

Don't Go Into The Woods

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Prologue

I am standing here wearing a red plaid schoolgirl uniform skirt. It is so short that although I looked in the mirror before and couldn't see my white satin panties I felt anyone looking at me could. My blouse is a white collared blouse typical of what you'd expect to see on a schoolgirl. But, the top buttons are opened lower enough to see a bit of my lacy black bra. The sleeves are three quarter length. White schoolgirl stockings with a lacy top (they must have come from an adult mail order house) rise up my smooth hairless legs like a snake crawling towards its prey.

Dramatizing my look is a properly powdered face, a thin black line on my eyelids and silver hoop earrings. This forms the backdrop for my "pretty in pink" lipstick and a fragrance one could only call "Girlie."

I have no one but myself to thank for these items.

My nails are manicured as well as my toenails and of course they are 'hot pink'. I didn't pick these colors out but they were in my makeup kit.

My hair is a light auburn and over the past three months it has grown enough for many types of hairdos. Right now it's in a ponytail with, you guessed it, a big pink bow attached to a scrunchie.

I'm wearing 5" Stiletto heels that took me over a month to learn how to walk in. With them on I am about 5'8" tall. My mind drifted as I looked at the foam pad with neck brace while Dick is fastening a red leather open mouth ring gag. He was explaining how I had learned how to stretch my body so my ass would be in the air while lying on the foam pad. And how 'comforting' the neckpiece would be. He laughed at the word 'comforting'.

He had also rigged a couple of hoops through two eye hooks in the wall and said with my ankles wrapped in them it would help me stay in position and besides keeping my legs spread a bit they would also make holding my knees over my head an easier task. Of course this meant my ass would be facing up

towards the ceiling.

"If one of the men tell to get into your position it will mean here and you must stay there until you are excused, Dick said in the same quiet voice he had used for weeks.

"Do you understand," he said closer to my face. I was nearly crying. These past weeks had been an ordeal.

"Yes Sir," I answered demurely as I had been taught.

Dick was definitely on edge with the other men arriving. Nearly all my training over these weeks had been as if I wanted to be the girl standing here. Dick had drawn so much out of me and a spanking was a learning experience not a punishment.

Amazingly, regardless of my repulsion inside, I now obeyed every command.

The tears in my eye were overshadowed by the sound of a vehicle, the first in a month. I was hoping it was someone coming to rescue me. But I knew it was just the opposite. I was afraid, nervous, apprehensive, and submissive about what would be next.

"Here come the men. Go open the door. " he said.

I walked obediently towards the door and although the plug wasn't that big I could feel it every step. Between the walking lessons of short steps foot in front of foot and the plug I could feel myself swaying to the door. I heard car doors open and some muffled male voices. Apprehensively I turned the old rusty knob and the door creaked open.

Emerging from the big black Yukon SUV with muddy tires were seven men none of whom were smaller or younger than Dick. I shuddered with fear as I looked at them with my practiced smile and learned demur stance.

Even though I had become compliant on the outside and tamed on the inside I had not reached any point of being ok with what was happening to me.

These men were old rugged beer drinking hunters. All had big guts flopping over their belts. Some had beards and as I was soon to find out grooming was not in their vocabulary. I also learned not much later they nearly all chewed tobacco and had yellow teeth. Some were a bit toothless. But they

are appeared ruthless.

A couple of them headed to the trunk but one of them looked directly at me and said to the others, "What a nice looking cunt we have here."

But, perhaps I should take you back to the beginning of my demise about three months ago.

Chapter One - The Unfriendly Woods

"Hello sweetie," the gruff male voice sounded from behind me. I was still squatting and had just finished peeing when this deep baritone hilly-billy voice shocked me starting my adrenaline flowing faster than an open fire hydrant.

"Just get up and turn around," he commanded.

I began to pull my panties up but he told me he was pointing a gun at me and for me to "turn around so I can see your pussy."

Nervous tremors rippled through my body as I turned into my fear and saw his gun.

"I don't have a pussy but please let me explain," I weakly answered hoping this would all end.

I've always enjoyed my annual camping trips deep in the West Virginia woods. Over the past 3 years I had only had one visitor pass by my camp site while I spent my six night alone and dressed as a woman. And that particular time it was just a friendly wave from across the wide river. I was a bit shocked then but I took it in stride and continued my annual event driving deep into the woods and then hiking about fifteen miles to a small-secluded campsite on private land that I rented each year.

This area in the woods that I rented encompassed a couple of hundred acres and backed up to thirty thousand acres of state forestland and many more thousands of acres of Federal land.

Three years ago I saw an on-line ad about a secluded campsite. The thought of doing this and then follow through of renting the campsite opened up the ability for me to explore my feminine side. A side I had hidden for all 23 years of my life. I had always felt more like a girl than a boy but I had

never done anything more than wear a pair of panties until these trips began.

The ad read "Complete hideaway campsites for \$150 for a week with assurances of privacy" and all I need to do was make a simple PayPal click. Of course I had checked with the owner about such privacy and that I wanted to be sure whoever rented before or after me wouldn't be there when I arrived. He assured me no one rented at the time of the year I was renting and my privacy would be a certainty.

I started writing erotic romance novels when I was 18 and by the time I was 20 I was living on my own. I had no family since my parents were killed in a terrible auto accident just after I had turned 18. I left the small town I had been raised in and moved to New York. I just felt more comfortable since I wrote under my pen name Gloria Summers. Even my mailbox listed both my real name and my pseudo name since I got some mail for her. How they got my address I will never know but I figured I should have both.

I lived in a very large apartment building and my mail was always forwarded to my agent since she paid all my bills regularly. I wasn't rich but it was much better being my own boss. Sometimes I'd either lock myself in my apartment or simply disappear and write for months alone. Once I had traveled to Mexico and rented a villa while I wrote my third novel. I didn't have friends, well perhaps my publisher but she was well aware of my idiosyncrasies.

And, in my fear of being found out I never talked about going to West Virginia. The few who knew me thought I had gone to Maine each year.

Turning to face this intruder I could see his hand holding a mean looking gun. It looked like those guns in the movies. I had even used one in a story of mine, the famous Glock. Naturally I raised my hands and as I did so my shorts and panties fell around my knees. I was exposed.

I had on those girlie hiking short shorts with a cuff. Hey, it was late spring and the temperature during the day was in the 90's at night it cooled off to around 70. Besides if my balls weren't showing I'd have looked every bit like a woman. The shirt I was wearing made me look like I had tits because of the padded and gel stuff bra underneath. In a way my thought was, this may be better with me standing naked from the waist down since he wouldn't want to rape me since I was a guy. And more likely he would be so repulsed he would just tell me to get lost. Perhaps take my

money but that was fine.

My lips quivered but he hushed me as his eyes focused on my privates and he then mockingly said, "So what we have here is one of those 'sissy' girls. Right?"

These words came out of a big fat beer belly man. It was hard to figure out how tall he was but his girth was substantial. He was wearing a plaid lumberjack shirt and a pair of dirty overalls. All I know was my 5'6" paled next to him.

My backpack was still strapped to my shoulders since I hadn't set up camp yet. Everything I carried was for a woman camper. At my car was my change of clothes. I had become bolder each year and this year I had decided to go all the way. I even had a summer dress packed as well as a week's supply of panties. There was a makeup kit. And, I can't think why I had brought a box of tampons.

"Pull up your panties and shorts pussy," he commanded and then said.

I started pulling up my shorts and panties but he said, "Wait, turn around and let me see your ass first."

There wasn't much I could do with a gun pointed at me.

"Sweet cheeks," he whistled. And before long we were hiking away through the woods. Not on a path. We must have wandered onto the federal land since the over brush was quite dense. However, he seemed to find each turn that kept us from being caught in the brambles or stopped by other natural barriers.

Finally we walked into a small clearing completely surrounded by trees was this cabin. It looked pretty make shift from the front. Like something you'd see in old pictures and wonder 'who could live there?'

Chapter Two - The Shack

The inside smelled of stale smoke and it was very messy but it was not as makeshift as it looked from the outside. As you entered there was a very large room with a good kitchen tucked into the far corner. One cabinet door was missing and another one was hanging down from a broken hinge. They were

made of the cheap orange stained looking wood. The floor was a wide rough-hewn oak plank oak.

The sink was stainless steel and had dishes, pots and pans all stacked up. The counter tops were plain white, well now faded and chipped, Formica.

A round dining table sat sectioning off the kitchen/dining area from the rest of the room with eight captain chairs surrounding it. The table had a ceiling light with fan above covered in dust. One of the bulbs was burned out. On the table was an ashtray filled with butts. There was also a mason jar with what looked like tobacco chew spit.

However, the inside of the house seemed to have been ready for all seasons since there was both a huge fireplace in the living room and an air-conditioner through the wall to the left of the fireplace.

Dick had me take off my backpack and then handed me one of those plastic handcuff things you see on crime shows. Once my wrists were in the loop and I had pulled the plastic tight with two fingers Dick checked with one hand while he held the gun with the other to make sure the plastic strap was well secured. Next he had me get down on the floor and roll onto my back. He knelt over me putting the gun down.

I so wanted to escape but I wouldn't be able to either get him off me or get the gun, which was out of my reach. From somewhere he produced a metal collar that was lined in the inside with a soft padding. He got it around my neck and then he snapped it close. It connected on the side.

When I got up he told me about the collar.

"Pussy," he said, "there's a ring on the front and on the top for a leash but more important is where I snapped it shut is a small cylinder about the size of a Vick's Inhaler."

Dick explained this was actually filled with an explosive.

"The cylinder on your collar if detonated will blow your neck away. Don't try to remove it. Don't try to run away," he said.

After that he took me to the perimeter of the property showing me it was well marked with red plastic tape dangling from tree trunks like you see for markings in the woods.

"Now watch closely girl," he said and tossed a cylinder like the one fastened to my collar pass the red tape.

BOOOOM...it exploded violently.

"Once you collar was set it cannot be removed by me. It is controlled outside this compound so trying to escape is futile," he said.

In a more mild voice he continued, "Now you will learn to understand your role and you will be trained over these next weeks to obey commands with complete and immediate obedience. I won't need to raise my voice but instead you'll learn and it will become your mission to obey men and their desires."

From that moment on I was being trained though to me it was simply being told what to do. Besides cleaning the house and washing the dirty clothes I was given many other duties, as Dick put it, 'woman's work' and other feminizing submissive roles.

Dick reminded me on several occasions he was not going to yell or shout since he preferred a quiet home and a docile girl and he felt the collar should be enough of a reminder.

"However," Dick said, "a spanking may come at anytime depending on my mood even though in times you'll know before and may probably desire to be spanked."

I couldn't figure out why I'd ever want a spanking.

But the first time Dick spanked me it had nothing to do with a mistake. Instead it was a lesson. He had me come over by the old faded blue couch and he hooked a small lead to the front of my collar and had me bend over till my head was as low as the seating on the couch. He lifted a small metal plate on the floor and there was an eyehook to which he snapped the other side of the lead too.

Then he used some sort of Velcro thing around my legs in a eight padder making me unable to spread my legs more then about 16 or 18 inches. At the center of the 8 a lead came out and he hooked that to another eyehook connected to the leg of the sofa

"Now for this lesson I want you to lower your panties only in the rear so your ass is bare and then hold your skirt up with both your hands. In time you won't need to be tied but holding this position will take time to learn."

I had already had several obedience lessons and of course realized obeying was easier than the alternative (being told to walk away) so I did as he said.

He was sitting on the sofa with his legs between my arms and legs and suddenly I felt his big hand just smack my ass. Instinctively I screamed.

"Girl, there will be no screaming, no yelling. You can remain silent, you can whimper or you can cry. But if you decide to whimper or cry make sure it's real and not an act or you will regret it."

I could smell both the perfume I was wearing and the strong smell of his sweat. My ass cheek stung then he slapped the other cheek. His hand covered nearly all of my cheek. I held the painful scream inside me. Not a sound came out of me except an exhale breathing.

Dick didn't slap fast. It was more a slow painful slap and then a wait. During the first few I kept silent. Dick stopped at about the seventh slap and said, "Now let yourself go into your past and remember how you could cry. Reach back and find that pussy girl you are and you will have taken a major step forward in your new life."

About the fifteenth slap I felt a little whimper out of me. Dick consoled me saying, "Good girl," and at the same time rubbing my ass. He waited a bit before he slap my ass again.

Somewhere after the fiftieth hard full hand slap I started to lightly cry. All of this spanking was taking time and I drifted away into somewhere in the past. A girl was crying and I didn't know who she was. There was no rush by Dick. And so, at some point, I started hear myself crying like the girl in my mind. I was that girl. Shortly after that he stopped spanking me. He undid the leads and then told me to pull my panties up.

"Don't touch or rub your ass after a spanking girl," he said. "Just go about your business. Did you enjoy that?"

Turning toward him and crying I obliged the rules and answered, "Yes Sir."

"And," he said coaxing me.

Of course I curtsied as I had been taught from day one. My thumb and two fingers took hold of the hem of my skirt, then bending the right knee and I said, "Thank You Sir," as I rose.

Dick had told me just the day before, "I want you to learn the following. From today forward you will have only four words in your vocabulary and they can be used in only two phrases. You will not call me Dick," he said.

The four words are "Sir, Yes, Thank You"

"Your only two phrases will be 'Yes Sir,' and 'Thank You Sir.' No matter what the question asked you will answer 'Yes Sir.'" And, you will have to learn when 'Thank You Sir' is appropriate. "Yes Sir," will be your answer to any question you are asked regardless of how you would like to answer.

You probably are wondering why I was so easily subjugated. But, I think there are many reasons. Of course I already was submissive before all of this happened. The video certainly pushed me into compliance but I think it was also the way Dick carried out his training of me. It's hard to say but I felt myself sink deeper and deeper into what he was making me into. I was the girl he wanted me to be. I am this girl.

A few days later I was in the kitchen washing the dinner plates crying from spanking Dick had administered for my 'mistakes' of the day. My ass was so sore. I had spent the afternoon cleaning the house and getting spanked for when I said something under my breath. But, this would not be the last time I was crying after a spanking. I would cry during every spanking after the time in the living room.

Another instruction I had been given earlier today (There were many new ones each day and at night I had to write them down. If I forgot one then I'd be punished for that) put me in my place of complete sublimation.

Dick had called me into the living room in the early afternoon and had me insert a disc into the DVD player. Before he started it he had me sit by his feet.

He started the DVD and I watched. It was the same place we were in but there was a man dressed as a woman. His features weren't nearly as feminine as mine. However, he was wearing a similar housedress as I had on and it hemmed just above the knee as mine. There was a supply of women's clothing in a small closet in one of the 5 bedrooms. But this guy's was also stockier so the housedress didn't hang on him but instead stretched on his frame. It fit me very femininely since I tried to keep my weight at 135 pounds before and guessed I must have already lost some weight since arriving here.

This was the first time I realized there must be cameras recording the different rooms and outside. He walked outside and started walking towards the perimeter. My eyes were glued as he neared the red taped trees.

The guy/girl kept walking and as he passed the trees the next part of the video became gruesome. There was no sound track but suddenly you could see a glow around his neck with smoke emitting and finally you saw his head was detached from his body. It was flying up into the air and back towards the camera before it fell out of view.

The rest of his body just collapsed and the DVD went to snow.

"Your choice girl. Will you be a good girl and do whatever you are told?" Dick asked. "Or would you like to walk away as he did?"

I was shaking inside. A man had been killed. I didn't want to die. It was overpowering so I meekly answered, "Yes, Sir."

The next day he had me tan in a bikini. The bra had holes cut out at the nipples and I could tell this would make me look like I had areola. The bikini bottom was a typical bikini bottom. The bikini was plain black. The bra part bunched at the middle of the front and two small cups were held by a thin spaghetti strap wrapping around my back and tied in a bow. The other two straps were each on the top of a cup tying in another bow behind my neck.

He also used three water tattoos. You know the kind you apply with a wet cloth and will last about 10 days. Above the center of the bra was the word "girl" and above the center of the bikini bottom was a slightly larger "Cunt"

I couldn't see what he had stuck on my ass but I found out later it said,

"Spank Me"

For the ten days I sunbathed twice a day for about 30 minutes each time. The last day of tanning was the day before the other men arrived. By this time the tattoos had started to wash away and instead I had dark skin except where the tattoos had been. The words, Girl, Cunt, Spank Me were very easy to read against the tan.

But there were more rules and training. I had to practice my curtsy many times a day with the "Yes Sir" and "Thank You Sir," until it became automatic.

When I was asked if I wanted a spanking I had learned to curtsy and of course say, "Yes Sir." It was humiliating but better than dead. And some of my spankings weren't for misbehavior. Others were simply because when I was asked if I wanted a spanking and I had to answer "Yes Sir."

A typical end of day example was like this. I would come over to Dick and he would have me lift my skirt and lower my panties. He would be sitting on the sofa and he'd grab my arm and have me bend over.

"Do you think you misbehaved today girl?" he'd ask.

Of course I would answer, "Yes Sir."

"You forgot to say "Thank you Sir" after I gave you permission to pee. Right?"

"Yes Sir," I'd reply.

(Oh, I forgot to tell you. I had to ask permission to use the toilet at first. Over time this changed. I'll explain that later.)

After which I would be given ten hard hand spanks and have to say, "Thank You," when he was done.

Sometimes I would get many more swats than I needed to cry so my cheeks would be streaked with tears. My mistakes were mostly for forgetting to say "Thank You Sir," but there were others for not cleaning a dish thoroughly or if he found a pubic hair on the toilet. Sometimes the spankings not only made me cry during them but also long after especially when I went to bed with my butt still stinging. Even in bed I was afraid to touch since I

thought he might be watching

One day Dick took me over to what had been an empty spot in the living room. He had set up a chalkboard on an easel and a couple of feet in front was a piece of duck tape adhered to the floor parallel to the chalkboard.

"Remember what I said about you would one day ask for a spanking?" Dick asked with a sly smile.

"Yes Sir," I replied and thought back to that spanking just a short while ago.

"Well, I'm sure you've remembered your spankings since then. Right?"

"Yes, Sir!"

"Soon there will be a group of other men here and making mistakes could lead to a many worse spankings. So, this is an opportunity for you to perhaps reduce the number of swats on your ass..

"However, I assure you this is a better choice," he said and then explained to me that if I made a mistake I was to come at the beginning of the next hour and write my mistake on the chalkboard. I was also to pull my panties down, bend over and hold my skirt up and wait for someone to come over and give me an appropriate punishment after which I would be dismissed and I should know by now my "Thank and Yes Sir." "Do you now understand you will ask for your spanking with the hope of mitigating your punishment," Dick questioned.

"Yes Sir, " I said with a quivering voice. I knew this was another behavioral change. And with that I was dismissed back to my current task which was sewing a hole in a pair of underwear which was so old there were still yellow stains the wash didn't get out.

Then one evening I was wearing a thin satin negligee Dick had picked out for me. It rubbed seductively against my cock. Actually, the feel of satin against my body was one of the first big turn-ons for me. I could easily cum rubbing myself through satin panties before all this. I had just finished washing his boxers when I heard him call to me.

"Pussy, you almost done?" Dick called out from the living room.

"Yes Sir," I answered nervously.

"Hurry up unless you want another spanking," he mockingly said.

I hurried as fast as I could but I wasn't allowed to run or walk normal. I didn't want another spanking but I had to walk slowly with my ass wiggling. As Dick had taught me, "Have your pussy hole, when you walk, make a man want to push his cock up there."

I just wanted to go home. As soon as I was done I came around the sofa I felt so naked in the flimsy negligee.

As I said before, Dick was a big guy. The sofa was indented with him sitting there. He must have been over three hundred pounds, I thought as he handed me a DVD.

"Go put that in the DVD player and come sit by me," Dick said.

I took the DVD and walked over to put it in. Of course I was hoping it wasn't like the other DVD. I was so scared.

The disc was black with yellow block print. All it said was Lessons. And then I turned and started back towards the sofa. I didn't want to look him in the eye so instead I just looked at this disgusting fat man with stained plaid shirt as his hand patted where I should sit. I thought I knew what was going to happen but I didn't want to believe it.

Up to this point I had only be spanked and trained but as I turned to sit down and his hand caressed the back of my leg. I felt his fingers going under the skirt touching my ass. I couldn't sit right away with him touching and probing. Finally he had me sit. I felt so tiny next to him and I smelled so girly while he emitted a strong smell of testosterone.

The film had started and Dick put his arm around me. "You will do everything in this movie and more and you will do it always with a sweet smile and a 'yes sir.'" he grinned as he talked.

The movie played and although the guy in the film a bit younger and not as fat as Dick he was still nasty. Just as I saw the guy in the movie start to finger the girl Dick put his hand between my legs.

"Well Pussy girl, do you understand you will do anything I ask or any man

asks immediately, without hesitation and without complaint?" Dick asked.

"Yes Sir," I said my throat dry.

This was the beginning of my sex servitude lessons. As I've said before, more and more I sank into this docile obedient girl. He coaxed me to rub my 'pussy' while I sucked his cock and said if I could get myself to cum when he did I'd get a pleasant surprise.

Well of course that didn't happen but I was surprised when he touched me there I did get a bit hard. He laughed a bit and said I was a "real girl."

What was also weird was I never felt like I was enjoying myself but more like I was allowing myself to be used and to be controlled.

Much of the time Dick wasn't harsh but nearly always I was taught or perhaps a better word 'conditioned' to be a particular type of girl who was also a boy. I learned how to walk in heels in short steps. And although I had walked in heels this was different. Once I forgot to put one foot in front of the other so my ass would sway I immediately went to the chalkboard and wrote it down bent over waiting with my white satin panties lowered just below my ass, my hands holding my blue flowered skirt up. I must have waited about 15 minutes before Dick came over. He didn't spank me then or later. Without even realizing it I began to immediately go to the chalkboard on the hour for things I thought I had done wrong.

When I chipped a dish once I was standing there on the duct tapeline waiting. He came over and lubed my hole pushing a butt plug up

As I said my duties included keeping the cabin clean, washing the dishes and clothes and also cleaning Dick's tobacco juice Mason jar. Unfortunately there was neither a dishwasher nor washing machine so I had to do everything by hand in the large restaurant sink.

But, I did get good long spankings at times. They mostly turning my ass red not blistered. However when I was instructed on 'how to sit' my ass stung. Dick had me lift my skirt and then sit down so I wouldn't crease my dress. And, with my ass burning hot from a spanking sitting was not the most comfortable thing in the world especially my bare bottom on the coarse fiber chair seats. The various lessons and rules went on day after day. Of course there were only four words I was allowed to say. I wasn't allowed to

start a conversation nor end it. I was only to reply with the "Yes Sir," or "Thank You Sir."

I was taught to sit with my legs slightly spread apart so men could see my panties and would want to fuck me. My various cleaning duties were inspected each day Dick explained this was for me to have a more pleasant time when the men arrived.

And although I had to stand in the corner many times with my skirt up and panties down, ass burning from a good over the knee spanking I also was given time to relax or nap. Among the hardest things to learn was the kiss especially from a fat old guy who was sticking his tongue in my throat. Funny how a French kiss could be more humiliating then sucking his dick.

I was taken several times around the perimeter so I'd know the boundaries even at night.

The cabin had five bedrooms, one bath and the large main room with giant fireplace, kitchen and dining table. From the outside it appeared as a hunting cabin but inside it was a tad more civilized. Although the floors were wood plank various carpets of fur and fabric were laid out with a bit of woodsy decor.

The kitchen was functional and there was even a small room off of the kitchen with several stocked freezers. I don't know what generated the electricity but really only the lights; refrigerator/freezer and ceiling fans were electrified. Oh, and the scant bit of hot water too.

The four bedrooms were quite Spartan with knotty pine paneling, typical off white ceiling and trim pain. There were two single beds in each room and each had a dresser though none matched.

A small alcove was cut into a wall of the kitchen housing a vanity table, chair and a wood poll for hanging clothes. This would be my domain. Even though I knew make up there were many more items then I carried with me. Dick explained the girls of the past had left these as I would leave my stuff when I left. That seemed reassuring. The idea I would leave someday.

A routine began to develop over the months.

At some point Dick added something new to the spanking. He told me I was

going to learn to have a spanking, cry and have an orgasm at the same time.

The first training of this was the following way. He called me in one day and he had a sex tape running and told me to watch. It was a very simple man and woman sex tape.

After it ran for a bit I felt some urges going on. I always related to porn. But then I felt his hand rubbing my penis through my satin panties. I got harder

"Good girl," he said, "now bend over and hold your skirt up."

Then he pulled my panties down a bit and put his lubed hand over my cock saying, "You can orgasm and continue to be spanked until you cry. You can cry and orgasm at the same time. Or you can cry and continue to be spanked till you orgasm.

Then he started to jerk me and spank me. The first time I had an orgasm before I started crying so he kept spanking me till I cried.

Over time I learned not only to cry and orgasm at the same time but even for me to simply rub myself through my panties without lube and to orgasm as I was crying from being spanked.

In time I associated spankings, tears and my little orgasm as if they all went together. Often I'd be hard when getting just a spanking and when I was allowed to please myself. Pleasure and pain blended together as I drifted lower into the desire of humiliation and degradation.

Of course I was instructed 'never' to play with myself without permission.

Dick also said what I did was more of a feminine orgasm not man cum and so from now on I was to think of my clit and my g-spot and that I was just a girl.

He would ask me after I squirted if I had 'squirted pussy juice?'

I would answer, "Yes Sir."

Sometimes he replied, "Good girl," and he'd give me a treat, like a piece of chocolate.

In time I associated with the words 'good girl' as well. Sometimes I wanted him to spank me and let me squirt.

He also taught me to get hard without release depending on various things besides spankings. Like when I was sucking his cock or he was feeling me up. As I said before, I had spankings with my little hard-on yearning away. One time I almost squirted without even being touched. Often I'd leak a little pre-cum. When I did Dick would say, "good girl."

My bathroom control was simple. I was to stand by the bathroom door and squirm like a girl needing to pee. If I needed to poop I was to stand there with my panties down to my knees.

He always let me go poop but he often let me squirm for a while and a couple of times I'd leak a bit. Once he spanked me when I needed to go but had wet myself a little. Before I knew it I was crying and peeing myself. I was so ashamed when he stopped and said, "girl you need to learn some control."

Sometimes he watched me pee. He also had trained me to pull my panties just to my knees and sit down on the toilet (I wasn't allowed to use the toilet seat) making sure all of me was tucked in so I only showed my pussy pubes and thus appeared like the girl he said I was.

Everyday, every moment was training but eventually things started to come naturally to me. I walked with the sway. I knew when to whimper and when to cry and I became this creature of his.

Chapter Three - The Arrival

Holding the door open for the men I thought this must be the big fat old beer belly man convention. I had learned before to only address them as Sir. Dick had both trained and spanked "thank you Sir," into me many times over the past months.

My pink lipstick smiling lips uttered "Yes Sir," as the first burly man started through the when he asked me if I was a cum slut. Each man came in with a different remark followed my either a "Yes Sir" or a "Thank You Sir."

One of them who was a bit shorter then the others in height but not in

girth stopped at the door with his belly against me said, "Oh, you will do nicely," and he patted my ass as he entered.

For the next ten minutes they unloaded the van of ice chests, luggage, cases of beer and booze etc. My collar had become a part of me now but I noticed in one of the bedrooms a leash. It made me twitch a bit at my neck. I was left in the kitchen to put the provisions away as the men gathered in the living room making jokes and talking. Some of the conversation was about how nice it was to be here again and about getting away from the everyday.

One man called out, "Bring me a cold one," to me. I had been taught how to serve as well during this period of isolation. I got a beer out of the cooler and placed in on the bar tray with the bottle opener next to it and carried it out 'barmaid' proper. But in serving it there was a difference. I had been taught to bend at the waist and not the knees.

As I bent over he touched my ass and said, "you have a nice ass girl and you smell pussy perfect. "Did you wear that perfume to entice us?"

Nervously I answered, "Yes Sir."

Later that night I had my legs were in the air, and my ass high. My panties were pulled down to my ankles.

"This is great," the man said, "so this just screws off?"

Although I didn't know what he was doing his comment and the feeling I got from him screwing some counterclockwise on my butt plug made me worry.

"You guys have to see this. She has a pussy," the man continued and one of the other men came to look and also confirmed his comment.

"You'll have to look how pink and sweet it is when you get up here," the first man said.

I was looking up at him as he unbuckled his pants and unzipped his fly laughing.

"Wait," Dick called out, "don't forget whoever is last to use the plunger cap on the mantel not the one removed. What is will do is pretty self-explanatory. Our spunk will be forced into her butt when she stands it

will not flow back. Like a backwash valve on a toilet."

From the back of the room I heard one guy say, "I so enjoy when we come out here and get to try the kinky sexual devices we make at home. Whose idea was this one?"

Dick smiled and took credit.

The man above me laughed. His pants fell to the floor with the belt clanging. He put the key and whatever he had undone on the fireplace mantel next to us.

"Now girl, this is what is going to happen. I'm going to jerk off into your pussy and so will the other seven men. When you are fully loaded we'll push our cum down into you and your plug will be capped and you will serve us. Do you understand what serves us means?"

Tears began to well in my eyes as I answered, "Yes Sir."

"And while we are here after anything one of us MEN does to you or with you, you will always say Thank You," he continued.

"Yes Sir."

When he was finished he slapped my ass he picked up a magazine from the mantel. I could see if was a porn magazine from the cover as he stood there looking at it. Then he started jerking over when he started to come not all of it went into the plug some landed on my balls. He exhaled when he was done and over the next hour the other seven men drained their balls into the plug.

The last man took the other device from the mantel and said "Bottoms up," mockingly as he inserted it and twisted. At that moment I knew it was a mini plunger. While the other men came I felt some of their spunk seep through the butt plug into me. Now I knew the rest was being pushed past the nozzle of the plug and deep inside me.

The Man said, "All done, now get up and get me a beer."

I got up and although I couldn't really feel their cum sticky inside me my mind knew it. I began to walk to the kitchen when he called me back.

"Girl have you lost your manners?"

I could only answer, "Yes Sir. Thank you Sir."

"Go get my beer and then come back here for a good spanking."

"Yes Sir," I answered in a frightened whisper and started walking to the kitchen.

"Hey always wiggle your ass. Shake like the cum cocktail waitress you are," he said loudly.

I wiggled to the kitchen but when I was walking out with the beer I was afraid I'd drop it so I couldn't wiggle much.

I bent over pouring the beer into his glass. There were a eleven beer glasses and Dick had told me to be sure always to have a nice clean one for each man.

The man had a gray unkempt beard and although I didn't know their names I could easily distinguish them. None were completely clean-shaven. They were all dirty old men who acted like I wasn't the first.

"Are you ready for your spanking?" he asked.

"Yes Sir but may I first go pee?" I replied.

The man turned to Dick and said, "I'm glad you left the toilet training to us."

He turned to me and asked, "Do you know how an indoor bitch gets toilet trained?" The man didn't expect a reply but continued, "a well trained bitch, and I'm talking dog, waits till her master takes her out to do her business. And, a bitch in heat is happy to sniff ass and be fucked. You have seven Masters and you will be a bitch in heat from this day forward. So from now on we will know when you need to eat and when you need to piss and shit.and where. Do you understand?"

Shamefully I meekly answered, "Yes Sir."

"Good" now take that butt plug from your ass and put it into your mouth then bend over and don't lose a drop of our man juice."

I was sobbing a bit as I pulled the plug out of my ass making sure I tightened my sphincter to hold the seven loads of cum inside me. My mind thought about being a 'bitch in heat' and having to wait for a Master for me to relieve myself etc.

The plug tasted funky as it slipped over my pink lips into my mouth.

"All the way in just like it was in your ass. Your ass and your mouth are now both a pussy and an ass. Close your lips around the narrow part as your asshole did. You don't have a mouth now just a vagina and an asshole."

It wasn't very long but it was a bit bulbous. When I had pushed it all the way in with just the outside plug part showing it touched the back of my throat. Just near the gag reflex.

"You see guys, the plug is perfect. She will learn the thrill of being throat fucked and how to let the gag be a part of her bitch duties, the man said as he had me bend over.

Holding my ponytail (my hair had grown since I had been there and it was blond now. Dick had me bleach my hair, my pubes and even the area around my asshole. That had hurt

SMMMMMMMMMMMMMACKKKK!!!!!!

His open hand slapped against my ass. Hard but not blister Hard.

SMMMMMMMMMMMMMACKKKK!!!!!!

And each slap after he's ask me a question

"Will you be a good cunt?" "Yes Sir," I answered.

SMMMMMMMMMMMMMACKKKK!!!!!!

"Is your mouth a vagina?" "Yes Sir."

My ass began to heat

SMMMMMMMMMMMMMACKKKK!!!!!!

"Are you our cum slut?" "Yes Sir."

SMMMMMMMMMMMMMACKKKKK!!!!!!

"Are you here to serve men?" "Yes Sir." SMMMMMMMMMMMMMACKKKKK!!!!!!

"Are you a bitch in heat?" "Yes Sir."

SMMMMMMMMMMMMMACKKKKK!!!!!!

"Do you know how to curtsy?" "Yes Sir." (I had been taught by Dick)

SMMMMMMMMMMMMMACKKKKK!!!!!!

This continued on for sometime. I was crying now. Dick had trained me not to yell or scream. Just to either cry or whimper. And the spanking was expertly given. I knew my ass was red and the heat would last for hours. I also knew I wasn't allowed to rub my ass.

When he was finished he had me pull my panties up and thankfully I remembered to say, "Thank You Sir."

Seven men would control my life and I had to please each of them separately and as a group. My head ached as I stood in the kitchen in front of the sink only wearing panties, bra, garter belt, stockings, a dainty apron hooped over my neck and tied in a bow around my waist. My toes a bit arched in my Mary Janes. This was my waiting position. The men could easily see me. They could see my ass filled with their cum. The view from the living room to the kitchen was open. A small dining table was a bit off to the side between the two rooms. I could hear the men talking but not what about.

Chapter Four - The First of Many Days.

I had to wait till one of the men woke up and took me to pee and poop.

The tallest man, he was about 6'4" came into the kitchen and put a package down to the side of me saying, "You are a whore slut, aren't you?"

Standing over the sink I answered, "Yes Sir."

"Then softly say 'I'm a whore slut' until someone tells you to stop.

I had forgotten to say "Thank You Mister," (that's what he wanted to be called) so he spanked me several times on my already reddened ass.

"I'm a whore slut," I said almost in a whisper.

"I'm a whore slut."

"I'm a whore slut,"

"I'm a whore slut,"

"I'm a whore slut,"

"I'm a whore slut,"

"I'm a whore slut,"

"I'm a whore slut,"

"I'm a whore slut,"

"I'm a whore slut,"

"I'm a whore slut,"

And finally the day came to an end but before I could go to sleep two of the men went out to the car and brought a large trunk in. It was pink with the gold corner bracings. They also brought in a large dog sleeping bed and a cage. They put the bed inside the cage in the kitchen.

"Be a good girl now and get down on all fours. wiggle your ass and go into your new doggie home," one of the men ordered me. He had the largest cock head of them all. I had sucked it earlier. It wasn't very long but it looked like a swollen fruit on a on a tree branch. I was afraid if he stuck it in me it would be like a dog knot.

I had been allowed to take the apron off. I was happy for the warmth in the house. When I got down on all fours he pulled a bit of the bottom on my panties and cut a hole. Then he eased a butt plug up ass. The plug had a tail on the end and it was weighted.

"This should hold you till morning," he said as he locked the cage

"Yes Sir, Thank You Sir," I answered as I was locked in for the night. I fell asleep crying.

Chapter Five: Time Goes By

Over the next week there were major changes. I wanted to run through the woods and not care if I had my neck blown off but I was to chicken. They had chosen well. I would be their girl. Even more I would be their bitch.

My cage rattling and a deep baritone voice saying, "Okay bitch time for you to do your business" awakened me. Looking up I saw the fattest of the men standing with a leash in his hand.

"You are going to be house broken this week bitch. Just like any dog you will be taken by leash to go do your business outside. When I open the cage you will crawl out and I'll snap the leash on you. Then you will crawl outside and sniff around for a good place. And once you've found it you will pull down your panties, pull out the plug if you have to poop or if not just pee and be the bitch dog you are. Have you ever seen a bitch Labrador do her business?"

My ears hurt from this new degradation but my mouth opened and said, "Yes Sir."

He opened the cage and I crawled out. The leash snapped into place and the man walked towards the door. If I were a bit slow he'd pull on the lead. I wasn't too fast even though I really did need to pee. I didn't know if I needed to poop since the plug made me feel like I always did but this was a good time to get their cum out of me from the night before so I figured I'd give it a try. Also, I figured if I could learn to poop once a day it would be a plus.

From that day forward I would be taken out and I had to learn that instead

of standing by the bathroom squirming I was to be at the door on my knees at specified times and wait or when a man decided to take me out for a walk.

It was always embarrassing for me to kneel down and then have the leash clipped to my collar. Even worse was for me to be taken outside and have to sniff around to find the right place to go. That was mortifying. In time I was taught to sniff trees and find the fresh man pee scent and that's where I was to do my 'business'.

They began playing wilder games with me especially after this one man had me crawl into the bathroom with him. He pulled down his pants and underpants in one motion and sat on the toilet. Grabbing my hair he pulled me in closer to him saying, "Suck my cock while I take a shit."

Most of the men were fairly mild but this one and another weren't. They were very dominating.

This particular man had a mean streak. I had fresh red lipstick on and had finished doing my nails and spritzed some perfume. His fingers combed through my hair and played a bit with my earlobes and the looped earrings I was wearing.

"Ahhhhhhhh," I heard him utter as his cock started to harden a bit and a little squirt of pee shot against my tonsil. Then there was a cacophony of farting followed by stink, a sigh and the first plop. I wanted to vomit but his cock was in my mouth and his hands wrapped around the back of my head holding me in place.

He fucked my face as his shit plopped down into the toilet. The smell was revolting. Once a bit of toilet water splashed up hitting my chin. Finally he shot his load into the back of my mouth pulled my head away.

"Open your mouth and show me," he said with a mocking voice.

I didn't look at him but kept my eyes focused on his cock since that's what I've been taught but I knew he was looking at his dick snot on my tongue. I have learned men don't shoot the same amount of spunk. Some of the men are more liquid than spunk. Some drop a big load and others not so much.

But as bad as the smell was at first after awhile his poop smell faded and the taste of his spunk took over.

"Swallow girl," he instructed.

As I swallowed I felt his slime passing from my tongue over my tonsils and falling over the back of my throat.

"Was it good?"

"Yes Sir," I answered politely.

He pulled the toilet paper to wipe his ass several times and then the roll was empty.

"Girl, there's not enough toilet paper. Isn't maintaining this bathroom your job?"

"Yes Sir," I replied.

"Well then I guess your tongue will have to be the extra toilet paper I need. Isn't that right?"

My eyes opened wide like a deer in the headlights. I didn't answer. I was so sickened.

"First for being insolent and not answering I'm going to give you a spanking later. Second, answer me," he said with a very authoritative voice.

Almost crying I answered, "Yes Sir."

"Are you answering that your tongue is a wet wipe bitch?"

"Yes Sir," I answered with my least assured and most diminutive voice.

He got up; all three hundred pounds of fat with gray and black body hair and turned around with his ass in my ass.

"Now clean my asshole and make sure you do a great job or I'll have you eat my shit in the toilet."

The next minutes were disgusting as I licked his bum. At least the toilet paper had run out after he had wiped pretty clean. I didn't know that when

I began licking but still it was a vomit inducing moment.

"Don't you dare vomit girl or you'll lick that up too," he said.

I held back the choke in me. He reached back and grabbed my head pulling me into his ass. "Lick in the hole."

Finally it was over and we exited the bathroom. A few of the men were hanging around.

One of them was looking at me and asked, "Hey is that shit on your nose?"

Mortified I answered, "Yes Sir."

"Well, when I ran out of toilet paper she offered to let me use her tongue. You might say she's a 'wet wipe.' And I think she enjoyed it," the man said.

Turning towards me he rhetorically asked, "Did you?"

He knew my only answer could be, "Yes Sir."

One of the other men said we should make a "Call the Wet Wipe Girl" sign and hang it in the bathroom.

"Go wash your face and show me a curtsy before you leave."

I curtsied and said, "Thank You," and went to the sink in the kitchen to wipe his poop off with tears falling down my cheek. I had sunk so low since I had gone on my vacation.

Chapter Four: Sinking Deeper Into Depravity

After that incident humiliation became a part of the program. One morning I was standing in the kitchen when one of the men came in. He had me turn around facing him and lift my skirt. He unzipped his fly and told me not to move or utter a sound.

And then he started peeing. His urine splattered on my 'clit' as he called it and the warm pee soaked my panty liner and cascaded down on the floor. When he was done he had me lower my skirt and wait there.

While I stood there I thought about how many times I had cum in my panties when one of the men rubbed me there or that I could make myself cum while being spanked. Who was I? What had I become? Between being sickened by what was done to me I had also become aroused by command.

Five minutes later two of the men came into the kitchen. They looked at the puddle and then me.

"Lift your skirt girl," one of the men instructed.

I did as I was told and also answered, "Yes Sir."

"Look at that, she peed herself," the other said and then asked me if I had as I lifted my skirt and he also said, "Her panties are dark yellow stained."

This all led to what happened two nights ago.

"Come here," he said.

I walked into his room wearing exactly what I had been instructed with my hair curled, falling over my shoulders. The matching black bra and panties were scant and lacy. The demi-bra was wired underneath. The panties were regular cut with sheer see through lace in the derriere and above my small pubic hair patch. I imagined the butt plug I was wearing could be seen but I didn't know since it was black and like the others the plastic T part was thin so it would fit like a thong. Happily this plug was not as big as the others so it was more comfortable in my ass.

The gold belly ring with cubic zirconium diamond matched the diamond pendant necklace and diamond stud earrings. My eyes had just a bit of sea green eye shadow to illuminate my green eyes and the mascara was lightly applied. The lipstick I had been instructed to wear was the same pink as all 20 of my nails and I knew I had used too much of the Channel perfume but there wasn't much I could do about it.

Standing there in my 4 inch black strappy heels I must have been 5'9" but I still paled in size next to him. Like the other men he was big in all ways.

"Turn around," he commanded.

Turning slowly I could feel his eyes burning through my skin as hot as my

ass felt after a spanking. The first thing I felt was his tobacco breath swirling over my shoulder and wispy through my hair. Then I felt his arms and presence as he lowered a black silk cloth over my head ending up over my eyes and blocking out the light. Now everything was black from my outfit to my sight.

"Follow me," he said taking my hand and leading me out of the room towards the living room. Finally we stopped somewhere in the room.

"Lower your panties girl," he said.

As I lowered them I heard the men whistling approval though I couldn't see a thing I also felt their eyes upon me.

"Now behind you is a special butt plug. Take the plug you have in your ass out and then find the dildo and sit down on it," he instructed in almost a monotone.

I took the plug out with my right hand and reached back to find this other plug. He helped me by moving my upper arm until I felt it. It was well lubricated and it was connected to something. Slowly I began to sit on it letting the tip find my asshole and lowering myself at the same time. It wasn't too long since the hilt was against my hole. It was a less bulbous plug. As I sat back my legs were a little raised from my ass and I felt I was sitting on porcelain. It was like sitting on the toilet without a toilet seat except for my thighs fit in some sort of form fitting porcelain and it had that cold feeling as I first sat back

"Drop your plug and bring your upper arms back along your side," he continued.

My arms came back and he helped me get the middle of my upper arms in some kind of handcuffs for them. There were many sensations running through my body but the next thing I felt was myself being raised until my feet could only touch the floor by leaning my toes forward. I couldn't steady myself. I was supported by what I was sitting in.

His hands came up to my head and undid the blindfold. I was sitting in a custom-made urinal. A chain with a handle hung down just above my right hand like the flush device on an old toilet.

"I made that in my shop," one of the men said as others congratulated him

on this human urinal.

The men were drinking beer and putting on a DVD. I heard the TV say something about "Football's greatest moments," when I heard his voice in front of me.

"Now girl, tonight you will be our toilet and here are your instructions," he said. "When a man comes up you are to unzip him and take his penis out if he's standing there waiting. Otherwise he will have handled that already. Then you will let go of his penis, unless he instructs otherwise. When he is done and says, "Flush," you will pull the flush cord and then let it go. You will have the pleasure of the urine in the bowl emptying through the dildo into you. Thanks to an electric pump and a bit of engineering you will feel the urine as a very strong stream. If he wants to piss in your mouth you will accommodate him and you will also swallow what's in your mouth and when he is done. Then you'll either shake his cock or lick the head and after you put it back in his pants, zip him up you'll say. He waited for me to answer

"Thank You Sir," I answered.

Fear, repulsion and the fact of my submission over the weeks crashed around in my brain when he finished his instructions. Then he asked if I understood the instructions. Obediently but miserable I answered in the same docile feminine way as I had been taught.

"Yes Sir, " I said through my pink pouted lips.

The position I was in gave me a view of all the men but not the television. I could see them as they drank beer and watched TV. Time passed and the empty bottles began to accumulate.

One of the men got up and said, "I've got to take a wicked leak." The other men either ignored him or laughed as he walked over towards me with his hands on his balls. He was wearing a stained white t-shirt. The kind with no sleeves and a pair of camouflage pants and his head had one of those military cut haircuts.

There he was, standing right in front of me. Well his crotch was there in front of me since the urinal was lower. It was just a tad higher than the height of a child's urinal setting my mouth at cock level. He leaned in a bit and I knew what was expected of me. My pink fingernails reached forward

and my fingers held his pants as the other pulled his zipper down. He was wearing the dreaded dull white with some yellow stained briefs.

Reaching into the slit on his underpants my fingers touched his cock head and I heard him above saying, "Hurry up girl I have to piss." I wanted to cry but I seemed to do a lot of that lately.

His cock finally poked out. He was uncut and had a lot pubic hairs. With his prick in my face and I could smell his musty odor of his manhood. I let go of his cock as instructed and he reached down and he took it between his thumb and forefinger.

"Do I have to remind you to open your mouth wide," he said grinning. "And keep your eyes open and looking at every cock you see tonight."

As my pink painted lips parted I thought back to just the other day when the idea of pee entered into this wild journey. That time in the kitchen. My eyes focused on his cock. It was small and shriveled. The way a cock looks most of the time. He held the head about three inches from my mouth and shook his cock just a bit.

Suddenly, a dribble, not a spurt came out of his pee hole and sprinkled down landing on my little landing strip over my penis. I could feel the wet warmth against me and again I thought back to the time one of the men peed on my panties as I stood in the kitchen.

It was just a couple of days ago. I was cleaning up the kitchen early one morning when one of the men came in. I was wearing a summer frock, green with yellow daffodils. He had me turn towards him and he was wearing just a shirt. No underwear.

"Lift your skirt and look me in the eyes girl," he said.

Frightened, as always, I lifted my skirt.

"No matter what happens keep your eyes on mine and don't move," he commanded.

I looked directly at him.

"Oh, what nice white panties," he said. "Too bad they don't match your dress."

Then I felt a warm flow hit my crotch. He was peeing on my crotch. He kept peeing and peeing. His urine flowing over my dick and then splattering against my legs as it slowly fell to the floor making a puddle around my bare feet.

"Now your panties are the color of your daffodils and your pussy has been properly watered," he laughed.

When he finished he instructed me to let my skirt drop down and for me to stand there like that until one of the other men dismissed me.

He shook his cock a bit more and some pee landed on my face. I could see two other men standing behind him. One was urging him saying "Hurry up, I've got to piss real bad." Then a little more pee dribbled out with most of it landing on my lip and chin dripping down onto my bra soaking it and wetting my nipples.

A moment later he peed enough to fill half my mouth and shook his cock putting it back in his pants, zipping up and saying, "Damn this enlarged prostate. I'll probably have to piss every fifteen minutes. The other men laughed.

"Swallow girl," he said and I gagged as his piss passed over my tonsils and into my tummy.

The next man already had his cock out and just started peeing all over me. I felt the bowl under my ass start to warm and the urine started to fill up over my balls. When he was done he had me lick his cockhead. Then he had me look into his eyes. I'm sure my eyes betrayed my humiliation as I reached out and pulled the chain. The sound of a toilet flushing emanated from a speaker under my ass as the silent motor whirred and a flood of pee shot up the dildo into my ass as if someone was peeing right up there.

My legs instinctively tried to close to stop the warm pee. I felt his piss in the bowl emptying knowing it was going up inside me and then it was done. He looked at me waiting.

"Thank You Sir," my pink lips pouted.

Several of the men commented on how much they liked the sound of a toilet flushing.

After a couple of more men peeing into my mouth my swallowing as well as the bowl being spurted into me made my stomach distended.

"I think our toilet needs to be emptied," one of the men said.

"Go outside and find a place to squat like the little girl you are and empty our toilet," one of the men instructed.

So, I was allowed to get up and because I was trained to take small steps I waddled toward the door my ass swaying and inside feeling like a wave of piss was swishing back and forth.

Before I got there one of the men had me stop and do a little extra wiggling. I know it didn't really slosh inside me but I felt like it was. It seems the men liked this extra maneuver and it was added to all my 'toilet' walks.

When I got outside a few of the men had come to the door one of them instructed me to squat facing the door and smile? He also told me I should try to make both my holes pee and not to simply flush it all out in a rush.

"Try to make it come out slowly," he said.

I had to lower my panties (I was told to pull them up before I walked out), squat, smile and then both my holes (penis and ass) started to drain. The pee did squirt out of me like a girl. I hadn't been allowed to touch my penis since the first week.

Then I would walk 'ladylike' with the men in my view back to the device, sitting down on the dildo until I was full again. From the bottles on the table I must have had at least 30 bottles peed into my two holes and I had to empty myself more 10 times.

It was quite embarrassing when I was outside squatting and the man urine was shooting out of my two holes as some of the men laughed watching me. Once I even threw up at the same time.

It all came to an end at a point where I was the most full of pee during the evening. I just wanted to go out and empty myself but instead I was let up, given a clean pair of panties to put on and a very short schoolgirl skirt with a white blouse. "Ok Missy it's time for you to get back to your household duties," Sir said. "Clean up this whole place and when you are all done come report to me."

"Yes Sir," I answered but wanting to ask permission to go empty myself.

During the next 30 minutes I cleared the empty beer bottles thinking how they had gone from bottle to me. Various men asked me questions to which I could only answer with one of the two phrases I'm allowed.

"Did you enjoy my piss in your tummy?" "Yes Sir."

"Would you like us to play this game every night?" "Yes Sir."

"Was being a 'toilet girl' a dream you had when you were a little girl?"
"Yes Sir."

This went on until all the bottles were cleared and the table wiped off. I was trying so hard not to pee myself or accidentally drip from my ass.

Just when I thought I was done and could go to the bathroom the first man beckoned me to him. I waddled over my bowels sloshing with man pee and wanting to let it out. It was so hard for me to curtsy

"You've been a bad girl, haven't you?" he asked.

By this time in my training I knew I'd probably get a spanking and began to bend over.

"But, for being a good toilet I am going to let you have an orgasm while I spank you. After that you may waddle your piss filled ass-urinal outside and empty yourself.

"Thank you Sir," I answered with my eyes nearly about to tear up since I knew I'd be crying soon. I was just hoping I wouldn't have an accident.

As I lowered my panties he commented on how I smelled like a urinal too. The men next to him joked about how I may need one of those urinal deodorizer sticks in me.

Then the first SLAP..hitting me like Dick did. His hand was also large and the slap burned my ass and jiggled my cheek.

"Guys, she sounds like a half filled bottle of piss sloshing around as I spank her," the man said.

I was mortified. I wondered could he really hear it or was he just joking but before I could really ponder it he had me rubbing my pussy as his hand got into motion.

But I was sure I could feel their `piss sloshing in me.'

Ten minutes later I was crying profusely and had had shot my little white load into the crotch of my pissy panties. I was so embarrassed.

And with the proper, "Thank You" and curtsy I was allowed to wiggle my way outside and empty myself.

That night I was told I was to sleep in my stinky bra and panties.

A few days later this night created a new nightmare. Most of the men wanted me to suck their dicks. And most of those didn't get really very hard. Only a few wanted to watch my ass squirm on their cocks. Also, I was surprised more then half the men weren't circumcised. It's really odd licking a cock head and watching it grown out of its sheath.

Anyhow, the guy who had peed on my panties and started all this was both kinky and liked to ass fuck me.

One morning he was up early and I was wiping the coffee table in the living room when he came in sporting an erection. He had me stay bent over and then squirted some silicone lube in my hole and rubbing some on his cock.

For the next ten minutes he pounded my ass and then his cum oozed into me but instead of pulling out he said he had a morning surprise for me and started peeing up my chute. It seemed me peed longer then he fucked.

"Ah, nothing like a good piss in the morning. Did you like that toilet girl?" he asked.

"Yes Sir," I replied like I had too but didn't want to.

"Good," he said, "from now on you can have my piss hard-on every morning?"

"Thank You Sir," I answered as he pulled out. Then he smacked me on my ass and sent me to clean the kitchen. I could feel his eyes as I walked away. His piss warm and wet inside me with my knowledge I'd be like this every morning from now on. I would never be the same as the day I went camping.

All I could hear myself say to myself is, "Don't Go Into the Woods."

(To be continued - perhaps)