

Daniel & Becky 05-08-
2020

Daniel and Becky arrive exactly on time. That's no surprise. They've been playing with long enough that they know I punish tardiness by not answering the door. The same applies to anyone arriving early. I ignore the door until the time I told them to arrive. Then, after letting them in, spank them for disturbing me by being early.

They're married. Like most of my toys, they came to me through a friend of a friend (and maybe a few more friends in the chain!). After asking me if she could, my friend sent them my email. A few days later I had an email from Becky. She told me about her husband Daniel and how he'd always had fantasies about being "totally controlled" by a strong woman during sex. She told me that she tried tying him a couple of times, but it never worked for him, and she "just didn't get excited about doing anything more" along those lines. Their sex life was falling into a rut and satisfying neither. So they'd decided to "explore" his fantasy a little more. And she wanted to be involved in everything, even if she couldn't "lead" it.

We exchanged a few emails, and they asked to meet me. From there... let's just say that the first meeting was coffee at my apartment. Daniel found himself over my knees with his slacks pulled down. By the time I was done with my wooden hairbrush, his bottom was a nice bright pink. I knew with the first swat to his bottom that he was in heaven. I had him lying with his cock squished between his stomach and my thigh. The instant my brush cracked on his bare flash, I heard him grunt hard. But I felt that cock stiffen up harder than steel. Once he'd had his full spanking, I made him stand up with his pants still down and go show Becky his "little stiffie." That night they had great sex.

Since then, they've been coming to play. Not often, but regularly. Just enough to spice things up a little for them. I'd guess about every six weeks. Like all of my toys, they regularly email me to keep me informed about their sex lives. That way I know when they're ready to be summoned for another session. Tonight is their night.

Following my directions, Sophie answers the door. Daniel is standing there with his hands behind his back. Becky stands beside him. "Ah, here's the impatient naughty little boy!" Sophie taunt. She drapes a chain choker-style dog collar over his neck, leash already attached. "Come along, my Mistress is going to teach you some patience tonight!" Then Sophie turns to Becky and tells her "please wait here. I will return for you in a minute." and without allowing Becky to say a word, shuts the door in her face.

It doesn't take Sophie long to get Daniel undressed. Luckily for me, he's wearing a button-down shirt so he could get it off with collar around his neck. Sophie walks him back to the playroom where I'm waiting for him. She hands me his leash and locks his clothes in the file cabinet. Then she waits. I tell her to go fetch Becky and "make certain she's naked before allowing her into the playroom."

Becky likes to pretend that she doesn't want to submit. That she's vanilla. I'm sure she knows that's a lie. I do. And I've taken more than a few little opportunities to remind her that here, she's submitting to me. We go through this little dance every time she brings Daniel over. She pretends she doesn't want to take her clothes off. Then she only reluctantly and unhappily hands them over to Sophie, the price of admission to the playroom.

I've changed two things this time. First I've had Daniel brought back here first and without her. She should know, by now, that Daniel is back here, naked, and something is going on without her. That will make her a little antsy to get in here. I guess that's her thing, she likes to be here while Daniel suffers; She doesn't enjoy making him suffer but does want to be the one sweetly teasing him. Second, tonight Sophie has very specific instructions to "check" Becky completely before allowing her back here. She knows that means to check ever her pussy and bottom. Everywhere Sophie can see or touch is to be checked. Then Becky is to be brought back in handcuffs. It'll be new and different for her, and I'm confident she'll like it. She'll say, even swear, she hates it, but she'll like it.

I start with Daniel. He's 40, and relatively tall at 5'11". especially compared to me and my 5' 1.75"! He has an average build, neither muscular nor wimpy. More like some bland middle-class dad. No real fat or flab, but no rippled muscles to get a girl going either. He has short, sandy brown hair that's nicely styled and brown eyes. He does some nice manly hair on his chest, sandy brown like on his head, that tapers into a single line down his stomach before blossoming back out a little to make a nice bush of dense, but short, locks around his cock. His legs are about averagely hairy, as is his bottom. But thankfully not his back! Dressed up, he looks like a used car salesman, only not quite so sleazy. It's ironic since he is a used car salesman. But not an overly-sleazy one. He works at one of the new car dealerships selling off the fairly recent model trade-ins. Cars you can realistically expect not to strand you tomorrow, which I won't say about some of the car dealers around here!

He does not have a big cock. I know, Sophie measured it for me, just so I could take that opportunity to degrade him a bit. What guy ever wants to hear about his little dick? Daniel's is 4.75" long, which puts it on the wrong side of average, but not obscenely so. It's also kind of narrow at a mere 7/8th of an inch thick. I guess Becky likes it enough, they've been married for 10 years. But it so would not do the trick for me! I like men that take after Mr. Ed. Okay, not that big, that would hurt, but well above average, and thick is a must-have for anyone wanting to touch me.

"Thank you, slave," I tell Sophie as I take Daniel's leash from her. "And here's my impatient little bad boy!" I taunt him, "how dare you ask your loving little tramp of a wife to *ask* me to see your useless butt! You know better! I told you that I will summon you when I have nothing more entertaining to amuse myself with. If you didn't have the smallest little pecker on the face of the Earth, maybe you wouldn't be the last one I thought of to entertain me!

"I'll teach you a lesson about patience! Oh, I'm going to teach you a lesson you'll never forget! Even that tiny little head will remember it!" I swat his bottom firmly with my hand. It's hard enough that he flinches a

little from the swat on his cheek. “come along, *little boy*.” I tug sharply on the leash, pulling him over to the massage table.

I have a frame sitting atop it. It's made of heavy $\frac{3}{4}$ " iron pipes, but it's just sitting on the top of the padded table. It's as wide as the table is, but not close to as long. A couple of frat boys at USA made it for me, to my design. They've made a few projects for me, and I always pay them with Shelbie, a 35-year-old redhead with a nice body who really gets off on being “pimped out.” this frame cost Shelbie two blow jobs, one for each of the builders. Fair price in my book, since Shelbie paid for it, not me!

I have Daniel get upon the table and kneel at the tube frame. Then lean over it. It puts one of the cross tubes right at his hips, and the other under his shoulders. I have him spread his knees to the very edges of the table; that lowers his hips a bit, leaving about half his weight on his knees and half on the bar. I tie his knees to the corners of that frame and his ankles to the end of the table leaving his feet hanging off the end. I get another of the leather straps, a long one, and drape it over his back, around the tube under his shoulder, around the tubes at the sides, then back up. I fasten it at the center of his back, cinching it down tight. Then I bring his hands up behind his back and cuff his wrists together. I use another leather strap to pull his elbows together, almost until they touch; that pulls his hands up a bit and ensure he doesn't have a prayer of getting them near his bottom. It makes it very hard for him to move his arms at all.

I can't help myself but to get a good look at him from behind. It's my favorite way to see a man, on all fours from the back. There's just something about the way his cock hangs, or in this case sticks, straight down so eagerly I love. Plus there's his bottom, pulled taut, and ready for a good spanking! And this guy so deserves that spanking.

I'm still behind him, eyeing that cock when Sophie brings Becky in. As I instructed, Becky is completely naked. The look on her face, an

outward mien of unhappiness but laced with excitement, tells me that my obedient slave girl did exactly what I wold her to. Becky has not only been stripped but Sophie "poked" her pussy and butt before bringing her back here. At least she's not leashed. I thought about doing that, too, but I don't think she's ready for that, so I didn't.

"Ah, and here's my naughty girl!" I squeal with a tiny bit of obviously feigned excitement in my voice.

Becky is 36, a few years younger than her husband, and also about a perfect age for a woman. Young enough that she doesn't really show any age, yet old enough to know herself. She's around 5'6", so a few inches shorter than Daniel, and shapely at 130 pounds. She has short, light brown hair, only a shade or two darker than Daniel. And matching brown eyes. She has smallish breasts that nicely fill out the cups of a 34-B bra. They're light, almost milky white, as is the rest of her body, and topped off with small, light pink, nipples slightly wider than a pencil eraser, but that barely stand out from her mounds. Those are surrounded by a small ring of lighter pink the size of a quarter. Her breasts are spongy and a hair on the loose side, just enough for them to hang against her chest with a little crease under them, but not so much that they don't have a pleasant rounded shape to their mounds. Below that her stomach is flat, it's skin still taut, and devoid of any stretch marks or blemishes. Further down she has a neat triangle of very unruly and long jet black curls that flow down to cover her lips with a long, but only moderately dense, fur. I happen to know that there's a flat pussy mound with short-but-wide lips beneath that fur. Lips that fully meet, their purple-tinted lips not quite meeting. And there's the most important thing: a nice bottom, mostly rounded, her cheeks firm but with a touch of sponginess to them, that's small but also very spankable and will definitely nicely fill out a bikini.

I slip my hand between her thighs, getting a good grip on those long curls. The curls on her lips, not her pubes. "I told you to email and tell me what you've done. I did not say you could ask me to come to visit.

And definitely told your worthless butt *not* to send messages from that little pecker over there! If I wanted to hear from him, I'd have him email me, wouldn't I? You're supposed to be one wearing the pants in your little pretend family, so start acting like it!" I scold her firmly as I pull her across the room to where I have a plain wood chair positioned against the wall.

I sit, still scolding the woman, "since you want to act like a disobedient little imp of a bitch, I'll teach you to mind as if you were that naughty little girl!" I pull Becky over my knees. Cuffed, there's not much she can do but go over my thin little thighs and let her bottom poke out for me.

I think I have this chair perfectly positioned along the wall. I tried earlier, with Sophie for a movable marker, to get it exactly where Daniel could just barely see Becky's head out of the corner of his eye if he craned his head while tied to that frame. I hope his head doesn't crane around any further than mine did because he's definitely trying hard and straining his neck to see what's happening to Becky.

I want him to see her face, but not her bottom. I want him to see the pain on her face and hear her squeals with every stroke. I want him to hear her humble apology for misbehaving by doing him a favor. But I don't want him to see her bottom. He'd see how pink it was. And I'm confident that despite her discomfort, he'd enjoy seeing it too much.

Sophie hands me the paddle I've set out. It's around 16" inches long and about 4" wide. It's pretty thin, about ¼" tops. It's a very thin sheet of spring steel between two layers of soft rubber. It stings badly, but it doesn't leave much of mark, and what it does leave fades quickly. Much quicker than its sting does.

I trace a fingertip through her fur along the line of her slit, feeling the wetness starting to dampen her lips. And feeling the light shivering tremble flow through her body at the tender tease. Between her now-taut cheeks, I glimpse the glistening of the light film of lubricating jelly still

clinging to her asshole from Sophie's little tease.

I lie the blade of the paddle lightly across her tight cheeks. "You'll get ten strokes for being a disobedient little bitch. Remember this next time that little boy and his tiny, useless little pecker tells you he's eager to come see a real woman!" I raise the paddle up high and snap it down with about half my strength. It lands with a loud crack on the soft skin of her globes.

Becky grunts out a pained "OW!" as it lands. She sucks a quick breath before counting her stroke. "One, Miss Rodgers. Thank you for teaching me a lesson, Ma'am. I'm sorry for being a disobedient little bitch, Ma'am."

I lift the paddle up, revealing a nice, but light, wide pink stripe across her white cheeks. I snap it down again, just as powerfully as the first stroke. She grunts harder, her "ow" taking on a bit of a squealy note to it, then she sucks a few breaths before she gets herself together enough to apologize.

I prefer not to stop during spankings, at least not unless it's intentional and a part of whatever I have in mind. I keep going, spanking Becky's bare bottom with a steady rhythm that has the paddle coming up for the next stroke as soon as she finishes squeaking out her apology. I know ten strokes will leave her bottom stinging her hard. And I know they'll hurt. Just as I know that the sting will fade quickly. By morning she won't feel a thing. In an hour her bottom will only be sore to the touch. But now, over my knees, I know she's feeling it. Feeling my disapproval as much as she's feeling the paddle's sting.

By the last stroke, her eyes are wet and her voice has a light sobbing to it, but she's not crying yet. It's exactly where I wanted her. I set the paddle across her shoulders, leaving her over my knees for a second. My fingertip traces slowly along her slit again, feeling that now she's wet there, and the fur closest to her slit is damp. I keep stroking my fingertip up and down the line of her slit, never allowing it to slip between her lips.

She's squirming uncomfortably as the spanking ends. But she quickly stills. I tease her slit another few seconds. Her breaths get a little deeper. "Just to make sure slutty little butt has learned its lesson, *you* will teach Daniel his lesson in patience tonight. Is that clear," I start sliding my finger slowly into her pussy. I feel her heat. Inside she's very wet already. The tip of my finger eases into her tunnel, and I feel her walls snuggling it. "bitch."

Becky purrs as my finger slides in. "Yes, Ma'am." She says with that breathiness in her voice that tells me I've already gotten through to her. As if the hot wet pussy didn't! It's clear she's getting very excited.

My finger slips from her pussy after only one stroke. But it was a deep stroke, all of my finger sliding into her eager pussy before slipping back out. I lift her shoulder off my knees, putting her on her knees beside me.

I get up, leaving the paddle behind, and have Becky follow me the few steps back to where Daniel is tied on all fours. His cock sticks straight down, his small balls not covering too much of it. But most importantly, there's no way anything but air can touch his shaft. No matter what he does while he's tied like that. He can only kneel and wait, hoping for the touch it's eager for. Plus it puts Becky's eyes right at the level of his balls, with her standing behind the table, between his feet.

I have her stand there, her feet a foot apart in case I want to get to her pussy. I tell her to very loosely wrap her hand around Daniel's cock. When she does, I have her start stroking up and down slowly. Immediately I have her loosen her grip so that it's so loose that her hand is more gliding over the skin of his cock than masturbating the shaft. I have her hand taking full strokes, going up until her hand is flat against his pubes and down until his cock is completely out of her hand, its tip only touching her, not in her grip. And I have her going very slowly. Very, very slowly. I'm not timing her, but I'd bet a full stroke, up and down, is taking around seven or eight seconds even with his short length.

I let her go, standing beside her for a minute. Then I take the tip of my finger and slowly draw it up from her lips, through the crack of her bottom, until it's lightly touching her tensed asshole. I don't enter her. I tenderly massage the muscle of her ring with the pad of my finger for a minute. "That's a good bitch..." I coo with some honey in my voice, "just tease than naughty little pecker than you seem like so much that you were a naughty little girl for your slut-sitter." I tease a few more seconds, hearing her breaths getting a little deeper before I take my finger away.

It's only been less than two minutes. Already Daniel is purring sweet erotic moans as Becky strokes his shaft as slowly and lightly as she can. Now that I have Daniel's attention, I push Becky's head forward, leaning her over the end of the table and putting her lips right atop Daniel's little balls. "now kiss those!" I say firmly. She kisses them lightly, her tongue swirling across his sack. I keep her tongue there, teasing away as the goosebumps erupt over his sack. Daniel purrs a little louder, a little more urgently with her tongue at work.

I slowly circle around the table, watching Becky as she works on him to ensure she's doing exactly what I want her to, and watching Daniel closely for any signs that she's going to finish him. He's not allowed to climax now. Waiting for that will definitely teach him some patience!

I make him wait for about five more minutes. It's long enough to get him purring urgently, but not long enough that Becky's modest attentions have gotten him close to climaxing. Just past wanting, more needing, too. I stop in front of him and lift his head up. "Too bad no real woman would touch you with such a little pecker down there! Have you ever even see an attractive female body? Probably not, and if so she ran when she saw what you had to offer her!

"Slave! Come." I snap sweetly. In two seconds Sophie is beside me. "Show this worthless fuck-toy what pretty boobs look like."

"Yes, my wonderful Mistress!" Sophie squeals not even trying to hide the girlish delight in her voice. She rolls the top of her stretchy dress

down, baring her breasts. She cups her hands under them to flaunt them before Daniel's eyes. Sophie's breasts are about the same size and shape as Becky's. But Sophie's are youthfully firm; they have almost no softness to them, and then don't hang down a bit. Her skin a scant shade whiter than Becky's, but her nipples are a couple of shades darker, with a very slight purplish tinge to them. And a touch wider, poking out a full ¼" when they're steely hard, which they are now. She has wider rings of color, the same shade as Becky's and lighter than her own nipples, around them. Sophie has some very cute breasts. The men I've shown them to have unanimously agreed on that. Most of the ladies admitted it, too.

Sophie wiggles her breasts, flaunting them shamelessly before Daniel's eyes. Daniel watches just as eagerly. His moans deep a little telling me that he likes her breasts, too. His eyes definitely don't leave them. I let Sophie tease him for a couple of minutes, taking another circuit around the table to make sure Becky is still behaving. "That's enough, slave, quit being such a shameless slut!"

Sophie giggles again as she tucks her boobs back in her dress.

This little tease goes on for about fifteen minutes before I see the first tingles of twitches in his cock. He's getting close, but not yet right on the edge of climaxing. Close enough for the moment. I tell Becky to "give that little thing a rest before it explodes!" Her hand slips down and off his cock.

Daniel moans with the frustration as if he thinks he's waited long enough.

I pull Daniel's cheeks wide apart to bare his deep brown-purple asshole. While his ring is a bit larger than Becky's, it's just as tight. I know, I've played in both their bottoms. I stretch it wide, pulling it's little wrinkles smooth and hold it there. "kiss, bitch." I say it firmly.

Becky hesitantly lowers her lips to his muscle. She puts her lips around its outside, then swirls her tongue around the inside rim of his ring.

Daniel screeches a tortured, but very erotic, cry. "Oh, you want to squeal like a girl, do you?" I bully-taunt him, "fine, then this bitch can just keep making you squeal!" I grin. Sophie grins. Becky keeps tongue-teasing his asshole. Daniel keeps squealing. And trying to squirm. Trying hard, but not getting very far. Those straps have him pinned fairly snugly to the frame.

I make her go a full five minutes, giving his cock a break from the direct stimulation, but not giving him a break from the arousal. His squeals and squirms are all I need to know that Becky's tongue is doing a good job of that!

Then it's another round of slowly stroking his cock, exactly the same way she was before. The only difference is this time I have Sophie tease him but flaunting her bottom instead of her breasts. And like a typical man, I can see that Daniel appreciates her tight round little butt while also trying hard to catch a glimpse of her pussy.

He manages to last the fifteen minutes I want, but barely. And I do mean barely. When Becky stops I can already see the first drop of his cum glistening on the tip of his cock. Yep, he's ready to cum!

I stop Becky, taking hold of her hand and pulling it from his cock. I hold it up, ball her fist up leaving only the first finger standing straight up. I squeeze a little drop of lube on the tip of her finger. I move her hands for her, knowing that Becky has never done this before and that Daniel likes it. I put the thumb of her other hand to the little bit of skin between his balls and his asshole. I spread his cheeks with my left hand and put the tip of her greased finger to his asshole.

I watch his muscle clench tight to resist. I just grin and slowly press her finger more and more firmly onto his muscle. After a second her finger starts easing into his ring. "That's a good bitch!" I taunt her, "I don't mind if your finger pokes around in all that poopy!" I keep her finger slipping steadily into his bottom. Daniel purrs as loudly as he grunts while Becky's finger slides into him.

Once her finger is all the way into his bottom, I instruct her to curl her finger up so that the tip of it is pressing against his insides just under his asshole. He grunts a little uncomfortably as her finger moves inside him. I have her hold her thumb still as she gently massages her finger over the hard walnut of his prostate.

It only takes about two seconds for Daniel's hips to start squirming hard. I make sure Becky's hands stay in place, moving with his little wiggles. A few seconds after that he starts purring. His purr very quickly gets very loud and urgent. I keep her going, even when I see his hard cock starting to jump around as the tingles shooting from his gland get his cock muscles twitching.

Daniel looks like he's about to climax, but I know he's not. I've tested it. This will tease him and torture him, but it won't push him over the edge. He just squirms desperately against the straps. Straps that he has no chance of getting free of.

I make him suffer through five very enjoyable minutes of that before I stop Becky by pulling her finger from his bottom. I don't give her a chance to wipe that finger off either. I start her back to work stroking his cock and teasing his balls with her tongue.

He suffers another fifteen minutes of that, but once, after about ten minutes, I have to slide Becky's hand from his cock for a moment so he doesn't cum. I pass the moment I give him to ebb away from that orgasm but having Becky kiss her way down from his balls to the tip of his cock and back up a couple of times. Which drives him crazy, but also lets his arousal ebb just a hair.

Then he gets another "rest." If five minutes of Becky licking his asshole sweetly while Sophie finally flaunts her very puffy and hot pussy for his eyes counts as a rest. His eyes never leave Sophie's pussy, even as his squealing moans grow quite eager.

And then Becky is stroking his cock again. This time, there's no hope of him lasting fifteen straight minutes. I don't even try. I have her

stroke it for two minutes, then slowly kiss her way down to the tip of his cock, lick the very tip with her tongue, and kiss her way back up before starting to stroke him again.

By the end, Daniel is all but crying he wants to climax so badly. I have Becky put her tongue to the tip of his cock with her hand steadying the shaft, but not moving, and keep her tongue gliding over the tip. Then I ask Daniel "Are you feeling impatient now?"

"YES, Ma'am!" Daniel blurts out very eagerly, his voice sounding strained and anguished.

"No," I say it plainly. I swat his bottom hard with my hand, getting a little flinch from him. "I don't think you've learned how to be patient yet. You're just so eager for that teensy cock to cum you're trying to pretend you've learned your lesson!"

I untie him from the frame but leave his hands tied behind him. That way, he can't get to his cock. Which something in his voice tells me he might try to do if he could. It takes him a long minute to climb off that table without his hands.

Once he's off the table, I lift the frame off of it. It's heavy, but not so heavy that I strain to lift it. I just set it on the floor for now. Sophie can put it in the closet later. I tell Becky to get up on the table. She looks at me with most wary eyes as she very hesitantly climbs up on the table.

I have Becky lie in the center of the table on her back. I move her legs for her, spreading them wide, putting her knees at the edges of the table and leaving her feet and calves hanging off the sides. I pull her feet together under the table, or as close as I can get them together, and tie them with a strap around her ankle. Then I pull her wrists under the table and tie them there. It has her thighs splayed wide, and her pussy on full display. And offers totally unhindered access to her pussy.

I bring Daniel close up beside the table, standing him alongside even with Becky's waist. "Daniel, have you ever seen two girls have sex?"

"No, Ma'am." He answers.

"Have you ever imagined a very pretty girl eating this naughty bitch's pussy?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Daniel answers.

Becky's eyes about bug out of her head. I know that she's never done anything with a woman. Nothing more than allowing me to simply touch her and direct her sex with Daniel. Well, and today she allowed Sophie to touch her, but Sophie would have had gloves on so that doesn't count. And I know that Becky has always said that she's "turned off" by the idea of another woman. But her pussy hasn't minded my touches one bit. My tender touches seem to make that pussy get very hot very quickly. So I suspect her "strictly-straight" stance is just another facade she puts on. And I'm going to find out.

I snap my fingers. Sophie's dress hits the floor. "Tease, slave." I point to Becky's furry pussy. Sophie hurries to get up on the table, her knees at the very edge of it. She leans forward, putting her lips close to Becky's pussy.

"I don't--" Becky screeches out.

I slap her face, cutting her words off. "Shut up, bitch."

A fraction of a second later Becky purrs out a deep moan as Sophie's skilled tongue gets to work. I've told her to tease, not to eat, Becky's pussy. Tease means for Sophie to just that, tease her. Without a shred of mercy.

Becky starts squirming as much as she can.

Sophie slowly draws her tongue along Becky's pinkness. Her tongue never stops moving, swirling around Becky's clit, but only once, then licking its way down the sensitive fold of an inner lip. Once she gets all the way down to Becky's pussy, her tongue swirls around the entrance once, then slips in and takes another lap before making a final swirl

around the rim. She traces her tongue back up along the fold of Becky's other lip right to Becky's hungry clit and swirls her tongue softly around that. Repeat. And repeat. And repeat.

I think Becky was going object and insist that she doesn't "go this way." That's how she's always said it, that she "doesn't go that way." Whatever objection I slapped back appears to be forgotten. She purrs the sweetest moans now. I watch those hips as they squirm. Tied as she is, she has much more leeway to wiggle than Daniel did. Her hips can move an inch or two in every direction. She can even raise them up a bit. I watch as she tries all of that, her wiggles growing increasingly urgent. Even as she squirms, I see the muscles in her thighs growing tenser, as if they want to clamp onto Sophie's head. Which they might if the table weren't holding her legs apart.

Daniel is definitely liking the show. Then again, he has a penis, so girl-on-girl is a guaranteed hit with him. I push his head close, making sure he gets a long eyeful of the tip of Sophie's delicate tongue stroking leisurely over Becky's most sensitive places. Unnecessarily I hold his head there, making sure he watches several circuits of that tongue.

After a minute, maybe two, of Daniel watching close up I pull his head back. I wrap my hand around his stiff cock and use it for a leash to walk him around to Becky's feet. With Sophie leaning so far forward her cheeks are pulled taut, her rounded and firm globes separating at the crack to bare her asshole. Her very prominent pussy mound pokes out behind her thighs, almost begging for some attention. And it's noticeably wet. I let him get a close up look at her puffy lips and the wide gash of her slit where her inner lips slip out between her outer ones. And a whiff of her light musky scent. Then I nudge his head to kiss Sophie, once on the center of each cheek, then once directly on her tight asshole. "Thank my slave for teasing Becky for you. I'm sure Becky is appreciating finally being tongued by someone who knows what she's doing, instead of a horny little clueless boy!" Sophie doesn't show any reaction at his tongue and lips on her nervy ring, but I see the goosebumps erupting around his

lips. That tells me she's feeling it.

This time I use the leash still dangling from the chain collar around Daniel's neck to walk him two steps up to Becky's side. As she squirms on the table, her soft breasts jiggling lightly even as they lie flat on her chest. I push his head down and tell him to "tend to her nipples since a real tongue is tending to the more important places." His lips take the closer nipple into them. Becky purrs her moans an octave higher.

I keep Daniel moving between her breasts, making sure they both get equal attention from him. Otherwise, I watch the Becky show. It's only a couple of minutes before she moaning loudly. And arching her stomach up, her bottom rising off the table. My straps have her knees and shoulders pinned to the table, but she's arched up so high that it's all of her still on the table. With her bottom up she wiggles furiously, trying to grind her pussy against Sophie's face. Sophie lets her head move with Becky's hips, negating any effect of Becky's squirms.

I swat Daniel's bottom again as I tell him to move to her other breast. I find the hand spankings get his attention.

I make Becky lie there and suffer for a good twenty minutes, which I'm sure feels like an eternity to her as her arousal slowly builds. She has to know this won't finish her off, just make her feel the tender strokes of Sophie's tongue teasing her most sensitive flesh over and over again.

"Do you think Becky is getting impatient for an orgasm?" I ask Daniel.

"Yes, Ma'am," he answers. His voice tells me that he's just as impatient to see it.

I spank his bottom again. "That's for thinking with your little pecker! You want to watch her cum, don't you?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

I spank him a little harder. "That's for thinking with your dick.

Try thinking with the bigger head for once!" I sigh deep and long. "Becky... do you want to cum now?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Becky answers surely in a voice as breathy as I've ever heard from her. Her hips wiggle just a little more urgently as she thinks about cumming.

"Well, you can't!" I laugh out loud. "You don't go this way, remember, bitch!" I keep laughing.

Becky moans out hard with frustration, then resumes moaning guttural purrs. She keeps squirming around, too. Her stomach keeps coming up, pulling her back into a high arch, too.

I put Daniel back to work, kissing his way over Becky's shoulders and especially the base of her neck, as well as her chest and breasts. Sophie keeps working. The obedient slave that she is, she won't think of even easing up on Becky until I say to.

I leave Becky to suffer another ten long minutes of the sweet agony. "slave, that pussy is getting very skanky..." The coat of Becky's honey clinging to Sophie's face around her fine lips is a sure sign that Becky is very wet. "clean that skank pit out, then resume."

I push Daniel's head for him to watch very closely.

Sophie, still holding Becky's lips wide apart to bare all of her "secret" pinkness, moves her lips down to the entrance of Becky's pussy. She puckers her lips a little as she widens them barely enough to surround Becky's meaty walls. She sucks, not too hard, but enough to very lightly draw the rim of Becky's walls out a hair and into her lips. Then Sophie's tongue slips in, reaching as deeply into Becky's spongy walls as it can. Sophie's tongue moves leisurely as she swirls it around inside Becky's walls, licking off as much of Becky's honey as she possibly can.

Becky screeches a loud and urgent, but erotically sweet, cry. She squirms with a renewed and truly urgent vigor. After a few seconds, I see the tendon staining in her neck. Then I'm treated to the sight of her head

lifting up and beating back against the padded table over and over.

It's probably half a minute before Sophie decides she's gotten all of the honey she possibly can from Becky's pussy. She starts up, taking a tender fold of flesh in her lips and sucks that as her head rises up towards Becky's throbbing clit. Sophie sucks the other lip clean. She takes her tongue and licks up Becky's hot pink flesh like it's an ice cream cone. Then she's back teasing as she was before cleaning Becky's pussy up with her tongue.

Becky wiggles desperate and purrs needy moans.

"Bitch..." I coo teasingly, "would you like *girl* slave to eat your pussy and make you cum now?"

"Y-Yes, Ma'am!" Becky blurts out with a stutter to her voice.

"Too bad you don't go my way, isn't it, bitch. I might let her... but since you don't do girls, you'll suffer!" I giggle like a schoolgirl as I put Daniel back to work on Becky's chest and shoulders.

Ten minutes later Becky's pussy is sloppy wet again. I ask her "bitch... do you want to admit your pussy likes girls now?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Becky squeaks out over her moans.

"Yes, Ma'am, what, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am, my pussy loves girls Ma'am!"

"Does that sloppy little skank pit want to cum now?"

"Yes, Ma'am!"

"Ask. If you're polite enough I might allow you to."

"Miss Rodgers, Ma'am, may I please cum, Ma'am, please Ma'am, may I please cum, like this, Ma'am?" Becky pleases in a breathy voice over her moans.

I laugh hard. "Fine, bitch, go ahead and cum." But I don't tell

Sophie to do anything differently. Sophie continues on, lazily licking her teases on Becky's throbbing clit and hungry pussy.

Becky lies squirming for a moment, then cries out desperately "I can't!"

I keep right on laughing. "Duh! You cum when I want you to, not when that naive little pussy wants to. Now lie there and be patient, bitch!"

I put Daniel back to work, letting him tenderly kiss all of Becky's flushed, squirming body. Except for the parts that are Sophie's domain.

Ten minutes later I taunt Becky again, "do you want me to use my girl and make that pussy cum, now bitch? Ready to admit you like girls eating your pussy?"

"Yes, Ma'am!!! Will you please make me cum Ma'am?"

I laugh. "Not if that's the best you can ask. Clearly, you're not eager enough to cum yet. Be patient, bitch!"

Ten minutes later I give Becky another chance to ask me. "Miss Rodgers, Ma'am, please! I'm begging you, Ma'am, please. I'm sorry I lied! I love it when a girl licks my pussy, Ma'am! I love it too much, Ma'am! Please, Ma'am, please, don't make me suffer anymore. Please, Miss Rodgers, will you please allow me to cum, Ma'am?"

I'm a sucker for a good begging. "If I allow my slave to make you cum, will you be a very good girl afterward and thank us like the little slutty dyke bitch you are?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Becky blurts out eagerly, "I'll do anything you want me to, Ma'am! Anything! Just please, let her make me cum!"

"slave, eat pussy." I sigh.

Sophie puts her lips to Becky's clit, surrounding the little nub. She sucks gently on it, swirling the tip of her tongue over the top of the nub.

Only now her delicate feminine tongue stays on the aching little stone of Becky's nub, swirling endlessly around it.

Becky moans a very deep and sweet moan. Then another, her hips squirming harder than ever as her legs strain with all their strength to close. Becky screams out a moan of pure sweet agony as her hips snap crisply up. Her hips fall. She screams on until she's out of breath. Then she lies there, shuddering hard and screeching primal moans as the orgasm washes over her.

After a minute I have Sophie stop and get down. I send her to wash her face quickly and then to the kitchen to brew a pot of coffee. I have her make it a special pot, meaning one of my favorite coffee creations. Her choice of recipe.

Becky lies there, lightly shivering away and panting. I untie her. She lies there, not even trying to move, basking in the afterglow of her orgasm.

I leave Daniel's hands tied tightly behind him. I never trust a man with a hard dick, and he has been hard for a very long time now. I pass a few minutes scolding Daniel once again for his impatience in having Becky write to me for him. While I scold him, I hold his hard cock in my hand, squeezing it lightly, but firmly.

Finally, I release Daniel's cock and take his leash. I walk him to a corner of the living room and tell him to stand there like the naughty boy he's been. Then I return to the playroom, where a few light slaps to her face gets Becky's full attention.

A couple of minutes later I'm sitting on my sofa with Sophie beside me. Becky is on her knees before us. It's the first time she's ever humbled herself like this, and I can see on her face that she's humiliated to be here, but also that she absolutely loves it. Or more likely loves that I saw through her facade and brought out the real Becky.

She's still naked, kneeling with her knees spread their widest and

her feet even with them. She's sitting back on her heels. Her hands are held out flat, palms up, together six inches in front, and even with, the hard little rocks of her nipples. Atop her hands, there's a little serving platter holding two cups of Sophie's coffee.

Sophie has made one of my favorite coffee creations. It's flavored with a touch of Amaretto, real liquor not flavoring, and sweetened with honey.

Becky kneels still, her hands serving as my coffee table. I sip my coffee. Sophie sips hers; it's her treat for being such a good slave for me: she gets to be served by a slave.

I tell Daniel to turn around and see "this bitch serve real women like the weak little bitch she is." Daniel obediently turns around. His cock is still stiff, but I can tell by the look on his face that it really excites him to see Becky on her knees like a slave girl. I take my time, leisurely sipping my coffee.

Only once both Sophie and I have finished our cup do I take Daniel by his leash and walk him over to where we're sitting. After I send Becky to wash the cups by hand and she's returned to her knees before us. I ask Daniel if he's learned to be patient yet.

"Oh, YES! Ma'am!" Daniel says so eagerly and firmly.

I sigh, "And I suppose you want to cum now, too, don't you, my tiny-peckered little boy?"

"Yes, Ma'am, may I please be allowed to cum now, Ma'am?"

"bitch, lick the head of that cock. Tongue only, no hands or lips."

Becky licks her tongue over the swollen head of Daniel's cock. His cock starts twitching hard and jumping around. I give it a minute of this tease. Then I tell her to "show me what a slutty blow job she can give."

Becky takes his cock into her mouth, wrapping her hand around its base. She sucks, taking maybe three inches of his meager length into her

mouth and stroking his shaft between her lips and his pubes with her hand. I let him have about ten seconds of that.

"You call that a blow job?" I taunt in my best bully voice. "No wonder you married a boy with such a tiny cock! You haven't a clue what to do with a dick!" I grab her short hair and pull her head back, maybe a foot, from his cock. "Slave, show her."

Sophie scrambles to get on her knees beside Becky. She stretches her mouth wide open. With her hands behind her back, she takes his cock into her mouth. She moves casually, not hurrying anything along, as she slowly takes his shaft into her mouth. Unlike Becky, Sophie takes every speck of his hardness into her mouth and throat, her lips touching his pubes and balls before she reverses her stroke, coming back up until half the fat purple head of his cock has emerged from her lips. Then she's going back down, in a continuous rhythm.

Daniel moans out the hottest, most eager moan. And he keeps moaning just as hungrily through all five of the strokes Sophie gives him before releasing his cock. He moans out with frustration and abject disappointment that she doesn't appear to be finishing what she's started. While Sophie sucks him, I hold Becky's head close and make her watch as Sophie sucks her husband's cock. And make her hear that he likes Sophie's mouth so much better than hers.

"See, bitch, that how a girl sucks a cock. See how much more even this little boy likes it! Just imagine if he had a whole cock to feel her sweet mouth on!"

I sigh. "Well, he doesn't deserve anything that good tonight. Naughty boys don't get enjoyable orgasms here." I turn to Daniel, "had you been a patient little boy, I just might have let my slave do that. Or taught this useless bitch how to please a boy. But you were impatient, so no treats for you tonight. And so not for that cock!"

I turn back to the kneeling Becky. "You'll do for this boy." I have her start stroking his cock again with her hand. I nudge her head to the

tip of his cock, pinching her jaw to part her lips a bit. I push her forward just a hair, putting only the tip of his cock between her teeth. I hold her head steady so all she can do is close her lips around the bulbous head of his cock while she's stroking it.

This time I have her stroking it with her grip a little more snug around it. It doesn't take him long. Maybe a minute and a half, two minutes top, and I see the twitches at his hips that tell me he's about to cum. A few seconds later I see the crisp snap of his hips as he cums.

With Becky's mouth there on the tip of his cock, his cum squirts into her mouth. I see her flinch hard at the unaccustomed sensation, and taste, of his salty hot cream, hitting the back of her mouth. I swat her bottom lightly with my crop. "Swallow, bitch!" I see her cringe, but also swallow, his cum. I keep her stroking his cock until the twitches fade and I know he's finished.

I'm done with them now. I have Sophie fetch their clothes and bring me Becky's. Sophie gets to untie Daniel's hands and take the collar off his neck, then she returns his clothes, making him dress one item at a time. Once he's fully dressed, she kicks him out to the hallway.

I give Sophie Becky's clothes and tell her to "check this bitch" carefully before letting her dress. Sophie calls Becky over to her, and Becky comes over reluctantly, already resigned to another poking.

Sophie makes Becky show her every speck of her naked body. When she gets to Becky's pussy, Becky leaning over with her legs spread and her hands on her legs, Sophie loudly announces "this bitch is still very skanky, Mistress!" She announces it with her finger still and buried inside Becky's pussy.

"Just fix it, slave, and toss her back to her gutter."

Sophie giggles hard. She leaves her finger where it is, fully inside Becky's pussy. She puts her thumb to Becky's clit and starts rhythmically rubbing it. Becky immediately purrs a loud moan. She shudders, her hips

squirming just as quickly. She moans loudly. I come over and stand beside Becky with my crop. I give her a very light tap on her bare bottom, nicely poked up for Sophie, and sternly warn her "don't be a gutter whore, just stand there while she fixes that for you." I tab her other cheek with the crop. Becky stands, shuddering, hips squirming, and moaning sweetly as Sophie very expertly brings Becky off again.

Becky cums with a loud screeched moan, but not nearly as intensely as she did the first time. But I didn't want her to. As it is, with just this little rubbing, she almost loses her legs and falls on her face.

As soon as Sophie is finished, the final waves of orgasm just sweeping over Becky, Sophie moves along and pokes Becky's butt.

Becky stands with dreamy eyes and rubbery legs.

Sophie holds out Becky's panties. They're white cotton with little flowers on them, not exactly sexy, but not overly modest either. "Oh, lookie!" Sophie squeals with girlish delight, "My Mistress has autographed them for you!" Sophie holds them up so Becky can see what I've done. With a Sharpie marker, in good-sized letters, I've written "A girl ate this pussy" over the front of them, and "and I loved it " across her bottom.

Becky cringes as she sees it. But obediently she asks Sophie "May I please be allowed to put my panties on, Miss slave?"

Sophie hands them over, and Becky pulls them on. I snap a quick picture of Becky, full-frontal, nude except for the panties. Sophie holds out Becky's bra for her.

A few minutes later Becky is ushered out to the hall, where to no one's surprise Daniel is still waiting for her. "It only took so long because her pussy was just too sloppy wet to send her home!" Sophie giggles to Daniel, "I had to fix it's little problem before she could go!" She slams the door.

I wait about five minutes, then text Daniel the picture of Becky in

her panties.