The Phallic Bride ch-11

Cynthia and I spent the next several days riding around the countryside. After a day or so, Cynthia began my lessons on driving. At first, I was frightened by the power of the car since, in Japan, all of my trips had been by train. But, once I began to get the feel of operating the car, it was really great. I had never had such a feeling of freedom before.

One day, after I had gotten the car out of the garage and onto the highway, Cynthia began giving me directions. Soon we were traveling in a direction and along roads that I had not seen before. Since Cynthia and I were both dressed in the panty-hose fashion of the society’s normal attire, I could not stand the suspense any longer so I asked her,

“We aren’t exactly dressed for a social visit so Just where are we going?”

“I thought it was time that you got a look at the school where you will soon be acting as a proctor. The school is located just a little further along this road. In a few minutes we will come to a side-road that takes off to our left. Take that road and the school will be about half mile further down. There is a parking lot in the back of the school building for faculty – which we are so you can head for that. Okay?”

I nodded. My attention was diverted for a minute or so and I damn near missed the road to the school. A sudden application of the brakes and a hard turn and I managed to make it onto the intended road. That almost-missed turn upset me so I was really glad to see what had to be the school building appear. Like so many of the buildings in this part of California, this building looked to be about a hundred years old, but I didn’t have time to consider just how old it was. I slowed and swung into the drive that circled the building. As Cynthia had said, there was an adequate parking lot behind the school so I had no trouble finding a place to stop. We got out and I tagged along behind Cynthia as she entered the building.

We happened upon a young, very small girl. She immediately took up a stance with her back pressed against the wall. Then, as Cynthia stopped in front of her, she quickly stepped forward, thrust out her hand and began stroking Cynthia’s cunt lips! Cynthia, in turn, began stroking the young girl’s pussy. When Cynthia turned and looked at me, she could readily see the question in my eyes.

“The entire teaching faculty consists of we phallic brides so the girls that live and study here are taught to acknowledge us by rubbing our intimate parts. We, in turn, return the honor by caressing them in a similar fashion. This is not just a greeting, it is also training for a life of sexual pleasure.” Then she spoke to the child, “Girl, what is your name?”

“Bride Cynthia, I am Jane.”

“Well Jane, this is Bride Susan. You may greet her.”

The child immediately stepped up to me and began that same caressing of my cunt lips. I leaned forward and began returning the greeting. It had been some time since my last orgasm so it took just a few strokes of that tiny hand to bring me to the very edge of coming. Fortunately, Cynthia may have sensed my approaching cataclysm for she quickly told the girl, “That’s enough Jane. You will have ample opportunities in the near future to …uh.. touch this new bride.” The tiny hand dropped from my cunt as though it was electrocuted. With a chuckle, Cynthia led me further along the hallway. She didn’t say anything so I remained silent.We stopped for a second in front of an office door and then Cynthia pushed the door open and entered the room beyond. I, like a docile lamb, followed along behind.

“Susan, this is Bride Maud. She is the matron of the school.” Then, with a slight laugh, she continued, “I don’t think you had an opportunity to meet her during the get together the other day - certainly not after your boxing demonstration!”

Both of the older brides were enjoying my discomfort immeasurably. I, meanwhile, was certain that I was blushing. Maud was an elderly woman and her cunt was covered with a silver-like fur. At that point I realized that I had not seen a smooth cunt since we landed in California! That gave me a start for I had always thought that American girls shaved their cunts yet, somehow, these hairy openings seemed to bring out my sexual propensity even more strongly than I had known before. Each girl – young or old – seemed to radiate an exceptionally strong sex drive.

The three of us hadn’t any more than entered the office when Maud grabbed Cynthia about the shoulders and began kissing her. I could easily see that this was not a, ‘sisterly’ kiss. Oh, no. This was a kiss between lovers. Both of their mouths were open and their tongues were busily searching out the mouth of the other. As I looked on in surprise, their hands began sweeping along their bodily expanses until their hands concentrated upon their cunt area. For just a moment, it looked to me as if both of them would soon be climaxing, but, without any signal, their love-making stopped and they parted. I had been introduced to the vibrant sexual relationship between each and every one of these women. Bride Maud spoke,

 “Welcome Bride Susan. The faculty and I have been looking forward to meeting you. I have no doubt that you have many questions regarding our little school. So, have a seat and I’ll give you a little rundown.” Both Cynthia and I sat in chairs positioned in front of what had to be Maud’s desk and she rapidly began her welcome spiel. “We currently have a total of eighteen students and we don’t really expect to lose any in the near future. In the group that is from 6to 8 years old; there are 8. In the 11 to 14 there are 6 and, in our senior group, those girls 15 and older, there are 4.

You are probably most concerned about where and how we get our students. Well, we have a close relationship with all of the local Children’s Care Centers. These centers are constantly receiving young – mostly run-away girls who have been apprehended by the police. We do a preliminary screening and select those girls we consider most adequate for our brand of education.” I started to interrupt, but she held up her hand to stop me. “Please, let me complete our welcoming speech and then I’ll answer any questions you may have.

“By ‘adequate’, we mean those girls who have a propensity for sexual promiscuity. We are looking for – primarily – two types of girls: those who may someday fit into our group as part of our household staffs. It seems that we are continuously losing our serving girls and those who tend to the brides so we are in an almost steady need for replacements. The second type of girl we are looking for are those girls who are sufficiently eager for sexual adventures to be prime subjects for sale to the people who provide talent for sexual entertainment.”

I broke in to say, “You mean whores!”

“Yes! You may not be aware of the tremendous market for young girls in the flesh markets of today. Our primary markets are the Asian, African and the Middle Eastern markets. The men who inhabit these areas are – somehow – very attracted to sex with young white females. I think I should add that this is a very costly undertaking, but these girls will provide our group with enough funds not only to live in the style to which we have become acquainted, but to support our various undertakings. This school for example.

In keeping with these aims, we demand that every girl live in a nearly naked environment and we also demand that they submit to sexual advances upon meeting a Bride or attending class. Those that balk at this rule are not held here very long. We do not need to worry for there is always a steady stream of discarded children from which we can choose those most likely to fulfill our requirements. A major portion of your assignment as a member of our faculty will be to constantly appraise each and every girl for her desirability in fulfilling one or the other of our demands. Now Bride Susan, do you have any questions?”

That middle-aged whore had, in a very blatant manner and without even a hint of embarrassment, just described sexual trafficking in young girls! For the next few minutes, I was dumbfounded, but then I remembered that I, myself, had been considered nothing more than a chattel in this game of sex. I answered,

“Not at this time!”

“Should other questions occur to you after you begin teaching here, don’t hesitate to ask. I assume that either Cynthia or Abigail has outlined what your schedule will be, but, if they haven’t, this is what we expect of you. You are already enrolled in a teacher’s college. We estimate it will take you about two years to get your state teaching certificate. During your time as a student, we will want you to work here in the school on the weekends. A lot of your work will involve providing a sexual guide for the youngest of our girls. The best advice I might give you is to recall the events you were privy to while serving as a train-rider. It has been our experience that, when they witness a grown female having and loving any and all of the sexual undertakings, the girls feel that they, too, can follow in that female’s steps. In short, TEACH BY EXAMPLE!”

Our audience with the school’s matron was obviously over so Cynthia rose and turned to the door. I rose to follow her, but not before the matron had given me a physical greeting similar to the one she had bestowed upon Cynthia. She took hold of my shoulders and kissed me! As before, this was not the kiss of family or friends. It was the kiss of lovers! I felt the tip of her tongue tracing patterns upon my lips and, without thinking, I opened my mouth and immediately received her tongue into mine. A sensation of sexual excitement tore through me as this older woman thrust her tongue deeper and deeper into my mouth. I shuddered with surprise and pleasure when I felt her hand begin stroking my cunt followed by the sensation of her pubic hairs rubbing suggestively against my own, ‘sexual foliage’! I assumed that this gesture was to be retuned so I, too, reached my hand down and stroked her cunt. Before I could return the cunt-hair mingling I jumped with astonishment when my hand encountered the head of a small reptile that protruded from within her cunt! She neither flinched nor stopped her caressing of my most secret part. Cynthia just chuckled at my reactions and, as soon as we were outside the office, Cynthia burst into laughter.

On the way out to the car, Cynthia told me that one day Maud would tongue me all over my whole body. And then she added,

“Now that you are a member of the family, you can expect this kind of, ‘friendly’ greeting whenever you meet other family members. We are all immensely oversexed and our needs may not be disregarded. You will soon react in the same way!”

By this time, we were getting into the car, so I voiced a question that had been bothering me.

“Cynthia, you keep referring to this group of women as, ‘family’. Are all of these women really related?”

“Certainly. At one time, I could have named their various relationships, but it has been so long that I don’t remember them all any more. They are mothers and daughters, sisters and nieces and, in many cases they – like me – are sister-mothers. Their names may be different because of weddings and so forth, but they are all Kincaids. When your grandmother married, she was smitten by an alien reptilian gentleman, but his name was so difficult for us to pronounce that she kept her maiden name. You will undoubtedly meet him one day.”

“Uh, I hesitate to ask you this, but one of the girls on the plane spoke of having, ‘sex with the master’. Am I to assume that other females of the, ‘family’ also have sex with a male who is in reality my grandfather?”

Cynthia burst out laughing! “Certainly! What difference does his relationship to us mean when it is his one-eyed snake that we all – even you – so desperately want?”

I had no answer for that.

There was another surprise awaiting me upon our return home. Minori was waiting for us along with a new companion for me.

“Susan, this is Lucy. She is the replacement for your previous companion, Konoo.”

Unlike Konoo, this female was almost caucasian. She had dark brown hair that was cut in the American style. Her face was round and a little pudgy, but her smile was warm and friendly. For a woman of her small size, her hips were rather large and the sex-crevice that lay between them was covered in the same dark brown hair as was her head. She was small in height – her head barely reached up to my tits. Once more, I was amazed when I noticed the pointed head of a small reptile protruding from her cunt lips!

Minori continued her introductions, “Lucy has been the companion of another lady of the family for quite a few years. Unfortunately, her family female died just recently so I thought to assign her to you. I am certain that the two of you will hit it off just great. Lucy is not the same as your previous companion and she does not believe in causing harm to her mistress.” As she said this, a self-satisfied smile played across her face.

“Well, I think it is best if we leave you two to get acquainted!”

Before they could leave the room, I replied in the strongest voice I could master, “I don’t need another companion. I am quite capable and ready to fend for myself!”

Minori’s gaze became stone-like and she let me know the state of affairs in this group of large and small women. “Susan, there are no females alive who can tell you the details of the original agreements between the clan of over-sexed Caucasian females – of which you are a member - and the community of small women, but from the very beginning of our relationships, it has been agreed that each Caucasian female MUST have a small female as her companion. This rule has never been broken and you will not break it now!” Then she turned around sharply and stalked out of the room!

Cynthia leaned over to tell me, “It is as Minori says! And you would be well advised not to fight city hall!”

She gave my butt a sisterly pat as she, too left Lucy and me alone together!

The two of us eyed one another warily and then a slow smile began forming on this Lucy person’s face.

“I not ever hurt you if you promise not hit me!”

This was said with a high degree of seriousness and a painful expression upon her little face. To me, this little woman looked so apprehensive and forlorn that I could not help but smile back at her.

“Okay, Lucy. I will try and curtail my anger if you will treat me as a friend and not as an animal to be led around by the …er … well you know. Deal?”

Now the smile was broad and warm. Then, this Lucy character came up to me, slapped me gently on my butt and said, “Deal!” I didn’t know it at the time, but we had just forged a life-long companionship.

“Okay Lucy, I assume that Minori and some of the others have filled you in on my background – so how about telling me something of yourself? Where are you from? What sort of family life did you have and how did you get mixed up in this rather weird collection of females?”

“I lived with my mother in a little village south and east of Marrakech. That’s in Algeria. I suppose you would classify my mother as the village entertainer. Whenever there was a festival or celebration my mother would perform one of her acts. She was known to the villagers of many of the surrounding villagers so she was always on call.”

I interrupted to ask, “One of her acts? She had more than one?”

“Sure. My mother very pretty and she would dance –what you people call, ‘belly dancing’ only she had a specialty of her own that she added in.”

“What sort of, ‘specialty’?”

My question seemed to stump the little woman for a minute or so. “Maybe I show you sometime.”

Obviously she was reluctant to discuss this subject so I switched topics. “You haven’t said anything about your father. Did he travel with your mother?”

“I not have father. Mother just twelve years older than Lucy, but no father. We happy together. Then one day, woman come from over ocean. She say she part of clan that need young girls. She know that Lucy help mother in act. Could she buy Lucy? Lucy get education and live great life. Travel. See many places. Mama and Lucy talk for many hours then decide it best that Lucy go with woman. Lucy go to Europe. Become member of brides-clan. Help woman with sex things like with mama. Then, woman send Lucy to America cause friend need little woman in order so she can get into bride’s clan. Stay with woman seven-eight years then woman die. This clan need little woman so Lucy come here. Now Lucy with Susan-bride. You not gonna die, are you?”

“I sincerely hope not!”

Again, our conversation halted and we looked at each other for several heart-beats. Then, without any warning, Lucy stepped up to my side and placed one hand upon my cunt lips and her other hand upon the crease between my ass cheeks. She made no attempt to drive her fingers into either of my openings. She stood, looking up at me and I realized that this was her gesture of friendship. Then, she spoke again, “Shall we go to meeting?”

I reached down and softly caressed her cunt-opening and said, “Yes, definitely!”

To any of the others who happened to encounter the two of us, we looked just as they and their companion only Lucy’s fingers were not in me at all.