A Phallus Bride ch-1

I shall start my story with some family background. I am of a mixed heritage. My mother is Japanese and my father was an American soldier who was killed during the Viet Nam war. At the time this story begins, I am not quite fourteen years old. Since his death, mom has had the problem of supporting the two of us. At times, our funds have gotten desperately low. So you may surmise that the possibility of me earning some money to add to the family coffers made me greatly excited.

I bounced through the door and shouted to my mother, “I know where and how I can earn some money to help out around here.”

Mom was busy at the sink so she had to turn around to even see me. “What does all this mean?”

“Amaya told me today how we can get money for just riding the trains and she is going down to the train administrators tomorrow and sign up. Her mom will go with her. She’ll get a uniform and a train pass and all she will have to do is to ride the train to the end of the line and then get off and ride back to where she would have gotten off so as to go to school.”

“And that’s all?”

“Well, not really.”

“I thought so. What else must she do?”

‘She’s got to do this back-and-forth stuff again in the afternoon when school is over. And mom, she not only gets paid for doing this, but she gets a pass that will let her ride the train at any time free! And Amaya said that I can get hired to ride the trains, too! Just think of the train money I’d save if I had one of those passes.”

I was surprised at mom’s reaction to my news. I had thought she would be really glad to hear about this opportunity, but all she did was turn back to the sink and continue washing the dishes.

“Mom, isn’t that something?”

“Honey I am surprised that Amaya’s mother agreed to this. Perhaps she doesn’t realize the awful temptation she is exposing her daughter to!”

This threw me for a loop. I didn’t know what to say so I stalked off towards my room. Later, after dinner, I brought up the subject again.

“Mom when we were talking before dinner, you said something about Amaya being exposed to some kind of awful temptation. I don’t know what you are talking about. Should I?’

Mom sat there at the table and stared at me for the longest time. Finally, she pushed her chair back from the table so there was a little space between her lap and the edge of the table.

“I hadn’t planned on having this discussion just yet, but perhaps the situation with Amaya has brought things to a head faster than I might have wished. Honey you girls – if you go to work for the railroad – will be their bait!” I screwed up my eyes to indicate that I didn’t have the foggiest idea of what she was talking about so mom continued. “When you sign their agreement papers, they will provide you with several uniforms – all of the same appearance – and they will tell you of a number of rules that you must follow.

First off, you are not to ever wear panties when you are wearing your uniform! And, when you board the train, you are not to sit down no matter how many seats may be vacant! You will always stand alongside a seat. You must not, under any circumstances glance or stare at the paying passengers! No matter what takes place! Unseemly sighs or moaning is not allowed. Do you understand all of this?” I nodded in agreement.

“Very well, we shall act out a typical train ride for you. I shall be the paying passenger sitting in my seat and you shall be the train’s demimondaine. When you board the train, you take a position alongside my seat but just slightly ahead of me. To simulate the hand rail on the back of the seat ahead of me, place your hands with your palms flat upon the table top. Well come on girl! Take off your panties and get into your place!”

Somewhat hesitantly I slid my panties down my legs and onto the floor. Then I moved over to where I was standing in front of mom. I didn’t turn far enough around to suit her so she grabbed my hips and turned me even further. In the end, I was standing with mom almost completely behind me.

“This is how you will present yourself to the passenger. Remember, no sighing or crying or moaning and, at all times, you never, never look at me!” I nodded.

For what seemed like an eternity, we remained in this position and nothing happened. I was just about to ask mom when were we to begin when I felt the soft feather-like touch of her fingers on the underside of my left knee. That sensation caused a shiver to run up my back and through my belly. I didn’t know what to expect next but I was getting more and more excited!

Then, ever so slowly, mom’s fingers began a progression up the underside of my leg. It was all I could do to prevent myself from jigging my butt.

“It is best if you look straight ahead.”

So I did as mom suggested and I stared at the kitchen wall.

Mom’s fingers were slowly and teasingly sliding higher up my leg. I suddenly knew that – if she didn’t stop – her fingers would soon be touching my most private parts. Then, without warning, mom’s finger swiped upwards along the lips of my slit! I nearly jumped out of my skin when I felt that, but, somehow, I managed to remain standing. That finger made repeated swipes along my slit and my breathing became more rapid and a little ragged.

Just as I was becoming somewhat accustomed to being stroked, mom surprised me again. During one of her swipes up along my pussy lips, she suddenly and abruptly pushed her thumb all of the way into my butt! I couldn’t control my movements when I felt this intrusion. My head jerked up and backwards and my mouth gaped open in a silent scream.

As I stood there, acclimating myself to this rude and rough treatment, mom’s finger began a swirling motion around the top of my pussy. Now my eyes closed and I hung my head for this was driving the most exciting feelings throughout every portion of my belly. I wanted desperately to gasp as each successive shot of sexual electricity ripped through my guts, but I held fast. Then, as mom’s finger circles got faster and faster, I could no longer remain in a solid stance. My hips and butt began swaying in time with her finger movement and I felt a huge ball of excitement building in my belly. Finally, I couldn’t hold it in any longer and I squealed out loud and called out, “MOM!”

“It is all right baby. Let it rip. This is what we all are seeking. Go baby. Feel your guts explode!”

A huge spasm ripped through every part of my body. The force of this was so great that I fell forward onto the table – frantically gasping for air! My butt was pounding my mound against the table top in time with mom’s finger movements. Slowly, my bodily movements began to subside until I was finally laying with my chest on the top of the table. Mom had not removed her fingers from me and I was rather surprised at just how good they felt inside of me.

“Well sweetheart? Now that you know what will be expected of you, are you still enthused about being a train-rider?” With a popping sound, mom pulled her thumb out of my butt, pushed her chair back from the table, rose and left me there in that most inglorious pose!

The next morning at breakfast, neither one of us said a thing. Then mom stopped behind my chair, reached over the back of my chair and placed her hands upon my belly.

“Not sore this morning are we?”

“No mom and that feels really good.”

“Thought anymore about becoming a train rider?”

“Yes, I have and …..”

“And?”

“Mom I am still excited from last night. To be truthful, I wish you would put your fingers back inside of me.”

Mom stood back from me and stared into my eyes. Then she said, “Welcome to the Demimonde!”

“What’s that?”

“Look it up in the dictionary.” And I did! This is what I learned,

*“The Demimonde is the class of women who have lost social standing because of sexual promiscuity.”*

**“Then this Demimonde is not some kind of female club?”**

**“No, it is not. And that phrase, ‘sexual promiscuity’ should be interpreted as, ‘insatiable sexual desire’!”**

**“Mom, you don’t seem surprised at my reaction to last night’s activities. Were you expecting me to react in that fashion?”**

**“Yes Susan I was since I myself am a Demimondaine and your grandmother was also a Demimondaine. What is that old saying? The apple never falls far from the tree? However I do have a suggestion to make to you.”**

**“What’s that?”**

**“From what you have told me about Amaya, I don’t doubt but what she is going to give this train-riding a try-out. Why don’t we let her be our test guinea pig and wait and see how she makes out?”**

**“Okay. That sounds like a plan to me.”**

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**Several days went by before mom and I spoke about the trains again. Then, one day, I brought up the subject.**

**“Mom I don’t have the slightest idea of what has happened to Amaya. She hasn’t been in class for over a week now. Do you think she is sick or something?”**

**“I don’t know, but I see her mother almost every day so I’ll see if I can pry some info out of her.”**

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**“Well my information prospecting was successful. Your friend, Amaya has suffered a nervous breakdown!”**

**“My God! What happened?”**

**“Well it seems that her mother did nothing to prepare her for the actual train ride so, when one of the passengers got really – and I mean terribly – personal with Amaya the shock was evidently too much for her.”**

**“What on earth did that woman do to her?”**

**“Honey the woman treated her just as a lot of women are wont to do. She pushed her finger up into Amaya’s cunt before she realized that the girl was still a virgin. Then when Amaya screamed, she pulled her finger out and, in an attempt to shush her, she mistakenly pushed her finger – still coated with Amaya’s vaginal juices – into the girl’s mouth forcing her to lick off her own sex juices! Amaya must have had a very sensitive nature for that caused her to vomit and then go into a spasm of uncontrollable jerking. She jerked so forcefully that she fell onto the floor of the train car. They had to get the emergency medical people to cart her to the hospital and she has been in bed ever since!”**

**Mom stopped talking and looked into my eyes.**

**“Still interested in a train-career?”**

**“I guess I had better think that over a little more completely.”**

**“Baby keep this in mind, there is no rush. The opportunity will always be there. While you are making up your mind, there are some things that we can do no matter whether or not you decide to be a train-rider.”**

**“Such as?”**

**“Introduce you to the people who will hire you if you decide to go ahead with your …ahem…’career’ and have your virginity surgically removed!”**

**I could only stare at mom and gasp in utter surprise.**

**Before the next week had passed, mom and I called in at the Rail Personnel office and I was introduced to most of the people who worked there. They were all very happy to meet me and were eager to welcome me into their organization. As a part of that visit, mom obtained an appointment with the Rail Road’s gynecologist and, in just another few days, I was no longer a virgin – my hymen having been removed.**

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**I had completed my recuperation from my surgery and I was now ready to take up a job with the rail road – if I still so desired - or so mom told me. She also said that there were still some things I had to learn before becoming a train whore. I didn’t much like the use of the word, ‘whore’, but, as mom said, what else would I call myself? So, we held another night of instruction for me.**

**“If you take a job riding the trains, you will do this in synchronization with your travels to-and-from school. Fortunately, you will have your book bag as a apart of your attire. Tonight, I am going to demonstrate the utility of your book bag and what it must always carry. Are you wearing panties?”**

**With a shy grin I shook my head.**

**“Very well. Assume the position.”**

**I stepped up alongside of the table, placed my hands upon it palms down and arched my back just a little. I wasn’t at all prepared for what happened next. Instead of starting up along my leg, mom began rubbing my butt crack with some kind of grease-like jelly.**

**“You will carry this with you always and use it before you board your first ride.”**

**As she said this I felt her spreading that jelly stuff all up and down my butt crack. Then, sans warning, she began stuffing gobs of the stuff up into my butt! I must admit that the grease made her fingers slide into me so very much easier than before. In fact, they went further up into my ass than they had before.**

**It felt so good that I couldn’t help but begin my butt wiggle in an attempt to get her fingers even deeper into me. Mom responded by adding another and then another finger to her invasion party. Three of her fingers were being shoved up into my guts.**

**“Ooooh mom!”**

**“You like this baby?”**

**All I could do was to push back against her hand and arm in an attempt to get more of her hand inside of me. Her fourth finger joined the other three and I was humping my hips as her hand started a pumping motion in my ass. She was not through, however, and suddenly she began pushing and twisting her hand until her entire hand was in me.**

**“Sweetheart. This is called, ‘fisting’! Like it?”**

**I couldn’t bring myself to answer her. The sensation of her hand pummeling my insides was rapidly bringing on that terrific sensation! I began swiveling my hips in an attempt to increase the pleasure that mom’s hand was giving me. My explosion – when it came – was sudden and unexpected. I must have looked like a fish out of water because of the flopping I was involved in, but I was totally unable to corral that massive and tremendously exciting sensation. Once more, I fall upon my belly on top of the table.**

**Mom slowly withdrew her hand from within my ass, walked to the sink and cleaned her hand. I was just an inglorious bundle of shivering flesh – completely unaware of what she was doing. Then, with a sudden abrupt movement, she rolled me over onto my back.**

**“Lift and spread your legs!”**

**I hadn’t completely regained my senses, but I knew enough to do as she directed. Once more she began lathering me with that jelly stuff, but this time she was applying it to my vaginal opening”**

**“Mom, please don’t! I don’t think I can take any more.”**

**“Honey, as young as you are, you are good for several more orgasms.”**

**That was the first time I had heard that pleasurable explosion addressed as an, ‘orgasm’ and, as I lay there thinking over this development, I felt rather large object being inserted into my ass.**

**“This time, baby we are going to fill both of your holes simultaneously! You may well die from the pleasure this will give you, but each demimondaine loves this treatment. I have pushed what is known as a, ‘dildo’ into your ass. Now my hand shall follow in your cunt!”**

**I couldn’t help it. I sucked in my breath and started to tell mom not to do this to me, but I was already too late. Two fingers spread my vaginal lips and then slid inside of me.**

**“You will know how it feels to be stuffed! This will prepare you not only to just expect a fucking in the train, but to actively desire it!”**

**Two more of her fingers pushed their way into my pussy and I knew what she was saying about being stuffed. With her left hand, she was twisting and pumping that dildo in-and-out of my ass as her fingers began wiggling in my cunt. I was lying in a position so that I could watch her hand at my cunt. She formed all of her fingers into a pointed group.**

**“This is called the duck’s head!”**

**And, with no further ado, she began inserting this duck’s head into my cunt. I watched in amazement and some trepidation as she twisted her hand so that more and more of it slowly forced its way into my cunt. I screamed for her to stop, but by now, mom had gotten a weird expression upon her face and she was staring intently at my two openings. I was no longer her daughter. I was a mass of nerves and feelings to be driven to the edge of the precipice and then over it! And, as mom had expected, my cascade over the edge of this precipice was of a magnitude that was unbelievable.**

**I completely lost all semblance of consciousness.**

**The next morning as I stepped up to the breakfast table, mom looked at me, smiled and asked me,**

**“Okay?”**

**“Yeah, but I have one question to ask.”**

**“What’s that?”**

**“When can we have another night like last night again?”**

**Mom burst out laughing.**

**“Come my little demimondaine. Sit and have some breakfast. From this moment onward, your entire life shall consist of fucking. You will never be able to get enough stimulation of your openings, be it mouth, cunt or ass!**