that her advances were constantly denied, and it made her all the more determined to get to him. It didn't happen at the lake though. Jimmy had simply dropped her off, leaving her in Wendy's hands.

"Grab my stuff and let's go," Wendy told her. Brittany was left to pick up the cooler, umbrella,

and chairs before scurrying to catch up with her Mistress. They ended up at the lake shore in a partially secluded cove about 50 yards from the main swimming area. Wendy watched while Brittany set up the chairs and umbrella before sitting down and ordering her to fetch a bottle of water from the cooler.

Brittany was sweating through her thin t-shirt from carrying the heavy ice chest and was about to sit down. "NO," said Wendy, "that chair is for some nice boy that might come along and want to talk to me. You can stand right here next to me and make sure the umbrella's shade is on me."

She scowled at the order but moved to where Wendy had indicated and tugged at the umbrella to make sure the other girl was shaded.

"Now take your shirt off," Wendy said. She sipped her water while watching Brittany pull the t-shirt off. Her suit was small, but she had worn this outfit to the lake on more than one occasion and it didn't bother her to show off a little skin.

"No," her Mistress said suddenly, "I don't like that suit. Take it off." Wendy began rummaging through her bag as Brittany turned red and slowly began to strip out of the bikini. She glanced around and saw no one, since it was still early in the day, but knew the area would be filled with people soon.

"Don't worry," Wendy laughed, "I won't make you stand around naked. Put this on." She held up a small wad of cloth for Brittany to take. It took a minute to figure out how it went on since it was mostly string. The new bikini was so small it barely covered her nipples and the front of the G-string dove deep below her navel, covering just above her pussy lips. It was a good thing she had been keeping her pussy shaved bare.

"Much better, but we need something else to give it a bit of pizzazz." Wendy dug through her purse again and Brittany groaned when she saw what was being offered to her. It was the large black butt plug that she had been forced to purchase a few weeks ago. Wendy had been reading through the journal and found the part about her thoughts on using butt plugs to humiliate her slaves. She had immediately sent Brittany out to fetch three sizes of plugs and now it appeared the medium sized one was about to get used.

"You know what to do," Wendy smiled over sunglasses, "I will even let you lube it up." Brittany waited for her to hand over the lube but the other girl just stared at her. It finally dawned on her what was expected and she hesitantly put the plug to her lips and began licking the tip. She knew it would be easier on her if it was wet so she lathered it with as much saliva as possible before Wendy told her to insert it.

This one was larger than the one she had been using over the past week and it was difficult to insert. Wendy watched on in amusement as Brittany struggled to get it in while grunting and groaning. Finally, the widest part slipped in and she was able to stand almost upright. Still getting accustomed to the size, she hunched over a bit making her ass stick out.

“Turn around so I can see,” Wendy ordered. Brittany turned her back to the girl and turned a bright shade of red when she began laughing. “It appears the G-string doesn’t cover the base too well.”

Brittany reach back to touch the base of the plug and realized that it would be very obvious to anyone within 20 yards that she had something up her ass, especially if she continued to hunch over like this. She forced herself to stand upright and could feel the large plug moving inside her as she did so. It was humiliating and painful at the same time and she realized it was probably the exact effect Wendy had been looking for.

“Go get me a snow cone,” Wendy told her flatly. She handed the hapless girl a dollar bill and pointed across the park to a small stand that had just opened for business. To get there, Brittany would have to walk in front of the growing group of people gathering at the lake shore.

“May I put my shirt back on?” Brittany asked quietly. Wendy raised one eyebrow and gave her a look that answered her question without the need for words. The humiliated girl turned and began walking gingerly towards the snow cone stand with the pressure of the butt plug ever present with each step she took.

The walk along the lake shore and back was almost unbearable for her as people openly stared. If the tiny bikini didn’t get their attention, the butt plug did because the black rubber contrasted so much with her pale skin. Most people kept their voices low as they talked about her, but others gawked and several older women made sure she heard how they felt about her display.

The walk back gathered a small following of teenage boys that got braver as they crossed the lake front back to where Wendy was lounging under the umbrella. Finally arriving in front of her mistress, Brittany handed the snow cone to her. Wendy looked up to see a group of about six boys that had followed her pet back and mused that it was like she was the Pied Piper.

“My, my,” Wendy smiled, “you are popular today. On your knees and kiss my feet, slut. I want them to see what a good little slave you are.” Brittany hesitated for only a second before dropping to her knees. She had given up on resisting since it only gave Wendy a chance to use some new implement of torture on her. She simply bent over and began kissing the dominant girl’s feet, much to the surprise of the boys.

“Good job slut,” Wendy said, “now take your admirers one at a time behind those trees and thank them for watching you.” Brittany groaned but did not resist. She stood up and turned to face the small group of boys, finding all of them with small tents at the front of their bathing suits. She picked the nearest one and took his hand in hers before leading him to the trees Wendy had indicated. Using the wooded area for cover, she sank to her knees and tugged the boy’s shorts down to his ankles, quickly engulfing his cock.



She had done this many times in the past few weeks and the only way to get through the ordeal was to fantasize that it was someone else. A dream guy with a hunky body and a long hard cock came to her thoughts and it actually began to turn her on. She pretended the hunk was her boyfriend and that she was giving him a blowjob instead of this skinny, pimply faced, anonymous kid that was really in front of her. Her fantasy man was tall and handsome, with a six pack stomach and muscular thighs. She worked her mouth over the boy's cock as she imagined her fantasy guy standing there with a chiseled chest and perfect, well groomed hair. In her mind his face materialized as ... JIMMY?

A car door slammed, jarring Brittany back to the present. She turned and walked deeper into the stinking alley towards a door at the far end. There were no windows here, only tall brick walls and dumpsters with rotting food. It was Jimmy's fault that she was here. He had a knack of coming up with things he knew would humiliate her to the core.

She made it to the door without vomiting over the stench of garbage and pressed a button next to the handle. She couldn't hear or see anything behind the windowless door, but there was a camera above it that she was sure someone was watching her. She waited for a few more minutes before hearing the lock turn and the door swung open to reveal a large black man.

"Are you Brit?" the giant asked in a deep baritone voice.

"Yes," she answered simply as she did not trust her voice to say any more. She was so afraid that she didn't even care that the man had called her by a nic name she despised. The monster in the door stepped back and let her squeeze past into a narrow hallway.

"Door at the end," he said. Brittany walked to the where he indicated and opened the door that led into a small office. He moved around to the other side of a large wooden desk and sat heavily in a chair that groaned at having to hold his formidable weight. "You ever worked at a place like this before?" he asked gruffly. Brittany shook her head, still afraid to talk. The big man nodded and then smiled at her.

"Don't worry," he said, "You'll get the hang if it really fast... or else." He let the implied threat hang in the air and Brittany shivered. "My name is Wally. You do what I say and we won't have any problems." He swiveled his chair around, opened a cabinet behind him, and rummaged through the contents. He pulled several pieces of cloth from the shelves and turned back to face her.

“Wear this,” he said, holding the garment out for her. The outfit consisted of a simple short skirt and white blouse that was a size too small for her. She took the clothes and waited for him to tell her what to do. “Get dressed,” he told her, “you’re on in 5 minutes.” Wally stood up suddenly, making the terrified girl take a step back. He walked past her and out the door, leaving her to get dressed.

She considered making a run for it but quickly reconsidered. After the mall incident Brittany knew better than to cross the group that now controlled her life. She began undressing in order to put on her new ‘uniform’ and it reminded her of the time in the mall when she had gotten into trouble.

Wendy had taken her to a shopping center a few cities over and had her trying on slut clothes in a few of the trendy stores. It was all very tame compared to what she had to do at the lake, and quite boring. Brittany would try on some random skimpy outfit before walking across the store to model it for Wendy. After a few seconds of twirling around like a mindless ditz, it was off the try on something else.

The whole process was tiring and Brittany was getting irritated with being constantly humiliated in front of the store employees. As her temper reached the boiling point it didn’t take much for her to blow up. The cute girl that was helping them had picked up a size three skirt and brought it to the back as part of the next outfit.

“What the fuck is this,” Brittany had shouted, “do I look like a fat cow? Are you stupid?” The girl blanched and left hastily. Wendy happened to be only a few feet away, hidden behind a rack of clothing, and heard the entire exchange. She stepped out where Brittany could see her and immediately told her to get dressed before going to find the clerk.

When Brittany exited the store, the girl was standing next to Wendy. “We’re going to lunch,” she said, “this is Tamara and she is coming with us. Mind her as you do me.” Brittany cringed at the thought of being told what to do by this idiot. She doubted Tamara was smart enough to come up with anything new to humiliate her, so she just shrugged and followed them to the food court.

The two girls carried on like old friends, as if Brittany wasn’t even there, talking and laughing as they decided what to have for lunch. They finally decided on Chinese and were quickly giving their order. Wendy picked a table in the middle of the food court and Tamara sat down as well. Brittany received a stern look from her Mistress when she tried to pull up a chair and thought it better to remain standing.

“Kneel by my chair,” Tamara said suddenly. She pointed to a spot on the floor near her chair and waited for Brittany to follow her order.

“Fuck you!” Brittany blurted out, “I won’t take orders from a low life MALL employee!” To her surprise, Tamara’s face lit up and she smiled broadly at the fuming girl.

“That wasn’t smart, was it?” said Wendy calmly. “I think we need to take a trip out to the car.” It suddenly occurred to Brittany that she had been set up. Wendy stood, leaving the food on the table, and began walking toward the exit with Tamara next to her. Neither looked back and Brittany hesitated before following them out to the car.

“Sit all the way back in the seat,” Wendy told her when they arrived at the BMW. Brittany wasn’t usually allowed in the front so she began to get nervous. Within minutes her hands were cuffed behind the seat and her neck was secured with a belt wrapped tightly around the head rest.

“I have been waiting for this since the day you became Jimmy’s bitch,” Wendy told her, “I wanted to do it the first day, but Jimmy talked me out of it. He said you would screw up eventually and then I would enjoy it even more. He always seems to be right about that sort of stuff.”

Tamara was sitting in the back seat and handed a small bag over to Wendy. Laying it on the center console, she tugged the zipper and it opened to reveal a set of needles. Brittany’s eyes went wide and she moaned in terror upon seeing the implements.

“My nipples still hurt where you had them pierced.” Wendy told her, “Even with the rings out the doctor says it will take a while for them to heal completely. Jimmy got this kit for me and I’ve been practicing on a piece of leather.” She pulled a large needle from the case and Brittany struggled helplessly against her bonds.

Wendy pulled up the terrified girl’s shirt to reveal her breasts and rock hard nipples. Without hesitating she grabbed the small bud closest to her and pulled it. Brittany let out a cry of pain and the extended nipple was soon in the grasp of a peculiar looking pair of pliers.

“Please don’t Mistress,” the poor girl begged, “I will be good. I will eat your pussy all night.” Wendy was tormenting the girl by slowly moving the needle towards her breast. She suddenly stopped.

“What about my friend Tamara?” Wendy asked.

“Yes,” Brittany blurted out, “I will lick her pussy too. I will do whatever you want.”

Wendy looked back at Tamara and smiled. “Maybe,” she mused, “but I’m still going to pierce

this nipple.” She grabbed the pliers and slowly began to push the needle through the tough skin until it exited the other side. Brittany howled in pain at the intrusion, but could barely move given the way she was tied. Wendy attached an open ring to the needle and within a few minutes the teenager was sporting a small round piece of jewelry from her breast.

“That was fun,” said Tamara, “better than you said it would be.”

“I know,” said Wendy, “doing it made me horny. Maybe I should become a tattoo artist. I have a free canvas to practice on after all.” She snickered at Brittany’s reaction to her statement and began untying her from the seat. “I’m starved, let’s go get some food.”

The girls got out of the car and headed back to the mall with Brittany dragging behind. She moved carefully as to not let her shirt rub against her sore nipple and the girls giggled at her plight. Once back at the food court they found their plates still sitting on the table.

“Go sit on the floor and save our spot,” Wendy told her pet, “We’ll be back in a minute.” The two friends made their way to get some warm Chinese food and returned to find Brittany obediently sitting on the floor. Some people were staring, but she didn’t seem to notice.

“Good girl,” Wendy told her, “now eat up.” A plate of cold Chinese food was set in front of her on the floor and she looked up at her mistress in distress. “Eat it now!” The hapless girl started to pick up the plate but was stopped with a slap to the back of the head.

“I didn’t tell you to pick it up,” Wendy said, “kneel and eat it without using your hands.” The humiliated girl bent over and began gingerly eating the cold food off the plate.

BAM! BAM! BAM! The loud knock at the door jarred Brittany out of her thoughts as she pulled up the skirt. “You got 5 minutes,” Wally said through the door. Brittany could hear him talking to another girl as he walked away and she wondered how many were trapped into working here.

She pulled on the small shirt and winced as it snagged her newly pierced nipple. The left one had healed as it was several months old but the right had only been done a few days ago. Wendy had put the new ring in as punishment for refusing to work at this place. Brittany knew what would happen if she balked but she had contemplated giving up and going to jail rather than being here.

The dive she was now employed at was a few miles from her home and it would only be a matter a time before someone she knew saw her here. She may as well stand naked on the corner by her home and write the word whore across her chest. Still, that was almost preferable to her new fate.

This was Jimmy's idea. He always knew how to get to her and it was baffling how he had figured her out so well. He was very clever and she would have admired his intelligence if it wasn't always used against her. She felt they would be a powerful couple if she could just get him to take an interest in her. He never seemed to even notice her and let the other girls take control with certain guidelines he laid down for them.

This new job was an all-time low for her and she had begged him to let her work at the strip club instead. Wendy had started taking her there each Tuesday back in July and, because it was almost an hour away, she didn't think it was likely someone she knew would come in and see her. It appeared Jimmy had known nothing about this, but it hadn't fazed him to learn that she had been stripping for over a month.

Brittany had been thoroughly humiliated the first time Wendy took her to the strip club. She had no clue where they were going and was shocked when they pulled up to the dingy building with a small faded sign that read PLAYMATES. Parking around back, Wendy had made a call on her cell and a small wiry man opened the back door a few minutes later to let them in.

Stepping inside, waves of cigarette smoke and stale beer attacked her senses. The loud, pounding rock music vibrated her entire body and the small group of customers didn't even notice when they entered the main room. The man waved toward a small corridor and led them to changing room.

"Get her ready in here," he said with a gravelly voice, "we'll try this one time but if you cause any problems you're out of here. I don't need to get busted for some underage slut." Wendy nodded and pulled a few hundred dollar bills out of her pocket and handed it to the man.

"Thanks Gary," she said, "she won't be any trouble." He took the money and retreated out the door.

"You cost me \$200 bucks bitch," Wendy said, "I expect you to make at least double that before we leave tonight. It's 11:00 pm now so you have three hours to make it happen." Brittany was in shock as she realized she what she would have to do. She stood frozen until Wendy reached over and tugged at her nipple ring.

Brittany cried out as pain shot through her left breast. The ring was only a week old and still very tender. She immediately began undressing and within a few seconds was completely nude. The teenager was given a tiny G-string and sent out to the stage.

She felt as if she would cry as Wendy pushed her out into the main room. It was late on a Tuesday night so there were only about three men in the entire place. To Brittany, it felt as if it

were standing room only in a concert hall as she climbed the steps and moved to the center of the stage. A new song started that sounded much like the one that had just been playing and Brittany stood in total fear, afraid to move.

“Dance bitch!” A drunken patron called out. Brittany looked out into the dim room and could just make out Wendy at the DJ booth. She was pointing at her own nipple as an indication of what would happen if she didn’t perform. It was enough to get her started dancing and the men began to cheer her on. It only took a few minutes for her to get into it and before long she was bumping and grinding like she did on the dance floor of Frank’s club. She danced on stage for a few songs and then another woman took her place. The men cheered as she moved to the floor and over to her Mistress.



“Good show,” Wendy yelled into her ear over the music, “now go do some table dances and get me my money.” Brittany had no idea how to accomplish this but moved to the closest customer for fear of being punished.

She sat at a table occupied by a middle aged man sipping from a small tumbler filled with alcohol. He eyed her suspiciously but relaxed when she smiled at him. He wasn't much of a talker but she was able to get him to loosen up and have a conversation with her. She had to slide her chair close to him in order to hear what was being said and he smelled of whiskey and sweat. Only the constant threat of punishment kept her going.

The man was nice enough and after a few minutes he asked Brittany for a table dance. She had been watching the other strippers while talking and felt she had a good idea of what to do. With only a G-string on, she simply moved in front of him and began rubbing her ass on his crotch. He grabbed her hips and ground into her as the music blared and before long the song was over and he handed her a twenty dollar bill.

The next few hours continued much the same as some men left and others came in. By 2 am she was exhausted and ready to go home. As the last customer left, Gary turned up the lights and all the corners of the dingy room could be seen. Smoke still filled the air and the other women shuffled to the dressing room to get changed and go home.

“What do you think Gary?” Wendy asked the manager.

“She's ok. I can't take a chance on getting caught with an underage girl though. This was just a onetime thing.”

“What if I gave you a bonus?” Wendy asked. Gary's head snapped to attention.

“What kind of bonus?” he asked cautiously.

Wendy reached over and slapped Brittany on the butt. “How about a piece of ass if you let her work here every Tuesday night?”

Gary didn't hesitate. All the women employed here were burned out whores and he was tired of fucking them. He had been drooling over Brittany's tight young body all night and now he stepped forward and pushed her to the stage. Once there he bent her over and literally ripped off the G-string.

Wasting no time, he had his pants around his ankles and was balls deep in her pussy in seconds. He humped her furiously for only a few minutes before shooting his load into her.

“Bring her back around next week,” Gary told Wendy while pulling up his pants, “I’ll get her a fake ID.”

That night had been a turning point for Brittany. She found that she actually liked working at the club. Not the humiliating part of showing her body or the lurid acts, but the realization that she could control men. She found she could use her body to entice and convince them to do things for her. Getting money was almost too easy and within a few weeks, Tuesday nights at Playmates had become a very busy place.

The other girls hated Brittany but she didn’t really seem to notice. She was forming a plan in the back of her mind and right now this was a training ground. She tried talking in different ways, from cursing to acting coy, noting the reactions and storing away this new found knowledge. By the end of July she was actually looking forward to going to the club on Tuesday nights.

Although she got to keep none of it, she kept track of how much money she was making. The amount grew as she worked her customers and by the beginning of August she was up to almost \$1,200 per night. Gary asked Wendy to let her come on Thursday nights as well and Brittany pretended to be appalled by the suggestion. Of course the dominant girl agreed, thinking it would humiliate her even more. The feeling of power almost overwhelmed the teenage stripper. Through her new control over Wendy she started making contacts.

The men that came to the club ranged from bankers, to bikers, to lawyers. She forced herself to learn the names of the men she felt might be of use to her later. Since Wendy never let her wear anything but the G-string she had to develop a system for memorizing their phone numbers too.

Wendy noticed the change and tried new ways to humiliate her charge. She waited until right before Brittany went on stage before clipping a little bell to her nipple ring. The nude girl only smiled at the added jewelry and did her best to make it ring on stage. In the end, Brittany used the little bell to make more money than she ever had and she asked for it on several more occasions.

Another time, Wendy made her wear the medium sized butt plug up her ass while dancing. Again, Brittany seemed unfazed and put on a raunchy show that had the men cheering. She used the plug to rub against the men’s hard cocks while grinding on them during table dances. Two of the men actually came in their pants that night.

Brittany now understood the power she had with her body and realized she could have an army at her disposal. All she needed was a large group of horny males to choose from, and she had a good idea where she would get them. The next semester of High School was starting in a few

weeks after all.

Brittany took one last look at herself in Wally's full length mirror and grimaced. The simple white blouse was extremely unflattering and the skirt wasn't much better. At least this outfit covered her lack of underwear and it wasn't obvious that each nipple had a ring through it. She stepped out of the office to see Wally coming up the hall. He pointed to a door down the way and followed her in that direction.

"Your first customer is already here," he said catching up to her. He opened the door, letting her pass first and almost flattened the smaller girl as he tried to follow her through. Brittany had stopped cold when she saw the person waiting for her. It was Mr. Greenspire, her old biology teacher!

Her face flushed hotly and she began to shake as Wally pushed her forward. She ended up directly in front of her teacher and he seemed as surprised as she was.

"Brit will take care of you, Sir," Wally told the customer.

Mr. Greenspire broke out in a broad smile, "Yes, I'm sure she will." He put his hands on his enormous, fat hips and looked her over menacingly. Brittany had been somewhat of an issue for him last year by organizing several students to ridicule and play practical jokes. He could never catch her and she had all but admitted to being behind it several times. Now he was in control and enjoying her look of total terror.

"Let me tell you what I want," the teacher said. Brittany cringed as he began listing things he desired and she probably would have run back through the door if Wally hadn't been standing in the way. Finally, Mr. Greenspire finished and both he and Wally looked at her expectantly.

"Repeat it to him," Wally snapped, "and make sure you get it right."

Brittany took a deep breath and tried to figure a way out of this nightmare. She looked around at the other girls with unknown stains on their shirts and hair matted with sweat. She didn't think she could do this, but she knew there was no way out.

"Well?" Mr. Greenspire prodded.

Brittany's shoulders slumped as she began speaking. "That will be two double big burgers with

cheese, one large order of fries, one small order of onion rings, and a large chocolate shake.” she shuddered a bit before continuing, “Would you like to try our Big Burger apple pie with that?”

