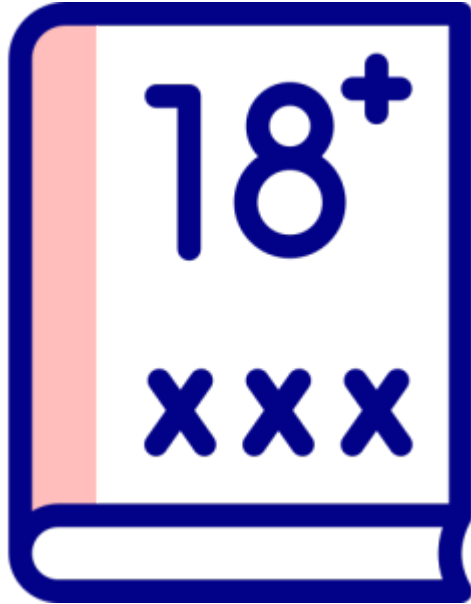


Jillian's Tale

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | December 31, 2007



Synopsis: A willing slave seeks mistress and wants to be used and hamulated. Is she qualified?

by: Dr. Phil

The following story was written by an adult, for other adults to share and enjoy. If you are under 18 years of age, or do not enjoy reading sexually graphic stories, please stop here and do not continue reading.

Author's note: I would like to apologize in advance to anybody who may feel that parts of the following story may be racist. I assure you that it was not meant to be, but was required for the accurate telling of the story.

About a year ago a woman, whose self-description matched Jillian's, began leaving messages on CompuServe describing in great detail the lifestyle that she had fantasized living for years. She announced that after much consideration she had decided to actually live it and advertised for an "appropriate" Mistress. After several weeks of advertising, a young woman responded to her who said she "fit the bill"

and ordered her to leave her more specific information via private mail. Neither woman ever posted another message. I assume she found her Mistress. For a long time afterward I thought of her and tried to imagine her in her new lifestyle. The fantasy which she described became the basis for the following story. I hope you like it... -

Part 1 The Secret

“Really, Jillian. You ought to give up that nasty habit. Those cigarettes will be the death of you.”

“I know, Louise. As a matter of fact I’ve actually made an appointment this afternoon with that hypnotist you told me about. This time I’m going to kick the habit for good.”

“Oh marvelous, dear! I’ve never actually been to see him myself, you understand. I just know him socially and thought I’d pass his name on to you, since he does specialize in helping people to kick the habit. Honestly, I don’t really know if I’d be brave enough to let anybody put me `under’. Frankly I’d be a little scared that he might tell me to rob a bank or something.”

“Nonsense! A hypnotist can’t make you do something you don’t want to do. He can only reinforce your own desires to do something. Now I suppose if deep inside you really WANTED to rob a bank...”

“Heavens no!” The older woman giggled.

She was visiting at the home of her friend Jillian. Both of their husbands were vice-presidents at a Fortune 500 company based in Greenwich, Connecticut. Jillian was 35 years old. She was a natural blonde and her figure was still quite good, thanks to her hours of aerobics and tennis lessons. Her husband, Frank, was seven years older than her and he’d spoiled her ever since they were married twelve years ago.

Louise and Jillian had met at several company functions and managed to strike up a friendship, even though their husbands were well known to be almost constantly at odds with each other in the boardroom. Jillian welcomed the companionship of the older woman, as it gave her status a boost and helped legitimize her standing in the

community as an important person.

Her standing in the community was very important to Jillian because she was constantly trying to shed her middle-class roots and be accepted in the snooty circles in which she now travelled. Jillian was very much driven by pride, and her quest for status often caused her to be insensitive and actually derisive of women whom she felt were now socially beneath her.

They finished their tea and Louise eventually made her goodbye's and returned home. Jillian saw that she had a couple more hours until her appointment with the hypnotist so she decided to take a leisurely bath before getting ready. She hadn't told Frank about the appointment, partly because she wanted to surprise him (he'd been chiding her about quitting ever since they were married) and also because she didn't want to divulge that she had got the appointment through Louise. Frank tolerated her friendship with Louise, but it was clear he wasn't thrilled by it. Still, as usual, he indulged her by never commenting negatively to her about it.

Jillian walked upstairs to her bedroom. There was a beautiful bathroom adjoining the master bedroom with a sunken Jacuzzi tub. She turned it on and set the temperature to the maximum she felt she could tolerate, then went back into the bedroom to remove her clothes. She kicked off her shoes and stripped out of her blouse and skirt.

This left her in a bra, panties, black lace garter-belt, and hose. Jillian didn't like pantyhose. She preferred the lustful feel of the garter-belt and the way the clips held the sheer hose at the tops of her thighs. She slipped her shoes back on and then stood in front of her full length mirror. She couldn't help admire her form. She gazed at her reflection as she unclipped and removed her bra. Her hands moved to her nipples and she began massaging them. The massaging quickly turned into twisting and pulling and a small moan escaped her lips. She lowered her hands to the waistband of her French cut panties and slowly lowered them to her ankles.

She slipped them off over her shoes and stood up again in front of the mirror. Her right hand went right to her pussy, with its short downy fleece of blonde hair. Her thick pussy lips could be seen right through the fine hairs. Without even realizing it her left hand strayed back to her left nipple. As she lightly rubbed a single finger up

and down her moistening slit, her left hand resumed twisting her nipple.

Once again, a small moan escaped her lips, but her finger rubbed against the nub of her clit as she shuddered. Jillian slowly turned sideways and bent just a bit to thrust her breast forward and her ass backwards, like a fashion model. She liked what she saw! All those hours of aerobics were certainly worth the pain. Yes, the pain was well worth it.

She turned a little more so that her back was facing the mirror. Her bottom was still thrust out and she now took both hands and began rubbing and then squeezing her small ass. Each bun was round and firm and her long fingers squeezed harder and harder until it actually began to hurt. Frank was one lucky man. She bent over a little more so that her ass was now pointing right at the mirror and gave herself a little slap on her right ass-cheek. She rotated her hips and moaned a bit louder, then suddenly, as if coming to her senses, she stopped and stood upright. She quickly glanced around the room to reassure herself that she was alone. Of course she was alone. She just felt suddenly embarrassed and it showed in the flush of her face and neck.

Jillian sat down on the end of the bed and removed her hose and garter belt. She stood up and walked slowly into the bathroom. Her right bun still tingled just a bit from that one slap and she realized that her pussy had got even wetter.

“Nasty thoughts” she murmured softly to herself and chuckled. “Nasty, Nasty! Let’s save those thoughts for some other time when I don’t have an appointment and can spend a little more time with myself” she thought as she turned off the taps and stepped into the hot water. She let the hot water swallow her up and she luxuriated as the tension was swept from her body. She lathered herself up and then just laid there, letting the minutes drift by as she indulged herself in another fantasy.

She didn’t intend to masturbate but her hand found its way once again to her little nest and shortly thereafter she was rubbing herself furiously as the water sloshed slightly at the surface. Finally she stiffened then sighed and laid her head back down on the edge of the tub. God, but she’d needed that! She soaked another fifteen minutes then climbed out of the tub and toweled herself dry. A half hour later she was dressed and out the door, headed for her appointment with the hypnotist.

When she arrived at the proper address she found herself entering a tastefully furnished waiting room with a receptionist's desk. The desk was presently empty and there were no other patients in the waiting room. She was trying to decide what to do next when a distinguished looking gentleman in a suit opened an adjoining door and greeted her warmly.

"Mrs. Dudley?"

"Yes. I have an appointment for 3:00."

"Nice to meet you Mrs. Dudley. I'm Doctor Kinder. I'm sorry but my secretary called in sick today. Please join me in my office."

Jillian walked past the doctor and entered his private office. Doctor Kinder looked about 50 years old with salt and pepper hair and a well-trimmed beard and moustache. He had an expensive dark suit on and wore silver-rimmed glasses. He motioned her to a chair in front of his desk and seated himself.

"First of all, Mrs. Dudley, I have to tell you that I am not a medical doctor. I have a PhD in Psychology and I assure you that I have been successfully using hypnosis to help my patients for many years."

"I understand, Doctor" Jillian smiled. "The fact is that Louise Palmer referred you to me. She said you'd be able to help me to quit smoking. I've tried for years and have never been able to stick with it. I'm normally very active, with aerobics and tennis, and smoking is just one nasty habit that I'd give almost anything to break."

"Yes, yes. I understand. Louise Palmer... hmmm. Yes, Louise and I have met on a number of occasions. A delightful woman... Mrs. Dudley, do you mind if I call you Jillian?"

"Please do."

"Thank you, Jillian. I want you to feel comfortable with what we're going to do here. It is essential that you understand the process and are relaxed and receptive. What we're going to do here is to reinforce your own desires to stop smoking. It's a filthy disgusting habit and your life will be far better after you've quit. This process is

nothing to be afraid of. It is a little like sleeping and a little like daydreaming. You will feel very relaxed and safe here.”

“Actually, I do feel pretty comfortable with the whole process, Doctor.”

“See! It’s working already.” The doctor chuckled and smiled warmly. “This process will probably require two sessions. Today I will put you `under’, as they say, and reinforce your own already professed desires to stop smoking. I will suggest, for example, that every time you get an urge for a cigarette you will instead get a drink of water. As the nicotine begins to be cleansed from your bloodstream you will find that you will be making fewer and fewer trips to the kitchen sink.... and to the bathroom I might add!”

Jillian chuckled. She was definitely being put at ease by his combination of professional demeanor and good nature.

“After a week you will have to return for another session. This will reinforce and strengthen the original suggestion. For many people that will be enough. For some others we schedule additional follow-up sessions a month apart for six months. After that you should be well on your way to a life free from smoking.”

“That sounds wonderful, Doctor. I’m anxious to start.”

“That’s good, because we already have!”

Doctor Kinder reached behind him and turned a dial on the wall. Immediately the room darkened. Another switch focused a small dot of light right on top of his polished wooden desk.

“Relax, Jillian. This is going to be a very pleasant experience. I want you to look at the light on my desk. Don’t concentrate on it, just relax and try to block out everything else in the room except for that light and the sound of my voice.... Let yourself relax.... Stare at the light and think of yourself as a non-smoker.”

“Imagine yourself on a beach, or on a sailboat. Do you like sailboats, Jillian?”

“Yes, I do.”

“Good. Look at the light and imagine yourself laying back on a beautiful sailboat. There are no clouds and you’re covered with suntan lotion. The sun is warm on your body. You feel better than you’ve ever felt before. You haven’t smoked a cigarette in a year and it’s such a pleasure to be free of the habit You are relaxed. You’re very content....”

Doctor Kinder talked to Jillian in this manner for a few minutes. It always took a little longer when it was the first time. After this he would be able to put her under much easier and quicker for future session. Eventually he stopped talking and just gazed at her. Her eyes were wide open but she had a distant look. From his experience Doctor Kinder knew she was under. He tested her with a few commands then sat back and sighed.

“You can come in now, Louise.”

“Are you sure she’s under, Henry?”

“I’m positive, Louise. Come on in.”

“Jillian, your friend Louise is here. Isn’t that nice?”

“Yes, doctor. That’s nice.”

“She doesn’t SOUND like she’s under. Are you positive?”

“Yes, yes. I’m sure. You’ve only seen hypnosis on television shows or in movies. People don’t really speak like robots when they’re under. Trust me.”

“Jillian. I want you to take your shoes off and put them under your chair.....good. Now, unbutton your blouse and show your bosom to me and Louise. There’s nothing to be ashamed of. I’m a doctor and Louise is another woman.”

Jillian immediately unbuttoned her blouse from her neck to her waist. She pulled her bra down and displayed a perfect set of tits to the now smiling doctor and his shocked friend.

“Oh my God! She really is under!” Louise put her hands to her face then slowly lowered them and smiled at the doctor.

“Excellent, Henry. Let’s pump the stupid bitch and see what she knows...”

“Jillian,” the doctor said softly, casting a warning glance at Louise, “Tell us about your husband, Frank. We know he’s been hiding something and we’re trying to help him. Surely you know what that is. Does he have any special secrets that might cause him to get in trouble, or cause him a lot of embarrassment if it were found out? Tell us, Jillian, so we can help him.”

“No, Doctor. I don’t know of anything that could get him in trouble. He’s always been an honest man. He doesn’t even cheat on his taxes.”

Louise looked disappointed. Doctor Kinder motioned for her to be patient, then he looked back at Jillian and tried again.

“Surely there must be something, Jillian... What about his sex life? Is it good? Do you expect he ever cheats on you? Does he have any fetishes?”

“No Doctor. He’s always been good to me. Our sex life is... okay, I guess. He doesn’t do anything exciting or unusual.”

The doctor and Louise both looked flustered. Surely there had to be an Achilles heel somewhere. Something they could get to hold over him. Something to put him out of the running for the next Executive Vice President job and thus practically ensure that Louise’s husband would get it.

“How about her, Henry? What’s her secret? Maybe we can find something there that we can use.”

The doctor turned his attention back to Jillian, who was still sitting there with her blouse open and her bra pulled down. She seemed very calm and relaxed.

“Jillian. You’re still relaxed. You’re among friends and perfectly safe. We’re trying to help you. You mentioned that your husband doesn’t do anything ‘exciting’. That your sex life is okay. What do you think about when you’re having sex? When you touch yourself and nobody else is around, what do you think about?”

The doctor licked his lips slightly and leaned forward. He made sure the tape

recorder was on so he wouldn't miss anything.

Jillian wet her own lips, and began to speak:

"When I touch myself I like to imagine that I'm tied up and it's actually someone else's hands. Usually a woman."

Louise stifled a gasp and gulped. She motioned for the doctor to continue. This was more than she'd expected.

"Go on, Jillian. How are you tied up and what is being done to you."

"Lots of things. I'm usually naked. Sometimes I'm tied but other times they won't tie me. They want to do things to me and I have to stay still or be punished."

"Who are `they', Jillian?"

My Mistresses. Sometimes there's only one of them but usually there are three or four. Sometimes there are a lot of them. They're all young. Teenagers, but tough. And they're Black. They laugh at me and make me do terrible things to myself."

"Why do they do that, Jillian."

"Because they know I want it. That's the most humiliating part. They know I want it and they love giving it to me."

"Giving you what, Jillian? Go on..."

"The humiliation. That's the big turn-on. Here I am, a successful woman. Thirty-five years old and rich. I can have anything I want but what I really want is for these young girls, this `gang', to OWN me."

"You want them to own you?"

"Yes, that's right. They're tough and they're mean. They're from the streets, see? And they own me. I've become their slave. They've got something on me, something so bad that I can't say no to them. But I really don't want to say no to them. I love it when they make me crawl on my hands and knees. They slap my ass, sometimes

using their hands, sometimes using a belt. They make me rub myself a lot while they laugh and take pictures. They let some of their other friends use me, too. There's no way I can get out. They own me and they love to humiliate me. I'm ashamed all the time, but I'm also turned on.... They keep me hot all the time because they can control me better that way. I do a lot of begging and they seem to love that. They spank me every day, and use me for their initiations of new girls into the gang."

Jillian paused and the room was quiet. Doctor Kinder and Louise just looked at each other in shock. Louise had hoped to dig up some dirt on either Jillian or Frank, but this was much more than she bargained for. She stared at her 'friend' Jillian and suddenly she started to smile. Maybe there was a way to use this to her advantage.

"That's good for now, Henry. I've got an idea but I'll need some time to set it up. Tell her she has to come back in a week and we'll take it from there."

Doctor Kinder sat there with an erection, staring at the beautiful woman with the short blonde hair who was sitting in his office with her breasts exposed. Her story had certainly aroused him.

"Thank you, Jillian. You've been most helpful. You can cover yourself up now and put your shoes back on."

At the doctor's signal Louise got up and returned to her hiding place in the next room. As Jillian was rebuttoning her blouse the doctor continued:

"Jillian..."

"Yes, Doctor".

"Jillian, I'm going to wake you up in a few moments. You will remember NOTHING of our conversation here this afternoon. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"When you awake you will feel very relaxed and refreshed, as if you had just had a lovely nap. You will be full of energy and happy. You will remember nothing of our conversation, but next week you will very much want to come back to continue our

session.”

“Yes, Doctor.”

“One other thing, Jillian. You will not have any desire to smoke cigarettes. The thought of lighting one up will disgust you. The smell of the smoke will make you nauseous. Whenever you feel the urge to have a cigarette you will instead have a glass of water. Now, wake up Jillian.”

Jillian blinked her eyes and smiled.

“Did you do it, Doctor? Is it over? I feel a little funny, like I just slept but I don’t remember dreaming.”

“Yes, it’s over Jillian. It was that simple! How do you feel?”

“Actually I feel wonderful, Doctor! It’s worth the visit just to go away feeling this good. May I have a glass of water?”

“Certainly Jillian.” Doctor Kinder poured her a glass from the pitcher on his desk. As he handed her the glass she looked at it, then up at him.

“Has it started, Doctor? Is this why I’m suddenly thirsty?”

Doctor Kinder just smiled and chuckled. “We all have our secrets, my dear. I’d like you to come back in again next week. Is Wednesday at 3:00 good for you?”

“Fine Doctor. I’m looking forward to it! Thank you ever so much.”

“I too will look forward to our next session Jillian. Good luck, and have a nice week.”

Jillian got up and walked out of the office. Doctor Kinder couldn’t help but stare at her lovely ass and long legs as they moved under her skirt. He really couldn’t wait till next week!”

Part 2 The Trap is Sprung

During the next week Jillian drank at least 10 glasses of water a day. During that time there had been a meeting at work where her husband, Frank, and Louise’s

husband had actually shouted at each other during a boardroom meeting. In spite of the bad blood between their husbands, Jillian was determined not to let it interfere with her relationship with Louise. She needed the older woman's approval and support to keep her status in the community.

It was nice being recognized in fine restaurants and stores and receiving deferential treatment. It filled her with a snobbish pride to see maitre-d's and store managers so eager to kiss up to her! When she met with Louise for lunch on Friday the older woman's attitude toward her seemed somehow different. Almost like she was amused with her.

"How did your session with Doctor Kinder go?"

"Oh, it was wonderful! You really ought to try it Louise. If for nothing else than the relaxing feeling when you leave his office. Honestly, it was better than a full-body massage!"

Louise sipped her tea and continued looking amused while Jillian raved about her experience.

"And I actually haven't even WANTED a cigarette since I left his office! I drink ten glasses of water a day, but the running to the bathroom is pretty good exercise too!"

"That's nice, Jillian. I'm so glad that I was able to help. Will you see Doctor Kinder again?"

"Yes, I have another appointment on Wednesday for a `refresher'. After that we'll see how it goes."

"That's wonderful, dear. It will be so nice to be finally free from that filthy habit. You'll feel like a new person. I can hardly wait to see the new you."

"Yes. I'm pretty excited too. Thank you so much, Louise."

"My pleasure, Jillian."

In the meantime, Louise had been busy making arrangements to set her plan in motion. She had a LOT of contacts, and with her financial resources she could

arrange just about anything she could conceive of. It's one thing to be rich and powerful. It's another thing to know how to use that wealth and power to get what you want.

The following Wednesday, Jillian was again luxuriating in her bath before getting ready for her next appointment. She felt terrific. She hadn't had a cigarette in a week. Didn't even want one! For some reason, she even felt hornier than usual all week. Must have something to do with the good feelings she had from not smoking. She even felt randy enough to slap her ass three times on each cheek before lowering herself into her bubbling jacuzzi. She felt so worked up that her fingers worked furiously at her pussy until she managed to bring herself off. She laid back again and rested for another fifteen minutes while the warm water relaxed her completely.

She looked around at her beautiful bathroom. The large shower with twin heads on each wall. Her huge bedroom on the other side of the door. She thought about her beautiful home, her furnishings, her bank account, her new Lexus. Only thirty-five and she had the world on a string. Still, something seemed to be missing. She knew what it was but pushed it back into the darker corners of her mind. She preferred to focus on the wonderful things she had.

An hour later she was again entering the offices of Doctor Kinder. He was waiting for her in his outer office.

"So nice to see you again, Jillian. It seems my receptionist is out again today, but you are my last appointment this afternoon. So, tell me how your week went?"

"Oh Doctor Kinder. You're a miracle-worker. I haven't felt this good in years. I can't wait to get started again!"

"Wonderful! Let's not waste any time then. Please come into my office and be seated. We'll start right away."

After they were both seated he glanced at her and smiled warmly. Louise had filled him in on all the plans she had made. In spite of his calm demeanor his blood was practically boiling at the things she had told him! He was getting paid very well for

this treachery, but if he had known how things would eventually work out he would have happily done it for free!

“This session should be very easy going today. Since you’ve already been under once we should have little difficulty getting you under again. You had a very good experience last time. You’re relaxed. You’re happy. Just sit back and enjoy it, Jillian!”

“Oh, thank you Doctor. You make me feel so relaxed and comfortable.”

Doctor Kinder again lowered the lights in the room and turned on the tiny spotlight which was over his desktop. He repeated his comforting patter about being on a beautiful sailboat on a warm summer day. Jillian smiled a little and in short order was back under in a deep hypnotic state.

“She’s under, Louise. You can come out now.”

Louise came in from the adjoining room and sat down to the doctor’s right. She was staring at Jillian like a cat looking at a helpless bird. Doctor Kinder had already started to get a mild erection, and they hadn’t even begun yet!

“She’s in a deep hypnotic state, Louise. It’s not unusual for her to go under this quickly or deeply the second time around. In her present state she is very... susceptible.”

“Excellent, Henry. You’re a genius, and worth every penny. Let’s get to work on the little slut...”

“How do you feel today, Jillian?”

“Fine, thank you.”

“Jillian, I want you to remember everything you told me last week when you were in my office. Do you remember what you told me about your fantasies?”

“Yes, Doctor.”

“Good. We’re going to try to help you with your little problem. You have some desires that your pride won’t let you enjoy. That’s not good, Jillian, and it’s not

healthy either. I'm going to help you break down the barriers you've set up so you can be happy. You want to be happy, don't you?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"Good. Now I want you to trust me completely. I want you to believe that everything I do is for your own good. I want you to do only the things that, deep down inside, you really want to do. The things that will make you a happier person."

"Thank you, Doctor."

Louise could barely stifle a snicker as she sat and witnessed Jillian being slowly led right to the slaughter. The slaughter that she herself had prepared for her!

"Jillian. I want you to remove all of your clothes. It's very hot in here and your clothes are making you very uncomfortable. Remember, I'm a doctor and there's absolutely nothing to be ashamed of. Take them all off, Jillian. Take off everything right now."

Doctor Kinder flipped the switch that would turn the hidden video camera on. Louise had said she wanted this all recorded for her own use. He shifted in his seat in anticipation as he watched Jillian stand up and very methodically begin removing her clothes.

Off came her beautiful white cashmere top. She pulled it off over her head and dropped it to the floor. Next she unfastened her stylishly tight black skirt. It fell to the floor and she stepped out of it. She reached behind her back and unhooked her white bra. As it fell off, her titties pointed out straight and firm. The nipples were pointed slightly upwards. Their firmness at thirty-five years was a tribute to her exercise classes and good dieting.

Louise continued staring at her like a hawk and the doctor wet his lips with his tongue as Jillian grabbed hold of her white panties and matter-of-factly pulled them down her thighs. She lifted one leg, and then the other, and then dropped the panties onto the floor with her other clothes. She was left standing with only her white garters and sheer white stockings, and her black 4" heels. Her pussy was completely exposed to her enraptured audience.

“Wait a minute Jillian” the doctor interrupted. This was not in the original script but he didn’t think that Louise would mind if he improvised a little. He considered it one of his ‘perks’.

“That will do fine. I want to examine you. Please turn around with your back facing me. That’s right. Now bend over at the waist and grab onto your ankles. I need to see how flexible your aerobics have made you.”

Jillian bent over and grabbed onto her ankles with ease. This brought her small tight ass directly into prominence. The white garters framed it beautifully and the skin was flawless and tight. There were no tan lines. Doctor Kinder moaned softly and a small shudder ran through him as he sat there gazing at this offering. Louise noticed his shudder and chuckled as she shook her head slightly in amusement.

“Spread your legs a little more Jillian... A little more... just a little more. That’s good!”

He could now see her labia lips hanging there at the vee of her crotch. Oh, how he wanted to touch her there! To kiss her! She was really beautiful. He and Louise sat and stared at her for a full minute as she held the pose.

“Thank you, Jillian. Everything looks... ah... fine to me. You have a beautiful bottom, Jillian. Do you like showing it to people like this?”

“It’s very embarrassing, Doctor.”

“As well it should be, dear. It’s okay now because I’m a doctor and I’m examining you, but it would be terribly embarrassing to you to let anyone else see your bottom. As a matter of fact, it would be more shameful than you could bear...”

“Yes, Doctor.”

“But that’s exactly what’s going to happen, Jillian. When you wake up you’re going to feel an overwhelming need to make your fantasy come true. The fantasy about being owned. Remember, Jillian?”

“Yes, Doctor.”

“Your fantasy about being owned by teenage girls. Black teenage girls, Jillian. They’ll do all the terrible things you told me about last week and you will be very aroused by this. At the same time that you feel unbearable shame, you will also become sexually hot. It’s good to make your fantasy real, Jillian. You will be compelled to become the sexual slave that you are in your fantasies.”

Louise was leaning forward now and holding her breath. This was the telling moment. Would Jillian accept the post-hypnotic suggestion or would she reject it? Deep down inside she craved it. The doctor was telling her that she was compelled to live it when she awoke.

“Yes, Doctor. I will be their slave.”

“When you wake up and leave this office you will meet a young black girl. You will give yourself to her and her friends. You will become their property. You won’t be able to resist the compulsion. Search inside for your darkest fantasies. You will crave that they become reality. You will beg your Mistresses to make them a reality. Even though you are shamed to the core by these actions, you will not be able to resist.”

“I understand, Doctor.”

“One final thing, Jillian. You will continue to not want to smoke cigarettes. However, when you begin to get a craving for one, instead of wanting a glass of water you will now crave cum. Female cum. Do you understand me, Jillian? You will crave female cum, instead of cigarettes. You will do ANYTHING to get some...”

“Yes, Doctor. I crave female cum.”

Louise was nearly ecstatic. “I’ve GOT the stupid little bitch! And that means I’ve got her husband by the balls too! Henry, if this works, I’m going to give you a REALLY big tip.”

“It’s going to work, Louise. I’m not telling her to do anything she doesn’t really want to do. I’m just reinforcing it. Very strongly. I can tell by looking at her and talking to her. It’ll work.”

Louise grabbed Doctor Kinder by the head and planted a kiss right on his forehead.

"I'll arrange for her to be brought back to you in a week for `reinforcing'. After that she won't need it.

"Jillian, get dressed now."

"Yes, Doctor." The blonde woman bent over and picked up her clothes. She calmly put them back on as the Doctor and Louise watched her in fascination. When she was through she was told to sit down in the chair. "Remember, Jillian. When you wake you will be COMPELLED by your own body's desires to make your fantasy come true. You will not be able to resist. And you will crave female cum. You'll be like a starving animal when you get it. You won't be able to get enough."

"Now when you wake up you will remember none of this. You will be rested and happy, and you'll feel very horny. Even though you won't remember our conversation you will obey all of my instructions completely."

"Yes, Doctor."

Louise stood up and quickly walked back to the adjoining room.

"Okay Jillian, wake up."

The fashionably dressed blonde blinked her eyes and then smiled.

"It's like I blinked my eyes but I know something has changed. Did you do it already?"

"Yes, I did. How do you feel?"

"I feel fabulous! Actually, well, never-mind..." she giggled. "Is this it, doctor, or do I have to come back."

"We may have you back in here for one more session. We'll see how it works out."

"Doctor. I don't know how to thank you! I already feel like a changed woman."

"It was my pleasure, Jillian. Honestly."

Jillian stood up, shook hands, and left the office. Once again Doctor Kinder gazed

lustfully at her retreating backside and legs. He licked his lips and wondered what she'd be like the next time he saw her...

Jillian walked through the reception area. She opened the door and let herself out. Just as she turned to close the door a young black girl, who looked barely eighteen years old, bumped into her. Although it was obviously the young girl's fault she seemed to get angry at Jillian.

"Watch where you're goin' lady!"

Jillian was taken by surprise. She started to protest but as she looked at the black teenager her legs suddenly went weak.

"I-I'm s-sorry" she managed to mumble.

"Sorry shit, lady. That was deliberate! You think just cause you got some fine clothes that you own the whole damn town! Well you don't!"

"I-I s-said I was s-sorry." Jillian suddenly felt her hands trembling. She was consumed with lust, and didn't know what to say.

"Don't you go dis'n me, you honky white ass whore! I'll beat your ass, bitch! You hear me?"

Jillian was almost out of control now. Her teeth were chattering lightly and she felt on the verge of swooning. She slowly raised her eyes to look at the defiant young girl who was yelling at her.

"I-I know. I mean, yes. I was dis'n you. You can do what you like with me." She mumbled the last and immediately looked back down at the floor.

The young black girl tried to remain fierce on the outside, but inside she was jubilant! Her name was Wanda and she was the leader of a girls' street gang in the South Bronx. She had been hired three days before by Louise and had been standing in the hallway for a half hour waiting for Jillian to come out. Louise located her through her own channels and promised the girl \$10,000 to turn Jillian into the gang's white slave slut.

Louise had played her a portion of Jillian's tape recording from her session last week where she described the fantasies she had. Wanda was told that she would be very receptive and that this was easy money. She was also told that there would be another \$10,000 if Wanda's gang kept Jillian for at least six months, and then a continuing payment of \$1,000 per month every month after that. In addition, Wanda was also promised a \$5,000 bonus if she could 'impress' Louise by devising her own humiliations for Jillian. Louise gave her \$5,000 up front as good faith, and a small camcorder. She made it clear that she wanted tapes furnished on a regular basis of Jillian's ordeals...

"You just better come with me, white-assed bitch! I've got a bone to pick with you. Your ass is mine!"

Jillian gulped and turned to follow the swaggering girl. She wondered what she was doing. Was she crazy? Following this strange girl to God-knows where, for God knows what? Yet she felt compelled to follow her. As she looked at the back of the black girl she began getting wet between her legs. She almost seemed on the verge of cumming just from walking behind her. She wondered what her cum tasted like. All she knew was that she wanted some. No matter what the cost!

Wanda continued deriding Jillian for her clumsiness as she walked in front of her. She told her that she had some friends who would help her even the score for her disrespect. They headed for the train station and got on a Metroliner headed for the City. They'd be getting off in the South Bronx.

On the train Wanda looked at Jillian with confusion. Here was this rich white bitch, almost old enough to be her mother. Dressed in fucking hundred dollar shoes and wearing all kinds of expensive shit. And she wanted to be her gang's slave slut! Well, Wanda would see that she got all she could handle, and then some. She also planned on getting that \$5,000 bonus for impressing Louise too. Man, this bitch's white ass was worth some real money! One thing was certain. It wasn't going to stay white for long!

Part 3 Jillian's Punishment

When the train pulled into the station Wanda stood up and said "Follow me, bitch".

Jillian obediently got up and followed her out the doors and onto the platform. She was extremely nervous. She knew that what she was doing was very dangerous, but she couldn't seem to help herself. She knew she wanted this. It was like a dream all of a sudden coming true. She was putting herself in the hands of this young black girl and she had no control over what she would do with her!

They descended the stairs of the station and for the first time Jillian looked around at her surroundings. Her jaw dropped. It was like something out of a war movie! She'd passed this area many times in her air-conditioned car on the Cross Bronx Expressway and had seen the burned out buildings, but she'd never got closer to it than the highway. This was like those pictures of Berlin after the war. There were stones and rubble everywhere. Ahead of her she could see the charred skeletons of burned out apartment buildings.

What really shocked her was that amidst all this devastation there were children playing! On a glass-littered court some teenaged boys were playing basketball. People actually LIVED here! They had families. They ate, they slept, they survived...

"This way, bitch." Wanda led the way across the rubble towards one of the buildings. When she got halfway there she stopped behind a mound of rubble.

"You ain't comin' in this way, bitch. You need some humblin'. You one stuck up lily-assed whore. It's time you got taken down a peg. Take them shoes off.... give them to me.."

Jillian complied.

"Now the skirt..."

Jillian looked around in wide-eyed panic.

"P-please, not out here!"

"Shut your fuckin' whore trap, bitch. You don't say nuthin' unless I tell you to. Take that fuckin' designer skirt off or I'll cut it off!"

Wanda flashed a mean looking switchblade. Jillian glanced around once more in

panic, then undid her skirt. It fell to the ground and she obediently picked it up and handed it to Wanda. Wanda had to suppress a smile when she saw the white garter and hose. Like all of the girls in her gang, she was a young lesbian. That had been one of the key requirements Louise had been searching for.

“Pull them pretty little panties off, bitch. Then them whore garters and stockings. Come on! I ain’t got all day!”

Jillian began to tremble as she looked around nervously then pulled her white panties down off her slender hips. Her hands shook so bad that she had trouble with the snaps on her garters. When she finally got them she bent and began rolling down her sheer white hose. She handed everything to Wanda who was impatiently tapping her foot.

Jillian now stood nude from the waist down. Wanda stepped up to her and reached both hands under the back of her cashmere top. Jillian felt a tug, then a snap, and her bra fell off and down. Wanda had cut the strap. Now her only piece of clothing was the cashmere top.

“I like that top, whore. How many times you have to fuck for that? Cat got your tongue? Leave it on for now... Now, like the whore bitch that you are, get down on the ground on your hands and knees. Hurry up!”

Jillian gulped. She had tears welling in her eyes as she shakily got down on the ground on all fours. She wished the cashmere top had been longer to cover more of her ass, but Wanda grabbed the hem and pulled it up to the small of her back.

“Leave it there, bitch. I don’t want nothin’ coverin’ up that white ass of yours.”

Wanda took her switchblade and began cutting up Jillian’s black skirt.

“Wh-what are you doing?!” Jillian pleaded, wild-eyed.

Wanda reached down and gave her a slap on the ass that made her jump.

“Owwwwww!!”

“I told you to keep your whore mouth shut, bitch. Don’t you be givin’ me no shit.”

Wanda continued cutting the skirt up into small pieces. After that she used her knife to cut up the delicate white panties. She kept the garter and hose and placed them, along with her shoes and her small purse, into the pack she carried over her shoulder.

“In case you be wonderin’ how you’re gonna get home with no skirt and no panties, don’t waste your time thinkin’ about it.” She laughed for the first time.

She fished around in the pack and pulled out what looked like a long leash and a dog collar. Jillian stared at it in utter disbelief. Wanda buckled the collar around Jillian’s neck and clipped the leash onto it. It was one of those chain leashes with the little leather loop at one end to hold on to.

“Let’s go, bitch.”

Wanda tugged on the leash and began slowly leading the trembling blonde woman on all fours across the trash and rubble-filled lot. Jillian’s small white ass was high in the air. As she crawled you could see her pussy lips and little wisps of blonde hair between her legs. Wanda indicated that she wanted Jillian to crawl ahead of her. As she walked slightly behind and to the left of the crawling white woman she occasionally used the thong end of the leash to slap across her vulnerable buns.

“Look!” came a startled high-pitched voice.

Jillian had been spotted. Within seconds a small crowd had run up and was gathered around Wanda and the visibly shaking Jillian.

“Get away from here! This ain’t nothin for you to be lookin at! Go home!”

The young onlookers were both shocked and amused at the lewd spectacle before them. They were all laughing and pointing.

“What you gonna do with that white woman? Where are her clothes”, one of the boys asked.

“This here is a rich white stuck up whore-bitch from Connecticut. I’m gonna whup her ass, the way she shoulda had it whupped a long time ago.”

“Wow! Can we watch?” pleaded another of the boys. A couple of girls were busy giggling and pointing at Jillian’s bare ass. Wanda mischievously kicked Jillian’s legs wider apart and the giggles turned to squeals of shock as her puffy bare pussy became fully visible below her now slightly pink cheeks.

“Go home, I said. Or I’ll whup your asses the way I’m gonna whup hers. This is none of your business!”

The crowd withdrew, but not entirely. They stayed just far enough away to satisfy Wanda, but their eyes were kept fastened on the now sobbing white woman as she continued her crawl of shame to the building.

“What’s the matter, bitch? Did that bother you?” Wanda taunted Jillian as she sobbed and continued crawling.

“How-how could you DO that!” she sobbed. “I’ve never been more ashamed in my entire life! N-never!”

“From that? Shit girl, you got a thin skin. That ain’t NOTHING compared to what I got in store for you! That’s just like a little warm up! Hahahaha!”

Jillian began shaking so hard at that last comment that she stopped. She lowered her face into her hands and cried. Wanda stepped behind her and gave her two hard slaps on her upturned ass. Jillian could hear the terrible laughter off in the distance.

“Get up!” she ordered. Or so help me I’ll whip your ass right here!”

Jillian got back up. Her arms were trembling. She used the back of her right hand to wipe the tears out of her eyes then resumed crawling towards the building. Wanda continued holding the leash and walking behind her, taunting her about how she looked the whole way.

Finally they reached the building. Wanda told her to crawl up the two steps and into the hallway. There was no door. As soon as she entered the hallway she heard other voices and whistles.

“Look what we got here! White meat! Yeah!”

Wanda made Jillian turn to the right and enter a large room. There were six other girls there, all about Wanda's age. There was an old stuffed couch and some chairs that looked like they'd been thrown away. The girls had been lounging on them but now all stood up and clustered around the new arrival.

"Girls, this here piece of white assed shit knocked me over. She was dressed in some fine expensive clothes, probably had some expensive car too so she thinks she can push a Sister around."

"Oooohh.. Your ass is in trouble, girl..." they murmured.

"She's gonna be stayin' with us for awhile. Gonna see how the other half lives! Ain't that right.. ahhh.. what the fuck's your name bitch?"

"J-jillian"

"J-jillian? What the fuck kind of name is J-jillian? We oughta give you a better name... like White Ass."

"Rich Bitch!"

"Cottontail!" "Shit for brains!"

"Shut up!" Wanda silenced the girls who were calling out names at random. "We'll just call you J-jillian for now. That all right with you, J-jillian?" she laughed.

"Yes" she sniffed.

"Yes WHAT, you skinny assed whore!"

"Yes... M-mistress?"

"Hahahaha! Mistress? This ain't Connecticut J-jillian. Look around. This SURE as hell ain't Connecticut! When you talk to me or any of the other Sisters, you call us M'am. You got that J- jillian?" She slapped her ass once for emphasis.

"Y-yes M'am!" Jillian jumped from the slap.

Wanda bent over her and removed the collar and leash.

“Why’s she got that shirt on, Wanda?”

“I thought it looked pretty. Besides, I didn’t want her to get no sunburn on that white skin of hers while she was crawlin’ over here.”

They all laughed.

“Get it off. Let’s see what she’s got up front.”

Two girls roughly grabbed the expensive cashmere top and pulled it up over her head. Jillian lifted her arms and the top was pulled off around her head, fluffing her short blonde hair in the process.

Now for the first time Jillian was completely nude. She had goosebumps on her upper arms and she was shivering. Not from cold, but from the shame she was feeling, and the excitement.

The girls made her lift her body up so she was kneeling upright with her ass resting on her heels. She kept her eyes downcast as they began grabbing at her pert little breasts. They were fairly small but they were firm and her nipples were quite long. She winced as they pulled and twisted at them. When she tried to use her arms to protect her breasts she was slapped in the face.

“Spread those knees wider, Jillian. Okay girls, Jillian’s gonna put on a little show for us, ain’t you Jillian?”

“Yes, M’am.”

The girls turned the couch around and pushed the chairs up so that they were all seated and facing the kneeling blonde.

“Rub your tit’s Jillian. Rub them real good and pull on your nipples. Get them nice and hard.”

Jillian obediently began massaging her naked breasts as the girls watched and hooted. They popped open some cans of beer and began drinking and catcalling.

“Rub your pussy, Jillian. Make it shiny and wet for us. We want to see it nice and hot

down there.”

With her head bowed, Jillian placed her right hand on her open pussy. As the seven black teenagers watched and cheered, she performed the most intimate act of masturbating in front of them. In spite of her humiliation she was as hot as a pistol. Mostly it was BECAUSE of her humiliation she was so hot. She began moaning and rubbing faster and faster. Her hips began to hump and her middle finger became a blur as it rubbed across her swollen clit. She didn't even notice that Wanda had the camcorder out and was recording the entire scene for Louise.

Faster and faster she rubbed until she finally got herself right at the edge. She stayed there for a minute, her hips convulsing, her whole body was rigid and shivering and she was moaning with her eyes closed. She suddenly let out a yelp and her hips began moving back and forth again as she squeezed off her orgasm. Her pussy gushed cum all over her hand. Without thinking she put her hand to her mouth and started licking it. “Mmmmmm...” she moaned as she tasted the sweetness of her own cum. She had to have more! She kept rubbing her hands between her legs to get every bit of cum she could. She licked one hand while rubbing with the other.

All of it was being recorded on the camcorder. The girls couldn't believe what a slut she'd suddenly become! She was almost wild. Her tongue was flicking back and forth across her lips and she pleaded with the girls to give her more cum.

Wanda leaned back in her chair and pulled her jeans and panties down to her thighs.

“Right here, bitch. Eat me you fucking whore!”

Jillian practically dove between Wanda's thighs. She wedged her face into the tuft of curly black hair and began thrusting her tongue into her pussy as far as it would go.

“Oh yeah, right there, bitch! Keep licking that spot or I'll beat your sorry ass!”

Wanda closed her thighs around Jillian's head and began humping. Jillian's tongue was relentless. She finally put Wanda over the edge. She squealed with delight as she lapped up every drop of cum she could get. She was addicted to it. When it was over she looked at the other girls and begged:

“More, please! PLEASE!”

One by one the girls pulled down their pants while Jillian ate them to orgasm. Her bare ass wiggled with delight as she knelt and licked the needed nectar out of each young pussy. When she finished with the last girl she looked wildly at Wanda again and said “Please! Once more... PLEASE!”

“Whoa baby! You sure have turned into one hot-assed slut, haven’t you.”

She pushed her pants back down and once again let the 35 year old wife eat her to a shuddering climax. Jillian went around the room eating each girl a second time. When she was finished she begged to do it again! When the girls declined she immediately thrust both hands onto her own pussy and started rubbing some more. The girls had to physically restrain her before she’d stop.

“I don’t know what got into you, bitch. One little drop of pussy juice turned you into a fucking maniac!”

Wanda turned off the camcorder. When Jillian saw it her eyes nearly popped out of her head! What were they going to do with that tape?

“Let’s get her ready girls. The real fun starts now.”

Four of the girls grabbed Jillian and half carried her, half dragged her into the hall and then outside in front of the building. There was a small rectangular table set up. It was old and the wood was chipped in places. It was about three feet long by a foot and a half wide. It stood about two feet tall. It looked like it might have been an end table, or something that a plant would sit on.

They placed her on the table on her back. They got some rope and bent her legs down over the end of the table. Two girls grabbed her arms and pulled them straight down over the sides. They tied her hands and feet together under the table. This had the effect of bowing her body slightly upward, and her legs were spread. She was helpless to move.

One of the other girls, Cheline, held a long feather and was giggling. She stood over the bound body of Jillian and slowly touched the tip of it to her defenseless nipple.

Jillian twitched a bit and moaned. Encouraged by this she began twirling the feather around her pink nipple and teasing it. Jillian's nipple became instantly erect and ridges popped out on the large aureole.

"Oh God! Oh No! Please! Not out here!" Jillian begged, and the girl moved to the other nipple and excited it too. She moved the teasing feather down her belly and then ran the tip up and down her moistening slit. Jillian tried twisting to get away from it but she was tied tightly across the table. Her whole body from her neck to her knees was presented as a target for the cruel teenager and her feather. The other girls laughed and egged Cheline on.

"You keep yellin' like that and you're gonna attract a crowd, whore." Cheline teased.

Wanda rubbed her own fingers in Jillian's wet pussy. She got as much of the cum juice as she could and placed her fingers to Jillian's mouth. Jillian licked at the fingers and her eyes went wild again. Her tongue was all over Wanda's fingers, trying to get at the cum. Wanda laughed and got some more. She smeared it on Jillian's upper lip and right under her nose.

"How you like your own smell, bitch? It turnin' you on?"

Jillian's tongue was extended trying to get the cum from her upper lip. Wanda kept fingering her and adding some more. Cheline continued with the feather; along her sides, across her belly, and always back to the rigid nipples. Jillian was begging loudly now for more cum. Her hips bucked as much as they could on the table, which wasn't much. One of the other girls had set up a tripod to hold the ever-present camcorder.

A fourth girl had disappeared but she returned now carrying a large bag.

"Oh boy! Barbecue time!" They all paused for a moment to cluster around the girl with the bag. Even Cheline paused with the feather, leaving Jillian alone and shivering on the table.

They opened the bag and took out some chicken wings. "Mmmmmm! We got white meat on the table and wings in the bag! What could be better?"

Wanda got the container of barbecue sauce and smiled wickedly. She took it over to the table and opened the lid.

“We gotta change her position, girls. Get them feet up in the air!”

Working quickly they untied her hands and feet then retied her hands together under the table. Lifting her knees they tied a loop of rope around each thigh, just above her knee. They took each of the ropes and pulled them way back and to the side. This lifted Jillian’s knees in the air and back towards her shoulders. Looking around they found a couple of places on the ground to tie off the ropes, holding her in this open position. Her feet were able to dangle in the air but her thighs were spread open and her knees pulled back and fastened to hold her that way. She was positioned so that her ass hung just over the edge of the table. This opened Jillian’s pussy as wide as it could possibly be! Her little round white buns were lifted slightly upward and widely parted to show her asshole, which was pointing out at about 45 degrees. Her spread pussy pointed directly upward and the lips were slightly parted to display the wet pinkness within. She was a delectable sight...

Wanda let her eyes roam over the smooth white body bound there on the little table like an offering. Jillian’s pussy lips were swollen and red. Little droplets of moisture were clinging to them. Her face and neck were deeply blushed and her eyes closed tightly against the shame of being displayed as she was.

Wanda poked her index finger into the damp pussy and felt the lips cling to it as it was withdrawn. She then grabbed each of Jillian’s swollen pussy lips between her thumbs and index fingers and pinched them cruelly. Jillian’s eyes popped open in surprise. She involuntarily shuddered and let out a little yelp. Wanda pulled the pussy lips wide apart and held her like that for the camcorder. With a sigh she finally let go of those pulsing lips and watched the flower close slightly.

“We gotta warm up the oven first”. Wanda laughed as she ran her right hand over Jillian’s smooth ass. She cupped each of the buns and pinched them. She lifted her hand in the air and brought her palm down sharply, spanking Jillian.

“Owww!” Jillian wailed.

Again Wanda slapped her helpless ass.

“Owwwwwwww!”

The other girls laughed as Wanda began spanking Jillian in earnest. Slapping those poor little cheeks that hung there at her mercy. She was rewarded each time by a wail from Jillian. After about thirty swats she stopped and cupped her pink buns lightly with both hands.

“That oughta do for now....”

Wanda picked the container of barbecue sauce back up and very carefully poured some of it into Jillian’s open pussy.

“Oooooohhhhhh!” Jillian moaned, as it overflowed slightly and ran down her crack into her asshole.

Wanda picked up a piece of chicken and dipped it in the sauce in Jillian’s pussy, making sure she brushed it up against her clit as she pulled it out.

“Oooooohhhhhh!!” the tormented woman moaned again as Wanda smiled and bit into the chicken wing.

“Mmmmmmm! Gotta try the sauce, girls!”

All seven of the teenagers crowded around the lewdly displayed Jillian. They each took turns dipping their chicken wings into her sauce, being very careful to brush against her sensitive inner pussy lips and stiff clitoris.

Occasionally one would twirl a wing around the sauce collecting in Jillian’s asshole, brushing it upwards till they were at her spasming pussy again. As the sauce got eaten up they had to refill her several times.

Just as Cheline had warned, Jillian’s moaning had attracted a small crowd. Her previous audience from earlier had crept back and were watching with fascination and giggling. Jillian saw them through her tear-blurred eyes and cried out to get them away.

“Get outta here!” Wanda yelled and threw a rock at them. “This ain’t something you oughta be seeing. Go home or so help me I’ll whup your asses too!”

The amused onlookers scrambled, giggling. They ran around the side of the building but refused to leave entirely. Several other people had also stopped by, fascinated by the sight of seven black teenaged girls tormenting a tied up naked white woman who was nearly twice their age.

The crowd respectfully kept their distance, though. Wanda’s gang was well known in the area and none of the onlookers wanted to risk their wrath. They looked at the pathetic squirmings of the mercilessly exposed and teased Jillian and shuddered. What a horrible fate!

When the gang had finished with their chicken they went back inside the building, leaving Jillian still tied and on display. She was shivering and moving her head back and forth, alternately pleading with anyone who could hear her to let her go, or at least to let her cum...

The others watched from their distance. Although both Jillian and the camcorder were left unattended, nobody dared to touch either. They all knew who both belonged to...

A mangy German Shepherd walked up to the table and sniffed. He moved down between Jillian’s spread thighs and let his tongue take a swipe at the open pussy, glistening with barbecue sauce.

“Nooo! Noooo! Get it away!!” she pleaded but the dog continued licking her, enjoying the taste of the sauce. They left her on display like that for about thirty minutes. The dog stayed with her, licking her the entire time, and causing her five shuddering orgasms...

Part 4 Homecumming Queen

By the time the girls came back outside and shooed the dog away most of the onlookers had moved on. Jillian was covered in a sheen of sweat and her breast was heaving. Wanda looked down at her, absent-mindedly using her fingers to diddle Jillian’s open pussy.

“Boy, you sure do look nice like this, bitch. I sure hope you’re enjoying yourself because from now on you gonna be spendin’ an awful lot of your time out here just like this. It’ll amuse the neighbors.”

“Nooooo-nooooo-nooooo” Jillian wailed.

One of the other girls carried out a large white poster that was nailed to a four-foot long pointed stick. She placed the stick in the ground about six feet to the left of Jillian and pounded it in with an old rusty hammer. Jillian could turn her head and read the poster. Printed on it in large letters with a magic marker read:

‘My name is Jillian Dudley. I was a rich bitch from Greenwich, CT. Now I’m the slave of the Debutantes. I’m very happy. Please look all you want but don’t touch.’

The girl, Cheline, took the feather she had used earlier and inserted it, quill end first, into Jillian’s exposed asshole. The slight breeze blowing the downy end of the feather around her rim would remind her that it was there. As Cheline was attending to this, Wanda put a blindfold around Jillian’s eyes and tied it tightly behind her head.

“We gotta be gone for awhile, bitch. Got some business to take care of. We’ll be back in about a hour. Sure hope none of them kids is hangin’ around here...”

Wanda grabbed the camcorder and the girls all headed off together. They had a prepaid mailer and were going to send the video tape of the day’s activities off to Louise. It would be the first of many.

Louise had also prepared a letter from Jillian to her husband, Frank. It said simply that she needed to get away for awhile. To do her own thing. She asked Frank not to worry about her or to be angry with her. She just needed some time. Louise got a forger who did a remarkable job of matching Jillian’s handwriting from a sample that was provided. The letter was sitting on the dining room table in Jillian’s house, in an envelope addressed to ‘Dear Frank’.

The girls came back about an hour later. Jillian was moaning and practically hysterical, her head whipping back and forth and her toes clenching and unclenching. All they could make out was the word ‘PLEASE!’ over and over again.

The first thing they noticed was that the feather was still stuck in her asshole but it was now reversed, with the quill end sticking out. They didn't know who had been at her while they were away, but whoever it was had certainly done a job on her. They also noted a few fresh pink handprints on her upturned ass.

Jillian was dragged back into the building and given some water and something to eat. A little later when she said she had to go to the bathroom, Wanda grabbed Jillian's cashmere top and the leash, and put them both on the naked blonde woman. It was nighttime and she didn't want Jillian to catch a chill, besides, she thought that wearing the expensive cashmere top occasionally would be a sad reminder to her of just how low she'd sunk. She put the collar and leash on her and adjusted the hem of her top so it was high up on her back. Then she led her outside, crawling on all fours, into the cool night air. Jillian's white buns shone in the moonlight.

Jillian could hear the sounds of the night. A siren wailed, some dogs were barking. Off in the distance she heard the sound of a train going by. Some men were shouting something in Spanish but she couldn't tell where. Wanda led her around the building to a small tree that was standing in a clearing between buildings.

She made Jillian lift her leg up and squirt her steaming pee on the trunk of the tree. As she was relieving herself, Jillian looked up through tear-blurred eyes and saw that the closer of the two buildings had some lights on in the upper floors. One of the windows had a flower pot in it. People were living here.

Once they were back inside and the leash removed, the cashmere top was again stripped off Jillian. Wanda sat down on one of the armless wooden chairs and told Jillian she was to lay down across her lap. She explained that this was going to become part of her ritual. Her nightly spanking by the girls.

With the 35 year old blonde draped naked across the Black teenager's lap the other girls watched with rapt attention as Wanda raised her hand and delivered a stinging slap to the doomed bottom. Jillian squirmed and pleaded but Wanda continued spanking her until she had given her ten hard slaps. Then she pushed the sobbing Jillian to the floor and stood up.

Cheline took her place in the chair and Jillian was ordered across her lap next.

Cheline played with her a minute then lifted her hand and delivered her own ten slaps to the quickly reddening bottom.

One by one, each of the girls took their turn in the chair and spanked Jillian. By the time the last slap was delivered, Jillian was sobbing uncontrollably. The girls knew how to ease her pain.

On her hands and knees, with her reddened ass wiggling in gratitude, Jillian was again allowed to crawl around the room eating out each of the girls. Once again Jillian seemed wild for more cum and begged for a second helping.

Most of the girls obliged. When they were through they tied Jillian's hands and feet together behind her, and left her on her side to go to sleep. This wasn't because they were afraid of her running away. It was to keep her from playing with herself all night long. Wanda threw a dirty old blanket over her then settled down herself. Unfortunately, Jillian was not one of those women who could successfully bring herself off by squeezing her thighs together. All she could manage to do was keep herself aroused. She moaned and chattered her teeth in frustration as she lay there in shame and unfulfilled sexual arousal, wondering what was to become of her now.

All of the other girls settled in and went to sleep. They all lived in the old building. They had nowhere else to go.

The next six days were similar to the first, with subtle variations to keep things interesting. When it wasn't raining Jillian spent much of her time tied up outside on the table like before. The poster remained, and so did most of her audience. The girls had `barbecue' twice more that week. The dog didn't come back, but the flies were just as bad till the girls finally got around to cleaning her up.

On one occasion they had to quickly hustle her inside when someone spotted a cop car in the neighborhood, but it drove past quickly and never came back. It probably wouldn't have stopped anyway, even if they had seen her. The police were not a concern. In this section of the South Bronx it was the gangs that ruled...

When Wednesday came around again Wanda had to take Jillian into Greenwich for her final session with Doctor Kinder. She had a 5:00pm appointment. Wanda gave

her her cashmere top and took her for her morning walk around the buildings on her leash, stopping by that same tree to let her lift her leg and relieve herself. She then spent the early afternoon servicing the girls.

At 2:30 they began to clean her up and get her ready. They scrubbed her till she squeaked then one of the girls brought out a brown paper bag with some old clothes in it. They had belonged to her twelve year old cousin.

Jillian looked at the red and black pull-over jersey and the short black dress skeptically. There was no way the clothes of a 12 year old would fit on the body of a 35 year old. Wanda was convinced that they would.

The jersey was several sizes too small but it stretched. Without a bra Jillian's nipples, along with the entire outline of her breasts, could be clearly seen. The bottom came down only to her navel.

The black dress was even worse. There was no way it would fit around her waist, so they left it unzipped on the side and used a rubber band to hold the ends of the waistband together. The dress was old and very wrinkled and smelled musty. It barely covered her ass when she was standing still. With no panties on Jillian couldn't help but flash the undercurves of her cheeks whenever she walked.

Wanda got Jillian's own shoes from her bag and let her wear them. The four inch heels made the shirt and dress look even more trashy, if that were possible. Wanda grabbed her bag and began walking towards the train station. Jillian followed meekly behind.

There was nobody else on the platform but when they boarded the train every head turned to look and stare. Wanda told Jillian to sit down. When she did she held her knees as closely together as she could and used her arms to try to hide how far the dress was riding up. She was only slightly successful. The rubber band holding the two ends of the waistband together stretched showing a wide expanse of white thigh. She could feel every pair of eyes on the train burning into her, but she kept her head lowered and tried to be as motionless as possible.

They got off the train in Greenwich and walked to Dr. Kinder's office. Jillian tried to

take small steps and used her hands to keep her dress down, but she had to scurry to keep up with the fast-walking Wanda. Her eyes darted left and right in fear. What if somebody she knew saw her?

When they arrived at Dr. Kinder's office it was once again empty. The doctor came out to greet her. His eyes almost bugged out of his head when he saw her! He looked at Wanda, who smiled very smugly at him, then he gulped and invited Jillian into his office. Wanda was asked to remain outside in the waiting room.

"Ahh... nice to ahh.. see you again, Jillian. How've you been doing with the smoking?"

Jillian's face and neck were flushed a bright red. She couldn't meet the doctor's gaze. She coughed once and said, nervously:

"F-fine, doctor. I haven't had a cigarette in two weeks, a-and I haven't been drinking a lot of water either."

Doctor Kinder cleared his voice. He blushed a little himself, though it was hard to notice above his beard.

"This will be your final session, Jillian. It will, uh, reinforce your desire to not smoke. Are you... okay?"

"Y-yes, doctor.... I mean... well, uh, I guess so. I'm not smoking at any rate. I'm okay..."

Doctor Kinder again lowered the lights in his office. Again he asked Jillian to gaze at the single spot on his desk while he used his skills to relax her and put her in deep hypnosis. She went under very quickly this time. Once again, at his signal, Louise came out from the next room and sat next to him. She gazed at the clothes Jillian was wearing and she had a wry smile on her face.

The fact was that Louise was beginning to enjoy this immensely. She had a very cruel streak in her. What had originally started out as a device to embarrass Jillian's husband at the firm was now becoming a very pleasant and arousing exercise on its own. She squeezed her own legs together under the desk as she nodded to the

doctor to proceed.

“Jillian, are you comfortable?”

“No. I’m embarrassed by these clothes, Doctor.”

“That’s good. You should be. Those clothes are very slutty. Everyone will be staring at you wherever you go. If anyone you know were to see you in them you would nearly die of embarrassment.”

“Yes, Doctor.”

“Jillian, that girl outside and her friends have been helping you to live out your fantasy. It would be very dangerous to keep that all bottled up inside so they’re actually helping you. You will continue to obey their every command. You will desperately WANT to please them and obey them, no matter what they tell you to do, no matter how embarrassing.”

“It’s very embarrassing, Doctor.”

“That’s good, Jillian. It’s good for you. No matter what they do to you, you must obey them. As time goes by you will become even more shamed by the things they do to you, and also more aroused by it. You will also continue to crave female cum instead of cigarettes. The cravings will get stronger and stronger, along with your need to obey your mistresses in all things.”

“Yes doctor.”

Doctor Kinder gulped and looked at Louise hopefully. He was incredibly aroused by what he was doing to this poor woman. Louise shook her head no. She knew what he wanted to do now, but there wasn’t time for it. Besides, he was being well paid for his work. She got up and went back to the other room.

“Jillian, I’m going to wake you up shortly. You will feel refreshed and awake, but very horny. You will not consciously remember our conversation. Your mistress is waiting for you outside. You will accompany her this evening and obey her.”

“Yes, Doctor”

“Wake up, Jillian.”

Jillian blinked her eyes and looked at the doctor. She was embarrassed that he was seeing her the way she was dressed, but it also aroused her at the same time.

“Is it over, Doctor?”

“Yes, Jillian. We’re finished. I hope you enjoy a wonderful life free from cigarettes. I’m glad that I’ve been able to help.”

“Thank you Doctor.”

Jillian glanced down. She couldn’t bring herself to meet his eyes. She knew he must be looking at her and thinking what a slut she was. She got up and took small steps to the door and let herself out. Doctor Kinder watched her leave in her incredibly short and wrinkled black dress. He saw the wedge of white thigh where the rubber band held the dress together. He saw the curve of her lower cheeks just under the hem of the dress. His erection now was almost painful.

When she got into the reception room Wanda was reading a magazine. She stood up and snapped her fingers.

“Let’s go slut, we gotta be someplace in a hour and I wanna do a little window shoppin’ first.”

Jillian meekly followed Wanda outside. They spent the next half hour walking downtown looking at the shops. Jillian felt the eyes of everybody they passed on them both. They must have been quite a sight in old Greenwich. A Black teenage girl wearing jeans and sneakers accompanied by a 35 year old white woman with short blonde hair dressed like the sluttiest prostitute from an X-rated movie. She was horrified to be in Greenwich like this. The odds of someone she knew seeing her were just too high, but she didn’t dare voice her objection to Wanda.

A little before 6:00 Wanda hailed a taxi. After they both got in the back seat Wanda handed a slip of paper to the driver with an address on it. He flipped the lever on his meter and headed off. While they were in the back seat Wanda impishly ran her hand under Jillian’s short dress. Only inches from the hem she found Jillian’s pussy

and inserted a finger into it. She wiggled it around a bit and moved it back and forth as they rode. Jillian closed her eyes and licked her lips. She tried her best not to moan so the driver wouldn't know what was going on.

Wanda removed her hand and mischievously brushed her finger across Jillian's lips. Jillian licked at the cum and her eyes sprung open. Her breathing got a little heavier. She couldn't suppress a small whimper as she looked at Wanda pleadingly.

"Not now, bitch. There'll be more later." Wanda whispered.

"Okay, ladies" the cab driver said as he pulled the car to the side of the road. "That'll be \$6.50"

Jillian looked around and suddenly she began to panic. They were right outside Louise's house! And there were lots of other cars around too.

"W-why are we stopping here?" she said in a panic.

"This is the address you gave me, isn't it? That'll be \$6.50."

Wanda paid the driver and opened the door.

"Let's go, bitch. We're gonna be late."

"Oh, no! No, please! You couldn't possibly be going to..."

"Shut up and get your whore ass outta this cab, or I'll drag you out."

The cab driver's jaw dropped as he heard their conversation. Jillian was close to tears as she got out of the cab. Wanda led the way up to the front door with Jillian following meekly behind. Once on the porch she rang the doorbell. A moment passed and the door was opened. A lot of conversation could be heard in the background as Louise's housekeeper let them in.

"Good evening, Mrs. Dudley" she said as she showed them both in.

Jillian's face was scarlet as she followed Wanda into the large living-room. When she stepped into the room she gasped and swallowed hard. Practically everybody she

knew was there! Many of the people Frank worked with were there with their wives. Her friends, people she socialized with, shopped with, went out to dinner with! My God! — Sylvia and George Wooley! Maryanne Dennison and her husband Paul! The Thompsons! This couldn't be happening to her!

Conversation practically stopped as she entered the room. There were a couple of gasps. She heard "What on earth is she wearing!" from the back of the room. Louise came over to her and pretended to be surprised.

"Jillian! So ah... nice you could come. I take it Frank isn't coming?"

Jillian didn't answer. She looked down at her feet.

Wanda jumped in and introduced herself, loudly.

"Nice ta meet you. I'm Wanda. Me 'n Jillian's living together now."

"Wel-welcome! Please... ah... help yourself to something to eat and drink. Jillian, I believe you know everybody here. I'll let you introduce your friend."

Jillian's face and neck were now nearly the color of the red in her shirt, the child's jersey that came down to her navel and was stretched so tightly you could actually see the ridges forming around her nipples. As she followed Wanda to the refreshment table she could feel cool air on the bare bottoms of her ass-cheeks. She wanted to crawl into a hole somewhere and die.

She looked up at Wanda's face. Wanda was nibbling on a small sandwich and had a glass in her other hand.

"Please, m'am. Please get me out of here!" She sniffed and clasped her hands together in front of her.

"D-don't do this to me. You can do anything else, ANYTHING, but please don't do this to me!"

Wanda answered her in a voice loud enough for everyone to hear:

"You BEGGING me, bitch?" There were gasps in the room.

“I said, Are you begging me, bitch? Well, if you are then you’re in the wrong position... When you beg me you damn well better be on your knees! Get down there! You heard me, bitch. Get down on your knees and ask me again. Do what I say or so help me I’ll whip your ass right here in front of your friends!”

The room was silent. Completely silent. The only sound that could be heard was the sobbing from Jillian as she slowly dropped to her knees in front of Wanda. Her eyes were downcast and she didn’t say a word.

“Speak up, bitch! What do you want?”

“P-please get me out of here” Jillian sobbed.

“Say what? Didn’t I warn you to refer to me as M’am? You think just because you got your rich friends around that you can be dis’n me in front of them? I think you need some humblin’ girl! Some real humblin’! Get down on your hands! Go on, do it!”

“I think we’d better be leaving..” she heard someone say.

A few of the people had grabbed their coats and were leaving the room. Most of the others were staying, not quite believing what they were seeing, and not wanting to miss anything!

Jillian placed her hands on the expensive carpet. She was now on all fours. Wanda roughly shoved her around until she was crouched by the food table with her practically bare ass pointing back towards everybody in the room. The short black dress had ridden up so that it only covered the very top of her smooth round buns. It was even possible to see a little bit of her moist pink pussy peeking back between a few blonde hairs.

Wanda walked up to her and looped a finger into the rubber band that was holding her dress closed. She roughly yanked it, snapping it off. The dress immediately came apart. Wanda picked it up off the small of Jillian’s back and dropped it to the floor. Then she bent and pulled off each of Jillian’s shoes. Jillian was sobbing loudly now. Her shoulders were shaking. She lowered her head to the carpet as she cried, thrusting her bare ass even higher into the air.

Wanda kicked her knees wide apart so that her pussy was now in full view, hanging between her legs, just a few inches below her clearly visible anus. Wanda gave a very hard slap to Jillian's bare ass which caused her to raise her head and gasp. She then thrust two fingers into her wet pussy and rubbed them back and forth. All this had taken place very quickly.

"Jillian, are you crazy?!!" she heard someone gasp. "It's time to put an end to this..."

"Stop right where you are, mister. This slut belongs to me, and my Sisters. It was her choice. If you lay one finger on her now I swear I'll whip her ass till the skin peels off! I mean it. She's comin' back home with me tonight whether you like it or not. Now back off!"

The would-be rescuer stopped in his tracks. Then he turned and stormed out of the room. Nobody else was leaving.

Wanda took her fingers out of Jillian's pussy and, bending over, put them up to the crouching woman's lips.

"Lick it, bitch. Go on!"

Jillian licked her own cum off Wanda's fingers.

"Oh no...." she wailed, licking off every drop as the craving took over.

When she was finished she looked up pathetically and pleaded "more.... please?"

Wanda laughed and slapped Jillian's bare ass again. There were now two red handprints on the perfect white buns that were pointing out at the guests.

"You know what to do if you want more. Show them what a whore you are! Rub yourself silly, go on! Let them see what a whore you are!"

As Wanda was saying this, Jillian's right hand crept back between her widely spread thighs. Everyone in the room could see her working her fingers in and out of her pussy. She stopped and brought the hand up to her own lips. She moaned as she licked off all the juices, then returned to her pussy for more. She was hooked!

She swayed her ass back and forth as she rubbed furiously. Wanda grabbed hold of Jillian's jersey and yanked it up over her head. Jillian had to lift her arms so the jersey could be pulled completely off her. She was now totally nude.

Wanda slapped her ass again very hard.

"Get back down there, bitch. You ain't finished yet."

Obediently, Jillian crouched back down and went back to work on her pussy. Her knees were spread very wide now and her face was pressed to the carpet to steady her as her right hand did its work. Her breath came in ragged gasps and she moaned loudly.

It only took a few more seconds for Jillian to get close to her orgasm. Wanda slapped her quivering ass again and taunted her, telling her to cum for her friends. Jillian's whole body was shaking like a leaf. She let out a loud moan and went stiff as a board. The guests could see the wetness of her orgasm flowing down over her hand as she humped it.

Jillian was crying as she alternately licked her fingers and went back to her pussy for more juice. She turned a tear-stained and pathetic face up to Wanda and again said "more... please?"

Wanda had taken Jillian's collar and leash out of her bag and now bent to put them around the neck of the trembling blonde.

"No more now, bitch" she laughed. "Wait till we get back to the other Sisters."

Wanda grabbed the discarded shirt, dress and shoes and stuffed them in her bag.

"Call us a cab, please" she said to Louise as she tugged on the leash and led the naked Jillian on all fours out of the room. She paused at the threshold to give everybody one last look at Jillian's beautiful pink and white buns, then turned in the hallway and went out the front door.

She led Jillian down to the sidewalk and stood there for a moment holding the leash. Most of the guests had come out to the porch to watch what was happening. Wanda

glanced at Louise who secretly gave her a nod and an `OK' sign. Wanda beamed. She knew she'd just earned her \$5,000 bonus.

She unclipped the leash but left the collar on, then told Jillian to stand up and put her clothes back on. The rubber band had broken so Jillian had to hold the waistband of the dress together with one shaking hand. Ten minutes later a cab came and took them to the train station.

EPILOGUE

Jillian's performance that night had a profound effect on her husband's career. When copies of Wanda's home-made video tapes began suddenly appearing and being passed around amongst his co-workers he knew he couldn't stay in Greenwich. He asked for, and was granted, a transfer to a lesser job in the company's Dallas-Fort Worth office. He spoke to his attorney about a divorce but was advised that, under the circumstances, he'd make out better by just moving to Texas and abandoning Jillian to her new lifestyle.

Louise got what she wanted. Six months later her own husband was promoted to Executive Vice President. With his only competition out of the running he was a shoo-in.

In addition to advancing her husband's career, Louise was kept well stocked with a continuing supply of Wanda's video tapes. Wanda had become quite creative and had earned another bonus within two months. Louise enjoyed viewing the tapes and loaned them out to quite a few of Jillian's former friends for stag parties and the like. She even had Wanda bring Jillian back to Greenwich about once a month for very "special" parties.

With the influx of Louise's money, plus the notoriety of having a white slave-slut, Wanda's gang flourished. They rented space in the building next door which was heated and had electricity. They were able to recruit new young girls to the gang.

Jillian became their major source of income. The money that Louise sent each month, plus what they got for loaning her out on occasion to other gangs had them all dressing and eating better. But they still loved their barbecue, with it's `special' sauce!

Doctor Kinder was right about Jillian. She never did get used to the things that the girls did to her. Some of the new girls have proven to be most inventive. The old worn wooden table is still outside, and Jillian still spends a good deal of her time there, on her back, watching the clouds through teary eyes and wiggling toes, but the girls are continually finding new ways to spice things up. It was, in fact, one of the new girls who suggested placing clothespins on Jillian's nipples, and also on the sensitive lower curves of her ass as it pointed up over the table's edge. It greatly increased the level of Jillian's moaning and was appreciated by all who saw her displayed that way.

The things that still bother Jillian the most are her occasional trips to Greenwich. Her wardrobe hasn't changed much. She still has the cashmere top for her morning and evening walks and her jersey and black dress for special occasions. The girls have benefited greatly from owning her, and Jillian, well, she still doesn't smoke cigarettes...

THE END

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