

# To Sir, With Love Part VII

By xzf5z6

Published on Lush Stories on 28 Apr 2011

*Mathew leads Jamie to a life of service.*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/bdsm/to-sir-with-love-part-vii.aspx>

Continued..... Mathew spoke. "Ok sluts, the next event is the 'biathlon'. While I explain the event, remove your thongs and give them to us. We were going to give points for the wettest underwear, but with you three, we were afraid we'd get flooded out." Each girl was given a small silver "pocket rocket" vibrator loaded with a fresh batteries. "The winner of the next event will be first one to give themselves a full blown orgasm with your new toys, and show the rest of us a mouthful of cum. As an added feature, anyone that does not complete the event by the time we get back to the hotel will spend the rest of the night wearing the weighted nipple clamps. Now, on your mark, get set, cum!" Cindy heard the rules and got an idea as to how to approach the event with a little strategy. Jamie and Amy immediately turned the rockets on and started on their clits. Cindy crawled over to Mathew, put her fingers on his zipper, and said, "Sir, may this girl fill her mouth with your cum please?" Cindy was brilliant. Since there was no rule as to who's cum they get in their mouth, she would go for the one dick she hasn't sucked yet. That would get her more excited faster, and probably get Mathew off sooner since he would be getting a blow job for the first time by one of his best clients. She thought this might make her his favorite client. She caught Mathew off guard too, but at least it was a pleasant surprise. For a second, he thought about saying no; but only for a second. He hoped he'd last long enough for her to get herself off, but what the hell! That was her problem. Mathew put his thumbs in her mouth and his other fingers under her chin. He looked into her eyes and said, "You may suck my dick. But I'll decide later if you may taste my cum." Cindy went for the buckle of his belt. Jamie and Amy were surprised, but they caught on right away. Jamie was on her knees in front of Sam, and Amy was on Don. Amy realized that there wasn't anyone she hadn't sucked off. At least Don was just the once, but he didn't cum in her mouth; so maybe she still had an edge. Sam had been looking forward to having his dick in Jamie. He wanted to fuck her since he watched her cum as he pushed the butterfly vibrator into her clit. He knew that if she cums while his dick is in her contorted, orgasmic face, he will cum in a heartbeat. Don just leaned back and said, "Do a better job then last time slut, or I'll never cum." Don was getting very good at this. Between Don's insult, the sight of Jamie's lips stretching around her Master's dick and the look on her husband's face, Amy was well on her way to her first orgasm of the night. She pressed her clit harder the rocket and put a couple of her fingers as far into herself as she could get them. Her orgasm was hard and loud. Don bent to put his fingers in

her pussy and said, "She's really cumming, her cunt's contractions could crack a walnut!" The final waves of pleasure had not finished washing over her when she had Don back in her mouth, and was swallowing it's entire length on each stroke. She squeezed his balls gently and tickled his anus with her pinky. "Please cum in my mouth Sir. Please let me eat your cum." Then it was back on his now throbbing cock. Don threw his head back and jammed his dick as far and as hard as he could down Amy's throat. She felt him cumming, and pulled her head back so she could capture his cum in her mouth. When Don finally quieted down and let go of the back of her head, Amy rose proudly on her knees, smiled from ear to ear, and opened her mouth for us to see. She even made a point of getting as close as she could to Cindy and Jamie to be sure they saw it. She swallowed hard and licked Don's shrinking dick until he pushed her away. Cindy started to shake as she jammed the vibrator against her clit. Her scream of ecstasy was muffled by Mathew's cock was was now filling her mouth to the point that some leaked from the side of her lips. After she showed her catch to each one of them, all attention was directed to Jamie and Sam. Jamie had cum shortly after Amy, but Sam was being stubborn. He wanted this to last as long as he could. Jamie knew she would get the minus, but the last thing she wanted was to spend the rest of the night in nipple clamps. If Sam could play unfair, she decided she could too. Before Sam knew what was going on, she lubed her rocket with her own pussy juice, flicked it on, and jammed it into Sam's ass. He pulled back at the shock, but Jamie held it in with heel of hand and doubled her work on his shaft. Sam made a sound that sounded like some wild animal in heat, wrapped his legs over Jamie's shoulders and exploded in her mouth. There was so much that she swallowed one batch and still had plenty for display. Sam was muttering incoherently as the hotel came into view. Amy kissed him deeply as she helped him get his pants back on. Jamie looked at Mathew and blushed when he gave her a thumbs up and blew her a kiss. As they pulled up to the hotel, Don announced that the score was now tied up at 4 apiece. Sam was supposed to give the rules for the next event, but he still had not completely caught his breath. Mathew stepped in. "All right ladies, the next event is very simple. We are all going up to the suite. The slut who has the most clothes off by the time they get to the door of the suite wins the event." -----  
----- Three minutes after the men had left the limo, the doorman held the car door open and three rather disheveled ladies with shoes already in their hands jogged into the lobby. Amy dove though the closing doors of the center elevator and saw Cindy hopping on one foot after stepping on a burr that fell off one of the potted plants. Jamie's face was just inches from the doors as they closed. Cindy recovered and joined Jamie in the elevator on the left. No one was in the elevator, so they thought they still had a chance to beat Amy to their floor. Without saying a word, they looked at each other and started at their clothes. Cindy took off her stockings, unfastened her bra and left her jacket open. With nothing else on, she figured she could have everything off as she approached the suite door. Jamie was wearing only a bra and her dress, so her biggest hurdle was just getting to the door before Amy. Amy's elevator stopped three floors from hers. Two people got off and she was alone. "What the hell," she thought, "It's late, and I've been naked in front of a vending machine guy." She had everything off by the time the elevator got to her floor. Amy ran sideways out the elevator doors as fast as she could. Just as she cleared the doors she heard the ding of the other elevator

carrying Jamie and Cindy. As she ran around the corner to head down the corridor to her room, she saw a couple leaning against the wall in a deep discussion. She ran past them and waved. The couple had no idea what was going on when they saw the naked girl being followed by two almost naked girls. The woman said to her companion, "They look too old for a sorority initiation." Amy was the first to reach the door and she was stark naked. Jamie was dragging her dress behind her as she let her bra fall to the floor. Just behind her was Cindy. As they were catching their breath, Amy knocked on the door to the suite. Sam's voice came from the other side, "Who is it?" "Damn," Amy said quietly to the others, "here we go again." "It's three naked sluts, may we please come in?" Amy learned her lesson from the first time. "No. But you may crawl in."

---

The girls made their way to the center of the living area, knelt up straight, and put their hands behind their heads. Their clothes were scattered along their path from the door. Without saying anything, the men collared and cuffed each one of them. Things were getting serious. Sam knelt down next to Amy and kissed her long and deep before he said to her, "You are in the lead with 6 points slut. That makes me very happy. As a special reward, you are to play with this while we update the scores and tell you about the next event." Sam handed her a vibrating rabbit dildo with fresh batteries. She worked it into her pussy and worked it with two hands; one on the controls while she sawed it in and out, and one on the clit vibrator. Mathew kissed Jamie's nipples and sucked each one gently before adding a pinch to each one. He worked a regular dildo into her pussy and told her to work it. "You're in second place sweetie with 5 points. You don't get any batteries, but at least you get something to fill your cunt." Neither Amy nor Jamie had any need for lube. Don was behind Cindy. He pushed her head to the floor and slapped her ass at least ten times. "Guess who's losing, slut." Cindy was silent. Don put another crack on her ass and asked again, "I said, guess who's last!" Cindy was amazed at her husband's newly found talent for the dominant role. "I am last, Sir." "Do you think you deserve a dildo?" "No, Sir." Cindy muttered. "You're damn right you don't. You get a plug shoved up your ass." Cindy felt the cold lube against her puckered asshole, followed by the unmistakable thrust of the plug. "Now sit up and pay attention!" Cindy raised up and said, "Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir." Sam pointed back and forth between Jamie and Amy. "Look at these sluts. They're getting off on this. Shall we plug up your asses too?" They just kept working their dildos. Cindy watched with not a small amount of jealousy. Mathew spoke to all them. "As we said, Amy's in the lead with 6, Jamie has 5 and Cindy has 3. There are four more events, so it's still any sluts game!" The buzzing coming from Amy's crotch was a bit of a distraction, but tolerable. Sam lifted Amy's head so she was looking in his eyes. "Keep working that dildo, but if you come without my permission, the nipple clamps go on." Mathew continued, "The next event will require self control. You are all to lay on your back with your knees up." Each man went to his respective mate to prepare them for the event. The girl's wrist cuffs were attached to her ankle cuffs and their knees were spread as far apart as possible. Although they lost the use of their hands, the dildos and plug remained in place. After they were all blindfolded, Mathew started to explain the rest of the challenge. "This event is very simple, but will require your complete concentration and your self discipline. Clothes pins will be attached to various parts of your body one at a time. You will all be

clasped in the same spots at the same time. The first one to make a sound loses and gets gagged while the contest continues.. The second gets 1 point. The one with the best control will take two.” “And don’t worry, we have plenty of clothes pins.” The men had decided to take turns deciding where the next pin should go. Mathew was first. He fixed the first onto Jamie’s small toe. Don set his on the inside of the forearm. Sam picked a spot on the inside of the thigh, just above the knee. The clothes pins were going on rapidly and no one was near making a sound. Of course, the fact that only ‘low impact’ spots were picked had a lot to do with it. After twenty pins were affixed, the men looked at each other and silently agreed that it was time to step it up. You could see the girl’s faces begin to wince as the pins were attached to each ear, their tongues and the sides of their mouths. Each girl knew what was coming when they felt their tormentors play with their tits and pinch the flesh around their nipples. Shortly, clothes pins circled each nipple. Each thought that the nipple clamps hurt more by themselves, but the clothes pins spread the torment out to a wider area. The occasional flicks of the pins by the men didn’t help matters. One was attached directly to each nipple. As the second on went on, an involuntary scream came from Jamie’s mouth. Mathew was very disappointed, and it actually saddened him to put the ball gag in her mouth. He kissed the tears forming in the corner of her eyes and removed her dildo. As they felt their men fingering the lips of their pussys, they knew where the next assault would be directed. The men slowly released the tension as the clothes pins closed on the tender flesh. Just as Sam released his, Amy gave it up. She had been working through the pain and could have taken more; she just couldn’t do it silently. Mathew was heartened that Jamie regained her composure and didn’t make a sound. Maybe having a ball gag to bite down on helped. Cindy smiled as Don rubbed her clit with one hand as he removed her butt plug with the other. As he started to remove the pins, he put his tongue in her cunt and around her clit. By the time the pins were all off, Cindy was in the middle of orgasm that caused her to lock her knees around Don’s head. As Don gently licked Cindy while she calmed down, Sam announced, “Total scores so far, Jamie 4, Cindy 5 and Amy 7.” Sam kissed Amy hard as he reached down and turned her dildo back on. “Good girl,” he said, “just don’t cum.” \_\_\_\_\_ Their ankle cuffs were disconnected from their wrist cuffs and they were instructed to stand and assume the position. Sam’s turn. “There are three events left and mathematically, it’s still anyone’s game. The next event will test your creativity and desire to serve. You will be given 15 minutes to rest, use the bathroom and plan your performance.” “You will take turns begging your Master to let you service him. You may wear whatever you want, all the toys will be available to use if you wish. You will beg in front of all three of us. Your pleadings will be judged by how slutty, hot, dirty and entertaining they are and will be limited to 5 minutes. While each of you beg, the others will be in the bedroom, standing in the corner with ipods in their ears so they can’t hear what’s going on.” “You will go in order of the standings, so Amy will be first, then Cindy, then Jamie. Oh, and Amy, pull that dildo out and turn it off.” As Jamie started to follow the others toward the bathrooms, Mathew grabbed her by the hair and pulled her back to him. He held her with her back to him, plunged two fingers of his left hand into her wet cunt and pinched her right nipple with his right hand. He spoke directly into her ear. “Last place is not my idea of where any submissive slut of mine should be. Failure will result in many months of intense

retraining. Am I clear?" "Yes, Master," Jamie said quietly as she held back a tear of shame. She wanted Mathew to be proud of her. Mathew knew the motivation she needed to do so. When it was time to begin, Cindy and Jamie were directed into the larger bedroom and told to stand in corners furthest from the door. Ropes were tied around their waists and the long ends were pulled between their legs and used to secure their wrists together. The tension on their pussys was firm but not tight. "No particular reason for the extra security, sluts. We just thought we'd like it. Now turn around and smile for the camera." Sometimes it seemed Sam loved being the bastard. "Good, now face back to the corners." Blindfolds went on, and the ear buds of ipods went in their ears. The music was loud and bad heavy metal. Amy was in the living area kneeling in the center of the men's three chairs. She was wearing a fitted black leather jacket, black crotchless panties and black heels. Her make up was refreshed; just thick and bright enough to highlight the slut look. Her hair was held up by a single clip. She obviously knew what would catch Sam's attention. Once everyone was seated, Sam took Amy's face in his hands and said, "You've got five minutes, slut. Entertain me." Amy went down on her stomach and slithered herself to Sam's feet. She put her face on one of his shoes and spoke without looking up. "Master, may this worthless piece of fuck meat clean your shoes with her tongue?" Sam said, "Sure, slut. Help yourself. Let's see if you can do that right." After a minute or so on his shoes, she pulled her knees up under her and spoke. "Master, may I take my jacket off and show you my tits?" Sam nodded his permission. Amy continued, "May I lick my nipples, Sir?" Sam was getting interested, but wanted to get to the begging part. "No." was all he said. "Please, Sir. Please use the girl for your pleasure. Please treat me like the cum slut I am. I need to be your whore, Sir. Please let me be your whore!" Amy had one hand inside her jacket playing with her tits. The fingers of her other hand were holding her cunt open; a wonderful sight through the slit of the crotchless panties. "The whore is so wet, Sir. Your dick would slide into any part of me you would like to use." She ran one hand up Sam's leg and said quietly, "Master, please let me suck your cock?" She did not take her eyes off his. Sam pushed her away. Amy went to her back and started fucking herself with a dildo from the toy pile. She was so wet, you could hear the squish of her pussy as she rammed the artificial prick as far in as she could. "Master! I beg you! Please fuck this bitch! Fuck her hard!" She was silent for a moment and they could hear her breathing rate increase. Amy grunted, "Master, may I cum for you? Please, Sir. May I cum for you?" Sam said, "If your orgasm meets my approval, I will let you blow every man here." That shot through Amy like a heat seeking missile. Her cunt walls contracted violently and the muscles in her neck and jaw bulged as one of the strongest orgasms she had ever given herself seized control of her entire body. Mathew was pleased with himself for getting it all on the video camera. Once Amy regained most of her composure, she knelt in front of Sam and said, "May I start my cock sucking now, Sir?" All three men were hard as hell and would have liked nothing more than to let her have her way. But they knew they had two sluts to go. "Not now, sweetie." Sam answered. "It's time to tie your ass up. Get completely naked and then go to the bedroom." After giving Cindy time to get organized and securing Amy in the corner she vacated, the men took their seats. They all agreed that Amy's performance was incredible. Cindy knew her husband well. She knew that her pleadings would have him begging her before long. She crawled into the circle formed

by the men's chairs with a leash hanging from her collar and a cane in her teeth. Other than the collar, she was naked. She crawled over to Don, dropped the cane at his feet, and started talking with her face pointed down to the floor. "Sir, may this girl speak?" Don assented. "Sir, this girl needs to have this cane put across her ass. She needs to be punished for her constant need for sex. Her cunt is always wet and completely out of control. She needs to be beaten, forced to swallow cock and get fucked in her pussy and in her ass. Sir, she needs it very much. May I beg of you, Sir?" Don was feeling pretty turned on by this approach, but he had no idea what was coming next. He said, rather smugly, "Sure, slut. Go ahead and beg." "Sir, please may this worthless fuck slut beg Mathew and Sam to beat her ass and fuck all her holes while you watch?" Don's dick got hard faster and harder at that instant then he could ever remember it happening before. "Please, Sir. I know my submissive Master would get off watching his wife pleasure two real men while he watches and learns. Please, Sir; please let me do that for you." She put her lips to his feet and her ass in the air. Sam and Mathew had just softened up from Amy's show. This one had them hard again so fast that it hurt. Don couldn't take it. He pulled her head up to his lap by her hair. Don pushed her face into his crotch and said, "Get it out! You're getting skull fucked!" As Cindy unzipped his pants and drew his shaft out to her waiting lips, Don picked up the cane and brought it down each cheek of the ass. It obviously hurt, but she didn't miss one second of sucking her husband's dick. Don grabbed her hair again and forced her head back and forth on his cock. She was not blowing him; he was fucking her face. After a few minutes of that and he pushed her head back to the floor. Don stood at her side and put the cane across her ass a few more times before kneeling behind her and plunging his cock into her now dripping pussy. After a barrage of spankings with his bare hands, they both screamed and collapsed in a pile of sweat, pussy juice and cum. Mathew and Sam both came very close to going into the bedroom and finding something to fuck. Instead they freed Jamie up and reluctantly put a barely recovered Cindy in her place. While Jamie was getting ready, Don spoke to Sam and Mathew. "I'm sorry, but she knows how to get to me. Between her and the whole situation, my cock was going to explode on something." Both men acknowledged that they more than understood. They also admitted that the idea of DPing her while Don watched made the blood in their dicks boil too. Mathew said, "You know, they have been much hotter and much better at this then I dared to hope for. We're very lucky to have women like these." Sam replied, "As much as I agree, don't let the sluts hear us call them 'women'." A few laughs, fresh drinks, and it was Jamie's turn. Jamie walked silently into the center of the circle. She was wearing only her collar, her cuffs and a short satin blue robe. She stood before Mathew with her hands behind her head. The robe rode up until you could see just a small bit of her crotch. Her legs were apart and her eyes were cast downward to the floor. "Master, may this girl that loves you have permission to speak?" "Go on." Mathew replied. Jamie started to cry. Tears ran down her cheeks from the corner of her eyes. Mathew worried that maybe she had reached her limit. "Sir, I have let you down and I can't stand the feeling. I want to be yours. I want you to be happy. I want you to love me. I want you to be proud of me." "My mind is preoccupied with these thoughts of what I want, yet I know that what I want is not important. It matters only what you want." "Sir, you have been too kind to me. You have let me have my way. You have arranged for me to have an

incredible birthday weekend. I shouldn't be treated this way when I don't put you first." "The only way I will be the slave you want me to be is with more discipline and training. Sir, the girl is afraid you do not love her enough to give her those things!" Jamie went to her knees and sobbed into her hands. "Master, please let me have one more chance, please. I will be what you want me to be and do what you want me to do. I will make you proud. Please let me please you, Sir." Jamie had managed to make Mathew a little uneasy. He thought her pleadings had been too genuine to be a mere contest performance. She started to get hold of herself and continue speaking through her tears. "Please Sir, do you remember when you hung me upside down and filled my ass with beads while you used my mouth as a fuck hole? Do you remember filling this worthless bitch with ice cubes and dildos and then clamping her nipples? Do you remember when you had me fuck Amy with the double dildo and then clean it with my tongue? Do you remember when you had me strip in front of Don and Cindy for their enjoyment? Do you remember giving me an enema before you whipped me and fucked me in the ass?" Don and Sam were both unknowingly stoking their newly hardened dicks through their pants. Jamie saw it out of the corner of her eye and knew she was on the right track. She knelt up and put her tear covered hands on the inside on Mathew's thighs. "Sir, please make me suck dicks, make me fuck whoever you want. Please have me fill my ass with cum. This will make me the cum slut I want to be for you. But please Master, only do this if it pleases you." She started rubbing his cock with one hand and massaging his nipples with the other. Mathew figured out the game. "Listen whore, if I were to let you do whatever you could think of to make me proud of you, what would it be?" She looked up and answered without hesitation. "Sir, I would beg Master Sam to lie on his back and put his dick in my pussy. I would then beg Master Don to fuck my mouth. And you Sir, I would beseech you to fill my ass with your wonderful cock. Then Sir, then I would have all my holes fucked like the slut I want to be for you." She started crying again and put her face in her hands. "May I show you what I mean, Sir?" Jamie peeled off her robe and sat on the floor with her legs spread out and opened in front of her. Once she was sure everyone could see her, she held open her pussy and slowly inserted the largest dildo she could find in the toy pile. She shut her eyes and worked it in and out while pinching her nipples with her other hand. She could tell by the silence in the room that she was having an effect. She put some lube on a medium sized butt plug and went down on her back. Without taking her left hand off the dildo, she used the other to work the plug tightly in her ass. Once in place, she sat back up and played with them while the men moved their heads to optimize their views. She was normally very quiet during sex, but for this occasion, she made sure the silence was occasionally punctured with an animalistic moan or grunt. Mathew was surprised at her next move. "Sir, I would do all this with real dicks if it would please you. But I need to remind myself that this is for you, not me." With that, Jamie attached a nipple clamp to each tit and secured the connecting chain to the ring on the front of her collar. She added appropriate vocal expressions of discomfort and heat. Sam had his hand in his pants. Jamie got on her hands and knees, crawled to the toy pile, and routed through it with her nose until she found what she was looking for. She picked up the dildo that had a suction cup on its base, and used the floor to push in into her mouth. Jamie went back to the center and rocked back and forth as if every hole would soon explode with orgasms of their own. Mathew was rubbing

his own dick when Jamie suddenly stopped and put the mouth dildo on the floor in front of her. She rose to her knees and said to Mathew, "Would that make this cum slut a worthy slave to you, Sir?" Mathew couldn't believe this incredibly sexual woman was his. "You know something slut? It's time to show you off. Ask Sam to fuck you on his back." Jamie pulled out the dildo and held her cunt open for Sam's inspection. "Master Sam, would you please put your beautiful dick in this unworthy pussy?" Sam loved the idea of making her beg. But he had wanted to fuck her since he first laid eyes on her, and doubly since the blow job in the back of the limo. His belt was already undone and his zipper was pulled down. He stood, removed his tee shirt and let his pants fall to the floor. Jamie yanked at his boxers and kissed the head of his dick as she pushed them down his legs. He couldn't get on his back fast enough. Jamie straddled his legs and guided the head of his cock into her now very wet opening. Sam reached up, removed her nipple clamps and got a large handful of tit in each of his hands. Her nipples were so hard, he thought she might actually puncture his palms. Her hands were on each side of his head. Mathew looked at Don who was almost naked. He was pleasantly surprised he was already hard again. After the fuck he'd just had with his wife, Mathew wouldn't have been surprised if Don was completely drained. Jamie threw her hair back so she could see Don. "Master Don, please put your dick down my throat...please?" She intensified her work on Sam as he increased his pace the second he heard her beg Don. Don stood over Sam's head and offered his cock for Jamie's enjoyment. She inhaled it and Don gasped at the sensation. Jamie was close to an orgasm when the slap on her ass shot through her like an electric shock. Mathew rubbed it out and pulled the strap back to let her have another. By the time the third blow arrived, she was cuming like a \$2 whore without letting up on her assault on the dicks fucking her. When she came, Don thought she was going to suck his balls through his shaft. Two more strikes from the strap and Mathew put the head of his lubed cock on her anus and started to push. It took Jamie a moment or so to relax her sphincter due to the constant presence of Sam and Don. Once she did, Mathew slid in easily, and after a few strokes, he was in as far as he could go. At first Jamie was not thrilled with the feeling, but once Mathew and Sam coordinated their strokes, the stimulation was beyond belief. She felt another orgasm on its way when Sam cried, "Oh...fuck me bitch!" and deposited his now substantial load deep in her pussy. Her next orgasm followed immediately and the resulting contractions could be felt through the wall of her rectum and deep into Mathew's throbbing shaft. Mathew exploded within her bowels. Since Don had already cum in the last hour, he was the one hold out. Now that she could concentrate, Jamie's expert teasing of his asshole and tongue work put an end to his stubbornness. There wasn't much, but she swallowed every drop. Jamie rolled off Sam and turned to see Mathew still on his knees. She bent at the waist her took his deflating member into her mouth. Mathew stroked her hair and said, "You are more than worthy, slut." He lifted her head so he could look in her eyes. "Jamie, you make me very proud and very happy that you would want to please me so much. I'm very lucky." Don was collapsed in the chair vacated by Sam. Sam still had his head back and the forearm of his left arm over his eyes. He was still catching his breath, but he managed to hold two fingers up and mutter, "Two points." \_\_\_\_\_ After an hour or so of rest and refreshment, Mathew put the videos on of their adventures so far. The girls were shocked to see that

the videos included shots of them leaving the limo and entering the piano bar. They were even more shocked to see that much of their individual performances were captured also. There was no sound, so the men had fun making up ridiculous and embarrassing dialogues. The shots of the girl's pleading performances provided them the first chance of seeing what the other two had done. After Jamie's performance was complete, Amy said, "Damn girl! You might be the queen slut, but I'm not going down easy!" All three men could feel the life returning to their balls. Mathew finally spoke up. "It's time to get to the final two events, but before we do, there's the matter of scoring. I don't think anyone will disagree that Jamie gets the two points for the last event. Cindy, you did a great job of getting to Don. But you took advantage of his particular sensitivities and did more bullying than begging. So Amy gets one and you get the minus." "The score so far is Amy 8, Jamie 6 and Cindy 4. It's still anyone's game." "The next event will test your capacity for punishment and creativity. Now you are each to be naked and standing next to each other with your hands behind your heads. Amy, come stand here with your back to the other sluts. Put your hands on your knees and hold you ass up for punishment." "We will start with Amy. She will receive one swat from each of us with this leather paddle and thank each one of us for our efforts." Mathew rubbed her ass gently and then firmly put the paddle across her ass. Don and Sam followed and Amy expressed her thanks as appropriate and never so much as whimpered. She was then directed to stand next to the others. Mathew went to Jamie and said, "OK, it's your turn. Your task is to accept more punishment than Amy did. You have 30 seconds to come up with the punishment you want us to administer." "Sir, please spank the girl until her ass is red and then give her three stripes with the cane." "Across my knee, slut." Mathew took his time building the force of each spank. Not only did it prolong the ordeal, but allowed her ass to achieve it's peak of pinkness. The other two contestants winced as Jamie's count reached the fifties. Although her voice was becoming more and more strained, she still managed to thank Mathew for each and every blow. Occasionally, Mathew would move his hand between her legs and into her flowing pussy. Once he decided she was ready for the cane, he took her clit between his fingers and brought her as close to cuming as he could without taking her over the edge. On Mathew's instruction, Jamie laid face down on the coffee table and offered her now glowing ass for caning. Mathew put three stripes across her and had her roll over to her back. When her butt touched the edge of the table, it stung like hell. Mathew pulled her down so only the small of her back rested on the table and her feet were on the floor. Mathew held her up by her thighs while he started to assault her cunt with his mouth. When Mathew took her clit between his lips and sucked it as hard as he could, Jamie screamed and shook as an orgasm ripped through her body. Mathew helped her to her feet, kissed her, and had her join her slut mates. "Not bad," Don said, "What punishment will Cindy slut endure to top that?" Cindy had been thinking about it and knew she needed the points badly, especially since there was only one more event after this one. She didn't mind second place too much, but she wasn't sure she wanted to be everyone's on call mouth fuck. She thought Don might like the idea, but given her choice, she'd rather not. "Master Don, this slut should have her nipples clamped and her tits spanked while she is filled with an enema. She should be forced to hold the enema as long as it pleases you." Amy knew that if Cindy pulled this off, she was going to be stuck with the minus. She would have to come up

with something big. Don looked at her while talking to Sam. "Lock her wrists to the spreader bar." While Sam was doing that, Don was adjusting a set of nipple clamps to increase the tension, just to make things a little more challenging. While he attached them to Cindy's tits, Mathew prepared the enema. Mathew threw some towels on the floor and had her get on her knees and elbows while he handed the nozzle to Don. Don said, "You'd better hold this in bitch, or you'll be cleaning this floor the rest of the night while we go to a different room." He knew the extra danger would add to the difficulty. He loved every second of it. Mathew had Jamie hold the enema bag while he gagged Cindy and then looked for the perfect whip to use on her tits. After Jamie's earlier scream, he thought the gag would be a good idea. Don lubed the nozzle enough to enable a smooth insertion. He held it in her ass as he opened the flow; slowly at first, but then in stops and starts. He was careful to not fill her to the limit since he wanted to maximize her time under the whip. At Don's direction, Sam lifted the spreader bar over her head and rested it on the back of her neck and locked it onto the back of her collar. This caused her hands to be raised and her arms open. Nothing would get in the way of her beautiful tits and the whip. Cindy was forced to her knees and warned about making a mess. Mathew threw more towels on the floor just in case. She was surprised that the enema was not that uncomfortable, owing to Don's measured approach. But once she was kneeling straight up, she did have to concentrate on control. Mathew had selected a riding crop to be used on Cindy's tits. The superior control and accurate targeting made it an ideal torment for her clamped nipples. Don tried it on the palm of his hand a few times just to get the feel. Cindy couldn't take her eyes off it. She had never felt one, and had a feeling it could be very effective. Don started with mild swipes at the underside of each breast, working his way up each side with small, but stinging swats. While Cindy grunted, her stamina was aided by her intense concentration on maintaining control of her bowels. Don's blows came down hard on each of her clamped nipples and the pain shot through her. Amy winched at each blow. Jamie was getting wet, but knew she didn't want to try to outdo Cindy. Once her tits reached the desired shade of red, Don removed the clamps and put a few more blows on each nipple. Between the blood rushing back once the clamps were removed and the sting of the whip, Cindy's muffled cries were louder and tears were forming in her eyes. Don put the crop across her ass a few times and ordered her to the bathroom. Cindy asked him to disconnect the spreader from her arms and neck as she sat on the toilet. Don said, "Not until we get just the right picture, sult." Cindy had never been that humiliated, nor that turned on. She was loving the huge change in Don's confidence and authority. She loved the idea of being his cum slut. While everyone was giving Cindy time to clean up and rejoin them, Sam asked Amy, "Well, slut? How are you going to top that?" Amy was not much of a pain slut. A cum slut, yes. A plain slut, yes. But could not bring herself to top Cindy's performance. She didn't know what scarred her more, Cindy's obvious pain, or the look in Don's eyes as he beat her tits and wiped sweat from his face. "Sam, I can't beat that, Sam. Please. I can't beat that. I'm sorry. I'll do anything, but I don't want that kind of pain." Sam looked broken hearted. He spoke to her quietly, but loud enough for everyone to hear. "I don't know what saddens me more. Your refusal to even try. Your total disregard for my reputation. The fact that you choose to totally disrespect me by using my name. If you think you're getting off scott free, you're crazy. Get in the bedroom. Now!" As

Sam followed her to the bedroom, he picked up a pair of handcuffs and a gag. The spankings could be heard through the closed door, interrupted only by Amy's continual expressions of gratitude. Once Sam was done, Amy came out of the room and bent over in front of each person to show them her raw ass. Just as Sam commanded. There was no need for the men to discuss the results. Cindy gets 2 points, Jamie gets 1 and Amy is minus 1. Going into the final event, Jamie and Amy were tied at 7. But Cindy was behind by only 1. ----- Sam addressed the girls. "Any of you could still win this. The last event will test your powers of observation and touch. I've been looking forward to this event ever since we came up with it. Get on your knees in front of your primary Master." "To start things off, you will remove your Master's pants and suck his cock until he is hard. Once we are all hard, you will get on your hands and knees and we will blindfold you." "Each one of us will then put our dicks in each one of you. All you have to do, is identify whose dick is whose. There will be three rounds and a tiebreaker if necessary. You may now begin." Amy put her mouth over the bulge in Sam's pants while she released the waistband and zipper. Cindy just yanked Don's sweatpants to the floor and inhaled his stirring cock. Jamie took her time with Mathew. She went behind him and reached around to his belt. Once his pants fell to his knees, she started working his dick as if it were hers and she was jerking off. She planted kisses all over his ass and used her tongue to trace his crack. By the time she wrapped her lips around him, he was about as hard as he was going to be. Once they were each ready, they put the blindfolds on the girls and had them put their hands behind their backs. "OK sluts. You have ten seconds to suck on the next dick that fills your mouth. Then you will tell us whose you think it is." The guys put a little cologne on their pubic hair to get rid of any tell tale smell, and positioned themselves. Sam stayed with Amy and Don and Mathew switched. Once the ten seconds were up, Cindy and Jamie both identified their dicks correctly. Amy thought hers was Mathew's. Sam slapped her ass. "Crap, you don't even know your own husband's cock!" The men switched two more times, and each girl correctly knew their cock's identity. Don spoke, "OK. On your backs. Hold your knees up to your shoulders. Round two is ten seconds in your cunts." All three pussies were open and fully on display for the men. They all glistened in the light, obviously all well lubricated. Mathew took the stills; Sam took the video. No sooner did Sam put the camera down then he was kneeling in front of Cindy, guiding the head of his cock into her more than welcoming cunt. Don was in Jamie and Mathew took Amy. Sam had wanted to fuck Cindy since the first day and it took all his control to limit himself to ten seconds. But he knew Amy was next and then he would feel the walls of Jamie's pussy. He loved this game. Once the cunt fucking round was over, the girls were not surprised to feel the lube being worked into their asses. The men had agreed to only one shot at ass fucking, partly to avoid the massive use of condoms and partly because they were all afraid they wouldn't last long enough to finish. The men were amazed that each girl correctly identified the dicks in their asses. Mathew spoke, "You sluts really know your dicks, don't you! Since you're tied, we will go to the tiebreaker event." No score was actually kept. The men had already agreed that no matter what, the score would be tied at this point. "Get on your knees and play with yourselves while we go wash our cocks." The girls were all grateful for some consistent action on their clits. All this 'in and out' had them more than ready. The men returned and

watched them for awhile. "That's it sluts, get yourselves nice and wet." "Keep playing with yourselves while I explain the tie breaker. We will each fuck one of you for ten seconds. After that, each one of us will put our dick in somebody's mouth. You will suck the dick you are given and then guess whose cunt juice you are tasting! Now, put your asses in the air like good little slut puppies and we'll come in from behind." The men each spent the next ten seconds fucking their primary subs and then had them rise to their knees. Don feed his wet dick to Amy, Sam feed Jamie and Mathew held the back of Cindy's head as he eased down her throat. Amy thought she was tasting Jamie and Cindy thought she was tasting Amy. Only Jamie was correct in guessing that she was tasting Amy. Not surprising when you consider that it was the pussy she was most familiar with. The men let the girls suck them while they added up the points and then announced it was time for the medal ceremony. The blindfolds were removed and the sluts were lined up standing with their hands behind their heads. Mathew started. "Before we announce the medals, let me remind you of the prizes." "The overall gold medal winner will be allowed as many orgasms as she wants, any way she wants, for the next month. The silver medalist will be the guest of honor and focus of attention in my basement next weekend; and the bronze medalist will provide oral sex for everyone else, on demand, for a period of time that will be determined by her Master." "On the last event, Amy got two wrong, therefore she gets the minus. Cindy missed one, so she has 1 point. Jamie's perfect score gets her the two points." "That means that Cindy will be the guest of honor in my basement next weekend with a final score of 7. Jamie will be cuming and cuming for the next month with 9 points. Amy's 6 points earns her the right to suck dicks and lick cunts on demand for as long as Sam decides." Sam looked at Amy with feigned disgust and said, "I'll let you know." Jamie spoke while keeping her eyes to the floor. "Sir, may this girl ask something?" "I guess the winning slut has earned the right. What is it?" "Sir, since this girl may come and often as she wants in any way she wants, may she have Amy lick her ass and eat her pussy?" Sam pushed Amy toward Jamie and said, "Absolutely!" He then said to Amy, "You have a lot to learn from her slut. Get busy!" The men sat down to take in the show. Don ordered Cindy to take care of Jamie's tits since she had nothing to do. While she put her mouth over Jamie's nipple, Don said to Mathew, "So what do you think about next weekend? Can we whip Cindy while she's hanging upside down?" "For starters," Mathew replied. Cindy sucked harder. She was very happy to come in second. Once Amy had taken Jamie to her first orgasm, Sam held Amy by the hair and said, "Anyone desperate enough to want to use this mouth? Maybe we should have her 'tip' the room service guy!" Don answered, "I'd like to see her go down on Cindy." Sam pushed Amy toward Cindy. "You heard the man." Cindy had not had another woman suck on her clit before and she was surprised at how quickly she got into it. Once her moaning became constant, Don straddled her face and had her take him in her mouth. Jamie played with his balls and Cindy's nipples. Sam raised Amy's ass in the air and fucked her from behind. Cindy's scream was a clear indication that Amy had brought her to her climax. The semen coming out of the side of her mouth indicated that Don had arrived also. Mathew leaned back on the couch and Jamie knew what she was to do. She bowed between his spread legs and took his dick between her tits. Occasionally, she would bend low enough to take the head of his dick into her mouth. "Sir," she said, "Would you like to fuck my cunt, my mouth or my ass?" "Sit on my

lap and put my dick in your cunt. I want to suck your tits while I fuck your slutty little pussy.” It didn’t take Mathew long to fill Jamie. She put her mouth near his ear and said, “Best birthday party ever, Sir.” They kissed. EPILOGUE Jamie was at home finishing her email to Cindy. She had explained to Cindy many of the activities that awaited her in their basement this coming weekend...but not all. A little surprise is half of it. She told Cindy how she and Mathew had made love every night since her birthday weekend, and about how happy she was. She told Cindy how much she loved Mathew, and that she knew how much he loved her. Jamie sent the note, turned off her computer, and leaned back in her chair. Reaching under the desk, she pulled Amy’s head tighter to her clit. “You’d better finish me quickly. Sam will be here to pick you up soon, and I’m sure he’s not leaving until you take care of him. I need time to pour a bourbon and get naked before I get on my knees to meet Mathew at the door.”