

SHAMEFUL THRILLS

Girls Who Should Know Better



Various Various Shameful Thrills

Аннотация

Some temptations are just too great to resist. 'Shameful Thrills' includes original hot erotica by Janine Ashbless, Rachel Kramer Bussel, Primula Bond, Penny Birch and many more. An explicit erotica collection to raise the game, the heat and the stakes of female misbehaviour. It girl, Juliette, attends a card game, and learns her virtue is at stake. When fine art tutor, Caro, agrees to pose nude for her students, she never anticipated her disrobing would be so revealing. At a desert auction, total ownership of Toni is the star attraction.

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SHAMEFUL THRILLS

Girls Who Should Know Better

A Mischief Collection of Erotica



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Raising the Stakes

Elizabeth Coldwell

Robin was wrong for me in so many ways. Married, a good twenty years older than me and, most importantly, my father's best friend. The last person I should have ever considered fucking. But from the moment I stepped into the unlocked bathroom on the second floor of his Belgravia home and saw him with his head buried between the bare, spread legs of his children's nanny, it didn't matter that I should have known better. I simply had to have him.

Though I'd only caught a glimpse of his cock, coiled within the tight white briefs which were the only thing he wore, I'd seen enough to know it was big. Bigger, certainly, than anything I'd been used to until then. That night, I lay in bed, nightdress pushed up to my waist and fingers in my pussy, dreaming they were my legs Robin was holding apart with his strong hands, my clit his tongue flickered over till I screamed and came, my cries bouncing off the white-tiled bathroom walls.

I didn't think he'd been aware of my unwitting intrusion. Normally, when you walk in on someone unexpectedly, you make your apologies and leave, but what do you say in those circumstances – 'No, do please carry on, I insist'? What I'd really wanted to do was stay and watch, hoping when he'd reduced

the nanny to a panting, satisfied mess, he'd turn his attention to me. Instead, I'd shut the door as quietly as I could and gone in search of an unoccupied bathroom, before returning to the party downstairs, lust and envy seething through my veins.

The next time we were alone, however, Robin made it clear he knew exactly what I'd seen. This was three weeks later, and there'd been a significant change in his household since the night of the party. The nanny had left in a hurry, apparently to return to Edinburgh to nurse her sick mother.

'And with Kirsty gone,' he said, standing a little closer to me than might be socially acceptable as we admired the koi carp circling like ghosts in the pond at the bottom of my parents' garden, 'there's a vacancy in my household.'

'But I thought you'd hired a new nanny?' For someone who prided herself on being smart, having graduated with a first-class degree in English, at times I could be very slow on the uptake.

'You know very well that isn't what I mean, Juliette.' He fixed me with those distinctive eyes of his, washed-out blue with a dark ring round the iris, and a fierce thrill ran through me, centring on my core.

To his credit, he never tried to tell me his wife didn't understand him. I believe she understood him all too well. She knew his tastes, and she had no interest in indulging them. The nanny – and who knew how many other women before her – had performed that function on her behalf. Robin made it very clear he wanted me to be the next. I sometimes wonder if I might have

declined his proposition if I'd known then what he actually had in mind. And every time, I know the answer would be no.

'So you'll come over on Friday?' he asked, walking with me back towards the house, casual as though we'd been discussing how profusely Mother's rose bushes were blooming this year. 'Lucy and the kids will be away, and I'm having a couple of friends over for a game of cards. They'd be very interested to meet you.'

'Sure,' I replied, too busy wondering whether his friends were as horny and desirable as Robin to realise how I was sleepwalking into my impending humiliation. 'What do you need me to do?'

'Oh, just top up the drinks, fetch snacks, make sure the guys have everything they want ...'

A blackbird sang high in the branches of the silver birch tree, and somewhere in the distance the bells of the local church rang out in celebration of a wedding. Or perhaps they symbolised our unholy union, I thought, smiling to myself as we approached the patio where my father tended his trusty barbecue.

* * *

That Friday, I dressed for my night out with extra care, selecting my prettiest cream lace underwear. The bra thrust my breasts out and up, giving me a tempting cleavage, and the panties had a thong back that left most of my arse cheeks bare. They'd cost me a fortune from a designer lingerie boutique in Soho, but if the sight of me in them didn't give Robin an instant erection, there really was no hope for him. Over those, I wore a

dress spotted with black polka dots, its hemline short and flirty, revealing plenty of leg. Just the right combination of innocence and experience, I decided, admiring my reflection in the mirror.

A car I didn't recognise stood outside Robin's house when I arrived, a bright red convertible with the top down. It almost screamed 'midlife crisis', but I was forced to revise my opinion as Robin introduced me to his friends, neither of whom seemed to be the kind of middle-aged loser who needed to supplement his waning virility with an expensive, shiny sports car. Geoff, who had a dental practice on Harley Street, was a classic silver fox, his snowy hair just brushing his collar and his green eyes glittering behind small square glasses with gunmetal grey frames. Michael, who ran a media production company in Docklands, was six foot plus of prime Midwestern beefcake, blond and muscular in all the right places. My pussy creamed just looking at the pair of them.

Introductions made, Robin led us all down to his den. The other two men were clearly familiar with the room, but it was the first time I'd even become aware he had his own basement-level domain, fitted out with everything the discerning forty-something gentleman needed to have a good time. There were a couple of black leather sofas, their cushions butter soft, a full-size pool table, the balls racked up and ready, and a genuine Wurlitzer jukebox. Its multicoloured neon lights flashed as Robin punched a sequence of numbers into it, picking out his favourite soft rock tunes. A bar stood in one corner, stocked with bottles of everything from twelve-year-old Highland malt to vintage

champagne. Still believing Robin had asked me over simply to carry out waitressing duties, I took their orders. Scotch on the rocks for Geoff, bourbon and Coke for Michael and a glass of Merlot for Robin. I poured a second glass of the smooth, leathery red wine for myself, and sat quietly sipping at it as the men gathered round the card table.

Robin cut and dealt the cards, explaining they'd be playing poker, classic five-card draw style. Card games bored me, always had, and I wished I'd brought a book to read. However, it soon emerged that Robin had thought of other ways for me to pass the time.

'Juliette, darling, there's a jar of nuts on the bar counter. Could you pour out a couple of bowls for us?'

I hurried to do as he asked, eager to make a good impression on his friends. Filling three small white china bowls to the brim with salted cashews, I sneaked a handful for myself, licking my fingers clean afterwards. Looking up, I saw Michael's eyes fixed on my middle finger as it disappeared into my mouth. Unable to resist teasing him just a little, I sucked provocatively on that digit as I kept eye contact with him, so he couldn't fail to imagine it was his cock sliding between my pink-glossed lips.

Geoff, on the other hand, seemed almost oblivious to my presence – until I placed a bowl of nuts on the table in front of him. Out of view of the others, he ran a hand up my leg, under the hem of my skirt, to cup my bottom. He smiled as he registered how little in the way of fabric covered my soft cheeks. I should

have said something, maybe even slapped his hand away – I'd only agreed to serve drinks, after all, not put myself on the menu for these men. But I didn't, because the truth was I liked the feel of his hand there, big and warm, squeezing my almost bare arse with delicious gentleness.

For half an hour or so, I acted the part of the dutiful waitress, fetching more drinks, more nibbles, as and when the men requested them. Geoff grew bolder in his moves; the next time I lingered in his orbit, his hand closed round my panty-clad crotch, gently pushing the soft lace up into my cleft, causing my juices to flow strongly. I bit my lip, trying to conceal my reaction to his fingering, but a tiny squeak of pleasure escaped. Robin looked at me, his expression seeming to strip me bare. I didn't know it, but with the acknowledgement that I was enjoying everything his friend was doing to me, I'd given him permission to put the dirty little scenario which was to be the real meat of the evening into action.

I hadn't been following their poker game at all, but Michael appeared to be the dealer at this point. Robin was studying his cards intently, doing his best to keep his facial expression neutral as he weighed up his options. Geoff had already folded, throwing his hand face down on the table, though it seemed, from the size of the pile of chips in front of him, he'd been doing considerably better than his friends up to this point.

At last, Robin tossed a couple of chips on to the pile in the centre of the table. 'And I'll raise you five pounds.'

Michael matched the bet, and waited for Robin to decide what he was going to do. His options seemed limited, seeing that he was already down to his last chip. He threw it on to the pile, his next words taking me completely by surprise. ‘And I’ll throw in Juliette’s dress, too.’

It was an outrageous offer, but I reckoned he had to be pretty confident in the cards he held to make such a deal. And anyway, there was no way Michael would accept it – or so I thought, until he smirked and said, ‘OK, I’ll see you.’

Robin spread his hand out on the table, face up. Michael, his smirk now so wide it threatened to engulf his entire face, did the same. If I’d known anything at all about poker, I’d have been aware there was no way Robin’s random selection of cards could have beaten the array of queens and aces Michael revealed, and understood just what kind of game he was actually playing. But I remained in ignorance, even as Michael said, ‘Looks like I win. Pay up, sweetheart.’

With a shock, I realised he was addressing me. Holding out a hand, he drawled, ‘Let’s have that pretty dress of yours.’

This couldn’t be happening. Robin couldn’t have gambled away the clothes on my back, surely? But all three men were looking at me expectantly. It seemed a bet was a bet, and I had no option but to unzip the dress. I peeled it down off my shoulders, stepped out of it and handed it over to Michael.

‘Thank you so much, Juliette.’ His tone was gracious, and I thought that was the end of my ordeal, but then he smiled and

said, 'Get me another bourbon and Coke, would you, darlin'?'

Blushing furiously, I went round to his side of the table and picked up his empty glass. When I turned and walked to the bar, I knew all three men would have a perfect view of my bare arse, cheeks bisected by the scandalously small thong back of my panties. The only thing for it was to try to back away, treating them to my front view only. Though that in itself was quite a sight, with my big brown nipples pushing at the cups of my bra, and the telltale spot of dampness in my panties from where Geoff had played with me.

Michael just shook his head, and I knew my plan had been rumbled. I turned round and dashed to the bar, wondering just why, if it was so shameful to be running about half-naked in front of three men almost twice my age, my pussy was fluttering with excitement and my nipples were quite so hard.

Returning with his drink, I saw the cards were being dealt again. Despite having been cleaned out by the last hand, Robin was still in the game. Maybe his friends had agreed to take an IOU in lieu of cash, I thought naively. It wasn't as though he didn't have the money to cover his losses; the expensive boys' toys on display in his den were evidence enough of that.

This time it was Michael who folded, Geoff who faced Robin down in this contest of bluff and counter-bluff. 'So what are you willing to stake this time?' Geoff asked, in the tone of a man who knows he's literally holding all the cards. 'Your Rolex? That bottle of 1982 Margaux I know you've got squirreled away in

your wine cellar?’

‘In your dreams, Geoffrey.’ Robin sipped his Merlot. ‘How does Juliette’s bra sound?’

I should have realised this was coming. Neither of Robin’s friends appeared at all surprised by the offer, and I wondered how many times in the past they’d brought Kirsty the nanny, or some other willing woman, down here to take part in their perverse gambling games. Geoff merely put his cards down on the table with a wolfish grin. ‘I’ll see you,’ he announced.

Even before Robin’s hand was revealed, I knew he’d lost. Three pairs of eager, greedy eyes turned towards me. My protests that I couldn’t possibly do this were half-hearted, hands already reaching behind my back to unfasten the catch of my bra. Still, I strung the moment of my exposure out as long as I could, clutching the cups to my breasts while I eased the straps down off my shoulders, so as not to show them everything straight away.

Geoff held out an expectant hand, and I pressed the bra into it, still doing my best to cover my bare tits with one arm.

‘Now, now, Juliette,’ Robin chided me. ‘Show my guests what they’ve come to see.’

I could only describe the feeling that overcame me on hearing his order as one of pure submission. Being made to display myself to these virtual strangers had woken something in me I’d never known existed. Letting my arm drop to my side, I stood and allowed them to take in the sight of me topless, nipples tight knots of desire.

Geoff put the bra to his cheek, enjoying its silky softness, breathing in the perfume clinging to it. ‘Exquisite,’ he murmured. I wasn’t sure whether he referred to the underwear, or me.

‘What do you figure, boys?’ Michael asked. ‘One last hand, winner takes all?’

Robin nodded. I didn’t have to be a rocket scientist to know what he’d be throwing into the pot. As nervously excited as I’d ever been, I watched as the cards were dealt, the bets placed, my panties staked against two piles of chips. As he looked at his cards, something in Robin’s body language changed, though I’d no idea whether the other two were aware of it. Maybe they were too busy dreaming of the moment I would have to present my disgracefully wet, fragrant underwear to the winner. Call it feminine intuition, but I knew Robin had a winning hand. Until now, he’d been deliberately playing to lose, contriving to strip me naked for the delectation of his friends in the process. Would the cards he held affect his strategy, and change the course of the evening?

‘I’ll see you,’ Michael said, Geoff having folded with a rueful shake of his head.

Robin laid out his cards. Three kings and two fives. ‘Full house.’

Geoff, at least, was impressed, but the smile on Robin’s face faded as Michael counted out his own cards in sequence. Ace, king, queen, jack and ten. All hearts. ‘Royal flush. Sorry, Robin, you lose.’

I couldn't help thinking Robin didn't look as disappointed as he might, had they been playing for serious money. He just sat back, and waited for me to give Michael his winnings.

Again, I took as long as I possibly could easing out of my panties, legs tight together so they only got the merest flash of my secret places. That morning, dreaming of all the wonderfully filthy things Robin and I would do when he finally got me alone, I'd trimmed the hair on my mound into a cute heart shape. It had never occurred to me when I reached for the razor that the sight might not be for his eyes only.

Keeping one hand over my pussy, trying to preserve some scrap of my modesty, I passed my panties to Michael. Just as Geoff had done with my bra, he put them to his nose and breathed in, inhaling my scent as though to imprint it on his memory for all time.

'Darlin', you're truly beautiful,' he told me, 'but the way you're standing, I just can't get the answer to the question that's been bothering me all night. You see, I'm really keen to know if you're a natural blonde ...'

The implication was obvious. A flush rising to my cheeks, I took my hand away from my pussy. Michael's gaze seemed to penetrate between my legs as though it was laser guided, seeking out my hidden treasures. In response, I simply grew wetter, turned on beyond belief. I'd never been completely naked in front of three fully dressed men before, and though I felt so vulnerable and ashamed at how easily I'd been persuaded to undress for

them, my body burned with uncontrollable desire.

They must have known in that moment I would do whatever they wanted me to, needing the feel of their hands on my body, their cocks in my mouth, my cunt, wherever they chose. Robin, though, seemed determined to make me wait for that pleasure.

At that moment, the selection of tunes he'd programmed into the jukebox came to an end, replaced by a tense, anticipatory silence.

'Would anyone like to hear more music, or shall I ask Juliette to unplug the jukebox for the night?'

The general clamour seemed to be for the latter, and when I glanced over at the jukebox I realised why. With the socket low down on the skirting board, I'd have to get down on all fours to pull the plug. In that position, I'd be giving them a perfect view of the wet pouch of my pussy from behind. Any thought of objecting disappeared when they rose as one from their chairs, revealing trouser crotches straining at the seams.

I dropped to my knees and crawled over to the wall, knowing perfectly well their eyes would be glued to my bare arse and the dark cleft between it. Someone groaned, and I thought I heard the grating sound of a zip coming down, but I didn't look over my shoulder to see whose excitement had got the better of him. After flicking off the switch, shutting the jukebox down, I waited for my next instruction.

Instead, I felt hands gripping my bum cheeks from behind, kneading and flexing them. 'So fuckin' gorgeous.' The

American-accented tones let me know it was Michael who groped me. He'd won the poker game and now he was claiming the real prize of the evening: the chance to be the first of the three to fuck me.

There was so much I didn't know about this man, I thought, as his hand burrowed deep between my thighs. Was he married? If so, did his wife turn a blind eye to his indiscretions, in the same way Robin's appeared to? At that point, none of it mattered. 'Where do you want me?' was all I asked, feeling two of his fingers sliding up into my cunt and a third probing at the entrance to my arse.

Michael guided me over to the sofa, positioning me over one of the arms so my backside jutted out, cunt primed and ready for him. He didn't waste any time, just extracted his cock from his jeans and pushed into me with one long, easy thrust. I cried out at the sweetness of the penetration, finally getting what I'd craved from the moment my panties had finally come off.

As he fucked me with fast, jabbing strokes, Robin and Geoff came close, stroking their own erections as they waited for their turn. I couldn't help noticing that Robin's dick was every bit as big as I'd suspected when I'd taken the sneaky peek in his bathroom that had set this whole perverse chain of events in motion. Even though Michael was warming me up so beautifully, I'd really feel the thickness of it stretching my walls apart.

My tits bounced with every stroke, and my clit was a hard bead of sensation, responding to the stimulation of my own rapidly

rubbing fingers. I tried to let my audience know how good this sustained fucking felt and how much I needed to have them inside me, too, but my words came out as garbled moans. Michael stepped up the pace, thrusts growing more erratic, and I knew he was on the verge of coming. He pulled out of my cunt, and I looked back over my shoulder to see him give his cock a couple of furious tugs before his spunk shot out to decorate the small of my back in pearly strings.

As he stepped back, spent and grinning with satisfaction, Geoff rushed to take his place. The skilled hands that more usually gripped dental tools smoothed over the curves of my hips and arse, and I expected to feel the fat head of his cock sliding up where Michael's had so recently been. Instead, he gave my bum an affectionate slap before moving round to my head. When he pushed his cock between my lips, encouraging me to suck, I felt the first sweet spasms of orgasm gripping me. But my passion peaked at the moment Robin entered my pussy with a series of short, assured thrusts.

As he slid home, packing me to the hilt with his hot sturdy length, I experienced for the first time the thrill of being full at both ends. I gripped the arm of the sofa.

'Thank you, Juliette,' he murmured, 'for being everything I'd hoped you'd be – and more.'

I'd had no idea when I'd rung his doorbell earlier that my evening would turn out like this, with a cock plugging away relentlessly in my cunt while I licked and slurped on another. And

with Michael stripping out of his clothes and slipping something onto his dick that I knew to be a cock ring, designed to keep his reviving erection hard for as long as he needed, the fun wasn't over, not by a long way.

Together, these three men had introduced me to the pleasure of humiliation, teaching me there was honour in shame and fulfilment in submission. And with these boys-only evenings a regular fixture in their diaries, I could only wonder what other delightfully deviant experiences might be on the cards for me in future.

The Auction

Janine Ashbless

She should have been able to see the stars. They were deep in the wastelands and it was late night by the time they came to put her up on stage, so the stars must have been beautiful. But the compound lights were so fierce that when she was dragged out by the two men and looked round, blinking, all she could see were the lights themselves, the crowd and a glimpse of the chain link fences beyond. Fires burned in old oil drums and their smoke made the light hazy. No stars, no desert hills, no escape.

The crowd whooped and roared. Someone sounded an air horn from the top of a beat-up Humvee.

‘Well,’ said the auctioneer, coming forwards to take her from her handlers. ‘Let’s get a look at our next lot, shall we?’

All evening she’d watched the other prisoners being taken up out of the display pen, one by one. Between lots there had been pounding music, whipping the crowd up. She was almost the last to go.

‘We’ve got ourselves a pretty little copperhead here,’ the auctioneer said, taking her elbow and steering her to the front of the stage. His other hand held a sweating beer bottle just as casually. He was a lanky man with a shaved head and tattoos that crawled over every bulge of his muscled arms, and he was miked

up so that he didn't have to raise his voice to be heard. 'Looks shy, doesn't she?'

The crowd bayed and jeered.

She dipped her head, her long hair falling over her face. She couldn't hide it any other way because her elbows were joined by a twist of rope behind her back, leaving her hands free but tethered helplessly low. The tautness of the rope forced her to arch her back and thrust out her tits and ass – just as they wanted.

'First time on the block,' said the auctioneer, grinning. His skin gleamed with sweat. 'Can you see that blush? She's practically a virgin.'

She squirmed with shame as the catcalls and whistles rose to a new crescendo. She was wearing only tiny cut-off jeans and a deep-necked T-shirt hacked off so short that it barely covered her breasts. There were big manga-style boots on her feet but they didn't make her feel any less vulnerable, only clumsy and uncertain of her footing, like a newborn calf. Above the boots, hold-up stockings covered her to mid-thigh. They had been white to start with, but now they were stained with dust, and the lace was torn.

'What do we call you, Red?' he asked.

'Antonia.' The word seemed to burn on her lips.

'Sweet. You scared, Antonia?'

'Please ...'

'You should be.'

Her legs nearly gave way under her and only his grip on her

elbow kept her on her feet. The shift of her hips made the tight shorts press into her ass crack and she gasped with discomfort, but the sound was masked by the gales of laughter from their audience.

‘D’you know what’s going to happen to you?’

She shook her head.

‘Of course you do. I’m going to sell you to the highest bidder, bitch.’ The insult was savoured, and Antonia felt the heat run through her body like a shock wave. ‘Whoever wants your cunt the most tonight is going to get it. Of course, you’ll be lucky if he only wants your cunt – and not every other orifice. See anyone out there you like the look of, Antonia?’

She twisted her face away, shutting her eyes, but he transferred his grip to the nape of her neck and squeezed warningly.

‘Look at them. You’re here because you’re worth money to them. Look them in the eye – it’s the last chance you’ll get.’

She looked. There were – what? – maybe a couple of hundred people out there, men and women, standing near the front or sitting on the hoods of cars and lolling across parked motorbikes further back. Black clothing and leather predominated, where they had bothered to cover up against the night air. It looked like a scene from a *Mad Max* movie. There were a lot of grins, but not one of them reassuring.

‘One of those lucky people is going to be fucking you real soon. One of them’s going to own you, bitch. You know what that means? They can have *anything* they want from you.’

Antonia couldn't help whimpering. She was shaking with tension and she knew he could feel it.

'Shall we have a look at the goods then?' he called out, and they answered with enthusiasm. 'Right.' He parked the beer bottle between his belt buckle and his stomach – where it stuck up like a crude glass erection – and tugged a small piece of plastic from his pocket. It was a cable tie. Scooping up the smooth fall of coppery hair that Antonia was so proud of, he twisted it into a rope and secured it with the tie. His movements were swift and practised. 'I like to see a good handgrip on a slave,' he informed her, wrapping the bright ponytail around his left fist and pulling her head up and back. Tears brimmed in Antonia's eyes.

'Now, I see we've got a good big pair of tits on this one,' he remarked to the crowd. He retrieved his bottle, took one last sip and then upended it over her breasts, dowsing both thoroughly. Shame burned through her body all the way to her core. The liquid was chilled and the smell of cheap beer made her head swim. She was aware of the sudden pull of her nipples as they tightened in response to the unexpected cold shower, poking out against the taut and now clinging cloth.

The auctioneer tossed the empty bottle back over his shoulder. She heard it smash.

'Yeah, that's nice,' he purred, flicking her nipples with his nail to accentuate their jut and pinning her as she flinched. 'Imagine getting your cock between these, gentlemen. Look at the size of them! And real too! But don't take my word for it; see for

yourselves.’

He pulled something else out of his back pocket and held it up for Antonia and everyone else to see: a knife handle. Its blade flicked out, glinting gold in the compound lights. She gasped, but he took no notice. Holding her firmly, he slipped the knife up between her breasts, caught the point of the T-shirt’s V-neck and pulled. She felt the jerk of the cloth across her shoulders and neck, but the blade must have been very sharp because the cotton gave way almost instantly, splitting down the front to let her breasts spill out. After putting his knife away, the auctioneer cupped one orb and jiggled it.

‘Now, we don’t see many like that nowadays, do we? The genuine article. Heh. For the real connoisseur.’ He slapped her breast to make it bounce, then took hold of the nipple and pulled it up and out, hefting the weight. ‘And not pierced – yet. Well, buy her and ring her.’

He wrenched the shredded shirt off her back and turned her this way and that along the front of the stage to demonstrate to everyone the quiver and bounce of her flesh. The beer gleamed stickily on her bare skin and her nipples pointed at the crowd as if trying in vain to pinpoint an ally. Antonia could feel herself pulsating with shame. She knew her mascara was leaking down her cheeks already.

‘Nice figure too, I think you’ll agree, ladies and gentlemen. A beautiful big ass. I’m betting that’ll soak up plenty of punishment.’ To demonstrate, he clapped his palm loud and hard

against the swell of her bum cheek and Antonia let loose an inadvertent squeal of shock.

The burn seemed to swell even as the pain died away.

‘Oh, a little sensitive are you, darling? That’ll be fun.’ He winked at the audience. ‘And a good pair of lungs on her, I hope you notice. Mind, she’ll need to be able to breathe through her ears, given what one of you horny fuckers will probably be doing to her before the end of the night.’

‘Please,’ she begged, ‘please let me go! I shouldn’t be here, I need to go home –’

‘Shush.’ His fingers were oddly gentle as he pressed them to her lips, cutting off her protests. ‘No one’s listening. Nobody cares.’ Two of his fingers slid into her mouth. They tasted of iron and oil and sweat, and Antonia worked frantically to accommodate them and not gag as he pushed them over her tongue, right to the back of her mouth. ‘That’s better,’ he sighed. ‘You’re beginning to get it, aren’t you?’

As he withdrew his fingers his attention snapped back to the crowd. ‘Of course, ladies and gentlemen,’ he announced, snuggling up to her rear, ‘what you really want to see is her pussy, isn’t it?’ With the word ‘pussy’ his voice dropped an octave and the mic vibrated. He was playing up to the theatre of it all, and she was doubly sure he was enjoying it because, through his abraded jeans, his hard cock was jabbing gleefully up against her.

‘Yes!’ shouted the crowd – and wilder, more obscene things too.

‘I don’t blame you.’ The auctioneer’s spit-wet fingers trailed over her chin and down her throat and between her breasts. ‘You don’t buy a car without looking under the hood, do you? And you don’t buy a fuck-slave without getting a good look at her pussy.’ He smoothed his hand down the slight curve of her belly and insinuated his fingers beneath the waistband of her cut-offs. His thumb flicked open her fly button with a casual expertise. ‘Want to see?’ he teased.

‘Yes!’

‘Turn around,’ he ordered, spinning her to face the back of the stage. ‘Now, be a good little bitch and bend over.’

Antonia had never anticipated this. She could feel the sweat of her panic gather at the small of her back. It hardly felt real: the blood was pounding in her ears and her head was swimming. But the stage was backed by big polished steel panels, allowing her a blurred and distorted view of what was going on behind her: the crowd, the big man controlling her every move. She was not to be allowed to forget that she was being displayed and sold in public.

‘Bend,’ he growled, planting a hand between her bare shoulders to tip her from the hips. She tried to comply, awkward because her arms were tied and she couldn’t brace herself with her hands. She almost lost her balance and he grabbed the back of her shorts to steady her, sending a lightning stab through her private torment. Her fingers dug fearfully into her hips. He kicked her feet further apart. Her ass and tits were now stuck out in perfect counterbalance.

The knife came out again to dissect her cut-off shorts. She felt its cold steel whisper against her skin. It gave even the stitched denim short shrift, and after a series of agonising yanks the garment fell away down her thighs, revealing to the world her ass and crack and the shy peek of her pussy below.

That was the first moment of relief Antonia had felt since coming on stage.

‘Whoa,’ said the auctioneer, appreciatively. ‘What have we got here, ladies and gentlemen? It looks like there’s been some customisation going on with this one.’ He put a hand between her cheeks, prodding the rubber bung that jutted out there. ‘I don’t know if you can see this clearly, but she’s got a big black butt-plug up her already.’

His fingertips explored her stretched anus, discovering the thick greasy lubricant that they’d filled her ass with before inserting the plug. Antonia hadn’t tried to fight when, an hour before her entrance on stage, they’d held her down and worked the dildo into her – she had been too afraid of the hefty cylinder now riding her ass. The discomfort and the sense of imminent disaster and the humiliation had been almost overwhelming, and those tight shorts had only made the sensations worse, every step a torment.

Now it was the auctioneer’s turn. He jiggled the dildo inside her and made her wail.

‘Well, look at that, ladies and gentlemen. She’s lubed up and stretched and wide open. I think that when you buy her, you’re

going to be able to just whip that butt-plug out and stick your dick right in there to fuck that beautiful ass, like going into warm butter. So I'm going to leave it where it is for the moment.'

He chuckled. 'Told you it's always worth taking a close look before you buy. Now, let's examine this pussy.' His hand cupped her sex. 'Well, if you can't see, you can take my word for it. This one's nicely shaved, every bit of her. Soft as a kitten, this pussy.' He bent and both sets of fingers explored her sex, not at all rough – but thorough. 'She's got rings, ladies and gentlemen. I count three on either side, outer labia, silver. Someone's taken a lot of care with this one. Fucking beautiful example, and I see a lot of them in this line of work. And –' his fingers spread her '– she's running wet. Jeez – that is one juicy fucking cunt! I don't think you'll have any problem warming this one up. She's just begging to be taken out for a ride!'

Antonia sobbed, mascara tears running down her cheeks. Her pussy seemed to throb under the merciless glare of the auction lights. But the examination was not yet over. He slid his licked fingers into her passage and spread them. With the internal pressure of the plug in her other hole, it was enough to make her squeak.

'Mmm. That's good. Tight enough to give you a good firm grip, I think. And ...'

She felt the fingers withdraw again. She saw in the blurred reflection how he straightened up and lifted his hand to his face.

'Sweet. Tastes like honey, ladies and gentlemen. I think we've

got a prime piece of cunt here.’ Tugging her ponytail, he slapped her ass and jerked her upright. ‘There’s one last thing, though. Want to see how she performs?’

Of course they did.

He brushed his lips to her ear. ‘Get on your knees.’ He didn’t push her, but his voice was like the black oil from an engine sump and she was incapable of disobeying. Her legs seemed to fold of themselves and she came to rest on the rough boards of the stage, her head on a level with his crotch. She watched as he unbuckled the big worn belt around his hips, tugged down his fly and manhandled out an uncut cock that was already fighting for its freedom. Like the rest of him it was long and sinewy and lumpy with veins.

The calls of the crowd had become white noise. She felt the muscles of her asshole clench around the cruel plug between her cheeks. She could smell the harsh masculine sweat of his groin.

‘Lick it, bitch,’ he crooned.

She hesitated, cringing from that unfamiliar cock.

‘Fucking lick it.’

This time she moved in and licked him tentatively, from root to crown. His flesh was hot and his glans was sticky. Her tongue slithered over the dome of flesh and she tasted his musk with something like dread. She thought she’d done enough to satisfy him – but without warning his fingers stung her cheek in a slap and then, as she gasped in shock, he took advantage of her parted lips to push her mouth down firmly over his bell-end.

‘A slave shouldn’t need to be told twice,’ he growled, angling his cock and her head so that he could plunge all the way to the back of her mouth. As he filled her throat, Antonia swallowed hard, desperate not to gag on his length. Grinding his hips, he bedded his meat firmly in her. He held her there a long time, almost until her air had run out, while the crowd voiced their appreciation. Then he pulled out slowly, revelling in the glistening trails of saliva and the rush of her breath and the heave of her breasts.

‘Well,’ he said, tucking his erection nonchalantly away and pulling her round to face the crowd once more. He stood behind and above her as she knelt there panting, his hand tight in her hair to ensure that her face was visible, his legs straddling her flanks, his sheathed cock rubbing up against the back of her head. ‘I think we’ve seen all that we need to. A nice little specimen. Let’s get this sale started. I’ll set the bids off at \$50 – do I have any takers?’

At that price there were plenty of takers. The bidding went in a rush and the price spiralled. But by the time it got to \$800 there were only three bidders left. Antonia, blinking, focused on those faces. Her fate depended on who won this contest, and fear made her chest tight. One bidding group was a trio of three young men, all egging each other on. One was a couple sitting astride a parked Harley, both in leathers. One was a lone man, a face she recognised, and her gaze met his in terror.

He’d watched her in the display pen. He’d had eyes for

none of the other lots, as far as she remembered: he'd just watched her with that same scowl that he sported now. No matter how many other people had drifted back and forth, ogling the flesh on offer, laughing or admiring or sneering, he'd always been there in the background. She'd been kneeling, her wrists roped to a peg driven into the dirt, her thighs spread either side of it. She'd looked up from under her lashes and watched him sliding his blunt fingers slowly up and down the erection outlined by his leather pants. He wore cowboy boots and an open leather waistcoat that showed the sandy hair furred across his belly and chest. His jaw was square, his hair cropped, his expression as hard as the bulge of his cock. That expression, the uncompromising harshness of it, had made her heart run fast and weak. It was as if his face epitomised the brutal greed of the crowd and the hopelessness of her captivity. She'd looked at him and known there would be no mercy.

Not that her other prospective purchasers promised any more kindness. She focused on the couple on the bike. Both were middle-aged. Her hair was peroxide blonde, his in a grey ponytail that matched his beard. There was a chrome ring through his septum, as if he were a bull. He had a whip looped at his belt and she – leaning forward to whisper into his ear – carried a riding quirt stuffed down her capacious cleavage, behind her shiny PVC corset. Antonia could only imagine how they would take turns to use those whips on her tender flesh, and she quivered with fear. She could feel her sweat trickling down her ass crack into her

pussy, as if in anticipation of the pain.

But then the biker couple dropped out of the bidding.

She switched her focus to the trio, though her hearing was becoming distorted and her eyes were blurring with tears. They looked sort of normal, though they were shirtless tonight. Regular enough guys apart from a slightly exaggerated muscularity: quite young, no obvious piercings. They shared the same tattoo on their right shoulders, and she guessed from its shape that it was a military crest and that they were army. Or ex-army. But *three of them* – would she be able to cope?

Would they take her one at a time, or would they get what they could all at once?

She couldn't help picturing what that might entail and she shut her eyes as if that might block out her imaginings, only to see them painted in brighter colours in her mind's eye. Her mouth was dry with tension and she ran her tongue round the inside of her lips, trying to gather some moisture.

Then suddenly the bidding was all over and she opened her eyes to see the three men shaking their heads in disgust and gesturing dismissively. She'd been so caught up in her own sensations that she'd actually missed what the winning bid was, but she could tell that the lone man in the leathers must have won. He was striding towards the stage now. The military trio jeered and that sentiment was taken up by the crowd, a rolling wave of amused disparagement.

'Up,' grunted the auctioneer, pulling her to her feet.

It was cash only, up front and no waiting around, at this sale. The man in leather handed over a wad of bills, and the moment he'd counted them the auctioneer pushed Antonia down the steps into the hands of her new keeper. 'Congratulations,' he said with a leer.

Close to, the pores of her purchaser's leathers were highlighted with dust. He smelled sun-baked, with a dash of bourbon.

If she'd entertained any last hopes that he would be gentler than the auctioneer, they were rudely dashed then. He gripped her rope of copper hair and pulled her head back so that she was nearly tipped off balance. Her ass tightened painfully around the plug. Then he pushed her before him through the reluctantly parting audience so fast that she stumbled and caught her feet. He didn't seem to care that she was bumping into people and her breasts were slapping against the arms and chests of grinning bystanders. He took her straight to the back of the crowd to where the cars were parked, and there planted his rear on the hood of a 1950s Ford. 'Knees,' he said, shoving her to the floor between his feet.

She couldn't understand why he was being so rough or why he sounded so angry, when there was no resistance left in her. Tears welled up in her eyes as she looked up at him through the crazy shadows. From this angle he was only a black silhouette against a blazing compound light.

'I noticed you seem to like the taste of a strange dick.'

That was so unfair. What choice had she had? ‘Please, you don’t have to ...’

‘Shut up.’ He yanked down his zipper, his haste undisguised. His cock was big and ruddy and smooth-looking, and its slitted mouth was already weeping with eagerness.

Antonia took a deep breath and opened her mouth obediently to accept it.

‘No. Kiss it.’

She blinked.

‘Kiss it, you dirty slut. I paid a shitload of money to have you, and you belong to this dick from now on. It owns you. Whatever it wants, you give it. Whatever it likes doing, you like too. In fact you *love* it. So kiss the cock, fuck-slave.’

He angled his erection to her lips and she kissed it, mouth to mouth, tasting his pre-come with the tip of her tongue. A kiss seals a pact: it comes with a signature, it vows obedience. The softly pursed rose of her lips met his flesh in token of her submission.

‘Fuck yes,’ he murmured. Then he dragged her up by the hair and dropped her face-down on to the hood of his auto. Antonia caught a glimpse, in passing, of a silent semicircle of watchers: clearly some of the crowd had followed them back here to see how it would pan out. Her breasts squashed against the warm metal and her feet scrambled for solid purchase on the desert ground. A big rough hand cupped her sex to haul her rump up.

‘Spread them,’ he ordered, and slapped her upthrust ass hard,

once on each cheek. Stiff-legged and with her arms trapped at her sides, she could only obey. She didn't have time to even catch her breath before his cock seared into her sex, slippery in her juices but pressed tight against the mass of the plug in her other hole.

She cried out.

‘Good ’n’ tight,’ he grunted.

He started to thrust, settling into long smooth powerful strokes that made no allowance for the rubbery length already occupying her and constricting the space available. His hand on her hair did not let go – in fact it tightened, stretching her throat and forcing her back to arch. With every thrust, the wall of his belly prodded the butt-plug deeper into her, and she felt like she was being impaled from her ass all the way up her spine and out the top of her head. Her clit was grinding against the car's hood ornament. She could feel herself falling apart.

‘What are you?’ he snarled in her ear, his spit spraying through his teeth with his effort.

‘Your slave!’ She could no longer see anything of the real world: light and dark flashed in her field of vision.

‘Yes – my slave – my hole – my piece of ass. Sold, bought, paid for. Mine. Now and for ever.’ The pounding was a terrible thing and she was disintegrating beneath it with every blow. ‘Now tell me how much you fucking love it!’

She broke out in a shriek, as he hammered her orgasm into her like it was a nine-inch nail. And as her last incoherent cries died away he pulled out, took a grip on the evil nub protruding

from her ass and drew the butt-plug out from her clenching and dilating anus. She heard the wet sound it made as the seal with the lube broke. For a moment she was empty – emptier than she had been in her whole life, it felt like – and then he filled her all over again, driving his hot hard meat deep into her rear passage to shoot his load inside her.

Antonia was still in the grip of her orgasm and these new thrusts lifted her up and threw her over the top again into a second climax. As he pumped his seed into her, she felt her ass open like a desert rose under his bitter rain.

She was still sobbing with release when he laid his hand on her back and stroked down her spine, gentling her as he stooped and nuzzled his lips to her cheek.

‘Toni ... You OK there?’

‘Yes. Jesus. Fucking *yes*.’ Her aftershocks ripped out of her as a peal of giggling hiccups. She knew she was making no sense. Her mind felt like a puddle sloshing wildly round inside her head. ‘Ray. That was ... Oh, *fuck*!’

* * *

They were sitting contentedly together with a group of people watching a rather beautiful blonde get the words ‘cum-slut’ tattooed across her shaven mound, when the auctioneer found them.

‘Toni. Ray.’ He bumped knuckles with Ray’s lazily proffered fist, but his attention was on her. ‘Was that all right, Toni?’

‘It was amazing, Jonas,’ she said warmly, leaning into Ray and

rubbing her cheek against his bare shoulder. 'It was ... intense! And you were great.'

His grin lit up his face. 'Glad to hear it.'

'Although,' said Ray, 'I don't actually remember telling you it was OK to stick your dick in my wife's mouth.'

Jonas shrugged. 'Hey. Improvisation.'

Toni giggled. She'd been finding it hard not to for the last half-hour: she was still buzzing on the endorphins. 'It worked for me.'

Ray brushed her cheek with his knuckles. 'Hey, you were so into the zone ...'

'Damn right,' said Jonas. 'That was a fine show. You're something special, Toni.' He pulled out a sheaf of papers and held out one to Ray. 'This is your receipt, by the way.'

'Receipt?'

'For your kind donation to the club's annual fundraiser.'

'Our pleasure.'

'And next year ...' He crooked an eyebrow at Toni. 'How about somebody else getting a chance to buy you, for real this time?'

'Maybe,' she said, grinning. The thought sent a warm pulse through her sex. Somebody else purchasing her for the night? Perhaps somebody she didn't know? Maybe more than one of them? She gave her hips a little squirm, enjoying the tingle of trepidation and arousal, and looked up at her husband, wondering if he realised how much the thought excited her.

'Maybe,' growled Ray. 'We'll see.'

Touched

Ashley Hind

I cannot touch her because she is too flawless and beautiful. To do so would painfully reignite the embers of my still glowing desire. Just the slightest contact could rekindle the burning torment of all my days, the empty agony of my unrequited love. I cannot touch her because she isn't even quite half my age – not just young enough to be my daughter but also in reality my own daughter's best friend. Not just my daughter's best friend but eldest daughter of *my*

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