

The Playtoy With Boyfriend On Her Brain



Nadezhda Sarankhova

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Author's Note:

Mistress Pepper and Sophie are “anonymized” versions of me and my slave-girl. The real me. All of my stories are (or should I say will be) my memories of a session with a sub. Thus, they are true stories. Only in this version details have been changed to protect the sub. I do live in Mobile about 10 months of the year (the remaining two I spend in Nizhny Novgorod, Russia, where my father is from and lives), and almost all of my subs live in Mobile or a bordering county. I’m originally from Baldwin County, next door to Mobile. I moved across the bay to attend USA. As is/did Mistress Pepper. But I’m not a blond. And you’ll most definitely have to guess at my bra size! If you got this story on my web site, the picture on the cover isn’t really the sub. It’s just a picture that looks close to it that I found online thanks to Yandex.

The complete archives of all my public-version stories are available on my website.

If you want to be notified of new stories, just subscribe to my mailing list and you’ll get a link whenever a new story is posted, whether it’s published on another site or not.

And remember, the names and such have been changed in this version to protect the slutty. Only Princess Lilly appears as herself. But she truly has no concept of shame. Check out my blog, also on the member's pages of my website, if you want. Her picture is there. Isn't she so cute!

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Brain*

The PlayToy With Boyfriend On Her Brain

Introduction:

In case this is the first of my stories you've read, there are a few things I've skipped over in this story since there are several other stories I've written about this same sub. I tend to write a story after almost all of my sessions with my toys. But I publish very few of them online. All of them are available free on my web site to my friends. Many more are available in a "public version" (in which the names and identifying details have been changed to protect the shame of my sub), also for free, to "members" of my web site (free to join, and so NO spam!). And the latest four stories are always available to anyone, free, to the world, no questions asked, no membership required.

My name is Pepper Rodgers. I'm a 20-year-old Domme, living downtown Mobile, Alabama. I have a decently well-stocked playroom in the second bedroom of my fourth-floor apartment (most of my neighbors are corporate types who aren't always around, giving me a lot of privacy, even in the halls and elevators). I also have a decently stocked toybox. I prefer my toys to be older than I am, around 30-42 years old. I prefer men for myself, however not for my toybox. When it comes to toys, I find women and couples to be far more amusing. Single men tend to be needier, and often too clingy. But that doesn't mean I don't have a few of them in my toybox. I do. They just don't have the same chances of getting there as couples and single women do.

I'm petite. Actually more "tiny" than petite. I'm 5' 1.75" and 91 pounds. I'm not bony, though, I've curvy, like a small-sized woman. I have blond hair down to my shoulders and blue eyes. Oh, and my chest is the only

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place I'm not small. I'm a 32-D, and I'm very pert. Which makes me popular with the boys.

I'm also slightly bisexual. I'm attracted to men, not women. I would never choose a female partner for even a date, let alone for sex. But I'm not opposed to masturbating with a female toy. Sophie happens to be my favorite sex toy to pleasure myself with. Her tongue has two big advantages over my vibrator: one, it's very delicate and tender. Two, no matter how much I use it, its batteries never die at the worst possible moment! It's better than fresh bunny batteries, it just keeps going until I want it to stop. And I don't even have to hold it in place!

When I want sex I never use one of my toys. I never allow a toy to touch, or even see, all of me. And I never bring a toy to my bedroom. Nor do I chose a woman. I pick a man, usually one I find in a club or cafe, or wherever. I flirt, dance dirty a little and if he meets my standards, I ask if he's interested in a one-time-only, no-names-exchanged, hook-up. I've never been turned down.

I have a few standards for my hook-ups. I never pick a guy I know or even just see around. And I insist on a cock between 7 and 9" long and 1.5" across, plus or minus a small bit. I won't touch a guy who isn't circumcised, either. I hate the way the foreskin feels inside me. I want to feel that fat head. The dirty dancing gives me plenty of time to tease a guy hard and feel for myself what he's got. It's the only way not to be disappointed. Guys always lie about their equipment!

Sophie is my 20-year-old live-in slave-girl. She's slightly petite at 5'4" and 119 pounds. She's pretty, too, with long honey-blond hair, green eyes, and a 34-B chest.

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Sophie is extremely devoted to me. So devoted, and so happy as my slave, that despite not being attracted to women, she's a virgin with men. She serves and pleasures only me, and those I give her to. And while I use her, even with my male toys, I won't allow any man to touch her pussy or penetrate her bottom. Those are mine. Only mine. I've owned her since she graduated high school, but I've known her longer. Since about two months after her 18th birthday, which was also about two months before she finished high school.

Paige is my 19-year-old house-slave and slave-whore. It's a role she definitely loves. She lives with me, too. In a kennel, in the playroom. Like Sophie, she came to me during her final year of high school, just after her 18th birthday. Paige does most of the chores around the house, which leaves Sophie free to cater more closely to me. Paige is also my whore. Whenever I need a female body to torment one of my toys, it's Paige's body I use. And Paige definitely doesn't mind it.

Paige is a rather lean girl. She stands about 5'6" tall, but weighs only 112 pounds. It gives her a slightly stickish figure, with only the gentlest of feminine curves to her waist and hips. But she does have a pair of rather perky, and slightly pointy, 34-B breasts with wide nipples. She has honey brown hair that's long and curly with green eyes.

I believe in taking good care of my slaves. Including their education. Sophie is now a sophomore at Bishop State College where she's studying to become a vet technician. Paige, a year behind her in school, is beginning her freshman year at Bishop. Before they became mine,

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both girls were mediocre students, and neither had the grades to get into a four-year university. Now they're straight-A students. I wouldn't accept anything less. Both should easily be able to transfer to USA for their last two years of college and earn degrees that would allow them to actually get a decent job. They might not need to work while they're mine, but I want them to have their education and options down the line.

I have three BFFs, (Isabelle, Reagan, and Ellie) none of whom are into my little games. But all of whom occasionally creep into my stories. After all, they are my BFFs so they tend to be around. Luckily they're not offended by anything they happen to see. They're just not eager for me to put on a show on their account.

I also have a circle of five other women friends, all of whom are Dommies as well. Andrea (28), Janelle (36), Colette (40), Diane (44), and Olive (46). we usually get together every couple of weeks for coffee and a little chat about who's doing what to whom lately. We sometimes share, or loan, our toys to each other, but not that often. Sometimes we do a favor for each other, such as providing something different for a toy. Mostly we do what girls do: we gossip.

I get all of my toys through networking. It's almost always either one of the women in our circle who has a toy she doesn't want and offers to point it at another who is interested. Or sometimes one of my toys tells someone, who tells someone, and so on until someone asks my toy to introduce someone to me. Rarely it's someone I don't play with, but who knows what I'm into, who asks me to meet someone. I get plenty of emails inquiring about

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meeting me, and while I will email and maybe chat with a sub online, I haven't yet met any. I won't rule it out, but meeting online is risky enough that someone would have to convince me before I'd think about it. A girl's gotta be careful!

Most of my stories are from the months I spend in Mobile. I very seldom publish any of the few stories from my time in Russia. That's because Putin's Russia isn't as enlightened as America. Homosexuality is a crime there. And the courts there would deem anything between two women to qualify. However, it's a crime that's not so often prosecuted. Usually no one really cares if it's kept discrete. So while I have been known to play there as well, I've very careful who I'll play with. Only those toys that come to me with the most trusted of referrals are considered. And I keep the stories private. I'm definitely not going to advertise what I've done there.

I have dual citizenship. That's a benefit the Russian government bestowed upon me because my father was a junior diplomat at the time. Sophie goes with me to Russia. She, obviously, is an American citizen. She only speaks about five words of Russian, too. But she never leaves my side. And she does wear her collar, much to the dismay of the TSA screeners. That shiny padlock holding it around her neck is not a friend to their scanners. Paige, however, doesn't get to take the trips. I usually leave her with my mom, who enjoys the free house maid she uses Paige as. And, as a Domme, my mom is well versed in the proper care that Paige might need.



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Tuesday and Wednesday are my busy days this semester. They're so busy that I'm lucky to get about five hours of sleep. I'm never done until after 22:00 those days. It means those are days I just don't have time to see my toys.

Naturally, it's those days when a few of my toys like to misbehave. Shawna, however, isn't usually one of them. She's normally a fairly obedient girl. She's been mine for over a year now, since soon after her 18th birthday.

Shawna is a cute girl. She's thin and petite. But she's never going to be the homecoming queen, either. She's more... decidedly average. Cute enough to have plenty of opportunities to date, but not gorgeous where she has boys falling at her feet either. Just average.

And submissive, in a slightly unique way. It didn't take me long to figure out what Shawna likes and needs. Or to figure out that she could be amusing in my toybox.

About six months ago I decided to give her a boyfriend. I picked a guy named Jack. He's a little less than a year older than Shawna. He's moderately on the geeky side, too. He's not hunky or built like a linebacker. But he is very smart. Smart enough that I figure someday he'll make a good bit of money on the next web craze. Or something like that. He's a computer science major, specializing in hardware design for special purposes. I'm not exactly sure what he builds, but he seems to be doing well at it. And he's kind.

But most importantly, he accepts that Shawna belongs to me. Jack isn't one of my toys. Nor does he have any desire to be. That's fine with me. I know Jack through another friend, a guy my BFF #1 knows from several of her classes who takes care of my computer stuff.

I knew Jack didn't have too much luck with the girls. So one day, while he was working on something for me, I asked him if he might like a couple of dates with various toys of mine. He already knew what I'm into, I don't make much of a secret about it. He made it clear that he didn't want to play but would be glad to go out with a girl if I

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wanted him to. I sent him out with a couple of my toys. Those dates went as I'd wanted them to.

Then I got the idea to give Shawna a boyfriend. So I had a talk with Jack. I showed him her picture and asked if he would like her for a girlfriend. He said he would. By then he'd dated a few of my toys and knew that Shawna would be as nice as I wanted her to be. So I explained to him that he might be her boyfriend, but I will still own Shawna. Nothing was ever going to change that. He said he could accept that.

So I laid out the "rules" for having Shawna. Assuming that Shawna wasn't in trouble with me, I would allow him to take her out once per week, and see her one more time. He could call her twice per day. However, he would need my very specific permission to actually touch her. Even to just hold her hand. Plus Shawna would continue to come here and amuse me. He agreed to it.

One evening, with Jack sitting on the sofa beside Shawna, I introduced them. I told Shawna that she was now his girlfriend. She would hold his hand and hug him whenever he wanted. She would introduce him to the world as her boyfriend. She would not be dating anyone else, naturally. When they were together, their two weekly meetings, Jack was allowed to kiss her upon arrival and before leaving. I expected good kisses from her. Since Shawna doesn't go to college, there was no danger of them running into each other on campus. Nothing for me to plan for there.

Shawna obediently accepts her instructions. Jack held up his end of the agreement with me. He never pushed her to misbehave. Maybe that's because he knows that it will be Shawna who gets in trouble for it, not him.

Jack has stayed in touch with me, telling me all about Shawna and how much he likes her. I thought he would. And I know Shawna likes him, too. If they didn't, I would have ended it long ago. I want my toys to be happy.

For a couple of months now Jack has been hinting, and asking me if he could go further than a kiss with

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Shawna. If she might like that, too. I know she would. She's been telling me the same thing, just in different words. She's been telling me things like how Jack has been in her dreams.

About three months ago, I gave Jack permission to be more affectionate with his hands, as long as they stayed outside her clothes. He's respected that and been rather "handsy" with Shawna. Shawna not only doesn't mind, she likes it. A lot.

Shawna has been telling me how she can't stand it when Jack's hands are all over her. Caressing her bottom. Brushing gently over her breasts. It drives her crazy. Sweetly crazy. It has her praying that Jack will keep going, even though she knows he won't. And knowing that she'd regret it when I found out if he did. But it doesn't stop her from feeling that ache of arousal every time he touches her.

For the last couple of weeks, Shawna has been almost begging for permission to go further. Almost. She stops short of actually begging, knowing that would get her spanked. I've made it clear to her that it's not her place to ask me for anything. In their relationship, it's Jack's place to ask me. If he wants more of her, he can ask for it. And he's not to discuss it with Shawna. Not even to tell her that he wants to ask.

That's been... hard for Jack. He's been asking. I've been telling him "no," that he's going to "take things slowly." He thinks that Shawna wants to go faster, too. He's wanted to tell her that he's interested as well and that it's me holding him back. But, as far as I can find out, he hasn't. He's studiously avoided any discussion that involves me and permission.

It leaves Shawna wondering. Not knowing if Jack wants more of her or not. And that's what I want. I know that uncertainty is driving Shawna even crazier. It also reminds her very powerfully of her place. That she's merely a toy to be used for the pleasure of others. That no one really cares what she wants. Her place is to do what

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she's told. To give however much of herself that she's told to give.

This morning, when I'd read Shawna's daily email to me, she confessed to masturbating last night. That's not allowed. She's only allowed to do that when I tell her to. After all, she belongs to me. Thus her pussy belongs to me, too, since it's part of her. And thus, I decide who does what with my pussy. If I'd wanted it masturbated, I would have told her to masturbate.

I'd never let a sin like that go unpunished. Shawna needs to be reminded of her place. She needs to be reminded that she's my property. She doesn't get to decide when to do anything, even masturbate. I don't care how aroused those little thoughts of Jack are getting her. Or how badly her pussy aches for relief.

Thus I scold her harshly for it. Even though it doesn't have quite the same effect over email. I do one other thing. Since it's thoughts of Jack that "made her misbehave" I tell her that she's not allowed any contact with Jack. I don't set a time limit. I just tell her that she can't call or see him. And I text Jack, telling him what she's done and that I will punish her tomorrow when I can make the time for it. I do tell him that he won't be cut off from her for very long and that I'll call him in a bit.

I call him a couple of hours later when I have the chance. I tell him that I plan to summon Shawna at 19:00 tomorrow for her punishment. Then I tell him that it's time he and I had a "serious" talk about Shawna.

I tell him that, if he wants any more of Shawna, then there's going to be a price for it. He'll need to be more involved in "looking after" her as well. I tell him that I will not do anything to him - I'd never play with anyone who didn't want to play. But I might ask him to do something to or with a toy. Jack has a bunch of questions, as I knew he would, but he eventually agrees to the revised limits I'm setting. I think he might even see them as a relief. He has very little experience with girls and relationships. Now he has someone to steer him through what will be his first

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serious relationship. Instead of making mistakes, and running the risk of driving his girl away, he'll be shown exactly what to do. Plus he understands that Shawna is a special case. Shawna needs to be owned by someone, and that's something he just doesn't have in him. Otherwise, he thinks, Shawna could be the perfect girl.

I don't tell him my plans for Shawna's punishment. I only tell him that it will be tomorrow at 19:00. That's a little over 24 hours from now. I tell him that Shawna's mother, Natalie, will be joining Shawna at my house then. He knows that Natalie is also my toy. In fact, Natalie has been mine for around a year longer than Shawna has been. Jack has known that since before I first introduced him to Shawna. He's met her countless times by now, too. And I've always required Natalie to be humble and polite to him. To everyone. Always. She has been, too.

I ask Jack if he's willing to "take part" in Shawna's punishment. Even over the phone, I imagine that I can see the gears spinning in his head as I ask. He, smartly, realizes that I'm asking this just after telling him that he'd have to take a bigger role in "looking after" Shawna. Maybe he thinks this is a test. It's not, but if it goes badly, it might well influence which direction I send things in. Or at least how quickly they get where they're going.

He asks me only what he has to do. I don't hear any reluctance in his voice, but I do hear that edge of uncertainty as if he's diving headfirst into the deep end. And doesn't know how deep the water is!

I tell him that I'd like him to fetch Shawna and Natalie and bring them here for Shawna's punishment. I tell him that he should go to Shawna's tomorrow evening. He should flatly tell the two of them that he is taking them "to their Queen" where Shawna can "face the consequences of her disobedient sluttiness." He is to allow no questions. When asked, and I'm sure one of the girls will ask something, and both will have a million questions, he's only to firmly tell them that "you know questions aren't allowed. Ask another and I will tell your Queen that you're

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still being naughty bitches.” He repeats his “lines” to me, making sure that he has them right. I have no doubt he’ll recite them verbatim when it’s time. I suspect he’ll be rehearsing them in the meantime.

He’s also to tell them that they are not allowed to bring anything with them. Absolutely nothing beyond the “basics.” I explain to him that the basics mean: pants, shirt, bra, panties, shoes, and socks. Absolutely nothing else. Not even a belt or a hairpin. Just those six things. I tell him that it’s up to him if he wishes to trust them, or check for himself, but to treat both girls the same. He’s not to make Shawna show him her bra, or anything else, and not make Natalie do it as well. I add that condition so he doesn’t use this as an excuse to peek at Shawna. And that’s something I know he’s been dying to do. So far, I haven’t let him see Shawna less than fully dressed. Or Natalie.

He’s to drive them here. Sophie, my live-in slave-girl, and handmaiden will greet them at the door and take over the toys for him.

He tells me that he will do that. He assumes that I expect him to stay while I deal with Shawna, too. I tell him that I do, although it will be up to him what he sees or skips.

I’m sure they will be surprised when Jack shows up, unexpected, and tells them he’s bringing them to me. While both know that he knows me, so far he hasn’t been around for any of their sessions with me. In fact, he’s done almost nothing that they know about. They don’t know that he’s been emailing me about Shawna, but that’s about all they don’t know. I asked him to do that. To keep me informed about how things were going with Shawna. In detail. And to not let Shawna know he was reporting on her. He’s done that.

Now I’ll get to see how he reacts to seeing things. And then I can decide if he’s right for Shawna.

It’s not too long before I have a plan. A plan that assumes Jack will handle what he sees well. That he will do

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what I ask him to do. I have a backup plan, too, in case it's too much for Jack. And if he doesn't handle seeing Shawna punished well... there are more boys out there for Shawna. I have a couple more I could give her to right now. I won't tell Jack any of that. I'll just tell him what I'd like him to do and see if he does it. I know Shawna will love it if he does. Well, her pussy will.



Chapter Two - The Bitches

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Jack texts me at 18:00, right as I'm sitting down to supper, that he's heading for Shawna's now. Shawna and Natalie won't know he's coming. Or that anyone is. I haven't really spoken with either of them. I did email Shawna back yesterday and tell her that she'd been naughty. There would be consequences for that. I would summon her when it was convenient for me to deal with her slutty bottom. I told her that until then, she was not allowed contact with Jack, since "thinking about him" "enticed" her to misbehave. Other than that, I haven't even sent her a message. And I know Jack hasn't tried to contact her. He promised me he wouldn't.

It's going to be a huge shock for Shawna when he shows up at her door. She'll think she's going to be in even more trouble for seeing him when she's not supposed to. She'll wonder if I told Jack she was in trouble. Maybe he doesn't know not to pop over?

Then she'll be even more surprised when Jack tells her that he's taking her for her punishment. That's going to be new to Shawna. So far, Jack hasn't been around when she was with me. And even more of a shock when he tells Shawna that Natalie is coming along, too.

Since both Natalie and Shawna know that they both belong to me, I haven't bothered to keep their sessions private. At least not from each other. I've thought nothing of showing up at their house and telling both of them to strip. Or of letting them see the other doing anything.

But my favorite tease has always been to have one take a picture of the other doing something, just to prove the other's obedience to me. Such as when I've given Natalie permission to masturbate, I'll add that Natalie has to go tell Shawna that she's been given permission to masturbate and ask Shawna to take a couple of pictures of her doing it to show me. It nicely humiliates Natalie.

And I know that's what Natalie craves. She doesn't just want to be owned. She wants to be owned in the most humiliating way. It's not that uncommon for submissives to enjoy being degraded during their sessions. Or just

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anytime, if it's done intimately. More so if that's safely done publicly. I'll bet Natalie feels that ache the instant she hears that her daughter's boyfriend is taking her and Shawna to my place.

Jack arrives right on time. I'd explained that rule to him as well. My toys are to be precise when coming here. I wouldn't punish them this time if they weren't, since it's up to Jack, but Jack must be trying to keep me happy. I'm sure that's only because he wants more of Shawna, but he's on time.

Sophie answers the door. She greets Jack politely, adding "please bring these naughty bitches right on in." Sophie politely suggests that Jack take a seat on the sofa and that "my Mistress will be with you soon." I'm sure that Jack sees me coming down the hall and knows it won't even be a minute.

Just inside the front door, there's a space about six feet long before the coat closet. I keep that stretch of wall devoid of everything. It's the place where I have my toys hand their clothes over to Sophie when they arrive. I never let a toy keep its clothes in the playroom, those just get in the way.

Sophie ushers Natalie and Shawna to that empty stretch of wall. She has them stand with their backs to the wall. Their hands behind their backs. Their feet opened slightly. She has them standing close together, too, the edges of their feet touching each other's. It leaves less than an inch between their shoulders. She has them standing properly, their eyes forward. And standing silently, too.

I take a seat next to Jack, leaving just a bit of space between us. He shifts, angling a bit to face me. It puts Natalie and Shawna more behind him than to his side. But it also leaves me a good view of the girls standing on my wall. That way I can watch them

I send Sophie to fetch us both a cup of coffee. Naturally, Sophie serves us properly. On her knees, with the coffee offered out atop her upturned palms.

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I sit with Jack. Keeping my voice low, hopefully, low enough that Natalie and Shawna won't overhear, I ask Jack bluntly if Shawna is the "kind of girl he'd like to marry." He tells me that she is. Actually, he says "I'd love to marry Shawna."

So I ask the big question. One I'd put off asking him yesterday. I wanted to wait until he was sitting in front of me to ask. I begin by reminding him that if he's going to have more of a role in Shawna's life, he'd also have to take more of a role in "looking after" her. Then I ask if he's willing to help me "teach these bitches their lesson tonight."

I can see that he doesn't like the idea of me referring to Shawna as a bitch, but he says nothing about it. He says, as confidently as he can manage, that he's willing.

I accept that. It's time to see what Jack can do. I ask him "Would you like to see Shawna nude?"

He enthusiastically says that he would. It's the answer most any guy would have given.

"Walk right over to Shawna, face her, and tell her 'undress, bitch.' just those two words. I'll go with you. She knows what she's expected to do. And she'll do it."

"Uh, OK," Jack tells me. He sets his coffee down as he gets up to his feet. He walks over to where Shawna is standing beside Natalie. As he does, I notice a bit of hesitation creeping into his step the closer he gets to her. As if only now is he starting to wonder what Shawna is going to think of this.

He stands in front of her. He hesitates for just a second, and then he tells her to undress.

"Yes, Sir," Shawna says in a rather honeyed voice. A huge smile appears on her face, too. A smile that says she's been waiting for this. Wanting to do this.

"Undress" is a specific command. It tells Shawna not only to take her clothes off but to take them off in a specific order. From the top-down, not in layers. And definitely without regard for preserving any modesty. It also tells her to fold those clothes neatly as she takes them

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off, and hand them over to whoever told her to undress. So far, that's only been me or my slave.

Today Shawna is wearing jeans with a sleeveless royal blue, button-down blouse. It's not the most modest blouse, either. It ends just above the waistline of her jeans. She has sneakers on as well. I have no doubt that she only has the minimal clothes on that she was told were allowed. I doubt she'd disobey Jack, especially on a night like this when she expected not to be allowed to see him. I'm less sure about Natalie.

Shawna starts quickly unbuttoning her blouse. She stands as she is, not even looking down. Just obediently looking ahead as her hands glide up the blouse, stopping to undo each button. She moves quickly, without a hint of modesty or reluctance. In a few seconds, the blouse is slipping free from her shoulders to reveal a pastel pink bra.

Shawna quickly folds her blouse up. She holds her hands out, palms upturned, side by side making them into a little table. She rests the blouse atop her palms. She holds her hands six inches out from the tips of her breasts. "Here is my blouse, Sir," Shawna offers it to him in her sugary voice.

It draws Jack's eyes down to the blouse. Where they also have a rather good view of her breasts. Her bra has $\frac{3}{4}$ cups that are lined with a thin layer of foam. Those effectively hide most of her mounds from his eyes, while pushing them up and together to maximize her cleavage. And while leaving a fair slice of that cleavage bared for him.

Jack glances at me as if asking what he should do now. I nod. Jack takes the blouse from her hands. His eyes stay on the fully-rounded mounds of her breasts, even though he can't see much of them.

Shawna doesn't hesitate to reach her hands up behind her back and unclip her bra. Its straps fall loose to her sides. Just as quickly, her smiling eyes locked on Jack, Shawna reaches up to her shoulders and slips the straps off. The bra falls free, sliding quickly down her arms. And

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sliding off the modest mounds of her breasts, exposing them to Jack's eyes.

Jack's eyes go slightly wide as he sees Shawna eagerly bare her breasts in front of him. He smiles. His eyes stay on her breasts. Shawna makes no effort to cover them, leaving them fully displayed for him. She's required to do that, but I can see on her face she would anyway. She wants him to see her breasts. More so now that she can see he likes what he sees.

Shawna has a nicely ample pair of 34-C cups. Her mounds are well-rounded, too. They look to be rather spongy, which they are, but not too soft. They lie back against her chest, as softer breasts would, with a decent crease to the underside. They sit slightly to the sides of her chest, but angle straight, still leaving a wide and deep V of cleavage between them.

And each milky white mound is topped with a brown tinted deep pink ring. Her rings aren't so wide, maybe like silver dollars, but her nipples are fairly wide. Maybe almost as wide as marbles. They have flat tips to them and rise only gently off the rounded tips of her mounds. And now, they're as hard as steel for Jack. They might not rise much from her breasts, but there's no mistaking their hardness.

Jack rather eagerly accepts the offered bra without even looking at it. I know Jack is a virgin, but I don't know if these are the first breasts he's ever seen. I know he's dated before, but I never asked how far those dates let him get. I know he dated one girl for a few months, so I'm guessing she let him get somewhere. But I can see that Jack's eyes are locked on Shawna's breasts. I doubt he could even tell me what color her bra is. And it's in his hands.

Shawna still has the wide smile on her face. She leans forward to get her shoes off. She usually squats down, as most do. But not this time. And she leans forward slowly. It lets her breasts hang free, dangling down in front of Jack's eyes. They hold their roundness as they

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do. And they look firm, not loose or saggy. Entirely squishable.

Shawna rises back up a bit faster. She immediately reaches for the waistband of her jeans and unzips them. Just as eagerly, she slips them down off her curvy hips. She pushes, almost shoves them, down to her ankles to step out of them. It leaves her standing before Jack in just her socks and panties.

Her panties aren't exactly sexy, but they're cute enough. They're the same shade of pastel pink as her bra is. They have a lace trim to them. They fully cover her pubes, but they also have narrow ribbons of lace around her hips.

I assume that Jack must expect her socks to come off next. Most women would save their panties for last. But that's not the order Shawna was told to undress in. She puts her hands to her hips. Still smiling wide, Shawna bats her eyes at Jack. And then her panties are slipping down her hips.

Jack's eyes are instantly drawn to Shawna's pubes. And I have no doubt that's exactly what Shawna wanted. To me, it looks as if Shawna is slipping them down just a hair slower than usual, trying to add a touch of a tease for Jack.

It doesn't take long for her panties to slip down and over her feet. She holds them in front of her stomach as she folds them. That doesn't take her but a second. Then she holds them out in front of her breasts. "Here are my panties, Sir," She politely offers them to Jack.

Jack dumbly takes them, freeing Shawna to slip her socks off as quickly as she can. As if those are inconsequential. As if she's eager to stand there fully nude for Jack. And Jack is clearly appreciating the view.

Shawna has a fairly oval face, but one with mostly soft lines to it. She does have a bit of a prominence to her jaw, and there the lines are somewhere between soft and angular. But otherwise, they're smooth and flowing. She has black hair that's long and straight. It hangs down past

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her shoulder blades to the middle of her back. She has some pretty, bright, green eyes, too. She has a smallish nose. But she has a wide smile framed with moderately thin, but delicate, light pink lips. Very light ink.

Shawna has a lean, petite body. She's only 5'3" tall, and she weighs a mere 128 pounds. It gives her a rather good, and curvy, figure. Her stomach is flat and firm. Her waist is fairly narrow, giving her a pronounced curve to it. Her hips, at 36", are just a bit wider than her chest. But they're full and well-rounded, adding to the curviness of her body.

Shawna also has a neat bush. That's something I don't allow many of my toys to have. Usually, it's a concession to their significant other. But in Shawna's case, she looks better with it. Maybe it's her dark hair? Whatever the reason, it looks good on her. She keeps it trimmed up to my standards, too. Straight lines at the top and both sides of the triangle. No hair longer than one inch. Its lies inside the creases of her thighs. And her mound shaven silky smooth. I hate hair there. It just gets in my way. I prefer easy, unhindered access to my toy's pussies.

It leaves Shawna standing fully naked in front of her boyfriend. A boy who has never seen her less than fully dressed before. And standing properly with her hands behind her back as she tells him, in her sweetest voice, "I am completely naked for you now, Sir..." She bats her eyes again, too. The smile is still on her face.

And Jack is still smiling just as wide as he eyes her entire body over. And then over again. And again. He clearly likes what he sees. And I can see that he clearly wants her.

I tell Jack, lacing a touch of firmness into my voice to make sure that I have his attention, to step over "and get Natalie's clothes the same way."

Jack is clearly not thinking. I can see it on his entire body. He did not see that coming. Although I think he should have. After all, both are my toys, standing side by

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side the same way. Why would one get to keep her clothes when the other doesn't? Or maybe Jack just assumed that I'd get Natalie's clothes later.

I see the hint of a blush on his cheeks as if he's slightly embarrassed to watch Shawna's mom undress. His eyes stay on Shawna for a moment. I see Shawna motion with her eyes for him to go over to Natalie. As if Shawna is trying to tell him to obey their Queen. As if she wants to tell him "if that's what my Queen wants, please do it. I want you to!"

Jack hesitantly steps over.

Natalie cringes just slightly. She's an experienced toy. She's stripped in front of numerous people here. It doesn't even bother her anymore. But she's never had to strip in front of her daughter's boyfriend before. She also knows not to object. Instead, when Jack reluctantly tells her to undress, Natalie simply says a proper "Yes, Sir," and reaches for her blouse.

Unlike Shawna, Natalie was wearing a cotton dress today. With sandals. I had told Jack that was also acceptable. Actually, I told him that the "basics," as Shawna was wearing, were the most clothes they were allowed. Should either wear less, that was also perfectly fine with me. I didn't tell him that it wouldn't matter because those clothes would be coming right off anyway.

Natalie isn't a carbon copy or an older version of her daughter. Shawna clearly got a decent part of her genes from somewhere else. Maybe from her father. Maybe from her grandparents. I haven't met any of them.

Natalie is taller. She's 5'7". she weighs 146 pounds, but with her added height, that's nothing. It leaves her with a lean figure.

Natalie does have the same oval face that Shawna does, only with slightly harsher lines to it. Then again, Natalie is 45 years old, so I'd expect her face and body to show their age a bit. She has long, straight blond hair that hangs down to her shoulder blades. She has bright green eyes. She has a slightly long and wide nose, but one with

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soft lines to it. She has a wide mouth as well, framed with very light, moderately plump, lips. It's a straight mouth that seems to run clear across her face. She has a few wrinkle lines at the corners of her eyes, and a couple of very faint ones at the corners of her mouth.

Natalie reaches for the bottom hem of her dress, lifting it up over her head. It reveals a simple white bra and panties. These are clearly everyday wear. Natalie definitely didn't expect to be seen in them. Her bra has full cups that almost completely cover her mounds. It has narrow straps, though. It has only a simple lace fringe to the cups, too. Her panties are about the same. They fully cover her pubes and bottom with white satin. They have somewhat narrow sides to them, about an inch wide as they circle around her hips. They have the same basic lace trimming them, too. But they are cut fairly low at her waist.

Natalie hands her dress over to Jack the same way that Shawna handed her clothes over. Jack, looking slightly confused, and even more awkward, takes it. He adds it to the pile of Shawna's clothes. He watches Natalie, but I can see that he keeps glancing back at Shawna's body. Shawna's smile tells me that she sees it, too.

Natalie hesitates for a slight fraction of a second. Then she reaches up behind her back and unclips her bra. Its straps fall to her sides.

Now Natalie has Jack's attention. Or about 95% of it. I doubt it's even that he's so eager to see Natalie's breasts, although he definitely is interested in them. It's more the shameless way Natalie is going to display herself to him. Even though Natalie knows he's not interested in her but her daughter. The way Natalie is obediently doing as she was told, simply because she was told to. And doing something that he never imagined that a girl's mother would consider appropriate to do. I'll bet now is when Jack really realizes that here in my Queendom, the rules of life are very different from those of the world he knows. But this is the world Natalie and Shawna live in. And now Jack

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has his toe in the door. And I'll bet he's starting to hope that the castle door doesn't suddenly drop down on that toe.

Natalie reaches to her shoulders and slips the straps of her bra off of them. It easily slips down her arms to her elbows. Natalie grabs it and pulls it the rest of the way down.

Now, as Natalie folds her bra, her 34-B cup breasts are on full display to Jack and everyone else. Natalie makes no effort to cover them. She just goes about folding her bra neatly as if her breasts weren't on display.

And Natalie has some rather nice breasts. That's something Jack's face tells me he's just now noticing. Natalie's are definitely smaller than Shawna's. Her frame is narrower, too. But only by a single size.

Natalie's mounds are fully rounded. They don't lie back against her chest, and there's no crease at their undersides. Instead, Natalie's breasts have a perfect curve to their undersides, rising straight from her chest and rounding up to their tips. The tips are well-rounded also, but it's a gentler rounding there. The tops have a rounded slope to them as they return to her chest. And they're just as rounded across as they are vertically. Her mounds look firm and pert. At least firm enough to hold their rounded shape. Their skin looks to be taut and smooth, too.

Each breast is topped with a wide nipple. Almost exactly the same size as Shawna's nipples, slightly narrower than a marble. They're the same shade of deep brown tinted pink, too. But Natalie's nipples don't have that flatness to their tips. Hers are more rounded, rising off her mounds with the shape of those half marbles. And hers are surrounded by smaller rings. Rings not much wider than quarters. That leaves her nipples taking up a good bit of the dark flesh atop her milky mounds.

Now Natalie reaches to her waist and slips her panties down. Those come off just as shamelessly, leaving Natalie nothing but her sandals. And letting Jack see the last of her body.

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It lets Jack and me see that her body is lean. Lean enough that I can make out the lines of her collar bones along her shoulders. That's not always the case with middle-aged women. She has a flat chest and stomach, too. She has skin that's still fairly taut, and definitely smooth. She has a decent, but gentle, curve to her hips and waist. And she has lean legs. They're rather shapely, too. And just lean enough that when she's doing more than just standing, like squatting to get her sandals off, I can see the lines of her muscles in them.

But it seems that it's Natalie's pussy mound that's captured Jack's eyes for the moment. Natalie's pubes are fully shaven to a silky smoothness. It leaves nothing to distract from, or hide, even a slice of her mound. Her mound pushes down only slightly between the tops of her slim thighs. I can tell that she has long, wide lips. But I doubt Jack can. He should be able to see the tip of the fine line of a slit that she has. The edges of her lips meet fully, hiding every bit of her pinkness, at least from the front. But the top bit of her slit is visible from the front. As her the soft lines of her gently rounded hips.

"I am completely naked for you, Sir," Natalie tells Jack as she assumes her pose, pulling her hands behind her back. She doesn't have that same eagerness in her voice that Shawna did. I hear the slightest hint of embarrassment to her voice, but I doubt Jack catches it. She stands, demure, nude, and silent, waiting to be told what to do next.

Jack clearly has no clue what to do now, either. He stands there, holding the pile of their clothes. He eyes over the two nude women waiting in front of him. I'd say Shawna has about 80% of his attention now. A good share.



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Just inside the door of the playroom, there's a wooden bench. It's short. It's rather plain too, nothing more than a 2x10 for a seat with legs to hold it up. It's just long enough for two toys to sit on. Or three, but with three on it, even three thin ladies, they're snug against each other.

Now I have Shawna and Natalie sitting on the bench. Both sit properly. Their backs straight, hands behind them. Their legs crossed, right over left. Eyes forward. Not looking around, but staring straight ahead. And naturally, they sit in silence, waiting to be told what's coming next.

Jack stands in front of them, and slightly off to the side. I know his attention is on Shawna, but it's impossible for him not to be seeing Natalie as well.

I step right in front of Shawna. It makes Jack take a step to the side, putting him in front of Natalie. But I can see his eyes are locked on Shawna. More so now that I'm in front of her. That tells him that I'm going to do something to Shawna.

For her part, Shawna behaves. She keeps her eyes forward as Jack steps past her. Even though I know she'd prefer to watch Jack. I can see the look on Shawna's face. It's a mixture of excitement, question, and hope. As if she's excited to finally be nude with Jack. As if that's something she's been dying to do. And it is. But also as if she's wondering what Jack will think of her, given what he's about to see. And as if she's praying that he'll like it. Or at least not be bothered by it.

"You've been a rather nasty slutty bitch, shaggy!" I scold her. I've bestowed the nickname "shaggy bitch" upon Shawna because the first time I met her it was a surprise to her. She had no clue. When I stripped her, her pubes were wild and unkempt. Hence the name.

"You should know better! Now, tell this boy what you did to get in so much trouble, shaggy!"

Now Shawna blushes. It's a deep, beet red blush. "I... had a dream about us, Sir... and then I couldn't help myself, so I masturbated while I was still thinking about

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what it would be like if... my Queen would give me to you, Sir." I can see it on her face that Shawna wants to look away. As if she's too worried about what Jack will think of that to face him. She definitely didn't want him to know. And she's definitely humiliated to have to tell him.

Jack looks surprised, too. But happily so. I'll bet he's been wondering if Shawna wants him that way. Seriously wondering. As if wondering whether the reason I haven't allowed him any more of her is that I knew she didn't want to go there with him. But now he knows. Shawna wants him. I doubt anyone would wonder if he wants her. He's all but drooling over her.

"Isn't that so disgustingly slutty of this bitch?" I ask Jack.

"Uh... I guess..." Jack is at a loss for words. He has no clue what I want him to answer. Or how he should answer. And more importantly to him, what answer Shawna would like to hear. But something about the dreamy look in his eyes, a hungry look, tells me that he likes the thought.

"Good, then you understand why this shaggy bitch needs to be punished for masturbating without permission! You see, she belongs to me. Therefore, her pussy belongs to me. I didn't tell her that she could play with my pussy. A guy like you should know that it's wrong to play with a girl's pussy without her permission!"

I turn back to Shawna. "Ask him to take you to the table and tie you down for your punishment, bitch."

"Yes, my Queen," Shawna answers. She stays put. She turns her head to Jack. "Sir--" Shawna begins.

I give her a firm, but not a hard, tap on her hip with my crop. It's my favorite crop, the pastel green one with the frilly white lace trim. I can't land the tip of it on her bottom while she's sitting, but I get close. More on the side of her cheek than on her hip. It's the closest I can get.

Shawna yelps, but not too loudly. She flinches, but only because the swat was unexpected. Not because it

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hurt too much. It only leaves the faintest little pink splotch on her!

"On your knees, bitch!" I harshly scold Shawna, "Where a useless filthy bitch belongs!"

Shawna doesn't look like she minds that one bit. She quickly drops to her knees. Then she spreads her knees and feet as wide as she possibly can. She sits back, lowering her bottom into the space between her heels. She sits up straight, her hands behind her. It gives Jack a better view of her body than he had with her sitting. Now even her flat pussy mound is visible to him. Enough so that he can see the tip of her fine slit. And see that her lips are shaven silky smooth.

"Sir, would you please take me to the table and tie me down to it so that my Queen may give me the punishment I deserve for being such a filthy, cheap, shameless slut? Please, Sir?" Shawna bats her eyes again and smiles even wider as she asks. As if she's hoping that Jack will accept.

"Uh... Okay..." Jack says. He turns to me, a lost look on his face. I step over to him and whisper in his ear so Shawna won't hear. I tell him what to do.

Following my directions exactly, Jack holds his hand out to Shawna. Her smile widens as he tells her "give me your hand, bitch." Shawna very quickly puts her hand in his, leaving her other hand behind her back. I doubt Jack is noticing it, but I am. Shawna is on her very best behavior tonight. She's clearly trying to impress Jack.

"Come along, bitch," Jack tells her.

Shawna very quickly hops up to her feet. She eagerly allows Jack to lead her over to the portable massage table I keep in the center of the room.

Jack points to the table. "Lie on your stomach, bitch," he tells her.

"Yes, Sir," Shawna answers in a very eager and honeyed voice. She quickly climbs up onto the table, rolls to her stomach, and lies there with her hands at her sides.

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"slave, five short ropes," I tell Sophie. She quickly fetches me five short lengths of rope. My rope is a rough, natural hemp rope. It's fairly thick, too. It has a definite old-time feel to it.

"Start with this bitch's ankles," I tell Jack in a soft, but business-like voice.

There's no doubt that Jack is totally clueless about what to do with Shawna's ankles. He tentatively reaches for the closer of her ankles, his hand moving unsteadily.

I tell him to take hold of her ankle and move it for her. To bring it back to the foot of the table and out to the side. Then I tell Jack to get a rope and wind three snug loops of it around Shawna's slightly bony-thin ankle. Once he has it around her ankle, I have him tie the end off around the rope. Then I tell him to thread the rope through the rail under the table's top that supports the table. It's 1" tube steel, lightweight, but strong enough to support the table and handle any squirming it might get. I have Jack tie the rope off securely to the tube, pulling it taut as he does to take out any slack. It pins Shawna's ankle to the side of the table, her foot hanging off the foot of the table.

I have Jack do the same with her other ankle.

Then I move Jack up to Shawna's knees and have him do the same there, winding three loops of the rope snugly around her thigh just above her knee. And tying that off to the rail. He does the same to her other knee, too. That opens Shawna's legs wider, stretching her knees to the edges of the table and binding them in place. It keeps her calves flat along the edges of the table, too.

Spreading Shawna's legs like that now fully displays her pussy to Jack's eyes. It lets him see that mound that I know he's been fantasizing about for months now. It lets him see her long, moderately plump lips, and the way that they fully meet in the front, as they fade into her pubes, then part slightly as they flow back between her legs toward her bottom.

Even more, it lets Jack see the tips of her light pink folds as they flow into the narrow chasm between the

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edges of her lips. And it lets him see the light pink knot of her clit, rising into the top of that chasm, and even poking its eager head just a hair beyond. I'm sure he can see the layer of fresh, hot honey clinging to everything. Her pinkness. The rock-hard nub of her clit. And the edges of her lips, as if it's about to overflow her pussy and begin weeping out.

Jack's eyes tell me that the sight is unfamiliar to him. I'm sure he's seen plenty of pictures in his life, it's hard to avoid them online. But I'm just as sure that he's never gotten a personal look at a wet and eager pussy. I'm pretty sure that he doesn't recognize the pink hard nub as her clit. Or that it's swollen hard. Or that it's aching her for some attention right now.

I hand Jack the last rope. I tell him to take hold of Shawna's hands and bring her wrists up to the small of her back. He does. I show him how to cross her wrists into an X. He does, lying her hands on the small of her back. Shawna cooperatively leaves them there.

I show Jack how to bind her wrists. To start with three snug loops around one wrist. Then to cross the rope over her arm, and wind one around the other wrist. Cross it over her arm again, around her bound wrist, back over and around her wrist again. And again, making three loops around everything before tying it off. It holds her arms firmly in a tight X. And it keeps her from reaching her bottom with her hands.

Shawna knows how securely she's being bound. She's been tied this way before. She knows that her hands are now utterly useless to her. Just as she knows that she's going to want the use of them badly. Whatever her punishment is going to be, it's going to have her squirming hard. It always does. Yet she lies there calmly and allows Jack to tie her.

It leaves Shawna bound to the table snugly from her knees down. But from there, the higher up it gets, the more she's able to squirm. Her hips don't really have that much wiggle to them. Her tight legs hold those to a fairly

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small range of motion. But her shoulders can wiggle wildly. It makes for a far more amusing display.

“slave, fetch me a red bag,” I tell Sophie. She knows that I mean an enema bag. Those are just 1-liter clear IV bags filled with a variety of solutions. The color is just a few drops of food dye added to the solution to remind me of what’s in the bag. I’d hate to use the wrong solution! Red is one I don’t use so often, and when I do, it’s for a punishment enema, not a cleansing one.

I call these the “fire enemas.” They’re just sterile water, with a few drops of habanero pepper sauce added to them. And the dye to make them red, there isn’t enough pepper sauce for more than the faintest of tinges. It gives an effect similar to using the toilet after eating a bunch of hot peppers. A nice burning. Only with the enema, it’s the rectum that burns, not the anus. All the way back to its depths. There’s no actual harmful effect, though. It’s no different than eating way too much hot sauce on some wings. But it does make for a nice punishment!

Sophie sets everything on a little rolling table and wheels it over to where I’m waiting beside the massage table. In addition to the bag, there are a few feet of plastic tubing connected to it. And to the other end of the tubing, my preferred nozzle. It’s a semi-rigid plastic, about as thick as my little finger, and about 8 inches long. The nozzles come pre-lubricated, with a hard plastic cover over them.

“Jack...” I coo in a teasingly too-sweet voice. “Would you mind spreading her cheeks as wide as you can you can for me?”

Jack doesn’t answer me. He doesn’t hesitate to put his hands right on Shawna’s firm, well-rounded globes either. He uses both hands, squishing her cheeks as much as pulling them apart. He smiles rather wide. He also stretches her crack wide, baring Shawna’s asshole to our eyes.

Shawna's asshole is flush with the valley of her crack. It doesn't pucker outward at all, as some do. It's a light,

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but deep, shade of purple, surrounded by a swath of flesh that quickly fades into a pink-purple as it moves away from her small ring. At the center, there's a speck of darkness about the size of the tip of a pencil. From that tiny point, countless faint wrinkles flow out along her flesh, crossing over the thin ring of muscle and into the skin of the inside edges of her globes where they fade into smoothness. Her ring looks tight.

I don't know if Jack is paying an attention to Shawna's asshole or not. Her pussy mound is just as visible next to it. And I know that has Jack's interest. I pop the cap off the nozzle. Then I politely ask Jack if he would mind holding the nozzle for me. It makes him shift to hold her crack apart with one hand instead of two. And that makes him stop squishing her globes.

"Can you see this bitch's slutty anus?" I ask Jack in my teasingly sweet voice.

"Yeah," Jack says. He doesn't sound thrilled, but he's definitely not disgusted by it, either. If anything, I'd think he's just now starting to wonder why I might be exposing her asshole.

I move quickly, but also gently. I take hold of Jack's wrist. "Here, just put the tip right to that tight little ring!" I tell Jack with an overdose of enthusiasm in my voice. As I'm telling him to do it, my hand is moving his. By the time I'm done telling him what to do, the tip of the nozzle is flush against her tight ring.

Shawna lies there still and calm. This will be her first punishment enema, but it's not her first enema. She thinks she has a pretty good idea of what she's in for. She's going to be surprised. I'm sure she can hear me, too. And I'm sure she's figured out that I'm going try and get Jack to give it to her. I don't think Jack has figured that out yet, though.

"Now just push that straight in. All the way!" I tell Jack.

Jack immediately freezes, his eyes going wide as he pales. I'll bet that's the instant he figures it out. It's also

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the moment I release his wrist instead of nudging him to do it.

“Go on. You should be the one to administer her enema. After all, it was you she was thinking about that made her misbehave.” I wink at Jack, not saying that I’m also pretty sure Shawna would just love for him to give it to her.

It takes me another prodding. But finally, Jack starts to press. Slowly, and very cautiously. It’s clear to me that he doesn’t want to hurt her. And he can’t imagine Shawna not disliking this.

Shawna stays still and calm as he slowly pushes the long nozzle into her asshole. She doesn’t tense up at all. Not even her asshole. She just lies there as it begins to slip deeper into her bottom. “Mmm...” Shawna purrs softly, with a bit of sweetness in it.

I show Jack to push the nozzle fully into Shawna’s bottom, until only the base of it, about an inch, is sticking out past her ring. That has about seven inches of the stiff, but flexible, tube inside her bottom. And that puts its tip close to the back of her bowels.

I tell Jack that he can let go of Shawna’s cheeks now. He does. His eyes, no longer needed to watch what he’s doing, immediately and gratefully return to Shawna’s pussy.

There’s a plastic clamp on the tubing, pinching it off to keep the fluid from flowing. I sweetly ask Jack if he could flip that off for me. He does it. I’m pretty sure, at first, for just an instant, he doesn’t realize what he’s doing by flipping it off. He catches on an instant later. By then it’s too late, the red solution is already starting to flow.

“OOH-ee!” Shawna squeals out as the first drops flow. They’re room temperature, about 72 degrees, and they feel like ice as they land on her 100-degree insides. Shawna shivers from it.

It’s just like biting into a jalapeno. For the first second or two, nothing. Then you start to feel the heat, slowly building over about three seconds. That’s exactly

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what Shawna feels. Only in her bottom. For the first second or two, nothing but the iciness. Then, steadily, the heat blooms. In a few short seconds, her inside burn.

“UH-MM!” Shawna grunts out hard. Now her face is scrunched up. She pants fast deep breaths, too. And now her muscles are starting to tense up. Shawna starts fidgeting hard. The ropes keep her bottom mostly still as she does, leaving her shoulders to squirm with growing vigor against the table.

I put a hand on one of Shawna’s globes and caress it softly. As I do goosebumps erupt under my hand. “There, my naughty bitch. Now that’s what I call a punishment enema! You just lie there and learn some patience as you wait.” I lightly pat her globe.

“Jack, could you do this slutty bitch one little favor?” I ask him. After basically tricking him into giving her the enema, I figure I won’t ask him to do me a favor this time. I’ll ask him to do her a favor. As if this will be something Shawna wants him to do for her.

He looks at me with the wariest look on his face. I guess he’s on red alert for me to trick him into doing something else he thinks Shawna will hate him for.

I point to Shawna’s pea-sized clit with the tiny flap of loose pink flesh around it. The flap that might cover it most of the time, but not when it’s so hard. As it is now. It’s stiff enough that it rises beyond the outside of her lips. Not too far, but enough that it can be plainly seen poking that eager head up.

Now I have Jack’s attention. I’m pointing to Shawna’s pussy. And there can be no doubt that that’s exactly where he’s been wanting to touch her. I take hold of Jack’s hand, balling his finger up into a fist but leaving his first finger extended.

I put the tip of his first finger to the very tip of Shawna’s clit. I don’t even have to spread her lips to get to it. I make sure that he’s not pressing on it at all, just allowing his finger to very lightly rest atop the nub. “Now rub this slutty little clit just like this...” I sweetly tell Jack as

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I start his finger moving. I have his finger moving in very small circles. And moving slowly. It strokes over the tip of her nub so lightly that it's gliding over her nervy flesh. The heavy layer of her oily honey helps grease its way.

"OOHHHHHHHHHH!" Shawna shrieks out loudly as soon as Jack starts touching her clit. "Oh, OOH-EE!" Shawna shudders crisply. Goosebumps erupt over her entire mound. Her voice trembles just as hard as her body does. "OOHHHHHHHHHH!"

Shawna sucks in a few very fast deep breaths, exhaling them just as quickly with throaty "UH!s" Her hips try to snap from side to side, to wiggle her clit away from the finger that's teasing it. But the ropes keep her hips in place. And that keeps her pussy almost still for Jack's finger.

I give Shawna a few seconds to squirm hard and shriek out throaty cries that are a mixture of pain and absolute neediness. Pain from her burning insides. Hunger from her throbbing pussy.

Then I tell Shawna that I expect her to apologize to Jack for "for being so presumptuous as to borrow his image for her slutty fantasy while playing with her pussy like some horny little whore." I tell her that she will apologize 100 times. And count them for us. While she apologizes profusely, she will be lying there as she is. With her bottom filling. With her bottom on fire. And with Jack feeling for himself just what a total slut Shawna is, as proven by the hard pounding throb of her clit, which he is definitely feeling right now.

Then I remind Jack to go on exactly as he is while "this skanky gutter slut of a bitch apologizes politely." Jack's eyes are still on Shawna. Mostly on her pussy, but also on the squirming of her body. And the rounded, firm globes of her bottom. I doubt he's really seeing the white nozzle, or the reddish clear tube sticking out of those cheeks though.

"Sir, I am so sorry for presuming that you wouldn't mind if I fantasized about you touching this disgusting

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body while I played with my pussy like the filthy whore that I am, Sir.” Shawna blurts out her first apology in a throaty voice. “One, Sir,” She counts it off. Then she shudders crisply and moans out a deep “OOH!...OW, oh, OOOHHHHHHHHH!” it’s as if she can’t decide whether to groan about her bottom, or moan as her pussy throbs urgently.

Jack keeps teasing her clit.

Shawna keeps apologizing. Each time her voice is more strained, more pleading with its urgent need for relief. Shawna squirms a hair harder, more energetically with each one, too. Her voice steadily deeps, growing throatier.

By about apology number 15, Shawna’s honey is flowing liberally. Enough that it’s wept from her slit to cover her entire mound. And to cover Jack’s finger. The snapping of her hips would have her pussy grinding against Jack’s finger if the ropes let her move enough.

Shawna’s bottom steadily fills. As it does, the fluid begins to stretch the paper-thin walls of her rectum. And as they stretch, her bowels grow firmer inside her. They press snugly against whatever is beside them. At the bottom her rectum lies against the backside of her pussy walls, pressing firmly against them. As Shawna shudders and squirms, her insides shift just enough that her rectum strokes lightly against the nerve-laden walls of her pussy. And that teases her pussy so nicely. Which makes her squirm even more. And tease herself even more. Not that Shawna realizes any of it. She only feels the growing ache as it builds in her pussy, pleading for sweet relief.

And she feels the pressure building in her bottom. Feels her asshole squeezing tightly shut to hold back the torrent that now strains against the insides of it, ready to explode from her bottom. Feels the pressure as her rectum continues filling and stretching, its walls pulling tauter and tauter by the second. And she feels the fiery burning all through her bottom.

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"Sir, I am so sorry for presuming that you wouldn't mind if I fantasized about you touching this disgusting body while I played with my pussy like the filthy whore that I am, Sir. UH! UH!" Shawna blurts out, her voice now more throaty, begging moan than anything. "Oh, UHHH! And I'm so sorry for acting like a total skank right now, Sir! OH, fuck me, Sir, I have to cum so fucking bad, I can't stand this, Sir!" Shawna adds to her apology this time. "I'M SORRY!" Shawna's voice rises to a near screaming plea, "FUCK ME! I AM SUCH THE SLUT, SIR!... oh, OOOHHHHH! Fifty-three, Sir..." Shawna's voice drops to silence as she counts off her apology.

Shawna shudders hard. Harder than she has yet. As she does, her shoulders rise a couple of inches off the table. Those snap crisply. And that jiggles her breasts under her, stroking her nipples against the soft table. Her head snaps back as she moans out a pleading cry. She falls loose on the table, shuddering hard, and begins apologizing yet again.

Jack watches the show. At first, the look on his face was more puzzled, as if he couldn't imagine that Shawna would like this. But now, there's no mistaking just how hot Shawna is getting. If her words and breathy moans don't give it away, the sloppy wetness of her pussy does. He keeps his finger moving exactly as I've shown him to do. I doubt I'll have to watch him. I can see that he likes the thought that it's him making her moan out so urgently.

Shawna just wants to cum. I doubt she's thinking of much else. Maybe not even that it's finally Jack touching her. At least not by the time she finally counts off the 100th apology. It leaves her panting deep, hungry breaths and purring screeching-loud "OOH-UHM!s" as she shudders and squirms.

"Now, let's see if this little whore has learned to be patient and behave her slutty little bottom, or if she needs more of a lesson..." I say very softly to Jack. He hears me. I doubt Shawna does. She's too distracted by her loud moans.

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I take a gentle hold of Jack's hand. I slowly draw his finger up from Shawna's clit, stroking it along her slit as I go. I bring his finger all the way up to the "top" of her slit. The top as she lies on her stomach. I stop his finger there, its tip so lightly against the outsides of her lips, directly over the end of her slit. It should have his finger directly over the entrance of her tunnel as well.

Now I start pushing his finger very slowly forward. Jack doesn't offer me even the slightest resistance. He lets me start inching his finger into Shawna's slit. With her thick-ish lips, it takes a second. But then his fingertip lands atop the entrance of her tunnel. Already he can feel the sloppy wetness flooding her tunnel. And the fiery heat burning in it. I know. I can see it on his face.

I keep his finger inching into Shawna's tunnel. As soon as it slips into her tunnel, he can feel her firm, pulpy walls squeezing snugly around it. And twitching against him. I keep his finger moving. I'm going to do exactly what Jack is hoping I'll do, and push every bit of his finger into Shawna's pussy.

"UH, oh, OOOHHHHHHH!" Shawna purrs out as she feels the finger starting to stretch the walls of her narrow tunnel as it slips into her. As it starts to stroke over those starving-hungry nerves, gliding on the slippery oiliness of her honey as it does.

"AH!" Shawna cries out sweetly, her voice screaming out how badly she wants to cum. She shudders hard. This time her entire body snaps, driving her shoulders down hard against the table. Bound only from the knees down, that's enough to thrust her bottom up an inch or so. And to thrust her pussy just slightly against Jack's finger. She freezes, her body stiff, her bottom poking up noticeably.

"UHMMMMMMMM!" Shawna blurts out as her breath explodes from her lungs. I keep Jack's finger moving, slowly, pushing into her too-eager pussy. Shawna sucks in a lightning-fast breath. "YES!" Shawna screams out, "FUCK ME! FUCK MY SLUTTY PUSSY! GIVE IT TO ME!" Shawna's hips shudder crisply. Her bottom snaps, trying to

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thrust even harder against his finger, but it's already as far as the ropes will let it go. It does nothing but drives Shawna's face into the table. Not that Shawna even notices.

"FUCK ME NOWWWWWWWW!" Shawna screams out as the last of Jack's finger glides into her twitching pussy. "I WANT YOU SO BAD! FUCK ME, SIR, FUCK ME NOWWWWWWWW!"

There's only one thing for me to do. I take my crop and flick my wrist, sending the tip of arcing through the air. The tip lands with a loud, splitting crack as it sears a bright, angry pink welt onto the top of Shawna's globe.

"YE-OW!" Shawna yelps. Her bottom snaps back down, her body now lying flat on the table, but shivering so hard that she's trembling as she does. I was ready for it. I kept Jack's finger in place, not letting the movement of Shawna's body affect the position of his finger. He just moved right with her pussy. It kept his finger still inside her.

Jack flinches hard as the swat lands. Maybe from the surprise of the unexpected swat. Maybe as he thinks that it has to hurt Shawna. A lot. That welt on her bottom is glowing rather brightly.

"I'M SORRY, MY QUEEN!" Shawna screams out, her voice a pure begging plea. "I'M SORRY FOR BEING SUCH A FILTHY WHORE, MY QUEEN. I DON'T CARE! I'M A SLUT, SIR. I'M A TRASHY GUTTER WHORE, SIR! HATE ME! JUST PLEASE FUCK ME NOW, SIR! PLEASE, SIR, PLEASE FUCK ME NOW!"

I swat Shawna's other cheek, leaving just as bright of a welt on it. Shawna yelps again. She shudders just as crisply, too.

I start drawing Jack's finger very slowly out of Shawna's pussy, as if fucking her with it. Instantly Shawna trembles hard and crisply, and she keeps trembling. She screeches a loud "OOH!" drawing it out as she does.

"You cheap whore!" I scold Shawna in my harshest, most disapproving voice. "You don't deserve a man, much

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less one this kind! I should sell your shaggy butt off to service the dogs in a kennel."

I still have control of Jack's finger. I use that control to torture Shawna. As I'm drawing his finger out, I suddenly give his finger a lightning-fast little wiggle, as if I were fucking her with it. It lasts less than a fraction of a second. It barely moves his finger. But it's enough for Shawna to feel it. To feel just the tiniest, fleeting taste of what her pussy is throbbing hard for.

"UGH!" Shawna blurts out, her hips snapping to bring her bottom back up and thrust her pussy against his finger. I make sure his hand moves with her bottom so that her thrust has no effect.

"Clearly," I scold Shawna just as sternly, "you haven't learned a thing about patience. Or obedience. Or not to be the skankiest gutter slut turning tricks on the cheapest of low rent street corners!"

I draw Jack's finger back until the tip of his finger is against the rim of her tunnel. Not in her tunnel, just flush and sung against the rim. I push firmly using his fingertip to put a moderate pressure against the rim. And then I start drawing his finger around that rim slowly.

"AHHHHH!" Shawna cries out. It's a sweet cry of pure neediness. A very sultry cry that she draws out as her lungs run out of air.

"You will not be touching that pussy for the next week. That nice throbbing ache you feel should serve as a good lesson in being a complete whore!"

"I DON'T CARE, MY QUEEN! DO WHATEVER THE HELL YOU WANT TO ME. JUST LET HIM FUCK ME FIRST, MA'AM! PLEASE, MY QUEEN, JUST LET HIM FUCK ME!"

"NO!" I snap firmly as I lift his finger from her rim and pull it free of her slit.

"NOOOOOOO!" Shawna screams out desperately. "OH, PLEASE NO! FUCK MY SLUTTY PUSSY, SIR! PLEASE, FUCK ME, SIR! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT! ANYTHING, JUST PLEASE FUCK ME!" Shawna lies on the table,

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squirming wildly and shivering. Her pussy weeps a steady line of honey, too.

Now that Jack's hand is out of the way, I put a little more power into my wrist as I flick it. The crop lands with a louder crack and sears a brighter welt onto Shawna's bottom. "Behave, you worthless bitch!" I snap the crop again, searing a matching welt onto Shawna's other cheek and getting another loud yelp from her.

I glance up to the enema bag, seeing that Shawna has taken about 14 ounces of the liter of fluid. That's enough to have her rectum straining, but not near the limit of what she could hold in. But it is enough that her bottom is very uncomfortably strained. And that's without the pepper burning her insides.

I grab the bag and squeeze it, pushing another ounce or so into her bottom rather quickly. "UGH!" Shawna cries out in discomfort as the fluid rushes into her. Far faster than it has been flowing. "UGHHHH!" Shawna pants a few very fast, very anxious breaths. "I'LL BEHAVE! I'LL BE GOOD, MY QUEEN! I PROMISE! I'LL BE A VERY GOOD BITCH, MA'AM!" Shawna screeches out, her voice almost panicked.

I stop squeezing. After a second the nervousness fades from Shawna's voice. The strain remains.

"Are you going to be a good bitch now, shaggy?"

"Yes, my Queen," Shawna answers in a resigned voice laced with a hint of sobbing to it. It takes her a second but finally she stills, lying on the table and now only shivering crisply.

Shawna lies still as I have Jack untie her legs. Just her legs, not her arms.

Then I have Jack pull the enema nozzle from Shawna's bottom. He has to pull fairly hard, too. Now Shawna's asshole is squeezing tightly around it. As soon as the nozzle slips from her ring, it cinches impossibly tight to hold back the torrent.

I have Jack gently help Shawna to sit up on the table. She groans hard as she moves, but she gets up.



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It's only about six feet from the massage table over to the wooden bench where Natalie is still sitting. And demurely waiting, watching as her daughter was teased. It's also about twenty very long baby steps for Shawna.

I asked Jack to walk her over there. He agreed, wrapping an arm around her and holding her tight as she made her way over. He even helped her to sit down next to Natalie.

Shawna needed the help. Just moving was a lot for her with her bottom still holding about 16 ounces of the fiery enema. Any movement of her waist or hips brought light cramps to her stomach. Low down, more behind her pubes. She groaned. She held tightly onto Jack, too. And she grinned, even as she groaned. I guess she must have liked Jack holding her snug.

Now Shawna is sitting beside Natalie again. The short bench leaves them little choice but to be sitting close beside each other, too. Shawna is still for the first few seconds. But then she starts fidgeting. At first, it's faint. But her squirms steadily grow. It's her bottom fidgeting in little circles.

"Stop being such a whore, shaggy!" I scold Shawna harshly, a hefty note of disapproval in my voice. "Don't you dare grind your sloppy skank pit against the bench! My bench has standards! It would never want to fuck anything so filthy as you!"

Shawna blushes. She manages to almost still her hips, too. But there's still a tiny bit of wiggle in them. As if her pussy is just aching far too badly not to get a little attention. Even if it's just from grinding it against the seat.

Jack stands in front of them. He keeps his eyes on Shawna. And I can see that he's not believing his eyes. It's clear that Shawna likes it. It's just as clear that she ought to be miserable. And she is. But she's also so aroused. Enough so that I suspect she'd jump Jack right now if she thought she'd get her orgasm in before I stopped her.

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Now Shawna just looks to Jack with lust and desperate need on her face.

“And look what you’ve done now, whore, with all that shameless sluttiness you’ve been flaunting about!” I harshly scold Shawna. I point to the bulge in the front of Jack’s jeans. There’s no mistaking what that is. “This kind man was trying to be nice to you and what does your worthless slutty butt do? You cause a problem!”

I think I see Jack blush faintly. As if he was hoping that no one would notice it. As if I even needed to look. Looking at two shameless naked women tends to have that effect on guys. But he doesn’t shirk back or run off. He stands there. And clearly wonders what I’m up to now. I’m sure he’s hoping that I’ll tell him that he can have Shawna when they get home.

He really doesn’t know me! Nor does he know about my inner imp. That imp thought up tonight’s lesson for Shawna. She’s very impish. She’d never plot something so... ordinary! She prefers things humiliating.

“Shaggy, apologize. Ask this man for permission to ease that problem.”

For a fleeting moment, I see a tinge of nervousness flood Shawna’s face. As if she’s wondering how I’ll tell her to do that. Imagining herself suffering as she strains to hold her enema in while focusing on relieving Jack. Then her face turns lustful and desirous.

Shawna can’t move quickly. I see her grit her teeth to stop herself from groaning out. She slips, as quickly as she can, off the edge of the bench and down to her knees. She opens her knees and sits back. With her back straight, she tilts her head to look up at Jack.

“Sir, please forgive me for acting like a cheap whore. I’m so sorry that I’ve caused a problem-” Shawna’s eyes shift to glance, for an instant, at the bulge. “by being so trashy and slutty, Sir. May I please be allowed to beg my Queen to offer you some relief from that little problem? Please, Sir? It’s my fault for being such a whore, please allow me to beg her for some relief, Sir?”

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Shawna, still looking up to meet Jack's eyes, bats her eyes at him. And she's grinning. Her hips still wiggle slightly, even though there's nothing under them now. Nothing for her to be grinding that pussy against. She looks rather eager and hopeful.

"Uh... if you want to..." Jack answers cautiously. As if he's afraid Shawna will think he's taking advantage of her, of the scene. Not as if he isn't interested. I'd say he's dying for her to do it. And he's definitely not thinking about where he is. Or that whatever happens, there's going to be an audience for it.

Shawna turns, scooting around on her knees, to face me. "Please, my Queen, may this worthless slutty cheap whore please be allowed to take care of the problem she's caused for this so cute and kind man who was just so nice to me, Ma'am? Please, my Queen? May I please have permission to relieve his suffering problem, Ma'am?"

"Don't be so stupid, shaggy bitch," I tell Shawna. Now my voice is icy, taunting, and mocking. "Didn't I just tell you that you may not act like a slut for a week? Just what do you think you could possibly do to relieve that aching cock of his without acting like a total gutter slut? Nothing!"

I giggle. Now it's time to tell her what my inner imp thought up. Shawna will hate it. Shawna's pussy will love it. "But I wouldn't want him to suffer after he was so kind to you..." I smirk wide. "You may ask that sloppy whore there to fix it for you. Now, shaggy!" I add with some extra firmness so that Shawna has no doubt that I'm not offering her a choice.

"Yes, my Queen," Shawna answers in a voice that's a pure resigned disappointment. Enough so that no one should have any doubt that Shawna was hoping to get permission to do this herself. And there's enough surprise on Shawna's face to tell me she never envisioned that I might suggest Natalie doing it.

It should have dawned on her. After all, Natalie is sitting patient and naked on the bench. I wouldn't have

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Natalie there if I didn't have some plan to use her. I would consider it such a waste to have a naked toy as just an audience. Even for her daughter's slutting!

Shawna reluctantly scoots around on her knees again. Now she faces Natalie. "Mom... I guess you can see the problem I've caused Jack... since I'm in so much trouble and I'm not allowed to slut... would you please take care of my boyfriend for me? Please, mom! I don't want him to have to suffer. Please, mom, please take care of it for him."

Both Natalie and Shawna know that I might have said to ask, but it's not a question. I fully expect Natalie to do it. Willingly and eagerly. Merely because I said so.

Natalie says she will. Her voice is sweet as if she's perfectly willing to do it. But it also has a tinge of uncertainty to it. And the look on her face is more of surprise. A reluctant surprise, as if she doubts that Jack would want a woman her age. Especially when it should be so clear to him that Shawna is so hot for him.

Now I take firm charge. I tell Shawna to get to her feet. And I sternly tell her that she's been acting like a baby for long enough now. I don't care how badly her bottom "bothers" her. How badly it wants to explode. Or how badly it burns. I expect her to act like a "big whore" now. She can see to Jack's pleasure, and since I don't care about her suffering, which she brought on herself with her sluttiness, she can "suck it up."

I tell Shawna to get to her feet. I see her clench her teeth hard as she does. I can even see the muscles in her neck strain as she does. But she doesn't groan out. Nor does she let it slow her down.

She reaches down to take Natalie's hand. Then Natalie rises to her feet. Shawna turns Natalie to face Jack.

She tells Jack "I really wish I was allowed to take care of that for you, Sir... But since I was such a whore, I'm not allowed. Would you please allow my mom to take care of it for you, Sir? Please, Sir, I really want you to get your relief. Please let this whore take care of it for you... Please?"

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Jack stands dumbfounded. Mostly, I think, because Shawna's words don't sound forced. It's as if she actually wants Natalie to do it for her. As if Shawna wants him to agree.

After a couple of silent seconds, I nod to Shawna.

Shawna quickly nudges Natalie down to her knees. It doesn't take Natalie long to get down, either. Or to kneel properly. Shawna has Natalie close to Jack. Natalie's lips probably aren't more than two inches from the bulge in the front of his pants.

Natalie puts her hands behind her back.

Shawna reaches for Jack's jeans. "May I please, Sir?" She asks. When Jack just sort of nods, Shawna unzips his pants. She slips a few fingers into the opening and teases his stiff cock out. It's as hard as a rock. But it's nothing to write home about. His shaft is about five inches long, which is about average. It's also about an inch across, maybe just a hair more. It is circumcised, showing off its light purple head. It looks eager, too. Its tip stands out a $\frac{1}{4}$ " or so from Natalie's lips. Shawna positioned Natalie rather well.

Before Shawna can do anything more, I grab hold of Shawna's hair. "Sit, bitch!" I snap firmly as I pull Shawna towards the bench. It takes Shawna a few seconds to reluctantly get into place sitting properly on the bench. Her legs crossed. It still leaves her a good side-on view of Jack's eager cock.

I warn Shawna that she's to behave while "her mommy has to take care of her boyfriend for her since she's being too slutty to do it herself." I try to make it a good, stern warning. Then I take a place where I can see both Shawna and Natalie. With my crop in my hand.

I tap Natalie on her bottom with the crop. "What are you waiting for slut?" I ask her in a mocking voice. "Slut, slut!" I tell her.

I don't need to give Natalie specific instructions. On her knees with a cock to her lips, most women could guess

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what was wanted of them. And I've owned Natalie long enough for her to know how I expect this done.

Natalie quickly opens her lips, putting them to the tip of his spongy soft cock head. She moves slowly, letting his cock push her lips wider as she inches more of it into her mouth. His cock, or rather the underside of its head, glides over the top of her tongue. I know that Natalie has her jaw stretched wide open. She knows that I'll be very upset if her teeth touch his cock. That's what her tongue is for. To hold it up enough that it doesn't. And to tease it sweetly.

"OOH!" Jack purrs loudly and rather sweetly. And not even the head of his cock is fully into Natalie's lips already. His eyes are wide. The smile on his face goes from ear to ear, too.

Shawna obediently sits on the bench. With her eyes forward she has no choice but to see everything. It helps that his cock and Natalie's lips are close to the level of her eyes, too. It gives her an excellent view of what Natalie is doing.

Natalie keeps going, gently sucking as she draws more and more of the cock into her hot mouth. She keeps her tongue lightly against the underside of it, letting it tease him as she does. And she has an eager look on her face as if she's anxious to suck him.

Natalie keeps going. She gets about half of his length into her mouth before Jack feels the spongy head of his cock bump against the hard back of her mouth. As if there's nowhere left for his cock to go.

Natalie doesn't stop. She just cranes her neck forward a bit, straightening out the bend at the back of her mouth. She does it smoothly, without even slowing down her already slow stroke. It shifts the angle of her mouth enough that the soft head of his cock now pushes down. And it keeps going, sliding into the steep funnel at the back of her mouth.

In a couple of fractions of a second, Jack purrs even louder. He feels the sides of that funnel closing in. Now they snuggle the sides of his cock head. Caressing it as it

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keeps going, pushing into the tightening funnel. I can see it on his face. He isn't sure where his cock is in Natalie's mouth. But he's pretty sure that it's deeper than most girls would take it. And he suddenly looks very glad to have Natalie sucking him as if he's thinking that this older bitch has far more experience and sluttiness, that he's now getting the benefit of.

It's too much for Shawna. I suspect it's the sweet and very hungry purrs from Jack that do it to her. Plus the added humiliation of having to sit by idly and watch as her mom sucks her boyfriend. Something Shawna has been dying to do herself. And something Shawna is now not allowed to do as punishment.

Shawna's hips start squirming hard, energetically grinding the mound of her pussy, and her prominent clit, against the hard wood of the seat under her. The first little squirm alone is enough to send a crisp icy shiver over her entire body. And get a deep, breathy "Uhmnnnnnn..." purred from her lips.

And it earns Shawna a flick of my wrist. A flick that sends the tip of my crop soaring through the air. It arcs directly for Shawna's chest. The tip of my crop snaps fairly lightly against the tip of her breast. It gets the tip of her mound. And the tip of the crop completely covers Shawna's hard, wide nipple as it lands. It lands with a sharp, but light, crack.

"EE-OW!" Shawna blurts out. The crop pulls back from the tip of her mound, revealing a light pink splotch on the tip of her milky white breast. It also gets her attention.

"I told you to act like a big whore, not some skanky gutter filth of a slut, bitch!" Shawna's hips start to still as I scold her. "Now stop trying to fuck my bench! It has standards!"

Natalie ignores Shawna's scolding. I'm pretty sure Natalie expected it. It's pretty obvious to all that Shawna is desperately aroused and hungry for relief. Natalie just keeps going.

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More of Jack's cock pushes into the funnel at the top of Natalie's throat. She has about four of his five inches into her mouth when it "bottoms out." the point where the spongy tip of his cock is pushing against what to him feels like a solid rubbery wall.

Natalie doesn't let it affect her at all. She keeps going, pushing that rubbery wall against his cock even harder as she sucks another little slice of cock into her lips. At first, Jack feels the spongy head of his cock flattening against that wall.

And then, in the blink of an eye, the wall yields. His cock jumps forward just a hair. And now the rubbery wall isn't resisting his cock. It's squeezing snugly around it. Tightly. Cradling his cock as it strokes along the nervy flesh. It was definitely not something Jack expected. He cries out the loudest, most pleased, of moans.

And Natalie keeps going. She doesn't even miss a beat. Despite the tightness, she keeps her head moving, his cock steadily pushing even deeper into her mouth. And into her throat.

An instant later, Natalie's tight throat is squeezing around the entire head of his cock, and about ½" of his steely hard shaft. Her top lip bumps flush against his pubes. Her bottom lip bumps flush against his dangling balls. And Natalie's tongue, or at least the tip of it, pushes out past her bottom lip, through the space between her teeth and his cock. It strokes along the underside of his cock as it does. And then the very tip of her tongue flicks, just once, across the top of his balls. Then it's slipping back into Natalie's mouth as she reverses her stroke.

Shawna yelps as my crop snaps against her other breast. I scold her again for grinding her pussy against my bench. I suspect Shawna is going to have a pair of rather sore breasts before Natalie is finished. And I suspect Jack isn't going to take long.

The swat and scolding are enough to still Shawna, mostly, for a couple seconds. She keeps her eyes on Jack's cock, though. She has to. She's not allowed to look away.

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It's the first time she's seen her boyfriend's cock. And she's seeing it sucked by her mom instead of her. Even more demeaning for Shawna, she's getting to listen to Jack's rather enthusiastic purred moans as Natalie does it.

Natalie keeps going. Her strokes are smooth. And leisurely. She doesn't hurry. She takes it slow, letting Jack feel the sensations of her mouth and throat stroking his cock, not just the orgasm steadily budding. She smoothly reverses her strokes, keeping her lips in constant motion as she does.

At the low point of every stroke, the bottom rim of his bulbous cock head bumps against the insides of her lips. As it does, Natalie brings her tongue up and quickly swirls it around the most sensitive head of his cock. She does it without breaking the rhythm of her stroke. It adds a nice tease to the stroke. And it gets another purr from Jack.

A purr that always seems to get Shawna grinding her pussy against the bench, earning her another swat on one or the other of her tender breasts. Which gets a yelp from her. It also makes the next grind even hungrier.

That earns Shawna another swat. It hasn't been long, not quite a minute, but already a good bit of Shawna's breasts are pink. It's a light pinkness, but enough that her mounds have to be stinging her. Like all the other swats, this one only stills her hips for a few seconds. If that long.

There's no missing the hunger on her face as she watches Natalie sucking Jack's cock. It's lascivious. I have no doubt that watching this display is getting Shawna just as aroused as it if she were one doing it for Jack. Probably even more so.

Jack barely lasts two minutes. That's definitely a good thing for Shawna's breasts. They're pink enough that they are definitely stinging her. Enough so that too many more swats would have breasts stinging worse than I really want them to be.

Jack cums with a loud, deep, and satisfied grunt. When he does, his cock is about halfway into Natalie's

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mouth and heading deeper. His hips thrust as he does, but it's more reflexive than powerful.

Natalie ignores it. She definitely can feel his cock twitching against the inside of her mouth. More so as it pushes into the tightness of her throat. I don't know if Natalie can taste that first spurt, though. His cock is probably deep enough into her that his cum is past her taste buds.

As Jack cums, Natalie keeps going. She goes on as if he hadn't cum. She just keeps sucking his cock at the same leisurely pace. And Jack goes on cumming. By his third spurt, I know Natalie is tasting it. I can see his cock jump. Only the head of it is still in her mouth. I'll bet her tongue is swirling around its head. His shaft jumps as it twitches, bumping the head against Natalie's lips. His cum hits the back of her mouth, splattering against it. And covering most of the free space inside her mouth. Plus, by then, his cock has stroked over Natalie's tongue, smearing its thin coating of cum over her taste buds, too.

Shawna obediently sits there and watches Jack cum in Natalie's mouth. Shawna is almost as good at giving a blow job as Natalie is, so I have no doubt that Shawna sees the twitches of his cock. And knows what they mean. But if she didn't, the utterly satisfied look of heavenly bliss on Jack's face would tell her. And the sweet, relieved breathy purr that flows from his lips.

It has Shawna grinding her mound against the bench even harder. Although she does try to hide it. Not that she can. Her hips are moving too much for that. At first, she's smiling. But then her mouth starts to gape slightly as she pants. As she gets closer to her climax.

I give Shawna a stiff swat of the crop on each nipple to still her again. It works but barely. And reluctantly on Shawna's part. That, plus my stern, icy glare keeps Shawna mostly still and watching Jack cum into Natalie's mouth.

Once Jack is done, his cock no longer twitching in her mouth, Natalie starts to slowly release it from her lips. As

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she does, she sucks and licks her tongue over it, cleaning his cum from his cock. When it finally slips from her lips, his cock has a thin coat of her saliva on it, but not a drop of his whitish creamy cum.

Natalie licks her lips. "Thank you for allowing me to suck your delicious cock, Sir," Natalie politely thanks Jack. She stays on her knees in front of him, waiting for further instructions as she's been taught that she's expected to do.

I tell Shawna to return Natalie to her seat on the bench. Shawna reluctantly stands and takes Natalie by the hand. It's less than a step for Natalie back to her seat. She sits, Shawna still holding her hand. Natalie crosses her legs.

I tell Shawna to thank Natalie.

"Thanks, mom, for sucking Jack's big cock for me. I just wish I hadn't been so bad and the Queen would have let me do it. I appreciate you relieving him for me, mom." Shawna tells Natalie.

I tap Shawna on the back of her head, nudging her forward towards Natalie. Shawna knows what I expect now. She leans in and puts her lips to Natalie's. She kisses Natalie. It's a passionate kiss, their tongues entwining together and exploring each other's mouths. It's a long kiss. And it's a kiss that lets Shawna taste Jack's cum, a fair bit of which is still lingering in Natalie's mouth. The cum Shawna wants in her mouth.

Jack gawks wide-eyed and shocked to see Shawna kissing her mother like a lover. For the first few seconds, his eyes are on their lips. Then he notices Shawna's dangling breast as it dances over the top of Natalie's smaller, pert mound. That gets his attention too. Maybe it's the sight of two breasts caressing each other. Maybe it's the shamelessness of it. Maybe it's the hunger in Shawna's kiss. But I'll bet Jack doesn't know that Shawna's hunger is for the taste of his cum, not Natalie.

I tell Shawna that's enough and order her to kneel in front of Jack. I tell her to tuck his cock back in politely.

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Shawna reaches for his pants. She uses her fingers to nudge his cock back into them, stroking it gently with her fingers, even though she doesn't need to. It's a rather tender, hungry stroking. "Thank you, Sir, for allowing my mom to suck your cock for me. I really hope you liked it, Sir." Shawna tells him as she zips him up.

I tell Shawna to take her seat beside Natalie. It leaves the two women sitting side by side again. Nude, with their legs crossed. And Jack standing in front of them, wondering what I could possibly have up my sleeve next.



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I leave the girls sitting there for the better part of a minute. Not telling them anything. Not even saying anything. It's long enough that it looks like Jack is starting to be uncomfortable with the silence, too.

I start tapping my foot. "You are such a total disappointment, shaggy," I tell Shawna in a rather scornful voice. And with a disappointed look on my face. "I'm sure you've disappointed this man, too. I'd bet, after dating your worthless butt, he wanted you to be the one to suck his cock. Didn't you, Jack?"

"Uh, yeah, I was thinking..." Jack lets his voice trail off. As if he's still wary of letting Shawna know that he wants her. As if Shawna can't see it as plain as day by now. His eyes are still feasting on her naked body.

"Of course he was!" I blurt out. "And just as clearly, you deserve to be spanked for being such a slut that you ended up disappointing an actual person!" Now I'm grinning. My inner imp is giving me another idea.

"slave, fetch me a disposable paddle," I tell Sophie.

In a few seconds, Sophie is bringing me one of the paddles I've asked for. They're wooden, made of aircraft spruce. It's a very lightweight, stiff, and sturdy wood. So light that it's almost as light as balsa. But far sturdier. The paddle has a blade that's 12" long and 6" wide. That's plenty big enough to fully cover most bottoms. And I don't care for wide bottoms over my knees. It's also thin, less than ¼" thick. And it has a really nice handle on it.

I hold the paddle up so that Shawna can see it. I haven't used this particular paddle on her before, but I've used several others on her. She has a pretty good idea of what she's in for.

Sophie, with a nod from me, helpfully brings over the spanking chair. It's just a regular wood dining chair. One without armrests to get in the way of turning a toy over my knees. Shawna knows that chair well. As does Natalie. And by the look on his face, I'd say Jack has a pretty good guess what I'm thinking. Or thinks he does.

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"Shaggy, beg this man to spank you for disappointing him," I tell Shawna.

"PLEASE, SIR!" Shawna immediately blurts out, her voice a mixture of nervousness and an enthusiastic plea. "PLEASE, SPANK ME, SIR!" I didn't have to say it. Jack doesn't know me well enough to know it, either. But Shawna does. She knows that if she doesn't convince Jack to spank her, I will spank her. And I'll be even more disappointed in her, meaning her spanking will be worse if she gets it from me. I find it motivating. Like now. It motivates Shawna to beg shamelessly and convince Jack to spank her.

"Will you PLEASE spank me, Sir? I deserve to be spanked! I hate myself for being such a slut and disappointing you! I want to suck that huge cock so badly! Please, spank me. Please, Sir. I want you to spank me! I want you to spank me as much as I want that cock, Sir. Please, Sir, please, please, please, will you please spank my worthless bottom! Please, Sir? SPANK ME! PLEASE!"

Jack looks at the paddle. To him, it looks evil. As if it will hurt. He slowly shifts his eyes back to Shawna.

"Beg" is a command for Shawna. It tells her she may speak. She may say whatever she wants. As long as it's polite and humble. And as long as it convinces whomever she's begging to do whatever she's begging for. Since Jack hasn't agreed or refused, Shawna goes right on begging him. "PLEASE, Sir! Will you please spank me so good! Please!"

Jack looks to Shawna. Her face looks hopeful and anxious. He looks more surprised. As if he can't believe that Shawna would want a spanking. But she looks like she's dying for it. "I guess..." Jack reluctantly agrees.

"Thank you, Sir! I'll be really good for you, Sir! Will you please give me a really good and hard spanking, like I deserve, Sir? Please, Sir, give me a really good spanking, Sir!"

"Uh..." Jack sort of stutters.

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I decide not to give Jack too much time to think about it. I just nudge Jack to sit in the chair. It has him in front of Shawna and facing her.

Shawna smiles at him.

I snap my fingers and point to the floor beside Jack. "Kneel, shaggy. Be a good bitch."

"Yes, my Queen," Shawna enthusiastically agrees. Almost happily. She moves quickly to get on her knees close at Jack's side.

"Over you go, bitch. Properly," I firmly tell Shawna.

Shawna lies herself over Jack's lap. It's immediately clear to me that Jack has never spanked anyone before, but I didn't think he had. I expected him to be lost. I nudge him to open his knees a little more. It offers more support for Shawna's chest. I nudge his right thigh into the bend of Shawna's waist. Then I nudge his left thigh up under her chest until Shawna's spongy-firm breasts are lying with their undersides flush against the outside of his leg. Shawna wiggles herself into position, scooting her body over until her side is flush against Jack's waist. It has her knees up off the floor, the tops of her feet lying on the floor. She crosses her ankles. Then she brings her hands up to the small of her back and grips her wrist in her hand.

"Shaggy bitch deserves five strokes," I tell Jack, knowing that Shawna is listening. Five is fewer than I'd give her. But I can see that Jack is uneasy with the thought of hurting Shawna. More than five and he might start to grow too uncomfortable with spanking her. For this first spanking, I don't want that. I want him to get used to the idea of spanking her.

"She will count them for you like a good bitch. Make them good and hard. This is a punishment she's earned herself, not a trip to Disney!"

I take hold of Jack's wrist and guide it into place. I put the blade of the paddle lightly atop Shawna's waiting globes. I tell Jack to remind Shawna what she's being spanked for. And I have to tell him what to say.

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“Uh, Shawna... this is for being too slutty and disappointing me... bitch.” He says it rather uneasily.

I bring Jack’s wrist up, raising the paddle high. “Now, just swing that paddle down and smack that naughty bottom good!” I tell him teasingly sweetly. He hesitates, holding the paddle up and still. I nudge his arm. OK, it’s more of a swat on his arm. It gets him moving, though.

The paddle snaps down, landing with a modest crack on Shawna’s firm bottom. It leaves her soft white globe lightly pinkened. It’s enough of a swat that I know Shawna had to feel it. It has her bottom stinging, but not too badly.

Shawna tenses up over his lap as it lands. Very quickly, in less than a second, she loosens back up. She sucks in a sharp breath, but she doesn’t cry out. Not even a little “Ow.”

“One, Sir,” Shawna sounds rather disappointed as she counts off the stroke. “I’m sorry for being so slutty, Sir. I deserve four more strokes, Sir. Will you please spank my naughty bottom again, Sir... And please, Sir... PLEASE... Don’t go easy on me, Sir. I deserve a good spanking. Please, Sir, please give me the hardest spanking those strong arms can, Sir. I want you to, Sir. Please!”

I encourage Jack to spank her harder. As hard as he can. He reluctantly raises the paddle again. He snaps it down again.

It lands with a slightly louder crack. Enough so that I can tell it’s harder. Enough that it deepens the pinkness of her cheeks. And I’m sure it’s enough that Shawna’s cheeks are stinging pretty good now. About like they would be after I’d given her one good swat. It’s about what I expected from Jack.

Shawna tenses up again as it lands. “UH!” She sucks in a noisy and sharp breath, too. It takes her just a bit longer to loosen up this time. “Two, Sir. I’m sorry for being so slutty, Sir. I deserve three more strokes, Sir. Thank you for making that one harder, Sir. Will you please spank my naughty bottom again, Sir, and PLEASE, make this one a lot harder, Sir. PLEASE, Sir. Please spank my

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bottom as hard as you can, sir. Please! I really want you to, Sir."

Jack, still reluctantly, raises the paddle again. He snaps it down, this time without any encouragement from me. It lands with a slightly louder crack. And it leaves Shawna's bottom glowing a bright pink this time. It's still not a deep pink, but at least it's a shade that tells me her bottom is stinging her pretty decently now.

Shawna tenses up. She sucks in another sharp breath, grunting a deep "UH!" as she does. Her head lifts up this time, too. And for the first time, I see her hands gripping each other hard. She takes a hair longer to loosen back up, too.

"That's it, Sir! Three, Sir. Thank you so much for spanking my naughty bottom, Sir. I'm sorry for being such a slut, Sir. I deserve two more, Sir, will you please spank my naughty bottom again, Sir? Please, Sir. Come on, Sir, I know you're a lot stronger than that, Sir. SPANK ME! REALLY SPANK ME, SIR! SHOW ME WHAT A MAN YOU ARE, SIR. GIVE ME THAT PADDLE!"

That does it for Jack. He brings the paddle back up. A bit higher this time. "You really want it hard, Shawna, do you?" He asks, but this time I hear a bit of a teasing in his voice. As if he's taunting her.

"SPANK ME, SIR!" Shawna blurts out eagerly. "MAKE IT HURT, SIR, LIKE A REAL SPANKING! BE A MAN, GIVE ME THAT PADDLE. HARD, SIR, HARD!"

Jack puts what looks to be a good bit of his strength into the stroke. It lands with a loud, splitting crack. And it turns her bottom to a light and rather angry-bright shade of red. A shade that tells me her bottom is not only stinging badly now but on fire as well. As a spanked bottom should be.

"OW!" Shawna cries out as she instantly stiffens up. And this time she hangs tensed up for a good bit of a second. Her head snaps up hard. Her hands grip each other.

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"Ah, OW!" Shawna sobs out as her body begins to loosen up. As soon as the tension starts to fade, her hips are squirming hard, as if trying to wiggle the sting off her cheeks. It grinds her pubes firmly against Jack's thigh. It also has the undersides of her breasts wiggling over the outside of his other thigh. And it has her squirming left hip grinding against his crotch. Snugly. It even has her feet kicking up for a second.

"THANK YOU, SIR!" Shawna blurts out, now with the tiniest trace of a sobbing in her voice. "That's four, Sir. I'm sorry for being so slutty, Sir. I deserve one more stroke, Sir. Thank you for making that one harder, Sir. Will you please make my last stroke even harder, Sir. Please, Sir, it's my last! Please give this one absolutely everything you can, Sir. Please, make this the best spanking for me, Sir!"

Jack looks to try. I don't know if he puts all of his power into it, but he puts a good bit of it for sure. The paddle lands with a crack like lightning. A loud and splitting crack. It leaves her white cheeks a bright fire-engine red.

"OW!" Shawna screeches as it lands. She instantly tenses up hard, and almost as quickly falls loose. Her head snaps up, thrashing from side to side. She sucks in a fast breath. Her feet kick hard. Her hips squirm, now grinding the side of her hip and cheek vigorously against his crotch. And it has her breasts dancing as they wiggle against his thigh.

"Oh, OWW!" Shawna screeches again. "YES! THANK YOU, Sir!" Shawna blurts out in a rather strained, but enthusiastic, cry. "THANK YOU, SIR! That's a spanking, Sir... oh, OW!" A hard knot of sobbing steadily blooms in her voice. "That's five, Sir. Thank you for spanking my naughty bottom, Sir. I am so sorry for being such a cheap slut, Sir! I only wish all of those strokes had been as good as the last, Sir! I deserve so much more than I got, Sir! I disappointed you! My bottom should be bloody, Sir!"

I have Jack put Shawna back on her knees. It also lets him see the redness in her face, the slight puffiness at

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her eyes, and the tiny tear that runs from the corner of one eye.

I tell Jack to stand up and take a firm hold of Shawna's shoulder. Since that's bare, he has no problem putting his hand there. I have him nudge her to stand up. Then I have him turn her around and push her to sit on the bench again. I tell him, a bit firmly, not to let her go slow just because her bottom is stinging. Part of her punishment, the spanking, is living with those freshly spanked globes. He nudges her down.

Shawna almost drops onto the bench, but not because Jack pushes her down. It's clear that she's not going to let Jack get on my bad side. No matter what. She sits herself down, sucking in a deep breath through clenched teeth as her red bottom hits the wood. She crosses her legs and sits up properly. And she doesn't look like she minds it. Only her bottom is hating it.

As soon as Shawna is on the bench, I turn my attention to Natalie. "And just where were you, stupid cunt, when this shaggy bitch was diddling her sloppy skank pit? Hello? You're its mother! You're supposed to be looking after it. That means not letting it act like a total gutter slut, too! Yet this bitch was slutting all over your house, and you did nothing! You didn't even notice! How could you miss the smell of such a filthy pussy cumming?"

"UGH!, never mind. You'll just make up some unbelievable excuse. You know what, you can be spanked, too. Maybe if you get this bitch's punishment too, next time you'll at least try to pay attention!"

Smirking wide, I turn to Jack. Even though he just came, it's only been a few minutes, maybe seven or eight, his cock is already nice and hard again. I can see it bulging against the inside of his jeans. I'm sure Shawna's energetic little wiggling helped that along.

"Go ahead, Jack, give this stupid cunt her spanking, too. She wants you to."

Jack does not believe me. The look on his face tells me that. I glance at Shawna and nod.

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"Please, Sir!" Shawna asks Jack in a rather eager voice. There's still a bit of a sobbing note to her voice, but she doesn't let that dampen her enthusiasm. "Please spank my mom, too, Sir! Please, let me see her get a really good spanking like she deserves! Please teach her not to let me be the trashy slut I am, Sir! If she hadn't, I wouldn't be in so much trouble and my Queen would have let me be the one to suck your huge cock, Sir. I really want that cock in me, Sir. Everywhere it will fit, Sir. Please spank her good for letting me be so slutty and mess it up, Sir!"

Jack can hear the honest eagerness in Shawna's voice. He doesn't understand why she'd want it, but it's clear to him that Shawna wants to see Natalie spanked. And that she wants him to spank her. He wouldn't know that because I want him to spank her and nodded that to Shawna. Maybe someday he'll figure out that Shawna wants one thing. To please others, as shamelessly as she possibly can. And to be made to when she doesn't.

Natalie just sits there. As she should. But there's a tiny gleam in her eye. Maybe Jack sees it. But Jack doesn't know Natalie well. He doesn't know that the mere thought of her nude body being casually given to another, to be used without concern for her, is arousing her incredibly. Maybe someday he'll figure that out, too.

Jack hesitantly takes his seat. He moves quicker when he sees the smile on Shawna's face blooming as he lowers back into the chair. He's busy looking at Shawna as if he wants to see her approval to do this. When he finally turns back to Natalie, he gets the sight of her quivering nervously. But with a twinkle in her eyes as she does. As if she knows this is going to hurt, but welcomes it anyway.

"You'll be a big cunt for your spanking, stupid cunt," I sternly tell Natalie in a voice that's more of a scolding than instructions. It makes Natalie quiver twice as hard as she hears what's required of her. More than usual. "Since you couldn't be a big cunt at home and take care of your little bitch."

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"Yes, my Queen," Natalie very nervously answers.

I grab hold of Natalie's fine blond hair. With a sharp yank on it, I pull her forward off the bench and down to her knees beside Jack. Another sharp tug snaps her head forward and pulls her body over Jack's legs.

This time I don't have to tell Jack what to do. On his own, he opens his legs until one thigh is snug in the bend of Natalie's waist and the other thigh is pushing up against the underside of Natalie's breasts. Natalie squirms herself comfortable and into position. She puts her hands behind her back, too.

With this second toy over his knees, I'm hoping Jack will pay enough attention to them that he'll figure out what's required of them as they're spanked, and what isn't. Then he'll know what Shawna added on her own. Shawna wasn't required to beg for her spanking to be so hard. But she did. I'm hoping Jack will realize that.

He puts the blade of the paddle to Natalie's globes. Natalie's globes aren't quite as firm as Shawna's younger ones are. But Natalie's are still well-rounded. They just have a bit of a squishy sponginess to them, even as they're stretched taut over Jack's thigh. They're just full enough to stay rounded as they're pulled tight.

"This is for being a... bad mom and letting Shawna get in trouble... by playing with herself... and for screwing up my chance to... be with her." He tells Natalie when I have him remind her what her spanking is for. By now Jack's paying attention to Natalie. He doesn't notice the way Shawna's face lights up as he tells Natalie that he wishes his chance to be with Shawna hadn't been screwed up. That he wants Shawna.

"Remember to be a big cunt for your spanking, cunt," I sternly remind Natalie as Jack's raising the paddle. Then I tell Jack "make it a good one! Show this stupid cunt how disappointed you are that her naughtiness screwed things up for you." I'm hoping that will make Jack give Natalie five good swats. Not the two good ones and three tentative ones Shawna got.

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Jack snaps the paddle down hard. I'm not sure if it's quite as hard as the last one Shawna got, but it's a good one. It lands with a loud crack. And it leaves Natalie's milky cheeks glowing a bright pink. It's at least as much as Shawna's first two strokes combined.

Natalie tenses up, quickly and hard. She grits her teeth. Her bottom stays still. She breathes a couple of strained, fast, breaths as she loosens back up.

That's what I told Natalie. I told her to be a "big cunt" for her spankings. That tells her that she's not to scream. And she's not to wiggle around. No matter how much she wants to. I don't care about what her instincts are screaming for her to do. Or what makes her bottom feel a tiny bit better.

I only care that Natalie does as she was told to do. Natalie knows that. It's far more submissive this way. To lie there and force herself to keep her bottom bared and still while he spansks it hard. To endure the pain and not show it. Because she was told that's what she's to do. Making her do it will only excite her pussy that much more.

"One, Sir," Natalie counts off, her voice already breaking with a tiny sobbing note. Her voice is rather measured, too, as if she's working to control it. "Thank you for spanking my naughty bottom, Sir. I'm very sorry for being a bad mother, Sir. I deserve four more strokes, Sir. May I please have another spanking, Sir?"

Jack gives Natalie another swat. It lands just as hard as the first one did, turning her bottom a rather bright and deep pink. To my ears, the crack is just as loud as the first, too.

A ripple of steely tension races over Natalie's body as the swat lands. It's hard enough that it snaps her body, brings her knees up, and bumping them against the chair. She doesn't make any noise, though. But I can see the tendons in her neck straining hard as she grits her teeth. Her bottom stays in place. Her feet begin to raise up from the floor, but she quickly catches it and keeps them down. She keeps her bottom from squirming, too.

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"Two, Sir," Natalie counts off with a fair bit of sobbing in her voice. "Thank you for spanking my naughty bottom, Sir. I'm very sorry for being a bad mother, Sir. I deserve three more strokes, Sir. May I please have another spanking, Sir?"

Jack gives her another swat. This one leaves her bottom decently red. And that tells me that her bottom is stinging worse than if she'd sat on a hive of bees. Angry, African, Killer Bees. Especially large ones, too.

Another, even harder, ripple of tension races over Natalie's body as the stroke lands. And I see goosebumps erupt along the line of Natalie's spine. She doesn't exactly make any noise, but I do hear the air explode from her lungs as the stroke cracks against her already-fiery bottom. As if even clenching her teeth isn't enough to stop that. And I see a light jiggle in her cheeks. But not from a squirming. It's just from the paddle hitting them hard enough to get the flesh to jiggle slightly.

It takes Natalie a few seconds to get her voice back. When she does, it sounds like she's crying more than talking. "Three, Sir. Thank you for not taking it easy on me and really spanking my naughty bottom, Sir. I'm very sorry for being a bad mother, Sir. I deserve two more strokes, Sir. May I please have another spanking, Sir?"

Jack gives it to her, and to me, it looks just as hard as the first ones. It's enough to leave her bottom glowing a deep fire engine red.

The air explodes from Natalie's lungs again. Another ripple of sharper tension races over her body. The goosebumps stay put. But now her entire body quivers as it lies over Jack's lap. The ripple races down her legs, kicking her feet once against the floor while her ankles stay crossed. Finally, it curls her toes up.

"Four, Sir," Natalie counts off in a voice that's nothing but a bawling cry. "Thank you for spanking my naughty bottom, Sir. I'm very sorry for being a bad mother, Sir. I deserve one more stroke, Sir. May I please have another good spanking, Sir? I'm trying really hard to

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behave my naughty butt and take my spanking like a big cunt for you, Sir."

Jack gives her the last stroke. Its crack sounds just as hard, too. I'd wondered if, when it became clear the strokes were hurting Natalie if Jack might ease up on her. He hasn't. Maybe it was the way Shawna begged him to make them harder. Or maybe it's the way Natalie forces herself to lie demurely and suffer them.

Natalie's lungs explode, shooting a deep breath of air from her lips. It's noisy, but the noise is just from the speed, not Natalie making noise. Another ripple, the sharpest yet, flows over Natalie's body, snapping her muscle hard as it tenses her up. Her bottom stays put even as her body quivers almost wildly.

"Five, Sir," Natalie tries to count off. Her voice is so much of a bawling cry now that it's hard to make out what she's saying. "Thank you for spanking my naughty bottom, Sir. I'm very sorry for being a bad mother, Sir. I really appreciate you spanking me hard like I deserved to be, Sir." Natalie thanks, Jack.

I have Jack put Natalie on her knees beside him. It lets Jack see Natalie's face. It's scrunched up hard. It's bright red, although not the beet red that her bottom is. Tears run from her eyes, flowing like a little river. She snuffles. "Thank you again, Sir... I honestly appreciate you being so kind as to spank me after I ruined something so important for you, Sir." Natalie apologizes.



Chapter Six - The Better Behaved Pussy

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Now that I have both bitches sitting beside each other again, it's time for the next part of their lesson. Shawna manages to sit mostly still. Natalie tries, but she's quivering lightly. And on top of that, her stinging bottom has her hips squirming around, trying to find some way to sit that's more comfortable. Not that she will.

And Jack is still standing in front of them. His eyes are still more on Shawna than Natalie, but I'd expect that. Shawna is the girl he knows and likes. Natalie is her mother to him. I'd bet before tonight, even though he knew Natalie belonged to me too, he'd never imagined anything involving Natalie. Much less Natalie and Shawna.

I can see the bulge in the front of Jack's pants. Again. I'm sure the girls squirming against it while he spanked them helped it to swell back up so soon. I was kind of hoping it would. Not that he seems to have needed the help. He seems rather... neglected. I know he's been "dating" Shawna for a few months now, and I know that during that time, he hasn't touched anyone else. When I assigned Shawna to be his girlfriend, it had been a few months since he'd had a date, too. I'm guessing it's been a while since he's had a girl. He's certainly eager enough tonight.

Naturally, I have something up my sleeve. "Now, let's see how slutty these trashy bitches are being after their spankings..." I softly tell Jack in a teasingly sweet voice. It's a voice that should tell him I know something he doesn't.

I snap my fingers. "Bitches, show me those pussies," I rather firmly tell them both.

Both quickly rise to their feet. Very quickly, as if they're rather glad to get off their sore bottoms. Both already know that command. They know what I expect them to do.

Both take a step or two forward, bringing them close enough to Jack that he has to step back. They turn around, putting their backs to me. And to Jack. They open their legs wide, stretching their feet out. It has Shawna's right

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foot flush against Natalie's left foot. Then both lean over, getting their backs close to flat. That has their faces directly over the bench, several short inches up from the seat.

And then both reach around the outside of their hips. They put their fingers to their sopping wet slits. Both pull their lips wide open, displaying all of their pinkness. Their hard, throbbing clits. The entrances of their tunnels. Their loose inner folds. Almost in unison, both say "here is my pussy, Ma'am." Then they stand still, holding their lips open and showing off their pussies shamelessly.

Both of their pussies are fairly similar. Both have, at least now, rather prominently swollen clits that I can see a faint pulsing in as they throb hard. That tells me they're both aching for attention. Both have small inner folds. Both have decently narrow tunnels. Both are a light shade of pink. And both are so wet that they're beyond sloppy. Both are covered with a thick, slightly creamy, layer of clear honey that coats everything. Including the outsides of their lips. And now the tips of their fingers.

I doubt Jack notices much. His eyes about pop out of his head at the sight of two pussies side-by-side and so fully displayed for him. I doubt he notices how both women are calm, with their heads held up as they stare at the wall a few inches in front of them. It leaves them seeing nothing but the paint. Neither shows any shyness. Just the quivering that Natalie hasn't been able to get rid of yet.

If Jack notices anything, it's their aromas. Both are moderately musky. Shawna is slightly sweeter. Natalie is slightly less musky. I can tell the difference. Jack... I watch as his eyes bounce back and forth, trying to stare at both at the same time, unable to decide which to look at.

One thing is for sure, though. As wet as those pussies are, there's no question that both are very eager for some attention.

"I think we'll just have a little contest!" I announce to Jack rather eagerly. I lightly tap the bulge in his pants with

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the back of my hand, just enough to let him know that I see it. "The better-behaved skank pit gets.... Would you mind volunteering your cock to fuck the better-behaved pussy?" I ask Jack, my voice now turning sugary sweet.

Jack glances back and forth at their pussies. "Uh... sure... I could do that..." He says tentatively, but also hungrily. It's as if he's more afraid of what Shawna will think of his agreeing. As if he still doubts that Shawna actually wants him to agree to whatever I suggest. And definitely, he doesn't want to lose Shawna over tonight's games. I guess he must think that playing with her mom would push Shawna away. He'll learn.

"Oh, good! And then the naughtier pussy, or rather its bitch, can be the cum drain!" I add very enthusiastically with a bit of a giggle in my voice. "Would you care to be the judge?"

"I... how would I decide?" Jack asks, clearly not having a clue how to tell which pussy is better behaved.

I wave my hand. In a couple of short seconds, Sophie is hurrying up to my side. She's bringing a pair of latex gloves. Not the pastel green ones, I have those in my pocket. These are a larger size. They'll fit Jack. Sophie drops to her knees and offers the gloves to Jack.

He takes them, and with a nod from me pulls them on.

"A well-behaved pussy is there for the pleasure of others," I begin by telling Jack. "Only the sluttiest of gutter trash pussies allow their bitch some pleasure before it makes sure the rest of the world is fully satisfied and no one wants to use it anymore."

I grin wide. "You filthy bitches are to behave those skanky slutty bottoms of yours. Behave, like big cunts!" I tell them. It tells the girls what I expect them to do. Nothing. That's what behave means for them. They're to stand demurely and allow whatever to be done to their bodies. They're not to object. To cry. To squirm. To move. Or especially not to enjoy it. They're to stand there and be used, as if they were inanimate, like furniture.

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I point to Natalie. "We'll start with the stupid cunt," I tell Jack. Before Jack can ask me anything, I reach out and take his hand in mine. I bring his hand up and ball his fist up, leaving only the first finger extended. "You just keep that finger straight and stiff," I teasingly tell Jack.

I put the very tip of Jack's finger to Natalie's pinkness right beside the rim of her tunnel. I'm careful not to let his finger slip into her tunnel. Instead, I draw the tip of his finger around her tunnel, stroking over the edge of it tenderly. It gets a good coating of Natalie's creamy honey on his finger.

Now I lift his finger up again. Without letting it touch anything, even Natalie, I move it up to the V at the bottom of her cheeks. Where the rounded bottom edges of her globes turn to flow up and make her crack. With Natalie bent over, the bottom of her crack is stretched modestly open.

It's enough for me to see the light pink swath of flesh around her asshole. And to see the faint wrinkles lining it as they all flow towards a small squiggly point of darkness at the center. It's enough for me to see that her asshole funnels inward just slightly from the valley of her crack.

I put his fingertip flush against the dark point at the center of her wrinkly pink flesh. Natalie doesn't flinch. Instead, she relaxes herself. Natalie knows what to do. I've taught her how to do anal comfortably. And that's what she's doing now, relaxing her asshole to ease the entry for her.

Jack's fingertip fits into the shallow funneling of her asshole. Just enough so that, at first, the mouth of the funnel lies against the very tip of his finger. Then as Natalie relaxes herself, her asshole turns softer, more like rubber than hard muscle. It lets his finger sit slightly deeper into the funnel, her flesh surrounding a little more of his fingertip.

I put a fair amount of pressure on Natalie's ring with Jack's finger. It's enough to start his finger moving. And that's all it takes. With Natalie's muscle loose and rubbery,

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his finger slips forward, pushing gently into the darkness at the center. As it does, it stretches her ring slightly. And that leaves the rubbery wall of her asshole squeezing lightly against the sides of his finger.

His finger meets almost no resistance as it presses into her bottom. Natalie keeps herself relaxed, almost inviting the finger in. It keeps his finger sliding easily into her bottom instead of dragging on her skin. Almost falling into her, her light pink flesh cuddling gently around the side of his finger.

I push every bit of his finger into Natalie's bottom, stopping only when the webbing of his finger is flush against the outside of her asshole. Her asshole, like any, is about ¼" thick, even stretched slightly to allow a finger through. Once his finger stops moving, Natalie's ring tenses back up slightly, her ring squeezing a little tighter around the side of his finger at the base.

Natalie never moved or made a sound as he pushed into her bottom. She just stood still and relaxed as he entered her bottom. I'd bet Jack never expected to see that. I'd bet he expected her to groan and squirm as it happened as if it would be so uncomfortable for her.

Now Natalie stands still, quivering lightly.

I still have a hold of Jack's hand. I angle his hand, angling his finger inside Natalie's bottom enough to put a light pressure against the walls of her rectum at the bottom. As if he's pushing so gently towards her pubes. The walls of her rectum are paper-thin. And they do no more than a latex glove would do to dampen the feel for his finger. But Jack doesn't have a clue what he's feeling. Beyond those thin walls, where the pad of his finger is now pressing, are the spongy walls of her pussy. The backside of them.

The backside of her pussy walls is no different than the front side. It's the same pulpy, spongy, muscle. And it's lined with the same nerves. Nerves that don't have a clue, or care, which side of them is being touched.

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I start his finger wiggling slightly. It's a very tiny motion. Not enough to have his finger moving over the inside of her walls, but more wiggling against those walls and teasing the pussy just beyond.

That's exactly what Natalie feels, too. It feels exactly as if there were a finger inside her pussy, stroking her walls tenderly and skillfully. Except that she can't feel the finger itself inside her pussy, just the sensations of her pussy being stroked. And the finger in her bottom.

"Uh..." Natalie breathes out deeply. She sucks another breath of air and breathes out again. And again. Each time her purring "Uh..." grows needier and needier. Hungrier. More urgent. More like the sultry moan that it is.

For about one second, nothing more happens. Natalie stands there purring moans that begin as hot, and quickly grow hotter. Then I see the first goosebumps erupt along the creases of her thighs. I'm sure they're on her lips, too, but with Natalie holding her pussy wide open, I can't see the outside of her lips. I watch as they almost race up into her crack. Almost as quickly, they flow up the inside edge of her crack and start covering her globes. As they do, another line of them shoots up along her spine.

Natalie lasts about five seconds before she cries out a loud "AHHHH!" and shudders hard. She sucks in a noisy "Uh," with her breath, then cries out another slightly squealy "AHHHHHHH!" Her hips shudder again, a little more crisply this time.

There's no mistaking that Natalie loves it. Her purrs are too sensual. Her shuddering is too energetic. Her toes even start to curl a little. But she obediently tries to make herself stand there, and stand still, while Jack teases her pussy through her bottom. That way he never actually touches her pussy. Just her bottom.

"We'll go one minute," I quietly tell Jack. I make sure he knows what to do, and then I release his hand. It leaves him to keep teasing Natalie's bottom on his own. I just watch to make sure that he's doing it right.

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Natalie starts to tense up. At first, it's her legs. Then it's her asshole clamping hard around the sides of his finger as if trying to hold it still. Then it's her back and arms tensing to steel. The tension only makes her tremble harder. She moans louder, more urgently, as well. Her honey flows, weeping slowly, but steadily, and covering more of Jack's hand each time it gets close to her lips and pinkness.

I can see Natalie's clit throbbing. It's a light pulsing, but the mere fact that I can see it tells me that it's aching her unbearably.

Natalie makes it a minute, but just barely. And she doesn't behave that well. She's noisy, moaning out loudly and pleadingly. She shudders hard, but otherwise, she manages not to move.

As soon as her minute is up, I whisper instructions to Jack to just pull his finger out of her bottom.

"UGHHHH!" Natalie squeals loudly as he does. This time she doesn't relax. She's too tense to even try. It has her asshole squeezing hard against his finger as he pulls his finger through the ring. But mostly her cry is one of utter frustration at being left unsatisfied. I have no doubt that Natalie could have cum anytime. All it would have taken was for me to give her permission. And she was praying that I would.

Natalie pants a few more frustrated breaths, still trembling, after his finger is out of her bottom.

I just point to Shawna's bottom. To her firm, fully-rounded globes poking out just above her displayed, and very wet pussy. "Now it's shaggy bitch's turn. Let's see if she wants to behave that slutty thing and get it fucked," I teasingly announce.

Jack moves a little reluctantly. Despite seeing how Natalie definitely liked it, it's as if he's still reluctant to do it to Shawna. As if he still can't imagine her liking it.

Her asshole is a little smaller and darker than Natalie's. Hers isn't funneled inward, either. It sits flush with the valley of her crack, surrounded by a wrinkly swath

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of purple-tinged pink flesh. And its center in no more than a pinprick of darkness. Hers is also clenched tightly shut. I'll bet Jack has forgotten that Shawna's bottom is still full with the enema. The blow job would have nicely distracted him from that thought.

He puts the tip of his finger against her ring and presses very lightly. The pressure is far short of what it would take to push his finger into her tight ring. Maybe he thinks the tension is her resisting the entry. But with her bottom full, something there's no way Shawna can forget with the enema still straining to burst from her bottom, Shawna can't relax. Not even for an instant. If she doesn't keep her asshole tensed up fully, that enema is going to explode from it. And that will be a rather humiliating, messy scene. One that Shawna knows will bring an even worse punishment.

Jack hesitates the instant he feels her asshole resisting him. He keeps the light pressure against it but doesn't push any harder. And that keeps his finger from pushing into her bottom. He just sort of freezes like that, waiting for someone to tell him what to do.

In my most teasing voice, I tell Shawna that if she wants to "make this hard for him, then she can just skip her turn and lose the contest."

"Shove it up my butt, Sir! Please, Sir!" Shawna blurts out nervously, and very pleadingly. "Oh, please, Sir! Shove it up my butt! Shove it hard, right up my butt, Sir! Please, Sir, don't make me lose! I want to win! I want you to fuck me so badly! Shove hard! Shove it up my butt! Please, shove it up my butt, Sir!"

Jack listens to Shawna. Maybe just because he knows I didn't tell her to say it. It's more as if it's Shawna's words instead of mine. He pushes a little harder. I see the pink-purple flesh around her ring starting to push into her a hair, funneling inward. Jack pushes a little hard. Then a little harder.

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Finally, Jack's finger jumps forward, pushing it in up to the first knuckle instantly. It startles Jack and he freezes for a second.

"UGH!" Shawna grunts out hard as Jack's finger uncomfortably forces her tense, resisting ring to stretch. Shawna pants a fast breath. Then she realizes that Jack has stopped. "That's it, Sir! Shove it in there! Shove that finger all the way up my butt! Come on, Sir, PLEASE, shove it the rest of the way up my slutty butt, Sir!"

Jack pushes again, and his finger starts slipping into Shawna's bottom. It slides a bit easier now, the layer of Natalie's honey greasing its way. But it takes more pressure than it took him to push into Natalie's relaxed bottom. It slows him down a bit. He pushes his finger all the way into her bottom.

"That's it, Sir!" Shawna eagerly thanks him, her voice strained hard. "Thank you, Sir, for shoving it all the way up my butt, Sir!"

"I... uh... don't really feel anything..." Jack tentatively says, looking at me. "Like I did before..."

"Oh, that's the enema!" I know that the enema still has Shawna's bottom filled to nearly the limit of what she could hold without constant cramping. That it has her rectum stretched wide. Unlike Natalie's. Natalie's rectum, without an enema, is more like a plastic bag. It "sags" inward, letting its walls lie loosely against whatever is inside of it. Shawna's rectum, on the other hand, is stretched wide. Its walls aren't loose, they're pulled taut, like an inflated water balloon. And now, Jack's gloved finger is inside that water balloon.

"It has her bowels nice and full. Just push down until you feel them. It will feel like pushing on a wall of rubber." Of course, it already has her filled rectum pushing against the backside of her pussy.

Jack moves cautiously and slowly as he angles his finger downward. It takes about twice as much movement before he stops. He tells me that he can feel it. That it's like pushing against a glove over a sponge. I guess that's

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a good analogy. It tells me that he can feel the walls of her pussy, too. Those are still soft. There's nothing filling her pussy or stretching those walls.

I tell Jack to tease Shawna just as he did Natalie.

"OOOHHHHHH!" Shawna screams out in the hottest, most sensual voice the very instant Jack's finger starts moving. "OHMYFUCKINGG-D! OH, OOOOHHHHHHHH!"

It takes no more than a half-second for Shawna's body to be covered with goosebumps. And to be trembling hard. Shuddering crisply. And shuddering wildly.

"UH!" Shawna moans on, "OOOHHHHHH!" Her hips snap hard from side to side. "UH! UH! UH! OOOOHHHHHHHH!" Shawna's head starts snapping up and down, tossing her long hair everywhere.

Shawna's toes are already curled. Her entire body is tensed to steel. "UH! OOOOOHHHHHHHHHH!... UH! OH, FUCK ME, I'M GONNA CUM!" Shawna screams out. As she does her bottom snaps back as if trying to drive Jack's finger deeper into it. But there's no finger left for it to swallow.

Shawna's body snaps, arching her back up high. Her bottom shakes wildly back and forth. It's been all of five or ten seconds. Shawna's foot comes up, then stomps back down hard. Her bottom slams back, driving Jack's hand back until his wrist bumps into his waist. Her knees buckle. Her foot starts stomping down hard, over and over again. Faster and faster, each time thrusting her bottom back towards Jack.

Shawna's honey is almost as creamy as Natalie's. But hers runs. It runs enough that I can watch little drops of it falling from her tunnel, running down her pinkness about halfway to her clit, and falling to the floor.

And I can see her clit throbbing hard. Pounding so hard that it turns purple and looks as if it's going to explode with every beat of her heart.

Shawna lasts, at most, twenty seconds. Her knees give out, dropping her down. It almost pulls her bottom off Jack's finger, but he drops down with her. Shawna ends up

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with her chin on the bench, on her knees. Her entire body shuddering wildly around. "FUCK MY ASSSSSSSSSSSS!" Shawna screams out as she drops. "PLEASE, FUCK MY ASS HARD! PLEASE!!!"

I'm sure Shawna would go on begging Jack for it. I grab Jack's wrist and yank his hand away from Shawna's bottom. It pulls his finger from her asshole quickly. And a bit roughly. Enough that Shawna definitely feels it.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" Shawna cries out in the neediest, most begging voice. "PUT IT BACK! FUCK MY ASS!!! PLEASE!" Shawna screeches. Then she falls loose as she kneels, her body quivering hard as if she were kneeling on live electrical lines or something. Shawna starts sobbing loudly.

"Give it to me... please, Sir, please... give it back! Let me have your finger in my butt... please," she mutters under her sobs. "Please, I want it in my butt so much..."

I just sigh out. Then I warn Jack to take the gloves off carefully. I wouldn't want him getting any of the enema pepper on himself. That would burn. As I'm sure it's still burning the inside of Shawna's bottom.

"Clearly this shaggy bitch doesn't want to behave and get its sloppy slut hole fucked by that huge cock of yours..." I ruefully tell Jack.

I clap my hands, making a loud noise that startles Shawna and gets me her full attention. "You lose, shaggy. You can't even behave for one lousy minute to get what you want. Get him ready for the stupid cunt."

"Yes, my Queen," Shawna sobs pitifully. She drags her still-quivering body up to her knees. She reaches for Jack's zipper. Again she frees his stiff cock from his pants, letting his pants fall to his ankles as she does.

She wraps her hand around his cock, holding it softly in her hand.

I tell Shawna to "put it where it belongs." That's all I need to tell her. Shawna, her hand around the base of Jack's cock, gently nudges Jack around. As Natalie still holds her lips pulled wide open, Shawna puts the tip of his

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cock flush to the entrance of Natalie's dripping-wet tunnel. She nudges Jack's cock forward.

Jack doesn't need too much encouragement. He readily follows his cock. And his cock wants Natalie's snug, wet, hot, tunnel. It slips right into her. Shawna releases his cock once it starts to push into Natalie's pussy. She has to. Jack's cock isn't that long. Natalie can take all of it into her.

Shawna stands beside him. I did tell her to help. She cuddles her body close to Jack. Close enough that her breasts are snugly against his side. Well, one is. The other is against his back. She reaches down, wrapping her arms around him, and puts her hands to his hips. She steadies his thrusting hips, gradually slowing them down. "That's it, Sir... Take your time, Sir, and really enjoy my mom's pussy," she almost whispers to him.

Shawna holds his hips to a leisurely pace.

Jack purrs loudly. He doesn't really thrust into Natalie's pussy anymore. Instead, he allows Shawna to guide him as if he's just a dildo she's using to fuck Natalie. His hands were on Natalie's hips, to steady himself. But now he takes them from Natalie's hips. One hand begins to caress Natalie's bottom. His other hand casually slides down to Shawna's firm bottom and caresses that, too.

"Ummm.... Yes, Sir... play with my naughty bottom all you want, Sir," Shawna sweetly tells him. His hand squishes her cheek lightly.

"UH!... OH, UH!" Natalie moans out as Jack's cock slides in and out of her pussy. Shawna is guiding Jack to use long, but leisurely, strokes. Strokes that draw his shaft out until only the spongy head of his cock is left inside Natalie before it pushes back into Natalie's pussy until all of it is inside her.

Natalie's pussy is like fire around Jack's cock. A very wet fire. The first stroke alone left a thick coating of Natalie's honey clinging to every bit of his shaft. It's snug around his shaft, too. I'll bet Jack wasn't expecting Natalie to be so snug, not as old as she is, and knowing that she

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has a child. But Natalie is snug, even on his relatively thin shaft.

It doesn't take long for Natalie's moans to grow loud and deep, even as they take on a slightly squealing note. In a few seconds, her hips are trembling. In a few more they're squirming as if they want to slam back onto his cock and she's holding them from it.

Shawna holds Jack snugly. She doesn't notice it, but I can see her wiggling her breasts slightly against him. Stroking them over him. I can see his hand exploring her bottom, too. I'm sure he's wishing he could reach more than her bottom. I can see Shawna pressing her bush firmly against his hip and grinding her pubes against him. I can hear Shawna purring mutely under her breath as she does.

Jack's attention steadily shifts from his wanted Shawna to Natalie. To the one he's fucking. To the pussy Natalie is still struggling to hold wide open for him as her hands start tensing up. She manages to hold her lips wide enough open that they're not touching Jack's cock. Only her tunnel is. Except at the very deepest of his strokes, as his pubes bump against her bottom. Then his dangling balls bump against Natalie's swollen, throbbing clit, too. Every time it does, Natalie's head snaps back and a more urgent moan bursts from her lips.

In well under a minute, Natalie is moaning loudly and urgently. Loud enough that she sounds like she should be in a porno, only she's not faking it. After all the teasing she's had tonight, her entire pussy tingles it's so sensitive and eager for exactly what it's getting now.

I give them about a minute. A minute or so for Shawna to cuddle up to Jack and "help" him fuck Natalie. Then I slip my hand between Shawna's pubes and Jack's hip. I get a good handful of Shawna's bush. And I use that to nudge her back from Jack.

"Good bitches get to cuddle their boyfriend while they fuck your mommy," I tauntingly tell Shawna. "Naughty bitches get to be cum drains."

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I pull hard, forcing Shawna to drop down to her knees. Then I take hold of her long hair. That makes a good leash. I use it to lead Shawna around and nudge her to scoot back.

It's a position that Shawna has been in before. Once, I think. Only then it wasn't her boyfriend fucking Natalie. I have Shawna on her knees directly behind Jack. I have her leaning back, bracing her hands on the floor behind her. I have her head hanging back so that her face is looking straight up at the ceiling. And I have her mouth gaping wide open.

I have Shawna's mouth directly under Natalie's pussy. I try to get her positioned so that the centerline of Shawna's gaping mouth is lined up the rim of Natalie's pussy. And I have Shawna's lips up very close to Natalie's bare pubes. Close enough that, at the deep part of each stroke, Jack's dangling balls and their hairy sack are not just bumping Shawna's chin, but pulling up onto the tip of it.

And I have Shawna kneeling with her knees spread wide apart. With her leaning back, I have a very good view of Shawna's pussy. Good enough of a view that I can see Shawna's clit throbbing and the honey weeping from her slit.

It doesn't take Jack too long this time, either, but longer. I'd guess about four minutes, maybe a hair more or less. That's when I see his hips suddenly start thrusting hard again. And I hear Natalie's moans deep into squealing screeches.

Jack cums with a very satisfied grunted moan. He spurts his cum right into Natalie's pussy. He's still spurting as his cock draws back on its stroke. As it does, it pulls a good bit of his cum out with it. His cum drips down from Natalie's pussy. Right into Shawna's gaping mouth. His cock is already thrusting back into Natalie's pussy, twitching crisply, spurting more cum into Natalie even as it's pushing out more of the last spurt.

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His cum falls in a big dollop at first. Then, as Natalie's pinkness is covered with it, it starts flowing down in a tiny trickle, like syrup. But by then it's not just his cum, but a mixture of his cum and Natalie's flowing honey.

When Jack is finished, he pulls his cock back from Natalie's pussy. Natalie still holds her lips open, waiting to be told otherwise. His cock drips a few more drops of cum as it leaves Natalie, the first landing in Shawna's mouth, the last on her chin. His cum, mixed well with Natalie's honey, runs from Natalie's tunnel and drips down to Shawna. Most ends up in Shawna's mouth. But enough of it lands on her face around her lips. And one good little droplet between her nose and lip. I really hope that droplet smells more like Natalie than Jack. I want it to remind Shawna that Natalie got the cock that Shawna has been lusting after.



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Now I have Natalie sitting on the bench again. I thought about making Shawna tongue clean Natalie's pussy, but decided that, at least for now, I'd rather leave it messy. It can match Shawna's face. Her cum-covered face. Or at least cum-speckled face. I have Shawna sitting on the bench now, too.

And neither of them is sitting still. Both are trying to, lest they be spanked again. I'm sure neither wants another spanking. Their bottoms are still rather sore from the last one. But both feel that instinct to grind their pussies against the seat. With their exposed clits swollen up so fully, it won't take much for them to grind themselves right into an orgasm.

Natalie could have cum long ago. Probably about five seconds after Jack's cock pushed into her pussy. But she didn't. She knows the rules here. She only gets to cum when she's told to. And I never told her to. So she screeched her way through it as Jack used her pussy and held her orgasm back, praying that I would allow her to cum once Jack was done with her. I didn't. I had her sit back on the bench.

Now it's time to see if Jack wants to play along. Long-term, not just for an hour or three. His pants are back up and zipped now. I had Shawna do that for him. On her knees, staring right at his cock fresh from Natalie's pussy. And thank him politely for "being so kind and fucking my mom since I was way too naughty to be allowed the pleasure of fucking you myself."

Jack lives in the dorms, except for the week or two between semesters when they're closed. Then he stays with his parents, about halfway to Montgomery. I know the policies for the dorms. I know enough students living in them. And I own one of the RA's, albeit not the one for his dorm. I know that no one will care if Jack isn't around the dorm. Probably especially not his roommate, who'd basically have a private room.

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I tell Shawna the rest of her punishment. For the next two weeks, she's not allowed an orgasm. Not by Jack. And definitely not by masturbating.

I watch the look of horror wash over her face as she hears it. I watch her cringe. Her face scrunches up hard. She even starts sobbing, complete with little tears running down her cheeks. "Yes, my Queen," she very reluctantly accepts her punishment, in a voice that's as humiliated as it is unhappy with her punishment.

"And clearly, I can't trust your skanky butt not to diddle that slop pit, can I, bitch?"

"No, my Queen... I guess not, Ma'am..." There's nothing else Shawna could say. Both she and Natalie are here ostensibly because she played with herself. It's as good of an excuse as any for a session. And it was time for them to have a session and be reminded that they're my property.

"And obviously your mommy can't be trusted to look after your sleazy butt, or she wouldn't be sitting beside you on a sore bottom, too, would she, bitch?"

"No, my Queen... She wouldn't have a sore bottom if she'd stopped me from being naughty, Ma'am..."

"Good. Then it's clear that the two of you need a babysitter!" I say rather enthusiastically. Then I turn to Jack. "Would you like the job?" I ask him in a very teasing and sweet voice.

Without waiting for him to answer, I go on and tell Jack what he'd have to do. First, he'd have to be at their house every minute that he could possibly be. That gets a good smile from him. He's been dying to spend more time with Shawna, than the miserly few hours a week I've allowed him to borrow her.

I suggest that he just sort of moves in with them. His smile grows even bigger. Then I add "this naughty shaggy bitch wouldn't mind if you took her bed. And if she manages to somehow, finally, behave her naughty butt close to halfway decently, you might even allow her to sleep in it with you instead of on the floor where she

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belongs.” That has Jack smiling from ear to ear. I’m sure he’s already imagining himself sleeping with Shawna. I have no doubt that he’s not going to put her on the floor, not even for a minute let alone a night.

I remind him that he won't be allowed to have sex with Shawna, including orally, anally, or even to have her masturbate him. She's too naughty for her to be allowed that much fun. However, she can sleep however he wishes, including almost nude, and he may touch her body, however, and wherever, he wishes, whenever he wishes, as long as he doesn't allow her to cum. He can even play with her pussy if he wishes. But it is his responsibility to ensure that Shawna doesn't cum. If she does, she starts her punishment over, it's doubled, and someone else will be babysitting these girls.

And then I tell him that Natalie will be punished, too. She needs to learn some responsibility. For the same two weeks. He will have to mind both of them or neither.

As part of Shawna’s punishment, she will be wearing a pair of chastity panties. I see Shawna really cringe when she hears that. She knows what they are. I explain to Jack that those are panties that will lock onto her bottom. They will not allow her to touch her pussy. Not even to grind it against a seat, as she’s so sluttily trying to right now.

They will have to be unlocked and removed for her to bathe and use the bathroom. Obviously, Shawna can't be trusted with her chastity panties off, so there are rules for taking them off. Before they're unlocked, Shawna's hands must be bound behind her back, securely. Then they can be unlocked and removed. Just to be safe, while they're off of her, she must remain under his constant sight. He's not to take his eyes off her pussy. That way he can be sure that she’s not abusing it or being naughty.

However, that also means that Shawna will need help with her personal care. She won't be able to wipe her pussy or her bottom after using the toilet. Nor will she be able to bathe herself with her hands bound. So that will have to be done for her. It's up to Jack if he wants to do it

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or to watch Natalie do it. Or have anyone else he wants to do it, as long as he's supervising and watching Shawna's pussy the entire time. Only once her panties are back up and locked may her hands be released.

As part of Natalie's punishment, she will sleep nude, without even a sheet to cover her body. She will also sleep on her back, her wrists and ankles bound to her bed. Once put to bed, she's not to be allowed up for anything before morning.

Both bitches will remain fully dressed during the day unless they have Jack's permission to use the toilet, and then only for that may they lower anything. At bedtime, Jack is to take both girls, separately or together, his choice, to the bedroom. There both will strip in front of his eyes. Except for Shawna's chastity panties that is. He will have to bind Shawna's hands and remove those for her. Then they will be allowed to use the toilet before he takes them to bed.

In the morning, he will get them both out of bed. Both are to immediately make the beds. Shawna makes hers whether she slept in it or just Jack did. Then he binds Shawna's hands and removes her panties. Both bitches get to use the toilet and then shower. While he supervises. He is to "inspect" their bodies closely to ensure that they are clean and smoothly-shaven. Then they may dress.

Both of them are to behave. That means they will be polite and fully humble for Jack. For every second of these two weeks, as a proper bitch should be. Both will obey Jack without question. Period. Jack is to sternly punish either, or both, every time they commit even the slightest infraction.

However, as compensation for his trouble in supervising them, BOTH of them are available to him. He may use Natalie however he wishes, whenever he wishes and wherever he wishes. He may help himself to her mouth, pussy, and asshole. Or to her hands or breasts. Or whatever. For sex or a massage, or to make supper, or whatever.

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Shawna is just as available to him, except that he may not use her for sex. He may touch her, but he may not allow any part of her to touch his cock. Not until Shawna has served her entire sentence and I give Shawna permission. Until then, since I'm fairly sure that watching these girls so closely will get him hot, he'll just have to make use of Natalie to "scratch those itches."

Shawna doesn't get any relief from her tension. Natalie, however, might. If Natalie behaves and works hard to ensure that Jack is pleased, he may, if it tickles his fancy to, allow Natalie the pleasure of an orgasm. Up to five times during these two weeks, which is roughly once every three days, although it's up to him when she gets one. I don't care if he allows her five in a row. But no more than five during the two weeks. Each orgasm is to be by supervised masturbation only. He is to watch her very closely as she masturbates and cums. However, Natalie may not ask for an orgasm. Nor may she tell him that she's horny and wishes one. She's to ignore her desire and wait. When Jack thinks she deserves one, he is to simply tell her to strip nude, and then tell her to masturbate. Natalie will masturbate immediately. And, once Jack tires of watching her play with her pussy, he *may* choose to tell her to cum, if she's been good while masturbating. Only if.

Shawna has a special job, too. She's to keep a close eye on Jack. If she ever notices that swelling bulge in the front of his pants, she is to immediately fetch Natalie and ask Natalie to take care of his cock for her. Shawna will be a proper wife for Jack. She will not allow her man to go around with a hard cock. A cock that clearly needs attention. Since Shawna isn't allowed to attend to her man, she will ask Natalie to do it for her. And Natalie will. Immediately and to the best of her slutty ability. Shawna will watch, and help Natalie as much as she can without touching Jack's cock.

And now that I've laid out the rules for their punishment, I turn back to Shawna. "Ask, bitch," is all I say to her.

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"Sir... I'd very much love for you to agree to babysit me and mom, Sir. Please, Sir? I really want you to look after us so closely, Sir. I promise, Sir, we'll both be on our best behavior for you, Sir! Pretty please, sir?"

"Sir, I'd like you to babysit us as well," Natalie says when I look at her. "Would you please agree to babysit us, Sir? I'll be a good bitch for you, Sir, I promise."

I ask Jack if he has any questions.

"Uh... Shawna, you don't mind if your mom and I..."

Shawna sort of giggles as she sobs lightly, "Oh, no Sir! I want you to be really satisfied, Sir! I'd love to take care of that myself. I really just have to have that dick, Sir! But since I'm not allowed to, I'd like you to have my mom stand-in for me, Sir. As much as I want you, it would just kill me to know that you are *fully* happy just because I was a total skank, Sir! Don't you worry, Sir, I'll keep a very close eye on that dick, and the instant it thinks about wanting some attention, I'll get mom right over there to take care of it for me!"

"And... Natalie... You don't..."

"I don't mind, Sir. I belong to my Queen, Sir. If she wishes you to have this worthless body, then it's yours, Sir. I promise that I will take very good care of you, Sir. Very good." Natalie bats her eyelashes.

I guess Jack gets the hint. Natalie and Shawna are far kinkier than he'd thought. And clearly, they're both eager to play my little game. Why shouldn't he enjoy it, too? He tells me that he'll take the job.

Shawna grins from ear to ear. I'd bet she thinks, or at least hopes, that after she suffers two very miserable and humiliating weeks without an orgasm and watching as her boyfriend uses her mom frequently, I will allow her to finally have him. I'm not going to tell her that's still a question for me. Shawna is going to have to be a very shameless, obedient, and humble little bitch before I'll give her that big of a reward.

And then, my inner imp insists that Jack only be allowed to have Shawna's bottom. Because Shawna is far

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more sensitive in her bottom. She'll climax faster and harder with him there. She'll also make a far sluttier show of it before she does. A show that she'll be rather embarrassed for Jack to see.

Natalie, on the other hand, looks... happy, but not thrilled. And slightly resigned to her fate. As if she thinks the idea of being babysat by Jack is rather demeaning and unnecessary. That she could behave on her own. And look after Shawna. But I'm sure she welcomes Jack being around for Shawna. And, despite her best efforts to hide it, I know Natalie liked that cock of his in her. I know she's already imagining getting that regularly. And looking forward to that. Natalie can be a total slut when it comes to men. I'll bet she's as eager for these two weeks as Shawna is if she wasn't so worried about how Shawna would feel about her fucking Shawna's boyfriend.

There are only two more things I need to do before sending these three on their way. The first is to make sure that Jack knows how to properly bind Shawna's wrists. If she's not fully bound, she's just naughty enough to wiggle a hand out and try to use it. On her pussy. These weeks will definitely be humiliating for Shawna. And that will arouse her very intensely. It always does. She's not going to be able to stand not touching her pussy. Her intense arousal will, as it always does, turn her into a very affectionate and shameless slut. She's going to be all over Jack.

I have Sophie fetch a pair of chastity panties. It's time to put them on Shawna. Jack needs to know exactly what they are. And how to put them on her.

As I tell Sophie to get them, I see Shawna's eyes go nervously wide. And I see a very faint trembling sweep over her body. I suspect that's from the swelling pressure in her bottom. The enema that's straining her bowels a little more every minute. The enema that she won't be able to release with these panties on. It means that she'll have to wait until they get home and Jack takes her potty to release it. That's about a half hour drive from here if

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Jack doesn't make any stops. It's going to be a very uncomfortable trip for Shawna. And that will nudge her arousal a little higher, too.

Chastity panties are just like a modest pair of panties. Almost like boxer briefs, only cut lower on the hips. They have full sides that wrap around her hips. They completely cover her bottom. They have tiny legs on them that extend about an inch, maybe two, down from the creases of her thighs. They have a full crotch to them. They cover her pubes fully, too.

The pair Sophie brings me is pastel pink. They have a frilly white lace trim to them, making them look cute. Not sexy. They're too modest for that. Almost like something a parent would have for a young girl to wear. Underneath the lace trim, there are three "channels" that have a thin metal strip, like a zip tie, running through them. They have a buckle similar to a zip tie on one end, but with one difference. On these, a standard handcuff key will release the strip, allowing it to be pulled out. And then relocked, over and over again. There's one strap around each thigh, and one around her waistline. Close to her waistline. The panties are cut with their waistband roughly even with the top of Shawna's bush, not her hips.

The main addition to these panties is the chastity cup. It's made of a stiff plastic. It's shaped like the mound of her pussy, only a little bigger. It's curved outward, too. Its edges are lined with a soft foam. When the panties are on Shawna, that cup will sit directly over her mound. It will completely cover her mound. Its foam-lined rim will surround her mound. It won't touch her mound. Its rim will be alongside of her lips at the creases of her thighs. It's curved enough that it won't be touching her lips, even if she sits on it and puts all of her weight on it. It has tiny little ventilation holes in it, but those aren't anywhere near big enough to get anything through them. It will do its job of keeping everything from getting to her pussy. Her pussy, every bit of its mound, will be hanging untouched in mid-air under the cup. The straps will keep Shawna from

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moving the cup away from her pussy. Without a handcuff key, nothing will get near her pussy. No matter how much she wants it to.

I tell Shawna to stand up. I want to teach Jack how to properly bind Shawna. And he's going to have to know how to lock the panties on her snugly, too. Now seems like the perfect time for him to learn.

Shawna rises to her feet. She stands properly, her hands behind her back, her feet opened slightly. Just enough that the tops of her thighs aren't touching her mound. That way her pussy is fully visible as she stands.

I tell Jack not to be "shy." To just put his hands on Shawna and not worry about touching her. She wants him to. She grins as she hears it.

Jack puts his hands to Shawna's hips and turns her around. Her back is narrow, as is her lean body. And her arms. She holds her hands together, letting them hang down behind her to the top of her rather rounded little bottom.

I hand Jack a sash of black silk. It's fairly long, and it's heavy. Thick. I tell him to pull her hands up, crossing Shawna's wrists into an X. Then to drape the sash over her right wrist, looping it around the wrist. Each end is then crossed over her other arm, one at the wrist and one over her forearm just above the X. they get another loop there. Finally, both ends get looped over her right forearm just above the X and securely knotted with the sash pulled snug around her. That will hold her wrists crossed. It will keep her from moving her hands down to her bottom, too.

Shawna stretches her finger out, shifting her hands as much as she can. She can only get the backs of her fingers to her bottom, about halfway down her crack. Not to her asshole. And nowhere close to her pussy. That's the limit of her reach now.

I tell Jack that's how Shawna's wrists must be bound whenever he takes the panties off of her. Then I show him the one trick he'll need to know. How to get at her underarms, which he'll need to shave daily. It's easy. He

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just has to bring her hands over to her side, pulling one forearm straight across her back, and bending the other elbow. That gives him plenty of room to shave her underarms.

I have Jack turn Shawna around again. I know he likes the view of her front. Especially with her hands stretched behind her. That leaves every bit of her shapely breasts fully exposed, even the sides of them. Even where they meet her chest.

I tell Jack to put the panties on her as he would any other pair of underwear. That he can do. He puts her feet into them, Shawna helpfully lifting one foot at a time for him, and pulls them up. I show him to check the crotch of them and make sure that he can feel the hard cup over her mound. To make sure that they're smooth around the legs and waist. And then to thread the end of each metal strip through its clasp and pull it snug. But not so tight that it's cutting into her. They don't need to be uncomfortable. The ones on her thighs are only there to keep her from getting a finger up past them. The same for the one at her waist, except that one also has to hold them up on her hips so they can't be pulled down.

And now that Shawna is snug in her chastity panties, I tell Jack that he can free her hands. He turns her around again and quickly unties them.

I tell Shawna to sit back on the bench beside Natalie. I have one more thing in mind before I send them off with Jack.



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"Jack, I'll leave this up to you..." I have that sly smirk on my face again. Jack is standing beside me. We're both standing in front of the girls, facing them as they sit on the hard bench. Both girls are still squirming slightly. Natalie grinding her hungry pussy against the bench. Shawna trying futilely to. The chastity panties are stopping her. All she's doing is grinding the rim of its cup against the creases of her thighs. But that's not stopping her from trying!

One look at them is all it takes. Anyone can see that both are very aroused and eager to cum. My attention is on Natalie now. I've already announced that Shawna will not be cumming tonight.

It takes me a little bit of a nudge to get Jack's attention focused on Natalie. He's just too interested in Shawna, and in more than just her body. But that's fine with me. In fact, it works well. I want Natalie to feel as if she's a poor replacement for what Jack wants. As if she's only marginally wanted herself.

I direct Jack's attention to Natalie's breasts. They're definitely on the small side, but they are nicely shaped. With a fully rounded curve to their undersides, and a moderate slope to their tops sides. They have well-rounded tips, too. But her hard nipples stand out enough, with slightly flat tips to them, to give her breasts a slightly pointy look. Her mounds are milky white, contrasting nicely to make her dark pink nipples stand out.

I put one of Jack's hands to Natalie's mound and nudge his finger to get him to squeeze it gently. That way he can feel the firm sponginess of it. Firm enough that it still holds its shape without any sag to it, despite her age. They're like a stiff wet sponge. One nudge is all it takes. Jack starts kneading her breast softly.

"Mmm..." Natalie purrs very sweetly.

"Shut up, stupid cunt!" I snap and scold Natalie. "I didn't say for you to make whore noises."

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Natalie stops purring. Instead, she just breathes deeper, her breaths taking on a slight raspiness. They sound hot, letting Jack know that it feels good for her.

"You have a choice with this stupid cunt," I tell Jack. Now that I've scolded Natalie for just purring, I know that she'll sit still and quiet while I give Jack the choices. She won't give him any hint which of them she'd prefer.

"Option one, this dumb cunt can wear chastity panties for the next 48 hours. As hard as her pussy is throbbing now, by then the ache should be unbearable for her.

"Option two is that you may allow this stupid cunt to masturbate now. Assuming that its naughty bottom can behave long enough, that is. It will not count as one of her allowed five times. However, if it misbehaves, not only will I condemn it to the chastity panties for 72 hours, but I will spank its naughty bottom five good strokes.

"Or, option three is that you may give this stupid cunt a very nice reward. Naturally, it will have to behave for that as well. Since it is getting such a delicious and rare treat, I will expect perfect behavior from this cunt. Should this cunt misbehave, it will spend the next five days in chastity panties, and I will spank that rotten bottom ten strokes. Yes, that's a harsher punishment, but she also gets such a sweet treat if she behaves.

"The choice, like every choice for these bitches for the next couple of weeks, is yours to make, not hers. You will decide which she will get. She will obey you, and behave for whatever you decide no matter what that skanky hot pussy of hers wants. She gets no input. You decide for her."

By now Jack's hand caressing and kneading Natalie's breast has her shivering lightly. It also has her nipples swelling ever stiffer, trying to get harder than ever. Wrinkling up the dark rings around them until the goosebumps on them start forming little mountain ridges around those steely nubs. It should leave Jack no doubt how aroused Natalie is. How hungry her pussy is. The

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grinding of her hips should also tell him just how needy it is.

Jack asks me what the treat is. What he might be offering Natalie. I won't tell him. I just tell him that her pussy will enjoy it far more than a simple masturbation. I don't tell him that the end result will be the same. Orgasm. Or that masturbation, which won't be as intense for Natalie, will be easier for her to behave during. I just tell him to pick one.

I think it's the fact that Natalie has now taken care of Jack twice. Once with her mouth, and once with her pussy. Both times, Natalie was very sweet to him. And she did it eagerly, not just willingly. As if she wanted him far more than he wanted her. More than he even wants Shawna. Jack decides to offer Natalie the sweet treat.

As soon as Natalie hears his choice, a very nervous, and equally desirous, shudder sweeps over her.

I lean close to Jack's ear, and without telling him what I'm planning, I tell him what instructions to give Natalie. Then, at a normal volume, I remind him that Natalie is expected to be on her best behavior. As a cunt should be when getting a special treat.

"Natalie," Jack begins. I've already told him that he's to use their given names, or the "toy names" I've made up for them, only. Before tonight, he'd always been polite to Natalie, seeing her as Shawna's mother, and calling her "Mrs. Brown." Not anymore. Now it's "Natalie" or "Stupid Cunt."

"Stand up." Jack waits a moment while Natalie gets to her feet. She doesn't stall. She says a very humble "Yes, Sir," in a rather sweet voice, then gets up and assumes a proper posture. Jack points to the spanking chair, still sitting off to the side but close to where we are. "Over that chair... stupid cunt."

"Yes, Sir," Natalie says again. Her voice is still sugary sweet and eager, but now the first tinge of trepidation laces into it.

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Natalie turns to face the chair. She's close enough to it that she doesn't need to do more. She opens her feet wide. Stretching her legs wide until I can see the tendons in the creases of her thighs. Then Natalie leans forward. She goes over until she can rest her elbows on the seat of the chair. She rests her entire forearms on the seat, turning them so that her palms are upward. Natalie slowly shuffles her feet back a couple of inches until her back is flat with the floor. Finally, Natalie picks her head up so that she's looking forward. It has her staring at a wall, seeing nothing of us or Shawna. "This stupid cunt is over the chair as you want it, Sir," Natalie tells him that she's in position.

I have Sophie fetch a bowl of water. She brings it, atop a saucer lined with a tissue paper doily, just as I'd asked for. It's full, the top of the water almost exactly $\frac{1}{4}$ " below the rim. And there are a couple of drops of red food dye in the water.

I have Sophie set the saucer atop Natalie's back. Just between her shoulder blades. When Sophie sets it there, there isn't a drop of water on the doily. The red dye will make any drops stand right out. That's what the dye is for.

I have Jack remind Natalie that she's expected to be on her best behavior. That she's not to move or squirm about "like some cheap gutter whore." Nor is Natalie to make "slutty noises." She's not even to curl her toes or ball her hands up into fists. She is to behave, and that means just what it does for anything else. Like her spanking. She to just stand there while whatever is done to her body.

Jack's jaw drops and he blushes deeply when I tell him what instruction to give next. He stutters. Eventually, he gets it out. "Shaggy bitch, eat this cunt's pussy." Only this time his voice sounds very reluctant to be giving the order. To be telling Shawna to eat her mother's pussy. "And make sure you lick all of my cum out of it."

"Yes, Sir," Shawna answers. There's no hesitation in her voice. She rises to her feet, and a second later she's

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dropping to her knees behind Natalie's waiting bottom. Shawna doesn't rush, but she's not stalling either. She puts her fingers to the edges of Natalie's moderately plump lips and pushes them wide apart, stretching Natalie's slit open and revealing every bit of her pinkness.

Natalie's pinkness is flushed bright, to a deep pink. Almost a shade of red. Everything inside is coated with a heavy layer of mixed cum. Natalie's honey and Jack's cum. Natalie's pea-wide clit pokes its pulsing head up above the knot of fold that nestles it. A head that's throbbing hard enough for Shawna to see it.

Shawna stretches her mouth wide. She puts her lips to Natalie's pussy, just inside the edges of Natalie's lips. Her mouth surrounds Natalie's clit. Shawna sucks gently. She very gingerly lies the underside of her tongue along the top side of Natalie's aching clit. And then Shawna begins to slowly swirl her tongue.

It's a skilled motion. It's one Shawna's gotten to practice before. Enough time to get good at it. But never on Natalie. It's the first time Shawna's gotten to taste Natalie. Although, given the heavy white tinge to the cream covering everything, I'd say Shawna is getting far more of a taste of Jack than Natalie. Shawna leisurely moves her tongue around the edge of Natalie's clit. She makes sure that her tongue is always touching the nub, caressing it with her tongue's delicate softness. And letting Natalie feel its hot wetness. She doesn't try to keep the underside of her tongue along Natalie's nub. Instead, as her tongue circles around the nub, the nub is also circling around Shawna's tongue.

"UUUHHH!" Natalie sucks in a very noisy breath. But it's just a noisy breath, not a moan. She gulps in as much air as her lungs will hold. She holds it for a second, then it explodes from her lungs. "UGH!" It's even noisier and laced with a good bit of squeal. But it's still just a noisy breath.

It doesn't even take a second for the trembles to start flowing over Natalie's body. And for goosebumps to

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start erupting over every bit of her. I think they begin at her pussy, but they race over her so fast it's hard to tell where they began. They seem to cover her almost instantly.

I can see the muscles in her legs and feet tensing up first. I know her toes want to curl up, but Natalie fights to keep her feet flat on the floor. At the same time, I see the muscles in her arms and hands tensing up, too. So much so that her finger vibrates as she struggles not to clench her fists. Her mouth hangs open a bit as she sucks another noisy breath in. Her teeth chatter.

And now, maybe two seconds into her treat, the quivering of her body, her entire body, grows strong enough that I can see her breasts starting to jiggle. They hang down from her chest, as all breasts do in this position. It's a position that has her breasts as loose as they can get. Just hanging free down from her chest. It wouldn't matter if they were as soft as water balloons or as firm as rocks. Like this, they dangle. And dangling breasts jiggle. Some more than others. Natalie's are jiggling enough that I can see it on her steely hard nipples.

And I can see it in the water in the bowl on her back. I'm sure Natalie knows what that is. And can guess why it's there. If she moves, it will make waves in the water. If she moves too much, one of those waves will splash a few drops of water over the rim and stain the doily. That's positive proof of her naughtiness. The only thing Natalie can't know is how generous I've been. How close the water is to the rim. And thus, how much of a wave it will take to make that stain. It encourages Natalie to fight hard to keep her shoulders still.

I'm doing it for one reason. To tease Natalie. Moving, squirming about is one way a body deals with the stimulation it's feeling. Her body wants to channel some of those icy hot sparks flying along her nerves into her muscles. It dulls the sensations. But with Natalie's muscles resisting that and trying to stay loose so she doesn't squirm, it takes that outlet away. It leaves all of

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those sparks racing into her spine and up to her brain. Where she can fully feel them. It makes the teasing Shawna is giving her even more intense.

I wait about half a minute until I know Natalie is on edge. On the edge of an orgasm, fighting to hold that back until she's told to have it. If she's told to. To behave and save herself a punishment that she knows will be hideous. All of which just makes her even more aroused and eager for that orgasm.

I tell Jack what to do now. "Stupid cunt, do you like your treat?" He asks her.

"YES! SIR!" Natalie screams out, her voice so deep and throaty it's more of a breath than an answer. But it's loud. It's hungry. It's urgent. And it's pleading.

"Is this shaggy bitch eating your pussy well?"

"YES! SIR!" Natalie answers.

"Would you like to cum?"

"YES! SIR! I HAVE TO CUM SO FUCKING BADLY, SIR!" Natalie screams out in her throaty-deep breath.

"Do you want Shawna to make you cum?"

"YES! SIR! I WANT HER TO MAKE ME CUM RIGHT FUCKING NOW, SIR! PLEASE, SIR!" Natalie takes the chance of adding to her answers. A plain yes or no would do. She adds more, hoping to persuade Jack to grant her an orgasm. Before she misbehaves one way or the other. Moves or cums without permission.

"Are you going to be a good cunt for me, for however long I'm there to look after you?"

"YES, SIR!" Natalie screams out urgently and even more eagerly. "I'LL BE A VERY GOOD CUNT, SIR! I'LL DO ANYTHING. GIVE ME THAT DICK AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT A GOOD SLUT I WANT TO BE, SIR! GIVE ME THAT DICK, SIR! I'LL MAKE IT THE BEST YOU COULD IMAGINE. EVERY TIME YOU'LL LET ME TOUCH IT! OH, FUCK! GIVE ME THAT DICK!"

Jack grins a little. I grin wider, knowing that Shawna is hearing it all, too.

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"Will you show me that you want to please me, cunt?"

"YES, SIR. I'LL DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, SIR!" Natalie pleas.

"Then behave for me, stupid cunt," Jack tells her.

Natalie blurts out a frustrated but resigned breath. She stays put, quivering a little more than before. Her breasts jiggling a little more. And the water in the bowl making slightly larger waves.

By the one-minute mark, Natalie's muscles are steel. They're as tensed up as they can possibly be. They strain hard. I'm sure they're burning from the strain. And I'm even more sure that if Natalie even feels it, she doesn't notice it. She's not noticing anything beyond her pussy right now.

Shawna very obediently stays put, keeping her mouth to Natalie's pussy. And her tongue to Natalie's clit. If it bothers her that she's eating her mother's pussy, Shawna isn't showing it. Not at all. She's busy performing perfectly. Exactly as Jack told her to. Natalie's honey must really be flowing now. I can see it covering Shawna's chin. And the bottom of her nose. Her upper lip, too. Only this honey has much less of the whiteness of Jack's cum mixed into it.

I put my hands to Natalie's globes. I can feel the hardness in her muscles, just under the flesh. Those muscles are like steel. It makes me work to pull Natalie's cheeks wide apart and expose her asshole. Now it's clenched impossibly tight, as is every other muscle of her body. So tightly that it's starting to pucker outward as it strains. I'm sure Shawna sees it, it's right in front of her eyes. I see Jack glance at it, but he doesn't look too interested in that part of her. At least not now.

The quivering flowing over Natalie's body steadily sharpens up as the seconds tick by. As does the throatiness of her breaths.

Natalie makes it to the two-minute mark. The water is splashing around pretty good, but it's still staying inside

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the bowl. She quivers fairly sharply now. She's as stiff as a board, too. But she's held her orgasm back and behaved. So far.

I think Jack is enjoying the show, too. He's mostly focused on Shawna's face, gawking at the sight of her mouth on a pussy. But he's looked up to Natalie's body enough. I've seen him glancing at her dangling breasts more than a few times.

My usual rule is five minutes. It's a rule that's all but carved in stone in my playroom. Whenever a toy is being teased, however, it's teased, it must endure five full minutes of the teasing before I'll consider allowing an orgasm. And it must behave for those five minutes. Otherwise... it definitely doesn't deserve its reward.

I have no intention of breaking my rule now. Not even as bad as Natalie needs to cum already. She'll wait the full five minutes, as she would any other time. I've told Jack the rule. I've told him to keep his eye on the time, too. He's the timekeeper. I've told him that five minutes is only the bare minimum, too. He's welcome to go longer and enjoy the show if he wishes. Natalie doesn't matter. Nor does Shawna. They will eagerly do this, and anything else, for however long he wants them to.

But I can see that Jack isn't going to make Natalie suffer even a second more. He keeps glancing at his watch. As it gets closer and closer to the five-minute mark, he glances more and more often.

With about twenty seconds to go, Jack asks "Shawna, would you like to make your mom cum on your face?"

Shawna can't answer him. Her mouth is too busy with Natalie's pussy and she knows not to interrupt that. So she lifts a hand up beside Natalie's bottom and gives Jack a thumbs up. Her answer. I'll gladly do that for you.

Jack does what I've told him to do. He steps around the side of the chair so that he's in front of Natalie. He puts his hands to her face, under her jaw, and nudges her face up so that Natalie is looking him in the eyes. "Are you going to be very good for me while I look after you two

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stupid bitches?" He asks her, his voice a still a little unsure.

"YES! SIR! I'LL BE A VERY GOOD LITTLE GIRL FOR YOU, SIR! I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY! I'LL BE GOOD! I'VE BEHAVED FOR THIS, HAVEN'T I, SIR? THAT SHOULD SHOW YOU, I CAN BE REALLY GOOD FOR YOU, SIR!"

"Look me in the eye, cunt," he tells her. Natalie tries hard to stare into his eyes. As much as she's quivering, it's not easy for her. I lift the bowl off her back. "Cum on your daughter's face, cunt."

"YES! SIR!" Natalie blurts out. "THANK YOU FOR ALLOWING THIS STUPID CUNT TO CUM, SIR. PLEASE WATCH ME CUM NOW, SIR."

No sooner are the words out of Natalie's mouth than her hips are snapping wildly, thrashing around. A long scream escapes from her lips. Her knees instantly buckle. Shawna must have known that would happen. Her hands are there to catch Natalie's stomach and prop her up. Natalie's elbows stay on the seat, but her hands fly up. Her shoulders snap violently, rolling from side to side. And that tosses her small breasts around just as energetically.

Natalie's pussy squirts a decent dollop of cum-laced honey. It shoots from Natalie's tunnel. It lands on Shawna's upper lip, between her lip and her nose. It almost looks like some of it even goes into a nostril. Maybe it did. It covers Shawna's lip and flows down to her mouth. Her mouth keeps going, her tongue still swirling around Natalie's clit as if Natalie wasn't cumming.

Natalie goes on cumming, her body snapping harder as each wave of the climax passes over her. Her knees stay buckled, forcing Shawna to use both hands to hold Natalie's hips up. Her body snaps a couple of fresh thrashes with every wave. And the waves hit her one after the other.

Natalie goes on screaming her way through the climax.

The Play Toy With Boyfriend On Her Brain

Jack holds Natalie's head up, forcing Natalie to see him watching the faces she makes as she cums. I'll bet she knows she's making some strange ones, too.

Jack slowly counts backward from 50, as I've told him to do. He counts to himself, not letting Natalie hear him. He just counts off the time. In all, it's about a minute and ten seconds before he gets to zero. "Shaggy bitch, that's enough. Stop," He says loudly enough to ensure that Shawna hears him.

Shawna immediately brings her face back from Natalie's pussy. She keeps her hands under Natalie's waist, though, so Natalie doesn't drop. "Yes, Sir," Shawna says sweetly. She stays on her knees, her face a few inches back from Natalie's butt. Her face covered, from the nose down, in a sticky layer of mixed cum.

Natalie screams for several more long seconds. Then her lungs run out of air. She sucks in another deep breath, only this time she moans it out with a very stuttering, breaking "UH!" that she draws out. Her body trembles hard. Her knees keep buckling, forcing Shawna to hold her up. And she stares at Jack's face. It lets him see her face soften into the most blissful afterglow. In half a minute she can barely keep her eyes open. Her body is loose and sated, her muscles no longer tensed up.

Jack lets Natalie stay there for a minute or two, just basking in the sweet afterglow of the intense orgasm. Then he firmly tells Natalie to "stop slutting around and stand up like a big cunt." It's my words, not his. But they do the job.

Natalie very slowly drags herself upright onto very wobbly legs. Her entire body wobbles. And it quivers as it does. But now it's not need. It's the ebbing waves of that orgasm still racking her body, tingling her nerves so sweetly. "Yes, Sir," Natalie answers him, her voice pure breathiness. She tries to assume the proper posture, but her stance is loose and unsteady as she stands.

Jack tells Shawna to stand up next to Natalie.

Chapter Eight - The Stupid Cunt's Reward

Shawna gets in place. As she knows I want, she stands right beside Natalie, their shoulders and feet touching.

I tell Jack what to say to the girls. "OK, bitches," Jack begins, putting my words into his. "I'm going to take you home now. You don't have a house now. It's mine. It and everything in it belong to me. As do *both* of those bodies. Either of you have a problem with that?"

"No, Sir," both answer in unison. Shawna grins wide. Natalie might be grinning, it's hard to tell through the soft mask of afterglow on her face. She looks more... as if she's drifting through the clouds. Not really here.

"Good," Jack says. He reluctantly takes the thin wooden paddle from me. Along with a sharpie marker that I hold out for him. He hands both to Shawna. "Autograph it," he tells her.

Shawna doesn't hesitate. "Sir, please use this paddle to spank my naughty bottom very hard whenever I displease you even the teeniest bit." She writes and signs her name.

Jack tells her to pass the paddle to Natalie. Shawna turns it over for her mom, then passes both to Natalie for Natalie to autograph as well. "This paddle is for my naughty bottom. Please make me be good, Sir." Natalie signs it "Natalie." She holds it out to Jack.

Jack takes his paddle. He holds it up in front of the girls. "You both heard your Queen's instructions. This is for your own good, girls, so I'm taking my job seriously. Any infraction of her rules will get you over my knees for this paddle to remind you to behave." He goes on to tell them that the paddle might not be the only punishment they face, too. There might be other consequences of naughtiness.

He reminds them of the big rules. The "be polite," "be humble," and "obey without question or comment." He warns them that even the tiniest breach of those will merit five swats. He holds the paddle up in front of him as he warns them.

The PlayToy With Boyfriend On Her Brain

I have Sophie bring me both of their clothes. I set them on the chair for Jack and tell him that he can dress the girls now. In two weeks' time, he will return them here, to me, and I will decide if Shawna has learned her lesson. I'll expect daily updates from him, not them.

Jack tells both that he's taking their phones, and they have no internet privileges. If they need to use either, they'll do it while he supervises their naughty bottoms. Since they can't email, he will be emailing me for them. In the mornings. Both will tell him everything, he will send it on.

Jack picks up Shawna's panties. "I guess she doesn't need these..."

I grin. I snap my fingers. "Butt Monkey.... Where's my little prince?"

Butt Monkey, my six-month-old hound-mix puppy comes running. More like flying into the room. He's very energetic. He sees the panties dangling from Jack's hand. None of these three know that Butt Monkey has a panty fetish. Sophie does. And I see her smirking. Butt Monkey leaps. He grabs the panties in his jaw, ripping them from Jack's hand, and runs off with them. I didn't even have to give him a command.

"Problem solved," I say teasingly. Almost giggling as I do.

Jack tells Shawna to dress Natalie. Then he has Natalie dress Shawna. Shawna does it quickly, but softly. Natalie takes longer, her hands still rather unsteady. And that has Natalie's hands brushing against some parts of Shawna. Like her breasts. Far more often than needed. But in the end, both girls are dressed for the ride home.

I send Jack off with a few spare pairs of chastity panties in Shawna's size. She'll need more than one for two weeks. A day is all they can go. But they're machine washable. I send her with the pink ones she has on, as well as blue, green and yellow ones. Otherwise, they're all identical, even with the same white lace trim.

THE "USUAL SUSPECTS"

My friends, family, and slaves who appear in this story and numerous others. Only those in this story are shown.



Slave-girl ("Sophie")

Age	Height	Weight
19	5'4"	121
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Blond	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-B	26	34

Debuts In: "Seducing Sophie"



Slave-whore ("Paige")

Age	Height	Weight
19	5'7"	118
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-B	29	34

Debuts In: "Paige: From College Girl To Slave-Whore"

The PlayToy With Boyfriend On Her Brain



Prince Butt Monkey

Age	Height	Weight
6 Mo.	2'0"	40
Hair	Eyes	
Brown, Tan, White	Puppy Dog	