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### Reclaiming Patsy

By

Norm DePloom

When I told my parents that my cousin, Phil and his best friend, Dave were going to have a backyard campout and asked their permission to participate, even though I was only twelve at the time, I knew enough not to mention that Phil's friend, Dave had a sister, Patsy, who would also be there. I just knew that my parents would not approve of a ten-year-old girl spending the night in a tent with three twelve-year-old boys. We were visiting my mother's family in Orlando Florida for the summer. We had arrived earlier that week, and would be staying for another two weeks.

My aunt accompanied us all out to the tent and let us know that, if we got frightened, it would be ok to come into the house. As soon as Aunt Helen zipped up the tent, Dave pulled copies of the raunchiest sex magazines I'd ever seen from his sleeping bag and handed them around. Sitting cross-legged on our sleeping bags, we flipped through the magazines looking at pictures of sluts pulling their cunts open for the camera. I'm sure the other two male's cocks were just as hard as mine was and I'm not sure what Patsy thought about the pictures, but she was looking at them just as intently as we were.

"Holy Christ," Phil said with a horse whisper, "look at what that whore is doing." He passed the magazine around and we all looked at, and commented on, the picture of a naked woman, on her knees, with a man's hard cock in her mouth. My hard twelve-year-old cock throbbed as I looked at the picture and tried to imagine what it would feel like to have that slut's mouth on my dick. At that moment, there was nothing in the world I wanted more than a mouth on my cock.

"Let's take Patsy's panties off and see if her cunt looks like these," I said to the other two guys, not taking my eyes off Patsy's crotch.

"Uh-ah," Patsy said shaking her head, "I'll tell mom."

"And we'll say you're lying," I countered, "three against one." Patsy clutched her knees defensively. "And we will beat the crap out of you every day for the rest of your life for being a snitch." I pounced on Dave's little sister and started wrestling her panties down her skinny thighs. She started to fight me off, but Dave and Phil, equally anxious to see her naked cunt, pinned her arms over her head. I managed to get her panties down her legs and tossed them aside. Pushing her legs apart, I rested one knee on each of her thighs to hold her open, and shined a flashlight onto her hairless pussy. Everyone, including Patsy, seemed to freeze in silence as my finger descended to touch the half-hidden lips of her ten-year-old pussy. Despite her protests and struggles, Patsy's cunt was slick with her juices. Even Patsy lifted her head to watch, as best she could along with the rest of us, as the tip of my finger slipped inside her. I gave the flashlight to Phil and he held it pointed at her spread-open crotch as I used my fingers to separate her pussy lips so we could see her virgin hole. All three of our pajama bottoms were tented by our rock hard twelve-year-old cocks.

"Look at her wet pussy," I said as I took the flashlight back from my cousin so he could take a turn feeling his best friend's little sister's cunt while I continued to hold her legs open with my knees on her thighs. After Phil dipped his finger into the tight wet hole, Dave took his turn fingering his sister's pussy.

"I know," I said as I took my knees off her legs and pulled Patsy up to a sitting position after her older brother removed his finger from her naked body, "let's make her do everything the sluts do in these magazines." I pulled her forward onto her hands and knees then, holding on to a handful of her hair with my left hand, I pulled my pajama bottoms down with my right.

"Starting with sucking on my cock," I announced as I held her face up and pushed my exposed hard dick against her lips. "Open up," I ordered as I thrust the head of my hard cock repeatedly against her closed mouth.

"We could still beat the crap out of you every day," I warned. With a moan of helpless surrender, Patsy opened her lips and my dick slipped into her hot, wet mouth. As I pumped my cock into Patsy's face, her brother looked at the magazine she had been browsing through, and saw a picture of a woman, on her hands and knees, being fucked from behind 'doggy style'. In the spirit of 'make her do everything they do' Dave pulled his pajamas down and, kneeling behind his little sister, began to search for her virgin opening with his hard, eager cock. Phil watched the two of us, one fucking each end of the ten-year-old girl, and rubbed his erect dick through his pajamas.

As soon as I was done with her mouth, my cousin, Phil took my place. By the time Dave was done fucking his sister's cunt from behind, I was hard again and took his place. I don't think any of us were actually producing cum with our orgasms, but we were young and got hard again almost immediately after we came. I'm not sure how

long we used the little slut two at a time. We had a rhythm going; fuck her mouth, watch, fuck her pussy, watch, fuck her mouth. Several times during this long gangbang, I felt her whole body 'shiver'. I was totally unaware, at that time, that a girl could 'cum'. It was only later that I realized that the little whore was loving every second of it. We finally wore ourselves out and, pulling our pajama pants back up, settled down on our sleeping bags to eat Oreos and look at the dirty magazines.

"You stay naked," I ordered, when Patsy started to put her nightgown and panties back on. At the time, I couldn't explain why, but I just felt it was right for her to stay naked while we were clothed in our pajamas. It emphasized her availability, that, at least for the night, she was ours to do with as we pleased.

"Here," I said, tossing her one of the raunchy magazines, "lay with your legs spread while you look at this." Even after all that fucking, her face turned red as she spread her legs, putting her cunt on display, while she looked at pictures of whores humping in a variety of positions. Her brother was the first of us to recover enough to have another go at her. Crawling between her spread legs, he pushed his re-hardened twelve-year-old cock into his sister's newly opened ten-year-old pussy and fucked with renewed vigor as Phil and I watched.

That started phase two of the great Patsy fuck, which concentrated almost exclusively on her tight, young cunt. As soon as Dave was done I crawled between her legs and fucked her while I sucked on her nipples. For the next couple of hours she laid on her back, with her legs spread wide, as the three of us once again took turns fucking her. Using her one at a time gave us a little more opportunity to recuperate before it was our turn.

As I watched each of the other two fuck our young companion, and took my turns between her skinny young legs, I noticed that the more we fucked the little slut the more often her body went through the little 'shiver' spasms that I had noticed earlier. By this time, the little whore was moaning and groaning, making no attempt to hide the fact that she was thoroughly enjoying having our cocks pounding in and out of her pussy. She got so loud we had to stuff her panties in her mouth to make sure she didn't attract the attention of Phil's parents.

As the night wore on, and the three of us wore ourselves out between Patsy's thighs, she spent more and more time with a couple of her own fingers inside her cunt while she waited for one of us to climb on again. I was looking through another one of the porno mags, and watching the little whore fucking herself with her fingers, when I came across a picture I had not seen before. It had been probably half an hour since one of us had 'dipped our wicks' in the slut, we were all pretty worn out, but this picture made my cock hard again. I felt like a high voltage current of sexual energy had been switched on inside my body.

"Jesus H. Fucking Christ, look at this." I put the magazine down on the floor of the tent and shined the light on it.

"Oh my god," Phil said as he stared at the picture.

"No way," Patsy said, displaying resistance for the first time in several hours, "you're not doing that to me." Her reluctance excited me even more than the picture of the whore getting her ass fucked. I didn't bother to threaten Patsy with daily beatings again; I grabbed her by the hips and pulled her ass around towards me. The other two grabbed her arms and watched while I pushed the tip of my finger against the tiny, tight, crinkled ass hole. Thanks to the abundant lubrication that had been generated by several hours of being fucked by three horny twelve-year-olds, which had flowed down and coated her anal sphincter, my finger easily slipped into Patsy. As my finger invaded her body, Patsy stopped struggling and looked back over her shoulder with a curious look on her face. Dave and Phil took turns exploring the slut's tight ass, then I knelt and forced my hard cock into her. Our little whore arched her back, and moaned enticingly as I slipped into the small, tight hole. I think my eyes crossed when I felt the hot, tight sphincter muscle grip my cock. At that moment, I became obsessed with anal sex. I've preferred fucking ass to pussy ever since.

Dave and Phil both rubbed their re-hardened dicks as they watched me pumping into Patsy's behind. Patsy lowered her chest down onto the floor of the tent and used both hands to fuck her pussy while I pounded her rear. I think we each managed to fuck the little whore's ass three times before we collapsed onto our sleeping bags, totally exhausted. The last thing I remember seeing as I drifted off, was Patsy, laying on her side, with a finger of one hand in her cunt and a finger of the other hand buried completely in her ten-year-old ass.

We stayed in the tent and slept until the warmth from the afternoon sun made it unbearable. Later in the afternoon, I saw Dave and his mom drive off. As far as I knew Patsy's father was at work, and she was home alone. Since I had not been able to think of anything except what it had felt like when I shoved my cock up her rear, I decided to pay her a visit. My cock was already pushing against the front of my shorts when I walked across the street. I walked around the side of the house and, shading my eyes with my hand, I leaned against the glass door and looked inside. Patsy was sitting cross-legged on the floor with her back to the door. I tapped on the door, she was startled and jumped, then turned and looked at me.

"I can't open the door," she yelled as she climbed to her feet and walked towards me, "I'm not allowed to let anyone in."

"Open the door," I ordered, "or are you still interested in getting the crap beat out of you every day for the rest of your life?" Patsy hesitated, then unlocked the sliding door and opened it about an inch.

"Honest," she said with a placating smile, "I'm not allowed to let anyone in." Ignoring what my little whore was saying, I pulled the door open and pushed past her into the house.

"I'm coming in," I informed her, "and I'm going to fuck you again."

"No," she said as her face turned red, "I didn't mean to do those things last night, I..."

I ended her explanation with a blow to her stomach with my fist. I had to make sure she understood who was boss. Patsy clutched her stomach and slowly collapsed to her knees.

"Come on," I said, giving her a nudge with my toe, "take me to your room." Patsy climbed to her feet and, still clutching her stomach, led the way down a hallway and into her bedroom. Before she could say anything, I pulled her shorts and panties all the way down to her ankles, then pushed her down onto her knees and bent her over the edge of her bed. I pulled her butt cheeks apart and pushed my finger against the hole that I had been obsessing about all day. Unlike the previous evening, it was dry today and my finger did not slide in like before. I looked around the room and saw a bottle of hand lotion with a pump-squirt dispenser on it. I worked the end of the nozzle into her tight ass and began to pump her full of hand lotion. I pulled my shorts down and pumped a squirt onto my hard cock. After that treatment, my lubed dick slid into her tight ass. During all this Patsy laid across the bed, making no attempt to stop me or talk me out of what I was doing. As soon as I was fully inside her, Patsy's body shivered like it had so many times the previous night. It would take a while before I figured out that she was having orgasms, and loved being treated this way. As soon as I started pumping my cock in and out of her ass, Patsy reached between her legs and fingered herself frantically. I leaned over and grabbed her shoulders so I could slam my cock into her ass as hard as I could. Patsy's bed banged against her bedroom wall every time I fucked my cock into her.

Patsy moaned loudly, and her body shivered harder and longer than it ever had in the past. I held my cock deep inside her tight, hot ass while I came. I think I might have actually produced some semen for the first time. I pulled my softening dick from her ass and pulled my shorts up. Patsy slid off the bed and sat on the floor with her shorts and panties down around her ankles. I leaned over and pulled them, and then her T-shirt off, leaving her naked. I didn't know why at the time, but it just seemed 'right' to me for her to be on the floor naked and for me to be standing over her with my clothes on. Even though we could not have told you what it was, we were quit naturally and easily slipping into a dominant and submissive relationship.

I walked over to her bedroom window and made sure it was unlatched, and that the screen was loose so I could remove it from the outside. I picked up one of her Barbie dolls, and her Ken doll and pulled their clothes off. I put the naked Barbie on her back on the windowsill with her legs spread wide, then put the naked Ken on top of her like they were fucking.

"From now on," I said, walking over to where she was still sitting on the floor, leaning up against the edge of her bed, "whenever you are left at home alone you will put your Barbie and Ken in the window, with Ken fucking Barbie, and you will take all of your clothes off and wait for me to come and tell you what to do." Patsy listened to me and nodded her head in agreement without lifting her eyes from the floor in front of her. I squatted in front of her and used a handful of her hair to force her head up so I could see her eyes.

"I'm going to fuck you every chance I get until our vacation is over and we go back

home." Patsy looked into my eyes and nodded her head.

"Get up on the bed," I ordered, releasing her. She scrambled to her feet and sat on the edge of her bed. I pushed her back across the narrow bed until her shoulders were resting against the wall.

"Spread your legs," I ordered, "I want to watch you finger fuck yourself." Patsy blushed a bright red as she spread her legs and pushed a finger into her body. I knelt and, with a hand on each of her inner thighs, pushed her further open as I watched her finger slip in and out of her hairless young cunt. I slid my hands down her thighs, then used my thumbs to pull her pussy open. I could see the lubrication coating Patsy's finger and her cunt lips.

"Mine," I said softly, "from now on your cunt is mine." She moaned and continued to fuck herself, but she didn't protest my ownership claim. I ran my fingers up and down over the slick folds of her pussy, and quickly discovered that every time my fingers touched the hard nub at the top of her hairless slit she would moan and buck her hips in a fucking motion. My cock was hard again, so I pulled my hands away from Patsy's soft, wet flesh long enough to reposition myself and push my cock back inside her tight, hot ass.

Once I was completely inside her, I slipped my hands under her busy fingers and, holding the top of her pussy open with the thumb and finger of my left hand, gently stroked her hard, exposed clitoris with the thumb and finger of my right hand. Every time my fingers moved over the engorged knot, Patsy's body would jerk and her tight ass would clamp down on, and massage, my hard cock. After several minute her moans of pleasure were replaced with complaints that I was hurting her and with her begging me to stop. Since I didn't care if what I was doing made her feel good or hurt her as long as it caused her ass to clamp down on my hard cock and her hips to buck, I told the little slut to shut up and keep fucking herself. I pinched and tugged on her so hard she probably thought I was trying to rip it off. I was getting close to cuming when I heard the car pull into the driveway, too close to stop. Hunching over, I pinched her clitoris as hard as I could, to insure maximum stimulation from her bucking body, and slammed my cock into her ass four times as hard as I could. On the fourth fuck deep into her rear I came with an intensity I'd never experienced before. For a moment, I thought I might pass out. I would have loved to have kept my cock buried in her tight ass while I teased and tortured her cunt, clitoris, and nipples then, when I was hard enough, fuck her all over again. But, I didn't have time so I pulled my cock out of the slut and listened to the front door being unlocked and opened as I pulled up my shorts. I heard Patsy's mom yelling 'hi' to her from the front hallway as I climbed out the window. I stepped back into the bushes and watched as Patsy, a dazed look on her face, pulled her fingers from her cunt, sat up, then leaned over and picked up her shorts and T-shirt. She just barely got her clothes back on before her mother came into the room.

"How are you doing, honey?" Patsy's mother asked.

"OK," Patsy replied without much conviction as she stood up and took a couple of steps.

It was obvious that she was walking stiffly, like she was in pain.

"What happened?"

"Nothing, really, I was playing and I ran into my bed."

"Well, you come out and help me put away the groceries and I'll let you have a treat." I noticed that Ken was still fucking Barbie on the windowsill and wondered what Patsy's mom would say if she noticed them. I thought about making a noise so she would look over toward the window, but she turned and left the room before I could. Patsy turned and looked at me with an expression that seemed to combine fear, anger, and unquestioning devotion. I'm still not sure which emotion turned me on the most.

I spent the rest of the afternoon thinking about how exciting it had been to have Patsy squirming her ass on my cock while I abused her clitoris. The memory kept me hard the rest of the day. That night I laid in my bed, thinking about Patsy's hot, tight ass and gently stroking my hard cock until I could not stand it a second longer. I did my best to make my bed look like I was still in it, then put on my shorts and went out the window.

Patsy's bedroom door was open just a crack, allowing in just enough light for me to see into the room. I noticed that she had not removed the fucking Ken and Barbie dolls from the sill. As quietly as I could, I moved the screen and pulled the window open. Patsy was sound asleep as I tip-toed across the room. She must have been worn out, she was laying on her side and didn't even wake up when I climbed into her bed and laid down behind her. I pulled my shorts down enough to free my cock, then started working her pajama bottoms down off her hips. That's when she woke up.

"Quite, lay still," I hissed in her ear when she started trying to fight me off.

"No," she whispered back, "my parents..."

"Fuck your parents," Patsy giggled softly as I worked her pajama bottoms down to her knees. I pulled her back tight against my chest and slipped my hand down to her crotch while I pushed my cockhead against her anus. I could feel her sphincter muscle stretching to accommodate me as my fingers found her clitoris. She winced as I stroked her swollen nub, Patsy was obviously still sore from the rough treatment I had given her clitoris that afternoon. It only took a few minutes for her whimpers and painful jerks to transform into moans and thrusts of pleasure. I was discovering that my little ten-year-old slut loved pain. Soon she was holding a pillow over her mouth to muffle her squeals of orgasmic joy. The only thing that stopped me from pounding into her ass even more forcefully was the possibility that her parents might hear the squeaking bed over their television in the living room. I loved fucking that little bitch's ass with her parents just down the hall. Several times, before I was done with her, we had to hold still, my cock deep in her rear, my fingers pulling on her clitoris, and her face buried in a pillow, while one of her parents walked past her room on their way to and from their bedroom.

I didn't get to fuck Patsy every day, but I did fuck her every night. While her parents watched TV, and thought that their little virgin angel was asleep in her bed, I was in her

room seeing how much pain and abuse she would take while I fucked her. Sometimes I would fuck her pussy, or her mouth, but usually it would be her ass. She seemed to be growing fond of being ass fucked. Like the obedient little slut she was, Patsy would accept my cock wherever I decided to put it, but her orgasms seemed to be more intense when I was buried deep in her ass while I pinched and pulled on her clitoris.

On Monday of the last week of my families vacation, Patsy's parents left her and her brother home alone. Her brother had several friends over. I told my cousin I had other things to do, then went in through Patsy's window. She was, of course, waiting for me naked and with Ken Fucking Barbie on the window sill. While Dave, Phil, and several of their friends played video games in the front room I thoroughly fucked Patsy's cunt and ass.

"I want you to put on your shorts and T-shirt," I told Patsy as I got dressed, "then go into the living room and bring one of your brother's friends back here." Patsy sat on the floor, naked and listened to my directions. "make sure nobody else knows what you are doing, and don't bring Phil. After you get back here, you have to get him to pay you a dollar then let him fuck you. I'm going to watch from the bushes outside your window," I told her as she pulled her shorts up her skinny legs, "so I can watch you being a whore." I climbed out the window and Patsy went out through her bedroom door. As usual when your waiting, it seemed to take an extraordinarily long time for Patsy to come back with her first john. Patsy closed the door behind her then looked in my direction and smiled before she turned her attention to the boy who had accompanied her back to her room.

"One dollar," she demanded, holding out her hand palm up, "one dollar and you can fuck me." The boy dug into his pants pocket and then counted for quarters into Patsy's waiting hand. Patsy never turned loose of the money as she striped off her shorts and shirt, then laid down on the bed and spread her legs. The boy pushed his shorts down to his ankles, then climbed on top of her. I stroked my cock as I watched him struggling to find her hole with his hard dick. After a few false thrusts, Patsy reached down with the hand that wasn't holding the quarters and helped him get inside. He only fucked in and out of her about ten times before he moaned and came. From where I was watching I could see the base of his cock pulsing as he held it buried deep in Patsy's hairless cunt.

"Don't tell anyone," Patsy said as the boy pulled up his shorts and left the room, leaving her laying naked on the bed. As soon as the door closed behind him I called Patsy over to the window. Naked, no breasts, no cunt hair, that vision of Patsy walking toward me naked is still burned into my brain as the pinnacle of sexuality. I held out my hand and Patsy, with barely detectable hesitation gave me the four quarters. That act forever cemented our relationship. No matter whether I ever saw her again or not, Patsy was forever a whore and I was forever her owner. There was a soft knock on the door.

"Go answer the door," I said as I stepped back into the bushes again. Patsy answered the door naked, and let another one of her brother's friends in. Telling the first one not to tell had guaranteed that he would tell everyone.

"One dollar," Patsy demanded, once again holding out her hand palm up. This one dug an old crinkled dollar bill out of his pants and handed it over. Patsy laid down on the bed, spread her legs and waited. This one was pretty much a repeat of the first and, as soon as he was gone Patsy brought the money over to me without my having to tell her to.

Patsy fucked five boys in a row before her brother got wind of what was happening and came to investigate. As soon as he came into the room, I climbed in the window. He was demanding that Patsy give him the money. Patsy stayed on her bed, her legs spread, and her finger moving in and out of her hairless pussy, seemingly unconcerned, while Dave and I negotiated a deal. Dave would get one quarter of everything his sister got paid to fuck his friends, and I would take the rest. Neither one of us saw any reason for Patsy to get any of it. As soon as we came to our agreement, Dave got busy on the phone getting more customers to come over before his parents got home. We pulled the mattress off her bed and put it in the corner of the living room so Dave, Phil, and I could watch while Patsy fucked her customers. Whenever there was a slow period one of us would take a turn on our little whore. While everyone else was fucking her hairless little cunt, I was turning her over and pumping my cock into her tight, sweet ass.

Before my vacation was over we had four full days when Patsy and Dave's parents were gone and we could whore her out all day long. As the last day of my vacation approached, I suggested to Dave that he should buy Patsy from me for twenty dollars. He argued, briefly, but I think it really turned him on to 'buy' his sister and, at least in her eyes, own her.

Despite having family there, I didn't get back to Orlando for ten years. There wasn't a day of that ten years that I did not think about Patsy and how great it had felt when I pushed my cock into her ass. I wouldn't say that Patsy was the reason I moved back to Orlando after college, I had other reasons. With our extensive family contacts, and a family business I could step into, it would have been a smart move even without memories of Patsy.

Phil had no idea where Dave or Patsy were. He'd lost track of them about three years previously, but as far as he knew Patsy was still whoring for her brother the last time he had seen them. I suppose there aren't many men who would spend their time looking for a twenty-year-old woman who had been a whore for half her life, but I had become obsessed with finding Patsy. I had turned her into a whore, she was mine, and I wanted her back. I spent the next six months looking for her.

I finally found Patsy sitting at a table in a less-than-respectable bar. I almost didn't recognize her. Not because she was ten years older, because she'd been allowed to get 'sloppy'. That's the best term I can think of. She wasn't really 'fat', just, as I said, 'sloppy'. It was obvious that her brother just wasn't up to the task of owning a whore.

"Hi, Patsy," I said as I slipped into the booth next to her. She looked both happy, and embarrassed, to see me. Dave really needed to have the crap beat out of him for letting his sister deteriorate like she had. I heard an attention getting 'ahem' from

behind me and turned to see who it was.

"Hey Dave," I said, scooting closer to Patsy in order to make room for him in the booth. If Patsy had gotten sloppy, her brother had gotten fat.

"What do you want?" From his tone of voice and the expression on his face, it was obvious that he didn't, quit, recognize me.

"I want to know how much it's going to cost me to get your whore under the table sucking on my cock."

"Forty dollars." It was clear that Dave was drunk and messed up on drugs. I pulled two twenty's from my pocket and set them on the table. With a nod from her brother, Patsy slipped off the booth seat and a moment later I felt her tugging at my zipper.

"I want to buy her back." I said once my cock was inside Patsy's mouth.

"Buy her back?" Dave asked, looking confused. Slowly I saw a smile spread across his face as he realized who I was. "I'll be damned. When did you get back into town?"

"A while ago, I want to buy her back."

"Well, I don't know why you would, she's not a cute little ten-year-old any more." He bent over and looked at his sister sucking my cock under the table. "She's a lazy fucking bitch of a whore now. She's had so many cocks in her cunt, I wouldn't fuck her with your dick." Dave chuckled drunkenly at the worn out joke. I struggled to hide the disgust I felt for Dave, he just wasn't up to the responsibilities of owning a whore.

"How much?"

"More than the twenty dollars I paid, that's for sure." I reached under the table and, with my hand on the back of her head, held my cock in Patsy's mouth while I pumped cum onto her tongue.

"How much?" While Dave tried to calculate how much he could get me to pay for his sister, Patsy zipped my pants up and climbed out from under the table. Dave finally named an amount. It was under the upper limit I had in mind, and I didn't feel like haggling with him, so I put the cash on the table. Dave stared at the stack of cash, I'm sure he was calculating how long he could stay high with that much money.

"Glad to be rid of the useless cunt," he said as he scooped up the money and left. I figured I wouldn't have a problem with him until the money ran out. I turned my attention back to my newly re-acquired whore. I slapped her hard enough to leave red finger outlines on her cheek.

"You call that a blowjob?" Patsy hung her head and started to mumble an excuse.

"Shut up, god, no wonder he was willing to sell you so cheap. Now get your sloppy ass

back under the table and prove to me that you might, someday, deserve to be my whore again." Patsy scrambled under the table and sucked my cock again, showing considerably more skill and enthusiasm than she had displayed the first time. When she was done, I accompanied her to my car.

"Where do you and your brother live?"

"We can't go there," Patsy said, showing genuine fear, "what if he's there?"

"Where - do - you - live?" I asked again, enunciating each word as if I was speaking to a young child. Patsy gave me an address.

"Don't worry," I told Patsy as we walked to the front door of their small apartment, "he's out buying drugs with his new found money. The only reason we're stopping here is for you to collect all the money you've been hiding from your brother." Patsy pulled a surprisingly large sum of money from several hiding places and handed it all over to me without protest, just as she had with the four quarters she had charged for her first fuck as a whore. When we got to my house, I had Patsy strip and stand in the middle of my living room while I walked around her to assess the state of her body.

"From now on," I instructed as I faced Patsy after my evaluation, "you will eat only what I tell you to eat." Patsy stood with her hands at her sides and her eyes looking at my feet. "When you're not out working, you'll be working out." I stepped closer and grasped her head with one hand on each side.

"My whore will not be the sloppy mess your brother has allowed you to become. Do you know why I searched for you, and purchased you when I found you?"

"No," Patsy said meekly, she seemed to understand that, in her current condition, she was not worth what I had just paid for her.

"Ten years ago I turned you into a whore," I reminded her, "and you will always be my whore." Tears flowed from Patsy's eyes, but they seemed to be tears of relief.

"In my own way I love you, but don't think that my loving you is going to allow you to slack off in your whoring." Patsy shook her head, indicating that she would never think that. In spite of the deplorable condition of her body, its close proximity was causing my cock to push against the front of my trousers. Ten years apart had not diminished my lust for this whore.

"Every day," I continued, ignoring, for the time being, my hard dick, "you will have to go out and prove that you deserve to be my whore." I released Patsy's cheeks and stepped back.

"Right now I'm going to give you the opportunity to show me that you are worthy of having my cock in your ass. You go out now and when you come back in two hours with at least five hundred dollars, I will reward you with a good, hard, ass fuck." Patsy put on her clothes, and left the house, with an enthusiasm that, I'm sure, she had not

experienced in a long time.

As she closed the door behind her, I had no doubt that Patsy would be back in two hours for her ass fucking. I also had no doubt that she would remain my whore for the rest of my life.