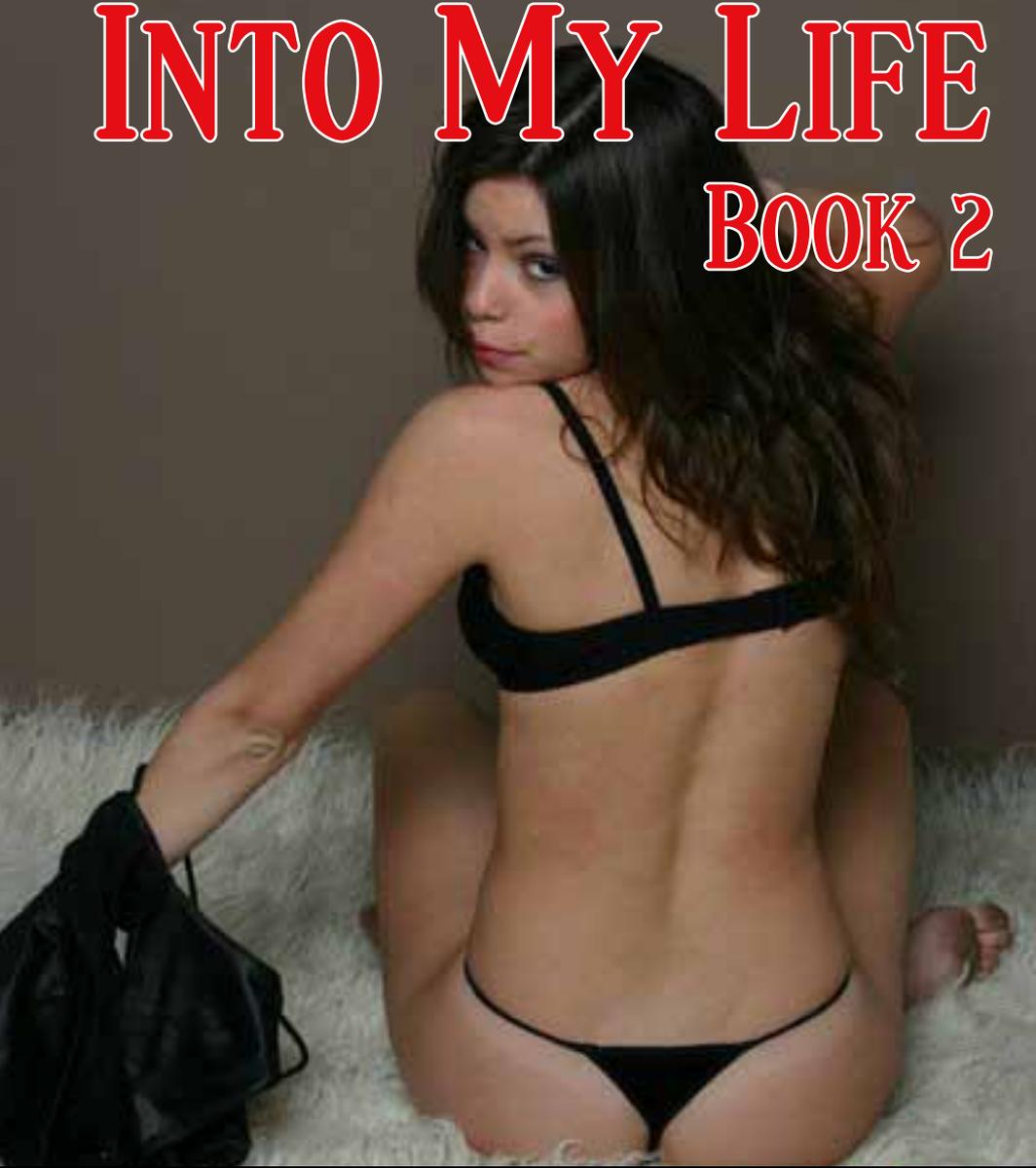


Burping Frog Publishing

INTO MY LIFE

BOOK 2



AN EROTIC NOVEL

TREVOR WALDEN

Chapter 1

At first sight, across the station car park, Alexandra was quite delightful. Short bobbed blonde hair, was the second thing I noticed. Her shapely legs caught my eyes first, under a lovely flared and very short skirt. A petite girl with a cute face smiling in greeting above nice, full breasts hidden under a white blouse. A navy bolero style jacket was her only protection against the cold. Well groomed, perfect make-up. Pretty, but not particularly attractive somehow! High heels the same colour as her skirt, to me anyway. A 'together' person, I wondered how she'd cope with being stripped and punished, teased and tormented to orgasm.

She was dragging one of those wheeled suitcase things that managed to trap itself in the gate that Susie was now holding open for her.

Susie was behind her, instantly recognisable just from Petra's description, waiting to follow Alex through the narrow gateway. A taller girl, heavier, with a full head of hair that made her look taller still. Tallish, strong build, perhaps big boned would be a better description, no flabbiness, just a big built girl. A farmer's daughter perhaps, or a lovely Milkmaid!

Her auburn hair tumbled in an unruly fashion down over her shoulders. Her face was open and honest and, yes, there was definitely a twinkle there too. Her annoyance at Alex getting her trolley thing tangled some wire at the bottom of the gate bubbling quickly into laughter, some light hearted banter as a man behind tried to help and got his finger pinched or cut as Alex yanked

crossly at her case, finally getting it free. Susie dropped her hold-all and grabbed his hand, inspected the wound. Presumably she found it bloodless because she kissed it better with a laugh, tossing her hair, captivating him. I couldn't hear what she was saying but he was smiling too as she shook her head, pointing towards us. As he headed off I saw him looking back to carry a picture of the two girls home with him.

Petra was waving, setting off quickly across the car park to help. I stayed there, watching, weighing up the prospects for the weekend. I was still very undecided about it all. I'd listened to one phone call and heard Petra telling Susie how she'd be tied up, teased, spanked, and she'd apparently accepted it. On the phone at least! I'd spoken to her briefly, said right out "She's not joking. You will be stripped, spanked and used. You do understand."

"I'm wet already," she'd laughed in reply, which sort of sealed the deal really, even if it was just for a day or two. Then just this Thursday this photographer lady had been included, Alex!

Apparently it was on the same terms. She had had to accept that she too would be bound, spanked and humiliated and that she was to be fully available to me, if I wanted her. She'd be in the photographs too. It was the price the two girls put on being photographed while they were naked, bound and maybe beaten. They hadn't really expected her to agree. They just wanted to be sure the photos didn't get out into general circulation. But she'd agreed, so now there were the three girls and me. Just how the hell was I supposed to get much out of this? With Petra we'd got used to having some good solid sex sessions and then maybe making gentle love, either during or after. Petra had got used to, and accepted, that I'd go off to sleep soon afterwards. Recuperating I called it. She had other words, not many of them were complimentary but they were always said with a smile.

But three of them? What the hell did they expect of me? I reckoned the only way I'd get through the next few days was by taking regular breaks, perhaps leaving them to work on each other for a while. Under my guidance maybe but I could simply sit and watch, or help with the photography bits; adjusting or adding

ropes and so on, and perhaps the odd idea. I'd already realised that the ones doing things to the others would still be liable to the odd bit of corrective discipline from me and that way, I thought, maybe I could still be the top dog, the one in charge, and yet still get to enjoy some very lovely sights.

I'd selected a nice willow cane the last time we'd walked up the hill. I'd trimmed it, stripped it of bark, cut it to a good length. It was to become my badge, to establish me as 'The Master', like an officers' cane tucked under the arm.

And if I was stirred to take some personal part in proceedings then not one of them had the right to refuse, under reasonable circumstances. That had already been established. Mainly because if they were coming to see Petra being put through her paces, well, I wasn't comfortable with them just watching that, photographing her in bondage, or being spanked over my knee. I wanted them to join in too, to feel, and to know, that whatever I did to her was soon going to happen them too, and perhaps they'd enjoy it too. I wanted to show that I wasn't really an ogre. We have a close relationship. I was her friend and protector as well. We were also in love, probably, and we were happy to share our unusual experiences with her friends. Perhaps to prove something to ourselves!

I think too much. It's all that driving I do.

I'd left Petra to it her phone call, it what turned out to be a very long one, and I'd gone down to the pub for a pint. She was still on the phone when I got back. Happy, looking hot, sexed up. I'd taken the phone from her and spoke to Susie myself for some time. She was worse than Petra for being upfront, she confirmed that she'd bullied Petra quite badly, and in a sexual way too, and knew that she deserved, and was going to get, some harsh treatment in return. From all Petra had said she was very much looking forward to being bound, beaten and 'absolutely anything else' I wanted to try out on her. Perhaps it wasn't going to be too bad after all.

I'd been quite harsh on Petra that night. I think because of the tension of this forthcoming visit, but she thoroughly enjoyed

it, squealing a bit but never complaining. I think she enjoyed herself more than usual.

I suspected that she was remembering those times in Cornwall. It seems they had generally started with teenage wrestling matches which Petra, being shorter, lighter and less committed to winning, generally came off worse. That followed with some sort of penalty, or forfeit, such as being made to strip off in the woods. Odd times her dear friend had run off with her clothes leaving her naked and having to find her way back to the cottage.

Other times she'd been held down and her sex had been teased to orgasm, sometimes quite roughly, even in crude bondage now and then.

After telling me all this, and a bit of a session downstairs, we lay in bed together. She'd wanted to talk, to try to explain, that now she'd found me she didn't blame Susie in any way for the way that she'd teased and abused her. She thanks her now, accepting that it had been subconsciously mutual at the time. After all, she'd gone back for more time after time. It was inside her then, and it was inside her now.

She just loved being bossed about by someone she felt safe with, someone who cared for her. It gave her the freedom to express herself with little squeals of pain or terror, and joy.

I hadn't been able to speak to Alex. It had only been arranged since I'd been away on business. But now, seeing her, I knew I'd have no problem.

Greetings were exchanged, including hugs for Petra. I held my arms out to Susie as she released Petra and she stepped closer, into my arms. I held her close to me, body to body, she turned her face up for a kiss, so I kissed her. Her lips were cold but welcoming, opening readily. My tongue teased into her mouth and it took her a moment to understand, to accept that although she still had her clothes this was going to be a very close encounter. She broke the kiss, hugged me closer for a moment, then turned her face up to me and kissed me again quickly.

"I'm all yours," she said, and then added "As agreed. Thank you for letting us visit," and stepped back.

“And this is Alexandra, a good friend of mine, a close friend. I do some modeling work for her on the cheap and she cooks up a lovely Sunday dinner.”

Alex moved closer and I took her into my arms too, my finger under her chin to lift it for a firm kiss full on her lips.

It took her a moment to accept what this meant then her body just melted against mine, her eyes closed briefly as her lips parted, moving against mine. I was even surer now that things would be OK. I watched her eyes as we kissed. They changed from nervously cautious to nervously excited as I pulled her body against mine. They cleared as she heard Petra laughing behind her.

“Didn’t I tell you he really fancies himself?”

She’d be OK now she’d met me properly, kissed like this, she felt that it would be OK. She had a very expressive face, I could read it all there. I was looking forward to seeing her face as it responded to some miss-treatment. She’d make a lovely photographic subject herself too, perhaps a single light for her pale skin and hair to contrast against dark shadows where her Master, me, stood behind her in the shadows. Yes, she’d do.

I pulled back, let her go. It was time to hit them then with their first bit of obedience training. I held my hand out, asking “Your panties please.”

It wasn’t a surprise! It had been talked about early on. I got both of them, after some shuffling to screen each other from the public gaze. They were very pretty ones too. They had obviously ‘dressed to please’ from top to toe. They were lucky they’d stuck to the instructions I’d given to Petra. Trousers or jeans and I’d still have wanted their panties. With the two pairs laid across my hand there was just a simple check to make.

“Have I got them all? None of you wearing two pairs?”

There were protests of course, but at my prompting they each flashed their tummies in turn, again screened by some shuffling of position. Satisfied I complemented them on their obedience and ordered them to get into the car, directing the new girl, the curvaceous Alex, to the front seat. I wanted to get to know her

quickly, and make sure she understood exactly what she was in for. As we all got in and I started the engine I asked her to lift the hem of her skirt and tuck it into the waistband. She blushed, but she obeyed. I was pleased when she folded her hands demurely in her lap. She was getting the idea but -

“Seat belt on and your hands folded behind you please, and spread those pretty thighs! No need to be shy!”

I made a show of bending forwards, peering into her crotch. I even extended a finger to part her curls.

“Very sweet! I wonder what you taste like?” and I slipped my fingertip between her soft lips, teasing into the dryness. She grunted brief dissent but her thighs opened a little wider. She was torn between not wanting to annoy me and not wanting me to do it. Exactly the mind battle I wanted her to experience before she found herself being tied up and in an aroused sexual state. I didn’t want her panicking when things progressed later.

I pushed in a bit harder, letting her know I wouldn’t be fobbed off. She lifted her hips, spread wider again, a little moan escaping her breathlessly.

“Good Girl. You’ll do well this weekend. I sense it’s in you to enjoy yourself if you can let go!”

She still jumped when I reached around her to tug the seatbelt tight across her body, her thighs. I looked into the back, watched the others moving into the same position, hiking their skirts up and tucking them in. Petra with a big smile on her face, and that raised eyebrow that means ‘Enjoying yourself?’ I knew it well. I smiled back, she knew what that meant too and let her tongue peep out at me between her smiling lips.

They looked delightful when I dropped them off in the high street. The brisk wind flirted with their short skirts in way that would soon refresh their private parts. They had a list each, their bit of the weekends shopping to do. There were some particular items that I’d put on another list just for Petra. Just a few things I wanted for my own amusement, and hopefully some good photo’s. Like candles! Girls love candle light.

I'd already sorted through all the odds and ends I'd got in the cellar. It was all ready to be brought up for this afternoon's games.

Petra and I had had a few chats about what we could 'do' with them. A walk up the hill was definitely on the list, and some bondage sessions in the house. I particularly wanted to go and disturb the ghosts in the dungeons again, up at that country house, but Petra wasn't so keen.

"They're lively 'twenty something's, not old maids looking for a nice pot of tea and a bath bun. It's not as if they do a nice cream tea there, not up to what Devon Girls are used to anyway."

I thought about opening their luggage, to see what they'd brought with them. It might have given me some clues as to their likes and dislikes, but perhaps a journey of discovery would be better without any pre-conceived ideas about each of them.

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