

Owning a Dominant Bitch

By: Rebelman

Chapter 1

My first three year of high school could have been better. I was a pudgy boy and only five foot nine inches with a pimply face. My confidence was low so it didn't take much to bring out my shyness and that is what made my first year horrible.

Although I was on the football team, I didn't get to play much. The coach, an ex-NFL lineman, told me I had natural strength and ability but I just couldn't come out of my shell. To make matters worse, the Johnson twins had singled me out as their punching bag.

The Johnson brothers were my age but six foot tall and lean. They had the reputation of being bullies and constantly harassed me from day one. The locker room was the worst as they would pull pranks on me like putting hot muscle balm in my underwear, or hiding my clothes.

The last day of my junior year they took it to the next level and tried to start a fight with me. I guess I had enough and responded first with a punch to the face to one twin that broke his nose and knocked him out. The second twin swung wildly at me which I easily ducked under and caught him in a choke from behind. By the time Coach Smith pried me from his back both the brothers were unconscious and I had a new reputation.

My senior year everything changed. It seemed the entire school had heard about the fight and I was treated a lot differently. No one wanted to mess with me and a few girls started trying to get my attention. I still lacked any real self-confidence but I was faking it and being fairly convincing.

Diane was in my first class of the day and she approached me just a few weeks into the semester. "Hi Jimmy," she smiled, "how is your schedule this year?"

We talked for a while but I had no experience and didn't realize she was interested in me. It took almost three weeks before I understood what she wanted and asked her out. We had fun on our date and by the end we were in my car making out in a deserted park.

As we were kissing I ran my hand up her stomach but when I reached her bra she pushed me away. "Let's not go too far," she said. I was disappointed and horny but being the gentleman, I stopped and took her home. I got the distinct impression she was surprised that I didn't push her more.

The next week at school she was cold to me and I couldn't figure it out. It didn't help that some kid at school had heard about my fight and wanting to make a name for himself.

By the middle of the week this kid, who was actually quite bigger than me, met me in the hall and pushed me against the wall as I walked by. He started to say something but I had already decided to beat his ass and the first kick landed square in his nuts. He doubled over in pain and I started beating the shit out of him in the middle of the hall.

As I was being pulled off the kid by the principle, I saw Diane in the crowd. She was flush with excitement as she clutched her books to her chest. The fog began to clear from my brain and I realized what she wanted.

I was expelled for a week for beating up the kid but I now had a plan. I was waiting for Diane in the parking lot after school and when she saw me, her face blushed. She looked so cute. I figured I had nothing to lose so I played it just the way I had rehearsed.

"We're going out tomorrow night," I told her, "I will pick you up at 7." I turned and walked away hoping I had read the situation correctly.

The next night I rolled up in my car at her house right at 7. She was out of the house and halfway to the car before I could get out, so I just waited on her. We went straight to the park and she seemed a little nervous.

"We're not even going to dinner?" she asked.

"Nope," I said, "we have some unfinished business from the other night." I pulled her to me and kissed her hard on the mouth and she seemed to melt. I went straight under her shirt and to her bra without waiting for her to protest. As I fumbled with her bra she finally decided to say something.,

"No, stop. We can't go any further." She moaned.

I ignored her and kept fumbling with her bra until giving up with the clasp and just pushing the material up over her breasts. I sucked her cute tits and played with her pussy without another comment until I begin moving her into position to fuck her.

"No," she said more forcibly than before, "we can't!"

I was going to stop and just take her home but I remembered last time and decided to press on. I grabbed her panties with both hands and pulled hard. The panties fabric ripped in pieces and I threw them in the back seat. Her nicely trimmed pussy was now in view and pulling her legs to me put her back flat on the seat. I dropped my pants and pushed my cock into her in one fluid motion.

Diane squealed as my cock impaled her and then groaned as I pounded her relentlessly. I came inside her pussy but was so excited I never slowed down. She wrapped her legs

around me and began to orgasm as I pumped frantically until I was ready to come again. By now we were both sweating and she was increasing her movements to match mine as we rutted on the front seat of my car. She came first and that was enough to push me over the edge as I came inside here for the second time.

Finally satisfied, I resisted the urge to lay and cuddle with her. Instead, I stuck with my plan by pulling up my pants and, without saying anything to her, cranked up the car and drove off.

Diane was shocked by my actions and scrambled to get her clothes straightened as we headed back to her house. She looked perplexed but as we got closer to her house she flushed again like she had in the hallway the day before. I was confident I had read her correctly.

“Wednesday we are going out again,” I told her as I pulled up to her house.

She got out of the car, “But... but, that’s a school night and my parents won’t let me go out.” She looked worriedly through the car window hoping I would reconsider.

I looked straight at her and with my new found confidence said, “Wednesday.” Her face turned the brightest shade of red yet and I drove away without another word.

Chapter 2

That week was a turning point in my life. Diane did whatever I asked of her, any time I wanted it. As an 18 year old, it was great having all the pussy I could want on demand. ‘Demand’ was the operative word with Diane because she got really turned on when I told her what to do without asking for her input. If I tried to talk to her about what she wanted, her attitude changed and she would clam up. As long as she felt I was forcing her, she loved it.

I found out, after a week of suspension, that the kid I beat up had a broken jaw and had to have his mouth wired shut. He would be drinking soup from a straw for the next few weeks. Because of this, I was kicked off the football team, much to Coach Smith’s dismay. He was upset that I wouldn’t be able to play on the team the rest of my time at high school and told me I had just messed up a shot at a scholarship to college.

I was beginning to understand why Coach had pushed me so hard at football. In the past year, I had grown to 6 feet and packed on some more muscle. Diane appreciated this but it was difficult to have a conversation with her that didn’t involve me ordering her to do something sexual.

My reputation as a brawler put me in a completely different category at school. The guys that pretended to be bad asses didn’t want to have to prove it, so we got along, but they were also a bit afraid of me. The nerds liked me because I would stop the jocks from

hazing them. I guess the old wounds from my lower class years and the ever lurking Johnson twins made me see a bit of myself in the nerds. The jocks knew I had been suspended for fighting so they used that as an excuse to never square up with me. After a while the hazing stopped when I was around and the nerds seemed grateful.

I was able to go anywhere in the school and talk to anyone without being excluded. The most popular girls were curious but afraid to approach me. Diane followed me around like a puppy waiting to please her owner and the rumors abound. I wasn't really 'popular' but everyone knew who I was. I never bullied anyone but I was still sort of an outcast because of the past fights.

Now that I had an idea of what Diane wanted I began trying new things to see how far I could go with her. I made her go without panties to school and I would play with her pussy in a corner of the hall where no one could see us. She would be dripping wet from the contact and I kept her horny all day at school. By the time the last bell rung I could make her do anything.

One day at the beginning of school I had her against the wall stroking her clit.

"After the final bell," I whispered, "I want you to go to the last stall of the boy's bathroom and wait for me."

Her breath quickened and I stopped touching her because she almost came. The rest of the day I teased her mercilessly. "What if someone sees you go in?" "What if someone comes in before I do?" "What if you get caught in the boys bathroom?" The constant thought of being humiliated like that had her literally dripping.

At the last bell I watched her from a distance to see if she would do it. Diane hesitated in the hallway near the bathroom. As she finally got up the courage to go in and crossed to the door a boy coming out almost ran into her. She blushed profusely as the boy apologized and then hurried on. Diane stood there for a moment but when the boy looked back, she turned and walked away like she had simply been going in that direction.

It took her a few more minutes to regain her composure and head back to the bathroom door. There was no one left in the hall as it had been almost 30 minutes since the last bell rang. Finally, she pulled open the door and ducked inside.

I waited a few more minutes before walking down the hall and into the bathroom. To make her more nervous I said nothing and went to second to last stall. I peed in the toilet so I was sure she could hear that someone was in the stall next to her but she would have no idea it was me. I flushed the toilet and then, taking my time, washed my hands. I looked under the last stall door but I couldn't see her feet so I assumed she was squatting on top of the toilet.

I went back outside and waited a few minutes before heading back in and straight to the last stall. I pushed on the door and but it was locked.

“Unlock the door Diane,” I could hear her sigh of relief as she unlocked and opened the door. She was visibly shaking and I immediately made her bend over the toilet. Her pussy was dripping wet. Within a few seconds I had my pants down and was hammering away at her from behind. She came almost as soon as I got in her and, as I pounded against her ass, she continued to come on my cock. I held off for a while but I was wound up from teasing her all day and shot load after load into her pussy.

After that day I would push a little farther each time. I had her wait with the stall door unlocked and then with the door unlocked and her skirt off. By the end of the second week of playing our little after school game, I wanted to try something I thought would really get her cranked up.

I waited until Friday morning and told her we were going to use a different restroom this time. It was in a different part of the school so it would be unfamiliar to her but I had classes in that wing and had picked it for a reason.

“This time I want you completely naked.” She had done this before so to escalate it I added, “Put your clothes in your backpack and leave it in the hall by the door.”

I had her attention now. She would be naked in a boy’s bathroom with no way to cover up if someone came in and discovered her. She shuddered but said nothing.

“Be sure to leave the door unlocked,” I said as I walked away.

A few minutes after final bell I was in a classroom down the hall from our rendezvous point and within ten minutes Diane was in the hallway looking at the bathroom door. She stood there for a long time before walking forward and standing in front of it. Glancing around nervously, she started to unbutton her blouse but then stopped. She looked around again, started to unbutton the next one but couldn’t. After a few more minutes she seemed to have an idea and pulled the door open before stepping inside.

Before long, the door reopened and an arm popped out and dropped the bag in the hallway before quickly disappearing. ‘Clever girl,’ I thought to myself.

It took a few minutes to get everything ready before heading her way. A quick stop at the supply closet next to the bathroom was in order. Rummaging through the closet I pulled out a mop and bucket on wheels. The closet was next door to the bathroom so I am sure she heard all the noise. I pushed the bucket down the hall and into the bathroom where Diane hid.

I began whistling like I was a janitor at work, banging the mop into the walls near the door. I’m sure in her mind the janitor was mopping the stall floors and it was just a matter of time before she was discovered. As I neared the last stall she had to be freaking out but I didn’t hear anything.

I pushed the mop around the second to last stall and under the divider so she could see it. Diane stayed quiet until I popped open the last door to find her squatting on the toilet naked, her arms wrapped around her legs. A look of relief swept over her when she realized it was me and she jumped off the seat and hugged me tightly.

Diane let me go after a few seconds and slid down to undo my pants. Without hesitation she pulled out my dick and started sucking on it feverishly. She was getting good at giving head but I wanted more. I pulled her up by her hair and bent her over the sink before driving my dick into her soaking pussy. She moaned and writhed as I pounded her hard from behind, making her come over and over again. Finally, I pumped her pussy full and backed away from her. She lay on the sink, catching her breath, as I leaned against the wall.

“Suck it clean,” I told her suddenly pointing at my dick. I had never asked her to do this before and the look on her face made me think she might refuse.

“Now!” I barked.

She pushed off the sink and fell to her knees in front of me before taking my cock in her mouth. She started cleaning it by licking and sucking it. It was great, and I was getting hard again, but decided it would be too risky to stay longer.

I pulled up my pants and headed to the door to retrieve her bag but stopped. “Go get your bag.”

She flushed again but headed to the door. Opening it just a crack, she reached out with only her arm to grab the bag with her clothes. After a few seconds of groping she opened the door further and looked before turning back to me.

“It’s gone!” she exclaimed.

I had my gym bag in the car so I ran out and got a shirt and shorts for her to wear. I had worked out that morning, so the smell was pretty bad, but it was all that was available. She took one whiff and pushed them away so I turned and headed for the door.

“Wait!” she called out suddenly realizing it was her only option other than going naked. “I will put them on.”

“I don’t think so,” I pouted, “if these are not good enough for you then find your own.”

I walked out the door and waited outside while she peeked out and whispered to me to come back in.

“I’m sorry,” she whined when I ignored her request, “I will wear them.”

“No,. I know you don’t really want my clothes, so I’m going home.” She panicked as I

started walking past the door and down the hall. She had to open the door and expose herself more to be able to see me.

“Please, please stop. I will wear them! Please don’t leave me here like this!” She was frantic.

I stopped for a minute about 20 feet from her., “Ok,” I said. “You can have the shirt.” She reached out her hand expecting me to throw it to her but I dropped it on the floor and walked away.

I could hear her scramble out the door and looked over my shoulder to see her grabbing the shirt off the floor and pulling it over her head. Once it was on, she realized it was one of my cutoffs I had from football practice. It went down to just above her pussy if she stretched it over her front and back. She finally let go of the back of the shirt and pulled it down enough to cover her slit. Her ass was now totally exposed in the hallway.

I walked out to the parking lot with Diane close behind me. She was in a hurry to get into my car and close the door, so she was visibly relieved when she saw I had moved it right up to the entrance. She rushed down the steps in front of me to get in only to find the door locked.

“Please hurry before someone sees me!” She whispered desperately.

I pushed the remote to unlock the door and she jumped quickly inside only to land on her bag of clothes.

“You bastard!” She squealed as she ripped off the sweat soaked shirt and began pulling her own clothes from the bag. She was blushing again as she got dressed.

Chapter 3

I happened to be driving through a part of town I rarely went and noticed a boxing gym. It was only open nights so I came back later that evening and went inside to check it out. There were a few people in the gym working out with heavy bags and the weights in the corner. The gym was old and had a musty smell but I liked the atmosphere immediately. Along the wall were dusty framed pictures of a heavy weight fighter delivering knockout punches to his opponents.

“Them was good days,” a deep voice boomed from behind me. I turned to see a large black man in sweats. He was older now, but it was obviously the man in the pictures.

“Smitty,” he said and as he thrust a giant hand in my direction.

“Jim,” I replied as his monster hand completely enclosed mine, “I would like to try boxing.”

Smitty smiled and nodded. We talked for a while and I took an instant liking to him. He had been a pro for years and his undefeated record came with all but one as knockouts. An injured knee ended his career prematurely, sidelining him from a title shot and the really big money. He barely made it ends meet as a boxing coach and he was hoping I would join his gym.

We made plans to meet the next day and I was excited about the prospect. After nightly sessions for a week I was hooked and, with Smitty as a trainer, I was having a blast.

“You got some potential,” he told me, “an’ tons of power. We just need to work on yo’ technique.”

The cost of the gym wasn’t too bad, considering all the time Smitty spent with me, but I needed a source of income. I had taken the aptitude tests at school and scored extremely high in the mechanical portion. I did well enough that the military was driving my mom crazy with calls from recruiters, hoping to entice me to sign when I graduated.

I stopped by a mechanic shop and talked to the owner for a while. My dad had gotten work done there before so he hired me on the spot as a helper. The job would take up some of my time but I would have enough money to pay Smitty and, hopefully, save up for a new car.

My time at the gym was going well and I could feel the changes from all the working out I was doing. I knew my arms and chest were getting bigger because my shirts were becoming too tight. Smitty was teaching me to be quicker and my endurance increased as well.

Diane came to watch me practice one time and after that Smitty was constantly telling me stories of how the white girls threw themselves at him after his fights. He told me crazy stories of two girls at once and how they would do anything for him. He never said anything specific, but it was obvious he was quite taken with Diane and how cute she was.

“You can bring your girlfriend by anytime,” he told me.

“She’s not my girlfriend,” I replied. I tried to explain our relationship but I didn’t think I was getting through to him. After a while he stopped me.

“You all are fuck buddies,” he said cutting to the point. “You take her out and fuck the hell out of her, and she likes it, but you don’t relate any other way.”

This was a better description of my relationship with Diane than I had been able to come up with. Smitty had defined it for me perfectly and I actually felt better about it once he explained it wasn’t uncommon.

The changes in my life were affecting the amount of time I had with Diane as well. We

still played our after school game in the bathroom occasionally but I took it down a notch to avoid being caught. Her parents were very strict and, if we were found out, it would be the end of a good thing.

It was obvious Diane wanted more but I didn't have the time to put anything together. I teased her with what we had done and how she had been naked in the hall that day. That got her going and she usually wanted to use the same restroom that we had before.

I made her start coming to the gym and she did her homework on a table Smitty set up for her. He placed it with a reason in mind, and I realized from up in the ring we could see under the table and up her skirt if she was wearing one. I made sure she always wore one and that she knew what was going on. She really enjoyed going to the gym after that.

We were usually the last ones out and Smitty gave me a key so I could come in early or lock up late. Smitty had to leave early one night, so Diane and I stayed behind as I finished my workout.

When I was done, I made Diane come with me to the men's locker room. It was dank and smelled of sweat, which made her cover her nose. I made her strip and together we stepped into the shower room. She washed me down and rinsed me off before sinking to her knees to suck my cock. She was excited at the prospect of being in the locker room but I wanted to push a little further.

We grabbed towels and headed out into the open gym. The front door was locked but being out in the open like this was an aphrodisiac for Diane. She was wanted to be fucked now right then but I made her wait until we were up in the ring. Once on the canvas I put her down on her back and was on her in an instant.

I pounded her long and hard as I was in better shape than ever. We both had several orgasms and an hour later we were still going at it in the middle of the ring. I had Diane on her knees and was fucking her from behind when I heard the front door open. We both looked over to see Smitty coming in.

Smitty stopped short when he saw us and we all froze for a second. Since I was in the middle of something, so I started pumping into Diane again even as she tried to get up and cover herself. I grabbed her hips and pulled her back into position while so I could slam into her harder.

"Oh, sorry," Smitty said, embarrassed by his intrusion. He backed out the door slowly and winked at me with a grin on his face.

Diane went crazy on my dick as the door closed. She pushed back into me faster and harder than she ever had and I banged against her ass for a few more minutes before we both came. I fell on top of her in the middle of the ring, both of us exhausted from our efforts.

I realized at school Diane had a bit of an attitude toward some the people I knew. It was especially noticeable around the Three Amigos. The three geeks that I had known since freshman year were nice guys, but still awkward around girls. Diane made it worse with her snooty behavior to the point that I had to say something to her about it. After that she was better, but it still upset me since I would have been one of those guys had it not been for the fight I had the last day of school.

Diane wasn't the only thing bothering me at school. The aptitude tests caused a problem for me that I couldn't dodge. It never occurred to me that the tests were used to place students in advanced classes and within a week after receiving the results, I was in the principle's office with my parents.

Apparently I hadn't been applying myself and the principal recommended I be moved to all advanced classes immediately. I had no intention of changing in the middle of the school year but the principal was convinced I would be able to take on the extra work without a problem. After an hour of back and forth I settled for one advanced class. My parents agreed and I was bumped into a different math class for the remainder of the year.

You should have seen the faces of the other students as I walked into my first day of the advanced class. These were honor students and, although I was cool with them in the hall, they didn't seem to be very excited to see me there. The only people excited to see me were the Three Amigos. Those guys were pumped that I was going to be in their class and wanted me to sit in the front row next to them. I politely declined and moved to the back of the room as usual.

It turned out that the class was freaking hard! I wouldn't wasn't going to be able to coast through like I had in algebra. For the first time, I had to do homework and study for a class. I also met Katy in this class and we got along great. It bothered me a little that Diane was so cold to her but Katy didn't seem to mind.

Because I was getting so much sex from Diane I never pushed to get anything from Katy. We were friends and although she was hot she never dressed to impress. It didn't matter to me; I enjoyed her company and her sharp wit. Katy was funny and quick, always with a smile and joking around. Diane was definitely jealous but, as Smitty reminded me, she was just my fuck buddy.

After a few weeks I asked Katy out and she seemed surprised. "What about your girlfriend?"

"Diane isn't my girlfriend," I told her. Katy looked suspicious and I decided to tell her the truth. I told her about Diane and our adventures. I figured she would tell me to screw off but she listened and even prodded for more detail. When I finished she sat quietly thinking about it.

“Ok,” she finally said.

“Ok what?” I asked.

“I will go out with you but I have one condition,” she hesitated, “Diane has to go with us.”

Chapter 4

My job at the garage was working out well. It gave me extra money and I had come across a steal on an old Chevelle that one of the customers wanted to get rid of. Jesse, my boss, helped me with the paper work and gave suggestions on how to proceed on restoring it. He even stayed late on Tuesday nights to help me work on the car to get it in shape. I think because I caught on fast he was willing to be helpful.

“She’s going to be a hell of a sleeper when she’s done,” he told me. All I could see at the moment was an old car with a blown straight six motor. He assured me I would see it differently later on.

The boxing gym was a blast. Smitty was always happy to see me and even happier when Diane came along. I had her wearing more and more revealing outfits just for him and I could tell he really appreciated it.

Smitty began trying to talk me into taking a match at a local boxing event that was being held in a few months. I wasn’t sure if I would be up for it, mostly because I had to drop another twelve pounds to make the weight class. I was ripped already and I couldn’t understand how it would be possible. Smitty assured me that it wouldn’t be a problem, so I told him I would give it some serious thought.

I also confided in Smitty about the issue with Katy. He listened intently as I told him about how she was a senior and the condition of going out with me.

“Boy,” he said after listening to me, “You better take that girl up on her offer.” I asked him why and what he was thinking, but all I got out of him was a grin and wink. I figured he was more experienced with this type of thing so I began making plans to take the two girls out.

The hard part of my Friday night date was going to be getting Diane to go along with it. I waited until the last minute and then I decided, what the hell, and just picked her up without letting on.

“In the back,” I told her as she tried to get into my car. She blinked a few times before reaching for the rear door handle on my old sedan. She got into the back and moved to the middle of the seat.

“Who is going with us?,” she asked.

“You’ll see shortly,” I grinned. I’m sure she thought it was another game I had planned and I could see her start to flush, a sure sign that she was excited. Little did she know it wasn’t my game we were playing tonight, and I had no idea what Katy had in mind.

I pulled up to Katy’s house but Diane still had no clue just who lived there. I took the keys with me as I got out of the car because I had no inkling of what was about to transpire given the history between these two. I headed up to the door and Katy answered when I knocked.

“Is she here?” was the first thing Katy asked. I was a little put off by this but nodded anyway. I guess she picked up on my disapproval because she gave me a quick kiss on the lips as she came out the door. We headed for the car and I could just make out Diane’s strained features as she realized who would be joining us.

I opened the door for Katy and she slid into the front seat without a backward glance to Diane. I got in and made it almost out the driveway before the inevitable started.

“What the FUCK is she doing here?” Diane yelled at me.

I slammed on the brakes and skidded to a stop before turning to confront her. I never got the chance because Katy spoke first.

“Shut your mouth you little slut! If you talk to my boyfriend like that one more time I will drag your ass out of this car and spank you in the middle of the street!” Katy glared directly into the other girl’s eyes and it was Diane that turned away and looked down without another word.

I was in shock as Katy calmly shifted her gaze back to me and in her normal pleasant voice said, “Where would you like to go tonight?”

I took in the situation quickly and decided to see where this would go. In my coolest voice I said, “Um, I’m open to anything you want to try.”

“Ok,” she replied, “How about a movie?”

It wasn’t the answer I was expecting but I tried not to show my disappointment.

“Sounds good to me,” neither of us looked back to check with Diane as it had already been made clear that she was along for the ride. I could see her face in the rear view mirror and I could swear that the tell-tale redness was back in her cheeks; although, it could easily have been that she was just mad, but I couldn’t tell for sure.

After some thought, a movie did sound good to me. I was always working or at the gym

during my free time, so I hadn't been to a theater in months. Katy suggested a film that had been out for a while and wouldn't be playing much longer on the big screen. Our local theater had already dropped it, so we headed to the next town over. The theater was older than the one I was used to, but I wasn't going to object.

Diane hadn't said another word the entire trip, at least, not when I was in the car. As I was pumping gas, I saw Katy had turned in the seat to talk to Diane. It didn't look like they were fighting, so I left it alone.

Once at the theater I got in line to buy the tickets but Katy pulled me to the side, took the money, and handed it to Diane with instructions on which tickets to get. Surprisingly, Diane complied without a word and got in line.

Since it was going to be a few minutes before she would make it to the cashier, Katy and I walked inside the theater to get drinks and popcorn. By the time we had our treats, Diane was back and Katy unloaded everything into her arms.

I let her treatment of Diane go for the moment but I wouldn't let Katy take it too far. I was also holding back because Diane had that familiar glow about her. It occurred to me that Katy was pushing buttons that I hadn't figured out where there yet. I decided to watch them closely but let the evening run its course.

The movie we picked was deserted with only one old guy sitting close the front of the theater. It was late by the time we got there, so it was the last run of the night. I was beginning to suspect Katy had planned it this way. We went all the way up to the back row and I was about to turn down the aisle when Katy whispered for me to make Diane sit in front of us.

I had a feeling Katy was going somewhere with this so I pointed to the second to last row, "Diane, sit in the row ahead of us." Her eyes grew big and gave me a brief look of despair before turning down the aisle before ours and then waited until we were seated before settling down in front of us.

"Diane," I said as I tapped her shoulder, "I need our drinks." She handed the snacks and drinks back to us before turning back to face the screen. I still couldn't tell exactly how she was feeling and my guess was she didn't either.

The movie started about that time and I forgot about it for the moment as the lights went down. It was a good flick and I was caught up in the plot when Katy leaned over and snuggled up close to me. A few minutes later she unzipped my pants and pulled out my cock, jacking me off as the movie played.

She stroked me slowly while licking my earlobe at the same time. It was driving me crazy and as I got close to cumming she stopped.

"What the hell?" I couldn't believe she was toying with me like this. I was used to getting

what I wanted and I didn't like being teased.

"Get her to blow you," Katy whispered in my ear.

I looked at her again and she gave me a broad grin. She had set the whole thing up from the beginning. After thinking about it for a few seconds I realized that Diane would get off on being told to suck me like this.

I tapped her on the shoulder and when she turned around my cock was right at eye level. She balked for a second, looking from Katy and then to me. I pointed at my hard dick and she understood exactly what I was asking for. Her face flushed bright red again as she turned around in her seat, got on her knees, and began sucking my cock while Katy and I made out above her.

I was really wound up as Diane slowly took the entire length up and down the way she knew I loved. With the two of them working on me it wasn't long before I was ready to pop. I looked down and I realized she was not *just* sucking my cock; Diane was playing with her pussy at the same time.

Seeing her act that way put me over the edge and as it became apparent I was about to cum, Katy grabbed Diane's hair to pulled her face back far enough that I spurted all over her. She squealed as the hot streams of cum blasted her cheek and mouth and then, she came as well. She shook in the seat before us and let out a low loud moan that caught us by surprise.

I think we all realized at the same time that it wasn't Diane that was moaning so loudly. We looked to the stairway and standing at the aisle entrance was the older guy from the front of the theater. He had his cock out and was jacking it furiously. We had looked over just in time to see him shoot a load all over the first few seats in our row.

As we calmed down from what had just happened, the man took off quickly down the stairs and out the door. We all looked at each other and then burst out laughing. As Diane reached for a napkin to clean up with I stopped her.

"Spread my cum on your face," I told her, "leave it on until you get home."

She did as requested without hesitating. The mood was light and the girls continued to giggle as I put my dick away. The movie was still playing and almost over but we had missed quite a bit of it. Since it longer held our interest anyway, so we walked down the stairway and out the door. Katy was on my arm and Diane a few steps behind.

Chapter 5

After that night, Katy and I had a serious talk about our relationship. Even though she was a senior, she hadn't dated much through high school because the boys just wanted in her pants. Coupled with the fact that she wanted a scholarship, dating had gone to the

back of her to do list. She was hit on constantly, but had turned everyone down the last few years thinking it wasn't worth the effort or the time it would take from her studies.

The rumors that Katy had heard about Diane and I intrigued her. The most popular one seemed to be that I had rescued her from some guy that was abusive and now, Diane owed me. It was almost comical but I guess the timing of the fight I was expelled over and our dating did coincide.

Katy was very analytical so she had observed us from a distance and, on occasions, studied some psychology texts that she thought were appropriate. This was how she knew to approach Diane so strongly in the car the first night we went out.

It turned out we were the perfect couple. She wanted to save her virginity for a special time and I had Diane to relieve my sexual tensions. We went on dates without Diane and had a blast. Katy and I had the same quirky sense of humor and she could keep up with me in every way. She took an interest in the things I was doing by coming by my job and the gym.

She and Smitty hit it off instantly and from then on she would come to the gym every night to study and watch me prepare for the fight I had coming up in a month. She even researched nutrition to help me cut weight and explained how the last week before the fight it would just be a matter of losing water to make the limit.

We got into a rhythm and about twice a week we had date nights. This was usually followed by picking up Diane at the end of the night and going to the park or some other secluded place. Katy would kiss and tease me while Diane would do everything else to get me off. I was having fun, Diane was always turned on, and Katy was having sex vicariously. It was perfect.

My birthday was coming up in a few weeks and Katy, being the imaginative minx she was, wanted to make it special. She quizzed me on what I wanted for a gift, where I wanted to go, and if there was anything I wanted Diane to do for me. I half-jokingly told her I wished Diane was nicer to the Three Amigos. They were geeks, but it bothered me that she still had an attitude towards them, even after our talk.

Katy listened quietly but didn't say anything. She had been able to get Diane to talk to her about things that she would never open up to me about. I figured she would discuss the situation with Diane and it might actually make a difference. Katy was good with her and I could see that she had gained Diane's trust.

The weekend before my birthday my parent were going out of town to visit my grandmother. Since I didn't want to miss work, they were going to allow me to stay home by myself. It wasn't the first time I had been left to take care of things but, it would be the first time I had company while they were away.

Katy was thrilled to find out we would have the house to ourselves for the entire weekend.

She set about planning my birthday party but wouldn't tell me the details. I had plenty to do anyway, with my job and training for the fight, so I let her handle it. She recruited Diane to help with the planning so I didn't have to do anything but show up.

The last few days before my birthday party Diane began to act a little strange. She was hornier than usual and seemed almost embarrassed to look at me. I had never seen her this way before so I surmised that Katy had come up with a way to include her at the party. Katy asked me not to have sex with Diane that week so I figured that was contributing to her behavior.

Friday finally came and Katy came to the shop to get the keys to the house and asked me not to come home until 8pm. It wasn't a problem, since I never got home until then on normal days. I needed to spend some more time on the Chevelle as Jesse was helping me put the finishing touches on my new V8 engine. We had already installed it and tonight we planned to crank it up for the first time. Around 8pm we had it running and Jesse had been right on the mark when he told me I would appreciate the car soon enough.

I headed home and when I got to the door I found it locked. Ringing the bell brought Katy and she pulled me into the hallway before insisting I put on a blindfold. I had a good idea that I was about to see why Diane had been worked up all week so I let her guide me blindly into the living room. Once there she popped off the blindfold and I have to admit I was in shock to say the least.

In the middle of the room was a table with the Three Amigo's standing next to it. There were playing cards all ready to go and four chairs with the rest of the room decorated in a casino theme complete with a roulette wheel.

"Happy Birthday" Jerry, David, and Curt yelled as the blindfold came off. I was stunned and speechless as I looked around the room. Diane was nowhere to be seen and I had a hard time figuring out what was going on. It seemed uncharacteristically mundane for Katy to set up such a corny theme for my party. Especially when she knew I didn't gamble and had no interest in it. I looked at Katy and she seemed to beam at my reaction.

"Surprised?" she quizzed.

"You have no idea," I responded. I kept my disappointment from showing as the guys came over to wish me a happy birthday. I was glad to see them but I was still trying to figure out why Katy had only invited these three. I knew she was a bright girl so I waited to see what the real surprise was going to be.

We settled down at the table and, since I had never played before, the guys explained the rules of five card stud. We dealt our first hand as Katy went to the kitchen to get us food. In a few minutes, it was Diane that returned with a tray and the game came to an abrupt stop.

Diane was crimson red in the face and it had to do with her outfit. She was wearing a

French maid costume which pushed her firm breasts almost completely out of the top and the skirt was barely below her pussy. She was swaying toward us seductively on six inch heels and, when she turned, I realized the back of the skirt would show her ass if she bent over even a small amount. She obviously knew this as well because she walked rigidly upright across the living room floor. I looked around the table as she headed directly to me and the other guys were following her with their eyes across the room as if in a trance.

“Happy Birthday Sir,” she squeaked, straining to keep her composure. She began putting down my drink and some snacks as I looked her over close up. I ran my hand up the back of her thigh and under the skirt to find she had on a thong. She shuddered at my touch and I belatedly realized that she had called me Sir. This was new.

Diane continued around the table delivering drinks and snacks until the tray was empty and headed back to the kitchen. Four pairs of eyes followed her cute swaying ass until she walked past Katy, into the kitchen, and out of sight. Katy caught my eye and I could see she was pleased with herself. I had to admit, this party was getting better.

We resumed our card game with the dealer changing every hand. Thank goodness we were only paying for poker chips because I was getting stomped. In just a little over two hours I had almost no chips left. I wasn't too surprised since I was playing against three boy geniuses and Curt was using a freaking calculator to bet.

With only a few chips left it appeared I was done. Diane happened to be standing next to me and I could actually smell her arousal. I looked at the floor between her feet and I realized there were a few drop of moisture there. She was literally dripping wet!

I decided to up the ante a bit with the next hand. I pushed in my four chips and waited for the guys to explain that I didn't have enough to bet on this hand. I understood of course, but I played it up like I just had an epiphany.

“What would this skirt be worth?” I asked as I tugged at Diane's costume.

It became extremely quiet and I thought I had gone too far but Katy piped up to save me, “That should be enough to at least finish this hand.”

The guys agreed readily and got their cards. All three now had calculators out and were busy punching in numbers. Of course, I lost that hand and now Diane stood shivering with anticipation. I had her move to the middle of the floor so we could all see her and then told her to take off the skirt.

She moved slowly out to where we could better look at her and then, with trembling fingers, she pulled the skirt away to show her now soaked G-string. The boys all let out a collective sigh and then Katy had her arms around me from behind.

“Time for a different game.” she whispered in my ear.

We moved to the roulette table, which I thought was just for decoration, and Katy explained the rules. She produced a poster with a grid that had a picture of each item of Diane's costume.

"You each get four poker chips of the same color. You place them any single number on the field and you can pick one article to take off of our waitress. If the ball lands on double zero all the players win the prize on this card."

Before putting the card face down on the table she showed it to Diane. Her reaction was priceless as she put her hand to her mouth and gasped. It was apparent she wasn't aware of this beforehand.

"Relax," said Katy, "The odds are 37 to 1 in your favor." This didn't seem to relax Diane at all, so all the guys were extremely curious what was written on the card.

We all placed our bets and you would think with almost half the layout covered the odds were in our favor. It didn't work out that way. Eight spins later and nothing had been removed from Diane except the skirt I had lost for her earlier. Katy was prepared for this and handed out two more chips per player.

"That ought to increase your odds," She grinned.

The very next spin David hit and was trying to decide what article of clothing to pick. It took so long we all started harassing him until he picked her blouse. Diane stood quietly while David fumbled with the buttons before finally pulling the shirt free.

The bra Diane had on was barely holding her breasts and part of one nipple was visible. This spurred on the competition and every few spins someone was winning. It was a lot of fun and we all moaned or cheered as a group depending on which number came up.

We were down to just Diane's G-String when the improbable happened. The ball fell on double zero.

The room got quiet and then erupted in applause as everyone but Diane was pumped to see what the prize was. Katy was surprised as well but, when I caught her eye, she shrugged. Diane looked mortified. The look on her face was slowly replaced with her usual warm glow and I knew that whatever it was, she would be good to go.

The guys quieted down and Katy took the card, "Here it is boys. The best prize of the night."

She flipped the card over and I was stunned to see that the word BLOWJOB was printed in big bold letters. Everyone was silent for a split second and then Curt yelled, "I'm first!"

We all laughed and even Diane giggled at his response. We had the practically naked

Diane hold three cards and each of the Three Amigos took one. The all flipped them over at the same time and Curt had the low card. We all busted out laughing again as Diane took David's high card and led him to the nearby bathroom to claim his prize.

Obviously the night was winding down and when Curt finished with Diane, she came back to the room completely naked. We said our goodbyes to the Three Amigos and then I took the two girls to bed.

We fucked like bunnies for hours and just as we were about to fall asleep at dawn, I thanked Katy for a wonderful birthday present. Both she and Diane giggled.

"Silly boy," Katy cooed, "This was just your birthday party. You don't get your presents until next weekend on your real birth date."

Chapter 6

Katy, Diane, and I were exhausted. We had spent the Saturday after the party screwing around, in more ways than one. We decided to take a break on Sunday morning to give us all time to catch up on school work and get ready for the week. I constantly pried the two nymphos to find out what they had planned for my birthday gift, but they weren't talking.

The next day I headed for work after school and found my Chevelle was gone. Jesse had taken it to a friend's paint shop to get an estimate since the first one we got was almost \$4000. There was no way I could come up with that amount any time soon so it was nice of Jesse to take the time to help me get a better deal.

Jesse gave me the next two weeks off to train for my fight and he promised to attend. I headed over to Smitty's and he was happy to hear I had the extra time to train and pushed me harder than ever. By Thursday I was completely worn down but the extra training made me feel like I was ready for my fight. All I had to do was cut weight and stay healthy.

School was ending soon and prom was just around the corner. I wanted to take both the girls but I knew that wouldn't be allowed. Katy was going to be my date but I wanted to include Diane as well. I spent a lot of time thinking about it and finally decided on a course of action.

The week flew by and before I knew it the weekend had arrived. My parents had been back for a few days so when Saturday morning rolled around they woke me up early. This was unusual but, being my birthday, it didn't surprise me too much. Breakfast was already on the table when I got to the kitchen and both my Mom and Dad looked anxious.

After a few seconds of us just staring at one another, they both broke out in huge grins and yelled, "Happy Birthday!" Mom pulled out a card and Dad slid a small box over to me. I opened the card first and it had a \$100 bill inside. The card said, 'This is for gas.' They looked at me expectantly as I open the box to find a car key. I recognized it

immediately as belonging to my Chevelle and I looked back at them quizzically.

Dad nodded toward the door and I jumped up and ran outside. In the driveway was my Chevelle. It had been painted dark blue with white racing stripes and looked incredible. It had the rims on it that I had purchased second hand and the exact tires that I had been saving for. I was ecstatic to say the least. The seats that Jesse and I had removed were now recovered and the carpet was new as well.

“How did you do this?” I asked them.

They explained that they had contacted Jesse to see how I was doing and when he told them about the car they wanted to see it. Once at the shop, Jesse had raved about what a good kid I was and my parents had suggested they pay to finish up the car for me as a birthday gift.

Jesse had sent the seats out to be recovered the day after we took them out and then delivered the car to the body shop for paint last Friday when I left for the party. This gave them plenty of time to paint the car and put the new seats and carpet in before today.

“This is because of the great job you have done this year in school,” Mom said. Dad told me how proud he was as well and they both promised to support me by being at the fight next week. I was so excited I couldn’t wait to show the girls and, with a quick hug and kiss for my parents, jumped in the car and took off.

I was halfway to Katy’s before I realized it was still early. Too excited to wait I went straight to her house and was surprised to find her outside with a small bag. She got in as I pulled to a stop in front of the curve.

“Looks good, doesn’t it,” she said as I pulled back into the street.

“How did you know what was going on?” I asked.

“Diane and I were supposed to keep you busy after work on Friday; did we do a good job?”

“Oh yeah, you did a great job. How did you know I was coming?”

“Your parents called to let me know,” she laughed, “We are going on a road trip!”

I pulled up to Diane’s house and she was at the curb with a small bag as well. I guess everyone was in on this one. With the three of us in my Chevelle, I power braked a long burnout at the last stop sign before getting on the highway. The girls screamed in delight as tire smoke rolled in the windows and the sound of the V8 overpowered us. This was going to be a great weekend.

Our trip would take about three hours one way so Katy and Diane took turns telling me how they had planned this little adventure. My parents had actually asked them to come by the house while I was at work. They were both nervous, thinking our 'games' had been found out and the shit was about to hit the fan. You can imagine their relief when they were asked to get me away from the shop so the car could be moved. My mom knew Katy was my girlfriend but felt nothing would happen if both the girls were there. Diane had the presence to ask if the three of us could take a road trip after I got the car and my mom, not knowing our real relationship, had agreed. We had the weekend to ourselves in the city.

We rolled into town and checked into our hotel room. We called our parents to let them know we made it ok and would be going out soon. We had rented two adjoining rooms to keep up appearances and the girls went to change. I relaxed on the bed and fell asleep.

When I woke up I was greeted by a cock hardening sight. Katy was wearing a summer dress with heels. She had makeup on and looked stunning. Diane was also dressed up but in a much different fashion. She had on a cropped shirt that came to just below her tits and a skirt that couldn't have been more than six inches long. She had on a black choker and her eyes and face was heavily made up, making her appear quite a bit older.

I felt under dressed now and jumped up to change, only to find my cloths already laid spread out. The nice jeans and button up shirt that the girls had bought for me wasn't what I would have picked, but I had to admit they looked good. We headed out to a nearby club Katy had been to on a previous trip.

The teen club was packed and you could actually feel the loud music. We headed straight to the dance floor and began to find the rhythm as the three of us danced together. We never left the floor that night except to get something to drink and then right back out again. Katy stayed close and gyrated up against me while Diane came and went, moving around the entire floor as hands grabbed at her from all sides. She let them touch her and when they became too bold she moved back close to me and let everyone know who she was with.

One of these times, well after midnight, I reached down and found her wearing panties. She hadn't worn them in some time so it surprised me somewhat.

"Why are you wearing panties?" I demanded.

She looked at me and then to Katy before looking back to me. She stood frozen, without saying a word.

"Take them off," I told her. She hesitated, then nodded and began to move in the direction of the bathroom. I grabbed her arm and pulled her back to me, "Take them off now."

Diane began to tremble as we stood still on the dance floor with everyone dancing around us. No one had noticed yet but Katy realized what was going on.

“Wait,” she yelled at me over the music. The terrified Diane stood with the blood draining from her face, “Let’s do this in private,”

I looked at her for a few seconds and then back at Diane. “Take them off I said.”

Diane hesitated for a split second before reaching under her micro skirt and pulling down her panties right in the middle of the dance floor. With so many people moving and the darkness of the room, only a few saw her, but to Diane it had to feel like everyone knew what she had done.

She gripped the balled up panties in her hands and a young guy next to her stood open mouthed at her actions. Diane still looked terrified and I couldn’t figure it out. I walked up to her and she put her arms around me holding pulling me her to her me tightly. Her breath was coming quickly but she didn’t move from the spot where she had taken off her panties. I pulled her arms from around my neck and the guy next to us was still staring.

“Give him your panties,” I told the terrified girl. She looked at the gawking boy and then pushed her hand in his direction, shoving the panties into his chest where he grabbed them.

“Can we go now?” she asked timidly.

“Sure,” I said, not quite understanding her reaction.

Katy looked pale as I turned to lead them out the door. I hadn’t gotten two steps when I heard a small thud and then a girl screamed, “OH MY GOD!”

I turned to see Diane blushing profusely with a small blue dildo, slick with her juices, lying between her feet on the dance floor! Katy grabbed Diane’s hand and pulled her close behind as we beat it for the exit.

We were out the door before any trouble could start and I was pulling out of the parking lot with the girls before a group of boys came out looking for the Diane. We skidded out onto the road and left a couple tire tracks for them as we sped away.

Once we were clear Katy started laughing and within a few seconds Diane and I joined her.

“Did you see their faces?” Katy chuckled, “Those guys had no idea what to think.”

Diane was slow to calm down and I could see the event had aroused her.

“Play with your pussy,” I said, looking in the rear-view mirror. Diane didn’t need to be

told twice. As I drove back toward the hotel I could see she was ready to orgasm.

“Stop,” I commanded. I heard a groan coming from next to me and I could see that Katy was following my instructions too. I floored the car and we made it to the hotel in record time.

Once we arrived, I hustled the girls into the elevator and hit the button for our floor. I looked closely at the two and both were obviously horny as hell. It was late so I decided to push my luck.

“Strip,” I said. Diane needed no further prodding and began to undress.

“You too,” I told Katy. She balked and turned a peculiar shade of red.

I turned to face her squarely and looking her directly in the eye, “NOW!”

Katy tugged at the hem of her dress and I wasn't surprised to find she was completely naked under the single cloth. She held the dress in front of her and continued to blush while Diane looked at her with an amused grin on her face.

“Diane,” I said to her softly, “Would you mind holding Katy's dress, please.”

Diane quickly pulled Katy's cover away and we both stared openly as she tried to avoid our eyes. In comparison, Diane didn't even seem to notice her nudity. The elevator door opened causing Katy to gasp. We looked down the hall to see it was empty and made our way to my door. I barely had the door open when Katy blasted past me and into the room, making Diane burst into laughter.

“You are so dead!” she yelled at me with a huge smile on her face. I had never asked her to do anything like this before, but I knew it turned her on to see Diane be submissive. She threw a pillow at me before she and Diane went to the adjoining room to get my gifts ready.

It took me about 30 seconds to get undressed, leaving about fifteen minutes to wait for the girls. Finally, the door opened and Katy stood dressed in a white flowing, see through gown. She stepped back to reveal Diane kneeling on the floor in a black corset that came just up to her tits. The sides were cut perfectly to fit over her hips and then came down to a point just above her crotch. She was still wearing the black choker and had her hands behind her back, her spread legs revealing her shaved pussy.

“Sir,” she said in a husky voice, “May I give you my present?”

I nodded and she stood up and went over to the bed. She climbed up on her hands and knees to the center and then bent over with her face on the bed and her ass high in the air. She reached back and spread her ass for me to see the little black butt plug that had been inserted into her.

“Please fuck my ass Sir,” she moaned.

I didn't hesitate and climbed up behind her. She continued to spread her ass as I pulled at the plug. It popped out and I was at her entrance with my cock almost immediately. I began pushing into her with slow easy thrusts and then began to quicken my pace as my shaft plunged deeper. Before long I was pounding her hard and she was moaning loudly as I pummeled her ass. I kept going for what seemed like a like forever as I enjoyed Diane's gift and finally, I began to cum. Diane reacted in kind as we both shuddered together in climax.

There was a moan to my left and I looked over to see Katy in a chair next to the bed, vigorously masturbating to an orgasm. She had a glassy eyed look on her face as she erupted in pleasure while watching Diane and I do the same. I rolled onto my back and lay panting as Katy took my hand and brought it to her mouth, kissing it gently.

“You took her virginity,” She said seductively, “Now take mine,”

Diane cleaned my cock with her mouth, getting it hard again with her efforts. I pulled Katy onto the bed and, with Diane beside us, took her virginity as gently and romantically as I could.

Chapter 7

It was only a few days before my fight and Smitty had a plan. We decided I was only about six pounds over the class weight so I still needed to cut some more. I didn't realize at the time that Smitty had been keeping me well within our goal and now it shouldn't be too hard to get there.

When I wasn't at in school, I spent all my time in the gym and with the girls were always present. As I prepared, they sat at their table and pretended to do homework, but I knew what they were thinking about. I was worried about the distraction but Smitty had a way to handle the situation.

In the back of the gym there was an old sauna that hadn't been used in years. Smitty explained that he hadn't had a fighter that wanted to get serious to the point of cutting weight like I was. Until now, no one wanted to go through the torture, so they just fought in a higher weight class. He was going to clean it up a few weeks before the fight but had decided to wait.

“Get the girls to clean up the sauna,” he told me at the beginning of the week, “It will keep them busy and you will have time to focus on what you need to do, rather than doing them.” He grinned at his little joke since he knew everything about my relationship with them.

No one was at the gym this late so I took them to the back and explained what I needed

done. Surprisingly, they were eager to help.

“Strip down before you get started,” I said on the way out of the locker room, and then looking back at Katy, “both of you.” I turned and left before she could react but I’m sure she turned several shades of red. I wasn’t convinced she would play along.

Smitty and I slowed our pace during training and worked on technique the rest of the evening without interruption. By the time we finished I was exhausted from both the physical exertion and the reduced calorie diet I had to be on.

“You’ll be ok,” Smitty reassured me, “Just keep doin’ what you’re doin’ and it’ll be fine.”

We were almost to the locker room when I remembered the girls. Smitty was right behind me as I grabbed the door handle and, after hesitating for just a second, I turned the handle and walked into the room.

The girls had their backs to us and were just finishing up the cleaning of the sauna. Both were naked and Smitty let out a low whistle.

“Damn,” he said, “That looks good.”

I didn’t know if he was talking about the sauna or the girls, but either way, he was right. Katy and Diane spun around when they heard him and reacted by covering themselves. I didn’t say anything but walked up to the sauna to check their work as both stood frozen where we found them.

“Get the spots on the inside of the door,” I told Katy. She blushed even more but moved to the spot I indicated and began cleaning the glass.

“Diane, go turn the shower on and let the water heat up.” She dropped her hands from her breasts and obediently padded off to take care of her task.

Smitty was quick to catch on and pretended like nothing was out of the ordinary. It occurred to me that with his background in the pro fight arena, it might not be that much out of the norm for him. We talked about the upcoming fight as he stole glances at Katy and even Diane when she returned.

I had Diane unwrap my hands while Smitty packed his bag and with a last glance at both the girls, told us good night and headed home. I’m not sure how I had the energy for what happened next but the shower, the locker room bench, the newly cleaned sauna, and a towel on the floor became locations for our fuck fest. First I took Katy, and then Diane, before simply going back and forth between them for another close to an hour. I realized I might not survive until fight night.

That week was a blur of activity as I prepared. Smitty and I kept the girls busy cleaning while we worked out our game plan and final preparations. I made them do the work in the nude and both Diane and Katy seemed eager to be moving about naked in the large building.

It surprised me that Katy seemed to be as excited about the prospect of being submissive as Diane was. Her demeanor changed when I ordered her to do something and the nudity was keeping her hot all the time.

Two days before the fight, Smitty called us all together when we arrived at the gym.

“I know this last week has been fun for all of us,” he said somberly, “But this is an important time for our champ. He needs to have all his strength in reserve and his weight is almost perfect. Thanks for helping him lose fluids.” He winked at the blushing girls.

He turned to me, “If you want to win this fight you need to do everything right in the next 48 hours. Do what I tell you, and I guarantee you will win” I nodded and he glanced over at the girls so I shooed them off to begin their ritual of stripping down to begin cleaning the next area of the gym. They were getting more comfortable with the idea but still moved to the far corner before undressing.

“You need to keep them off of you until after the fight,” he said seriously, “You’re beat down now and weigh in is tomorrow night. You need to lose three more pounds and I don’t want you to lose any more energy. You need to leave the girls alone for the next two days.”

I understood what he meant and I think I was actually relieved. The strain of the diet and training was beginning to get to me and I was irritable, even with the girls. I decided to talk with them after practice with the thought that I would come up with a good way to present the issue by the time I was ready for my shower. I was wrong.

Smitty didn’t hang around this time. He left as soon as we finished and I was alone with the two of them. Seeing we were through, they both came over and began helping me by unraveling my hand wraps. With them naked and sweating so close to me I had gotten so hard it wasn’t funny, but I was determined to do the right thing to win my fight.

The girls giggled as I finished stripping down and we all headed to the shower. I hadn’t even gotten under the water before Katy had grabbed me playfully from behind and Diane was on her knees trying to suck my cock into her mouth.

“Stop!” I shouted as I wrestled away from them. They both looked hurt and confused at my reaction. “I need to...” I trailed off as they both looked at me expectantly.

“I need something different.” I stated suddenly, “Diane, eat Katy’s pussy.”

I had no idea how this would play out but Diane was already crawling toward Katy as she backed up to the shower wall. Katy looked at me and I smiled. She seemed to relax as Diane caught her against the wall and dove between her legs, probing with her tongue.

While Diane began working in earnest, I stepped under the warm shower and watched them as I relaxed and rinsed off. Katy was gorgeous. Leaning against the wall with her hips pushed forward to meet Diane's tongue, she looked incredible. Actually, the two of them together like this was really turning me on and, as Katy began to climax, I noticed Diane was furiously rubbing her clit, cumming at the same time.

'Fuck this!' I thought to myself as my determination dissolved. I stepped out of the water and toward the girls and they immediately came to me. Katy dropped to her knees beside Diane and they both worked on my cock as a team. Within seconds I was ready to pop and let loose several jets of cum that took them by surprise. They looked at each other, and then up to me before Katy turned to Diane, and gently kissed her.

Fight night was finally here. The weigh in went without a hitch although I thought I would pass out from dehydration. This was my first time to see my opponent and he looked to be in shape. With a huge tattoo on his chest, and blond spiky hair, I figured he had to be at least five years older than I was.

Katy, Diane, my parents, and Jesse were all in the crowd of about 800 other people who had arrived to see the show. My bout was scheduled first so I didn't have time to get nervous. Smitty had my weight back up and I had to admit, I felt better than ever. He worked my corner by himself and we went over the game plan until the first bell rang.

When I moved out into the middle of the canvas I was so focused it felt like everything was in slow motion. I followed the game plan, 1, 2, step right, jab, jab. My confidence grew and I realized I was much quicker than my opponent. I looked for the things Smitty had drilled into me as I backed him into a corner. I waited for him to throw a few punches and as he tried to escape I hammered him in the chin with a left hook.

He went down in a heap and the referee pushed me away. I was so in the zone I didn't even hear the crowd until the ref raised my hand declaring me the winner. It wasn't until then I looked out to my parents and could see they were beaming with pride over my first round victory. The girls were hugging each other and looked excited as I stepped out of the ring and headed to the dressing room.

Smitty was patting me on the back and giving the replay as he saw had seen it. He seemed very happy and I was pleased the outcome had lifted his spirits to a new level. We hustled into the empty dressing room and he began unlacing my gloves.

"I got to get back out and help Alex," he said, "His Pop asked me to be in the corner since he trains at the gym." He pulled the first glove off and I told him I could handle the

rest. I saw the girls standing outside the door when Smitty walked out so I pushed it open again and beckoned them in.

“I need to get cleaned up,” I told them as they began helping with my taped hands. Both the girls had on jeans and conservative shirts since I they knew my parents were going to be at the fight. They still looked sexy and it was having a noticeable effect on me.

My intention was to get cleaned up and head out to see the rest of the fights but it didn't quite work out that way. The combination of stress and reduced amount of sex over the last few days had me wound up and so I pushed both Katy and Diane to their knees in front of me. I didn't have to say anything as they both helped me out of my shorts and began working on my cock.

With very little effort I coaxed them out of their jeans and was on top of Katy as she lay on the dressing room bench. I lined up my hard shaft with her pussy and I began fucking her. Like a madman, with long hard strokes, I banged into her with a savage intensity I didn't know I had. Katy responded by pulling her legs back and moaning continuously while I had my way with her. By the time I was building to an orgasm, Diane had stripped off all her unadventurous attire and was French kissing Katy. I was so far gone that when I heard the door I couldn't stop pounding Katy against the bench.

“Son, are you decent?” It was my Mom!

“Mom, wait!” I called out, “I'm definitely not decent. Let me get a shower and I will be out in a few.”

“I'll come in,” said my Dad. The door handle began to turn and the wide eyes of the girls told how they felt as the color drained from their faces.

“No can do sir,” came Smitty's booming voice from behind my parents, “Venue regulations say only contestants and corner men in the dressing room.”

“Oh,” my Dad said, “I didn't realize there was a rule. That's ok, we'll wait until he comes out.”

“That will be fine,” replied Smitty as the door opened and he stepped in. His massive bulk was the only thing that kept my parents from seeing what was going on in the room although Diane was already hiding in the small attached shower.

“Alex's cousin showed up to corner. Besides, I knew you couldn't wait,” grinned Smitty grinned, “You owe me one.”

He was right and there would never a better time to settle up than right now. “Diane,” I called. She sheepishly peeked out the shower door.

Katy was still on the bench in front of me so I kissed her hard on the mouth, “You're up

babe.” Katy blushed as I pulled her from the bench and gave her a little push toward Smitty who had his back to the door. She slid down to her knees in front of him and began pulling at his sweat pants. She seductively looked up and licked her lips as the waist line moved down and his hard cock finally came into view.

“Wow!” both the girls said at once. Smitty was a heavy weight in more than one category. Katy grasped the phallus in front of her and excitedly began to kiss it from the tip to the base. She worked her way back up the shaft and struggled to take the head in her mouth as she stroked him with both hands.

Diane wrapped her arms around me from behind and held my cock before moving around in front. We kissed, and she fell to her knees so she could suck my cock. The entire scene was overpowering and within minutes I was cumming in her mouth as she masturbated to her second orgasm.

Still sucking in all she could, Katy was now rapidly jacking Smitty’s massive dick in her tiny hand’s as he stood rigid against the door with his head thrown back. I pulled Diane with me into the shower and started to wash up while the two finished. A few minutes later Katy stepped into the shower with us smiling ear to ear.

She took Diane’s face in her hands and kissed her passionately on the mouth as Diane returned the affection with equal force. After several minutes they broke the kiss and each took a deep breath.

“Holy cow,” Diane said, “he had a lot of cum!”

We all laughed at her outburst and then finished our shower before I headed out to see my parents.

The fight was over and both my girls had helped me tremendously. I wanted to show my gratitude by giving them the time of their lives and I had a plan to make it happen. After all, Prom was only a week away.

Chapter 8

I spent the next week making preparations for the prom and getting the money together for all the expenses I was expecting. I had the limo, borrowed from a friend of Jesse’s, and Smitty had offered to help as well. After he closed up for the night, he would drive us to a nearby town that had a teen club that I planned to take the girls to after we left the Prom.

Since Diane couldn’t go with us, and didn’t have a date, I had to figure out a way to include her. By the time Saturday rolled around I thought I had a good plan and we could all have a memorable night. I picked up Diane first in my car and drove to the shop where the limo was waiting. Jesse drove us to Katy’s house to pick her up and waited in the car with Diane while I went to the door to get her.

Katy looked awesome in her gown and her parents took pictures of us all dressed up to save the moment. I was uncomfortable in the tux but both Katy and Diane seemed to like it. We did look good as a couple and when we got into the car Diane squealed and hugged Katy to her.

“Oh my God! You look gorgeous!” Diane gushed. “I wish I could go with you guys.”

She looked a bit depressed as Jesse pulled out into the street and headed for the school. I nudged Katy and she smiled. We had been planning what to do with Diane to keep her occupied while we were at the dance.

Jesse parked the car and we said our goodbyes as he caught a ride with a friend back to the shop. It was only 9 pm and we didn't expect Smitty until midnight so we had plenty of time. I went to the trunk and pulled out the bag I had stashed earlier that evening before getting back into the car with the girls.

“Strip,” I told Diane as I began pulling items out of the bag.

She began undressing as Katy and I prepared our little surprise. Actually, Katy came up with the idea based on her conversations with Diane. It seems we had been a bit tame compared to what she wanted and now was the time to take it to the next level.

With Diane completely nude Katy and I set to the task of hog tying Diane in the limo. We used a lot more rope than expected but we were happy with the results. Diane was completely immobile with her face on the floor board and her ass up in the air. She looked so good I wanted to take her then and there but Katy stopped me.

“Remember the plan,” she winked at me. We had decided to tease Diane every thirty minutes or so until it was almost time to go to the club. I resigned to giving her a quick swat on her bare ass and tickling her clit for a few seconds. My finger came away soaked and Katy smiled when I showed her the moisture. We then got out of the car and headed into the dance.

The prom really wasn't much fun. All the kids were standing around waiting for someone else to get on the dance floor. It was lame and within ten minutes I was ready to go play with Diane but Katy held me back.

“Let's dance,” she whispered in my ear. She dragged me out onto the dance floor and began to gyrate to the hard beat the DJ was playing. I wasn't embarrassed to be in front of people, especially since I had fought in only a pair of shorts in front 800 people, I just couldn't dance as well as she could.

Katy giggled at my attempts to keep the beat. She literally danced circles around me while I tried to keep up but it was no use. She was having fun though, and I was determined to keep it that way, so I put up with the humiliation. It wasn't a big deal

because within a few minutes the floor was full of bouncing, raucous teens.

I began to loosen up and Katy danced close to me with a big smile on her face that made me melt. It was after a slow song as we were swaying gently that I remembered Diane.

“Oh shit!” I groaned. Katy pulled her head off my shoulder.

“What?” she asked expectantly.

“We forgot about Diane,” I said as I grabbed her hand and moved quickly toward the door. Katy checked her watch and it was already 10:30. She had been tied in the car for over an hour.

We rushed out to the limo and I pulled the door open ready to apologize but instead stood frozen at the sight before me. One of the Johnson twins was behind Diane on the limo floor, pounding his cock into her ass. I recovered from the shock quickly and reached out to grab his throat but something hit me in the side and I crumpled to the ground.

“Not so tough now, are ya?” growled the second twin from behind me.

I couldn't seem to get my thoughts together and my entire body felt like it was twitching. My side burned where I was hit and nothing was making sense. I heard the car door close but I couldn't look to see where I was... Katy, where was Katy?

I heard her scream and I struggled to make my arms move, to get up, to do something, but I couldn't. I heard Katy scream again and then she was beside me, rolling me over into her arms. Finally, my head began to clear.

“What happened?” I asked.

“The twins,” she said, “One of them had a stun gun.”

“Are you ok?” I managed to get out.

“She's ok,” Smitty's booming voice came from the darkness behind her. He moved into my line of vision, “This is getting to be a bad habit of yours. Me having to save your ass all the time.”

I was regaining my strength now and suddenly remembered, “Diane!”

I pushed myself up and opened the car door. Diane was still on the floor where we had left her tied. There were red marks on her ass and cum dripping from her pussy. Katy and I quickly untied her and Diane leapt to me and hugged me tightly around the neck.

“I can't believe it,” she whined into my shoulder. I felt so upset I couldn't breathe. I held her close but I didn't know what to say. She broke the hug suddenly and I was looking

into her smiling, happy face, “That was the best EVER! I must have cum 20 times! You guys are the best for setting this up for me.”

Katy and I exchanged dumbfounded looks. Diane thought we had set up the whole thing! I tried to explain but she was going on and on, in her excited giggling voice, about what had happened and how surprised she was that we had figured out one of her fantasies.

We sat back and listened to her recount how the twins had popped the lock on the limo and found Diane tied up on the floor. They never hesitated in taking advantage, and she was so hot by then it never occurred to her that it wasn't prearranged. One of the brothers would use her hard up the ass or pussy while the other one practically gagged her with his cock at the same time.

She recounted her story in vivid detail that made Katy and I wince a few times. It appeared the boys liked it rough and had spanked her ass and twisted her nipples the entire time. It was a good thing Diane liked it rough as well. She wasn't aware of what had really happened and I guess it didn't matter. The twins had unwittingly made one of her fantasies come true and had it not been for Smitty, Katy would have most likely been their next victim.

I got out of the limo to get some air while Katy talked to her some more. I was feeling better and at least I could move everything again. My side still hurt but it was a dull pain. I wanted to kick the twin's asses but Diane had actually enjoyed the treatment. I had expected she would enjoy the ropes but neither Katy nor I guessed about the rough sex. I was a bit confused on how to continue. Katy emerged from the car and approached Smitty and me.

“What do you think?” I asked her when she got closer.

“She is ecstatic that we figured her out,” Katy said, “She obviously thinks we set the whole thing up. Maybe we should leave it at that tonight and take her home. She is worn out.”

I was having a hard time processing the whole thing but Katy made sense. I got Diane's clothes out of the trunk and gave them to her to take to the naked girl.

“What about the rest of the night?” I asked.

“I'm ok, if you're ok,” she said and waited for my reply.

“Sure, I guess I'm over it for now.” I turned to Smitty, “Are you still in chauffeur mode?”

“Had it planned, might as well see it through,” he grinned as I handed him the keys. This was not the night I had expected so maybe some dancing with Katy at the club would change my outlook. We piled back in the car and Smitty headed for Diane's house.

Diane, still naked, climbed into my lap and hugged me again. She laid her head on my shoulder and told Katy and me how relieved she was that we understood her and how she felt like she could now tell us anything... and she did.

It was like a cathartic release for her and she told us all her wildest fantasies, and believe me, they were wild. She went on and on to the point I had to tell Smitty via the intercom to make a few more blocks so she could get it all out.

By the time we reached her house she was totally spent. It turns out the twins hadn't even scratched the surface on her needs and it was somewhat of a relief. I wasn't sure how she would react when I told her the truth but I thought I might be able to put a spin on it that she would be able to handle. I decided to wait and run it by Katy since Diane would be fine at least until Monday.

She finished getting dressed as we pulled up to her house and before opening the door gave Katy a deep kiss and then turned to me and did the same.

"I love you guys," she said, "Promise you will keep making my fantasies come true." And then she was out the door and practically skipping up the steps to her house, happier than we had ever seen her.

It was a forty forty-five minute ride to the club and Katy and I spent the first fifteen minutes of it quiet and lost in our own thoughts. Katy snuggled up next to me in the big back seat and I held her as we mulled over the events of the night. Katy was the first to break the silence.

"That went...well?" She said hesitantly.

The way she said it struck me funny and I began to giggle. Before long we were both rolling in laughter and the tension was finally gone. We had a lot to think about but it appeared the only real injury had been to my ribs and pride. We both put the thoughts out of our minds and relaxed so we could enjoy the rest of the evening.

By the end of the ride we were making out and I was playing with Katy's clit to get her warmed back up. She responded by stroking my cock through my trousers and by the time we pulled up to the club we were both boiling.

Smitty opened the door for us as a joke and we pretended he was really our chauffeur for the benefit of several people passing by. Katy and I got in without a problem and before long we were wedged into the dance floor like sardines as the strobes flashed and the bass blasted in our ears. We danced pressed against each other and it just made us hornier as the night wore on.

It was easy to see we were together so it was something of a shock when a girl pushed in

between us and looked me straight in the eye.

“I need your help,” she said in a fearful voice, “Please come with me.”

She grabbed my hand and abruptly turned to walk away only pausing for a moment to acknowledge Katy.

“I’m sorry Katy,” she choked out on the verge of tears, “but he is the only one that can help me.”

Katy and I looked at each other and she shrugged to let me know it was ok. The girl headed toward the edge of the dance floor with me in tow and then took a sharp turn as we cleared the swarm of people to head toward a hallway. We moved into an area that had the bathrooms and, without hesitation, she led me directly into the men’s room.

The light was bright in the bathroom and I could finally get a good look at the girl. It was Wendy from our school. I barely recognized her because of her makeup and the way she was dressed. The cropped white t-shirt and micro skirt showed more than it covered and I found myself thinking she looked hot.

She dragged me past a few shocked looking boys and into the last stall. Turning to face me she looked as if she were gathering her courage to tell me something. She was about to talk when one of the boys that had seen us, popped over the stall divider, obviously standing on the toilet next to us.

“What cha doin’ with the slut?” he slurred. I could smell the alcohol on his breath and pushed the door to our stall open so I could grab the idiot. There were 4 other guys standing there when I came out and the biggest one stepped up to me.

“I think I want your bitch,” he growled. I sized him up quickly and I didn’t like my odds. He was several inches taller and about fifty pounds heavier than me.

‘Fuck it,’ I thought as I caught him with a straight right hand to the face. He staggered back against his buddies giving me time to drag the idiot from the stall. Pulling him by the collar I launched him towards the big goon to give me some time. The big guy was still on his feet and headed my way with a sour look that was emphasized by the blood coming from his nose.

“I’m gonna kick your...” I popped him with a couple of jabs to the eye and the area around it began to swell immediately. He charged as I peppered him with quick shots but he was too big for me and I was slammed against the wall.

‘Oh shit,’ I thought as my hurt ribs seemed to explode and cause stars to dance in my vision.

‘Screw the boxing,’ I told myself, ‘this is a fight.’

As he tried to bear hug me I brought my knee up sharply catching part of his groin, he winced but it wasn't a dead on shot, so I tried with the other knee, and caught him perfectly. He released me and grabbed his crotch as I began hammering him with punches as fast as I could, backing him up as I followed. He crashed into the door and fell to the ground outside the room, even with the help of his group trying to hold him upright. I grabbed the door and yanked it shut before anyone could get to it. I set the deadbolt lock and the slide bar before heading back to the stall where Wendy was peeking out.

"Are you ok?" she asked concerned.

"Yeah," I winced as I took a breath, "just knocked the wind out of me." It was a lie but she seemed to have enough problems.

She looked me over as if to be sure and then began summoning her courage again.

"I need your help," she hesitated and blushed deeply. "I'm being blackmailed by someone and the kids at school say you helped Diane."

I leaned against the wall as she explained that another girl at our school was blackmailing her and she had no one to turn to. She had heard the erroneous rumor that I had saved Diane from a blackmailer and now she wanted me to help her as well. She constantly glanced at her watch while telling the story and finally she stopped almost mid-sentence.

"I don't have time to tell you everything," she hesitated again and the blush returned. "I have to do what she says because she will punish me if I don't."

I didn't say anything and watched as she pulled off her top to reveal her bare tits. I know I was staring because she was suddenly waving a permanent marker in front of my face.

"I need you to write on me," Wendy explained, "On my breasts... ah...I mean tits."

"Write what?" I quizzed.

"She wants," the girl started and then almost broke down, "I need you to write SLUT on one and WHORE on the other."

"Fuck this," I said, "You might be able to see it through the shirt and we still have to get out of here."

Wendy's eyes went wide. "NO, PLEASE!" she cried, "You don't know what she is capable of. I need you to do it or I have to find someone else. It's all part of her sick games. PLEASE DO IT!" She began to sob and some of her makeup began to run.

"Ok, ok," I said as soothed her the best soothingly as I could, "Show me what you need me to do."

She showed me where to write and how big to make it. The two words were very large and barely fit on her ample breasts. She looked at her watch when I finished and must have realized she was almost out of time. She Wendy took a deep breath and turned her back to me before bending over to expose her bare ass.

“I need you to write your phone number on my ass,” she sniffled. I started to write it on her right cheek but she stopped me.

“No, inside,” she corrected me, “right next to my asshole.” She reached back with both hands and spread her ass cheeks to reveal her tiny asshole. I could see the embarrassment wash over her but it wasn’t affecting her like it did Diane. Wendy wasn’t enjoying this at all.

“Put the pen in my ass” she said, staying in the same position. I pushed it in slowly, leaving a tiny bit where I could see it. Wendy reached over with one finger and pushed it all the way in.

When I finished the task she straightened up, checked her watch again, and picked up her little cut off t-shirt before going into the stall. She stood next to the toilet and began to lean forward before stopping suddenly. She reached over and flushed it.

I stood by helpless since I really didn’t know what I could do to help. She stood in the stall with her little white shirt in hand waiting for the bowl to fill up before dunking the cloth into the water. She soaked it entirely, wrung it once to get about half the water out, and put it on.

I could see the total distaste on her face for having to do the act and the purpose became very clear. The t-shirt was see-through and the words I had scrawled on her chest were easily visible. She came out of the stall and looked hopefully at me.

“Can you help me?” she asked pitifully.

I nodded, “I will do anything I can.”

She smiled for the first time since pulling me off the dance floor. “Good. I just need you to do one more thing before I go back to show her.”

I nodded again but didn’t say anything. It was obvious nothing she had me do up to this point would be nearly as humiliating as walking back through the crowded club to get to the front door.

She took another deep breath and steeled her nerve, “I need you to cum on my face.”

Chapter 9

I sat quietly in the back seat of the limo lost in my own thoughts. Getting out of the club hadn't been nearly the problem I was thinking it would be. One call from my cell to Smitty and everyone cleared a path. He asked no questions as Wendy walked past him with the words 'SLUT' and 'WHORE' clearly visible on her tits under the wet t-shirt. The crowd parted as he lead the way and I followed behind the two, trying to watch my back as we headed toward the door. Katy saw us and pushed her way through to join our procession.

"What the fuck!" she gasped as she saw Wendy's condition. She finally realized there was cum dripping from her face and turned to me. I sheepishly returned her stare.

"I can explain," I started and then fell silent. I felt like it was weak, being tonight was prom and Katy was my date. How do you explain your cum on another girl's face? I had never thought of her as the jealous type but right then I could feel her disappointment and I felt trapped.

"Well?" Katy snapped bringing me out of my haze. She looked expectantly at me as the limo continued on the road back to our town. When I didn't answer right away she gave me the eyebrow and I sighed before telling her the story.

She interrupted me a few times to clarify, but basically sat quietly as I relayed the events in the bathroom. I stammered a few times when it came to the part where Wendy had begged me to cum on her face. I guess I was embarrassed by the fact that I hadn't put up a fight or even tried to talk her out of it.

When I finished Katy sat back on her side of the seat and pondered the situation. I was again contemplating how such a well-planned night had gone to shit with me as the main ingredient. My ribs still hurt and, now that the adrenalin had worn off, I was getting sharp pains with each breath.

"You did what you had to do," Katy said finally, "I can't think of any other way you could have handled it given the circumstances."

"Thank you," I said meekly, "Katy, I'm sorry it..." She stopped me in mid-sentence with her hand.

"Doesn't mean I'm over it," she said quickly. I shut up, just like Smitty had coached me to do in these situations.

The next morning I felt as if my head would explode. It was noon before I finally made it down to the kitchen where my parents were already having lunch. Mom fixed me a plate and after sitting it down in front of me I realized they were both staring.

"What?" I finally asked.

“Do you have something to tell us?” my Dad said. I froze and I’m sure the blood drained from my face.

“Ummm, like what?” I stalled. Actually, I had no idea what part of my life they had discovered or how bad it was.

“The bruise on your face,” my Mom chimed in, “Did you get in a fight last night?”

I reached up and could feel the slight lump on my left cheek bone.

“And you’re breathing funny,” my Dad said, “What happened? Were you fighting?”

I was a little stunned and hadn’t expected to be interrogated so soon after waking up. I really didn’t want to lie to my parents so I told them as much of the truth as I could.

“I was protecting a girl from some guys at the teen club we went to last night. One of them was really big and ruffed roughed me up a bit. I’m ok though.”

“What did we tell you about fighting?!” my Dad yelled, “I thought we had this conversation the last time you got in trouble at school.”

“We did, but this is different, it wasn’t my fault!” I tried to tell him.

“If I remember correctly that is the same line you used the last time! You’re grounded!” he barked. “I will let you know exactly what your punishment is this evening after I think about it.”

I went to my room and shut the door before crawling gingerly back into bed. My side was killing me and a quick look in the mirror confirmed the bruise on my cheek was obvious. I thought of calling Smitty but he had been as cold to me as Katy had when she got out of the car last night.

“I need some more time to think about this,” she had said flatly, and then turned and walked away. I sat by myself in the big back seat of the limo and I couldn’t think of a time I felt more alone. It was about to get worse.

“Boy, I’m not your body guard,” Smitty had told me when we returned to the shop to pick up our respective cars. “You better get a handle on yourself and how you treat women. Katy and Diane may like that kind of horse play but that girl tonight...” he trailed off and clenched his big fists together.

“Whatever it is you were playing at with that girl at the club, I don’t want any part of it. You don’t come back to the gym until you get it figured out. Besides, your ribs is busted and you won’t be fighting anytime soon.” He had walked away without giving me the chance to explain.

I really needed to talk with Katy and figure out all the things that were going on. How was I going to explain things to Diane? How could I help Wendy? What could I do about my parents? It seemed like a million other thoughts that were running through my head all at once.

I tried to call Katy but there was no answer. This day was going to hell in a hurry.

Monday morning came too early as I hadn't gotten much sleep. My Dad never came to get me for our talk so I figured he had forgotten about it. It wasn't until I saw he had changed out the Chevelle keys for my old beater that I realized how mad he really was. I went by Diane's house to pick her up as usual, and I didn't have to tell her to get in the front. She hopped right in and gave me a condescending look.

"You are in so much trouble," she said. Then she saw the bruise on my cheek and reached out to touch it, pulling back quickly when I winced.

We pulled off from the curb as she began talking, "I know Wendy. She sits directly behind me but never says a word. I didn't have a clue she was in trouble, I don't think anyone does, I mean, knows she is in trouble. Why did she pick you?"

I guess Katy had left that part out of their girl chat yesterday. "She heard I saved you from the guy I beat up last year. She thinks I can save her from someone that is blackmailing her."

"Hmm," she didn't sound convinced, "I will slip her a note in class and see what happens."

Once at school, I ran into the Three Amigos and, since the girls were on strike, I hung out with them most of the day. It wasn't until school was over and I got back to my car that I saw Katy and Diane waiting for me next to it.

"Wendy told me everything today," Diane gushed, "It looks like you're out of the dog house."

I looked to Katy and she came to me with a kiss and then a big hug that made me cry out.

"What's wrong?" Katy demanded.

"I broke my ribs last night. Smitty says I can't fight for a while." Katy's face softened and she held me against her but on the other side.

"What's wrong with your car?" Diane popped up., "I was going to ask this morning but I didn't have time."

“Parents are mad at me for fighting again.” I told them about our Sunday morning discussion.

“Don’t worry about it,” Katy said, and then she smiled, “you still have us.”

We hopped in my clunker and headed for a park we sometimes went to, so we could talk without worrying about being overheard. We sat at a table and Diane took out several sheets of notes she had exchanged with Wendy and began to fill us in.

Wendy had been approached by Brittany Larson, who also attended our school, and began to befriend her. Wendy was cute, but kept to herself, and had never run with the rich snooty girls. She was flattered with all the attention. Within just a few weeks Brittany had her confidence and talked her into doing a favor. They were cruising around in Brittany’s BMW when they pulled up to an old house in the seedier part of town.

Wendy was coaxed into taking a purse and walking up to the house to exchange it for something for Brittany. It never occurred to her that she was doing anything wrong, but when she got back in the car, Brittany turned on her. She had filmed the entire transaction with a camera phone and Wendy’s finger prints were all over the package. If she wanted to stay out of jail she had to do what she was told.

It started out simple enough with Wendy having to do some homework. It escalated slowly into having to get Brittany a soft drink, or going to do an errand. Soon she was stealing small items from local stores and it was all filmed and stored away.

The tasks became progressively more risky until one night the two were sitting outside a convenience store when a Corvette pulled up next to them. Brittany watched a man get out and head into the store while leaving the car running.

“I want that car,” said Brittany suddenly, “Go get it for me.” Wendy had looked at her in total shock but Brittany began to threaten to tell her parents all the things she had done up to this point. Finally, Wendy jumped out of the BMW and into the Corvette before the pair tore off down the street. Wendy was now a felon and would probably go to jail if anyone ever knew. Brittany had the video evidence.

After that, the blackmail tasks intensified. Brittany had forced Wendy to have sex with the owner at the teen club she had met me in. It appeared that the man ran drugs out of the club and it wasn’t long before Wendy became a mule to transport drugs to their distribution points. She was now totally involved with the illegal dealings with the club and was used, with several other girls, to put on ‘shows’ like the other night to entice more customers.

“Wow,” I said after hearing the entire story. “Does she have any idea what Brittany has planned next?”

“Wendy said the game from the other night is used to blackmail more people,” Diane explained, “Brittany will call the person and say they must do what she says or they will go to jail for having sex with a minor.”

Wendy was already 18 and I hadn't had actually had sex with her. It seemed pretty flimsy to me but if you weren't sure about her age I guess it could work.

“The reason it works,” Diane said, reading my mind, “Is because they are blackmailed into having more sex with her. Wendy has a wireless transmitter sewn into her shirt collars so Brittany can record everything. She will set up a meet and have a camera in the hotel room so there is also video evidence of what has happened.”

“Once the video is made there is no going back unless the person being blackmailed wants to go to jail. Wendy is also given a cell phone and instructed to ask the guy to take pictures as he uses her. Brittany saves these as well.”

“How many times has Brittany done this?” Katy quizzed.

“Wendy said they had done it to three different guys,” Diane answered, “but she made her go with one guy three different times.”

“To get more evidence?” I asked.

“No,” Diane hesitated, “He was very cruel and did a lot of weird stuff to her. Brittany taped it all and makes Wendy watch it from time to time. She wouldn't tell me exactly what happened.”

Katy let out a low whistle as we both sat back thinking about the situation. If I was going to get a phone call it would have to be soon. I was thinking Brittany wouldn't want to risk exposing Wendy right at the end of school. I figured the meet would be on Friday or Saturday.

I got up from the table, wincing from the pain in my ribs. Both the girls were on me in a second asking if I was ok and if they could do anything to help.

“Well, actually,” I said slowly, “I could use help relieving some tension.”

The girls giggled and, after looking around for passersby, Katy bent over the table and hiked up her skirt as Diane worked on getting my pants down. It was getting dark and no one was around, so I wasn't too worried when Diane grasped my cock as it popped free and began sucking on it. A few minutes later, I was gingerly fucking Katy from behind while Diane knelt between our legs and licked my balls.

My ribs hurt but the more I got into a rhythm the more I ignored the pain. Before long, I was slamming into Katy with my balls banging against Diane's forehead as she tried to keep up. I stopped for a second and pulled my cock out of Katy's pussy and then shoved

it in Diane's mouth in one smooth motion. She took it easily and began to suck on it like she was possessed before I pulled back out and slammed into Katy again. I began doing this every few strokes and before long I was ready to cum.

When I felt it was time, I pulled out of Katy and shot my cum on Diane as she squealed with pleasure. Sticky ropes splashed across her face and dripped onto her shirt as I continued to spray her with my pent up seed. Finally, when I was finished, she looked to Katy and back to me but made no attempt to wipe it off.

"What would you like me to do sir," she grinned.

"Get Katy to help you with that," I told her.

Katy pulled her shirt tail up and was just about to start wiping the cum off when I stopped her.

"No," I told her sharply, "use your tongue."

Katy balked, but it looked like Diane had an orgasm right at that moment. Katy slowly leaned down to Diane and gave her a passionate kiss that lasted for several minutes. Then she looked at me seductively and began licking the cum from Diane's cheeks. My cock was already hard again and I was about to bend Diane over the table when my cell phone rang.

"Hello," I answered.

"I got your number from a girl's asshole," came a metallic voice, "I have a proposition for you."

It was comical listening to the voice when I could picture who it was. I managed to keep from laughing.

"What do you want?" I tried to act scared but this seemed a bit ridiculous.

"You will be at the Palace Hotel at 9 pm on Friday night," Brittany's distorted voice said.

"Why would I do that," I asked flatly.

"Because I liked the way you played with my pet and I want you to do it again."

"Hmmm," I pretended to be thinking it over, "ok, I will play with your little slut, but I will let you know where on Friday night."

"NO!" Came the sharp reply. "you will go where I say or else."

"Or else what," I replied calmly, "I get your little game, but I'm about to take it to a

whole new level. You bring the bitch where I tell you and I promise she will never be the same when I'm done with her."

Brittany was quiet for a few seconds and I knew I had hit a nerve. She was a sadistic bitch and I was guessing she wouldn't be able to pass up a chance like I had just offered.

"Fine," the metallic voice croaked, "call this number at 9 pm but you had better be within a few minutes of the Palace or the deal is off." The line went dead and I saved the number in my phone.

When I turned back to the girls they both had shocked looks on their faces.

"What did you just do?" Katy asked.

"I got a date," I quipped. Katy smirked at me and I could see a bit of my cum on her cheek where she had rubbed against Diane. We were a few hundred yards from the car and it was getting dark so we decided to head back.

"Take off all your cloths," I said. They both froze but then Diane began to undress down to just her shoes. A few seconds later, Katy did the same. I grabbed their stuff and began at a fast pace up the trail towards the car with the naked girls following a few yards behind. We were almost to the parking lot when a set of car headlights swung into view.

The girls both sprinted past me and toward my car as fast as they could go and managed to get there before the car pulled up. The only problem was, I had the keys. I took my time getting to them as they huddled down against the side of the my old beater to hide themselves as the intruder pulled up a few spaces away. By the time I got to the girls an older gentleman was getting out with a small dog yipping at his feet.

"Go get in on the other side," I told them. They both looked at me incredulously but Diane grabbed Katy's hand and they stood up and walked around my old car and into full view of the man.

"Fucking sluts!" the old man shouted before walking off down the trail with a flashlight.

I popped the locks and the girls jumped into the car. Diane was in the back and rubbing her clit furiously before her ass even hit the seat while Katy had that warm glow about her. She leaned over and kissed me before lowering her head to my lap and sucking my cock on the way back home.

I dropped the girls off and headed to my house in a better mood than I had been in for several days. I didn't have my Chevelle but Katy and Diane would help me figure out a way to get Wendy free and clear. I felt like the three of us would be an unstoppable team.

I pulled into the drive and went into the house to find my Dad waiting for me. He led me to his office and without preliminaries began preaching to me about fighting and how bad

I had been. He was furious about what had happened at the club, so I just let him vent.

“And something else son,” he said as he finally began to wind down, “I saw what you were doing in the locker room after your fight the other night. You won’t be going out with Katy anymore!”

Chapter 10

I sat fuming in my room after the exchange with my Dad. He had only seen me with Katy since Diane was hidden in the shower, but that was enough to put him over the edge. I tried to explain that she was my girlfriend, and of course we were going to have sex, but it didn’t matter. It seemed like his mind was made up.

An hour later there was a knock at the door. My Mom came in and sat next to me on the bed, took my hand, and tried to comfort me.

“Your father isn’t upset about you being with Katy,” she began, “He knows you are keeping other secrets from us and it worries him.”

“I’m old enough to take care of myself,” I told her, “Why can’t he just let me work my own stuff out.”

“You may not know this, but your father was quite wild when he was young. He doesn’t want you to get into the same trouble that he did.”

I had a hard time thinking of my Dad, Mr. Accountant, as being wild. My Mom saw me roll my eyes and smiled.

“Do you think we would just fix up your car if your father wasn’t interested? He had a car similar to yours when he was in High School but never had the money to paint it or do all the custom stuff he wanted. He wants you to have more and do more than he has.” She could see I wasn’t completely convinced.

“You know he was a great baseball player in High School.” She said.

“Oh, I know. I get to hear the old stories all the time.” I replied.

“What you don’t know, is he got kicked off the team for fighting in his senior year and didn’t go any further,” she revealed, “He doesn’t want the same thing happen to you. He may be over reacting but give him some time.”

Unfortunately, I didn’t have a lot of time to wait on my Dad to calm down. Wendy was counting on me to help her and I had no good idea of how I was going to accomplish this, especially without Katy to help me figure out a plan.

“Jimmy,” Mom pulled my hand, “You can trust your father. He can handle a lot more

than you think.” She kissed my cheek and left me in my room with my thoughts.

I could still see Katy for a few minutes at school without a problem and I would have to sneak out on Friday to make my date with Wendy. I needed some more help and by midnight I fell asleep with at least an idea of what I was going to do.

Tuesday morning I got up to an empty house. There was a note on the table letting me know Dad had called Katy’s parents. They knew I was grounded and not to pick up Katy for school. It brought back a lot of anger from the night before, but I had too many other things to worry about. I took the beater and picked up Diane at her house.

“What the hell is going on?” she exclaimed as soon as she was in and we pulled off the curb.

“Dad saw me and Katy in the dressing room after the fight,” I replied glumly.

“Oh shit!” she brought her hands to her mouth in shock.

“It’s ok,” I grinned, “He didn’t see you.”

She sighed in relief and sat quietly for a few minutes.

“What are we going to do?” she asked seriously.

“Don’t worry,” I told her in my best ‘I got this’ voice, “I have a plan.”

“Hmm,” she hummed thoughtfully. “We better talk to Katy.”

The Three Amigos were more than a little intrigued when I sat them down and explained the situation. I told them about Wendy and how I was going to meet her this weekend and why.

“What I really need,” I told them, “Is a way to find the blackmail stuff Brittany keeps and get it back from her.” I relayed the information I had from Diane on how the scheme worked and what to expect.

“We need to do some more Intel on our perp,” Jerry said excitedly, “She lives two doors down and across the street from me.” Jerry’s parents were well off and it didn’t surprise me that he would live in the same neighborhood as Brittany.

“Do we have to retrieve the videos and pictures?” asked David, “I mean what if we just destroyed them?” I hadn’t thought of that.

“Sure,” I told him, “What are you thinking.”

“If she is having the guys take pictures with a camera phone maybe we can build a virus to wipe everything clean when it’s uploaded to her storage drive,” David said, “We may even be able to access her files on her computer remotely.”

That comment got the Amigos really pumped up and they began talking in their high tech language that I couldn’t understand. The short version was that the guys would work on it and get back with me.

It was lunch before I was able to see Katy and it looked like she had been crying. She came to me and fell into my arms as I hugged her closely.

“Are you ok,” I asked her softly.

“Yes,” she sniffled, “Diane told me that your Dad saw us at the fight. All he told my parent is that you were grounded and couldn’t see me.”

“It doesn’t matter what he says,” I told her calmly, “we’re going to figure this out.”

“But we have to help Wendy and the date is set for Friday,” she said, “How are we going to come up with a plan by then?”

“I’m already working on it,” I said. I recounted my meeting with the geeks and she was impressed.

“Beat her at her own game,” she mused, “What about her cell phone?”

“I’m sure the phone she uses for the pictures is different than her personal phone.”

“Yeah, but what if we could jack her phone?” she said. I looked puzzled and she had to explain further. “There is a way to overtake a cell phone and make it a one way listening device. We could hear everything she is saying and, if I had enough time, I could program the GPS function so we would know where she is at all times.”

“How long do you need to have the phone?” I asked.

“About two, or three minutes tops,” she said, “but that girl lives on her phone. I don’t know when we could snag it for that long without her noticing.”

“Maybe Wendy will have an idea,” I was thinking out loud now, “We should get Diane to pass her a note in class and find out. I need to be able to talk with Wendy directly without Brittany overhearing.”

“A transmitter small enough to fit in Wendy’s collar can’t have a long range,” Katy mused, “maybe we can get her out of range and then talk to her.”

I wasn't convinced this was a good idea. If Brittany thought we were on to her it would blow the entire deal.

"Let's work on coming up with an idea of how we can separate Wendy from her shirt," I said as the bell rang for our next class, "we can at least have a plan for Friday night even if we can't jack her cell."

Katy gave me a quick kiss and headed off for her next class. I would meet Diane at her locker and see if she could get an idea from Wendy on what to do next. I didn't want to tip off Brittany, so we had to be careful.

The day drug on until the last bell and the three of us met back at my car. Diane had communicated with Wendy and filled us in.

"There is a time tomorrow that we can get her away from Brittany. On Wednesdays, Wendy is sent to boy's bathroom and there is usually a boy waiting for her. She has to suck him off and then report back before the next class."

"This week is different because while the boy is usually set up by Brittany and knows what is going on, this time it will be whomever happens to be in the bathroom." Diane paused and looked at us expectantly.

How does that help?" I asked, "Brittany will be close by and listening to what is going on. If we pull her away from the shirt she will know because there will be no sound."

"Not if she hears someone actually getting a blowjob," Katy grinned. She had already figured it out. Diane would be the stand in for Wendy so we just needed to get someone to play the part of the unsuspecting guy.

"We should get Curt to help us," Diane blurted out. She looked surprised that the words had come out and put her hand over her mouth. It was so cute it made both Katy and I chuckle.

"I will speak to Curt tonight," I said, "but I don't think I will have any trouble talking him into it."

The next day Curt and I were positioned inside the bathroom door where Wendy was going to be. It was located a good distance from the cafeteria so there wouldn't be too much traffic this time of day. Diane was already in the last stall and ready to go.

Wendy showed up right on time and after she walked in I locked the door. She made her way to Curt and he opened with his first line.

"I'm sorry but you're in the wrong bathroom," he said stiffly.

“No I’m not,” she replied like a bad b-movie actor, “I need some help.”

“What do you mean?” asked Curt.

“I need a cock to suck,” she blushed brightly and it was obvious she had been coached on what to say.

“You mean here? Right now?” Curt was really getting into it.

“Yes,” Wendy hesitated before continuing, “I need some cum.” Even though it was set up Wendy was still humiliated to the core.

“Ok,” said Curt, “let’s go back here in case someone else comes in. Oh, um,” he had almost forgotten the critical part, “take off your shirt so I can see your tits.”

Wendy took off her shirt to reveal her naked breasts and Curt let out a groan. Diane took the shirt and pulled him into the stall and shut the door. I could hear the zipper being pulled down and Curt moaning as Diane went to work.

Wendy slowly made her way back to me at the door, covering her breast with her hands.

“This is weird,” she whispered, “I can’t believe she would do that to help me.” I just smiled at her innocence.

“We have a date for Friday night. I will be calling Brittany at the last second as to where to meet us; she won’t have time to set up cameras so all she will have is a voice recording. I need to make sure she believes we are doing something that will get her to let me see you again.”

“I know what you need to do,” Wendy shuddered and began to tell me what Brittany liked about the other guy she had been sent to several times.

“You’ll have to do more,” she said sheepishly, “but I don’t care how bad it is as long as I get out of this situation.”

“I can handle that part,” I smiled at her, “and it won’t be as bad as you think. I also need to know a time we can get to her cell for about three minutes without Brittany knowing. Got any ideas?”

Wendy thought about this for a moment and then hung her head, “Yes, I know when you can get the phone.” She shuffled her feet and stalled. Curt was getting closer so I knew we didn’t have much time.

“When?” I quizzed her.

“In the bathroom at the club,” she said, “She likes to humiliate me in them, bathrooms, for some reason. She will take me back to the women’s bathroom around 11 pm and make me...” she trailed off, obviously embarrassed. “Just have someone in the second to last stall before 11 pm on Saturday night. Tell them to look under the divider and I will hand them the phone.”

She wouldn’t say anything else and turned to walk back to where Curt was getting quite vocal.

“Holy SHIIITTTTTTTTT!” he cried as Diane finished him off. She caught his semen in Wendy’s shirt and handed it back to her.

Wendy put the sticky cloth back on and I opened the door to let her out. I wouldn’t see her again until Friday night.

Thursday was the last day of school and we all decided to meet in the parking lot before heading home. The Three Amigos were excited to tell us all about the virus technology they had designed for this adventure.

The plan was to find a hotel with adjoining rooms. I would be in one and everyone else in the other. Once Wendy was in the room with me, we would hand off the cell and have the virus uploaded to the SIM card. When Brittany uploaded the images to her computer the program would basically contact the Amigos via the internet and give them access to everything.

The only downside to this was she had to use the internet. If Brittany didn’t get online after loading the program, the Amigos would never get a signal.

I was excited that we at least had a plan but I was a bit concerned about the cash that would be needed. We had to get two hotel rooms, gas, and some more techno somethings for the guys. I wasn’t making enough to handle all the expenses but I figured one step at a time.

It turned out I didn’t have to sneak out Friday night after all. Curt called the house and asked Mom if I could come over and visit them. She had agreed without talking to Dad, so I was in the clear. The guys showed up about seven and my Dad didn’t even look up from the TV when I went out the door. Mom must have smoothed it over.

We headed out toward the Palace Hotel area and David took us to a bit nicer hotel with three floors less than a mile away. He had already made the arrangements and checked the rooms before we arrived so we knew they were attached. If you stood in front of the window you could see the parking lot but backing up a few feet basically made you

invisible from the ground.

By eight thirty we were all in position with Diane, Katy, and Curt next door. David was in the lounge area pretending to watch TV and Jerry was in the parking lot, hiding in a group of trees close to where we thought Brittany would end up in her car.

I made the call and the mechanical voice answered. "Hello." Brittany's tinny alter ego said.

"Grand View Hotel, Room 315," I said flatly and immediately hung up.

It was about 10 minutes later that Jerry called to let us know Brittany was arriving. I peeked out the window and could see her pulling up toward the front of the building. Wendy got out and headed for the front out of my view. A few minutes later, Brittany got out of the car and went inside as well.

The phone rang in the adjoining room; it was David who was shadowing Brittany in the lobby. She picked up a copy of the hotel layout and headed back to the car under his watchful eye. I'm sure she was trying to figure out the best place to park so she could see as much as possible while listening in.

There was a knock at the door and I closed the adjoining room just in case the phone rang again. Wendy was standing nervously in the hallway as I invited her in. We had arranged this part for Brittany's benefit so I led her over to the window.

"Are you ready slut?" I asked in a menacing voice.

"Yes sir," she replied meekly. I glanced out the window to make sure Brittany was in place before slapping Wendy across the face. She fell to the ground out of sight and later Jerry told me it looked like I had knocked her out from his vantage point.

I grabbed Wendy and pulled her back to her feet in front of the window before dragging her out of sight. I tore at her tiny mini skirt and tossed it to the side revealing her lack of panties and a note written in permanent marker. 'Use Me' was written above her pubic hair.

Wendy blushed when she saw me reading the words and I felt bad for her but knew I needed to stay in character.

"You want me to use you?" I barked at her, "I'm going to use you like you've never been used before, bitch." I grabbed at her shirt but didn't tear it. Tossing in on the bed I put her up on her knees.

"Mistress wants you to take pictures," she choked out. I finally noticed the cell phone in her hand and took it from her.

“Hmm,” I mused, “What kind of pictures should I take?”

The adjoining door opened quietly to reveal Katy. I handed off the phone and as she retreated a completely naked Diane walked up to the bed.

“I’m going to fuck you in the ass so hard you won’t walk for a week,” I said as she climbed up next to Wendy. I smacked Diane’s ass and moved over behind her as the familiar glow started to rise in her face. I lined my cock up with her tiny hole and without warning pushed hard against her rose bud. My cock slid in easily and Wendy gasped as she saw what our plan was.

I banged into Diane’s ass as I slapped her cheeks at the same time. Occasionally I would reach over and pop Wendy on the ass as well to get a reaction out of her for the benefit of our audience. Between those times, Diane was doing enough grunting and groaning to get our point across. After I had been pumping Diane for a few minutes I remembered my next lines.

“Beg for it bitch,” I growled.

“Please fuck my ass,” Wendy said immediately. “Please fuck my ass hard!” I slapped her butt again as she was saying it.

Katy returned a few minutes later with the cell and gave us the thumbs up. All I had to do now was take a few pictures and fuck the hell out of Diane while making a lot of noise. I decided to take my job seriously.

I took a few close ups of my cock going into Diane’s ass and continued to pound her. She was still moaning and pushing back against me as I hammered away. Wendy kept up the dialog as I concentrated on my task.

“Fuck me harder sir,” she moaned, “Fuck this worthless slut in the ass.”

I was getting really turned on by her dirty talk and before long I was ready to pop. Wendy could sense what was happening and pushed Diane out of the way and backed her ass up to me. I pushed the end of my cock up Wendy’s ass just before cumming. I filled her up to overflowing and then looked over at Diane.

Diane was frigging her clit furiously and I had to grab her hand and shush her before she came. I didn’t want Brittany getting any hint that there was more than just me in the room. I took a picture of my cum dripping out of Wendy’s ass and I made sure you could see her looking back at me.

“Suck it clean,” I commanded and Wendy gasped at the order. She didn’t have to worry as Diane was already on it and swallowed it whole before I could say anything else. She worked her way up and down, cleaning my entire length before motioning to Wendy.

Wendy moved over and took Diane's place before slipping my cock in her mouth. I took several more pictures like this before moving on.

"Let's take a shower," I said and the three of us headed for the bathroom leaving the shirt with the transmitter behind. Once the water was running and we were all in the shower I felt it was safe to talk quietly.

"Ok," I whispered, "we have the virus uploaded. What do we need to do next to get her attention and make sure she sends you back to us instead of someone else."

"You need to be more aggressive with calling me names," she replied quietly, "and you need to leave some marks."

Chapter 11

I spent the next few hours in the hotel room working the girls over. I used my belt to whip them, two or three whacks to Diane and then one lighter blow for Wendy. Diane had confided to Katy and me of her wish to be forced to take this type of punishment and she reacted as if in heat. The harder I hit her ass the more turned on she seemed to get. Wendy, on the other hand, took the lashes for the proof she needed for Brittany, but she never once pretended to like it.

I also made the most vulgar remarks I could think of to her while lashing the girls with the belt.

"You're nothing but a worthless cunt," I yelled at her between lashes. Then I had her say the line back to me.

"I'm nothing but a worthless cunt," she repeated choking back sobs.

I fucked Diane's pussy while Wendy pretended it was her getting pounded. After about twenty minutes of her watching she pushed Diane aside and pulled me in between her legs. This was the first time Wendy had showed any interest in getting fucked and I wasn't sure if she was enjoying it at first. It didn't take long to see she was indeed getting in the mood and I began stroking harder into her pussy.

Diane got back into the game by sucking on Wendy's nipples while I fucked her and it began to drive both girls wild. I picked up the pace and it didn't take much longer before I was dumping a load into Wendy's spasming pussy. I got back into character quickly and began to berate her.

"You fucking whore," I snapped at her, "you came while I was fucking your cunt, didn't you!"

"Yes sir," she said uncomfortably. She really was humiliated that it had happened.

“Get over here and suck the cum off my cock,” I ordered. Diane was moving towards me but Wendy surprised us by spinning around and taking my slimy cock in her mouth without hesitating. I took a few more pictures and decided we had done enough to get a return visit.

“I’m almost done with you,” I told her, “but first, I have one more thing to make you presentable for your mistress.”

I pulled her to the bathroom with Diane following behind. I put Wendy up on the counter and she sat quietly while I pulled a few items out of my bag. When I produced a razor and shaving cream Wendy sighed but didn’t resist. She pulled her legs back so her feet rested on the counter to give me access to the small triangle of pubic hair below the crudely written message.

I shave her clean in just a few strokes and then took out a permanent marker. I knew Brittany loved to write nasty messages on Wendy, so I decided to play along. I drew a line through the previous message of Use Me and below it, where her pubic hair had been, printed in bold letters WELL USED.

It was time for her to go and I hoped we had done enough to make sure she came back to us. I led the way back into the main room and threw her shirt to her.

“Here you go bitch,” I said callously as she caught the small cloth, “get dressed.” She put the shirt on and began buttoning it up but I stopped her.

“Just tie it,” I told her. She looked at me curiously but did as I asked. She reached for her skirt and I stopped her again.

“You won’t be needing the skirt,” I said sharply, “how do you expect anyone to see my art work?”

Wendy froze with her hand inches from the garment but then slowly pulled away. It was late and there wouldn’t be many people in the halls or lobby even on a Friday night. The gesture was a bit over the top, but it might just be the deciding factor on who Wendy would meet at her next rendezvous.

She nodded to me as if she understood what I was trying to accomplish, and you could see she was getting herself ready for the humiliation she knew was to come just outside the door. We walked over to the entrance of the room and, as I grabbed the handle, she suddenly put her hand over mine, turned, and kissed me passionately.

“Thank you,” she mouthed silently before allowing me to open the door and let her walk into the hall. She was basically naked with only the small shirt to offer any modesty. I turned back to the room and Katy was there with Diane and Curt.

“Wow,” Curt said, shifting his crotch with one hand, “that was intense!”

Katy was already checking for a signal using the new cell we had bought as a receiver. You could hear light footsteps on the speaker as the girl padded quickly down the hall and opened the door to the stairs. She probably figured there would be less traffic in the stairway.

“What the hell?” came the recognizable voice of David. He had taken up refuge in the stairway in order to avoid detection and Wendy had bumped into him. Once he realized who it was, he clammed up and let the terrified girl pass. There was the sound of another door opening and we all headed to the window in time to see Brittany turn on her headlights as Wendy emerged from under the hotel canopy and ran towards her ride.

Brittany moved the car slowly and kept her in the high beams to make sure anyone looking would be able to see Wendy’s nudity. She dashed across the parking lot and tried to open the door but it appeared to be locked. We could hear her begging to get in but Brittany was telling her something we couldn’t make out over the speaker.

It became obvious when Wendy pulled off her shirt and dropped it and the cell into the slightly opened window of the car. We could hear Brittany laughing hysterically as she pulled away leaving Wendy exposed in the parking lot to chase after her. The BMW finally stopped at the street and Wendy sprinted to the passenger door.

“Get in the back,” came Brittany’s voice on the speaker. We all expected Wendy to go to the back door but I was shocked to see the truck pop open and Wendy, not having a choice, climbed into the dark enclosure, and shut herself in. Brittany was still laughing uncontrollably as she drove away.

The Three Amigos, Katy, Diane, and I sat around David’s house staring at a computer for what seemed like hours. There were four screens with different programs running at the same time and the guys never stopped talking. They were excited about getting the virus in place and anxious to see if it would work as designed.

The cell phone had worked perfectly up to the point that Brittany had tried to make a call with her personal phone and found the battery dead. She had robbed to battery from the phone Wendy had been using and the signal had died the instant it was removed.

So far, most of the plan was working. If the virus did as the guys explained it to me, there would be major activity on the monitors once the virus was uploaded onto her computer and then a connection to the internet was made. We waited.

It was almost 5 am before we all gave up and the girls went home. I stayed at David’s for the night and we all crashed in different rooms on couches or guest beds depending on what suited us. The house was huge and David’s parents were out of town so we had the

run of the place. I was too tired to look around and fell asleep almost the instant my head hit the pillow.

I was awakened by the sound of cheers in the next room in what seemed like only a few minutes after nodding off. The guys were already in front of the computer and it appeared there was some activity on the monitors.

The Three Amigos were excitedly chattering in their high tech language as David frantically rattled the keys to make things happen.

“We’re linked!” Jerry said excitedly.

“Yep, the patch worked perfectly,” David said. The other guys agreed and slapped him on the back so I guess he had figured out something incredibly difficult.

“Can you see anything on her computer?” I asked.

“Dammit!” David suddenly exclaimed. The other two moaned and I was left out of the loop again.

“Is that bad?” I asked not knowing what everyone was groaning about.

“No big deal,” said David but I could tell it actually was. “It’s a firewall we have to break through and it’s a good one. It might take a while.”

“How long?” I quizzed, “I mean, until you can get into her computer.”

“Not long,” Curt piped in, “I’m betting five to seven days.”

“WHAT?” I was dumbfounded. “Five to seven days? Can’t we speed up the process?”

“Sure,” David replied, “we just need a few things.” He started to rattle off a lot of stuff I had never heard of and I finally stopped him.

“How much will all that stuff cost?” I asked him.

“About \$1297.13,” he answered and then smiled, “I’ve wanted this stuff for a long time so I know what it costs.”

I barely had enough money to pay for our trip to the club tonight so there was no way I could buy it for him. We needed the info badly but short of a robbery I couldn’t think of a way to pull it off.

“Keep doing what you’re doing and I will get back to you,” I said.

Diane, Katy, and I motored down the road on the way to the club. It was well past dark and I had slipped out my bedroom window just after 10 pm. My parents didn't think it too odd since I had been going to bed early, and getting up at 5:30 am to do my runs. I didn't think they would notice and I felt I needed to take the chance anyway.

We arrived in Katy's parents old four door just before 11 pm and had to hustle to get her into the bathroom before Brittany and Wendy were to show up. Katy slipped into the bathroom and I spotted the two girls we were looking for on the dance floor.

Brittany was at the edge of the dance floor but Wendy was in the center of everyone and getting a lot of attention. She had a tight white t-shirt that came to the middle of her back and a skirt that covered just below her ass.

"Holy shit!" exclaimed Diane as she pointed at Wendy. As the girl slowly turned around on the dance floor I could now clearly see that the white shirt was literally painted on.

Wendy had tears in her eyes as she tried to dance to the loud music that filled the building but it was obvious that she was distraught. There were a couple of thin flesh colored lines in the paint and I realized it was from her tears dripping onto the paint and washing it away. I was surprised that, although all the guys were looking, none of them were actually trying to touch her. As a result she had no place to hide and there was about a five or six foot cushion around her, making it easy for everyone to see her predicament.

A teenage guy with dark, slicked back hair moved closer to Wendy and actually grabbed at her skirt. She didn't see him in time to prevent it and as the fabric uncovered her naked pussy. I could see the words I had written the night before were still there.

The young guy started to reach for Wendy's tits but was suddenly stopped by a huge hand grasping the back of his neck. Brittany watched as the muscle bound bouncer pulled the offender off the dance floor without much effort and dropped him carelessly at the edge of the bar. She was smiling and I couldn't tell if she had been directing the brute or if someone else was pulling the strings.

I watched the bouncer walk back to his perch and stand next to an older man in a suit. The man said something and the bouncer nodded and moved over to Brittany. He touched her shoulder and motioned at the man in the suit. She immediately moved in that direction and the man began talking closely to her ear as she nodded. After a few minutes she replied and walked directly across the dance floor toward the restrooms grabbing Wendy along the way.

I was surprised by Brittany's interaction with the man and began to wonder if she was a pawn instead of the mastermind like I had thought. The man and the bouncer began to move around the dance floor so I decided to follow them.

"Stay here and watch for Katy," I practically yelled in Diane's ear to be heard over the

music. She nodded in agreement and moved until she could see the bathroom door.

I circled the dance floor and toward the hallway the men had disappeared into. After ten feet or so the dark hallway made a sharp turn and ended at a door with no markings. I didn't want to lose them, and I figured it was a hallway, so I opened the door and stepped through to find myself in a very large office.

I stood just inside the doorway as my eyes adjusted to the bright light. I squinted my eyes before being able to make out several people standing in front of me. Behind a large wooden desk across the room was the man in the suit and standing next to him, looking at a computer screen, was a short stocky guy with greasy hair. The bouncer was sitting in a chair reading a magazine and there was another man, taller and bigger than the bouncer, standing quietly by himself along the opposite wall.

I stumbled forward on the carpet trying to think of what to do. The bouncer and the big man started my way but the guy in the suit stopped them.

"What are you doing in here kid," he snapped.

"I... I'm looking for the bathroom," I stammered. I couldn't think of anything else but everyone seemed to relax.

"I take care of this Frank," the short man said in a thick Russian accent. He sized me up and then waved his hand as if to dismiss me, "you go now."

I stood dumbfounded for a second and the short man sighed. He turned to the huge man against the wall and nodded to him. The giant started toward me quickly.

"Don't hurt him," Frank said, "I don't want any trouble in the club." The huge man stopped directly in front of me.

"You go now," he said. He also had a Russian accent but it was even thicker than the short man's.

I turned to go and the goliath followed me a few steps after I was back in the hallway to make sure I wasn't going to come back. I hadn't planned on it... at least not tonight.

I moved back toward the sound of the deafening music and no sooner than I had stepped out of the hall, Diane was there with Katy.

"She did it," Katy said, "but you won't believe how."

"Let's get out of here," I said nervously, "you can tell me all about it on the way home."

We loaded up in the car with Katy behind the wheel and headed home. I told her about the men in the office first and then she told Diane and I about her encounter in the

bathroom.

Katy was in the second to last stall as agreed and it wasn't too long before Brittany came in and led Wendy past her hiding place. Katy sat quietly as Brittany began to give directions.

"Eww," Brittany said as she opened the stall door next to Katy, "this toilet seat is nasty. Bitch, get over here and clean it before I sit down." Wendy had dropped to her knees and scrambled to the toilet to begin cleaning it. She stopped when she got to the lid and began taking off her skirt to use as a rag.

"No dumbass," Brittany chastised the girl, "this time I want you to lick it clean." There was a small yelp from Wendy but she turned back to the lid and slowly began to lick it as instructed.

"Hurry the fuck up, I gotta pee right now," growled Brittany. A few minutes later Wendy shuffled aside and Brittany backed up to the toilet.

"Get my panties and skirt off," she ordered, "and don't you dare drop my phone again." Wendy worked off the garment with the cell attached to it and held it tightly in her hand. Brittany sat on the toilet and began to urinate in the bowl.

"Get your face up there cunt." Wendy sobbed again but moved into position with her chin on the toilet bowl, her face inches from the stream of pee.

When Brittany was finished she stood up and turned around to face the wall. Bending over slightly, she pushed her wet pussy up to the crying girl's face.

"You know what to do," snapped Brittany. Wendy began licking the girl's pussy and when it was clean she began to tongue her clit. Once Brittany began to moan softly from the girl's efforts, Wendy pushed the skirt with the phone under the stall where Katy took it and immediately went to work.

Frantically Katy punched in the codes as the humiliated girl next door ate pussy in an effort to make Brittany cum. Wendy was going all out to keep her Mistress's attention and, at the same time, keep her from coming too soon. It didn't work because Katy still had the phone as Brittany began to reach her orgasm.

She bucked and moaned as Wendy continued to lick and within seconds she would turn around and see the skirt and phone were gone. Katy continued to punch the final codes as Wendy began to panic. There was no telling what would happen if she found out what was going on with her phone.

Wendy sized up the situation and made a decision. As Brittany was coming down from her orgasm, Wendy moved up and drove her tongue up the other girl's ass.

“Oh, fuck yeah,” squealed Brittany, “oh, you little shit eating slut. If I had known how good this felt you would have been doing it since day one. Lick my asshole you worthless cunt!”

Katy finished with the phone and quickly handed it and the clothes back to Wendy under the partition, but now she had to finish what she started. Katy sat quietly for another ten minutes while Wendy, with tears in her eyes, licked Brittany to another orgasm.

“Wow,” Brittany said, “you just jumped a few chapters ahead.” She looked closely at Wendy’s painted shirt and noticed the tears were causing the paint to wash away. She smiled at the poor girl’s tears and then had a thought.

“You did great today so I think we will make it a short night for your good behavior. All we need to do is get this paint off.” Wendy looked hopeful but she knew better.

“Go over to the boy’s bathroom and get them to help wash the rest of the paint off,” Brittany said callously, “Just take off your skirt and squat next to the urinals until someone comes in and beg them to piss on you. As soon as all the paint is washed off, wipe it up with your skirt and come out front.” Wendy gasped at the thought of what she was being forced to do.

“Hurry up though,” Brittany giggled, “the club is about to close and you will want to have all the paint off before the last boy leaves, otherwise, we may have to go by the truck stop again on the way home.”

I didn’t get up Sunday until almost noon. I called the Amigos and found out they were still working on breaking into the computer. Brittany didn’t leave it online all the time, so there were small windows of opportunity to work on the problem before she would shut it down again. The guys were getting impatient and I was worried that Jerry and Curt might jump ship any time.

“If you can get me the stuff I told you about,” David started, “I can hack break in if the computer is online for about 5 minutes.”

I understood the problem but I didn’t have any money left at all. I was also concerned that if I got a call from Brittany, I couldn’t afford a hotel room either. I was lost in my thoughts after hanging up with the guys when my Mom called me from the kitchen.

“Jimmy,” She yelled, “Katy is on the phone.” I headed to the kitchen and picked up the landline off the kitchen counter.

“Hello,” I said, not sure why Katy would call my parents phone.

“Sorry to call but we have a problem,” Katy said, “your cell is dead and the other two

phones we added to your account are also dead. I'm guessing the bill didn't get paid."

We talked for a few more minutes about what to do. Katy and Diane didn't have jobs and the most money they could come up with was \$61. The hotel cost me more than that, so I had to figure out another way.

I went to bed early that night but tossed and turned for hours. The next morning I got up, found my slacks, shirt, and tie to wear. Mom was still home so I asked her for a ride.

"Where to?" she asked.

"The bank," I said, "I need a loan." She looked at me quizzically but nodded and got the car keys. It took about ten minutes to get there and Mom never asked me what was going on. I guess she figured I would explain in my own time. She dropped me off at the curb and wished me luck before driving away.

I took a deep breath and as I headed to the front door of the bank I went over the possible outcomes. One, I got a loan and we would be able to save Wendy, or two, the police would be called and they would save Wendy from her situation, but everything would be public. She would be caught in the middle of a huge police investigation and the media would have a field day. I pushed open the big glass door and headed in.

The marble floor was polished and the interior of the huge building sparkled. I walked across the floor and directly to the largest corner office where a secretary sat typing away at a keyboard. Next to the door behind her was a gold plate that said; Bank President, Darrel James.

I walked directly past her, opened the door, and stepped inside. The man behind the desk looked startled as I walked in, and the secretary had jumped up and was right on my heels.

"I'm sorry Mr. James; he just walked right in," she stammered, "I couldn't stop him."

"It's ok, Denise," he said calmly, "I will handle this." She reluctantly retreated back through the door and closed it behind her.

"Well young man," he said deliberately, "how can I help you."

"I'm in trouble," I began slowly, "and I need your help Dad."

Chapter 12

I told my Dad everything. I relayed the story of the how Katy, Diane, and I had become a threesome and all the events up until today with Wendy. I didn't leave anything out, including the part where I snuck out of the house to go to the club this past weekend.

Dad sat patiently and listened without interrupting. I was surprised at his lack of reaction to the things I was telling him, as I expected he would blow up and yell at me but it never happened. When I was finished he took a legal pad and began writing what appeared to be notes of what I had just told him.

“Has anyone contacted the police?” was his first question.

“No,” I had expected he would want to call them, “and I don’t think we…”

“Good,” he cut me off, “we don’t want them involved because, believe me, that girl’s life will be ruined if they find out.” I sat stunned at his response.

“Is there anything else?” his question snapped me out of my fog. I shook my head and he picked up the phone on his desk and began dialing, “ok, I will take it from here.”

“No!” I said a bit too forcefully, “This is my mess and I can fix it. I just need some help, not someone to take over.” Dad, slowly put the phone down and sat back in his chair.

“This situation has become more than a little problem,” he said evenly, “a girl’s future is at stake and there are adults involved.”

“I know,” I said, “but she came to me and I think I have it under control. I just need a few things to make it happen.” Dad contemplated my answer.

“Tell me your plan,” he said.

I laid everything out for him that I was thinking. We had access to Brittany’s computer, we just had to break in and delete the files with the virus. Once the blackmail evidence was destroyed there would be no hold over Wendy and it would all be over.

“Are you sure you thought of everything?” he asked.

“I think so,” I replied, “I’m just not sure if Brittany is also being blackmailed or if she is a partner with Frank at the club. I have to figure that out.”

“Why not just ask?” Dad said simply. He explained his logic behind being straight forward and I had to agree. If Brittany was in with Frank, she would call him immediately to tip him off, and we would know because of the jacked phone. I liked the idea but reminded Dad that the phone was disconnected right now.

He pulled out his wallet and retrieved a credit card along with several \$100 bills. He put those on the desk and then opened a drawer and took out a set of keys that I instantly recognized as belonging to my Chevelle. He slid them to me across the desk.

“The credit card has a \$10,000 limit,” he said. He noticed my reaction and continued, “That’s a limit, not a goal. Use what you need and let me know if you start getting close

to maxing it out.” I couldn’t imagine spending that much money.

“It will go faster than you think,” he said as if reading my mind, “and where are you going to find some more muscle to help with this? Don’t tell me your geek friends are all you have, I don’t think they are going to be much help if it comes to a fight.”

“I have a few ideas on that,” I said.

“Good, keep me up to date on what’s going on. I want you to check in with your Mom or me at least twice a day so I know you are ok.”

I got up to leave, taking the money and credit card. I had a lot to do and I didn’t think it would be long before Brittany called with a new meeting. I thanked him for helping me and walked to the door.

“Son,” my Dad said suddenly, “good job on getting two girls at once. I was in college before I pulled that one off.”

My first stop after leaving the bank was to the cell phone store to pay my bill. Then it was over to a very surprised David’s house to share the news that I had the funds. He was extremely happy and I gave him the credit card to go to the electronics store to get what he needed. Finally I headed to Katy’s.

I had called ahead so she met me at the curb and jumped in as soon as I slowed down enough for her to open the door. She leaned across the center console and pulled me to her for a very long, hard, wet kiss. I responded in kind and we stayed parked in front of her house making out for a few minutes. She finally pulled away from me and smiled before putting on her seat belt and settling back to get comfortable.

We picked up Diane next. She squealed in delight when she saw we were in the Chevelle. The girls giggled and laughed as I punched the accelerator and barked the tires on our way back to David’s house.

David was just getting back home when we pulled into his driveway. Jerry and Curt were also there and helping him lug boxes of his newly purchased equipment into the house. We all pitched in and before long the three geeks were working to get it all put together. The girls and I couldn’t help with this part so we decided to go somewhere we could do some planning.

Katy suggested we get some notepads and pens to work everything out, thinking it might be easier if we had it all written down. We stopped at an office supply and retrieved what we needed but we still had a problem. We had no place to lay out our plan without going to one of our parents’ houses. While my parents would now be in the loop, I still wanted to stay away from there in case Frank found out about our plan somehow.

“Why not a hotel room?” Diane suggested, “There was a desk in each room at the last one and there was a table too. We could work everything out there.”

“Yeah,” chimed in Katy, “and if we need a break there is always the bed.” That remark got us laughing and it was the first time in a while that we had been together when the mood was so light.

We opted for a different hotel than we had used before and got a suite with a king sized bed. I don’t think the door was completely closed before Diane was undressed and on her knees in front of me, tugging on my belt. After sucking my cock for a few minutes, Diane got on her back in a sixty nine and I pounded Katy from behind. Diane alternated between licking my balls and Katy’s pussy as we went at it hard and fast. Before long I was cumming into Katy’s pussy as Diane licked her to orgasm.

As I pulled out, Diane grabbed my cock and began sucking the juices off it before I could go anywhere. When she had it completely cleaned, she began licking and sucking my cum out of Katy and then began to climax too.

There was plenty of room for all three of us in the shower and, after we checked it out together, we sat at the table and I told them everything that had happened with my Dad.

Both the girls were shocked at the way my Dad had reacted. I was surprised as well but my mom had it figured out from the beginning. I told them about my thoughts on Brittany being coerced into working for Frank. It all made sense, except how into being dominant she was.

“I guess any of us might go along if we had the choice to switch places with someone else,” Katy mused, “it’s possible she is playing the part to keep her from being the focus of their games. You did see her grab Wendy off the dance floor right after talking to Frank.”

“I’m not sure what to think but it looks possible,” I said, “we should just ask her directly and see what happens.” Katy reluctantly agreed after considering that we had Brittany’s phone jacked. We would be able to hear how she reacted to our offer of help and then we would know for sure.

“We have another problem,” I told the girls, “we need some help and I don’t mean the geeks. We need someone that isn’t afraid of a fight and will stand with us without telling anyone.”

“The twins!” Gushed Diane. Katy and I looked at each other solemnly. We had forgotten to tell her what really happened on prom night.

“Diane,” I hesitated, trying to think of the best way to put this, “we didn’t set the twins up to come visit you in the limo that night.” I waited for her reaction.

“I know,” Diane countered quickly, “They told me the next day.”

“WHAT?” both Katy and I exclaimed.

“Yeah,” Diane continued, “they popped the lock on the limo door but when they saw me, they tried to untie me. I begged them not to and then we...,” she blushed as she remembered that night.

“I begged them to fuck me. I thought it was weird that they were so reluctant but I figured you had told them to only do what I wanted,” she slowed down now, “so I told them what I wanted.” She looked at us both expectantly.

Katy smiled and that seemed to reassure Diane, “but why did they talk to you the next day?”

“They thought I was being taken advantage of and wanted to know if I needed help with Jimmy,” She gave me a knowing look, “I told them I could handle you just fine.”

I was more convinced that they would be ok if we could get them to help us. They had kicked my ass and if they hadn’t told anyone yet, it wasn’t likely they would ever talk. I needed to find a way to get them on our side.

“Diane,” I finally said, “I want you to call the twins and get them to come to the hotel. We will rent the room next door and I want you to make sure they don’t leave before agreeing to help us.” Diane had been looking down but now her head snapped to attention.

“What, what do you want me to do?” She asked hopefully.

“I want you to do whatever it takes to get them on our side,” I replied, “I don’t care if you have to beg them to whip you or to fuck you up the ass all night; I want them to help us.”

I must have given the response she wanted because she blushed a deep red and then jumped up from the chair and headed toward the door.

“I will go rent the room,” she said excitedly as she focused on her task.

“Diane!” I said sharply. She stopped instantly and turned back to me, “put some clothes on before going downstairs, I don’t want to get kicked out of here just yet.”

Katy and I sat outdoors at a coffee shop downtown. It was evening and the slight breeze felt good as we waited for Brittany. David had connected the jacked phone to his computer and tracked the movements of her cell. A pattern had emerged that put her here every day about this time.

Brittany appeared a few minutes after we arrived and Katy went to intercept her. I stayed put and watched them talk a little before Brittany allowed herself to be led to our table. She seemed nervous upon seeing me, but sat down in the seat we offered.

“We know Brittany,” I said quietly. All the blood drained from her face but she quickly composed herself.

“I don’t know what you are talking about,” she said in a huffy voice that did little to conceal her real emotions.

“Yes, you do,” said Katy, “we know that Frank is using you to do his dirty work.”

Brittany’s lower lip began to quiver and she looked around as if afraid something was going to happen any second.

“Can you help me?” she asked in a small whining voice.

“I think so,” I told her, “but we need some more information about Frank and his operation.”

She told us about Frank and his three goons. The bouncer and two Russians were the only ones that she had seen working for him. She had been coerced to help because they had caught her with drugs in the club. It started small, but when the tasks began to escalate she saved herself by entrapping Wendy.

“I didn’t want to do it,” she cried, “but I couldn’t stand the abuse anymore.” She took a napkin and wiped her eyes, “I feel so bad for what they made me do to Wendy.”

“Its ok,” Katy slid her chair over and put her arm around Brittany to comfort her, “we will figure out a way to help you.”

“I think we can get both you and Wendy out of this mess,” I said, “but you need to make sure no one knows what is going on.” Brittany nodded her agreement and we made plans to meet with her the next day, at the same place.

“What do you think?” I asked Katy after Brittany had left.

“I’m not positive but I think she is telling the truth,” Katy replied. We left the café and listened to the jacked phone while sitting in the car. There were muffled sounds coming from the phone but we couldn’t make out any words. After a few minutes it became obvious that Brittany was crying.

Katy and I had come back to find an extremely happy but exhausted Diane splayed across

the bed. She had been successful in her mission and the hand prints on her ass and bite marks on her tits confirmed her story. She had fucked and sucked the twins dry even though they had agreed to help in the first few minutes after they arrived.

All the talk of Diane's exploits had me horny again, so I began pulling at Katy's clothes as I moved over and kissed her passionately. She returned the kiss and before long, we were on the bed and I was on top of her naked body.

I pushed my cock slowly into her as Diane watched from one side of the large bed. I pumped slowly at first as Katy moaned and writhed under me, enjoying my cock going in and out of her. I began to build my tempo and Katy matched it as we fucked harder and faster, making the bed creak as we both came closer to climax. I ramped up my efforts as Katy's nails dug in my back and she moaned loudly. I pummeled her pussy with my rock hard dick and was soon at the bursting point.

With both of us so wound up, it didn't surprise me when I came so hard it almost hurt. Katy was basically convulsing under me in an orgasm of her own and I was worried for a few seconds until she began to calm down and smiled at me.

"Wow," said Diane, "that was fucking hot."

The girls needed to get home so, after a shower, I dropped them off. I headed back to the hotel room and then checked in with Dad and told him where I was and what had happened with Brittany. He listened quietly until I was finished.

"Did you think of everything?" he asked.

"I think so," I said, "Brittany says Frank keeps the copies of the blackmail on a disk in his office. We need to figure out how to get it and destroy it."

"Ok," Dad said, "keep me in the loop and let me know if you need anything."

We said goodnight and I went to bed since I needed to pick up the girls early the next morning. I slept surprisingly well and it was just after seven a.m. when I called Katy. It was odd of her to not answer but I figured she was still asleep. I tried again in about thirty minutes later but still no answer.

An hour later, I was still calling both Diane and Katy to no avail. I was in the car and headed to Katy's house when David called me.

"We have a problem," he said frantically, "it's the girls! They've all been kidnapped!"

Chapter 13

"I heard it on the phone that Wendy used in the motel," David was telling me so fast I

could barely understand him, “it was really hard to hear, like it was covered or in a pocket, but a guy was saying something about kidnapping some girls.”

“How do you know which girls he was talking about?” I quizzed.

“I heard Katy in the background yelling at someone to stop,” he swallowed hard, “I know her voice.”

“Can you track where they are?” I asked.

“They’re at the club,” he said.

“Ok,” I thought for a second on my next move, “I’ll call the guys and you stay here and monitor the computers.”

“No,” David replied quickly, “I’m going with you.” I was a bit surprised, but I didn’t object. The more guys we had on our side the better.

“I’ll call the twins,” I said, “you call the other guys and get them here so they can monitor the computers in case something happens.”

The first move was to call Dad and let him in on the plan. He listened carefully and then made a few suggestions.

“Get your guys together and go to the club,” he said, “but don’t go in until I get there.”

“Ok,” I agreed.

“If you find anything, let me know by text,” his voice became more serious, “don’t do anything stupid and don’t try to break them out if you find them. I don’t want to have to try to find all of you.”

I hung up with Dad and called the twins. It was a little awkward at first but when I told them what was going on they seemed willing and promised to be ready to go in ten minutes.

“Jerry and Curt are on their way,” David said, “we should leave right now.”

We picked up the twins, and on the long ride over, David finally told me why he was so willing to help. He and Wendy had a class together and had begun talking on the way to her locker. She was nice to him, the only girl that ever had been, and he was building up to asking her out.

She had changed suddenly after hanging out with Brittany and now he finally understood

why. He was convinced it was his fault she had gotten in trouble because he hadn't asked her out sooner, reasoning that had they been dating, she wouldn't have been a target for Brittany in the first place.

We finally arrived and I parked a half mile from the club. In the daytime the deserted area looked different since we were actually a few miles out of town. The tall metal building was on several acres with a large parking lot in the front, but we had plenty of cover all the way up to the side of the club. Brittany's car was in the parking lot and there were several others as well.

All the windows were blacked out with paint so I eased up to the first one I came to and peeked through where some of the paint was flaked off in the corner. Peering inside I could see that the entire building was dark except the dance floor, where several tables and chairs were scattered about. The center table held the naked Wendy face down, with the slick haired Russian fucking her from behind. I could see that she was tied to the table and could barely move as the small man rutted into her like an animal.

As he sawed in and out, I could see long angry welts across her ass. She was groaning continuously and was in a great deal of pain as the short man slammed into her.

"Go look around the back and see if you can find a way in," I said quietly to David and the twins. Now that I knew of his relationship with Wendy, I didn't want him to see this if he didn't have to. The three guys moved toward the back of the building without a word and disappeared around the corner. I sent a quick text to Dad that we had found all the girls, the layout of the building, and the number of people inside.

Retaking my position at the window I could see Wendy was still getting fucked, and now even faster than before. The short man pumped for all he was worth and let out a long guttural moan as he came deep inside the restrained girl. He pulled out and moved in front of her where he grabbed her hair, yanked it back, and plunged his cum covered cock in her mouth. He humped her face for a while and then backed away. Wendy tried to catch her breath now that his dick was dislodged from her throat.

The small Russian seemed to be finished for the moment but the giant was just taking off his pants. I wanted to rush in but I knew it wouldn't end well. I could see Diane and Katy were also naked and tied to chairs. Farther back, almost to the shadows that surrounded the dance floor, I could see Brittany sitting in a chair at a table with Frank and the large bouncer standing close by. She was fully clothed and looked on as the two men took turns abusing Wendy.

I could see Frank say something to her and she shook her head 'no' several times. I assumed he was asking if she wanted the same thing done to her. I surmised that Frank had figured out what was going on and Brittany had ended up telling him everything to protect herself. Not an unforgivable move, considering how badly the men were treating Wendy.

The giant Russian was now nude and stroking a huge erection that matched his massive size. He put the tip of his cock at the opening of Wendy's pussy and literally walked forward a half step to push it in.

"AHHHH!" Wendy screamed as the monster stretched her to the max, "Please stop... no, no, no!"

The giant laughed and began to pump in and out of the poor girl as she struggled in her bonds to no avail. The table moved with his actions and he began to spout Russian faster and faster in time with his increasing pace as he rammed into her.

Wendy had her mouth open but no sounds were coming out. The strain on her face was evident as she was being split in two by the huge behemoth. He pumped her for almost ten minutes in this position before finally tensing up and letting out a loud, low groan as he came. He pulled his cock out of her pussy allowing a large amount of cum to pour out of her gaping hole.

"You!" the smaller man pointed at Diane, "clean this up." He moved to where she was sitting and quickly untied her. Diane didn't hesitate to drop to the floor and crawl over the where the cum had dripped. She had nothing to clean it up with, so she looked at the small man.

"Lick it up," he barked. Diane bent down and began licking up the mess as if she were starving. Her actions were not lost on the two men as the smaller one said something in Russian and the big man laughed.

"You like cum," the small man said, "We have much cum for you. You may even get more than you want." Diane blushed but even from this distance I recognized that she was turned on.

"Suck cock," he said in his broken English, "suck good or I break face." Diane didn't have to be coerced. She went to work like a seasoned whore and within minutes the small man's dick was hard again.

"I like you," he said, "maybe I not kill you with bullet. Maybe I kill you with cock." Both men laughed at his joke and he moved back to Wendy. Wiping his dick in the slime dripping from her pussy, he got the head wet and then moved to her anus. Lining it up perfectly he gave one hard push and drove balls deep into her ass.

Wendy screamed at the top of her lungs as his dick slid home. She moved frantically as much as her bonds would allow and then screamed again. This seemed only to spur the small man on and he pounded into her ass ruthlessly. After a few minutes of this he reached over and grabbed Diane's hair, pulling her to him. Still kneeling, she looked up, not knowing what to expect.

He pulled his cock from Wendy's ass and shoved it unceremoniously into Diane's

waiting mouth. She sucked for all she was worth and shortly he pulled it from her and reinserted it in Wendy's ass. He got into a rhythm of doing this and before long he was ready to cum again. He pulled out of the bound girl and shot long sticky ropes of cum on her ass cheeks.

"Lick it up," he told Diane. She leapt to the task and within minutes Wendy's ass had nothing but the cane marks remaining.

"You do good," he said to her, "Yes; maybe I keep you to myself. Maybe I put fist in ass for fun." Diane's eyes went wide and she began to tremble.

"First we decorate," announced the small man. He disappeared into the shadows as the giant untied Wendy and unceremoniously slammed her into a chair only to retie her there. A few minutes later the other criminal returned carrying a leather bag. He put it on the table that had been holding Wendy earlier and began pulling out several tools. He moved toward Wendy but stopped short.

"You, bitch," he said to Diane in his heavy accent, "suck tits, make nipples hard." She crawled quickly over to Wendy and began sucking her nipples. Within a few minutes he was satisfied with her efforts and pushed her aside. I couldn't see what happened next but a loud scream from Wendy let me know it wasn't good. When the Russian moved to one side I could see a shiny silver ring piercing Wendy's right nipple.

"You want some?" the Russian asked Brittany. She shook her head and remained seated.

"I think we found something." David was back and I had been so engrossed in what was taking place inside I didn't hear him coming. "What's going on in there?"

"Nothing," I said, "they have the girls tied up."

He led me to the back of the building where the twins were waiting next to a door. The door was locked but David showed me a window where he had found a small hole in the paint. Looking inside I immediately recognized the office I had stumbled into a few nights ago.

"We need to get in there," I told the guys, "there should be several disks hidden inside somewhere and we need to find them."

One of the brothers produced a knife and popped the window open. It wasn't very big so we helped David through and waited for him to open the door. Once inside, we went to work.

We each took a separate part of the room and began searching. I opened a large cabinet and inside was a monitor with a security feed of the inside of the club. We all stopped for a second to see what was going on.

Diane was now on the table and the smaller Russian was standing to one side and behind her. The security system had sound so we all heard the whoosh of the cane before it landed with a loud crack on Diane's ass. You could clearly see the red line appear on her butt cheeks and the twins headed for the door.

"Wait," I just managed to get in front of them before they charged out to help her. "She likes this kind of thing, just give her a second." Diane was clearly excited and they recognized this as they had been with her several times. She was humping the table waiting for the next stroke.

"Let's hurry up and find the disks so we can go help her," I said with more conviction than I felt. We all went back to work with the sound of Diane getting caned in the background. Whoosh, crack, whoosh crack. I'm not sure how long it went on but we all stopped when Diane gave a loud moan to signal she was coming. The twins and I exchanged a knowing look and continued searching. We tore the office apart and if any disks were found, David quickly checked them on the computer.

As we continued to look I occasionally glanced up to see what was going on. Diane was now getting fucked from behind by the giant and he was slamming into her with such force that the table was moving across the dance floor. She cried out at one point but then began to climax.

We worked frantically to find the hidden disks but nothing we gave David had anything that looked like the files he had found on Brittany's computer. I looked at the monitor again to see Diane tied in the chair and the Russian had his piercing tools out. She only groaned as her nipple was fitted with a silver ring but moaned loudly and came again when the next one was put in.

We had run out of places to look and had started over when we heard Diane scream in a very different way. Looking at the monitor, we could see Katy was tied to the table and Diane was trying to pull the giant off her. Katy's legs were still untied and Diane was fighting furiously while Katy kicked at him. One swat from the giant across Diane's face sent her reeling. She landed with a thump and the twins burst out the door that headed toward the dance floor.

I didn't try to stop them this time and ran as hard as I could to get out of the hall before we got trapped. We were at a full sprint by the time we exited the hall and it was only about ten feet to the lit dance floor. The twins both lowered their shoulders into the huge Russian and their combined weight drove him back into a chair and knocked the naked goliath to the floor.

The smaller man had disappeared but the burly bouncer was almost to Katy so I sped past her, feigned a tackle, and clocked him with an elbow to the face. He grunted but didn't go down and turned to grab at me. I stepped out of his grasp and began peppering him with shots to the head. He was stunned but still came forward. I stepped to the side and kept throwing punches to his face.

Out of the corner of my eye I could see the giant was getting the upper hand on the brothers but I was focused on the problem in front of me. I moved back a few feet and let the bouncer charge me, moving at the left at the last second allowed me to put all my force into a solid right hand to his jaw. He went to his knees and I was not in the mood for a fair fight. As the muscle bound man tried to get up from the floor, I soccer kicked him to the side of the face and he slumped over forward, unconscious.

The twins had their hands full with the giant. He had one twin up against a pillar, a massive hand squeezing his throat, about a foot off the ground. The other one fought to get a huge foot off his chest as it pressed him against the floor. The brother against the pillar was struggling to breathe and was beginning to turn purple as I ran to help.

The twin on his back fished something from his pocket and reached up as if to grab the long dangling cock of the big man. Suddenly, the Russian began to scream but the sound died as he fell to the floor in a long slow motion that reminded me of a huge tree that had just been cut. The brother on the floor was holding the stun gun.

“Stun gun to the dick,” he smiled, “works every time.” He helped his brother that was gasping for breath to his feet and they moved over to the convulsing man, stun gun at the ready. I scanned the room again for the other Russian but it was hard to see into the shadows past the dance floor.

“Thank God you made it!” Brittany had left her perch and was running toward me as if we were the best of long lost friends. She got within a few feet before David stepped between us and punched her in the face with a right hand. She reeled backwards, landing on her ass as her hands coming up to hold her now bloody nose.

“What the fuck?!,” she said loudly, “you broke my fucking nose!”

“She is responsible for everything,” David said pointing at the fallen girl, “I went through her computer and found some encrypted files with all her contacts and more blackmail. She had shipment dates and dollar amounts too.”

“Well shit,” Brittany said, “it fucking took you long enough to figure it out. No worries though, I have enough on everyone to keep them in line.”

“God Damn it,” Frank finally popped off, “I’ve been begging you to let them go for the last three hours and this is why. You can’t just kidnap a bunch of people and think you’re going to get away with it.”

“Shut up Frank,” Brittany spat, “You’ll do what I say or I will send the pictures I have of you and Wendy to your wife and the police.” Frank fell silent.

“Get your clothes off,” she continued, “I need the most horrendous asshole available for lover boy’s girlfriend over there.” She nodded toward Katy. Brittany stood up and faced

me. She grinned and the blood dripping from her nose made her look evil.

“I will make you pay,” she hissed at me before turning to David, “and I guess you are the one Wendy was going to give her virginity to.” He reacted by stepping toward her with his fist clenched.

“Better think twice before you touch me again,” she said condescendingly, “I can put your little slut away for a long time with the information I have.”

“Bull shit,” David said, “I burned everything on your computer that had anything to do with Wendy. I deleted the pictures from the hotel with Jimmy too.”

“Oh really,” Brittany didn’t seem worried, “I have copies of everything and I’ve hidden them in different places. You must think I’m really stupid.” David’s face dropped and Brittany could tell she had him on the run.

“Did she tell you how she lost her virginity?” Brittany she was twisting the knife now, “Did you see the pictures of the fat fuck banging her from behind? She was good, wasn’t she Frank.” All eyes went to Frank and he was obviously embarrassed.

“He did enjoy it,” she continued, “I can’t say the same for your little slut though.” Wendy was still tied to the chair and a small droplet of blood running down her stomach from where her nipples had just been pierced. She looked down as Brittany recounted her deflowering, obviously humiliated.

“I think we have you covered,” I bluffed, “We have all the copies and it looks like your goons have either had the shit kicked out of them or have run off.”

“I don’t think so,” Brittany’s gaze went past me and I turned to find the small Russian moving out of the shadows towards me. I froze in place as I heard the very loud click and realized I was looking down the barrel of a gun.

“You think I run?” the Russian spat at me, “Pioter runs from no one!” He leveled the gun at me head and I saw a flash.

Chapter 14

The flash originated above and behind the Russian’s head and came downward at a sharp angle. Seeing my attention was caught by something behind him the short man spun around to see what was there. It was too late because the aluminum baseball bat slammed into his leg with a sickening crack right at the knee. He immediately began to fall but the tough little man was still trying to swing the gun toward his assailant. A figure stepped quickly out of the shadow and grabbed the gun as the Pioter fell backwards. In one smooth motion the attacker brought the smaller foe to his back with a thud and landed on top with both his hands covering the Russians. The gun was now pointed at Pioter’s chest

and I could now clearly see who it was.

“Dad!” I exclaimed, “how did you... what... I mean...” I was truly speechless.

“Busy here,” he said nonchalantly and he ground the barrel of the gun into the felled man.

“Pioter, how are you?,” Dad said in calm voice, “I see you have your pet with you.” He nodded toward the giant.

“Who are you?” came the reply.

“No one important,” my Dad said as if in a normal conversation, “but a friend of mine is interested in finding you.”

“Fuck you,” he screamed as he struggled to move the gun away from his chest to no avail, “I kill you, I kill your boy, and I kill your friend that is looking for me.”

“Ok,” Dad pushed his finger into the trigger guard with the Russian’s own stubby nub. It wouldn’t take much force to set off the gun at this point. “Alexander wanted to catch up with you, but I guess I can just have him pick up your body.”

The giant man had sat with the stun gun at the base of his neck, quietly holding his dick up to this point. His head snapped around at the mention of the name Alexander and I could clearly see the fear in his eyes. He spoke rapidly to his partner in their native language and even Pioter seemed less than excited about the prospect of a meeting with this person. He relaxed under my Dad and released his grip on the gun, allowing it to be taken from him.

Dad got up but Pioter stayed on the ground for good reason. His leg was broken and sitting at a weird angle on the floor but he acted as if it was not hurting at all.

“How ‘bout we make deal,” Pioter said, “you let me go, I don’t kill you.”

“Interesting,” my Dad replied, “I have a better deal, you leave now and never come back because Alexander knows where you are. When he gets here I will let him know you got away.”

“Deal,” said both Russians at once. I waved off the twins and they cautiously backed away from their captive. The big man stood up and moved over to retrieve his clothes.

“Wait,” I took his clothes and checked them. In the front left pocket of his pants there was a small handgun and knife. I pulled them out and put the clothes on a table before backing away so he could pick them up. He grabbed the garments and then limped over to help his friend up. They slowly made their way toward the exit.

“That’s fine,” said Brittany suddenly, “I don’t need those idiots anyway. I can get plenty

more like them.”

Frank groaned and we all turned our attention back to the instigator.

“I don’t think so,” my Dad said calmly, “you don’t have leverage anymore.”

“Yes I do,” she said nastily, “I have copies of everything hidden.”

“Oh,” Dad said cheerfully, “do you mean these?” He reached into his pocket and pulled out several thumb drives.

“Where... how did you get those,” Brittany’s face showed her fear now.

”The bank deposit box where you left them. It appears you haven’t paid your bill in several years and the bank can seize any contents.”

“You’re lying!” she cried, “I paid my bill a year in advance.”

“Well shit,” my Dad was playing with her now, “damn accounting mistakes seem to happen sometimes. It’s a good thing you used one of my banks. I will check on that for you.”

“I still have others,” Brittany said. It was more of a question than a statement.

“Like the one taped to the ceiling in your closet, or the one in the fake rock in the garden?” I could tell he was beginning to get tired of the game. “You have nothing on anyone here but I have plenty on you. My team has been tracking you for the last few weeks and we have all we need to send you to jail. Real jail, since you’re eighteen.”

Brittany’s face dropped as the realization hit that she was at our mercy. She dropped to her knees and began to sob. I had heard this before and I wasn’t falling for it again.

“Shut up bitch,” I yelled at her and then turned to Dad, “what are we going to do with her?”

Dad smiled, “anything you want.”

“You can’t touch me,” Brittany screamed, “my Daddy will kill you.”

“No,” Dad said evenly, “he’s under house arrest and can only go to work and back to his apartment in the city. The only reason the judge let him keep the house is so you can finish school. You know that because you were at the trial. I guess being a stupid criminal runs in the family.”

“Jimmy,” Dad turned to me, “you did ok but you didn’t think of everything. You knew these guys were dealing drugs but you didn’t think about them having a gun?”

“No,” I said sheepishly. I decided to beat him at his own game, “did you bring a gun?”

“No, I brought a lot of guns,” he grinned and then called out, “Morgan, you guys come out.” Suddenly, half a dozen tough looking men with automatic weapons moved from the shadows and into the light.

“Make sure the Russians get out of town,” he told one man, “and sweep the rest of the building. Get the big guy off the floor and make sure we don’t miss anything.”

“Yes Sir,” came the curt reply, and the man was off directing the others.

“What the FUCK!” Frank was standing up now and watching with an awestruck look on his face. “You had all those guys and you didn’t step in and help? You told me you would stop it before anyone got hurt.”

“Sorry Frank,” Dad said, “we had to make sure we had all the data before we moved. The other team just finished the second sweep on the house.” He looked over at Brittany who also had a shocked look on her face.

“Your nanny isn’t happy with you,” Dad smiled, “I guess making her walk around cleaning house with that cucumber up her ass may come back to haunt you soon.” Brittany had a terror stricken look on her face as the ramifications of her actions were becoming clearer.

“Jesus, Darrel,” Frank whined, “You don’t know how bad it’s been with that little cunt running things. She got the God Damn Russian mob in here; she blackmails every fucker that walks through the door. I told her it was just a matter of time before something bad happened.” He made wild gestures as he talked making it comically to watch.

“That fucking bitch just about broke me,” he was just getting warmed up so Dad moved over, grabbed his arm and began walking toward the office area.

“You still have some Scotch in your office?” Dad asked.

“Yes,” he replied, and for the first time since I had met him, Frank’s face lit up, “I’m buying, let’s go.” He hustled toward the hallway with my Dad in tow. Dad winked at me before rounding the corner and disappearing out of sight.

I looked around the room and found the twins had already untied Diane and David was getting Wendy out of the chair she was bound to. I moved over to set Katy free and she spun around and hugged me as soon as she was loose.

I held her close and I could see David over her shoulder. He was taking off his shirt to give to Wendy. She put it on and hugged him gingerly as her newly pierced nipples were still hurting her. After a few moments my thoughts turned back to the bitch that

started all of this. I looked over to see her inching her way back to the table she had been sitting at with Frank. I noticed a purse laying there and I broke free from Katy and raced over to beat her to it.

Thinking there was a gun in it, I dumped out the contents but there was no firearm. I found three cell phones, a small black book, and a ton of girly makeup stuff that I had no idea about. I called Katy over and, while Brittany sat glumly on the floor, I had her go through the contents while I checked out the book.

The first twenty pages or so were basically ideas on how to entrap someone and make them a slave. Then the writing changed and it was more specific and had a time line. Wendy's name popped up once but after that, she was referred to as pet. As I flipped through it I could see Brittany had begun leaving the facing pages blank so she could take notes or add things.

I found the notes on my interaction with Wendy in the bathroom club and dozens of other entries since then, including our rendezvous at the hotel. The book was almost completely filled with humiliating and painful tasks that were intended for Wendy. Our entire senior year was planned out by the week, as was summer, although there were some blanks and skipped pages.

I suddenly realized that Katy was still nude although it didn't seem to bother her much.

"Strip bitch," I ordered Brittany thinking her clothes would fit Katy.

"No," she said and crossed her arms in front of her like a pouting child. In a flash Wendy was on her with the cane she had grasped on the way over. Whoosh, Crack! The first shot landed across her back and five more followed, hitting any area that presented itself.

"Now you fucking cunt! Get out of those clothes now, or I will beat the shit out of you!" Wendy had every reason to beat her so I didn't interfere, and I guess everyone else thought the same way. Within a few minutes Brittany was completely naked in front of all of us. She tried to cover up and Wendy whacked her again.

"Get your fucking hands down," Wendy screamed at her. Brittany was humiliated beyond anything she had ever imagined and this was only the beginning.

"This is an interesting book," I told her as she cringed away from Wendy, "I think we will use this as a guide on how to pay you back."

"Noooooo," Brittany moaned, "no please. I will be good. I won't bother you any more. Let me go and I will move. I will go somewhere else and you will never see me again." She was sobbing for real now as the welts from the cane began to show on her skin.

"I think you can handle anything you planned for Wendy to do," I said calmly, "it may take a while though."

“No, you can’t do that,” she said quickly, “I was going to let her go. Look at the last page... look, you will see, I was going to let her go. Tell them Wendy; tell them I was going to let you go.”

I flipped to the back page and at the top were the words, LET HER GO. I looked at Wendy and she nodded.

“She shows me that page all the time,” Wendy confirmed, “I never believed her though.”

“But I was!” Brittany exclaimed, “I wrote it right there, the day after graduation.”

“Maybe,” I said contemplating the situation, “but it really doesn’t matter right now. I think we will do to you everything that is written in here. Everything you have already done or were going to put Wendy through, we will make you do as well.”

Brittany began sobbing again but Wendy was having none of it, she snapped the cane and Brittany stopped her whining at the sound.

“I think we should start now,” said Wendy, “with your virginity.” Brittany wailed again but her new mistress had no compassion considering what she had been through. She called to David and when he came to her she gave him a deep passionate kiss.

“I can’t give you my virginity, but I can give you hers,” Wendy told him while looking deep into his eyes, “and I will make sure you enjoy all her virginites before the night is up.” David said nothing but blushed deeply.

“If that’s ok with you,” Wendy directed the comment at me.

“No, no, don’t let her take me,” Brittany was frantic now, “please, don’t leave me alone with her.”

“Shut up bitch,” I gestured around the room at the people that had helped, “for the next few years, we own you!” Brittany hung her head in defeat and Wendy grabbed her hair and pulled her to a nearby table.

“First, get his cock out and start sucking it,” Wendy ordered. The obvious disgust was written on her face as she began to undo David’s pants. Swoosh, crack! The cane landed on her bare ass and Brittany cried out desperately trying to get his zipper open. Once faced with his hard cock she balked. Swoosh, crack! Another shot to the ass and she engulfed his entire length without hesitation.

“Is she doing a good job?” asked Wendy as she stood next to David and nibbled his ear.

“It’s ok,” he said. Whoosh, crack! Another stripe was added to Brittany’s already sore backside. She doubled her efforts and David reacted with a low moan.

“That’s it baby,” Wendy whispered in his ear, “you let me know when she isn’t trying and I will fix it for you.”

I glanced around the room and could see that Diane already had the twins undressed and was on her knees alternating between sucking the two brother’s’ cocks. She used one hand to hold the cock she was working on and the other to play with her clit.

Katy had commandeered Brittany’s skirt and shirt even though it was a tight fit. She snuggled up to me and watched as Wendy turned into a dominatrix right before our eyes.

“Get up on the table,” she commanded the cowering girl. Brittany sat on the edge of the table and Wendy snapped the cane, “lay back and offer your worthless pussy to my boyfriend!” Brittany quickly lay back and spread her legs.

“On second thought, this is too good for you,” Wendy announced, “I want you to remember this forever so I think a change in location is warranted.” She grabbed Brittany by the hair and dragged her as she headed for the bathrooms.”

“I need to take a piss anyway,” she said, “might as well get a little lip service from my new whore.” David followed close behind. I considered if we should just leave and catch up with everyone later.

“Oh fuck no we’re not leaving,” said Katy, reading my mind. She grabbed one of Brittany’s cell phones and we hurriedly followed after the trio to the men’s restroom. By the time we caught up to them, Wendy already had Brittany licking the rim of one of the toilets. She wasn’t on her knees; rather, standing stiff legged, spread, and bending bent over to give David and Wendy access to her pussy. They were pinching and pulling at her pussy lips while she completed her task.

“Are you ready?” Wendy asked David. He nodded and she got on her knees and sucked his cock some more before lining it up with Brittany’s pussy. Wendy stood next to him nibbling his ear and coaxing him on.

“One hard thrust,” she whispered, “give it to her like she had Frank give it to me.” David slammed forward, piercing Brittany’s hymen and eliciting a primal scream from her. He began fucking her in hard fast strokes making her struggle to stay on her feet. Wendy stayed next to him urging him on faster and faster until he could take it no more and came deep in her belly.

Slowly he pulled his blood and cum soaked cock from the despoiled girl and backed away only to have Wendy pull his face to hers and kiss him firmly on the mouth. He returned the kiss and held her until she pulled away.

Brittany stayed in place for fear of the getting the cane again. She sobbed quietly but dared not anger Wendy as she was afraid of what might happen. Her legs were beginning

to cramp and the toilet smelled so bad she felt like throwing up, but she held back.

“Turn around whore,” Wendy snapped, “you know what to do next.”

Brittany turned around and sank to her knees. She knew what was expected because she had commanded Wendy to do this many, many times. She crawled to David and took his filthy cock into her mouth, cleaning it with her tongue. She choked and gagged a few times, but managed to get his dick clean without attracting the wrath of Wendy and her cane.

“Now, one of my personal favorites,” Wendy smiled. She took off David’s shirt and handed it to him before moving into the stall and sitting on the toilet. She only had to look at Brittany to let her know what she wanted. The broken girl crawled back into the stall and rested her chin on the edge of the toilet seat. Wendy slid forward and pushed her pussy into the girls face.

After a few seconds Brittany began to lick her pussy but began gagging. The shocked girl started to move but a quick tap of the cane made her think better of it, and she stayed put waiting until the degrading task was complete. Wendy stood up and bent over forcing her ass into the kneeling girl’s wet face.

“I remember how much you liked making me do this,” said Wendy, “so if I don’t like it, I will assume you aren’t doing a good job and I will beat your tits bloody.” Brittany literally dove forward at the threat and began to lick her new mistress. She frantically worked on her pussy and then shoved her tongue as far up her ass as possible. She ignored the taste and did her best to make Wendy come as quickly as possible. She was successful, but Wendy insisted she continue until she shuddered in orgasm for the third time with Brittany’s mouth and tongue working on her asshole.

“Not bad,” said Wendy breathlessly, “I won’t cane your tits yet. We still have plenty to catch up on. Maybe we can skip a few chapters ahead. I know how you like that.” Brittany could say nothing as she knew it would only get worse.

“Oh, look Brittany,” Wendy said, “they’re taking pictures of you losing your virginity. Isn’t that sweet? I remember you did that for me with Frank, so I think it’s only fair we get you copies to show around of this event.” Wendy kicked the girl lightly in the side.

“What do we say when someone does us a favor?” Wendy asked in a singsong voice. She kicked at the naked girl a bit more forcefully.

“Th-. Thank you,” Brittany finally said. Wendy kicked her in the ribs harder this time.

“What? That isn’t how you taught me to say it. Get it right bitch,” Wendy punctuated her words with a stinging blow from the cane to her side.

“Ow,!” Brittany howled, “thank you for taking pictures of me losing my virginity!”

Swoosh, crack! Wendy snapped the cane down on Brittany's back and the tip curled around her side, catching her tit.

"Thank you for taking pictures of this slut losing her cunt cherry, Mistress," the tortured girl yelled. She braced for another blow from the cane but it never happened.

"You are a slow learner," Wendy mused, "I'm going to have to keep the cane, I can see that already. No worries, I've got it under control. Now, we have one more cherry to take care of."

Brittany jumped to her feet and made a desperate attempt to get out the door. Wendy easily caught her by the hair and with one hard yank, jerked her back to the floor. She snapped off four hard shots with the cane that crisscrossed the welts that were already there.

"Well, looks like no lube for you young lady," Wendy said, "This is going to hurt more than I originally planned." She pulled Brittany by to her hair over to a urinal and pushed her face into it. It didn't look too dirty, but Brittany thought otherwise and began retching as Wendy sat on the back of her head.

"Are you ready David?" she asked softly.

He stepped forward with a monster hard on in answer, and put it up to the restrained girls rose bud. As he pushed, Brittany moved around and tried to stop him from penetrating her. Wendy laid a few more solid strokes with the cane and Brittany acquiesced, moving into a submissive posture to let herself be sodomized.

David pushed against her nether hole and began to slowly inch his way forward into her. Brittany screamed at the intrusion and the sound echoed off the porcelain until Wendy leaned back, forcing her mouth into the disgusting water.

David pushed harder and slowly sank all the way up to his balls. He pulled out slightly and, without lube, her asshole pulled painfully against his cock. He settled for short strokes and got into a rhythm of fucking her ass. Wendy leaned forward and began to kiss David as he ground into Brittany. The extra stimulation from Wendy got him going and he began to get wilder and wilder as Wendy coaxed him.

"Yeah, fuck that whore's ass. Pump it hard," she encouraged him, "she loves it up the ass, don't you bitch." Brittany was spending every last bit of energy trying to keep her head above the nasty water line so she could breathe. David began to convulse as his hard cock shot another load of cum, this time up Brittany's now used asshole. He pulled out and Wendy got off of Brittany's head.

"Clean up time," Wendy said cheerfully. Brittany turned around and there was a unanimous groan from everyone as they saw the state of Brittany's face. Besides the

urine there were small pieces of paper stuck to her face and a cigarette butt hung from one cheek.

“Wash your face first you nasty whore,” Wendy laughed, “I’ve never seen anyone too dirty to suck shit off a cock before.” Brittany headed for the sink but Wendy stopped her.

“Oh no,” the now dominant girl said, “use the toilet, just like you made me do it.” The debased Brittany slowly crawled to the nearest toilet, and put her head all the way into the water, before reaching up and pulling the handle to flush it.

Katy and I were cruising toward the interstate in the Chevelle. I had let Wendy and David take charge of Brittany for a while. After reading some of the things in the book of blackmail the bitch had written, I felt Wendy needed some time for payback.

My Dad had finally gotten out of Frank’s office and pulled me aside. He told me that he had called Katy’s parents as soon as he found out she was missing and told them I had surprised her with a two week trip. He had paid off everything I had spent on the credit card up to now and told me to go have fun.

“Remember the \$10,000 limit,” he smiled, “this time it’s a goal. When you get back I’ll give you some pointers on how to handle your new toy. Have fun and show Katy a great time, you two deserve it.”

Everything had worked out. We rescued Wendy and reunited her with David. Diane had another fantasy come true and didn’t even have to pay to get her nipples pierced. I didn’t have to worry about the twins anymore and I had a feeling we would become good friends after this. I had a ton of cash, a hot car, and an even hotter girl.

I knew Brittany was getting hers because Wendy had mentioned stopping to see some trucker friends on the way home. I imagined the new submissive would be walking gingerly for a while after tonight. I had flipped through a lot of the black book and I didn’t know if I would be able to follow through with my threat of doing everything in it to her. If she was willing to let Wendy go at the end of high school, maybe we should cut her some slack, especially since a lot of the things in there were pretty outrageous.

I pulled into a station and had Katy go get us some sodas while I stayed outside and pumped gas. I flipped through the book again and noticed a few notes about Maria, Brittany’s nanny. She was more of a housekeeper at this point and it appeared Brittany had used her pretty harshly as well. I would check into that when I got back.

As usual, I ended up at the last page. It didn’t make sense for someone so dominant to let a slave go after all that time. I held the page up to the light and looked for any kind of hidden water mark or something to give me an idea of why she would put LET HER GO at the top of the page.

Katy hopped back in the car and I handed her the book still open to the last phrase. She looked at it again and I wondered if she was thinking the same thing as I. We pulled out from the country store slowly bouncing over the uneven parking lot when Katy gasped. I looked over to see that she had spilled a drop of soda on the open book.

“Don’t worry about it,” I laughed, “a little soda never hurt anything.”

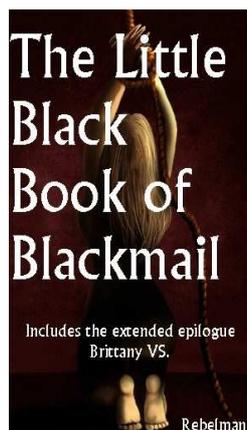
“It’s not that,” she said, “look at the page.” Where the drop had landed, the definite curve of a letter became visible. I took my soda and poured a bit on a napkin that Katy had brought with the drinks. I rubbed it on the page and before our eyes a message appeared. I realized Brittany had planned to reveal it to Wendy, probably just this way, the day after graduation.

As the message became clear I lost any sympathy I had for Brittany and I vowed to do to her everything in the book she had dreamed up. I would put her through more if I thought up something else, but there would be no mercy. Under the words LET HER GO appeared a new message...

TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER

I hoped you enjoyed this story and if you did please leave a review!

The sequel, [*The Little Black Book of Blackmail*](#), is now available!



Jimmy James is off to college with a new confidence and close friends to help him keep old adversaries in check. His mysterious father begins to open up and Jimmy discovers there are more secrets in his family that he could have imagined.

Taking an interest in the family business means learning new things, but some of those lessons come the hard way. With his father in danger, new adversaries gunning for him, and more than one woman to keep satisfied, Jimmy finds himself on a roller coaster journey that could destroy his family.

Friend Rebelman on



Check out the website for updates and free stuff!

