The Phallic Bride ch-10

I was sleeping soundly when one of the serving girls touched my shoulder.

“Miss Susan. Miss Susan. “

Then, as I slowly regained my consciousness, she added, “Please Miss Susan, there is a family meeting in two hours and Miss Abigail has stipulated that you must be there.”

“Okay. I’m up.”

I rolled out of bed and winced at the discomfort the activities of the night before had left me. Stretching did no good. My aches were deep inside of me. I showered, cleaned myself inside and out, ate a little breakfast and dressed in the accepted uniform for activities within the apartment. I stood for several minutes and stared at myself in the mirror. Outwardly, there were no signs of the discomfort Konoo’s rough treatment of the night before had caused, but, inwardly, I was so sore that even the slightest movement brought me pain. Just as I was preparing to leave for the meeting, Konoo came up behind me and thrust her hand in that island controlling grip. Only this time it was a little different.

Konoo’s fingers were formed into a claw-like formation. Her middle finger was pushing against my bud of excitement, with the rest of her fingers inside of my cunt and her thumb deeply inside of my ass!

“OW! That hurts! If you hadn’t been so rough on me last night, I’d be okay this morning. As it is, I’m so sore I can hardly sit or move about.”

“Aw, high and mighty white slut can’t take island fucking! That too bad because the fucking you got last night is gonna be the way we are together from now on so you just get used to it.”

I swept my left hand down and backwards removing her fingers from my insides. She was about to offer an objection when Cynthia along with her companion entered our bedroom and told us that the meeting was about to begin. The four of us promptly marched out of the room. Konoo and I were following Cynthia and her companion so it was easy for me to see that Cynthia’s girl also had her fingers solidly in her cunt and ass! We were a silent group as we went to the large meeting room. As we entered the meeting room, we were confronted by a rather large group of older women each of which was accompanied by a companion. Each of these women was clad in nothing but that pantyhose uniform! I couldn’t stop myself from gawking at all of the old, hair covered cunts!

I saw a middle-aged female standing upon a small circular raised platform and next to her stood Abigail. I had forgotten all about Konoo so I was extremely startled when she abruptly thrust her fingers into my injured openings. I turned and stared down into her face and – for the first time during our long acquaintance – there was a vile, mean, smart-alecky look in her eyes. Then, in a hushed whisper, she spoke to me,

“You just like all white cunts. You not better than little people! You only act like you are! You – and all these cunts - belong to little people! You do what little people say do or you get beat! When I say take snake in cunt, you take snake in cunt and you don’t take snake out until I say take out! Maybe Konoo put big snake in ass! You accept snake in ass ‘cause Konoo say so. Maybe you spend all day and night with big snake in ass. Konoo decide!”

As this tirade continued, I became angrier and angrier until finally, I could stand it no longer. I swung my left hand and arm down and backwards in a chopping motion. I caught her wrist and I knew immediately that I had hurt her, but I was not through with this stupid little woman. As my left hand swung down, I pivoted, clenched my right hand into a solid fist and hit her alongside of the jaw with a big round-house- swing. There was a loud, ‘thud’! Konoo’s face took on a look of disbelief and then her eyes dimmed and she fell to the floor! I turned back so that I was facing Abigail and the other, ‘important’ female. With a curt nod of my head, I acknowledged them and then I turned sharply and left the room!

I knew that I was probably in a hell of a mess, but, at that point, I couldn’t care less. I was disturbed by Konoo’s attitude towards me after all of the experiences we had shared and I was madder’n hell at the hurt she had put on me!

I paced around my room – I could neither sit nor comfortably lay down. After some time, the door opened and Cynthia entered. I thought to myself, “Oh oh, her comes the lash!”, but Cynthia was smiling!

“Oh, baby. You have just done what a lot of us have long wanted to do. These little women can be terribly obnoxious at times and they seem to think that they are the ones who are running this show”

“What happens now?”

“I don’t really know. To my knowledge, this has never happened before so - in all probability – the senior matrons are busily trying to answer that question at this very moment. Can you sit comfortably?”

“If I sit kinda side-saddle. Why?”

“I thought we might take a little ride. I’ll introduce you to another one of our rather important females. What say?”

“Even with the discomfort, I think that would be a great idea. I desperately need to get away from here - at least for a little while.”

Cynthia took my hand and led me down into the underground barrage and then over to a brilliant red two-seater coupe. I managed to get my sore body into the car and I noticed with a huge feeling of satisfaction that my soreness was receding.

“Where are we going?”

“Well, first off, I think we will take a turn around the school you will be attending.”

“School? What sort of school?”

“This school is a teacher’s school. All of the women you saw this morning have attended this school and you are to go there, too. It will take you about two years to graduate and get your teaching certificate.”

“Why am I doing this? Just because all of the rest of you have gone here?”

“Not at all. The chapter sponsors and runs a somewhat exclusive school for girls and each of the brides teaches there. Me, included.”

“Is this a school for just rich white girls?”

“Not at all. I’d estimate that, at least, sixty percent of our so-called, ‘students’ are from the streets. The others are from average to well-to-do families who have decided that they can no longer control them.”

“What does that mean?”

“These – for the most part – are girls who have been taking drugs, running with gangs and whoring in some of the worst parts of the cities. The chapter has an agreement with the children’s services departments of a number of the cities here about and we try to straighten out the lives of these girls.”

“What does the chapter get for this effort?”

“Susie it isn’t generally known, but we use this company of girls as potential recruits for our other business.” She could see from the expression on my face that I wasn’t following her explanation so she continued, “You see, we are part of a world-wide organization that supplies girls for bars, nightclubs and, ‘houses’. We select those girls who show not only the aptitude for sex, but the huge desire for sex and train them. Girls who do not show this quality are returned to the government agencies!”

“And we get money for these girls?”

“Yes, Susie we do. And it is a great amount of money. Ah, there is the school. There is a driveway that circles the school so I’ll make a turn or two so you can see it all.

Outwardly, the building was a massive, old-time mansion, but Cynthia assured me that the insides had all been renovated so that it was very comfortable for the girls who lived there.

“And I am expected to become one of the teachers here?”

“Absolutely!” With this final remark, Cynthia swung the car around and headed in another direction. “Now we shall pay a call on one of the most important women in our menagerie.”

The car picked up speed and we were soon tearing along another old road. We rounded a turn and I was surprised to see a small village of little houses.

“This is where our staff girls all live – rent free, of course. Ah, here is the one we want.”

Cynthia stopped the car and we got out. There was nothing remarkable about the house – in fact it looked almost dilapidated. Even before we reached the very small porch, the door opened and a small girl of approximately six years old held open the screen door so that we might enter. She was dressed in some kind of sheer pantaloons and it was easy to see that she was not wearing anything under them.

Cynthia whispered to me, “Even the girls who attend our school wear something like our pantyhose! Susan – this is Huldah. She is one of our students. Good morning Huldah. Is your mother at home?”

“No, Bride Cynthia she has gone out to do some shopping, but I expect her back any minute now.”

“Huldah this is Bride Susan. She has just joined our chapter. She was born and raised in Japan. She is a bride and you should greet her properly!”

The young girl came over to stand directly in front of me. There was an awkward pause before Cynthia whispered to me, “Stroke her!” I glanced down at the little girl’s crotch area and saw immediately that her legs were wide spread. I lowered my hand and sent it in between her legs. Then, we began an unusual - for me that is – dance. Huldah began thrusting her hips towards me and then withdrawing them which made my hand stoke her childish pussy area. It was exciting to watch this little girl use my hand to massage her pussy. She was much too young to expect an orgasm, but she was obviously enjoying the sensations my hand was delivering into her pussy.

Cynthia whispered another word of guidance to me,

“You may finger her if you so desire!”

I stared into Huldah’s eyes and then gradually and gently slid my middle finger in between her tiny pussy lips. An immediate sigh of pleasure escaped from the little girl’s mouth and her hip movements became more enthusiastic and energetic. She extended her smallish hand and began stroking my cunt lips. Without any further guidance, my hips began imitating Huldah’s thrusting movement so we both were engaged in a dance of sex. Her little fingers slipped easily between my cunt lips and I began reacting to this unexpected stimulus. We maintained this dance of pleasure for several minutes and, before I could tell the girl to stop, my orgasm tore through my body!

“Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Iiiiiiiiimmmmmmm…….”

I glanced over at Cynthia with a helpless expression on my face. She was grinning from ear-to-ear and then she told me,

“Don’t be surprised, this is what we teach our girls and Huldah is a very accomplished orgasm instigator. Don’t you agree?”

Without breaking her stroking rhythm, Huldah exclaimed, “Here’s mama now!”

A short, thin, very pretty young woman entered the house. The fact that her daughter was in the act of finger-fucking me did not seem to trouble her in the least bit. I was a little embarrassed as I grasped her extended hand for I had never been in such a revealing situation before.

“Chandra this is Bride Susan. She has just arrived from Japan.”

The woman, Chandra stepped directly before me as Huldah had done - the little girl having given way to her mother – and her hand and fingers took the place of Huldah’s! I noticed that her legs were spread just as Huldah’s had been so I accepted the offer and began caressing her womanly cunt. I almost burst out laughing at what I considered a most intimate and bizarre greeting procedure.

“Bride Susan, you are welcome in my home!”

“Chandra I thank you for your graciousness.”

“Are you here for a fitting?”

That question caught me completely off guard. I looked to Cynthia or some kind of guidance and she answered Chandra.

“Not today Chandra. Susan’s companion introduced her to reptile love last night and – as a result – she is rather sore today. So I think her measurement should be put off for another day or so.”

“Oh, I’m sorry to hear that you went through an experience such as that. Was your companion angry with something you had done?”

“I don’t know, but today I sensed that she must have been upset over something. At any rate, I’m so terribly sore and raw that even little Huldah’s fingers made me uncomfortable.” Cynthia promptly burst out laughing.

“Not so uncomfortable that you could not come!”

I laughed along with her for what she had said was very true. Then Chandra spoke,

“In all likelihood, your companion was uneducated in the art of reptile love – especially for a female’s first experience. She undoubtedly forced an animal into your openings that was much too big for you. In your next visit to my home, I will show you the appropriate size of the animal you should accommodate within your bodily openings. You should never have any soreness after that – only extreme pleasure!”

Cynthia and I thanked both of the females for their consideration and departed.

Cynthia spoke and said, “Now you know why I say that Chandra is one of the most important females in our employ. She keeps us all supplied with our not so little playmates.”