**Tiffany Top To Bottom**

By Dr. Wu

CHAPTER ONE

THE ONE WITH THE NEW GIRL IN TOWN

Tiffany Daniels pulled the white cotton underpants

up her legs, and snugged them over her crotch, letting

the elastic waistband snap back against her flat

little tummy. Cheerleading practice was over, the

girls had all showered, and now they were getting back

into their street clothes in the girls' locker room.

God, she felt great. Possibly better than she had

ever felt in her life. She was a senior, and head

cheerleader, at Godfrey Daniels High School in

Beverly, Texas, but then, that was to be expected,

because she was Tiffany Daniels. And getting the lead

in the school musical of "West Side Story," playing

Maria and getting a standing ovation every night for a

week? Again, she had been a star at the school ever

since she was a freshman, so that was expected as

well.

What was really putting the bounce into Tiffany's

step these days was Hayden, her new love. She had

dated so many jocks and jerks over the last couple of

years, and usually they were one and the same:

football studs who felt they were entitled to some

pussy, or at least a furtive hand job in the back

seat, just because they put on shoulder pads on Friday

night and ran into other guys in shoulder pads. She

was so sick of groping high school boys, running their

hands up her legs, squirming their fingers under her

blouse and bra.

But Hayden was different. He had been cast as Tony

in "West Side Story," and at first she hadn't been

thrilled with the choice, because she never had

thought of Hayden in THAT way. He wasn't bad looking,

and he was a good actor, and a nice, funny guy, but he

just didn't have that cock-of-the-walk mentality that

is crucial to a guy's sex appeal in high school. But

then they had kissed during rehearsal, and Tiffany

discovered that she liked kissing Hayden, and wanted

to keep on kissing him after the scene was over. And

they had continued, going out together, taking long

walks and holding hands, and talking. The school

gossip buzzed because Tiffany Daniels, head

cheerleader and a hands-down favorite to be voted prom

queen, was dating a guy who was a thespian (giggle

giggle went the girls in the cafeteria), but Tiffany

didn't care, cause Hayden was sweet and cute and

gentle and had not yet groped her, although she

thought maybe she was ready for him to start. She

thought maybe she was in love.

"She thinks she's so fuckin' hot. I'd like to stick

an ice cube up her twat, that'd cool her down!" A

conversation among some of the cheerleaders from the

other side of the lockers drifted over and interrupted

Tiffany's reverie about Hayden. She was startled to

hear such vehemence and tuned into the discussion

midway through.

"Lisa, you shouldn't talk about Tiffany like that!"

came another girl's voice, somewhat shocked.

They were talking about her! Tiffany realized. And

Lisa must be Lisa Boulet, the new girl. She was a

transfer student to Daniels High from Los Angeles, a

cute little sophomore who had some of the boys on

hormonal red alert. Tiffany didn't like her, although

she didn't really know her well, she had to admit.

"Tiffany Daniels can kiss my pink ass!" Lisa Boulet

said. Tiffany was appalled. What had she ever done to

Lisa? Nothing!

"Why are you so down on Tiffany?" another

cheerleader asked, and Tiffany recognized the voice of

Rosie, a junior. She had stopped getting dressed now,

and stood there in just her knickers.

"She's just not as great as she thinks she is!"

proclaimed Lisa. "Prancing around on stage singing I

feel pretty, oh so pretty ...Alll I hear at this

school is Tiffany Daniels this, Tiffany Daniels that.

The boys all talk about how much she looks like Anna

Kournikiva. Well I got news for Tiffany Daniels. Anna

Kournikova has never won a major tennis tournament.

She may look like hot shit, but she's a loser! And so

is Tiffany Daniels!"

Tiffany's face was hot with rage. How dare this

little snip of a transfer student dis her like that?

She almost dashed around the wall of lockers that

separated them and bitch-slapped the girl. But she

wasn't dressed yet, and while the cheerleaders did

parade around naked in front of each other in the

shower, she didn't feel comfortable confronting such a

hateful person in her underwear.

"Anyway, I heard a rumor she's fucking half the

teachers in the school," Lisa continued. "I just

wonder whether it's the female half or the male half!"

"Lisa!" the other girls screamed. "You're

terrible!" But Tiffany could hear a tone of enjoyment

in their voices, not condemnation.

"God damn her!" Tiffany seethed quietly, as she

pulled her khaki shorts on, followed by a tight "No

Doubt" T-shirt. "How dare she!"

"Ah, fuck her!" Lisa Boulet said loudly. "Oh wait,

I guess I'd have to take a number and get in line!"

The other cheerleaders howled with laughter, and

Tiffany clenched her fists. She wouldn't confront Lisa

Boulet right now, she decided. She was queen of this

school, and well-connected. There were plenty of ways

to get the little bitch to pay for her impudence!

Half an hour later, Tiffany was driving her younger

sister Stephanie home, and told her about the incident

in the locker room. She had no idea how Stephanie

would react - Steph, after all, had put her older

sister through some terrible torments over the last

year or so - so Tiffany was gratified when the younger

blonde got just as angry as she was.

"That little cunt!" Stephanie exclaimed, tapping an

ash from her Marlboro Light out the window of the

Miata. "Nobody can piss all over my sister like that

and get away with it! That's my job!" Tiffany look

startled, but then realized Stephanie was kidding, and

the siblings laughed.

"I want revenge," Tiffany said. "I want to teach

that little piece of shit a lesson."

"I could help with that," Steph offered. "You want

some help, Tiff?"

"I'd love some."

"Let me talk to Mr. White and see what can be

arranged." At the name of Roger White, the principal

of Daniels High, Tiffany shuddered. It had been almost

a year since White and several teachers had played the

long game they had called "Toying With Tiffany," a

vicious, degrading game that had involved public

humiliation, giving blowjobs to the visiting

basketball team, an anal sex orgy in the cafeteria

after hours. After Stephanie had agreed to become

White's submissive slave girl, White had told Tiffany

she was off the hook. But the thought of asking her

former tormentor for help bothered her greatly.

"Come on, Tiff, I've done just about everything

with White than can be done to a girl, not to mention

his friends. He owes me, even though he's the top and

I'm the bottom."

"What do you mean, top and bottom?" Tiffany asked.

"It's terms in dominance and submission," Stephanie

explained, a 15-year-old sadly wise beyond her years.

"In sex, one person is dominant, and he's the top.

Usually a he. Sometimes a she can be dominant. And the

other one is the bottom. The bottom is the one who

gets done to, the top does the doing."

"Could Mr. White make Lisa my bottom?" Tiffany

asked, excited at the prospect of making the nasty

little girl do her bidding.

"Mr. White can do anything," Stephanie said. "Hey,

look what he made you do!"

"Oh God, don't remind me!" Tiffany snapped. But

even as she was trying to shut out the horrible

memories of what had been done to her, something in

her pussy was remembering. Because White and the other

male teachers hadn't just abused the gorgeous

adolescent for their own pleasure - they had opened

her up to her own sexuality as well, forcing her to

have orgasms against her will. In the months since,

she had tried to recapture the strength of those first

orgasms, the ones inflicted on her helpless,

vulnerable teen pussy by nasty male mouths and probing

fingers, and while she had been able to make herself

cum, at night alone in her bed, she could never cum

quite as hard as she had done in the back seat of

White's SUV that night.

Tiffany forced the unpleasant thoughts from her

mind. "Just so White knows it's Lisa who's the target,

the bottom," she told Steph. "And not me. I'm done

being a bottom. I'm gonna be a top from now on!"

"Go for it, Tiff!" Stephanie shouted as she flicked

her smoke out the window. And Stephanie smiled a

small, private smile. A year and a half younger than

her sister, and she knew so much more.

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And so it came to pass, two days later, that Lisa

Boulet was summoned to Principal White's office, and

was surprised to find Tiffany Daniels already sitting

there. White closed the door to the outer office

behind Lisa; the lock snicked silently into place

without the cute sophomore even hearing it.

"Thanks for coming, Lisa," Roger White said to the

girl. "We haven't had much of a chance to talk since

you transferred here." White let his eyes roam up and

down Lisa Boulet's luscious 15-year-old body. She was

a cute little pixie, he thought. Just a little over

five feet tall, no more than 100 pounds, with dark

hair she kept short in a Winona Ryder type cut. But

every pound of her was choice teen meat, White

thought. Her legs were firm and curvy, her ass had a

luscious little jut to it, and those tits. They

weren't the fantastic 36C love-melons that Tiffany had

been blessed with, but they were more than ample in

proportion to Lisa's small, compact frame. A good 34B,

White estimated.

And he also now saw why Lisa had quickly gotten the

nickname "Lisa Bullets" from the boys of Daniels High.

Her nipples were neatly always erect. White's office

wasn't particularly cold, and he could tell her firm

young breasts were well-encased by a bra, but damned

if her little nipples weren't totally erect, jutting

right out from her tits in a proud double salute like

a couple of bullets. Like most high school girls in

the early fall in Texas, she dressed for the weather,

wearing a shorty denim skirt and a midriff-baring pink

crop top.

"So it disturbs me that we have to meet under such

unpleasant circumstances," White continued. Oh yeah,

he thought, he was disturbed all right. Disturbed that

he had to get through this little charade before he

could stuff that ripe young mouth full of his manhood!

Lisa Bullets' brown eyes widened. "What did I do?"

she squeaked.

White pulled himself up to his full stature, and

lowered his voice to its authority level. "There are

reports you're using drugs, Lisa," he said. "I have to

ask you to empty your purse on my desk."

Lisa was relieved. She didn't do drugs at all, and

there was nothing in her purse to condemn her. She

calmly upended it over White's desk, and out fell her

datebook, wallet, lipstick, some makeup, a couple of

pens, and a sealed baggie full of white powder. Her

jaw dropped, and White seized the baggie instantly.

"Oh, my," he intoned. "This does not look good at

all." He opened the bag, stuck in a forefinger and

tasted the powder. "Yup, just as it appears to be -

cocaine. Of course, when the police come and

confiscate this, they can run their own tests."

"That's not mine!" Lisa squealed. "I've never seen

that before! Somebody planted that!"

"Yeah, that's what they all say," White fired back.

"I hope your family can afford a good lawyer, young

lady. This looks like enough to qualify for intent to

traffic, which is a felony. Ouch. Texas Girls'

Reformatory, meet Lisa Boulet."

Tiffany piped in. Not for nothing was she the star

of the drama department. "Oh, Jesus, Mr. White, not

the Reformatory. They'll destroy a girl like Lisa!

Didn't you read that horrible article in the paper

about a 15-year-girl who was raped with a mop handle

in the shower. They held her down and stuck the mop

handle up inside her as far as it would go. It was

awful. She'll never have babies! She's lucky to be

alive."

Lisa was staring at the two, hyperventilating with

anxiety. The room seemed to be spinning. God what a

nightmare. Could she proved the cocaine wasn't hers?

How could she prove it? What could she do? Panic

seized the teenager and squeezed her relentlessly.

"I've never seen that bag before!" she repeated

lamely. "I don't use coke."

"Well, I have a couple of signed affidavits from

your teachers that they have been concerned you might

be using drugs. And Tiffany here tells me that

students are talking, that you've been bragging about

how easy it is to score cocaine."

"That's a lie!" the beleaguered girl responded. She

glared at Tiffany. "It's not true. It's not fair."

"You can tell that to the cops, and to the judge,

and to the warden at the Reformatory," White said

coldly. "For drug trafficking, you'll be held at the

Reformatory until your case goes to trial. Even if

you're found not guilty, which is doubtful, you could

spend months there awaiting trial. A sweet little girl

like you in the Reformatory will be like a pork chop

tossed into a kennel.

"I guess it's my sad duty to call the police,"

White concluded, and picked up his phone.

"No! God no! Please don't call!"

"Why shouldn't I call?"

"I don't know. But please, I beg you," the

trembling teen girl begged, "please don't call the

police." She started to cry. White felt his erection

stirring at the look in her eyes - helpless,

vulnerable, pleading.

"Well, there might be another way," he said.

"God, I'll do anything," said Lisa, sniffling.

"I'll bet you will," White said. He unzipped his

pants and let them fall to the floor, thumbed down his

jockey shorts and unleashed his hard-on, which sprang

to attention.

Lisa looked shocked. "Oh shit!" she cried. "You

fucking pervert. You dirty old man! You're

blackmaliing me!"

"If that's what you want to call it, Lisa, fine. I

like to think of it as alternative community service.

Now you can either give me a blow job right this

second, or you'll be locked in a cell within about

three hours with a bunch of hungry lesbians. Unless

you're a closet dyke, I think you ought to go with the

blow job."

"You son of a bitch!" Lisa spat. Her eyes flashed

with fury at the principal, and then over at Tiffany

as well. "You won't get away with this!"

"Oh yes I will, you worthless little slut. I get

away with just about anything I want to around here.

Tell her, Tiffany."

"He does, Lisa. Really. He's done all sorts of mean

things, him and some of the male teachers, to some of

the girls here. He blackmails and threatens them, and

he always gets his way," Tiffany said.

"In fact," White told the trembling sophomore,

"sucking my cock is just phase one of your

rehabilitation, Lisa. I think you need the guidance of

an older girl here at school to help you. I think

Tiffany Daniels is just the girl to show you the error

of your ways. So starting right after you swallow my

sperm, you are going to be Tiffany's slave for the

next week. You will do every single thing she says,

and do it perfectly and willingly. If you do not, if

you so much as hesitate, Tiffany will report back to

me and I'll send you off to Lesbo-World, where the

instrument of penetration is a broom handle instead of

a nice, warm penis."

White grabbed Lisa by the front of her shirt and

pulled her toward him. "Do you understand me, little

girl?" he roared.

Lisa's head was spinning, but she knew that at the

moment, she had no choice. "Yes, sir," she said

meekly.

"Good girl," White said. "Now strip off those

clothes, every stitch, and come over here on your

hands and knees."

Lisa glared with hatred at her tormentor, but did

as she was told. She briskly pulled her top over her

head, and slipped out of her bra, then stepped out of

her skirt and white cotton knickers. White licked his

lips at the physical perfection of the 15-year-old

beauty, the smoothness of her young, unsullied skin,

the sweet patch of brown pubic hair covering her

virgin little pussy. She instinctively covered her

mound with her hands, but White barked at her to keep

her hands at her side.

The older man stepped out of his pants, but left

his shirt on, and wheeled his desk chair in front of

his desk. He sat down and spread his knees wide. "Now

drop to your hands and knees, Lisa, like the little

doggie that you are, and crawl over here and suck my

cock!" he ordered.

Lisa Boulet obeyed. She reached White's lap, opened

her lips, squeezed her eyes shut tightly in a grimace,

and took the head of his cock into her mouth.

"I'll bet this is your first blowjob, isn't it

Lisa?" White asked.

"Hm-mmm," Lisa answered affirmatively. She knew

instinctively it was best to keep sucking, not to

stop.

"Well, you're not bad. But you need to get more

into your mouth. That's a girl. I won't gag you this

first time. Just get your mouth lower and lower until

I hit the back of your throat. Ahhh, yes, that's a

good little suck-doggie. Now suck like it was a

Tootsie Roll pop."

Tiffany Daniels watched as her nemesis was

humiliated by the principal. Her body was tingling

with excitement, and her pussy was getting wet at

watching Lisa on her hands and knees, forced to give a

blowjob against her will. She felt fantastic! Lisa was

going to be her slave for a week. She'd put this

little girl through her paces, teach her to shoot her

mouth off about seniors!

"Ahh, you have a talented mouth, Lisa," White said,

leaning back with his eyes clothes while the naked

schoolgirl worked on his throbbing dick. "But just to

spice up our little game a bit, I'm gonna ask Tiffany

to play also. Tiffany, while Lisa is sucking me off,

go into the top drawer of my desk and you'll find a

rubber glove and some oil. Put on the glove, put some

oil on your index finger, and give little suck-doggie

here a little oil massage. I think her pussy would be

a good place to start."

Lisa started to lift her head up to protest, but

White grabbed her hair firmly and forced her face back

down on to his cock. "Naughty, naughty, suck-doggie.

Your job is to suck, not talk. I don't want to hear a

word out of you until you've got a belly full of

sperm, suck doggie."

Tiffany opened the drawer and pulled out the glove

and oil. To her surprise, the small bottle of oil was

bright red. The label had Chinese characters, and

underneath it read Szechuan Cooking Oil. She was glad

White had provided her with a glove.

In a moment, she was squatting behind Lisa's butt.

The delightful little bubble-butt bobbed back and

forth, in rhythm with her head. The lips of the

victim's pussy peeked out between her thighs slightly.

"Spread your legs," Tiffany ordered, slapping Lisa

on the ass. She got a surge of power as she did it,

which felt great.

Lisa spread her legs, exposing more of her sweet

cleft. Tiffany poured the highly spiced oil onto her

finger, reached between Lisa's thighs and began to

massage it into the folds.

At first Lisa had no reaction. But within a few

seconds she began to moan and squirm. White kept a

tight grip on her head, not letting her pull her mouth

away. "Oh, I forgot to tell you, Lisa-dog," he

sneered. "That's Chinese cooking oil, highly seasoned

with ground chile peppers. It can raise blisters on

regular skin. On sensitive inner skin, like the kind

inside your pussy, it's gonna be like the fires of

hell. I call it a motivator. Tiffany's gonna keep

giving you more and more oil until I come. The sooner

you make me come with your mouth, the sooner I tell

Tiffany to stop."

Tiffany's pussy spasmed at White's speech. She had

know the oil was probably going to react horribly with

Lisa's membranes, but hearing White explain it so

heartlessly gave her a sexual rush all the same. She

continued to rub the folds of Lisa's outer labia. She

had been through so much sexually in the past year

that it hardly even seemed strange to her to be

squatting behind another girl in the principal's

office massaging a pussy. It wasn't the first twat she

had had contact with, after all; her sister Stephanie

had gone through a period during the summer when she

had demanded that Tiffany "service" her regularly,

which had meant licking her sister to orgasm every

night.

The blonde senior couldn't see Lisa's eyes, since

they were pointed at Mr. White's bulging midriff, but

they were filled with tears, of pain and of hatred.

Unable to pull her head back from the pole that was

stuffed into her mouth, Lisa at least tried to avoid

the searing pain of the Szechuan oil, and wiggled her

ass, trying to dislodge Tiffany's fingers.

"Don't let her throw you, Tiffany," White said

sternly. "For the next round, I think you need to get

some oil up inside Miss Boulet's little cunt. Smear it

all around for her, if you want to teach her a

lesson."

Lisa Boulet tried to scream, but couldn't, as she

was thoroughly gagged by the massive penis. Despite

her hatred for Lisa, Tiffany felt a pang of guilt, of

feeling sorry for the tormented little girl. Her mind

flashed back to the time White had called her,

Tiffany, to his office, with the blackmail video, and

smeared honey all over her pussy and ass and then

poured ants all over her. At the memory, she felt

another sexual surge, a definite twitch of her excited

clitoris, which confused her. She was supposed to be

the dominant girl here; why did her clit throb when

she thought of a time when she was the submissive one?

Tiffany pushed the thought from her mind and

re-anointed her fingertip with the fiery, viscous

oil. Her forefinger was bright red up to the knuckle,

and she now began to slowly slide that finger up

inside Lisa Boulet's virgin pussy. Lisa bucked and

thrashed and screamed her muffled protests into

White's hard-on.

"Lisa, let me help you!" Tiffany suddenly blurted.

"You need to make him cum! Use your hand and jack his

shaft up and down, it's the only way to get him off

quicker!"

Why was she saying this? Shouldn't she be

prolonging Lisa's agony, she wondered? She saw Lisa

reach her right hand up and grab the base of White's

throbbing stalk and begin to move her small hand up

and down in a pistoning motion. Tiffany wiggled her

oily finger inside Lisa's canal, smearing the peppery

goo throughout.

"Oh yeah, you little blow job queen, suck that

cock!" White moaned. He began thrusting his cock

forward into Lisa's mouth, choking the girl, cutting

off her air. Tiffany could tell he was getting close,

and decided it was time for one last torture of the

sophomore. She put more oil on her finger, and without

warning, rammed it solidly up between the girl's ass

cheeks, right past the tiny pink starfish of her

bunghole, all the way up her rectum!

Poor Lisa Boulet nearly jumped out of her skin at

the unexpected impalement. She was being choked on the

monster cock, was supporting all her weight on her

left arm, and was now being reamed out in her ass

passage. Her pussy was on fire, and now her ass was on

fire! But she could feel White's cock swelling in her

mouth, and even though this was her first blow job,

she knew instinctively the tyrannical man must be

getting close to coming.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck, you little slut! Here I come!"

White bellowed, and jammed his dick deep into the poor

girl's mouth, just as Tiffany jammed her finger all

the way up Lisa's bunghole as far as it would go.

White's cock exploded, and suddenly her mouth was

filled with his nasty, salty jism. It seemed like

gallons of it, and she began swallowing frantically,

knowing she should not spill a drop. She grunted like

a pig as Tiffany's finger sawed in and out of her sore

little anal opening.

Finally, it was over. White withdrew, and so did

Tiffany. He winked at her, over Lisa's head, and

Tiffany winked back. Lisa staggered to her feet, her

limbs cramped and sore, her jaw stiff, her teeth all

gritty from the sperm coating they had just received.

But none of that could compare to the unbelievable

agony that coursed through her crotch. Her pussy and

ass felt as if they were on fire, as if they were

being toasted by a cigarette lighter.

White grabbed the girl's white knickers and bra from

the tangle of clothes on the floor. "I'll keep these,

slut," he told her. "You can go back to class and

spend the rest of the school day without underwear.

You'd just stain the knickers all red anyway as you

leaked."

"You son of a bitch!" Lisa spat. "I hurt! I hurt so

bad!"

"Not as bad as you'd be hurtin' in the Reformatory,

sweetheart," White chuckled. "This was the easy way.

Now you and I are done. But remember, you are

Tiffany's slave for a week. And if you don't do every

single thing she says, then I call the cops about your

little cocaine problem."

"Fuck you!" Lisa shouted.

"Now if that's going to be your attitude, Lisa, I

can always arrange for you to have detention after

school today. It's your choice. You can be nice and

thank me politely for not turning you in, and that way

you get to go home at the end of the day and give

yourself a nice couple of enemas and wash all that

nasty hot stuff out of you. Or you can cop an

attitude, and I'll give you detention for today.

You'll come back to this office for an hour, and I'll

think up some even more creative things to do to you.

And Tiffany can tell you, I can be very creative." He

glared at the girl with authority.

Lisa glanced at Tiffany, wondering again what had

happened between the senior and White. But then she

took a breath, and exhaled. "I'm sorry," she said

meekly.

"That's better. Now acknowledge to Tiffany that you

are her slave, and you will obey her every command."

"I'm your slave, Tiffany," Lisa said stiffly. "I

will obey your every command."

"Good decision," White said. "I don't want to see

you back in here for disobedience, Lisa. It would not

be pleasant. Now you girls go on and have a fun week,"

White told them.

Neither he nor Tiffany saw the look of almost

pathological hatred that crossed Lisa's face briefly.

Quietly, to herself, Lisa Boulet made a vow that she

would turn the tables on Miss Tiffany Fucking Daniels

soon. Very soon.

CHAPTER TWO

THE ONE WITH THE TEENAGE DIRTBAG

About the fourth time Tiffany heard the song

blaring out of Stephanie's bedroom, she went down the

hall to investigate. When she walked in, she found her

younger sister dancing in the middle of her floor, her

slender young body gyrating in a frenzy. She wore a

tiny halter top, and even though her tits were small,

the cups of the halter were so small - no bigger than

a child's hand - that the flesh bulged out the top,

bottom and sides. A pair of extremely snug denim Daisy

Dukes encased her girly ass.

"What's that song?" Tiffany yelled over the rock

music.

Stephanie punched pause on the computer screen

music player. "It's called 'Teenage Dirtbag,' by some

band called Wheatus. I downloaded it off Napster, and

I love it!" She punched play on the screen, and the

harmonies of Wheatus filled the room:

"I'm just a teenage dirtbag, baby/

Yeah I'm just a teenage dirtbag baby/

Listen to Iron Maiden baby with me!"

Tiffany found herself drawn to the infectious

melody, and started dancing with Stephanie, only a

little more sedately. Steph was whirling and flinging

herself around the bedroom in a frenzy.

Finally the song stopped.

"So what's up, sis?" Stephanie asked, plopping her

butt on the bed. "How are things going with your new

slave?"

"OK," Tiffany replied.

"What have you had her doing? I haven't seen her

naked in the halls yet."

"Well, yesterday after cheerleading practice, in

the locker room, I made her say in front of all the

girls that she was sorry she had said mean things

about me. And I made her get down on her knees and

kiss my ass and beg my forgiveness!" Tiffany's face

flushed hot at the memory.

"Bare ass or knickers?" Stephanie asked.

"Bare ass."

"Just a peck on the cheek, or did you make her

French your asshole?"

"Stephanie! You are so gross! No way I'm gonna tell

her to French my asshole in front of the whole squad!

They'd all think I was lez or something."

"OK, so what else have you done to squash her like

the fucking bug she is?" Stephanie asked.

"Well, I haven't had much of a chance. I'm a senior

and Lisa's a sophomore, so we don't have any classes

together. I think she's been avoiding me. I was

thinking of maybe doing something this weekend."

"Jesus Christ, girl!" Stephanie shouted. "I arrange

for you to get served Lisa Bullets on a fucking silver

platter, and you're wimping out. You're pissing away

your chance. No classes together? She's avoiding you?

Did that stop Mr. White from using you like a cheap

Kleenex last year?"

"No," Tiffany muttered. She was suddenly ashamed of

herself, knowing her younger but far more

sophisticated sister scorned her.

"Maybe you're just not cut out to be dominant!"

Stephanie spat.

"I am too!" Tiffany shot back. "I am dominant! Look

at my position in the school. I'm the head

cheerleader, I'm the star of the drama program, I'm

the most popular and beautiful and richest girl in the

senior class! Doesn't that count for anything?" she

pleaded.

"It beats being a loser, sis, but it doesn't have

squat to do with sexual dominance," Stephanie said. "A

person can be powerful in real life, and a total

submissive in the bedroom. Let me tell you a story.

Mr. White introduced me to a guy who runs a nightclub

just outside of town. It's sort of a strip club, sort

of a house of prostitution, sort of whatever the guys

who pay want it to be and what the girls are up for.

"Snake, that's the guy who owns the club, set me up

with this guy who's a banker in Dallas, president of

the biggest bank there. He's one of the richest guys

in Texas, and you know what he wanted when he paid

Snake $1,000 and took me to a hotel room? He wanted me

to pee on him!"

"Ewwww, Steph!"

"Hey, it could have been worse, he could have

wanted to pee on me. So he climbed naked into the

bathtub and jacked off, and I squatted over him and

peed on him and called him a dirty boy over and over.

I split the grand with Snake. But the point is this

guy is so fucking rich he could hire Britney Spears to

sing at his birthday party, and he wants a girl to pee

on him and say he's a dirty boy. He's a sexual

submissive."

"I thought you said you were a submissive too,"

Tiffany said.

"I was, and I am. If I'm really gonna get off, I

like to have some older guy pin me down and fuck me

like he was raping me. That makes me pop like a string

of firecrackers. But Mr. White has introduced me to a

whole world of sexual adventures, and some of them pay

very well if a girl is willing to have an open mind.

I've got more than $8,000 stuffed in a shoebox under

my bed."

"Steph! My God, you're a hooker!"

"So what? Should I do it for free? People are going

to have sex, Tiff. I'm going to have sex. Why

shouldn't I get paid also?"

"So what else do you do at this club?"

"Forget about the club, Tiff. This is about you. My

point is that some people like the banker dude are

natural sexual submissives. And I'm worried that you

may be a submissive, too, A bottom, like I told you

before."

"But I don't want to be!" Tiffany wailed. "I want

to be a top!"

"You are what you are, sis," Stephanie said. "You

may be able to be a top, I don't know. So far you

haven't proven much with Lisa. A true top would have

had that girl crawling naked down the hallways of

school making moo-ing sounds, with a sign on her ass

saying "Free Butt Fucks." Or something like that. An

apology doesn't show a very creative mind as a

dominant."

"What should I do, Steph?" the senior cheerleader

pleaded. "Can you help me?"

"Stephanie sighed. "I'm just a teenage dirtbag,

baby. But I can help you. Find Lisa tomorrow and tell

her you and she are going to the mall on Saturday.

Tell her to be at our house at 12 noon sharp. Tell her

to wear something skimpy and slutty. Be specific. Make

her understand that if she doesn't show up, or she

doesn't look like a 15-year-old fucktoy, you're gonna

go to Mr. White and ask that she be raped by a pack of

dogs. Or something."

Tiffany shuddered at the image. Or maybe it was the

mention of the mall. She'd been dragged to a mall

once, and publicly humiliated, forced to show her

beautiful breasts in a store full of other people, and

worse, much worse. She felt that familiar tingle going

through her young pussy again. She was getting juicy,

and wanted to touch herself.

"I'll do it," Tiffany said.

"Good girl. And I'll help set it up so that you

can't fail. I'll call Snake and have him go along with

you and Lisa. When Snake sees Lisa, his creativity

will take over, and poor Lisa Bullets will be begging

for the wild dogs." Stephanie Daniels laughed.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Tiffany woke up Saturday morning with a sopping wet

pussy and a buzzing in her clit. She'd been dreaming

about her boyfriend Hayden, that they were in bed

together and he had suddenly become a wild man. Sweet,

gentle Hayden had suddenly pinned her down and climbed

on top, looked into her eyes and said, "I'm gonna take

what's mine, Tiffany. I'm gonna fuck that sweet little

pussy of yours!" And then he had plunged his huge cock

up inside her tight little cunt, over and over,

ramming away, his pubic bone banging against her clit,

which was so wet and so begging for more, and more and

more....

She was awake now, and breathing hard, her heart

beating in her ears. Without thinking, her hand stole

down under her pajama bottoms and began to fondle her

clit. "Ohhhh, jeeeeez," she moaned softly as the

17-year-old fondled herself, caressed herself, rubbed

herself. Her knees fell to the sides, her legs splayed

wide under the covers, and she rubbed and rubbed and

rubbed until finally the moment came, the orgasm she

needed so badly, and her body stiffened and she bit

her lip to keep from screaming out.

Afterward, it was too much to think about. She was

glad the dream was about Hayden instead of Mr. White

or her horrible cousin or some nameless, faceless man

in an alley, because those were the men she dreamed

about sometimes. This was Hayden, the boy she loved.

But he was so rough. So unlike sweet Hayden.

"Tiffany!" Her mother's voice broke through her

confused thought-stream.

"Daddy had to go into the office today, and I've

got tennis at 10 and then lunch with the girls and

then some shopping. I'll see you tonight at dinner!"

"OK, Mom!" She sprang from the bed, aware now that

it was Saturday, the day she would prove that she

should be a top, the day she would make Lisa Boulet

grovel like a, like a, well, she didn't know exactly

what grovelled, but whatever. She shrugged and headed

for the shower.

At 11:30, the doorbell rang, and by the time Tiff

got downstairs, Stephanie had already opened it. As

Tiffany came downstairs into the foyer, she saw Snake.

He was tall. And dark and scary, she thought.

Tiffany took in the man standing there. He was

probably about 30, although Tiffany wasn't too good at

guessing the ages of older guys. Probably 6'2" or

6'3", lean, muscled. Very muscled. He had black hair

pulled back in a ponytail, and dark eyes. A black

T-shirt with the sleeves cut off showed off his

powerful biceps, each of which had a large matching

tatoo of a coiled snake. Black jeans and boots

completed the outfit. Even before he spoke to her,

Tiffany could feel his power. It radiated off him like

heat from pavement on a sunny day.

Snake turned his dark eyes on the gorgeous blonde

teenager coming down the stairs to greet him, and

smiled. Here was the ultimate male sexual fantasy, the

perfect little sister of the most perfect airbrushed

Playboy Playmate come to full, robust life. Blonde

hair, blue eyes, a curvy body, and tits. Major fuckin'

tits, Snake thought. Tiffany's teen breasts stood out

from her chest with a ripe firmness that would

disappear in only a few years. They were stuffed into

a tight white blouse, and even though she was wearing

a bra, they bounced as if trying to get free. She wore

a plaid kilt-type skirt that hit her at mid-thigh, and

Snake wondered what color her knickers were, and then

wondered a few things beyond that.

"Snake, this is Tiffany. Tiffany, this is Snake."

Stephanie handled the introductions.

"Pleased t' meet ya," Snake said, extending a

weathered hand. Tiffany shook it, as if she were at a

job interview or something. It was weird, she thought,

shaking hands with a guy who was some sort of pimp or

strip club owner, who was going to go out with her

today and try to break the spirit of Lisa Boulet.

"Hi," she said, and gave him her most dazzling

smile.

"God damn, you look good enough to eat," Snake

said.

Tiffany shivered with lust, at the thought of Snake

eating her.

"Well, buddy boy, she ain't what's for dinner,"

Stephanie joked, and the three of them laughed.

"No, I understand the drill," Snake replied. "It's

just when I meet a young lady as fine looking as

Tiffany here, well, the old gonads just sort of go on

automatic pilot."

"Well, take 'em off auto pilot, Snake," Stephanie

said. "Your target will be over here in a few minutes.

Her name is Lisa Boulet, also known as Lisa Bullets

for reasons you will soon understand. And as I

explained, she's being blackmailed by Mr. White, so

you can pretty much do with her what you want."

"Good old Roger!" Snake crowed. "What a fuckin'

perv that dude is! I can do what I want, huh? How

'bout if I just fuck her up the ass while the two of

you film it with a camcorder?"

"Well, that's certainly not impossible," Stephanie

said, "but this is about establishing Tiffany's

dominance over Lisa. I imagine you'll get some teenage

pussy before the day is out, but first the three of

you are going to the mall. Lisa needs to be taken down

a few pegs, and there's nothing like a nice public

place to make a girl feel totally humiliated. Wouldn't

you say, Tiffany?"

"Uh, yeah," said Tiffany, knowing what Stephanie

was referring to, and feeling as if someone was

twisting a fork in her belly button.

"Why don't we smoke a joint while we wait?" Snake

said, as he walked into the Daniels' living room and

pulled a metal cigarette case out of his hip pocket.

"You can sit on my lap, Steph, and we'll talk about

the first thing that pops up!" He laughed, harshly.

"Save it, big boy. I want you to channel your

libido into Lisa."

Snake glowered, shut down by both girls. At least

for now. The three sat down in the Daniels' living

room, and Snake started in again.

"So Tiffany, Steph here has told me all about you."

The cheerleader blushed, and flashed her eyes at

her sister. "Stephie! What did you tell him?"

"Relax, Tiff. I just told him how you were trying

to get revenge on Lisa, and needed some help in

dominating her." Tiffany relaxed; she'd been worried

that Stephanie had told Snake the whole sordid, ugly

story of how she had been blackmailed into a long line

of depraved sexual acts.

Snake just smiled. The tension was rising when the

doorbell rang again. Lisa Boulet had arrived.

Once again, Snake raked his eyes over the

adolescent girl he was being introduced to. Shorter

than Tiffany, darker, cute but not a raving beauty. A

wicked little body, he thought. As instructed, Lisa

had dressed for excess, wearing a very tight T-shirt

that stretched across her young cupcake breasts. "What

are you staring at?" read the words on the shirt. She

wore a pair of very short, very tight shorts made from

clingy nylon. It was obvious she wasn't wearing a bra,

and Snake wondered if she was wearing knickers. He

glanced at her crotch, which was mounded out slightly,

but couldn't tell for sure.

His eyes met hers, and he saw there something that

made his cock hard: a challenge. The little minx was

meeting him eye to eye, daring him. "Do your worst,"

Lisa's eyes seemed to be saying to the older man. "I'm

your equal."

"Lisa, this is Snake," said Stephanie. "He's a

friend of Tiffany and mine, and he's going along

today."

"Hey, Snake," Lisa said, cool as could be. "How's

it hangin'?" She grinned.

"Well, it ain't really hangin', Lisa," he shot

back. "It's kinda standing up right now. Would you

like to see?" He reached for the zipper on his jeans.

"That's OK, big boy," Lisa said quickly. "Keep it

zipped."

"I think it's time we got something straight,

slut," Snake snarled. "You don't tell me what to do.

And you don't tell Tiffany what to do. As I

understand, your principal has you over a barrel.

Right now that's a metaphor, but if you tell me what

to do again, it's gonna be the real thing. I'll find a

barrel, and I'll stretch you over it, and I'll

dry-fuck your ass while you scream bloody murder. You

got that, you little piece of shit?"

Lisa stared at Snake, and he stared back. Finally

she lowered her eyes. "I got it."

"Good. Now right off, you call me sir, and you call

Tiffany ma'am, like we were your grandparents or

something. When either one of us tells you to do

something, your only response is, "Yes sir" and "Yes

ma'am. The word 'No' or any variation is not in your

vocabulary today, missy. You with me so far? He had

stood up while talking and walked over to Lisa.

Because she was so short, he towered over the

sophomore girl, his bulk looming over her.

"Yes sir."

"Good. If you say no, or disobey today, or even

make like you don't want to do something, I'm gonna

call my buddy Roger White. He's gonna turn you over to

the cops. That's on Monday. But before he gets you,

I'll take you out to a little place I have. There are

a number of guys there that would love to play games

with you. Their favorite game is called "Guess What's

In Your Pussy?" Want to know how it's played, slut?"

Lisa was silent, and Snake continued.

"We get a girl like you, strip her naked, blindfold

her, and then hang her upside down in the middle of

the bar by her ankles, with ropes tied to the ceiling.

We spread her legs out as far as they'll go, so she's

like a giant upside-down V, and then we lube up her

cunt with some KY jelly. Then we take turns sticking

stuff into her cunt, and she has to guess what it is.

We don't take it out till she guesses right. It might

be a dildo, or a beer bottle, or a guy's fist, or a

piece of jagged glass, or a live mouse. One time, I'll

never forget this, one of the sick bastards stuck the

business end of a lit cigarette all the way up inside

some poor fuckin' kid. She was screaming that it was a

cigarette, but the guys wanted to know what brand it

was. You know, Marlboro, Merit, whatever. It went out

before she could guess, but she was pretty hoarse from

the screaming by then."

Snake chuckled cruelly.

Lisa Boulet looked pale, and she started to

tremble. Tiffany felt sick to her stomach listening to

Snake's description of the sadistic game, and she

wasn't even the one being threatened by it.

"So, you a virgin, slut?" Snake asked Lisa. Her lips

were trembling so bad she could barely answer.

"Yes sir."

"You ever sucked a dick?"

"No sir."

Tiffany was thrilled. This was great! Snake had

completely intimidated Lisa. She wasn't so tough now.

"Well. maybe we'll change both of those facts

before the day is over, and maybe we won't. It all

depends on you. Hey, Tiffany!" he yelled, startling

the girl.

"What?" she blurted.

"Before we get going, anything you want Lisa to do

here at the house?"

Tiffany hesitated. "Yeah," she said. "Kiss my ass."

"Yes, ma'am," Lisa answered.

"But this time, I want you to kiss it like you mean

it. I want you to kiss my asshole." Tiffany thrilled

at giving a command, at the power. She dropped her

skirt and her knickers and turned around, presenting

her pert little butt to Lisa Boulet.

In seconds, she felt a mouth at her anus, felt

Lisa's obedient lips there. She reached back with her

hands and pulled her cheeks apart.

"Use your tongue. French me," Tiffany commanded.

And there it was, warm and soft and so so wet, Lisa

Boulet's tongue, slithering up Tiffany Daniels'

rectum.

"Give it a really good, deep workout, slut!"

Tiffany barked. "Don't stop till I tell you to."

The sophomore worked her tongue in and out and

around of Tiffany's bunghole, which was soon dripping

with the girl's spit. Even though she knew she wasn't

even a teeny bit gay, it felt incredibly good to have

her ass rimmed like this. Her clit rumbled and

trembled, and her nipples began to poke up in

excitation.

"That's good, Lisa. You can stop."

"Yes, ma'am."

Snake spoke up. "God damn this is gonna be fun!" He

adjusted his bulging cock inside his jeans.

"Steph, why don't you get something for Lisa to

wear?" Snake suggested.

"What's wrong with what I'm wearing?" Lisa whined.

"It's nice enough to give a hard-on here and there,

but it's not what I had in mind. Stephanie knows,

don't you, babe?"

"Be right back!" Stephanie said, and scampered

upstairs. She was back in a minute, holding one of her

own dresses: a thin, diaphanous sundress that bordered

on transparent. It was flesh-colored, as much as it

could be said to have a color at all, and had been

sold as a set with an underslip. Stephanie didn't have

the slip with her, but she did have a pair of Candies,

the popular shoes with high wedges.

"Put that on," Snake ordered. Lisa hesitated, and

then complied, reluctantly. She pulled off her

T-shirt, exposing her small but very firm teenaged

breasts, topped off with the famous bullets that had

given her her nickname. She blushed, but kept going as

Snake and the two Daniels sisters watched. She hooked

her thumbs into the waistband of her shorts, took a

deep breath, and with one swift motion pulled the

shorts and her knickers down to her ankles. The girl

stood in the living room, stark naked. Her body was

flawless, as Tiffany already knew, but as Steph and

Snake appreciated freshly. Although compact, she was

very curvy. Her dark pubic patch was cropped very

close and trim.

Snake stepped over, bent down and picked up the

fallen clothes, then stuffed them into a black

backpack he had stashed next to the Daniels' sofa.

"You'll get these back later, if you're good," he told

her. "Now put on the dress, or else we can hit the

mall just as you are."

"Yes sir," Lisa said, and slipped on Stephanie

dress. It had spaghetti straps, and buttoned all the

way up the front. It fit her snugly, for Stephanie

wasn't any bigger than Lisa. The effect was

spectacular. Depending on the light and the angle, the

dress was either opaque and suggestive, or as

transparent as if the adolescent was wrapped in Saran

Wrap. You could see her nipples, particularly since

they were poking out almost an inch.

Snake eyes the poor, trembling victim's snatch

through the thin cloth. "Man, I love the dress, but I

don't want to get busted. Tell you what, Lisa babe, if

you're a really, really good girl on the way to the

mall, maybe I'll give you back your knickers when we

get there. Does that sound fair?"

"Yes sir," Lisa said, and her eyes nearly melted

with gratitude for the small favor. She had been

focusing on getting her knickers back, not on what

Snake had meant about being "really really good." She

would find out soon enough.

"So let's move!" Snake called, and Lisa, Tiffany

and Snake headed out the door.

CHAPTER THREE

THE ONE WITH THE SHOCKING SURPRISE

"Let's get this fuckin' show on the road!" Snake

said. "Tiffany, you're supposed to be the boss here.

What do you want to do?"

"Well, there's this mall I know, about a half hour

from here, and we're gonna go there, and have a little

fun with Lisa."

"Sounds like a plan. But first, I got one more

addition to little Lisa's outfit. He rummaged around

in his knapsack and pulled out a dog collar. "Here,

put this on, slut."

Lisa, still obedient, took it and fastened it

around her own neck. Tiffany smiled at the sight of

her rival wearing a see-through dress, totally nude

underneath, and a demeaning dog collar. Snake pulled

out a small padlock the size of a nickel and hooked it

through the collar's clasp, locking it in place.

"Now you're not just Lisa the Slut, you're Lisa the

Dog Slut. Are you gonna be a good doggy?"

"Yes, sir," Lisa answered, her face again bright

red with embarrassment.

"And it's a special dog collar," Snake said, as he

pulled something else from the bag, It was a small

device about the size of a deck of cards, with a red

button in the middle. "Here, Tiffany, you do the

honors. Push the button and see what happens."

"AHHHH! Fuck! Fuck!" Lisa suddenly screamed, and

began clawing at the collar around her neck, trying to

rip it off.

"That's enough," Snake said. "This is a training

collar I use on my pit bulls. There are little slivers

of metal embedded in it, and electric wires. This

here's a remote control. You press the button, doggie

gets a zap. Not enough to do any permanent damage or

leave a mark, but it hurts like a motherfucker.

Doesn't it, Lisa?"

"Please take it off!" the girl begged, suddenly on

the verge of tears. "Please, please, I'll do whatever

you want. It really hurt!"

"It's just a little extra persuader," Snake said.

"The blackmail with the cops and the threat of a few

rounds of 'What's in Your Pussy?' back at the bar

ought to be enough, but I could tell when I saw you

that you weren't going to be an easy filly to tame.

This way, if you so much as look cross-eyed at an

order from me or Tiff, you'll get a zap. If I hold

down the button long enough, I can give you pain like

you've never known before. But we don't want that, do

we, Lisa Dog?"

"No sir."

"Good. Let's go. I brought my truck, but that

little Miata there looks like fun. Tiffany, put the

top down and drive. Lisa, you can sit on my lap. You

got a problem with sitting on my lap for the ride?" he

leered, licking his lips.

"No sir."

Suddenly Tiffany had a thought. "Snake," she said,

"back there at the house, when you asked Lisa if she'd

ever sucked a dick? She said she hadn't. But that was

a lie. She sucked Principal White's dick the other

day. Didn't you Lisa?"

Lisa Boulet looked over at Tiffany with a glare of

pure hatred.

"Did you lie to me, Lisa?" Snake asked softly.

"I didn't lie. I thought you meant if I had ever

done, uh, that, willingly, like with a guy I liked or

something. I didn't think it should count when I was

forced to!"

"It doesn't count?" Snake laughed. "You silly

little twat, of course it counts. You had a cock in

your mouth, you sucked it. End of story. I guess you

need a little demonstration of reality, babe. And I'm

just the guy to give it you!"

Snake reached down and grabbed Lisa's dress and

pulled it up around her waist, making her naked from

the waist down. Tiffany glanced over and saw Lisa's

pussy, with his sparse covering of light brown hair,

exposed in the sunlight. Snake reached around to his

knapsack and pulled out a tube.

"This here is KY Jelly, Lisa Dog. I've been horny

as hell since I laid eyes on you, and I thought it

would be fun to tear off a piece of your sweet young

ass while we rocketed down the highway.

"Please don't," Lisa pleaded. "I'm so sorry,

please, don't hurt me, don't make me do this."

Snake twisted in his seat, unfastening his jeans

and pulling them down. His cock popped up, nestled

against Lisa's back, and she could feel the heat

radiating off the huge iron spike of his dick. He

lubed up his hard-on with the lubricant as Lisa

started to rise up in her seat in a futile attempt to

escape. Tiffany was having trouble keeping her eyes on

the road, as right next to her her enemy was about to

get fucked by this awful man, right in the passenger

seat of her car.

"Here goes, baby. Time for a little trip up the

Hershey Highway!" Snake yelled as the wind whipped

through the car. He lifted the tiny girl under both

armpits, aimed the purple mushroom head of his penis

at the tiny brown rosebud of her ass, and then settled

her back onto his lap.

"Ooooof! Stop, God it hurts, stop, don't do this!"

she screamed

"Relax that asshole, girlie, and let my cock do his

work, or I'll not only rape your ass, I'll hold down

that button while I'm doing it and you'll have pain

all over that sweet little body."

Lisa was crying now, her fate sealed, nowhere to

turn. Tiffany knew just hot the poor girl felt. She,

too, had been tormented and abused by sadistic older

men, she too had had the virginity of her backdoor

ripped away in what was nothing more than rape. She

found herself breathing heavily, her skin tingling all

over. She figured it was seeing Lisa get her

comeuppance, rather than any possibility that she was

identifying with the girl's victimization.

"Yeah, baby, come on down," Snake hissed, pulling

the struggling, squealing girl downward. Slowly, her

poor rectum stretched out to accommodate the massive

invasion of his penis. He gasped, and she did too,

when the head pooped past her anal ring and began a

slow, torturous journey, a millimeter at a time, up

her tight anal passage.

"Thank God for KY!" Snake yelled. "I'd never get up

that bunghole without it!"

"AAAAhhh, it hurts! It hurts! Stop it!" Lisa

bellowed in pain. Snake kept a tight grip on the young

cheerleader, holding her in place while he began

thrusting his pelvis upward, burying his monster cock

deeper and deeper into her spasming little orifice.

"Why are you doing this to me?" Lisa wailed.

"Well, for one thing I'm doing it because as soon

as I saw you I said to myself Snake old pal, you gotta

get your dick up that ass. For another thing, this is

how you're gonna earn the right to wear those knickers

at the mall, rather than have your twat on display for

every guy in the world to ogle. For still another

thing, you really ought to thank me, because if we get

to that mall and I'm all horny and tense, I'm gonna be

really mean, but if I've blasted off inside your butt,

I'll be a little more mellow, so again, it's in your

best interest. And finally, and I guess the real

reason to all this, is that I'm fucking your ass

because you apparently pissed Tiffany off."

"Ohhh, God, I didn't mean to, I'm so sorry,

Tiffany, please tell him to stop, he's gonna rip me up

down there, it's too big! Tiffany, please, tell him to

stop!" Lisa was screaming as the Miata picked up

speed, and Tiffany just smiled from the driver's seat.

This was sweet, sweet revenge, she thought, getting

back in little goody-two-shoes Lisa Bullets for

talking trash about her.

"Oh, a little dick up the ass never hurt anybody,"

Tiffany said. Snake thrust upward again, and Lisa

could feel his scratchy pubic hair rub against the

tender skin of her butt cheeks. He had buried every

bit of his cock insider her!

"So tell me, Tiff, if you don't mind, what did this

little slut do to you to deserve this?" Snake asked.

"She was talking trash about me," Tiffany said,

keeping her eyes on the road. She was approaching a

red light and braked to a stop. "I'm a senior and

she's a sophomore and she didn't know her place."

"That's all?" Snake asked. "Man, that's fuckin'

cold. I figured she stole your boyfriend or

something."

"I wouldn't want her fuckwad boyfriend!" Lisa spat.

"Hey, shut up, cunt, or I'll play Bad Doggie with

your collar," Snake growled. Just then a car pulled up

beside Tiffany on the passenger side. A teenaged boy

rolled down his window and goggled at the scene next

to him: Beautiful Tiffany driving, Snake in the

passenger seat and lovely Lisa on his lap, wearing a

next-to-nothing sundress.

"Dude!" yelled the teenager to Snake. "Way to go!"

Snake turned and smiled and spoke matter-of-factly.

"Yeah, I'm fuckin' her up the ass right now," he said.

The light turned green and Tiffany floored the car as

Snake burst into laughter and the teenager's mouth

hung open.

Tiffany found the exit ramp and moved onto the

Interstate, as Lisa Boulet kept up her cries of pain

and humiliation at being butt-raped.

"So tell me, Lisa-Doggie, you ever masturbate?"

Snake asked. "And don't lie to me, or I'll sit on this

remote control and zap you till your neck starts to

smoke!"

"Yes, sir!" Lisa said. Her eyes were screwed shut

and she was biting her lower lip in pain as Snake

worked his cock in and out of her ass.

"Good!" Snake called to her above the whistling

wind. "I want you to reach down and start playin' with

yourself, and I want you to give yourself a big ol'

whoppin' orgasm. As soon as you cum, I'll cum too, and

pull this bad boy out of your butt. But if you don't

cum, I'm just gonna keep fucking you and fucking you

and fucking you all the way to the mall. You got

that?"

"Yes, sir," Lisa replied. She instantly got busy,

spreading her legs a little to expose her bare pussy,

licking her fingertips and rubbing her clit.

Tiffany couldn't help but keep glancing over. God,

she was getting so hot, she couldn't believe it. Snake

was like a dream come true, so powerful and sure of

himself. He was a guy who didn't mess around, who got

right to the point with giving Lisa 18 kinds of hell.

She wondered what his cock felt like. And as she

watched Lisa try to bring herself off, she thought

about touching herself as well. Her clit needed

attention so badly, it was as if it was calling her

name: Tiffany! Touch me! Play with me! Lisa's getting

off and you're not!

But she made herself keep both hands on the wheel

like her daddy had taught her. The lightweight

convertible was rocking slightly now, as Snake jerked

himself up and down, up and down, plunging himself

deeper and deeper, ravishing the 15-year-old's

no-longer-virgin asshole. And Lisa was contributing

too, clutching the dashboard with her left hand so

that her right hand could stay busy on her clit.

Tiffany noticed that her enemy had stopped crying

about the pain, and had started making a low humming

sound that sounded almost like a cat purring.

"Ooh, yeah, Lisa baby, I think you're liking it

now," Snake said. "I can feel those muscles of yours

giving a massage to my rod. Can you make yourself cum,

Lisa?" He lowered his voice and started whispering

into her like a mantra, repeating over and over, "Cum

for me, Lisa, cum for me slut, cum for me baby, come

on baby, rub that clitty, you bad girl, you fuckin'

slut, you're so fuckin' hot, you're the hottest

fuckin' chick ever, cum for me baby..."

"MMMMMM-mmmmmmmm," Lisa hummed. She was

concentrating now, trying to block out that pain of

the gigantic cock that was violating her, thinking

about her pussy, about the warmth and the pressure. If

she could make herself cum, her ordeal would be over.

"MMMMM-hhmmmmmmm," she moaned, over and over.

Even with the top down, the Miata felt like it was

full of sex, Tiffany thought. Snake's seductive

whisperings, Lisa's moans of pleasure, her own

horniness, all were mixing together into some

pheromone-laced stew of lust. Only they're both going

to get off, Tiffany thought, and I'm not! It's not

fair!

"Oh yeah, baby, clamp those muscles down!" Snake

suddenly yelled, just as Lisa burst out, "Ohhhhhh,

GOD! GOD! GOD! Yesyesyesyes!" She began to shake

violently and whether ir was her muscles working on

his cock or just him being a man of his word, Snake

erupted just then, also, his face turning red as he

pumped his seed deep into the teenager's bottom.

They were both screaming in unison: "Yes! Yes!

Yes!" Then they were done. Tiffany squeezed her

thighs together, frustrated. She rubbed them against

each other, surreptitiously, trying to get a little

friction going on her own clit. The whole scene had

made her incredibly horny, but she couldn't admit

that, couldn't just start diddling herself in front of

the two of them.

"Oh fuck, baby, that was awesome!" Snake said as he

lifted Lisa off his lap and allowed his dick to

withdraw. "That's the best teenaged ass I've ever

fucked in my life. If you weren't jailbait, I'd hire

you to come do lap dances at my club!"

"Do I get my knickers back?" Lisa asked. Tiffany

thought she heard a tone of seductiveness in Lisa's

voice, as if the little tart was flirting with her

tormentor.

"Hell yes! After a fuck like that, you can have

anything you want!" Snake said enthusiastically.

"Hey, I get a say in this!" Tiffany interjected. It

was as if Snake and Lisa were playing their own game,

and she was hardly in it anymore. This was supposed to

be her show, damn it!

"You get a say in some things, Tiff," Snake said,

eyeing the older girl. "But I gave Lisa my word she

could have her knickers after I ass-fucked her, so I'm

gonna keep my word. Now tell me, why are we going to

this particular mall?"

Tiffany hesitated. The reason, of course, was that

this was where, White, Green, Brown and Black had

taken her last year, where she had been forced to blow

a Gap clerk and strip to the waist and walk around

with metal balls stuck up inside her. It somehow

seemed appropriate for her revenge on Lisa to take the

younger girl to the same place. But she couldn't say

any of that, as she didn't want Snake or Lisa to know

the horrible secrets of her past.

"It's just a cool mall," Tiffany said. Snake looked

at her curiously, not believing her.

She was confused. Snake and Lisa seemed to have

bonded somehow during the trip. They'd had a

simultaneous orgasm, and now were talking more like

friends and less like enemies. Her sexual frustration

made her head feel all wooly. This wasn't going the

way she had planned at all. This was supposed to be

her day, and it was slipping from her grasp.

The mall exit came up, and she turned off the

interstate.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE ONE WITH THE OLD SWITCHEROO

Tiffany sat in the parking lot of Southlands Mall,

trying to control her shivering. What was wrong with

her? This was her show, she told herself. She was the

boss, Lisa was the slave, Snake was there to help her

humiliate Lisa, just as she had been humiliated here

last year.

Maybe it was the horniness, from having to sit

there and drive while Snake had raped Lisa's ass and

then listen to the two of them cum. Maybe it was

excitement. Maybe it was the memory of that night

Roger White and the others had taken her here, the way

they had handcuffed her and fingered her in the back

seat of the SUV, forcing her to sing "I am 16 Going on

17." It had been a horrible, horrible night, the

confused teenager thought, and yet one that she could

not forget.

Get a grip, girl, she said to herself. Her nipples

were aching, her skin was burning, and her pussy

seemed to be leaking juice. She felt buzzed, like when

she had been forced to smoke a joint, but it wasn't a

mellow buzz. It was jangly, harsh.

Lisa was standing next to the Miata, pulling her

knickers on under the sheer sundress.

"Jesus Christ, my poor little butt hurts!" she

whined. "I can barely even walk!"

"I have that effect on women," Snake said boasted.

"And anyway, even if your asshole hurts, I'll be that

little pussy of yours feels pretty fine after the

workout she got."

"No thanks to you!" Lisa shot back.

"Hey, slut!" Snake said. "Don't forget. We ain't

equals. The proper response is 'Yes, sir.' Now, does

your pussy feel good, you little slut?"

"Yes sir,"

"That's better," Snake said, as he shouldered his

black knapsack. "So, Tiffany, what do you want to do?"

he asked.

"Well, I don't have a specific plan yet, but I

figured we'd make something up once we got inside,"

she answered.

"You don't have a plan?" Snake asked.

"Uh, no," she replied, feeling suddenly inadequate.

Why couldn't she think up creative ways to embarrass

Lisa? Everyone she knew seemed to be able to come up

with ways to embarrass Tiffany.

"Whatever," Snake sighed, and she could tell he was

disappointed.

The trio entered through the Sears entrance. "So

you want me to just kinda take over?" Snake asked.

"Uh, sure," Tiffany said. "For now, anyway."

"Well, then, Lisa, here's your first little

assignment for the afternoon." He reached into the bag

and pulled out an enormous black dildo. Made of molded

rubber and contoured with frighteningly realistic

bulging veins, it was as big around as a man's forearm

and 12 inches long. Snake handed the monstrosity to

little Lisa.

"We'll go to the tool department or someplace where

there's plenty of guys and find a male clerk. You will

go up to him and tell him you need replacement

batteries for your vibrator here. You'll get him to

put the batteries in, and make sure it works properly.

You will pretend the whole time that you're just a

little cocktease, and not give any sign that you're

doing this against your will. If your performance

doesn't convince me and Tiffany, we'll just head on

over to my bar for a few rounds of "Guess What's In

Your Pussy." You got it, ass-slut?"

Lisa swallowed. "Yes, sir," she said meekly.

In the tool department, Tiffany instantly saw the

clerk she wanted. He was a young black man, tall and

handsome, in his early 20s. "That's your guy," she

said to Lisa, pointing out the clerk.

The young girl squared her shoulder and marched

off, with Snake and Lisa trailing behind. They kept

close enough to listen, but far enough away to make it

look as if Lisa was alone in the store.

"Excuse me, sir," Lisa said to the clerk. "Can you

help me a minute?"

"Ma'am," said the clerk. He turned to Lisa and his

eyes bulged out like a cartoon character when he saw

the humongous purple-black cock she was holding. It

didn't even register at first how she was dressed, but

then he adjusted his gaze and took in the whole scene:

a short, gorgeous teenage girl wearing what amounted

to a see-through dress. With no bra! Damn, he could

see her titties right through the material!

"My, uh, uh, my vibrator here is out of batteries.

Do you sell batteries?"

"Jesus, lady!" the clerk sputtered. "What the hell

are you doing carrying a thing like that around in

Sears!"

Lisa blushed furiously. Tiffany could tell it was

difficult for the high school girl to go on, but Lisa

plunged ahead.

"Can you just get me some batteries?"

"Yeah, yeah, c'mere," the clerk said, and pulled

Lisa behind a display.

"What size?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"Well, let's open it up and see." He unscrewed the

bottom as if it was a flashlight, and out popped four

D batteries. "Mmm, some real power here," he muttered.

"Damn, girl, you got a set of balls on you, you don't

mind my saying so. You just wave that thing around

like it was cotton candy."

"Can I just have my batteries?" Lisa asked. Tiffany

had moved a few feet away, and could see the

desperate, anxious look on Lisa's face.

The clerk had regained his composure after his

surprise, and was starting to toy with the helpless

victim. He figured any girl brazen enough to dress

like this and wave a huge black dildo around in public

wouldn't be adverse to a little flirting.

"Sure, I'll get 'em for you, baby. But let me ask

you, you use that thing often?"

"Uh, yeah, sure."

He lowered his voice. "Ever try the real thing?"

Lisa stared at the floor.

"No."

"So you like to pretend, is that it?"

"Uh, I guess."

"Do you prefer a black one to a white one? Cause I

know you could buy a white one, but you must like it

black. Am I right, baby?"

"I guess."

"You guess? Just answer the question. Do you like

black or white better?"

"I don't know. Please, can I just have the

batteries?"

The clerk realized that no matter how big a slut

she was, she was still a customer and he was on thin

ice.

"Sure, baby, here you go," he said, and handed over

a four-pack.

"Could you, uh, put 'em in please, sir?" Lisa

asked.

The clerk couldn't help himself. His cock was

raging in his pants, wanting to get at this sweetheart

of a young white slut. "You want me to put it in,

baby? Is that what you want?" he teased.

"The batteries," Lisa said. She looked as if she

was about to burst into tears.

"Yeah, I'd like to put something in," the clerk

said, leering. "I'd like to put something in good and

deep, baby." He moved closer to Lisa. The display was

blocking them from view of most of the people in the

store. He had to see how far he could go. He reached

out a hand, slowly, and brushed it down the front of

her thin dress. Lisa shuddered, but knew she dare not

back away, with Tiffany and Snake luring nearby and

spying.

"You like that, baby?" the clerk asked. "Yeah, I

think you like it black. That's why you came to me

instead of someone else." His hand lingered on her

stomach, above the dress, and slowly, slowly moved

down toward her crotch. Lisa held her breath.

The clerk's hand settled on the teenager's crotch.

He pressed one finger in, right onto her clit,

pressing through the dress and the cotton panel of her

white knickers. She could feel the pressure on her

clit, and the little button was still sensitive from

the orgasm she'd just had in the car. But she couldn't

tell him to stop. Snake had given her instructions.

"Damn, lookit how hard your little nipples are," the

clerk said. Indeed, they were poking straight out,

making painfully obvious bumps in the sundress. "I'll

bet those little boys would like a nice kiss, wouldn't

they baby. Or maybe I oughta call you a 'ho." He was

speaking softly so that only she could hear him, and

began to work his finger up and down, teasing and

tickling her clitoris through the fabric. Lisa bit her

lip to keep from moaning. It was the most awful,

repellent moment in her 15 years, but she couldn't

deny the fact that she was aroused as well.

"I get off in 2 hours. Why don't you meet me back

here and I'll take you home and give your white ass a

fuck like it's never had before. What you say, my

little honky ho?"

"What the hell is going on here, Tyrone?!?!"

The voice startled both the clerk and Lisa, both of

whom had sunk into a near-hypnotic trance. They

wheeled and saw an obese white man in his 40s, his

hands on his fat hips.

"Tyrone, if you want to play with your girlfriend,

do it on your own time. Or I'll fire your ass. You got

that?"

"Yes sir, Mr. Miller, I'm sorry sir," Tyrone

babbled, backing away from Lisa Boulet as if she were

suddenly radioactive.

Miller, the assistant manager, looked at Lisa.

"Young lady," he said pompously, "it's not my place to

tell people how to dress, but that outfit is totally

inappropriate to be wearing in public. I suggest you

change, or go somewhere else.'

"Yes sir!" Lisa bleated. She tucked the dildo under

her folded arms, trying her best to hide it, and

walked away as quickly as she could. She was almost to

the exit when Snake and Tiffany caught up with her.

"Oh, God, that was awful!" Lisa wailed. "I feel

like shit. Did you see what that asshole was doing?"

"You bet I did!" Tiffany said. She was breathing

hard. "So who's the big shot now, Lisa?"

Lisa turned to Snake. "Can I speak my mind without

getting more punishment?" she asked.

"Well, you're gonna get more punishment no matter

what," he said, "so you might as well speak your

mind."

"Tiffany Daniels, I hate you! I loathe and despise

you! I wouldn't piss in your mouth if your lungs were

on fire. And I swear to you, when this is over, I'm

going to get revenge on you. And you will remember it

for the rest of your scummy life!"

"Whoa, babe!" Snake said. "What a speech! But let

me remind you, you're the one who's in trouble with

the principal, not Tiffany. So you can talk all you

want, but we're here action."

"Yeah!" said Tiffany. "I'm not afraid of you."

Lisa glared at Tiffany with a penetrating stare of

pure hatred.

"Come on, let's hit the mall, ladies," Snake said.

"This is not the time or place for a catfight.

Although ..." he trailed off, and his eyes glittered

with the fantasy that had just popped into his mind —

of Tiffany and Lisa squaring off in a vicious,

clothes-ripping, hair-pulling, nipple-clawing catfight

to in front of a gang of hooting, horny men. Maybe

he'd stand by with a hose, and wet 'em down every once

in a while.

"Although nothing!" Tiffany shot back. "Let's go."

As Tiffany had anticipated, Lisa's dress caused a

sensation in the mall. It was hilarious to watch guys

as they walked toward them, and suddenly realized that

they could see right through the sheer covering.

They'd stare and ogle. A gang of teenaged boys broke

into guffaws and started nudging each other

frantically, pointing and whispering. A man with his

wife almost walked into a pillar he was staring so

hard. Several males would walk past the trio, then

turn around and start following them. When Tiffany

glanced over her shoulder, there were 10 or 12 guys,

mostly young but also a couple of middle-aged pervs,

sauntering along behind Lisa, all of them trying to

look nonchalant, but scoping out her flawless young

body.

"The guys seem to like you today," Tiffany teased.

"Shut up!" Lisa snapped.

"Hey, remember what I told you back at the house.

You got to speak your mind back there at Sears, but

the proper response to Tiffany is Yes Ma'am!" Snake

corrected.

"Yes, sir," Lisa said. Two black teenagers came

ambling toward Lisa and walked right up to her. "Hey,

baby, lookin mighty fine today!" one said, stopping in

front of her and blocking her path. "Nice dress. And I

like the dog collar, too."

Snake stepped over to the youth and glared at him

menacingly. "She's with me," he growled. "Move on,

punk." The two caught the potential for violence in

Snake's aura and did as they were told.

"Hey, check this place out," Snake said, pointing

to store window. It had a display of a skull with red

eyes smoking a fake joint, and was hung with black

leather gear, Goth clothes, studded bracelets and the

like. "This looks like my kind of place," he said.

"Let's go in and check it out."

Tiffany looked up at the name of the store. The

Rave. She instantly remembered what had happened to

her here, in this very store.

"Uh, could we not? It looks kinda creepy."

"Fuck that," Snake said. "I want to check out the

gear. You said you don't have any plans, so let's go

on in."

"Please." Tiffany was rooted to the floor outside,

unable to move. Lisa looked confused.

"What's the big deal?" Snake said. "Come on. I'm

runnin' this show, and I say get your ass in there,

Tiffany."

With a sense of dread, Tiffany walked into the

Rave, along with Snake and Lisa. The store was crammed

with shelves and displays: T-shirts with profanity

splashed across the front, marijuana paraphernalia,

leather pants, ska and punk CDs, obscene bumper

stickers. Half a dozen mall rats - suburban kids who

fancied themselves hard-core rebels, even while they

drove the family van to the mall - were hanging

around. They all turned and stared at Lisa as she

entered.

All except one guy. The sales clerk was huge, a

biker-type with a handlebar moustache. Tiffany

recognized him immediately, the man she had thought of

as "Mr. Dangerous" last year when she had been forced

by Mr. Green to expose her breasts in the middle of

the store. He had ogled and pawed her, and although

worse things had been done to her since, the memory

still burned in her brain.

And Mr. Dangerous recognized Tiffany.

"Well, well, well," he said, approaching her. "Look

who's back. I was afraid I'd never get to see you

again, sweetheart. Where's your boyfriend?"

Tiffany was paralyzed with anxiety. Snake spoke up.

"She's with me. My name's Snake."

Mr. Dangerous stuck out a hand. "Snake, huh. I like

that. I'm Doc. You ride?"

"Some, but not in a club."

"Some fine lookin' ladies you got with you today,

Snake. Look like jailbait, but hey, old enough to

bleed, old enough to breed is what I always say. And

this one here must be back for round two."

"You mean Tiffany?" Snake asked. "I don't know

about round two. Tell me about round one, Doc."

"Doc!" Tiffany cried out, trying to derail this

horrible chain of events. She was about to be exposed

in front of Snake and Tiffany - not physically, like

before, but her past. This couldn't be happening.

"Please! We have to go now. Snake, can we go now.

Lisa, come on. I order you to come with me."

"Chill out, Tiff," Snake ordered. "Talk to me,

Doc."

Tiffany thought about running, but what would that

do? Snake and Lisa would still hear the story. If she

stayed, maybe she could distract Doc, or Snake, or

something. But Doc was already telling it, and Lisa in

particular was all ears.

"So she comes in here with this old guy, old enough

to be her father, but if it's daddy, then she's ready

for her Jerry Springer close-up, if you know what I

mean, cause it's obvious he's got the hots for her. He

picks out this halter and makes her try it on, and

won't let her go to the dressing room. He just gives

her this look, and she takes her top off right here

where we're standing, in front of customers."

"We're talking about Tiffany, this girl here?"

Snake asked, grabbing Tiffany firmly by the arm in

case she tried to run.

"Yeah, the one with the monster tits. I remember

her cause she looks like that Anna Kournikova, that

chick tennis player who always dresses like she's

ranked No. 1 on the pro circuit in being a cock tease.

So Tiffany here is a cock tease as well. She's letting

us check out her rack, and there's 5 or 6 of us all

around her, and she won't even cover up, cause

apparently old guy won't let her. Finally he asks me

to help her get the halter on. It's too small, but I

don't care, cause I'm coppin' feels like there's no

tomorrow. Isn't that right, Tiffany?"

The poor youngster was stricken, like a deer in the

headlights. "It's a lie!" she blurted. It was her only

chance. "He's lying!" she cried to Snake.

"The fuck I am," Doc said, getting angry. "You

stupid cunt. We had a surveillance camera that got the

whole thing. I dubbed a copy of the tape and played it

for my friends, cause I knew they would never believe

some stuck-up prick teasing high school shit would

come here and wiggle her tits at me like she was some

stripper."

"I'm not some stripper!" Tiffany protested.

"Well, you were that night," Doc said. "You want me

to get the tape and play it for your friends?"

"No! No, don't!"

"So I'm telling the truth, right bitch?"

Tiffany hung her head. "Yes," she whispered.

Lisa was grinning broadly at this unexpected and,

to her, wonderful piece of news. Snake was thinking.

"So she just stripped naked right here in the

store?" he asked Doc.

"Naw, not naked. I wish. She kept her skirt on. But

those titties, man oh man, they are about the finest

on the planet."

"Maybe we ought to see if we can re-enact that

night. Only this time make her get naked," Snake said.

He had a gleam in his eye, and he tightened his

fingers around Tiffany's arm. The helpless cheerleader

struggled to get away and make a run for it, but

couldn't.

With his free hand, Snake pulled a key from his

pocket and tossed it to Lisa. "Lisa, unlock that

collar around your neck, take it off and put it on

Tiffany here. We're gonna have a little change of

plans."

"Yesss!" said Lisa, and pumped her fist in the air.

"Nooooooo!" begged Tiffany. "Snake, you promised to

help me. You promised Stephanie, remember? I'm

supposed to be in charge."

Snake was grinning widely. "Shut up and listen," he

told the captive teen. "Maybe we'll go back to that

plan, and maybe we won't. Right now I'm improvising.

My new friend Doc here has just told me a cool story,

and I want to pay him back."

"Make Lisa do it!" Tiffany said. "Strip Lisa! She's

younger than me! Doc hasn't seen her tits yet!"

The customers had gathered around the small group

now, all watching silently as Lisa looped the dog

collar around Tiffany's neck. She tried to bob her

head back and forth, but Lisa grabbed her hair and

pulled hard, and soon had the collar buckled. She

quickly snapped the small padlock on it.

"You know, Doc, maybe this is a little too public

for this," Snake suggested. "You got a store room in

back or something?"

"Yeah, sure, let me hang out the sign,' Doc said.

He pulled the sliding glass wall across the front of

the store and hung a sign that said "Back in 15

Minutes." "You guys want to join us?" he asked the

handful of young male customers.

"Shit yeah!" they exploded in a chorus.

Snake had handed the remote control to Lisa. He

looked directly into Tiffany's eyes and spoke softly

to her. "Lisa has the remote now, Tiff. And she just

swore revenge on you. If you do not do exactly what I

say, Lisa is going to zap you. You don't know yet how

badly that little dog-training collar can hurt. It 's

your choice: You can either come in the storeroom and

show us your goodies, or Lisa can make you roll around

on the floor in unimaginable pain, and I'll have these

horny boys just rip the clothes right off your body.

"Your choice, Tiff. Let's go."

Tiffany, Lisa, Snake, Doc and the six suburban mall

punks pushed aside a curtain and walked into the back

store room.

CHAPTER FIVE

THE ONE WITH THE RING AROUND THE CHEERLEADER

"Please don't do this to me, Snake," Tiffany

whispered as she was marched into the back of the

store. "I'll do something nice for you. I'll give you

a blow job if you let me go. I could give you a really

good blow job, Snake."

"You'd give me a blow job?" Snake shouted so that

everyone could hear. Tiffany had been trying to

negotiate her way out of this trap, but Snake was

obviously enjoying her torment, and wanted to increase

it. "Hey guys, Tiffany here says she'll blow me if

I'll let her go. This sweet little cheerleader chick

is offering to suck my dick!"

The teen boys all snickered and laughed. "We wanna

see her naked!" one called out.

"OK, we'll vote," Snake said as the small crowd

arrived in the storeroom. "Everyone who wants to see

this beautiful girl without a stitch of clothes on,

raise your hand." All the boys raised their hands, as

did Doc, as did Lisa, smiling cruelly.

"And everyone who wants me to let her go, in

exchange for which I get to slide my cock into that

hot little Tiffany mouth and pump my seed into her

belly, but the rest of you don't get dick, raise your

hand." Snake raised his hand, but Tiffany could tell

he was just mocking her.

"Democracy in action, Tiff," he said to her.

Everyone had formed a ring around Tiffany now, and she

could feel their lust radiating off them in waves. She

worried that a gang rape could be in the offing. Snake

was completely in control, and if he wanted her to be

gang raped, it would happen, she knew.

"What I think I want to see here," Snake said, "is

for Tiffany here to put on the dress that Lisa is

wearing. So Lisa, first you need to take off that

dress, and then you can have your other clothes back

out of my bag. Tiffany, while Lisa is taking off the

dress, you take off all your clothes. Everything. You

have 60 seconds. Go!"

Tiffany just stood there, frozen. She couldn't do

it. "Take it off! Take it off!" the boys began to

chant.

"Thirty seconds," Snake said. "Lisa, gimme that

remote." Lisa handed it to him and Snake held it up

menacingly so that Tiffany could see it. She looked

over at Lisa, and saw that the younger girl had

stepped out of the dress and now stood there stark

naked in her shoes. None of the boys were watching

Lisa, though, as they were all still in a ring around

the cheerleader, chanting.

She had no choice. She unbuttoned her blouse

quickly, unsnapped her plaid skirt and let it slip

down to her ankles. The boys began whistling and

giggling at the sight of her white cotton bra and

knickers. She looked at Snake, who just held up the

remote. She knew she had only a few second left, and

she quickly unhooked her bra and let it fall to the

floor. Her magnificent 36-C breasts, so perky and

white against her tan skin, seemed to fill the room

with their sheer perfection. She slid her knickers down

her tan, well-muscled legs, and crossed one leg in

front of the other to hide her pubic patch from the

lustful gazes of the boys. She crossed her arms across

her tits.

Lisa had handed Snake the dress and quickly rooted

through his backpack to get her clothes back. As

everyone stared at Tiffany, Lisa dressed quickly.

"Would you like the dress, Tiffany?" Snake taunted,

holding it out, but just out of her reach.

"Yes, please," she said. Her voice squeaked.

"I'll give it to you, but I don't think this

modesty is what the boys here had in mind. I think

they wanted to see all of you. So I want you to lace

your fingers behind your head and stick those titties

out like you're proud of 'em. And I want you to stand

with your legs about a foot apart. And hold the pose."

"Yeah, baby, do it!" a teenager yelled. "Fuckin' A,

let's see some pussy!" shouted another. The air was

thick with testosterone and Tiffany's mortification.

"Please don't make me," she begged. "Please let me

have the dress."

"Assume the position. As soon as you assume the

position," Snake told her, "I'll stop telling the boys

here all the details of your personal life. Gentlemen,

this young lady's name is Tiffany Daniels. She's 17

years old, and she's a cheerleader at Daniels High

School in Beverly. So if you want to see her again,

just come to a football or basketball game at Daniels,

and she'll be there, shaking her pom poms."

"Stop it!" Tiffany shrieked. He would leave her

with no privacy at all.

"Shall I tell them your home address and phone

number?" Snake asked.

"No!" Tiffany said. She forced herself to take the

stance Snake had demanded. Her hands were laced behind

her head, which caused her magnificent tits to jut out

even more. The nipples responded to the air

conditioning, swelling into little pink eraser tips.

She shuffled her feet apart, exposing her blonde

public hair to the steamy stares of the crowd.

"There she is boys!" Snake crowed. "Your very own

naked cheerleader. Tiffany, why don't you ask the boys

to touch your tits?"

"NOOOO!" she cried.

"I think the proper response is 'Yes, sir," Snake

corrected. He pushed the remote control button for the

briefest millisecond, just enough to give Tiffany a

stab of electric pain. It was short, but terribly

painful, and her knees almost buckled.

"B-b-b-boys," the naked cheerleader stammered,

"would you like to touch my tits? Please be gentle!"

she added.

The suburban homeys pressed forward, hands

outstretched. In a flash, six pairs of hands were on

Tiffany's tits, molding them and kneading them, poking

and tweaking the nipples, which got harder and harder

with all the attention. Tiffany Daniels kept her hands

laced behind her head, as a tear rolled down her cheek

over the way she was being defiled, the group grope of

her poor beautiful breasts.

"OK, guys, step back, you'll rub em off," Snake

joked. "Now I guess our little game wouldn't be

complete without getting to touch her pussy" - the

tension in the room suddenly shot up several levels --

"but I think six fingers up Tiffany's cunt would just

stretch it out so bad that her future husband would

never get a truly righteous fuck. So settle down,

dudes. Doc, you're the guy who got us started on this,

you wanna get some stinky pinky?"

Doc stepped forward and approached Tiffany. "Please

don't hurt me, please be gentle," she said. She

couldn't stop it, she could only try to make it less

awful.

Doc stuck his index finger in his mouth and wetted

it, then stood right in front of Tiffany, only a

couple of inches away. He dropped his hand, and she

felt his finger, tickling her labia, parting the pubic

hair, slowly wiggling its way up into her pussy.

"You like being finger-fucked, Tiffany?" he asked

in what he hoped was a seductive voice.

She knew what she had to answer to keep from

getting zapped. "Yes, sir." Doc drove his finger in a

little farther. Tiffany gasped, and the room seemed to

hold its breath. They watched his arm begin to move,

up and down, gently but insistently, as he began to

frig the poor girl.

"She was already kinda wet," Doc said to Snake.

"Were you wet, Tiffany?" Snake asked. "What got you

wet? Was it the boys grabbing your titties? Was it

showing off your body to everyone? Ya know, I got this

theory about cheerleaders, Tiffany. I think

cheerleaders are exhibitionists who get off on

flashing their knickers and thrusting their chests out

in front of lots of people, but in a safe, permissible

way. They know that the men in the crowd are all

getting major wood, wanting to fuck em, but they

can't. It's like prick-teasing on a mass scale."

He whirled around on Lisa. "Hey there slut, I

haven't forgotten about you. Give me an honest answer.

When cheerleaders are out there shaking their booties

and jumping around in tight sweaters with all those

guys staring at them, are they getting off on it?"

"Uh, yeah, a little I guess," Lisa said.

A groan from Tiffany brought the attention back to

her. "Am I hurting you, cunt?" Doc asked fiercely. "Or

are you getting off? Cause you're pretty wet, I don't

see how I could be hurting you." He sawed his index

finger in and out of the teen's moist little slit.

Doc dragged his finger slowly out from between

Tiffany's labia and moved it up to her clit. The

combination of sexual stimulation and fear had made

that pink button of ultra-sensitive flesh a little bit

exposed, and as Doc roughly brushed his finger against

it, Tiffany couldn't help herself. She let out an

involuntary moan of sexual pleasure. Encouraged, Doc

began to rub the poor teen's clit in earnest.

"She's lovin' it!" he announced to the gathering of

boys, who pressed in closer to see.

"I've got an idea!" Snake announced. "Since

Tiffany's so horny today, we're gonna help her cum.

Who wants to see Tiffany have an orgasm?"

"Fuck that!" called one of the teenaged boys. "I

wanna have one. Let's rape the cunt right here. She

wants some cock, I got some right here," he said,

fondling an enormous bulge in his baggy shorts.

"I sympathize, pal," Snake said. "But I don't think

a gang rape right here and now is a good idea. Anyone

could walk in, and it would take a while. And if one

of you gets to fuck her, then everyone should get a

shot. So I'm in charge, and nobody's gonna fuck the

cunt right now. Anybody got a problem with that?" He

gave the group a hard stare. They all looked down,

grumbling and mumbling, but Snake's authority over the

bizarre scene was absolute.

Tiffany was still standing at attention, legs

spread, hands laced behind her head, having her

increasingly wet pussy rubbed by the guy named Doc.

"Tiffany, what do you say?" Snake asked her.

She was baffled. She didn't know what he wanted.

"I don't know," she squeaked.

"Wrong answer! Zap!" Snake shouted, pressing the

remote. At the same moment, the dog collar around her

neck was suddenly alive with electricity, shocking the

girl. She screamed, and pulled her hands around to try

to pull the infernal device away from her skin. The

buzzing, burning feeling was agonizing.

Snake stopped. "You're supposed to thank me,

Tiffany," he said. "These guys wanted to gang-bang

you, and I could have just stood by and let them, but

I saved your ass."

"Thank you, sir," Tiffany said.

"That's better. Now, consider your answer very

carefully, and remember what I can do if I don't like

that answer. Yes or no. Would you like to give these

boys a demonstration of what a real live cheerleader

having an orgasm looks like?"

She knew what she had to say. Knew she had no

choice.

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, what?"

Damn him! Tiffany thought. He's just rubbing my

nose in every second of this.

"Yes, I'd like to show these boys and orgasm."

"Well, that's just swell, Tiffany. Pick out the boy

you'd like to have it with."

God, would this never end? she thought. She looked

at the leering, grinning, mouth-breathing idiots

surrounding her. Back at Daniels, where she was the

unofficial queen, she would never give any of these

losers the time of day. One boy seemed at least

smaller and shyer and less hideous than the rest, and

she knew she had to decide, so she pointed. "Him."

"Come on down, bud!" Snake called like a game show

host. "What's your name."

"Tommy."

"And how old are you, Tommy?"

"13."

"And have you ever tasted a girl's pussy, Tommy?"

Snake asked.

"Uh, uh, I guess not." It was obvious that Tommy

was as nervous as Tiffany.

"Well, it's your lucky day. But first, a little

something to make this more fun." He pulled from his

backpack a small plastic egg, which looked to Tiffany

and Tommy and the group exactly like one of those

plastic Easter Eggs that spilt in half. It had a tiny

switch on the bottom, and when Snake thumbed the

switch, it began to vibrate, making a low humming

sound.

"Behold the vibrating egg," he said. "Horny women

pick these babies up at Fredericks of Hollywood. I was

planning on using it on Lisa over there, but things

change, and you gotta go with the flow, go where it

takes ya. So Tiffany, I want you to reach down with

both hands and pry those pussy lips open as far wide

open as they will go, and maybe bend your knees a

little, so we can get this bad boy up inside you."

Tiffany pleaded with her tormentor with her big

blue eyes, but she knew there would be no pity or

reprieve. She did as she was told. To her surprise,

Snake popped the plastic egg into his mouth, held it

there, then pulled it out. "Gotta get it good and wet

for ya," he said, a nasty twinkle in his eye.

Snake knelt in front of the cheerleader, and

deftly, gently even, began to insert the vibrating egg

up into her pussy, jostling it gently back and forth,

working it up inside. The boys in the ring around the

cheerleader seemed to be holding their breath. So was

Lisa, watching wide-eyed from the sidelines. She

realized that if the store clerk hadn't recognized

Tiffany from her last trip, that she would have been

the one surrounded by horny guys, naked, with a

vibrating egg stuck up her pussy.

Finally it was in place. And to Tiffany, it felt

like the center of her universe. The egg wasn't

uncomfortable, it just felt so big down there,

stuffing her full, and it kept buzzing and buzzing and

vibrating. It made her feel like she wanted to pee,

made her feel all weird and tingly. She knew, although

she hated to admit, that it felt good, it felt fucking

great in fact.

"Now kneel down here, Tommy," Snake was

instructing, and place your hands on her hips like

this, and move your face in there so your mouth is

lined up with her pussy. Right at the top of her lips

there's a little piece of flesh called the clitoris,

and that's what you need to lick to make her cum.

Pretend it's an ice cream cone, but don't take your

tongue off. Just move your tongue up and down,

starting slow, then getting faster."

Tiffany felt the young boy's tongue touch her clit,

already excited by Doc, and she yelped. She couldn't

help it. The contact of the warm, wet tongue, the

buzzing of the egg pressed up inside her, were

sexually overwhelming. She thought about fighting it,

but knew Snake would make her stand there until she

had an orgasm. She might as well get it over with, and

give him what he wanted.

She thought of Hayden. Pretended it was Hayden, her

beloved, who was licking her between her legs. Without

realizing what she was doing, she put her hands on the

back of Tommy's head and pulled him into her sweet,

needy wetness, into her pussy. "Oh, yes, oh yes, lick

me oh lick me!" she cried out.

The boys were all goggled-eyed as they watched the

beautiful young girl squeeze her eyes tight and

surrender herself to the inexperienced but inescapably

blissful tongue work of young Tommy. They couldn't

read Tiffany's mind, that she had constructed a

fantasy of Hayden going down on her. They just saw her

slutty behavior, and commented on it. "What a fuckin'

slut." "Man, she is one horny cunt!" "Jesus, what a

ho!" That one drew a raucous laugh from the crowd.

Tiffany was only partly aware of the jeering mob of

boys. She began thrusting her pelvis forward to meet

Tommy's tongue, and as she moved her hips, the egg

inside of her shifted slightly, changing positions,

sending off its signals in unexpected new ways. "Oh,

oh!" she yelped, lost in the building ecstasy.

"Make her cum!" yelled a boy, and it soon became a

chant: "Make her cum! Maker cum! Even Doc and Lisa

took up the chant, although Snake remained calm and

silent, watching the scene he had created. His dark

eyes burned with lust, and he was already thinking

ahead to his next move in the game, like a master

chess player.

Tiffany could feel the powerful orgasm building in

her, getting closer and closer. Her clit felt as it if

had swelled to the size of a grape, it felt enormous,

and every time Tommy's tongue passed over the surface,

she wanted him to just take it into his mouth and suck

on it, like a tiny dick. She barely even heard her own

voice when she yelled out, "Suck my clit! Suck it!

Suck it, please oh God suck it!" Tommy heard her, and

followed her instructions, pulling the pulsing nubbin

into his mouth and sucking on it like a tiny nipple.

"OHHHHH! OHHHHH!" Tiffany moaned. Her hands

clutched Tommy's hair, two iron grips, and she whipped

her hips into the poor boy's face as he mouthed her to

an orgasm. He could feel her thighs trembling, the

heat radiating out of he pussy, and he could taste the

strange, salty taste of her love juice as it gushed

out of her teenaged hole.

"FUCK! FUCK! OHHHHH GOD!" Tiffany screamed as her

body exploded in a mind-blowing orgasm. She felt as if

her molecules were flying apart, and even though part

of her knew the humiliating circumstances of where she

was, another part of her kept pretending it was sweet,

kind Hayden who was working this sexual mojo on her.

She released her grip on Tommy and step back. Tommy

stood up and grinned at his friends. His face was as

glazed as a Krispy Kreme donut with Tiffany's juices,

his lips puffy. He had an idiotic smile on his

13-year-old face, and a raging boner in his pants that

he would take care of in a men's room stall as soon as

he could make a decent exit from the group.

"Cool!" one of the boys yelled, and they burst into

spontaneous applause.

"How about that, Tiffany?" Snake cracked. "You just

got a standing O!"

CHAPTER SIX

THE ONE WITH THE HELTER SKELTER

Snake told the guys in no uncertain terms that the

show was over, and they left, grumbling and adjusting

their crotches. He gave Tiffany the dress, and she

struggled into it, still in a post-orgasmic semi-daze.

She got it on, but could barely get it buttoned.

When she was done, Snake was glad there was no

mirror in the store room, so the proud girl could not

see how trashy she looked. She was disheveled from her

climax, her hair mussed, her eyes a little wild. And

the sundress that had been a little snug on Lisa was

absolutely obscene on Tiffany, who was several inches

taller and 30 pounds heavier than the younger pixie.

The hemline barely covered her ass and crotch, and the

buttons that went up the front were fastened, but

straining, right on the verge of popping. There were

large gaps between the button holes where stretches of

bare flesh were visible. The incredibly thin, nearly

transparent fabric was pulled taut all over her body,

stretched thinly across her nipples, which poked

straight out through the dress, across her flat,

smooth belly, and stretched nearly to the breaking

point across the rounded curves of her delicious young

ass. The effect was actually worse than being naked,

Snake thought; it was like walking around with a huge

sign saying "I'm a cheap, worthless slut." He smiled.

"What do you think of our girl, Lisa?" he asked.

"Looks like the slut she is," Lisa offered.

"Hey!" Tiffany said. "When we get out of this

store, aren't we going back to me being the top and

Lisa being the bottom? That was our deal," she whined.

"Yeah, I know it was, Tiff, but plans change,"

Snake said. "I'm making this up as I go along. And to

be honest, you're not much of a top. You were letting

me take the lead when we had Lisa in the collar, when

you should have had her jumping through hoops."

"Well, I was gonna," Tiffany pouted.

"Woulda shoulda coulda," Snake taunted. "I think in

fairness I ought to give Lisa a chance to be a top for

a little bit, and see which one of you girls is the

more natural top and which is the natural bottom."

"That's not fair," Tiffany shot back, but she could

feel that her will was nowhere near as strong as

Snake's. And anyway, she was still wearing the collar.

Unexpectedly, Snake began singing softly.

"When I get to the bottom I go back to the top of

the slide/

Where I stop and I turn and I go for a ride/

Till I get to the bottom and I see you again.

"Helter Skelter, baby," he said to Tiffany. "An old

Beatles tune. Charlie Manson got his hands on it and

fucked it all up, and I don't really know what the

hell they were singing about in the first place. But

it reminds me of you. You think you're on top, but

you're really just headin' down the slide for the

bottom. And every time you think you're gonna be on

top, the bottom is your destiny."

Lisa walked over to Snake and stood on her tiptoes,

pulling his face down. She whispered into his ear.

Tiffany started to step forward to break it up, but

snake held the remote out in front of him just pointed

at her, and she stopped. Snake listened to Lisa's

whispered suggestion, and as he listened, a smile

broke out on his face.

"Damn, girl!" he said when she was done. "You got a

fuckin' nasty streak in you."

"What? What?" Tiffany demanded. She could feel the

balance of power shifting, sense how shaky her

position was.

"Lisa has suggested a little, uh, test for you,

Tiffany. If you pass the test, she will go back to

being your slave for the week, just like the original

plan. If you fail the test, then you will be HER slave

for the week, starting right now in the mall."

"What's the test?" Tiffany asked, her heart

pounding with rising anxiety. Lisa hated her, and had

good reason to enact a terrible revenge.

"I'll tell you in a little bit. Wait here, and I'll

be back in a minute." He handed Lisa the remote.

"You're not out of the woods yet, Bullets. I can

change my mind in a second, and put that collar back

on you, and call all those boys back here and rig up

an impromptu game of "Guess What's in Your Pussy." You

want to play that, Doc?"

"I don't know what the fuck it is, but it sounds

good!" Doc said eagerly. He had been hoping that this

time, with two foxy little sluts in his store, he was

going to bone one of them, but this Snake dude was

obviously the alpha male, and Doc was just going

along.

Snake left, headed back into the mall, and Lisa,

Tiffany and Doc stood in the backroom, looking at one

another.

"Doc, I need a quick word with you in private,"

Lisa said, motioning to the big guy. She kept her eyes

on Tiffany and her finger on the remote. "Sit. Stay,"

she ordered the older girl, just like a dog. Tiffany

found a storage box and sat down, realizing that the

tiny dress rode up all the way to her waist when she

sat, completely exposing her pussy. The egg,

meanwhile, continued to buzz inside her, and the

vibrations were making it hard for her to think about

anything except sex.

Lisa and Doc huddled, with Lisa doing all the

talking. Doc nodded, and Lisa walked over to Tiffany's

purse, pulled out her wallet, and yanked out all the

cash.

"Hey!" said Tiffany.

"Shut up!" Lisa barked, and zapped Tiffany with the

remote. The electricity in the collar hit the girl

like a ton of bricks, so hard she toppled off the box

and lay on the concrete floor. Lisa kept the button

mashed down as Tiffany's body convulsed with pain. It

was so total and overwhelming she couldn't even

scream, just make little throttled noises in her

throat. Finally, smiling cruelly, little Lisa stopped

the torture. Tiffany gasped for breath as Lisa handed

Doc $100 of Tiffany's money.

"Let me tell you what I just did, you worthless

cunt," Lisa hissed. "See that surveillance camera?"

She pointed to the corner of the ceiling. "My friend

Doc is going to make a copy of that tape and give it

to me for $100. That's $100 of your money, but Doc

doesn't care. No matter what happens today with you

and me and Snake, I'm gonna have a copy of that video

of you naked, surrounded by horny boys calling you a

ho, and cumming your fool head off. And if you don't

do as you're told, I'll start by giving the video to

your dickhead boyfriend Hayden so he can see what a

cum-whore you really are. And then I'll distribute it

to every boy at Daniels."

Tiffany heard the words, so similar to what she had

heard before. Blackmail, threats, a video of her in a

compromising position. Her teachers had done this to

her, and her cousin, and a sheriff, and each time she

had yielded because she had no choice. She wanted to

fight back against her nemesis, but how could she? Her

old habits took over.

"Alright," she said simply, and bowed her head.

"Hey!" Doc spoke up. "Since Snake is gone for a few

minutes, how about if take a shot at the whore?" he

asked Lisa.

The young cheerleader considered it. "Well, she's

got that egg stuck up her cunt, and Snake probably

doesn't want it taken out. I suppose you could use her

mouth, but you better be quick about it. I don't want

Snake to come back and see you using his sex-toy

without his permission."

"Hey, I'm so horny I'll probably shoot in about 10

seconds," Doc said, unzipping his black jeans while he

spoke and hauling out his erection. "This is the

second time I've had to watch this little cock-teaser

prance around the place naked, and I mean to get me

some. C'mere, bitch!" He reached out and grabbed

Tiffany by the arm, and forced her to her knees.

She started to protest, but knew there was no

point. Lisa had the remote control to the dog collar

and enjoyed using it. If she tried to run, she'd be

lying on the floor writhing in pain before she got 10

feet. And if she screamed, there was always the

surveillance video. She shuddered at the prospect of

what sweet Hayden would think if see it. Obediently,

she opened her mouth, and Doc rammed the full length

of his cock straight in, right past her lips, over her

tongue and against the back of her throat.

Tiff started to gag on the thick monster, but

fought back the urge. The best thing to do was to make

the creep spew quickly and get it over with. Her

fellatio instincts, honed over so many involuntary

blowjobs, took over, and she reached out her right

hand and began stroking the small part of the base of

his cock that was outside her lips. She started

sucking as hard as she could, running her tongue up

and down the underside of his thick, veiny shaft.

"Ohhh, yeah, you cheap little slut, that is so

fuckin' great. Suck me off, cheer-cunt, suck me off!"

Doc moaned. He grabbed her wavy blonde hair in each of

his meaty hands and began seriously fucking his cock

down her throat. Lisa watched the scenario with a

smile and an evil lust in her eyes. What a trip, she

thought. Starting out the day under Tiffany's thumb,

and now standing here watching the bitch suck off some

sleazebag clerk in a backroom at the mall. Life is

good, Lisa thought.

"Swallow it all, bitch!" Doc ordered after just a

couple minutes. Sure enough, it hadn't taken him long

to reach orgasm, and he knew, deep down, that it was

probably best if Snake didn't catch him using Tiffany

this way. Snake was obviously a guy who liked to run

his own show, and not have other people horning in.

"I'm gonna shoot! Ahhhh! Ahhhhh!" Doc's dick

erupted in Tiffany's 17-year-old mouth, spewing a

massive load of cum straight into the back of her

throat. Of all the blowjobs she had been forced to

give, Tiffany had never known anyone to cum so much;

it felt like a bucket full. She swallowed, and again,

and again, gulping frantically. The swallowing motion

of her beautiful throat, where Doc's pulsing dick was

lodged, milked the bulbous head of his cock, sending

him into paroxysms of pleasure.

Finally, he pulled his dick slowly from his mouth.

Tiffany licked her lips, making sure none of his

greasy semen remained in sight. Suddenly, she was

aware again of the egg in her pussy, buzzing, buzzing,

making her hornier by the minute. It was if sucking

the cock had triggered something in her, and now some

primal part of her being felt it was her turn to cum.

Snake sauntered into the back room holding two huge

"Big Gulp" size cups of Coke. He took one look at

Tiffany, still on her knees licking her lips, and Doc,

red-faced and panting, and knew what had happened.

"Tiffany, did you blow Doc?" he asked.

"Yeah, but he made me!" Tiffany whined.

"Whatever," Doc shrugged. "Jeez, I'm gone five

fuckin' minutes and you've got a dick in your mouth.

You're the biggest fuckin' whore I've seen in my life,

and believe me, at my bar, I've seen some crack-whores

come in and do a whole room full of guys for $5 each."

"But he made me!" Tiffany repeated. "I didn't want

to."

"Here, wash the taste out of your mouth, babe," Doc

said, handing her one of the giant Cokes. Tiffany

realized she was terribly thirsty after the long,

degrading spectacle she had been put through. She

slurped at the straw, greedily drinking the soft

drink, while Lisa drank hers.

"We gotta roll, ladies," Snake announced. He shooks

hands with Doc, and whispered something to him; Doc

smiled and nodded and gave Snake a thumbs up. Snake

got between the two high school girls, put an arm

around the waist of each, and walked them out of the

store and into the mall.

Tiffany had forgotten how she was dressed, but she

remembered the second she was in the crowded mall. The

transparent dress, way too tight for her voluptuous

frame, caused a sensation, as virtually every guy in

eyesight ogled her, whistled at her, or came over to

check her out. It was soon hard to walk, as a crowd of

about 20 young men surrounded the trio.

"Hey, ho, you lookin' like you want some dick!"

called a black teenager, and his buddies all laughed.

She felt something behind her, realized it was a hand

on the hem of her dress, lifting it up, exposing her

naked ass to however many boys were back there. She

heard laughter and whistled, and felt the cold of the

air-conditioned air on her butt as the hem was lifted

all the way to her waist.

"Man, we gotta get you better dressed," Snake said.

"Let's duck in here." It was a huge sporting goods

mega-store, one that stretched as wide as several

stores and went back as far as the eye could see.

Tiffany could only see the racks of athletic shoes

near the front and lining the walls, and wasn't sure

how this would help. But she was grateful when Snake

pulled himself up to his full height and addressed the

throng of grabby boys with authority. "Boys, we'll

catch you later. Move on. Now." They grumbled, but did

as they were told.

"Finish your Coke, Tiff," Snake said as they walked

through the sporting goods store. "I'll buy you a

present."

He went to a display rack that held exercise

clothes and picked up a pair of white spandex bicycle

shorts. "Would you like these?"

God, yes, Tiffany thought. Then at least her pussy

and ass wouldn't be on display to everyone in the

mall. It would be a huge improvement in modesty!

"Yes, sir!" she gushed, wanting Snake to buy them

for her.

"Here, why don't you try these on?" he said,

holding out a pair.

"Well, these are a size small," Tiffany said, "and

I hate to admit it, but for something like bike

shorts, I need a Large. I'm, uh, not real tiny, in

case you hadn't noticed."

Snake ogled her voluptuous curves, her well-rounded

ass and 36C breasts. Tiffany knew he had noticed.

"I would like to see you in a Small," Snake said

simply, and looked straight into Tiffany's eyes. "So

why don't you shut the fuck up about what you want,

and do what I want."

Tiffany shuddered. "Where's the dressing room?" she

asked.

"Put 'em on right here," Snake growled, clearly

growing impatient with her stalling and questioning.

The teenager looked around, and saw a couple of

male clerks several yards away helping other

customers. Despite her provocative outfit, they had

not seen her come in. She stepped behind the carousel

rack of bike shorts, bit her lip with anxiety, and

stepped into the white shorts. Wiggling sexily, she

got them up over her knees, but began to slow down as

she pulled them up her thighs. When the waist band was

just at the bottom of her blond pussy, she began

tugging harder, then harder still, but couldn't budge

them upward more than a fraction of an inch.

"They won't go up any more."

"Sure they will, whore," Snake said. "You're just

not trying hard enough. Here, take a really deep

breath and suck your stomach in and hold it."

She did as she was told, and the dark bar-owner

grabbed the elastic top of the shorts at each side,

bunching the material in his fists. Then he yanked up

with all his strength. The shorts moved upward. He

yanked again, and again, and they slid up over the

gorgeous globes of her ass, until they the crotch of

the shorts was firmly pressed up against her labia.

"Ohmigod, these things are so tight I can't even

breathe," Tiffany complained. She was still sucking

her little tummy in as hard as she could.

Snake lifted the hem of the sundress and pointed at

Tiffany's pussy, for Lisa's benefit. "Check it out,

Lisa. See how you can see the outline of her lips

pressing right through the fabric. That's called a

Cameltoe. There's guys on the Internet who devote

whole web pages to girls in really tights knickers and

exercise clothes that you can see the outline of their

pussy lips."

"Do I have to wear these?" Tiffany asked.

"You bet you do, whore. You wanted to get covered

up, and now you're covered up. But I got a plan on how

to release a little of the pressure. Trust me, I won't

hurt you if you hold very, very still."

He reached into his pocket and pulled out small

knife. Kneeling down in front of her, he touched the

knife to the front of the bike shorts, right over her

clit.

Tiffany, suddenly seized with fear, couldn't help

herself. She flinched, took a step back, and crossed

her hands over her pussy. My God, he had a knife right

there!

"Let me do this, Tiff-whore, or I'll call those

clerks over here and have them hold your arms behind

your back while I do it anyway. Now if you'd just stop

and think for a minute with that pretty blonde head of

yours, you'd know that the last thing I want to do is

cut you and have you bleeding all over the floor in a

fucking mall. That brings mall security, and cops,

which is the last thing I want. Now drop those hands

and hold still."

Trembling, Tiffany did as she was told. She

realized this horror was never going to end, that

Snake was worse than any of the dominant males, the

tops, who had put her through various paces. She felt

the point of the knife pierce the thin white Spandex

of the bike shorts, and for an instant, felt the cold

steel blade brush ever so lightly against her pink,

puffy labia. But Snake was true to her word, and she

was not cut. Instead, he began gently sawing downward,

cutting the bike shorts open in a thin vertical slash

that ran exactly over her own gash, then continuing

between her legs until he reached her asshole.

Instantly Tiffany felt the most amazing thing. Her

labia popped right through the thin tear in the

fabric! It was so weird to be covered up down there,

except for the lips of her pussy, which were now

poking out, exposing all her inner charms. She knew it

must look horrible and obscene, like the girls in one

of those nasty magazines her cousins read like

"Hustler."

"Jeez, that is so nasty lookin'!" Lisa exclaimed.

"She's all poofin' out!"

"I don't know, I kinda like it," Snake said,

examining his handiwork. "It sure draws the eye. Look

at it this way, Tiff. Nobody's gonna be starin' at

your tits when you walk around like that."

"I gotta go pee!" Tiffany announced.

"Oh, hey, Lisa, we forgot to tell the whore what

her little challenge was," Snake said, winking at

Lisa. "You know that Coke I gave you? I stopped at the

drugstore on the way back to the clothing store and

bought a diuretic, and dumped the whole thing into the

Coke. A diuretic is a drug that people with high blood

pressure take to help them urinate more. It won't hurt

you, but on a healthy youngster like yourself with a

bladder full of Coke, it's gonna make you want to pee

so bad you'll feel like you're about to explode."

"Why are you doing this to me?" Tiffany whined.

Here she was in a see-through dress and white bike

shorts with the crotch cut out, her poor little pussy

exposed to any man who wanted to see, being tormented

with bladder control torture by some guy she'd only

met this morning! Was Snake right? Was Helter Skelter

her destiny?

"Cause we love ya, babe!" Snake said sarcastically,

and he and Lisa both burst into laughter. "And don't

blame me. This was this little slut-doggie's idea,

back in the clothing store." Lisa smiled coldly at

Tiffany.

"So all you gotta do is win this challenge is go

for one hour without going to the bathroom. And since

you're such a whiner, you can't even ask, or mention

it, or nothing. If you go the whole hour without a

peep, then Lisa goes back to being your bitch, and you

can think up something for her to do. But if you can't

hold it or if you say anything at all about finding a

bathroom, then Lisa owns your sleazy ass. And I

wouldn't want to be Lisa's slave if I were you!"

Tiffany realized now what was up with the bicycle

shorts. Snake had deliberately tricked her into

putting on the smallest pair, knowing that they would

exert a constant pressure on her bladder, almost like

a tightly-laced corset. She could feel the Spandex

pressing on her tummy already, and her bladder hurt.

She didn't even know what kind of drug she'd been

tricked into taking, but she knew her own body, and

there was no way a Coke, even a big one, could make

her want to pee this fast. How could she last an hour

like this? But she had to, she told herself, she would

just force herself, so that she could re-establish her

dominance over Lisa Boulet.

"Hey, look!" said Lisa, pointing toward the rear

of the storm. "A rock-climbing wall."

They turned and saw it, set back in an alcove at

the rear of the store, where the ceiling extended two

stories high. It had fake stone handholds jutting out,

and a complicated contraption of harnesses and pulleys

dangled down from the ceiling. "I think Tiffany needs

to go rock-climbing," Lisa said. Snake smiled. Tiffany

shook her head no, over and over, but already a clerk

was coming over, drawn by the noise they were making,

and catching sight of Tiffany's slut attire and dog

collar.

"May I help you?" the young man said, very

friendly, and with his eyes nearly popping out of his

head.

"My friend Tiffany wants to go rock-climbing," she

said sweetly. "Don't you, Tiffany?"

She didn't. Oh God she did not want to do it,

because she knew she wouldn't just be climbing that

wall, she'd be strapped into that harness, with her

pussy hanging out for all the world to see, and

pretty much helpless. And Oh God she needed to pee so

bad!

She looked at Lisa, then at Snake, trying to plead

with her eyes. Don't make me do this, don't make me do

this, she was thinking. They both laughed. "Yeah,

she's kinda shy about talking," he told the clerk,

"although she's not shy in other ways, as you can see!

Come on, babe, let's get you up on that wall!"

Everything was happening so fast for Tiffany. The

clerk had lowered the harness to her level, and soon

the other clerk was there, and the two of them had her

strapped in. A big wide belt went around her ribs,

just under her boobs, and she saw the two young men

smiling and making faces at each other as they brushed

against her erect nipples in the thin dress. That

strap was attached to two smaller ones, which went

around each thigh, midway between the crotch and the

knee. The guys - Pete and Mike, their nametags read -

were so close to her protruding labia she could feel

their breath on her tender skin, but neither said a

word, as if commenting on the incredible scene would

somehow make it vanish.

She couldn't even speak. She just stood there,

mutely, while they quickly adjusted the straps. She

looked straight ahead, as if this wasn't happening to

her.

Finally the one named Pete, a boy about her age,

spoke up. "Uh, I don't want to be rude," he said

tentatively, "but are we like on Candid Camera or

something?"

"No, this is more like a game of Truth or Dare,"

Snake said. "And Tiffany here is in the Dare portion,

which means she has to climb the rock wall, even

though she isn't dressed very modestly."

"No shit!" Mike blurted, and the two boys laughed.

"But our manager is on break, so I guess it's cool.

That's outfit is fuckin' awesome!" he said to Tiffany.

The cheerleader didn't know how to answer. "Uh,

thanks," she said. "Could we just get this over with?"

She knew she was going to have to climb the damn rock

wall no matter what, and she just wanted to get out of

the store, and figure out a way to sneak to the girls

bathroom and relieve herself. As if the tight bike

shorts weren't bad enough, the little egg-shaped sex

toy that was inside her pussy was continuing to

vibrate, and the vibrations were rattling through her

entire pelvic region, jostling her pull, full bladder.

"Sure thing," Mike said, and he showed Tiffany how

to place her feet on the fake outcroppings that were

low to the ground, and how to hold on to the

hand-holds that were placed above them. "Now don't

worry if you lose your grip, that's what the harness

is for," Mike said. We'll catch you." He and Pete each

held onto the ropes that dangled down, ropes which

went up to the high ceiling, wrapped over pulleys, and

came back down to the harnesses wrapped around

Tiffany's ribcage and thighs.

"Up you go!" Snake said with a grin, and Tiffany

began to climb. She forced her mind to focus on the

rock wall, on keeping her grip. She blotted out all

thoughts of her aching bladder, her buzzing twat, her

obscene dress, and the view that everyone must have of

her. Get up the wall and back down, she told herself.

Up, then back down.

She was halfway up to 20-foot-wall, and her arms

and legs were beginning to ache slightly from the

exertion, when she became aware of more noise than she

had heard before. She looked down, and saw about 20

boys and men gathered on the ground under her, all of

them looking straight up. And she knew exactly what

they were looking at, the perverts!

"Hey, Tiff!" Snake called to her. "Lisa went out

into the mall and invited some guys to come in and see

the show. Hope you don't mind!"

"Nice shorts!" a middle-aged man called out, and

the crowd laughed. "You need any help?" called another

male. Soon the men were calling out, jeering, making

obscene suggestions about what they would like to do

to Tiffany when she got back down. Oh God, she told

herself, just get up the wall and back down. Just keep

climbing!

The vibrating egg inside her pussy continued to

buzz, and it felt to the poor girl as if it was

pressing right against her bladder. She forced herself

to squeeze all the muscles in her pelvis region as

tightly as she could, to keep her pee from

accidentally leaking out. But this had the unforeseen

effect of clamping down on the egg, which seemed even

bigger and more powerful when she squeeze her cunt

around it! No matter what she did, it seemed as if her

situation got worse and worse.

"Hey!" she heard a voice from below. "The cunt

dripped on me! There's something drippin' out of her!"

"Oh, gross!" someone else hooted.

"Listen up," Snake interrupted, "this is

important." He turned to the guy who had a big wet

drop on his forehead. "Was that pee or pussy juice?"

"What the fuck are you talkin' about?" asked the

guy.

"I need to know. Pee or pussy juice?" Snake

repeated.

"Well, I wasn't fuckin' eatin' her out, so I got no

idea!" The men all laughed uproariously. Tiffany,

perched above them and feeling as open and vulnerable

as she ever had in her life, burned with shame.

"Hey slut!" Snake yelled at her. "Was that piss or

pussy juice? Cause if it was piss, even a drop, you

know what that means! But if it was pussy juice, well,

we understand you must be pretty turned on, showin'

your money-maker to all the guys, so we can forgive

that."

Tiffany paused, but decided she could not bear

answering him out loud. She'd talk when she got down,

and now she was almost to the top.

"Get me a step stool, quick!" Snake snapped at

Pete, who dragged a stool over immediately. Snake

fished around in his cup of Coke, then climbed on the

step stool. With his arm extended, he could just reach

the teenager's exposed crotch. He reached out a finger

and swiped it along her exposed labia.

"EEEEEEE!" Tiffany shrieked. She had been

concentrating solely on climbing, and looking at her

handholds, and the touch of the icy cold finger on her

distended pussy lips caught her completely by

surprise. And then came an even bigger surprise. Snake

took the ice cube he had fished out of the Coke,

reached up and jammed it straight into Tiffany's tight

little asshole!

"AHHHHHH! Shit!" Tiffany yelled. The sudden

intrusion of the freezing-cold cube startled her so

badly that she pulled her hands away from the

rock-climbing wall, and scrambled to pull the icy plug

from her butthole. And the second she did that, she

fell away from the wall.

But because she was in harness, she only fell a

couple of inches. But the harness strap that was

around her ribs was jerked upward as she fell, and it

slammed into the bottoms of her magnificent tits. The

buttons on the dress were fastened so precariously

that two of them popped off immediately, and the

17-year-old's beautiful breasts were exposed, in the

blink of an eye, popping right out of the top of the

thin dress!

“Alriiiiight!" the guys gathered below Tiffany

yelled, but she was so disoriented by the horrible and

sudden turn of events that she was barely aware of

what was happening. Then she realized she was

suspended in midair, her butt about 15 feet off the

floor, her legs dangling, her pussy open and exposed

to the prying eyes of the perverts below, her tits

equally exposed.

"Fuck! Get me down!" Tiffany screeched, starting to

panic.

"I don't know," Snake called, having climbed down

from the step stool. "Guys, should we let her down, or

keep her up there and enjoy the view?"

"Keep her up there!" the men yelled in unison.

"Damn, look at those titties! They're humongous. Think

those babies are implants or real?"

As bad as her position had been a moment ago,

gravity was making it even worse, Tiffany quickly

realized. The two harnesses that wrapped around her

thighs had been pulled apart by the impact, and she

was now gaping open completely. The rip that Snake had

made in her bike shorts had torn even more, and now

her poor vagina was spread wide by the angle of her

thighs. She knew that from the right angle, the men

below could look straight up into her most private

spot.

"Please get me down! Please!" the trapped girl

begged. She hung helplessly, suspended in midair.

"Tell you what, slut!" Snake called out. "If you

can do a perfect splits, we'll let you down. You're a

cheerleader, that shouldn't be hard!" More laughter

rebounded through the store.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE ONE WITH THE PINK BULLS-EYE

As bad as her position had been a moment ago,

gravity was making it even worse, Tiffany quickly

realized. The two harnesses that wrapped around her

thighs had been pulled apart by the impact, and she

was now gaping open completely. The rip that Snake had

made in her bike shorts had torn even more, and now

her poor vagina was spread wide by the angle of her

thighs. She knew that from the right angle, the men

below could look straight up into her most private

spot. This wasn't just like having men ogle her tits -

this was like being in the stirrups at the gyno's

office, only with a crowd gathered to peer inside!

"Please get me down! Please!" the trapped girl

begged. She hung helplessly, suspended in midair.

"Tell you what, slut!" Snake called out. "If you

can do a perfect splits, we'll let you down. You're a

cheerleader, that shouldn't be hard!" More laughter

rebounded through the store.

Willing to do anything to get down - nothing could

be worse than this! - Tiffany tried to straighten her

legs out into a splits position. But she quickly

realized how difficult that was. It was one thing to

do it on the ground. But the harnesses around her

thighs were wobbling, and her legs bent at the knees,

and hung straight down. She had to straighten her

knees out and push her feet out into a 180-degree

angle, with nothing to push against.

Straining mightily, Tiffany flexed her muscles and

began to straighten her legs.

"Man, look at her go!" said one of the watchers.

"I'd like to put those muscles to better use than

that!" She strained and strained, but could only get

her legs partially extended. Exhausted, panting, she

gave up, and fell back to her former position, which

still made her nudity, from the top of her ass crack

in back to her pubic patch in front, visible to dozens

of male eyes.

"She needs a little motivation!" Snake called to

the gang. "Hey Pete, you guys sell darts here?"

"Yeah."

"Well, go get all your darts. We'll have a

dart-throwing contest. Straight up in the air,

gentlemen, and you can guess what the target is!"

"Noooooooo! Oh God, don't do it, don't do it!" the

cheerleader babbled. "I'll do the splits, I promise,

don't hurt me!"

Again, she began to lever her legs outward, pointing

her toes, straining to get her legs to line up

straight. Just as a minute ago she had been

concentrating on climbing the wall, now she bent her

will toward doing a perfect split. Suddenly, a she

felt a sharp piercing pain in her thigh. A dart had

struck here on her perfect skin, stuck briefly, then

fallen out.

"Owwww! Shit. Stop it, dammit!' she yelled.

"Do the splits, Tiff-slut!" Lisa yelled. "How do

you like your position now, you fucking cow!"

Another dart hit her leg. At least they weren't

actually sticking in to her. Another pierced the white

bike shorts near her crotch, and hung there, stuck in

the fabric, wiggling. Then another in the shorts, then

one went sailing right past her, up to the ceiling.

"Please, I'm trying! I'm trying!" Tiffany screamed.

She wondered why no one out in the mall could hear

her, and come to her rescue.

Meanwhile the boys and men standing underneath her

gaped at the perfect target. The rigging she was

trapped in just split the helpless cheerleader in

half. The egg that continued to vibrate in her cunt,

coupled with the orgasm she had been forced into less

than an hour earlier, had left her labia peeled back.

The pink lips of her pussy were swollen and slick with

juices, and she looked like a beautiful ripe flower,

opening its petals.

To the perverted men, though, she was a target.

Darts started smacking into her, and although none

stuck into her skin permanently, they stung, like bee

stings.

And then the money shot. She felt a stab of cold

metal strike right in her crotch, smack between her

pussy and asshole. It stabbed the oh-so-tender

connective tissue there, and Tiffany let out a scream

of anguish. The pain was horrible! She had been

stabbed right in her privates!

"It's like getting a little prick, isn't it

girlie?" yelled the boy who had tossed the dart.

"I'll bet she's had some pricks before!" came a

voice. "Slut dressed like that in public, showing her

titties and her bush, no fuckin' way she's a virgin!

She's probably had 100 cocks up that blonde twat!"

"You bastards!" she yelled. She had to bring this

to a close, or they would keep picking up the darts

that had fallen out and throwing them harder, and with

more accuracy, until they turned her sensitive, pudgy

little mound into a pin cushion.

With a final burst of determination, she raised her

feet inch by painful inch, and pointed them straight

out, so that her legs were a straight line. She held

the position for 1, 2, 3 long agonizing seconds. She

was trembling all over, her thighs were cramping

badly, even her toes hurt.

"There!" she said triumphantly. "I did it! Now let

me down!"

"Awwww, man," grumbled the horny onlookers. "So

much for our human dartboard," Lisa said.

"Take her down, boys," Snake instructed Pete and

Mike. "Nice and gentle." Slowly, Tiffany began to

descend to the floor. She was shaking badly, angry and

humiliated, but she didn't think she was bleeding very

badly from the darts that had pricked her. "OK, guys,

show's over, time to go back to your wives and

girlfriends," Snake growled. Lisa was still amazed at

the power Snake seemed to have. He gave an order and

people just obeyed it, without questioning.

Pete and Mike stripped the harnesses off of

Tiffany, and she began to thrust her buoyant young

breasts back into the skimpy little sundress. But with

the top two buttons gone, there was no containing

them, and they spilled right out. She tried not to

notice, but knew that both clerks were tenting out the

front of their pants at the sight of this voluptuous

17-year-old beauty nearly naked and right in front of

them.

"Fuck, better get her a T-shirt. No way I can walk

her through the mall like this," Snake muttered, Pete

and Mike didn't move, just stood and stared, so Lisa

went and got an extra large Dallas Cowboys shirt off

of a rack. She handed it to Tiffany, who put it on,

gratefully. It hung down slightly past her crotch,

enough to cover the ravaged seam of the bike shorts.

But no sooner did she have her nudity covered then

a wave of cramping overwhelmed the teenager. Oh shit,

she thought, I have to pee so badly, I'm gonna burst.

She doubled over and held her gut and moaned. "What's

the matter?" Mike blurted, seeing the girl of his

dreams suddenly in such agony.

"I, uh, uh, uh..." Tiffany started to tell him, but

stopped herself just in time. Snake had ordered her

not to say a word about needing to pee.

"We just came from a frat party where she gave

blowjobs to about 80 guys, and swallowed every load,"

Snake lied. "She probably needs to have all the semen

pumped out of her stomach. There must be about a

gallon in there. Isn't that right, Tiffany?"

What could she do? She couldn't say she needed to

pee, and Snake had given her an out, even a horribly

humiliating one. "Yes," she moaned.

"Yes, what?" Lisa taunted her. "I want to hear you

say it."

"I blew a bunch of guys and now I need to have my

stomach pumped," Tiffany groaned through gritted

teeth.

"I think she blew a couple of dogs, too," Lisa

added, a note of glee in her voice, not missing a

chance to rub it in.

"OK, that's enough, Bullets," Snake said sternly.

"We gotta go. Come on."

While Pete and Mike watched, eyes agog, the trio

marched out of the store, with Tiffany bent over

slightly and shuffling her feet.

In the parking lot, they found the Miata. "You got

about a half hour, by little blow-job queen," Snake

said mockingly. "Think you can make it, or you want to

go back to the mall and find a bathroom?"

The discomfort had turned into genuine pain for

Tiffany Daniels. If it hadn't been for the relentless

pressure of the bike shorts and the even more

relentless buzzing of the vibrating egg, she might

have been able to handle it, she thought. But the

notion of being Lisa's "bitch" for a week at school

was too much. The 15-year-old, who looked so perky and

sweet and innocent, had proven she had a sadistic

streak, and Tiffany was afraid of her.

"I can make it."

"Good. Now I feel like driving," Snake said, "and

Lisa deserves to get a ride without having a cock

shoved up her ass, so I guess the only place for you

to ride is in the trunk."

He popped the trunk of the Miata open, and ordered

Tiffany to get in. "But first," he said, and pulled a

pair of steel handcuffs out of his black backpack. He

jerked Tiffany's arms behind her back, and cuffed her

wrists securely. Realizing how hobbled she was, he

picked her up, almost gently, like she was a baby, and

laid her on her side in the dirty trunk of the compact

car. It was so small she barely fit, and she tucked

herself into a semi-fetal position. Snake closed the

lid, and plunged her into total darkness.

The half-hour ride back to Beverly was the worst

ordeal of the youngster's life. Snake started out by

aiming for every speed bump in the mall parking lot.

Every time he would run over a speed bump, Tiffany

would be bounced and jounced around horribly in the

cramped trunk of her own sports car. And every bounce

set a wave of agony through her, as the liquid in her

bladder sloshed around, desperately seeking escape.

It was dark, it was hot, her arms were cuffed

uncomfortably behind her back, and the damn egg now

seemed in a position, because of the way she was

forced to curl up, to be massaging the walls of her

bladder directly. Her urethra, the tiny piss hole in

her teenaged cunt, ached from the strenuous squeezes

that Tiffany kept exerting.

Once they were on the Interstate it wasn't as bad

as the speed bumps for the poor girl, but Snake took

every opportunity he could to run the Miata over

bumps, cracks and pot holes in the road, the better to

torment the bound cheerleader. She could hear Snake

and Lisa talking in the front seat, but couldn't make

out the exact words. As bad as her position was, she

was deathly afraid they were cooking up something even

worse for her.

At one point she heard Lisa Boulet laugh, which

chilled her, because why else would Lisa be laughing

now except at her expense. And she thought she heard

Snake making a phone call, maybe on a cell phone, and

giving someone instructions. She caught the words

"change of plans" and "give him a call" but that was

all she could hear.

Oh Jesus Christ, she thought, my bladder aches so

bad. I just want to pee, I want this horrible

nightmare to be over. I wish I was back in Stephanie's

room singing "Teenage Dirtbag" with her. The moment

she thought of the song, the catchy refrain stuck in

her brain, and she started singing it, just to take

her mind off her torture.

"Oh I'm just a teenage dirtbag, baby

"Yeah I'm just a teenage dirtbag baby."

In the front seat, Snake suddenly said, "Shh.

Listen." He and Lisa were quiet, and they could

faintly hear Tiffany singing in the trunk.

"She sure is a fucking teenage dirtbag!" Lisa

laughed.

"Yeah, well, it won't be long till the showdown,"

Snake said, "and we'll see who the real dirtbag is. So

till then, shut up."

"Hey, I thought we were partners!" Lisa squeaked.

"That was so much fun back at the mall sticking it to

Tiffany. You got to admit, I'm a much better partner

than she is."

"As far as I'm concerned, you both deserve to be

fucked until you can't walk, and gagged the whole time

so nobody has to listen to your goddam yammering,"

Snake answered. "I couldn't care less who is who's

slave. I like fuckin' with both of ya.”

Tiffany, unable to hear more than muffled

murmurings from inside her prison, just groaned and

chewed her lip as the horrible diuretic Snake had

slipped worked on her body chemistry, making her feel

as if her belly were about to explode. She had heard

horror stories about girls who didn't go pee and their

bladders did explode. Not quite bright enough to

recognize an urban legend, Tiffany envisioned herself

blowing up there in her own trunk, dying at the tender

age of 17 in a gusher of her own hot urine.

Suddenly the car stopped, and she heard the doors

slamming. The trunk sprung open, and the sunlight from

the bright afternoon temporarily blinded the

cheerleader. As she squinted, she felt powerful hands

lift her out of the trunk and set her on her feet. She

heard Snake say, "Your hour is up, Tiffany. You won

the bet. You can piss."

"Where's a bathroom?" she croaked, still blinking

and trying to adjust. She realized, looking around,

that she was in the parking lot behind her own high

school.

"If you need to go, just go right here," Snake said

nonchalantly. "The bathrooms may be all locked up in

the school. You gonna go or aren't you?"

Tiffany saw Lisa and Snake watching her. Fuck it,

she thought, and heeding the pressure of her own

biology, she squatted right there in the parking lot

and let the piss come gushing out of her. It seemed to

roar out, gallons of it, and as it hit the parking lot

it splashed back up on her legs, but Tiffany didn't

care, it felt almost sexual to be able to pee. She

squeezed her eyes shut with the pleasure and pissed

and pissed and pissed.

Finally her bladder was empty and she opened her

eyes.

"Nice show, sis," said Stephanie. Her younger

sister was standing there in the parking lot watching

her. Principal Roger White stood next to the

15-year-old blonde, his arm draped possessively around

her shoulder, watching the school's head cheerleader

piss all over the parking lot.

"Normally you'd get detention for this, you know,"

he joked, and Snake, Lisa, White and Stephanie all

bust out laughing, while Tiffany just looked down at

the enormous puddle beneath her, trickling away on the

pavement. She was virtually beyond embarrassment now,

particularly since it had felt so good to empty her

bladder, even under these circumstances.

"Yeah, but I won the dare!" Tiffany crowed, looking

at Lisa. "Now Lisa has to be my slave for a week!"

"You ninny!" White laughed. "I already set it up in

my office that Lisa was going to be your slave for a

week. Now look at all you've gone through, and for

what? To get what you already had!"

"Yeah, but ...." Tiffany began. And stopped. Yeah,

but what, she realized. White was right. Everything

had spun out of her control, as it always seemed to

do, and she had found herself fighting just to stay in

place. And losing, she had to admit. She had won the

bet or dare or whatever it was, but now things were

just back to where they were supposed to be.

"Yeah, but one thing," Lisa said, completing

Tiffany's thought. "And that is I'm not gonna be the

slave of a worthless sack of shit like you, Tiffany

Daniels. Snake was right. I was meant to be a top, and

you were meant to be a bottom. You must secretly like

being dominated and humiliated, or else why would it

keep happening to you over and over?"

"Shut up!" Tiffany screamed at her tiny rival.

"You're my slave. You have to be!"

"I don't have to be anything to you, Tiffy-whore!

And remember, Doc is gonna give me that tape from the

store, and when I get it, I'm gonna make a bunch of

copies, and the first one is going to Hayden. When Mr.

Goody Two Shoes sees you having an orgasm from a

little boy eating your pussy, he'll drop you like a

bag of dog shit!"

"Stephanie! Mr. White!" Tiffany called helplessly.

"Help me out here! Make her obey me!"

"SHUT UP BOTH OF YOU!" Snake bellowed.

"Jesus Fucking Christ, I'm sick of the two of you

spoiled little twats arguing over who's the top and

who's the bottom. As far as I'm concerned, you're both

just a fuck-hole that unfortunately happens to be

attached to a person. Now it's no coincidence that

we're back here at Daniels High. We're gonna go

inside, and settle this once and for all. Steph,

Roger, is everything ready inside?"

"Ready and waiting," said Roger White.

"Good. Now here's the way it's gonna be, ladies.

And if you don't like it, then you go right into the

trunk of the Miata, and I'll take you to straight to

my club and chain you up in a backroom and let a gang

of bikers use your pussy for an ashtray. Got it?"

"Got it," both girls said.

"Good. We're going inside, and the two of you are

going to have one final battle. Winner take all. The

loser gets auctioned off as a Cum Receptacle."

Both Tiffany Daniels and Lisa Boulet looked at the

big, dark man, realizing, not for the first time, that

he was capable of anything."

"Not another word. Let's go inside for the Big

Finale," Snake said.

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE ONE WITH THE RUMBLE

Inside the quiet, deserted halls of Daniels High

School, Snake told Stephanie to take her older sister

to a bathroom and get her ready. Tiffany was full of

questions about what was to come, but decided it was

better to shut up now and ask Steph when they were

alone.

In the ladies room, Tiffany asked Steph before the

younger girl could even unshoulder the canvas bag she

was carrying.

"What are they gonna make me do, Steph?"

"It's gonna be a catfight between you and Lisa,"

the sophomore answered. "Winner goes free, like Snake

said, and the loser gets auctioned off."

"How do I win? Do I have to pin her, like in

wrestling?"

Stephanie laughed. "Come on, surely you know Snake

better than that by now. He's way more creative than

that. Here, first thing let's do is get that dog

collar off you." She took out a pair of heavy shears,

and ordered Tiffany to hold still while she cut

through the thick leather strap. It fell to the floor,

and Tiffany rubbed her hands around her neck where it

had chafed her all afternoon.

"Didn't leave any marks," Stephanie told her. "He

must not have nailed you too bad. But if you were

wearing that when you went up against Lisa Bullets,

I'm afraid Snake wouldn't have been able to resist

zapping you. You wouldn't have stood a chance."

"Oh God, Steph, thank you so much. I'm so glad

you're on my side."

"Well, just don't say anything to Snake. I'm

supposed to be neutral, like he is. He really doesn't

care which one of you wins, but I want you to, sis."

"That's sweet, I appreciate it."

"Sweet my ass," Stephanie shot back. "I don't want

that little whore strutting around the school like she

owns you for the rest of the year. I couldn't stand

the humiliation!"

"Jeez, I gotta get rid of this egg," Tiffany said

as she bent her legs and squeezed out the plastic

vibrating egg that had tormented her for so long.

"Hey, my old buddy!" Stephanie exclaimed, grabbing

it. "I thought this was gonna be Lisa's plaything."

"Uh, I really don't want to talk about it."

"Yeah, I guess not. Snake told me a little when he

called me from the car. He says you're a bottom at

heart, just like I was afraid. He says this is your

last chance." Tiffany noticed that as she talked, the

15-year-old girl was stuffing the still-buzzing egg up

into her own pussy, as naturally as she would eat

breakfast. Tiffany wanted to comment, but was too

overwhelmed with all that was happening. She never

ceased to be amazed at what a total whore, an orgasm

junkie, her sweet-looking little sister was.

Stephanie was pulling stuff out of the canvas bag.

She handed Tiffany a tiny black bikini top so small it

fit easily into the young girl's hand. "Here, strip

everything off and put this on."

Normally Tiffany would have protested against being

forced to wear something so obscenely revealing. But

after being in the transparent sundress and the

too-tight bike shorts all afternoon, it didn't seem so

bad. She pulled off the large T-shirt and her knickers

and put on the black bikini top. The suit barely

covered the places it was supposed to. The cups of the

bra were not much bigger than match books, and they

covered her nipples and aureoles, but the rest of her

stupendous breasts bulged out in plain view - spilling

over the tops, out to the sides, hanging out of the

bottoms. The straps were thinner than shoelaces, and

Stephanie helped tie them behind her back.

"Where's the bottoms?" she asked.

"You don't get any bottoms, Tiffany. You'll see."

"Oh, shit, I don't know if I can do this, Steph,"

she stammered nervously.

"If you don't, Snake will be really pissed," her

sister said sternly. "So far he's just been amused by

you and Lisa, and you don't want to see him angry. You

know that game he plays at his bar, Guess What's in

Your Pussy? He isn't joking. I was there one night

when they did it to a girl. They used a wine bottle,

fat end first, and had guys pushing it in with all

their strength while the girl just hung there upside

down, helpless, screaming her head off. I've seen some

nasty shit, sis, but Snake can be a real sick

motherfucker. And his friends are worse than he is."

"OK, OK, I'll do it. Whatever."

"Here, put these on," Steph said, pulling out a

pair of black stiletto heels with 4-inch spikes. With

great difficulty and not much grace, Tiffany put the

hooker-heels on. She had to lean against a sink to

strap them into place.

"And now for the last piece of your outfit."

Stephanie pulled an enormous strap-on dildo out of the

bag.

"What the fuck is that?" Tiffany squeaked.

"It's a dildo, dummy. And Lisa is being fitted with

one right now. That's how we're going to see who wins.

The first girl to successfully fuck the other one up

the ass with the dildo is the winner!"

Tiffany felt like her fragile world was reeling.

How did people think up such perverted shit? Two

teenage girls, normal everyday high school chicks with

homework and parents and all that, were supposed to

try to fuck each other in the butt with artificial

penises? She shuddered, but Stephanie already was

buckling the dildo behind her butt. In front, it was a

plastic cup that fit snugly over her sex. She could

feel some sort of little rubber protusion inside the

cup that was rubbing right against her clit. The fake

cock jutted out in front of Tiffany about 10 inches,

longer than any cock she had ever seen.

"What's that?" she said, pointing to a tan ring

that was close to her own crotch, about 8 inches from

the tip of the dildo.

"That's a special Snake modification. It's a ring

of heavy grade sandpaper that's glued on there. The

first girl to get all the way in, so that the

sandpaper is inside the other girl's butthole, is the

winner."

"Oh, shit, that's gonna hurt like hell."

"So that's why you better win. Come on, let's go.

Snake and Roger won't want to be kept waiting.

Stephanie took her older sister by the hand to help

her walk on the unsteady heels, and led her out of the

bathroom, down a long hall, and into the area behind

the school's stage.

The two Daniels sisters poked their way through the

darkened backstage area, parting heavy stage curtains

with their hands. It was a part of the school that

Tiffany was intimately familiar with, having been a

star in the drama program since her freshman year, and

particularly the musicals. She had played Bloody Mary

in "South Pacific" as a sophomore, Maria in "Sound of

Music" as a junior and had capped it all off not long

ago as another Maria, in "West Side Story." She let

herself be pulled forward, led by the hand by her

sister.

"Here she is!" Stephanie proclaimed as the two

girls stepped out onto the Daniels High School stage.

The stage lights were turned up bright, shining right

into their eyes, and the big spotlight located in a

booth in the back of the auditorium was shining

full-power on them. Tiffany blinked wildly against the

bright lights, trying to see what was going on.

"Gentlemen, our second contestant has arrived, and

we will begin." It was Snake's voice, amplified by a

hand-held mike through the sound system. As her eyes

adjusted, she saw Snake standing to one side of the

proscenium stage, next to Roger White. Lisa Boulet was

standing with them, outfitted similarly to Tiffany.

Instead of a tiny black bikini top, Lisa wore a white

one, almost transparent in the lights, that contrasted

nicely with her short-cropped dark hair. True to her

nickname, Lisa's nipples were so erect they looked

like little ice cream cones, trying to burst right

through the thin fabric. She also wore high spike

heels (white, to match her top) and had an enormous

strap-on dildo jutting out of her groin.

Tiffany could now see into the front row, and saw

that it was filled with leering men. There was Mr.

Green and Mr. Brown, two teachers who had tormented

her last year, and Old Joe Black, the school janitor.

They were joined by Mr. Combs and Mr. Mathers, who

were also teachers at Daniels High. Filling one of the

seats with his bulk was Doc, the guy from the mall,

and several big, beefy, greasy guys who appeared to be

with him. There were also half a dozen men, ranging in

age from early 20s to early 50s, whom Tiffany had

never seen, but figured were friends of Snake's or

White's, or both. An older Asian man sat by himself in

the second row, and Tiff wondered if this was the

infamous and reclusive Dr. Wu, maker and distributor

of sick porno tapes, whom White had threatened her

with at one point. Stephanie had taken a seat, and was

the only girl in the sea of men.

All eyes were on her and Lisa. Tiffany glanced at

her mortal enemy, and saw the younger girl staring at

her with a look of pure hatred.

White took the microphone from Snake, and the

spotlight shifted to the principal. "Before we began,

gents, a quick reminder. Everything that happens here

today stays in this room, and is never talked about

with anyone else. Anyone who breaks our little code of

silence will be dealt with severely. And we all know

that Snake and I are capable of both severity and

creativity. Got that?" The men in the audience all

nodded.

Snake pulled Tiffany out to center stage, next to

Lisa. "This will be a catfight, with no rules. You got

that girls? No rules whatsoever. The object is to get

your strap-on dildo up your opponent's ass. Not the

pussy, the ass. And as you have noticed, there is a

ring of sandpaper glued to each dildo about eight

inches up. You must get the sandpaper all the way past

the sphincter ring in order to win. Now, can I have a

couple of volunteers to help oil the girls?"

Every man in the auditorium leapt from his seat and

surged forward, but Snake raised a hand in warning.

"Doc, how about you come on up and do Lisa, and your

buddy Lumpy there can do Tiffany." Doc and the man

called Lumpy - an obese, acne-scarred biker who

smelled as if he hadn't bathed in weeks, shuffled up

onto the stage wearing shit-eating grins. Snake handed

each man a plastic squeeze bottle. "You need to oil

their dildoes and their assholes," he told them.

Lumpy approached Tiffany, who started breathing

through her mouth at the approach of the smelly biker.

He grinned at her, but didn't say a word as he began

squeezing what smelled like olive oil out of the

bottle. He dribbled it onto the dildo, and began

massaging it into the long, think fake penis. Soon it

glistened in the stage lights. Doc was doing the same

to Lisa.

The gross man walked around behind Tiffany. "Bend

over and spread your asscheeks, sweetie," he hissed.

She knew she had no choice, and obeyed. Almost

instantly, she felt the oil running down the crack of

her ass into the opening at the rear. Then, to her

horror and shock, she felt Lumpy insert a finger into

her rectum!

"Uhhh!" Tiffany grunted. "Take it out!"

"Tiffany, you worthless whore, keep those cheeks

spread and let Lumpy oil your ass, or I'll declare

this match a forfeit, and we'll go straight to

auctioning you off!" Snake hissed at the teenager. She

dutifully spread her cheeks again and Lumpy resumed

reaming her tight little rosebud with his fat finger.

Then, unnnnnh! He was sliding a secind finger up

insider her. Tiffany bit her lip and took it, as Lumpy

pushed the slick oil deeper and deeper up her anal

passage.

Soon both girls were oiled, front and back, and Doc

and Lumpy returned to their seats with big grins.

Snake told Tiffany to stand to one side of the stage,

and Lisa the other.

"PRESENTING!!" Snake boomed into the mike,

pretending to be a boxing announcer. "The ultimate

catfight of Daniels High School. In this corner, at 15

years old, a cheerleader and a girl who just had her

first ass fucking a few hours ago, Lisa "Bullets"

Boulet!" The men cheered wildly.

"And in this corner, at 17 years old, in her senior

year, the most used and abused girl in the history of

Daniels High, the well-known Anna Kournikova

lookalike, Tiffany "The Bottom" Daniels!" More

cheering and applause followed.

"So let's have some music to rumble by!" Snake

yelled, and from out of nowhere, a fanfare of brass

and strings filled the auditorium. Tiffany recognized

it as the overture to "West Side Story," and suddenly

the true humiliation of this setting became clear to

the student. They had put her out on the very stage

where she had recently starred, and now she would have

to try to fuck her nemesis with a dildo to "West Side

Story." Only a few weeks ago, hearing the overture had

been the signal that she was about to go onstage and

sing and be applauded by her parents, neighbors and

fellow students. Now she was nearly naked, facing an

audience of hateful, horny men.

It was clear to her that this had been arranged, in

part, to destroy one of the things she felt good

about. Roger White, whom she knew was a big fan of the

school musicals, was smiling at her. God damn them

all! The only thing to do now was beat Lisa!

"OK girls, are you ready?" Lisa and Tiffany looked

across the stage at one another. "Let's get ready to

ruuuuuuuuummmmmble!!! Ready! Get Set! GOOOOOO!"

Lisa immediately sat down on the stage and started

trying to take off her shoes, which hobbled each girl

considerably. Not realizing the younger girl's

strategy, Tiffany charged straight at the sophomore

and jumped on her. "You fucking bitch!" Tiffany

yelled, pumped full of adrenaline. "I'll show you

who's boss!" She slammed Lisa backward, but the girl

had gotten her left shoe off.

Tiffany grabbed Lisa by her short hair with both

hands, raised her hand, and slammed it down onto the

stage. Lisa yelped with pain, but quickly socked

Tiffany hard in the stomach with her right fist.

Tiffany let out a whoosh, all the air gone out of her,

and her grip went slack. Lisa reared up and

head-butted Tiffany right in the forehead, and Tiffany

went tumbling off.

Lisa quickly turned her attention to her right

shoe, working frantically at the buckle on the ankle

strap. Tiffany picked herself up off the wooden stage

and staggered toward Lisa, but the high heels slowed

her down, and her ankles wobble badly. She flung

herself at Lisa again, but this time the little pixie

saw the larger girl coming and rolled to the side.

Tiffany missed, and landed with a splat.

The men in the audience were all out of their

seats, cheering like maniacs. "Get her! Fuck her in

the ass! Make her hurt!" they screamed. They weren't

rooting for either girl, just wanting as much pain and

degradation as they could see.

Lisa now had her right shoe off, and she sprang

nimbly to her feet. Too late, Tiffany realized how

smart Lisa's strategy was, and Lisa sprang forward,

unencumbered by the shoes. Tiffany tried to pick

herself up off the stage, but Lisa was in front of her

in a millisecond. The sophomore lashed out her right

foot in a flash, and kicked Tiffany square in the

chin.

Tiffany fell back, her world a mass of pain. She

saw nothing but red for a moment, and could not even

hear Snake offering play-by-play like a sports

announcer. "And Daniels is down, bad!" he yelled.

"Boulet is kicking ass, folks! It may not be long

before Boulet is fucking ass as well!"

The instrumental overture blared over the sound

system, but it ended with a flourish and was replaced

by the first song on the soundtrack, "The Jet Song."

"When you're a Jet, you're a Jet all the way/

From your first cigarette to your last dyin'

day!/

When you're a Jet, let 'em do what they can/

You've got brothers around, you're a family

man!/

You're never alone, you're never disconnected,

you're home with your own/

When company's expected, you're

well-protected!"

But Tiffany was anything but well-protected. Lisa

was now on top of her, and she was amazed at how tough

and scrappy the much smaller girl was. She copied one

of Tiffany's previous moves, grabbing Tiffany's long

blonde hair in both hands and yanking her head up.

Lisa started to slam Tiffany's head back down, but

Tiffany grasped what was coming and lashed out her

hand. She caught Lisa's erect nipple through the thin

fabric of the bikini top and twisted it as hard as she

could.

"Mother-FUCK!" Lisa screamed in agony, as Tiffany

tried to rip the swollen nubbin right off the girl's

tit. As she yanked, Lisa's small tits sprang free of

the tight top, and the men's riotous clamor went up

several more notches. But Tiffany's hand had slipped

off Lisa's nipple.

The two girls got to their feet, and Tiffany

realized her disadvantage. The shoes were really

slowing her down. Lisa circled her opponent quickly,

leaping on the balls of her feet, trying to get behind

Tiffany so she could jump on her from the rear and

work the dildo up into her rectum. Tiffany turned in

circles.

"Then you are set with a capital J/

Which you'll never forget till they cart you

away/

When you're a Jet you stay a Jet!" sang the

Jets on the CD, breaking into harmony.

Lisa kept bouncing around Tiffany, looking for an

opening. She moved clockwise, running circles around

the older girl, who didn't dare sit down now to take

off her own heels, or else Lisa would be all over her.

After several clockwise turns, Lisa suddenly reversed

and moved counter-clockwise. Tiffany tried to spin to

keep Lisa in front of her, but a combination of

dizziness and the horrible stilettos caused her to

lose her balance. She fell to her knees, and Lisa

pounced on her like a lion on a gazelle.

Tiffany was on her hands and knees, and Lisa

clambered onto her back, in order to keep her down. A

roar went up from the audience as the smaller girl

started thrusting her pelvis forward, trying to stab

her dildo into Tiffany's ass. Finally, Lisa felt her

fake cock slip forward, and she let out a cry of

triumph: "Yes!!!" She pushed forward with all her

might, but Snake had moved to where he could see

better.

"Sorry, Lisa, nice try, but that's her pussy. Take

the dildo out and start over again." Tiffany thought

Snake was ordering the smaller girl to climb off, but

instead Lisa maintained her dominant position. She

pulled the dildo out of Tiffany's wide open pussy and

levered it upward a couple of inches, lining up the

head as the tiny puckered rosebud of Tiffany's

bunghole.

"The Jet Song" had finished on the soundtrack, and

Mr. White yelled up to the booth in the back, the same

booth where someone was operating the spotlight. "Hey,

you wanna pause that CD for a second? I got my own

version of that song I want to sing. I thought this up

when I was watching Tiffany play Maria in 'West Side

Story,' and now I get to serenade her with it!" And

Mr. White began to sing, to the tune of "The Jet

Song:"

"When you're a slut, you're a slut all the way/

From the first dick you suck to your last dyin'

day!/

When you're a slut, you just love givin' head/

There's a smile on your face when your pussy is

spread.

The boys stand in line, awaitin' something special/

You're mouth is so fine, they all give you a

facial/

It's multi-racial!

Tiffany's mind reeled under the combined horror.

Her arch rival had her down and was about to ram a

dildo up her ass, she was on the stage where normally

she was a beloved thespian queen, and she was having

to listen to Mr. White's perverted parody of "The Jet

Song."

"Noooooo!!!!" she screamed, and summoning all her

strength, bucked up like a horse in a rodeo throwing a

rider. Lisa flew off. Tiffany stood and whirled, but

no sooner had she turned around than Lisa was right

there. Lisa threw a solid right that caught Tiffany in

the tit, sending pain shooting through her chest. She

reached down instinctively to cover her painful

breast, and Lisa let loose a fearsome kick that caught

Tiffany square in the cunt.

"AHHHH!" Tiffany bellowed. Her poor pussy was still

open from all the stimulation at the mall, the lips

peeled back, and Lisa' foot had landed squarely on the

sensitive inner tissue. It hurt like a bitch, and

Tiffany's hands went to her crotch. In a flash, Lisa

had taken two steps and was behind Tiffany, jumping on

her back like a piggy back rider. The young girl

reached around and jammed an index finger right into

Tiffany's eye, and the senior went down hard on her

hands and knees again.

White was vamping it up, singing more and more

verses:

"When you're a slut, all the boys are in heat/

Cause your pussy's all juiced and it smells fuckin'

sweet!/

When you're a slut you let boys feel your tits/

And you won't have a rest till they fuck you to

bits!

Tiffany was in agony all over. Struggling to stay

on her hands and knees, her tit throbbed, her pussy

lips felt like they were on fire, and she was trying

to grab at her eye. But as she did so with her right

hand, Lisa reached around and smacked her left elbow,

which caused her left arm to cave in. Her face crashed

to the stage floor.

And then she felt it. The dildo touched her anus,

and Lisa gave a mighty thrust. A good three inches

travelled up Tiffany's rectum, and she bellowed with

pain and frustration. "Noooo! Help! Stop!"

"Unnnhh!" Lisa grunted, thrusting again, and

another two inches moved in. The men were delirious

with lust, and had all sprung from their seats. The

jostled around the edge of the stage, trying to get a

better look, yelling obscenities, pure beasts of the

jungle.

White kept singing:

"You're never alone, you're always with some

horner/

The boys make ya groan, by giving ya the boner/

You're such a moaner!

Here comes the slut, Yeah she cums yet again,/

From just thinking about doing dozens of men/

When you're a slut you stay a slut!"

He finished with a dramatic flourish. Meanwhile,

Tiffany tried to buck Lisa off again as she had

before, but the girl had learned, and had planted her

center of gravity lower this time. Tiffany, bucked,

but Lisa held on. And to Tiffany's horror, the sudden

movement actually made the dildo slip in even further!

"She's down, and it doesn't look good for Tiffany!"

Snake shouted, as carried away as the other men at the

bizarre scene being played out. "A couple more inches

and it's over!"

"No! No!" Tiffany wailed, trying to reach around

and grab Lisa. But she was in a hopeless position, and

Lisa rubbed it in by reaching around and jamming a

finger hard into Tiffany's eye again. The girl

screamed with pain, and Lisa drove the dildo forward

relentlessly into Tiffany Daniels' well-oiled rear

passage.

Suddenly, Tiffany yelled even louder. It felt as if

all the skin was being scraped off her asshole.

Something horribly rough was being dragged over that

tissue. And through her agony and humiliation, she

knew what it was. The sandpaper.

Tiffany had lost.

"We have a winner!" Snake yelled, as the men

erupted.

"Fuck! Her! Ass! Fuck! Her! Ass! Fuck! Her! Ass!"

the audience began to rhythmically chant.

Tiffany felt Lisa pull the full eight inches of

rubber cock out of her ass - it felt as if her insides

were being pulled out. And then she was slammed

forward, as Lisa thrust the entire dildo deep, deep

and deeper still into Tiffany's butt.

Lisa Boulet was going to fuck Tiffany Daniels up

the ass. The crowd went wild.

CHAPTER NINE

THE ONE WITH THE SURPRISE GUEST STAR

"Fuck her ass! Fuck her ass!" screamed the mob of

men.

"Help! Oh God, no, stop!" Tiffany screamed, but of

course there was not a soul in the auditorium who

would lift a finger to help the cheerleader. With her

body a mass of pain, she managed to raise herself up a

little, so that she was back on her hands and knees,

and at least had some stability. Lisa had slid

part-way off Tiffany's back, so that her feet were now

planted on the floor, on either side of Tiffany's

calves. She had reached forward and grabbed Tiffany's

beautiful mane of long blonde hair with both hands,

and was pulling backward on it. The new position gave

the little girl a great deal of leverage, which she

was using to her advantage, ramming the oil-greased

dildo up into Tiffany's rectum as hard as she could.

"Unhnh! Unnh!" Lisa grunted as she slammed the

dildo home. With every thrust, the dildo sank all the

way into Tiffany's tight young box until Lisa's crotch

was jammed up against Tiffany's butt cheeks. And

although Tiffany was not aware of it, every thrust was

stimulating Lisa's clit, as the strap-on's cup had a

built-in "tickler," a small rubber plug designed to

rub the clitoris of the woman doing the fucking.

Every stroke sent Tiffany into a spasm of agony as

the ring of sandpaper made contact with her asshole.

Lisa was deliberately jamming it in as hard as she

could, over and over. The gritty coating would plunge

in, rubbing the most sensitive spot on her entire

body, and then almost immediately would be yanked back

out, and the pain would be repeated. Tiffany gave a

little grunt of pain with each stroke.

To add insult to injury, Lisa, who was now

completely in control of the situation, let loose of

Tiff's hair with one hand and untied the knot on her

back that held the bikini top on. Just like that, the

tiny black top fell away to the floor, and Tiffany's

big, glorious knockers were exposed to the slobbering

crowd.

"Fuck her ass! Fuck the slut!" yelled the men.

"Unnhh! Unnh!" grunted Lisa, her eyes shut tight

now, concentrating on inflicting the maximum pain and

humiliation on Tiffany.

"OK, everybody, let's just hold it!" Snake yelled

above the chaos. "HOLD IT. EVERYBODY FUCKING FREEZE!"

the bar owner bellowed, and it was as if he had thrown

a switch. Lisa paused her slam-fucking, Tiffany was

quiet, and the men in the audience all looked at

Snake, wondering what was coming next.

"Let's get this fuckin' thing organized!" Snake

said into the mike. "Now Tiffany Daniels is the loser,

and that means she's going to be auctioned off to the

highest bidder to do with as he pleases. So you guys

gotta decide. You wanna watch Lisa fuck Tiffany up the

ass, or you wanna start the auction so one of you can

use her like the street whore she is deep down in her

soul?"

"100 dollars!" Mr. Green shouted. "200 bucks!"

yelled another voice.

"OK, Jesus, hang on!" Snake shouted. He was having

trouble controlling events, and that did not make

Snake happy. "We're gonna do this right. Lisa, I guess

the guys want to move things along, and I know you

looked like you were eventually going to cum if you

kept slamming Tiffany's ass, I'm gonna order you to

get off now. I mean get off of Lisa's back." He

smiled, and some of the teachers chuckled. Lisa

reluctantly climbed off her vanquished foe and stood

there, her cock bobbing, her nipples jutting out a

full inch from her cupcake-sized breasts.

"Now, Stephanie, get me the dog collar. It's time

to put it back on Tiffany," Snake said.

Stephanie stood up in the auditorium, and the men

sitting nearby noticed she was pale and trembling.

"I don't have it, sir," she said, addressing Snake

submissively.

His face darkened. "What do you mean, my dear?" he

said softly. Mr. White shuddered, knowing how bad this

was. If Snake was merely annoyed, he would have called

Stephanie cunt or slut. But by addressing her mildly

as "my dear," it meant he was enraged, and trying to

control himself.

"I took it off Tiffany in the girl's room. I, uh,

I, uh, cut it off," Stephanie said in a little-girl

voice, looking as if she was about to run from the

room.

"You cut my dog collar?" Snake said. "Well, you're

going to pay for that, Stephie. I'm very sorry, but

you're going to have to pay severely. Now go into my

backpack, cause I've got a spare in there, and bring

me the collar and the remote."

Tiffany had scrambled to her feet, and now stood on

the Daniels High stage, the very spot where she had

played two different leading Marias. Naked, degraded,

abused. She didn't even bother to pick up the bikini

top and try to cover her beautiful breasts. Fuck 'em,

she thought. Let 'em look. I don't care.

Stephanie gave Snake the collar, and he walked over

to Tiffany. Her hands hung at her side, and she didn't

even protest when he fastened the collar around her

lovely neck. "Let's just give this a test, to make

sure it works," he said with a cruel sneer, and mashed

the button.

"Ahhhhh! Fuck!" Tiffany screamed as the voltage

shot into her nubile young body. She had forgotten how

badly the collar hurt, and she clutched at it

frantically while Snake just smiled and let the

current flow into her battered body.

"So, I guess we're ready to auction off Tiffany

Daniels," he said. "Let's try not to behave like

savages, shall we?"

"$100," Green repeated. "200" yelled Mr. Mathers,

the music teacher. "$300 bucks!" shouted Mr. Combs,

the shop teacher. Doc and his friends looked at one

another, bummed out. The bidding was already too

expensive for them.

"$500!" Roger White said dramatically from the

stage. "I've had her before, but I've got something

new I want to try on her while she's wearing that

collar!"

The bidding escalated, and Tiffany just stood there,

center stage, the spotlight from thr back of the room

trained on her sweat-streaked naked body, her head

down. She didn't notice Stephanie sneak out of the

auditorium, or coming running back in about a minute

later, flushed with excitement. The slutty little girl

pranced up onto the stage and whispered into Snake's

ear. He held up a hand to silence the men, and

listened. He nodded. And smiled the cruelest smile

yet.

"Gentlemen!" Snake announced. "I would like to

propose a change of plans. I know I promised to

auction off Tiffany, but I am now going to ask you all

to withdraw your bids."

There was a rumble of confusion from the men

gathered at the lip of the stage. "What the fuck?" "No

way!" "What's the deal?" It grew in volume, until

Snake spoke again.

"To compensate, I want to invite you all out to my

bar, the Snake Pit. There we will lock the doors and

instead of just one of you getting to fuck a teenaged

girl senseless, every single one of you will be able

to fuck a teenaged girl senseless. As many times as

you can get it up. How does that sound?

"Al right!" Lumpy yelled. "Fuckin' A!" said another

of Doc's biker friends. "Outstanding," murmured the

Asian gentleman.

"So as soon as we finish our business here, we'll

all head out to my place. We'll be joined by Miss

Stephanie Daniels, who will be punished for messing up

my first dog collar. And what the hell, I think I'll

also invite Miss Lisa Boulet. I've got some special

plans for Stephanie that involve a little game called

'Guess What's In Your Pussy?' and we may need a backup

girl. And Lisa's handy, so you're it, babe!"

"No way!" Lisa shouted. "You said the winner could

go free! That is so unfair!"

"Change of plans, Lisa babe," Snake said calmly.

"You liked it when we changed plans at the mall, now

you don't like it when the shoe's on the other foot.

Tough titties, kiddo."

"But it's not fair!" she pouted.

"Hey, remember your history," Mr. Brown said. As

John F. Kennedy said, Life isn't fair."

"That's enough," Snake snapped. "Shut up this

second, Lisa, or it'll be you hanging upside down

trying to figure out what's making your cunt hurt so

bad, and Stephanie on the sidelines giving blowjobs.

So not another fuckin' word, Bullets!"

The auditorium was silent. "So does everyone agree

to withdraw his bid for Slave Tiffany?"

The men murmured their assent. "That's good," Snake

said, "because the bidding was starting to get out of

hand. I had a feeling she was going to go for a couple

of thousand bucks, and that would give her an inflated

opinion of herself. And as most of you know, one of

the reasons Tiffany is so much fun to play with is

because she already think her shit doesn't stink, like

she's God's gift to the world. The last thing we want

is to reinforce that notion in her silly little head.

"So if everyone who's going to my place has

withdrawn their bids, is there anyone who isn't going

who would like to bid on Tiffany?"

The men looked confused. Suddenly a voice sounded

from the back of the room.

"Twenty-five cents!"

Everyone wheeled to look, and saw a teenaged boy

standing in the back of the auditorium.

"Hayden!" Tiffany whispered. Oh God, it was her

boyfriend, her beloved, the one male in her life who

didn't treat her like a whore. And he was here!

"SOLD!" Snake shouted before anyone could react.

"To the boy in the back for 25 cents. And I think

that's appropriate, cause that's exactly what Tiffany

Daniels is worth."

"Hayden Fox?" said Roger White. "You were supposed

to stay up there and operate the spotlight, son!"

"She's my girl," Hayden said simply. "And I want

her."

Tiffany's heart began to pound, and she felt as if

she would cry. Hayden was rescuing her! This was a

happy ending beyond her wildest dreams! Her Hayden was

here, and he would take her away and everything would

be fine!

The tall, lanky high school senior loped down the

aisle from the back of the auditorium toward the

stage. "It was Stephanie's idea," he told the group.

"No way I was gonna outbid all the adults. But she

told me she knew how to get Snake to get everyone to

withdraw, and this way I can have her." As he got

closer, Tiffany searched his face for the love she

knew she would find there.

But it was not there. This was a different Hayden.

His eyes were hard and cruel and full of lust. He was

looking at Tiffany, at her bounteous teenaged beauty,

her ripeness, her blue cat-like Kournikova eyes, the

swell of her C-cup tits, the perfection of her tanned,

toned body. He was licking his lips.

"Here's your quarter," he said, handing a coin to

Snake after climbing the steps onto the stage.

"Hey, Tiff," he said. "Lookin' mighty good there.

You been havin' fun today, babe?"

"Hayden, God, thank God you're here," she said.

"Take me home, honey."

"Oh, I'm gonna take you, all right. But not home.

Not yet. There's a men's room just off stage. I'm

gonna take you there, first."

"No, Hayden, please, don't do this to me. I love

you!" she wailed.

"And I thought I loved you. I thought I knew you.

Now I find out half the teachers in school have

already fucked you, and you go out prancing around

naked at shopping malls, and you're nothing but a

fucking slut. Well, you're gonna be MY fucking slut

from now on. And I'm going to make up for lost time.

Bitch!"

"Hayden, please, it wasn't my fault! They made me

do it!"

The boy turned away from Tiffany and held out his

hand to Snake. "Mind if I borrow that remote control?"

he asked.

"Hayden, no, God, no, I love you, please..."

Tiffany babbled.

"Take that fuckin' dildo off," Hayden ordered the

confused and trembling girl.

Snake handed the boy the remote. "You look like you

know what you're doing," he told Hayden quietly, in a

low voice so that Tiffany couldn't hear, "but let me

give you some advice you may not have thought of.

First, she's had a vibrating egg up her snatch for a

couple hours, so she may be a little loose there. Even

though she had that dildo up her, she'll be a lot

tighter in the back door, if you know what I mean." He

winked at Hayden, who grinned.

"Another thing," Snake added. "Water is a really

good conductor of electricity. If, perhaps, a girl

were to have her head jammed into a toilet while a guy

was slamming her up the butt, and if her electronic

dog collar were then activated, whoa, baby, I think

she'd probably have to be scraped off the ceiling."

Tiffany had torn off the strap-on, which lay on the

ground. She was completely naked, in high heels. "Come

on, Tiff, let's go," Hayden said, taking her by the

hand and leading her offstage. She was protesting the

entire time, begging him not to. "Please, Hayden, I'll

be good to you, don't hurt me, please don't hurt me, I

could give you a good blow job, a really good one,

Hayden..."

Then there was silence for a couple of minutes.

Then a scream. And the sound of a toilet flushing.

"OK, guys, let's get this show on the road," Snake

said to the men. "Grab these two little high school

honeys and follow me out to Snake's Pit, and we're

gonna have us one helluva major good time."

Another scream sounded from behind a closed door,

somewhere down a hall in Daniels High School.

"Although maybe not as good a time as that boy is

having himself."

THE END