**Spanked**

by Subpam

*Stephanie like to be spanked.*

**Chapter 1: Wet Spot**

I woke up very early in the morning because I had to use the bathroom. And since the upstairs toilet that’s by my room didn’t work, I had to go downstairs. My stepdad was supposed to fix it weeks ago, but as always he puts it off.

I walked down the stairs, I had to skip over the sixth step because it squeaks.

We live in an old farmhouse, that my stepdad lived in all his life. My stepdad, Aaron, but I call him dad. He’s 56 years old and he’s in very good shape. He’s tall, slim, and has muscles from working on his 500 acres farm. We have a couple of horses, longhorn cows, and a couple of German shepherd male dogs.

Aaron is the only father I’ve known. My biological father left us when I was very young, mom told me he ran off with his secretary.

My mom, Anna, is average size, with blonde hair and blue eyes just like me. Mom is 40 years old and works at a hospital as a night nurse.

I was on my Christmas break from my high school. Tomorrow it's supposed to be a warm day for the end of December, at least where we lived. They said it might get up to 40 degrees.

All I had on when I started downstairs is a long t-shirt that barely covered my little bottom. My bare feet were cold from the hardwood floors. My mom works at night and she should still be at work. And my dad should still be in bed, or so I thought. I didn’t think I’d have a problem getting to the bathroom unnoticed.

I went in and sat down on the cold toilet. Sitting down made me realize my ass still hurts a little after my latest spanking. The pain made me horny again. I reached down and rubbed my clit as I peed. There’s nothing like masturbating while you pee. But unfortunately, I got it all over me and the floor. After I had an orgasm I licked my hand and fingers clean. Sometimes I like to get in the tub and lift my legs up over my head and get my pussy over my face. I can lick myself, and I love doing that as pee in my mouth.

I then took off my t-shirt and used it to wipe-up the pee. I put the shirt in the hamper. I’d be the one doing the laundry that morning.

I looked at myself in the mirror. I turned to look at my still red rear end. He hit me so hard last night. I wish he would hit my pussy too. I turned around and looked at my body. Fuck, I hate my little tits. I have small, dark areola with large nipples. My breasts are the size of very small tangerines. Mom told me hers didn’t get bigger until she got pregnant with me. I guess I may have to get pregnant then.

I was very horny when I went to bed last night. My dad had given me a spanking for coming home late. But what he didn’t know is that I came home late on purpose just to get a spanking.

I liked being spanked, a lot. Not violently or aggressively. I wasn’t interested in having the skin broken. But being brought to tears is ok. I just like a firm, open-handed slap against my bare ass. Or from my dad’s favorite spanking tool, the ping-pong paddle.

Unfortunately, I don’t get a round of birthday spankings anymore. Why did those stop just when I was starting to really enjoy them? I’ve always struggled to explain what’s so thrilling about getting a spanking.

Growing up most kids know that spanking hurts. And to be put over your mother’s or father’s knees is usually embarrassing, and kids want to avoid it at all costs. But at some point, my hormones just took over. That made me look at spanking a lot differently than I had before, which totally transformed my attitude toward spanking.

I would masturbate when I read stories about someone getting spanked. I love reading stories online, I have been reading them since I was younger. Whenever I got spanked, I would go to my room and get myself off.

I stopped being worried that someone would put me over their knees and I started to look forward to it. I started to purposely get into trouble just to get a spanking.

I prefer my dad to do the spanking since he hits harder. And I know he knows I get excited. I always leave a wet spot on his pants.

Mom started to feel like I was getting too old to be disciplined like that. I overheard Mom one day said, “You know, Aaron,” I’ve heard my mom saying this more than once, “I’ve told you Stephanie is too old to be spanked. But it’s especially inappropriate the way you’re doing it. A girl her age should not be naked around her stepfather at all, much less draped naked across his lap!”

Dad then said, “yes I think you are right.”

I was started to get worried that I’d never get spanked again. How would it look if I seemed so desperate that I was begging for it? How do you ask your mom or dad to spank you?

But so far my dad still spanks me. He only spanks me when mom is at work.

I’m no virgin, I have only had sex with two different boys, and one girl. The first was with a boy from school. His sister is my best friend Beth, I should say, was my best friend.

I was sleeping over at her house. After their parents went to bed, Beth and I sneaked into her brother’s room. He watched Beth and I lick each other for a while. Beth and I had been having sex for a couple of weeks before she told me about her and her brother. I then watched them fuck. Then he fucked me. It hurt at first, but after a while, it felt good. I didn’t even have an orgasm. That was the only time I did it with Beth’s brother.

A couple of days later she called me and said? “Hi, Stephanie.”

“Hi, Beth what’s up?”

“Steph, I can’t see you anymore.”

“Why not?”

“My brother and I have been talking, and we just want to be a couple, we love each other very much. Please don’t be mad, and PLEASE don’t tell anyone about us.”

“Beth, I’m ok with it, and I promise I won’t tell anyone, but can we still be friends?”

“Only at school we can be friends, but we can’t go out or have you spend the night at my house.”

That’s the last time we talked to each other.

The other boy I met at a party. He was older and cute, with sandy blonde hair and green eyes. He was on the chubby side, but not too much. I had too much to drink that night. I only had 3 beers, but I wasn’t used to drinking.

“Would you like to go upstairs for a little while?” He said as we were kissing. I really don’t know how we began kissing in the first place.

He took my hand and laid me up the stairs. We ended up in one of the bedrooms. He kissed me again as he undressed me. He then put me on the bed. He then got undressed. His dick was hard but very small. It couldn’t have been more than 4 inches long after I got him hard with my mouth.

He then got on top of me and put it in me. He lasted for only 2 minutes, tops. He then got off of me and dressed. “Thanks for the fuck,” he said as he left me laying there. I did not have an orgasm. I don't even remember his name.

I do remember a story I had read a year or two ago about a girl and her best friend. I saved it and I’ve read it over and over again.

The name of the girl in the story was Jenifer and her friend’s name was Jeff. They lived close to each other since birth, attended the same schools, and hung out together a lot. Jeff shared everything with her and talked about anything that came to mind, including his past loves. Jenifer was the one to patch him up after each one when he came to her broken-hearted.

Jeff had had a number of girlfriends and had gone all the way with some of them. He and Jenifer would talk about his experiences. He would ask her about what turns girls on and she would reply to what she thought other girls would enjoy. She even gave tips on how he could ‘improve’ himself. Through it all, she never shared her deepest desires, or how hot it made her when Jeff talked about things he had done with other girls.

Jeff was an athletic, strong, and a natural leader both on and off the football field in high school and college. She watched him take charge and it made her weak at the knees. It also made her wet!

She had a crush on him since the fifth grade. She had needs and didn’t know how to share that information with him. She had a few dates, but earned a reputation as an “Ice Princess”. The reputation was well deserved. While many of her other classmates lost their virginity, she didn’t let the boys get to second base with her.

She just couldn’t trust herself. She knew once that she got started she would surrender completely to her needs and the will of her Master.

She needed to be dominated!

This girl Jennifer, I realized, is me. It’s what I wanted too, to be dominated. But not from a friend, like she had a crush on since fifth grade. For me, I had a crush on my dad since I was very young. For that reason, I’m very jealous of my mom.

I wish I had the strength Jennifer had in that story. She came out and told Jeff that she was submissive and needed to be dominated. She needed somebody to take charge and make decisions for her. The thought of a strong master using her as his sex toy nearly brings me to orgasm just thinking about it.

This is what I want. I want my dad as my master. I want him to use me as his sex toy. But I’m not as naturally courageous as Jennifer. How do I tell my dad I want him to use me that way? And what about mom? Would she hate me? Would she disown me? I don’t want them to get divorced. So for the time being, I decided to do nothing.

When I walked out of the bathroom and headed back to my room. I was naked since I had left my shirt in the hamper. I figured, ‘What the hell? My dad has seen me naked lots of times, including during some of the times he spanked me. What’s the difference if he sees me that way now? He’ll probably just spank me again. Of course, I like the thought of that.

Before I got to the stairs I heard a noise from inside his office. I went up to the door and pushed it open a tiny bit. What I saw shocked me. My dad was naked (just like I was)! And he was playing with himself. I already knew he had a big dick because sometimes I could feel it through his pants when he was spanking me, or when I was just sitting on his lap. But I didn’t realize how big it really was until I saw him stroking it in his office. It looked like it might be 8 or 9 inches long. And it was really thick, too.

I was able to see his computer screen. He was jacking off to a video of a blonde-haired girl. I couldn’t really see her face from where I was. But she was lying across some guy’s lap and he was spanking her. My dad seemed to enjoy watching that girl getting spanked as much as he enjoyed spanking me.

The man in the video was spanking the girl hard. After a while, he pushed her off his lap. Then I could see her face. I just about died. The girl in the video was me! My dad had made a video of him spanking me! He paused the video and finished jacking off while he looked at my body on the screen. I figured that he just want me the same way I wanted him.

I was about to enter his office so he could have me, but I stopped because I heard the garage door opening. Mom was home. “Fuck!” I heard my dad say as he quickly ended the video and closed his computer. I knew then that mom didn’t know that dad is still spanking me in the nude.

I didn’t want mom or my dad to catch me standing nude outside his office, so I ran up the stairs as quickly as I could. But I forgot about the squeaky sixth step and I stepped on it. I froze in place. Did my dad hear it? I had no time to find out. I ran back to my room. That was a close one.

I then wondered, what if I had actually gone into my dad’s office? That could have been very bad. What if Mom had caught us doing something, both naked, even if it was just a spanking?

After I got to my room and into my bed. I couldn’t hear anything downstairs, I just hope mom didn’t catch daddy with his pants down jacking off.

After a while I heard them in their bedroom, I could hear them fucking, so I know all is ok.

In the middle of the night, dad came into my room. He was naked and had his big 9-inch hard cock in one hand, and holding a big whip, like the one in Indiana Jones, in his other hand. I couldn’t move. I looked up, my hands were tied to the ceiling by a rope, and I couldn’t touch the floor. Dad cracked the whip. “Good morning slut are you ready for your whipping?

”no daddy please no.”

I then felt is a paddle hit my ass. I screamed in pain.

He continued to use the paddle on my ass.

I woke up, It was still dark outside. It was just a freaking sex dream I said to myself. It was more like a fucking nightmare though. I was sitting up in my bed, soaking wet with sweat and breathing hard. I had gone to sleep horny. That’s why I must have dreamed about what I did.

No one in the house seemed to have heard the noise I had made though. I lay back down, staring into the darkness. I wasn’t sleepy anymore. I pushed the cover off of me. It was hot. Why did I dream that?!

I decided to play with myself so. It was always a great stress reliever, especially when going to bed horny.

I closed my eyes. I began to think about my dad, I got on the bed with my daddy. I straddled him. I sat down on his cock and let it impale me. It was so damn thick and hard as I pushed myself down on it. The head of it felt so nice sliding deep inside me. In my mind, as I lifted my hips, I looked down to watch as my pussy grasped at his shaft. It was deliciously wicked. When I slid back down on him, his cock filled me again like no one ever had before. I was fucking my daddy. I was his girl. He was using his hands to help me fuck him.

I rode him until I started cumming, which didn’t take long. He came with me, filling me with his sperm. I could feel his cock jerking deep inside me as his cum spurted out. My pussy was throbbing like never before. He was moaning loudly as I squeezed his cock tightly with my cunt, milking every last drop from him. I tightly held my daddy to me as both our orgasms subsided.

I was still so turned on, so I looked around and I found my back scrubber. I put the wooden handle between my legs and pumped it in and out. My already swollen clit took an instant liking to it. I arched my back, and in the moonlight, I attack my pussy the giant handle. I bit my lip as I could feel that feeling rising in me but I could not get over the hill. I looked around for something else to use. I found a plastic pop bottle, so I decided to try it.

It's one of those bottles with the ridges up the side for easy gripping, so I took it and put that side up against my drenching clit. I rubbed it furiously up and down my lips, and I could hear my breath start to pitch. My hips were bucking, but I didn't care how loud I was, I kept thinking of my dad. I kept picturing dad’s big cock in his hand.

"Daddy.....Daddy.." I said over and over. I could imagine him standing over me, stroking my big hard cock, smiling down me, watching me cum.

My legs slammed together as my body was strained by a fierce orgasm. I kept

screaming my dad’s name over and over until it had subsided.

The pleasure and the pain of being rubbed raw. I laid in the bed slowly touching myself with my now trembling fingers. By now my pussy lips were very swollen, and it almost hurt to touch them but I didn't care. I inserted two fingers into myself and I could feel another orgasm rise in me through the incredible pain and pleasure I was feeling. My fingers were ramming in and out of me, and I was having one of the most intense orgasms I have ever had. As the waves of pleasure subsided,

I was writhing on the bed. I had never made myself cum that hard before. My whole body felt drained. I wondered if my pussy would ever stop throbbing.

What was wrong with me? I had just rubbed one out thinking about my stepdad! I was still turned on, too! Is the image of my dad’s big cock going to haunt me like this forever?

**Chapter 2 Journal**

**December 25th, 11:00 pm.**

Today is Christmas, I got mostly clothes. My mom did gave me a journal, she told me it’s good to write down your thoughts if you have no one to talk to. So I’ll give it a try. Dad gave me a new ping pong paddle, I wonder why? Haha.

We then went to my grandparent’s house, they are Aaron’s parents. Grampa has a big farm behind our farm that my dad farms for him. There are woods between our houses, with a stream going through the woods and a small pond, in the summer I love to skinny dip in it.

My mom’s parents live in a small town near Chicago, some hundreds of miles away from here. So I don’t see them much.

**January 5 Sunday**

Dear Journal:

Late Sunday night, or at least it’s late for me since I have school tomorrow. I’m sitting at my little desk writing in my journal.

I just can’t believe what happened today! It’s so cool, well my bottom isn’t so cool, it’s very hot. OUCH! Oh well, I would love for it to happen all over again.” I reached down and rubbed my little naked bum and it’s still sore!

I always love to be dressed in my nightie, or a tee-shirt with my sexy panties on, or no panties at all at home when my mom isn’t home. This weekend my mom went to see my grandparents, mom's mom, and dad, so it’s just me and dad.

I said a dirty word today and daddy spank me. He had me take off my t-shirt and panties, and he spanked me with my new ping pong paddle, my ass was very red after.

I think daddy likes to see me like that, me naked and my ass all red. Who am I kidding, I know he loves it! He should, he’s taken them off enough times when he spanks me. I wish he will do much more than spank me.

I love my daddy’s dick the best, just wish I could see it again. Every time he spanks me I can feel it in his pants. I like to see it again. I also like to see what other men’s cocks look like too. Especially handsome men, like my dad.

**January 9 Tuesday**

Something happened to me at school today. There’s this teacher at school his name is Mr. Dean Stone, he is very handsome! He’s got these lovely brown eyes and strong shoulders and a short beard, he looks a lot like daddy, but without the tattoos. I have this big crush on him.

I had heard rumors from older girls I knew, that he secretly likes to spank girls. And he is a great fuck, and if you hook up with him, you would enjoy it.

I kinda teased him today. I mean I wore a very short skirt and pretty sexy panties. I even wore a halter top to school today even though it’s only 14 degrees outside!

Hmmm, wonder what Dean’s cock looks like? I thought as I walked to my Creative Writing class.

I have seen men’s cocks, online, I have seen two boys dicks in person, but they were both small. I also saw my dad’s cock one time. He was jacking off to a video of me getting spanked. But I wanted to see a grown-ups cock. I wonder if handsome men’s dicks are as handsome as they are.

Well, I now know what my handsome Mr. Dean’s dick looks like. I found out today, I also know more about him too.

I was sitting in the Creative Writing class trying to write a poem when I felt an itch, that oh so familiar itch in my panties. I had my little plaid skirt on and my tank top. I felt that itch in that part of my body saying “touch me”, and I love touching myself there. It said, “Do it, Touch yourself here in class?”

This is so wrong, and so naughty! I looked around the room and saw everyone else had their heads down and we’re writing. I slowly, ever so slowly, I inched my little hand down to my skirt. I could feel myself sweating a little. I know I was doing something very naughty and that really turned me on.

Soon my fingers was softly touching my little panties, I could actually feel the heat on my little vagina! I also felt how wet it was. I pulled my panties aside a little bit and felt my little clit. I like to touch myself there first. Then I put my fingers on my pussy. It was so hot! And wet!

I like that my pussy hardly has any hair down there. I may keep it shaved when I grow older. I think my dad would like that.

Soon I had a finger inside my pussy. I began to feel that I really should quit. It was almost time for class to be over anyway, I could go to the girl’s room and play with myself more.

Just before I pulled my finger out I looked up, Mr. Stone was staring right at me. I had my legs spread, my little plaid skirt was raised up a bit and my panties pulled back with my finger just leaving my little pussy. His face just froze and I thought he was gonna faint! It was like time stood still but he soon caught himself and said, “Stephanie may I see you after class?” his voice was trembling.

I smiled and said shyly, “yes sir.” And as I finished my sentence I took my finger to my lips and I licked it. I don’t know if anyone else saw me doing that, but I sure Mr. Stone did.

The bell rang, everyone got up and walked up to Mr. Stone and handed in their poem.

“Stephanie I want to see you before you go.” Mr. Stone said as the kids milled out of the room. I knew he would. I sat in my desk waiting for the last kid to leave. When they did, Mr. stone closed the door and he locked it. Then he walked over to me.

“Mr. Stone, did I do something wrong?” I asked innocently. I moved my legs, opening and closing them.

“Ummm, well ... I don’t know how to talk to you about this Stephanie.” I kinda knew what he wanted to say.

“Stephanie, I saw you playing with yourself, why were you doing that?”

“Playing with my what sir?”

“Well, Stephanie it seems you had your hands inside your well, inside your panties. Now I’m sure you didn’t do this on purpose. Did you?”

“Well, no, Mr. Stone! I, ah, I just have a girl thing you know,” I said shyly.

“Well great, oh I mean no I mean I’m sorry to hear about that Stephanie. I hope it isn’t serious.” He said. Then he sat down at his desk and dismissed me.

“Mr. Stone, I have some homework to do and my daddy is picking me up late, can I do it here?” I asked knowing full well he would say yes.

“Yes, sure you can.” After saying yes he went back to grading papers.

I did everything I could to seduce him, to drive him crazy. This is my chance. I moved in my seat a lot. I opened and closed my legs all the time and yes, I even put my finger in my panties once again. When I did Mr. Stone got up and said “Ummm, Stephanie, I’ve got to go see the secretary about something, will you be okay here?”

“Yes sir, I’ll be ok.”I assured him. He almost ran out of the door! Soon I was alone in the classroom. I started writing in my notebook.

As I wrote I started daydreaming about what I wanted to do. I felt all tingly and happy inside. This time I really wanted to be a slut for a man. I really wanted to be his plaything. I really want my dad as my master, but if I can’t have him, I want Mr. Stone to use me.

What I wanted is a good hard spanking and more. I wanted a little adventure in my life. I thought a spanking from Mr. Stone would be cool.

Anyway, I was finished writing the note. I added a great surprise for him.

I looked around to make sure no one was looking, I gently pulled down my wet panties and placed them upon the desktop. Looking at the note I smiled. I knew that he wouldn’t want to miss out on this invitation.

Dear Mr. Stone.

I want to tell you that, yes I was a bad girl today. I was playing with my pussy today in class. I do have a crush on you, I love to get together with you as soon as possible. I’ll do anything you want. I know I need a good hard spanking, would you discipline me, please call me tonight, this is no joke please call.”

Love Stephanie.

I folded the note and placed it inside the leg opening of my panties. I was worried and scared. What if this wasn’t going to work? I prayed that it would. I wanted Mr. Stone’s cock.

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Around 5 pm the phone rang. “I’ll get it daddy!” I shouted as I dash to the phone. I was so nervous! I couldn’t eat dinner. I was waiting, wishing, praying, dreaming that Mr. Stone would call. I even played with myself twice after dinner!

“Hello,” I said.

“Stephanie? Is, is that you?”

“Yes, it’s me,” I answered.

“Umm, it’s me, Dean, umm, Mr. Stone.”

“Did you get my present?” I asked.

“Your present? Oh yes, those! Yes, I did.” He answered with happiness in his voice.

“I’m glad, I thought you might like those. I’m sorry I lied to you. I rubbed myself off thinking of you spanking me?”

“Stephanie, how do you know about that?” He stammered but I was quick to assure him it was okay that I really wanted to be spanked.

We talked for a few minutes. I told him that I was very curious about sex, and why not have someone I respect do it with me. He seemed to be cool with that.

“Mr. Stone, I really want to be with you, lets get together tonight please.” I was surprised I was kinda begging.

We made a plan for him to pick me up at the end of my driveway and he will take me to his apartment

I said “great!” And I then said, “Mr. Stone do you think little slut should be spanked for lying?” I heard very clearly his breath getting deeper and he answered in a husky voice “OH YES!”

“Good I think I need a good hard spanking.”

I told dad that I was going out with a friend, and I’ll be home around 11, that’s my curfew.

I was dressed in a mini skirt and a v-neck halter top. I decided not to wear panties under my mini skirt. I thought that I would dress sexy for Mr. Stone. I put on my winter coat and walked to the end of our driveway.

I felt so sad that I lied to my daddy, but I don’t know how he would react, if I told him that I was meeting an older man, who is going to spank me and have sex with me? Would he be mad?

I didn’t have long to wait. Mr. Stone was there within minutes of our appointed time.

I took off my coat, “Hi!” I said as I climbed into his car, his eyes bulged out in surprise at how I was dressed.

“Stephanie, you look so naughty!” He exclaimed and smiled. He seemed a little more at ease now. I guess being able to spank one of his students perked him up.

As we drove to his house he chatted on about how naughty I was. About how naughty my outfit was. About how every time I moved in the car my pussy showed. And about how my top was showing off my growing breasts. As he steered with his left hand, his other one was playing with my breasts. It felt so nice. Feeling his fingers pinching my tits made me move about and moan. He then moved his hand down lower to my leg, and he moved his hand up closer to my pussy that was showing, I looked down and I can see my pussy juices running out of me.

His fingers sneaked down to my pussy and he was soon diddling my already wet pussy. Oh, I just love that! I was both in pleasure and fear. Pleasure at having this man touch me. and fear of my dad finding out.

When we got to his house I was very close to having an orgasm.

“In we go my little slut.” He said as he opened the door. After turning the lights on Mr. Stone offered me a beer and he got himself a drink too. I sat on his sofa and spread my legs open. I was feeling so slutty So well ... wicked!

After a few minutes of talking, he said, “get on your knees in front of me slut.”

I fell to my knees saying, “Oh please sir, I’m so sorry, I was a bad girl in class today! Please! Please! Don’t spank me.” I looked up into him and he looked down upon me. We both had, in our own ways lust upon our minds.

“Well Stephanie you were a bad little girl today and bad girls need to be spanked.” He smiled and stroked my hair. I bowed my head in submission.

“Now get up and undress.”

I did as I was told. It didn’t take long to undressed since I only had two things to take off.

Soon I was across his lap and I felt with joy his stiff pole against my tummy. I so wanted to move up and feel it press against my pussy but I didn’t want to be that much of a slut. I felt Mr. Stone’s hands caressing my back and neck.

“So pretty, such a pretty little girl you are.” He Said.

“My little girl knows how to please her master.” I was pleased with the praise I was getting.

“Now for your wrongdoing in class today, little one you will be spank twelve times upon each of your bottoms,” he said as he pushed his pole against my tummy. “Are you ready you nasty, naughty, little slut are you ready for your punishment?” He demanded.

“Yes ... yes sir!” I sniffed and braced myself for my first real spanking, from another man, I just wish it was my daddy’s lap I was on.

SMACK!

The first blow was not that hard but it did sting, ogh god did it sting!

SMACK!

SMACK!

Mr. Stone was gently caressing his hands around my bottom after every smack.

It brought me that much closer to my own orgasm.

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

On and on it went, the torture, the tingly pleasure of having my bottom redden by each blow. Oh god, my whole body, felt so alive.

He was my teacher and I want him to do this, but still, I was thinking about my Dad.

“Oh God Stephanie it’s beautiful, your ass is so beautiful. What I would give to lick and fuck it.” Mr. Stone moaned as he caressed my red ass.

“Now it’s time for six more you naughty girl.” He gleefully said. And soon I felt a more intense wave of painful pleasure.

SMACK!

SMACK!

This did hurt! It hurt very much, but it also felt good. As he spanked my little tush I could feel my vagina gushing all over his pants. I felt well like a faucet gushing and flowing.

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

And I cried out with real tears, “Thank you sir I deserved every bit of it. I’m just a little slut, sir.”

Soon I was lifted off Mr. Stone’s lap. I marveled at how much of my juices were running down my legs and all over his pants. The bulge in his pants was huge and I fell down onto my knees.

I open Mr. Stone’s fly and out sprang his cock. It was solid, hard as a rock just waiting to be tasted. I looked up at his face and smiled. I didn’t say a word but took his head in my little mouth. I ease my lips over his rock hard cock and felt it grow and it bulge my cheeks out. Mr. Stone was big, but I have seen bigger on the internet, and my daddy is bigger.

“OH GOD Stephanie!” He cried out, pushing more of his cock into my mouth.

I let Mr. Stone move it back and forth inside my mouth as I licked the underside of it. My fingers were cupping his balls and squeezing them gently. I love rolling them in my hands.

“Fuck Stephanie, I’m all most there.” Mr. Stone said.

I took him out of my mouth, I started kissing and licking his dick. He soon started to cum, All over my lips and face. I open my mouth and took a big squirt inside my mouth, it tasted so good.

He then pushed me away. He looked at me, and as he smoothed his cock across my cum drenched face he whispered, “God you are such a naughty slut. I think we need to play some more. Would you like to go to my bedroom and we can play a blindfold game?”

“How do we play that,” I asked.

“I’ll tie you up to the bedpost and put a blindfold on you. It’s fun, you won’t know where I’ll be touching you, but I will never hurt you. If I did, or you feel uncomfortable, you can say a safe word, then I’ll stop and let you loose. Listen, Stephanie, the game is fun, I’ll never hurt my students, the game is meant to be enjoyed.”

“Ok, what is the safe word?” I was getting horny and scared, but I wanted to try it.

“Pizza, the safe word is pizza. But before we start why don’t you go clean up.” he then took ahold of my hand and lead me to his master bedroom.

When I came out of the bathroom he was waiting by the bed for me. He had taken off his clothes. His cock was almost hard again. He has a nice body for his age.

He had me get on the bed. Mr. Stone secured my wrists to the bedposts before putting the blindfold in place. He didn’t secure my feet.

“You remember the safe word?”

“Pizza.”

“Only say it if you mean it. Otherwise, just enjoy it.”

It got quiet for a few minutes. My ass was still sore from his spankings.

Finally, I felt the bed shake a little as he got on the bed with me.

“Someone is very interested in you,” a lady said softly into my ear.

A lady, who the fuck is she? Where did she come from?

“Who are you?” I asked.

“Do you want to stop the game?” she whispered into my ear.

“No, but who are you?”

“You will find out after the game, but for now just enjoy.”

I remained quiet. Hands began lightly touching my inner thighs, urging me to spread my legs open wider. I didn’t fight it. I knew I was obscenely exposed to whoever was in the room.

Fingers lightly brushed through my pubic hair, or what hair I have. Teasing me, but still giving no clue about who it was. It has to be Mr. Stone or that lady.

Fingers began touching my wet slit, I couldn’t help but squirm a little.

“You like that. Don’t you Stephanie?” the lady said.

A finger slipped inside of me, slowly moving around, the finger seems a little smaller than Mr. Stone’s fingers. Could it be the lady’s fingers?

“You look so wet, Stephanie. Your horny little pussy is already squishy.”

A tongue touched my clit. Two fingers were inside me now. My hips rose to push against them, forcing them further inside.

“Oh yeah, I think you were horny even before you got here.”

I groaned, fingers pushing even deeper inside me, lips pulling on my clit. I felt a soft chin against me. It has to be that lady, But she is at me ear taking to me? Is there another woman in the room?

The lady’s tongue worked its way into my opening, fucking me lovingly. The tongue moved lower, hands moved under my butt, lifting and spreading me open further. The tongue licked along the crack of my ass before focusing on my tight little asshole.

“That looks so good, baby. I bet it feels incredible. I wish I was licking that precious little asshole.”

I moaned louder. Someone grabbed my feet and pulled them back toward and above my body, exposing me even more obscenely.

Restraints were put around my ankles. My legs were spread wider. I couldn’t move. The image of how I must look made me feel a little embarrassed, but I didn’t fight what was happening. I didn’t want to say the safe word, not yet anyway.

More movement on the bed. Mr. Stone’s hard dick slapped against my cunt. I gasped. He spanking my pussy with it.

The tip of his cock pressed at my opening, and he slipping it inside of me.

“He looks so good inside of you, Stephanie.” I moaned as he slowly thrust in and out. The lady began playing with my nipples, pulling on them, twisting them roughly.

“His cock is so hard, baby. Can you feel it?”

I moaned that I could. His cock felt incredible in this position. His cock head was in side of me, it felt deliciously, making me feel fuller than ever.

He pulled out of me. I groaned in protest.

“Patience, Stephanie. We’re just getting started,” she softly said in my ear.

More movement on the bed. Whispers that I couldn’t make out. A finger touched my butt hole. It felt wet, slippery even. It pushed slowly inside me just a little. I pulled on my restraints, asking, “What are you doing?”

“Do you want to use the safe word?” the lady said into my ear.

I didn’t. Not yet anyway. But I wasn’t sure I liked where this was going. The finger pulled out some before pushing inside my ass further.

“What are you going to do?!”

“It’s okay, sweetheart. We’re not going to hurt you. We’re just playing.”

“Go slow,” I insisted.

“We’ll be gentle. All of us will.”

All? How many is all’?

The owner of the finger in my butt continued to slowly fuck me. I began to relax as it settled into a steady rhythm. It felt great once I was more comfortable. Then there was more movement on the bed. A mouth was at my pussy again, licking, probing, making me moan even more. Was it one of the ladies, or Mr. Stone? Was it someone new?

The finger slipped out of my ass. It was replaced at the opening to my butt with something else. Something smooth, but it didn’t feel overly large in size. It wasn’t a cock though. It had to be a vibrator. I hoped it wasn’t too big. It pushed where the finger had been, easily slipping inside just a little.

“Have you ever had a vibrator in your sexy little ass, Stephanie?” The lady said. She was back by my ear again, or still by my ear? I wasn’t sure if she had moved before or not.

“No.”

It slid inside me further. It didn’t hurt though. In fact, it felt really good.

“It looks so good fucking that cute little behind.” A hand slapped one of my butt cheeks.

“I could just eat that little ass of yours,” she said.

More movement. A mouth was now nipping and licking where the hand had spanked me. I had no clue as to who exactly was doing what to me. I only knew for sure that it was at least Mr. Stone and at least two other people.

A hand spanked my butt again. And again. “You’re such a bad girl,” the lady said in my ear after the last slap on my ass. Another slap, a little harder this time.

“Such a dirty girl letting us do such dirty things to you.”

Another slap, even harder, right on my pussy causing me to wince and whimper somewhat in protest.

“Don’t complain, baby. You’ve already let us fuck your little pussy, and use your tight ass. You deserve a little punishment.” someone then slapped my ass four times in a row, hard.

Again, my butt cheek was stung. The vibrator, which seemed to be a little thicker than the finger that had been in me, was pushed deep inside my ass. I tensed up for a few moments. It wasn’t hurting me. In fact, it felt pretty wild to have something that far up my butt. Whoever was fucking me with it got into a good rhythm with it, too, pushing it in and out with long slow strokes.

Then there were more movements on the bed. Someone had moved between my legs. A cock rubbed against my pussy again. The vibrator was still fucking my ass.

“Oh, my god,” I whispered, as the head of the cock pushed inside me. The vibrator was held still, deep inside my ass. The man’s cock was now just as deep inside my pussy. I was getting doubled fucked! The cock seemed bigger and thicker than Mr. Stone’s cock. Could there be another man in the room?

“Oh, my God is right, sweetie,” the lady’s voice was at my ear again. I wish you could see yourself.

I groaned as they fucked me harder. I felt so fucking full. Whoever was fucking my ass wasn’t holding back now. Mr. Stone or some other guy is fucking my pussy, he’s pounding against me hard too.

“Sweetie, I’m playing with my pussy watching this. They’re fucking you so good.”

There were at least two other people in the room with Mr. Stone. Or could be more. Who are they?

“I think he’s about to come inside you, baby. Do you want him to fill up your pussy? or cum all over you?” I just kept moaning without answering.

The man snorted as he slammed into me, his cock jerking deep inside my cunt. I knew he was filling me with his cum. I wanted it all.

“Baby, you got a big load.” The lady said.

I could feel it running out of me, and down my ass. The man finally let his cock slip out, and the owner of the vibrator slipped it out of my ass as well. I was certain I looked incredibly filthy with my legs pulled so far back, exposing my asshole and cum filled pussy.

“Such a nice cream pie Stephanie. I think I’ll have a little,” the lady said.

There was more movement on the bed. A mouth was soon on my sloppy cunt, licking and slurping loudly. Someone was also licking my asshole.

After I had another orgasm, it seemed as if the game was over. I heard whispering, and someone was getting off the bed. Things got quiet for a few moments before the lady talked into my ear again.

“Having fun Stephanie?”

“Yeah, that, that was so wild. But I’m starting to get a cramp though.”

“Hang on, let me take your blindfold off.”

When I could handle the light again, I could see just how inappropriate I looked. I could also see three people standing by the bed.

“Hi, Stephanie,” the lady said, standing there naked. “I’m Dean’s wife, April.”

April is a very beautiful lady. She has B size breasts and shoulder-length brown hair.

Mr. Stone is standing next to her. His cock is limp and covered with cum.

“Hi, Mrs. Stone,” I said embarrassed.

I glanced at the girl standing next to them. I know her, she’s on the varsity cheering squad, she is a senior at my high school. She has no breasts at all, she’s slim and short. May not be even 5 feet tall.

Mrs. Stone smiled at me. My face must have revealed my shock. She leaned closer to me and asked, “are you okay?”

“Yeah, I just didn’t expect Heather to be here.”

Mr. Stone sat down on the bed close to me, placing his hand on my butt cheek, and said, “Knowing that anything can happen, is what makes this kind of game all the more fun. You did great Stephanie.”

“Stephanie, this is our Daughter, Heather. You two should become friends, she loves to get spankings too, she is very submissive, and she is into watersports, and loves to play with asses, and lick them clean.”

“Your the one who was fucking my ass?”

“Yes, and I also licked the cum off of your ass too.”

“You suck your daddy’s cum out of me,” I said surprisingly.

“No, not out of you, I just licked your ass clean.”

Mrs. Stone then said, “How do you know it’s Deans cum in you?”

I looked at her and asked. “Who fucked me then?”

Mr. Stone undid the straps holding my legs up. I slowly lowered my legs down getting the blood back into them.

“Do you really want to know?”

“Yes ma’am, I do.”

I looked over at Mr. Stone, he has his legs apart and Heather is licking and sucking his cock clean.

“Stephanie,” Mr. Stone said putting his hand on my leg. “I have known him since college, he’s a good man. We both have the same taste, we are both into spankings and dominating girls and women. But we don’t force anyone to do anything they don’t want to do. And we will never hurt anyone unless they want us too. He is part of a swinger group of friends of ours.”

“Is Heather part of the group?”

“Yes she is.”

“Stephanie, “ Heather joined in, “it’s a fun group, there are kids my age, and all the way to 70 years old. I love for you to join us.”

“I can’t, my Mom and Dad would kill me if they found out.”

“Stephanie, you can’t join without your parent’s approval.” Mr. Stone said.

“Stephanie, I know this man. He really loves you, and he’s been wanting you for a long time.” Mrs. Stone said.

“Do I know him?”

“Yes you do, do you want to meet him?”

“Yes, I do.”

“Ok, Heather will you go get them?”

“Get them?” I said surprisingly.

Heather got up and left the room. A couple of minutes later she came back holding hands with the people I love, my parents.

They came in, all three of them were naked. My Dad’s cock was somewhat soft but it looks so big.

They came in and stood next to the bed. I tried to cover up but my hands were still tied to the bedpost.

“Are you surprised?” Mom asked me.

“Oh my God yes. Aren’t you suppose to be at work Mom?”

“Yes, but Dean called us and told us what you did at school. So we figured you were ready to join our club.”

Mom bent down and started to kiss me. It wasn’t a mother-daughter kiss more like a lover’s kiss. Mom put her tongue in my mouth I could taste cum on her tongue. After she pulled away I asked her, “did you lick Daddy’s cum out of my pussy?”

“I sure did and you taste so good, I wish we done this years ago.”

All five of them started to play with my body. My Dad even spanked my very sore ass, and I love it.

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We, my parents and I, did join the swinger group. Daddy stills spanks me anytime he wants. My mom is now ok with it. Dad loves to fuck my ass after he spanks me. Sometimes when dad is fucking my ass I’ll be licking mom’s ass. I love my family.

P.S. Heather and I are a couple now. We plan to get married after high school.