RANDOM HOUSE BOOKS

Tickle Torture Penny Birch

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About the Book

Jade, confident but submissive, is struggling to come to terms with the demands of her lesbian lover, AJ, to become her lifestyle slave, Matters aren't helped when her participation at a wet kinky cabaret goes to far, bringing its shifty management after her, intent on sexual revenge.

With the added distraction of her lewd friend Jeff Bellbird, and extra toppings from Doughboy the pizza man, Jade looks less likely that ever to resolve her dilemma. About the Author

Since putting finger to keyboard back in 1995, Penny Birch has been delighting readers of erotic fiction with her tales of naughty girls and masterful men. Always cheeky, sometimes very rude indeed, Penny Birch stories are not for the faint hearted and definitely not for the prudish.

Penny is the author of the following short-story collections: Bad Penny, In for a Penny, Tight White Cotton and Penny Pieces. She is also the author of the following full length novels featuring Penny as the main heroine: Penny in Harness, Plaything, Tie and Tease, Regime, Bare Behind, Fit to be Tied, Nights in White Cotton and American Blue. Also by Penny Birch

THE INDIGNITIES OF ISABELLE THE INDISCRETIONS OF ISABELLE (writing as Cruella)

PENNY IN HARNESS A TASTE OF AMBER **BAD PENNY** BRAT **IN FOR A PENNY PLAYTHING TIGHT WHITE COTTON TIE AND TEASE PENNY PIECES TEMPER TANTRUMS** REGIME **DIRTY LAUNDRY UNIFORM DOLL NURSE'S ORDERS JODHPURS AND JEANS** PEACH FIT TO BE TIED WHEN SHE WAS BAD **KNICKERS AND BOOTS**

TICKLE TORTURE

Penny Birch



Author's Note

Tickle Torture is fiction, but the cabaret featured at the beginning is based on a real event, held at a club which had better remain nameless. Ryman's reaction in refusing to believe that a woman would have put together such a perverse event is also drawn from fact. The main difference is that we got away with it, leaving the club while the angry bouncers searched for the non-existent male organiser, some of us still in our wet panties.

Penny sighed as she realised she was finally going to get it. She'd been so lucky, avoiding a slippering and six of the cane, while she hadn't even been made to remove any clothes. Not me. I'd had to take my jeans and panties down immediately and sit like that, bare behind on the floor. Next I'd been spanked, kneeling with my bum stuck up for fifty firm swats that left me warm and fidgety. As if that wasn't enough, I'd been forced to take a plum in my pussy. Penny had watched me insert the fruit, grinning, and promptly climbed a ladder to escape having to strip, so even if she did get a whacking she would be able to take it on the seat of her jeans – probably.

Only it hadn't worked that way. I'd landed on a blank. She'd hit the very next snake and gone all the way back to the bottom. I'd got a little ladder, going up one level. She'd hit the nastiest square on the lower part of the board, twenty smacks of the hairbrush on the bare and left with the handle up the bum. It was my turn to grin.

She was looking seriously sorry for herself as she kneeled up and put her hands to the button of her jeans. I just watched as she pushed them down, panties and all, over her sweet little bottom and her pussy at the front, baring herself with that lovely shyness she never loses, however often she does it. A year and a half we'd been together, and it still set my pulse racing to watch her, and faster still as she went down on all fours, her bum lifted, her pretty face set in rueful consternation as she looked back at me.

'You chose it,' I reminded her as I picked up the hairbrush.

Her response was a weak nod, and to close her eyes. It was typical. However much she loves rude, painful sex, she can never quite come to terms with it. She must have had her panties taken down for spanking a thousand times, and peed in them a hundred. She's licked other girls' bottoms, and let men up her own. She's even been done up as a pig, nude in a mud wallow, with a snout and tail. She still finds it all utterly humiliating. If she didn't, she wouldn't do it. Dirty bitch.

'Count them,' I ordered.

Again she nodded, and I began to spank her, applying the hard wooden hairbrush to her lovely round cheeks to make them bounce and wobble, showing off her pinkish-brown bumhole in its nest of hair. Her pussy showed too, furry little sex lips pouting out behind with the centre pink and creamy. When it came to sticking the hairbrush handle up her bum, she wasn't going to need any lube but her own.

She had started to count, choking out the numbers in between little gasps and sobs as I spanked merrily away, one cheek at a time as they turned gradually pink. I didn't bother to hold back my laughter at the way she looked, because I knew my amusement would just humiliate her all the more, and make the spanking that much better. By ten she was beginning to shake, and to snivel. By fifteen she had begun to stick her bottom up for more. As I gave her the twentieth her hand went back to her pussy. I slapped it.

'Oh no you don't, slut,' I told her. 'Not yet. Now pull your cheeks open for me.'

I turned the hairbrush in my hand as she obeyed, leaving her pussy to reach back and spread her bottom. Her hole was open, the mouth stretched wide, with a trickle of juice running down between her lips. I slid the hairbrush handle in, drawing a long sigh of pleasure from her, then setting her gasping as I began to fuck her with it. In no time she was clutching at her smacked bottom, but I waited until she tried to sneak a finger to the little pink hole in the middle before I stopped.

'Uh, uh,' I chided, 'that's for the hairbrush handle, not your finger.'

It didn't stop her, the top joint of one finger disappearing into the tight ring of her anus. I pulled the handle out, white and slimy with her juice, and slapped her hand.

'Behave, slut.'

Her finger came out and once more she stretched her cheeks wide, her bumhole now a moist pink cavity. I put the hairbrush handle to it and pushed, watching her flesh go in, then spread around the shaft as she took it. She groaned and began to squeeze her cheeks, kneading her reddened flesh as I entered her. I eased the handle as deep as it would go and left it, the business end of the brush sticking up obscenely from her buggered anus.

'Bring me off, please, Jade,' she begged, 'like this.'

I slapped her on the back of her thigh.

'Wait for it, you dirty bitch. We've only just started.'

'Yes, but just making the game up turned me on.'

'Me too, but we're going to finish before we come, aren't we?'

She nodded and let go of her bottom cheeks, allowing them to close around the brush. I sat back, and so did she, very gingerly, so that she was squatting on her heels with the brush between her feet. I was ready too, and very conscious of my own spanked cheeks and the plum in my pussy. We exchanged looks, both thinking the same thing, but I resisted and took up the dice.

I threw. Five. It put me on the base of the longest ladder on the board, leaving me just one level below the finish and the possibility of having Penny as my pet for the rest of the evening. Even as I considered the delicious possibilities of what I could do with her there was a touch of disappointment. I do love her, and there's a lot to be said for going out with a fellow submissive, but with the snakes and ladders game it had always been inevitable that we'd both want to lose.

She was bright eyed and smiling as she took the dice up again. It came down on one, moving her onto a blank. Before I could throw again the doorbell went, but I was in no mood for company and ignored it. I got a six, landing me on one of the last punishment squares, twelve strokes of the cane. My tummy tightened. She was going to hurt me, if only to make sure she really suffered once I'd won, which now looked inevitable. The doorbell went again, a single long ring.

'Aren't you going to see who it is?' Penny asked.

'No,' I told her. 'Don't you want to cane me?'

'Yes, but it might be important. At least check who it is, or they'll just keep ringing.'

She was right. I stood, quickly pulling up my panties and jeans, and went to the window. It was dark outside, windy and wet, with raindrops glittering orange as they passed through the glare of the streetlights, making me glad of the warmth and comfort of my flat and my girlfriend. As I lifted the window my feeling of contentment vanished abruptly. There was a fuck-off big motorbike parked right outside, tight between two cars, and the rider was the person ringing my bell. Tall, slim in black leathers, her helmet tucked under one arm, her shaved head glistening in the wet, she looked every inch the sadistic diesel dyke she was, AJ, aka Alice Jemima Croft, but never to her face. She'd heard the window, and she looked up.

'Open the fucking door, Dumplings!'

'Who is it?' Penny asked from behind me.

'AJ,' I answered, then called down, 'Hang on, I'll throw you the keys.'

AJ gave me a dirty look, and as I ducked back into the room I found Penny hastily rearranging herself, her panties held up in one hand even as she extracted the hairbrush from her bumhole. It was the sensible thing to do. If we kept playing, things were likely to get heavy, and AJ had a nasty reputation for not respecting submissive girls' limits.

By the time I'd got the keys from the bedroom Penny was decent and had begun to tidy up, shovelling the pile of implements and sex toys we'd laid out into a draw. I threw the keys down. AJ caught them one handed and quickly let herself up, so that Penny had to push the snakes and ladders board under a chair to hide it. The room still smelled of sex, but at least it wasn't obvious we'd been kinky with each other. I still had the plum in me too. Penny went to make coffee.

'It's pissing down out there,' AJ said as she let herself in. 'Get us a towel.'

I hurried to fetch one, and by the time I came back she'd taken off her jacket and sat down. All she had on underneath was a tatty black T-shirt, which left her arms bare, the long, smooth muscles showing under her skin, and her tats. She had a new one, stark black and white like the others, a female symbol shaped from twists of barbed wire. With her head shaved she looked harder than ever and, if it was scary, it still made me want to get down at her feet and lick her boots. She took the towel and rubbed the rainwater from her face, speaking as she threw it back to me.

'I swear your tits get bigger every time I see you. Get them out.'

'AJ!'

'Do it.'

I made a face, but I did as I was told, hauling up my top and bra to flop my boobs out for her. They are big, but they felt huge as I stood there showing them off for her amusement. She took her time, her mouth curled into what looked more like a sneer of contempt than a smile of admiration as she inspected me. At last she looked away, and I hastily covered myself up.

'Who's in the kitchen?' she demanded.

'Penny,' I told her.

She laughed and turned around in her chair, calling out. 'Grown your hair back yet, Muffet?'

'Yes, thank you,' Penny answered, sounding as sulky as ever when the subject of her forced depilation was brought up.

AJ laughed and put her feet up on the table we'd been playing our game on. She stretched, emphasising the muscles in her arms and also the shape of her breasts, bare beneath her T-shirt, the outline of nipples and the rings in them quite plain. I've met bigger girls, a few stronger girls, but nobody quite so blatantly, viciously butch. It made me want to melt, and rather than sit in a chair I curled myself up on the floor, feeling it was right. She took no notice, and stayed silent until Penny had put a mug of coffee in her hands.

'Cheers, Muffet.'

Penny didn't look too happy as she went to sit down, but she said nothing. For all her experience, she's never really accepted that sometimes you just have to give in and take what's coming to you. Not that it stops her getting it, but she likes to retain ultimate control, something AJ delights in taking away.

I took my own coffee, not really sure what to say, half hoping that AJ wouldn't realise what we'd been up to, half that she would. She took her time, blowing at her coffee and sipping it before she spoke.

'I want you two sluts to do a cabaret for me.'

My stomach tightened. I could imagine exactly the sort of thing it would be, doing filthy, humiliating things to each other on her orders until she was horny enough. Then maybe she would piss on us as we wriggled together on the floor, or tie us head to tail and give us enemas, or have us fight to see who got the privilege of licking her pussy and make the loser clean her bumhole, even make Penny tickle me ... 'Do ... do you mind?' I asked Penny. 'We could be pigs if you like, or ...'

Penny gave me a dirty look, but AJ cut in before she could answer.

'No, too weird. You have to be schoolgirls ...'

'I don't have a uniform with me,' Penny pointed out.

'Not now, you tart,' AJ answered her. 'At a club.'

'Which club?' I answered doubtfully, although I knew full well I'd end up doing as I was told even if Penny didn't.

'A new one,' AJ told us. 'Bolero's, it's called.'

'What, up at the Palace?' I asked. 'It's straight, isn't it?'

'Yeah, it's straight, but Bob Ryman, that's the bloke who's running it, reckons he can cash in with a bit of lessie chic, and you know how the little shits love to watch.'

'How do you fit in?' Penny asked her.

'He runs the courier firm I've been working for as well as the club,' AJ answered. 'Wanted me to do it, he did. As if!'

'How can you ask us to do it then?' Penny answered her.

I winced, wondering if AJ would hit her. She didn't, but there was a hard edge to her voice as she answered.

'I'm not asking you. I'm telling you. You're bi anyway, so what do you fucking care?'

'What does he want us to do, AJ?' I intervened hastily.

'That's down to you,' she answered, 'but he says to make it hardcore, the harder the better. He claims he's unshockable, but nothing too weird, just nice and sleazy, that's what he said, and you've got to be in school uniform. That's the theme for the club. There's two hundred in it for you.'

'And how much are you getting?' Penny asked.

'You're going to get a smack in a minute, Miss Muffet,' AJ answered. 'I get fifty on top, OK? You can ask the fucker if you don't believe me.'

Penny shrugged. I knew she wanted to do it, underneath. If it hadn't been AJ asking, and if the audience had been a bit more select, she would have gone for it. As for me, the thought of performing in front of straights, and men at that, was making me feel sick. It didn't matter how I felt. I knew I'd be doing it because I couldn't refuse AJ, and the two hundred pounds was tempting.

The thing was, she wanted me as her lifestyle submissive, which spoke right to my deepest fantasies of being under another woman's absolute control. She hadn't said anything, but she'd been hitting on me more and more often, and testing me. That meant doing what I was told, when I was told, and, if that meant having sex in front of straight men, then that was what I had to do. Not that I'd have had the guts to refuse anyway, but that didn't stop me trying to wriggle out of it.

'Of course I'll do it,' I answered AJ, 'but what about the venue owners?'

'The venue owners!' She laughed. 'The Palace is leased to Ronnie Miles!'

'Never heard of him.'

'Ronnie Miles used to own *Piccadilly* magazine. He was in porn when you were in nappies!

'That would be last weekend, then,' Penny remarked dryly. 'Jade, I really don't think this is a good idea. You've met Morris Rathwell, AJ, why don't you ask him? Melody will get a team together for you, not for two hundred pounds maybe, but ...'

'Bob's not going any higher,' AJ answered her, 'and he's my boss. I need this, and you're going to fucking do it, that or find somebody else. Naomi's up for it, and I reckon we need five.'

'So forty pounds each?' I asked, my vision of two hundred pounds for an evening of humiliation fading. I knew Penny wouldn't accept any, even if she did do it.

'Yeah,' AJ answered, 'and you get your drinks free. Get little Zoe if you can, she won't speak to me, fucking baby dykes, and that cute blonde slut, Sophie.' 'They might be up for it,' I answered. 'Come on, Penny, for me?'

'It's a mainstream club, Jade,' she objected. 'What if one of my students is there?'

'What's the chance of that?' AJ answered her.

'Quite high,' she responded. 'There are over thirteen thousand students at the university, a lot of whom know me by sight and a lot of whom go clubbing in London. I'm a senior lecturer for goodness sake, I can't be seen in a lesbian sex show at some rundown club! You do it, Jade, but I can't.'

'Who else then?'

'I don't know. Perhaps we could ask Poppy?'

'Who's Poppy?' AJ demanded.

'She used to go out with Anna Vale,' Penny answered. 'You must have heard of Anna?'

'What, the mad bitch who thinks she's living in the twenties?'

'Poppy's dead cute,' I put in, 'and very dirty. Anna used to keep her on a short leash, so now she's up for just about anything. Don't be hard on Penny, AJ, please?'

'OK,' AJ answered, and for all her toughness I could sense her relief as she sat back in the chair.

As she drained the rest of her coffee I was wondering if there wasn't more to it than she was letting on. Normally she'd have told any man to piss off, even if he was her boss, but on the other hand I knew she'd done her time stripping in bars, so she wasn't as prissy about men seeing her naked as she claimed to be. I was, especially in front of the sort of straight laddish types who would be at the club, and I knew it would take a lot of the free drink before I could do it. Not having Penny to play with, or at least to support me, would make it worse.

That was another problem. AJ didn't approve of Penny, for being bisexual, for not buying into the lifestyle, but above all for wanting submissive sex without absolute submission. Penny was as bad. She thought of AJ not as the experienced lesbian dominant she was, but simply as a bully. That didn't stop them fancying each other, because Penny adores just the sort of extreme humiliation AJ loves to dish out. I knew that to be AJ's bottom would mean surrendering Penny, or at least my right to play with her when I wanted, and I was not prepared to do that. Then there was Sophie, and Zoe, and other girls I liked to play with, or top me, like Melody Rathwell. I need my playmates.

I was definitely going to need them for the cabaret, especially Penny.

'You'll come anyway, yeah?' I asked her, sure what the answer would be. She was not going to spend a night alone in her flat while I was out with Sophie, never mind Zoe and Poppy.

'Of course,' she answered, 'just not on stage.'

AJ leaned to the side to put her empty coffee mug down, and I realised too late that the corner of the snakes and ladders board was sticking out. She'd seen it too, and was looking puzzled, then amused as she drew it out.

'What's this?' she asked. 'Been playing games?'

'Rude board games, our own type of snakes and ladders,' I admitted, feeling a little embarrassed and a little scared too.

AJ began to examine the board.

'You get these punishments then?' she commented after a while. 'Pretty tame, "Go Bare", "Go OTK", "Twenty with a slipper"?'

'They get harder as you go along,' I explained.

'It can take for ever to reach the end,' Penny pointed out.

'And you dish it out to each other?' AJ asked, her voice full of disdain.

'Penny spanks hard!' I protested.

'Besides,' Penny went on, 'the woman who lives below has been complaining about the screams.'

'So? Stick your panties in your mouths.'

'It still gets noisy. She's even threatened to report us to the noise-abatement people.'

AJ gave a snort of pure contempt. She was still looking at the board, and I was wondering if she was going to make us play, with her dishing out the punishments, a terrifying yet thrilling prospect. She would be a lot harder, merciless, and it wouldn't matter who won either, because both of us would end up getting what we needed. I glanced at Penny, hoping she was thinking the same thing, to find her looking nervous and more than a little stubborn. AJ threw down the board.

'Crap,' she announced. 'If you want to do it, why don't you just do it?'

'Playing the game builds up the tension,' Penny answered.

'It's fun,' I added, trying not to sound too apologetic, 'that way you don't know what's going to happen, what you're going to get. It makes it unexpected.'

AJ made a face, then stood up, her hands going straight to the button of her leather jeans. She stepped towards me, and my tummy tightened into a hard knot at the prospect of being made to lick her, then and there, with my girlfriend watching. My mouth had already come open, my body responding to her dominance by sheer instinct. I leaned forwards, my knees wide as she came between them, her trousers open at the front to show a leather thong pulled tight over her pussy. The smell of leather caught my nose, and of her, making me keener still to lick, and to submit to her utterly.

Her thumbs found the waistband and down came her jeans, taking the thong with them. She was shaved, and she'd had her pussy mound tattooed, replacing her bush with a tangle of barbed wire, stark black on her pale flesh. As she pushed her belly out into my face her pussy spread, showing the pink centre and the twin silver rings in her lips. I poked my tongue out, awaiting her order as the muscles in her belly tightened.

'How's this for unexpected?' she said, and just let go her bladder, sending a stream of hot piss right into my open mouth, then exploding into my face as I stupidly closed up on her.

I should have tried to drink it, but it was such a shock, and I was choking immediately, blinded too, with piss up my nose and in my eyes. She just laughed at me, pushed me back in the chair and cocked one leg up, aiming her stream onto my tummy as I fought for breath, completely unable to help myself as she casually urinated all over me. I heard Penny's yell of protest, but that didn't stop AJ, and I could only bat my hands pathetically at the stream of piss, spattering it over my face and legs as well as my middle. AJ was still laughing, and began to do it over my boobs as I finally managed to get my breath back, and between them, filling my cleavage and plastering my top to my skin, hot and wet and sticky. I didn't even fight, but just let her do it, my eyes still closed, pee dripping from my fringe and out of my nose.

She finished off over my belly and the mound of my pussy, leaving me sodden and sitting in a pool of it. Not that it was over. I felt her climb onto the chair, a hand twisted into my hair and my head was pulled forwards, against her pussy. My eyes were stinging horribly; my mouth was full of the taste of her piss and I felt I was going to be sick, but she didn't care, rubbing herself in my face as I struggled to stop myself from doing it.

'Lick it, bitch,' she drawled, and I did, my tongue in the salty folds of her sex, lapping up her pee and her juice.

I could feel her rings against my tongue, and the little hard bud of her clit. Her spare hand came down to grab one of my boobs, groping me and squeezing piddle from my sodden top. The pool in my cleavage broke, running warm pee down my belly and over my pussy, onto the ruined chair beneath me. Still I licked, broken to her will with the scents of piss and leather and girl strong in my head, my nipples hard, my pussy aching and stretched on the plum I'd put in myself.

AJ came, full in my face, her pussy tightening against my mouth, her grip painfully tight in my hair, her nails digging into the flesh of my boob. I didn't even try to fight it, now wanting the pain, and the humiliation, of being pissed on, of being made to lick her, of being hurt and degraded in front of my girlfriend ...

I was going to masturbate the instant she'd finished, in front of them both, with my hands down my soaking panties and my boobs pulled out. As she climbed off, my hands went straight to my jeans, popping the button. AJ laughed as my fingers pushed down my panty crotch to find my pussy, wet with her pee, my hole agape around the plum.

'That's right, frig off, you little slut!' She chuckled. 'No, get your face in there, Muffet, you're not getting away with it.'

Penny didn't answer, and I paused to pull my tits out, hauling my soggy top and my ruined bra high to spill them onto my chest, naked and wet with piss, my nipples straining up. I wanted to play with them while Penny licked me, and AJ laughed at us, maybe beat Penny to encourage her, maybe made her piss to add to the mess ...

'Please, Penny, darling, do it,' I begged. 'Lick me ... please ...'

Again she didn't answer, but I had to come, one way or the other. I lifted my bum, to push down my jeans and my panties too. My thighs came wide as my bare bottom settled onto the pee-soaked cushion beneath me and I was spread, open for them both, the plum showing in my hole.

'Why have you got a plum in your cunt?' AJ demanded, more derisive than ever.

'It was part of the game,' Penny answered defensively.

'A right pair of little tarts, aren't you?' AJ answered her. 'Go on, Muffet, eat it out of her, now, or do I have to drag you over and stick your face where it belongs?'

'There's no need to be like that,' Penny answered, but she had stood up, her voice coming from a different place.

I spread my thighs wider, encouraging her, letting my wet panties and jeans down to my ankles. AJ gave a sour laugh. I had to see, and to open my eyes before my lids got stuck down, so I forced myself, revealing the room in a pissy haze, AJ a dark blur, standing over me, Penny kneeling between my legs. My body was steaming gently.

Penny went down, lapping hesitantly at my pussy as I once more took my boobs in hand, feeling my now sticky skin and my taut, sensitive nipples. I spread my legs as far as they would go, offering myself to her, determined to get her over her reluctance. Her licking immediately became firmer, right on my clitty and my mouth came open in pleasure.

Above me, AJ had folded her arms over her chest and was watching us with amusement, cool and poised as I prepared to come off in a pool of her urine. I was wishing she had more, lots more, enough to fill my mouth and soil my hair, to leave Penny a sodden, dripping mess the way I was, to fill my belly until I was sick, to engulf us in a torrent of lovely hot piss ...

I would have come, but Penny stopped, leaving me right on the brink. Her lips found the plum, sucking on it, and I felt the cool juice spurt over my pussy as the skin burst, and trickle down onto my bumhole. For one brief instant she hesitated, and then she was licking between my cheeks, slurping up plum juice from my crease and lapping it out of my hole. I knew then she'd given in, her dirty instincts getting the better of her. She loves to lick my bottom.

She took hold of me, her arms around my thighs, pulling herself in as she lapped up the mixture of juice and piddle

from my bumhole. AJ could see, and Penny didn't resist when her top was pulled up, or as her jeans were undone and pushed down off her bum. Her panties followed, and AJ began to spank her, just as I'd hoped, encouraging her to lick as her bottom danced and jiggled to the slaps.

Not that she needed much encouragement. Her tongue was deep up my bottom and her nose was rubbing on my clit, bringing me back up to the edge. My hands tightened on my boobs as I felt my pussy contract. The plum squeezed free, plopping into Penny's mouth. I was there and she was pushing cool, mushy plum flesh into my pulsing bumhole as I came in her face, screaming in ecstasy, my hands locked on my sticky, pissed-on boobs, her nose wiggling on my clitty, her tongue so deep I felt my ring close on it.

I'd started to squirt, as I always do, fluid erupting from my pee hole into Penny's face, but still she licked my anus and still she rubbed my clit, and all of it was to the sound of slaps as the woman who had urinated over me spanked her. It was so good, so dirty, pissed on and licked to ecstasy, my clothes ruined, my chair ruined, my body taken right out of my control ...

My orgasm broke to the realisation that AJ really had made a serious mess. Not that it stopped Penny, who was playing with her breasts as she licked, and I had to take her by the hair and pull her off when my pussy had become too sensitive to be touched. AJ didn't care, grabbing her by the collar and heaving her bodily onto me to carry on the spanking. Penny was already masturbating, her hand down between her legs as she was punished, and I took hold of her, cuddling her close. Her body was jerking to the smacks, and as she took a nipple in her mouth to suckle me I knew she was nearly there, only for AJ to stop abruptly. Penny's mouth came off my nipple and she was begging the next instant.

'Don't stop! Finish me off, AJ!'

'Shut it,' AJ answered. 'Here, look at this, looks like I've spoiled your silly game.'

She bent down, and came up with the snakes and ladders board. It had been under the edge of my chair, and it was soaked with pee. We'd drawn it on a piece cut out of a box, and the cardboard was so wet it had already started to come apart, but I couldn't see what was so funny that it was making AJ grin like a wolf. Then I found out.

'Open wide, Muffet,' she ordered. 'Keep a good hold on her, Dumplings, I'm going to make her eat this stupid thing.'

I'd have let go if Penny had tried to fight, but she was too far gone. All she managed was a miserable sob and her mouth had come open, looking back towards AJ, with her fingers still moving on her pussy and her spanked bottom pushed up. AJ's grin grew broader still as she tore off a chunk from the ruined game. I held on, not to restrain her, but to comfort her as she was forced to degrade herself, because I knew that, for all that she would do it, her mind would be burning with humiliation.

AJ pushed the piece of piss-soaked mush into Penny's mouth and she was doing it, holding it in her mouth as she masturbated, yellow trickles already running down her chin, and pale ones from her eyes where she had started to cry. She was still rubbing though, her muscles starting to twitch against me and her bottom moving up and down. It was going to make her come, in tears of humiliation, spanked and made to hold the soggy remains of our game in her mouth, but that wasn't enough for AJ.

'When I say eat it, I mean eat it!' she snarled, and pushed the cardboard hard into Penny's mouth.

Her eyes popped as it was jammed into her throat, and a froth of yellowish bubbles sprouted from her nose. For a moment she was resisting, wriggling in my arms and trying to cough the pulp in her mouth back up even as AJ pushed it deeper. Then she'd given in completely, chewing, starting