

Humiliated At The Fitness Center



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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 latest four stories are always available, with no questions asked and for free, on my website, including stories that aren't published anywhere else.

The complete archives of all my public-version stories are available in the member's pages of my website. Just sign up, it's easy and free. So are the stories. I promise to never spam anyone.

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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Prologue:

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 19-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 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

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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 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 19-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. 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.

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 (26), Janelle (35), Colette (39), Diane (43), and Olive (44). we usually get together every couple of weeks for coffee and

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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 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!



Chapter 01: The Toy

My toy this afternoon is Tamar. She's a 30-year-old housewife who lives in Saraland, a small, and better-off city that qualifies as a suburb of Mobile. I'm not sure how far it is between cities, but I doubt it's more than five miles. Plus it's a straight shot up I-65 for those few miles.

I take Sophie, my 19-year-old live-in slave-girl, with me. From my apartment downtown, right in the center of what little passes for nightlife in Mobile, it's straight up I-165. That's a short little spur that runs from I-65 right over the ghetto that's the City of Prichard, and into downtown by the bay. It's like three blocks down to Water Street, then four or five more before I'm on I-165. In a few short miles, Sophie and I are flying onto I-65 with the top down on my Miata convertible. Four miles later, we're getting off at the Saraland exit. Not far at all.

I know Tamar, rather casually, from Temple. Like me, she's Jewish. She's also far more active around the Temple than I am. I'm not exactly famous, or even notorious, but I also don't make a secret of what I am. I'm dominant, and I don't really care if the world knows it. I don't care if they don't know it either. But most people who spend much time around me at least have a good guess. Like at Temple. Those Friday evenings I go (which isn't as often as I should be going) I take Sophie with me. She's basically my handmaiden, always in her proper place close at my side in case I might have some whim she could cater to. And Sophie always wears her girly collar locked around her neck. It's cute, but it doesn't leave much doubt that she's my slave.

When Tamar first approached me, she was rather shy and oblique. But most who come to me are. It's not like anyone is going to come right and start a conversation about their sexuality unless it was with a lover or her BFF. Still, it didn't take me long to figure out exactly what she wanted.

Tamar's husband is moderately older than she is. I didn't ask, but I'd guess he's around 40. And he has a decent standing in the community, complete with a reputation he's eager to protect. A reputation that he doesn't want to be tainted with rumors of his

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younger wife's kinky indiscretions. But he's a smart man as well. Smart enough to realize that if she doesn't get to play, Tamar won't be happy. And an unhappy wife can really make a man's life miserable.

It didn't take me long to figure out what aroused Tamar. She definitely does not want to be the talk of the town. In fact, she'd prefer no one knew anything about her kinky side. I'd bet she'd prefer even her husband didn't know about it. But she needs "dangerous" kink.

Humiliation excites her. Public humiliation arouses her to sweet insanity. The trick for me has been to come up with new ways to humiliate her. Ways that make Tamar feel like the entire world, especially people who know her, are seeing every bit of the depths of her humiliations. And to make sure that not a single person actually does. That's what I mean by dangerous humiliation. She needs to believe it's as public as if it were in the town square.

The other thing that arouses Tamar is feeling as if she's completely owned. As if this nice life she's living isn't really hers. That she's just some peasant who's being allowed to live a role. That in reality, she's nothing. That she belongs to me. That she doesn't matter at all, and especially not to me. That she exists only to serve me. The less she feels as if she has control over her life and body, the hotter she gets. Doubly so when she's made to willingly give away that control, rather than having it taken from her.

Luckily for me, Tamar's active life has her rather busy most of the time. I say lucky because it has her keeping her schedule on an app on her phone. And I have access to the calendar. Her husband helped me out there. He gave me the password she uses for just about everything that's not critical. And I guess her calendar isn't critical. He assures me that Tamar doesn't know I have the password or access to her schedule.

Today her schedule is fairly typical of her days. She's planning to be at her gym from 10-12. Then she's meeting a friend for a quick lunch. She has a 1:30 appointment to have the oil changed in her car. Then she's planning to be home by 2:30. Her step-sons, ages 6 and 9, will be home from school at 3:00. Isn't that just so suburban housewife of her?

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Knowing Tamar's schedule allows me to surprise her. I know when and where she'll be. Whether it's at home, which is where I usually surprise her, or somewhere else. It also lets me know when the time will be convenient for her. While I want to interfere with her life, I don't want to interfere. I don't want her to screw up her life. Just to feel as if it's being screwed up.

This is going to come as a surprise to Tamar. It's going to be the second time I've met her in public. The first, however, was just a little tease. Then she was shopping at Publix with her husband and his kids. Really their kids, their mother moved to Israel, and once the courts refused to allow her to take the kids out of the country, hasn't been around much at all. Skank. Tell me she's not the one who deserves a good whipping.

I shop at Publix, too. They tend to have the better selection of the better foods around here. Not counting Whole Foods, another of my favorite stores. I just don't usually shop at that particular Publix. There's one much more convenient to the USA campus, so easy to just swing into on my way home. But one is as good as the next, and it was a Sunday...

I didn't have to pretend to be shopping. I had a fair list of stuff I needed. So I went shopping. I just did it at her store when I knew she'd be there shopping. Then, I allowed her to bump into me at the sushi counter. They have a pretty nice one there. She was definitely surprised to see me.

I played it off. "Oh, hey Tamar, I haven't seen you since Temple last week." Of course, Tamar knew better than to be so familiar with me. It made her keep her voice very soft as she politely said something like, "It's good to see you again, Miss Rodgers..." Then I started chatting with her husband, utterly ignoring Tamar for a moment.

The sushi counter is kind of small, and rather popular. There were countless others, mostly ladies, close beside us. Finally, I turned back to Tamar and asked her if she'd noticed the sale they were having on scented bath oils. I'm not even sure they have much of a selection of

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them; I but mine online where the selection is endless. I'd bet Tamar does, too. Naturally, she said no, that she hadn't seen it. The boys instantly lost interest in our conversation. Feminine oils are not the schoolboy interest list. Not even close.

"Come along, zonna, I'll show you! You just can't miss these deals!" Tamar instantly froze in place. "zonna" is Hebrew slang. It could be translated a few ways. "Whore," "Bitch," and "Slut" are the most common translations of it. It's definitely not a word that you'd use in Temple. It's also become the pet name I've given Tamar. She knows what it means. A very lowly, repugnant woman. Her. But I was utterly sure that that there were only four people in this store who would have a clue that "zonna" isn't some ethnic name. Those four would be me, Tamar, her husband Joel, and Sophie. All these nice ladies around us won't have a clue.

But Tamar knew. The use of her pet name alone was enough to tell her that, as of now, I was repossessing my property. Her. She was to forget everything, even Joel, the boys, and her life, and mind her true owner. Me. "Yes, Miss Rodgers, I'd hate to miss that!" Tamar finally managed to answer after a couple of seconds. I started leading her along.

Tamar obediently abandoned her family. And her shopping cart. As I instructed her to, Sophie hung back a second, letting us get out of earshot, and then quietly told Joel that I would be returning Tamar to him in the deli in just a few minutes. He got the message, took the cart and the boys, and headed for the deli. It gave me about ten minutes. There's always a line in the deli. They have some good cuts of kosher cheeses. And meats on the high end of the common for the 99.99% of Saraland who don't care if their beef is kosher or not. Then Sophie grabs our cart and scurries to catch up to us.

I lead Tamar to the aisle with the pet supplies. It's by far the least packed of the aisles in the store. The one where her audience will be the least. Sophie catches up with us long before we actually get there. She pulls the cart up, not quite close to the display of birdseed. How many

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people are going to want birdseed right at this minute?

I didn't really have much of a plan. I find few plans for impromptu sessions tend to work out. But I started getting an idea once I saw the modest dress Tamar was wearing. It's pretty, but it does have long sleeves and hangs down about 2/3 of the way from her knees to her ankles. And it's rather loose-fitting. Rather prim.

I simply kept moving. I got rather close to Tamar, invading her space, and letting her reflexes nudge her to step back. Like that, I nudged her right into the foot and a half or so of space between my cart and the display. It left her body blocked from three sides. A quick hand motion sent Sophie to the end of the cart where she could stand and block the sightline to Tamar from the last direction.

And then, I very firmly told Tamar, "I do hope you haven't forgotten what a gutter slut you really are. That proper dress tells me that you're pretending to be an actual lady again. I guess I'll just find out for myself." I held my hand out. "Put your panties in my hand, now, zonna." I immediately started counting off the seconds. I started at ten and counted backward. That told Tamar what I left unsaid. If I didn't have those panties by zero, I would not be happy. And Tamar would seriously wish I were happy.

She blushed to a deep crimson instantly. And she started trembling. Her hands trembled badly as she tried hard to keep her dress down enough to cover herself and reach those fumbling hands up to her panties at the same moment. She moved fast, but her unsteady hands slowed her down. And her eyes were constantly darting around everywhere, so nervously trying to see if anyone else was going to notice.

Naturally, no one did. They were too busy with their own shopping. Tamar's panties almost flew down her legs. And almost as quickly over her shoes and into my hand.

Her panties were exactly what I'd expected. Silky. Neither high nor low, cut on her hips. Ones that would fully cover her pubes and bottom. But also ones that were black with a crimson-red lace trim.

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Pretty enough for her husband to see her in, but also decently modest, and comfortable, everyday wear. I casually tossed them over to Sophie. I didn't have to peek. I know Tamar would have a matching bra on and it would just as cute. Just as modest, too.

"Oh, zonna!" I chided her. "No self-disrespecting gutter whore would wear anything like this. I think you've forgotten your place again." I stepped close to Tamar and used my foot to nudge her feet apart. Not too far, about a foot apart. But that's plenty.

I took something from my pocket. I didn't let Tamar see it. Keeping my voice fairly low, I firmly told her "stay." As I was telling her that she wasn't allowed to speak or move even a hair, that's what "stay" means, my hand was already moving. I went right to the front of her dress. In a single, and quick, motion I had it up with my hand under her dress. The hem rose up a couple of inches. The rest of the loose dress, in the front, draped over my rising arm and covered her fully.

My hand went right up between the tops of Tamar's thighs. It just as quickly found the smooth lips of her pussy. I didn't hesitate at all. I had a small vibrating egg, about an inch long and $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick at its widest, in my hand. I put the tapered end of it into her wide slit. From there, it slides very easily into her now-very-wet pussy. My finger followed it into her tunnel, letting me feel just how fiery hot, and wet those walls tight walls were. It even let me feel a light twitching that was starting to bloom in those walls. It took me about ten seconds, certainly no more and maybe less, to have the egg fully inside her pussy and my hand back at my side, Tamar's dress hanging normally again.

I held my hand out to Sophie. She put a bottle of rose-scented bath oil in it. A bottle we'd just picked up in one of the aisles. I held it out to Tamar. Her still-trembling hands took it. I pushed the button on a remote, a little one with a single button like the key-fob for my car. That button turned on the vibrator.

Tamar shuddered hard the instant those vibrations hit her now-eager pussy. She gasped a deep "AH!" too. But it wasn't loud enough to draw any attention. Even if it did, nothing is visibly touching her now.

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There's nothing to see.

I giggle. "That should remind you of what you really are." Now that the egg is turned on, it will vibrate for a random number of seconds, followed by a random period of rest. It will do that until it's little battery runs out. It's a fresh Bunny Battery, and it's one of the lithium ones. It won't run out until sometime close to morning.

"You will go tell your husband that you've forgotten what you are. You will tell him what I've done. You will leave that right where I put it. You will tell your husband that he may bring you to my apartment this evening at eight, so that you may be punished for forgetting your place. Then, *he*, not you, may have your panties back." And I sent her back to him. Tamar, still very edgy and certain that she'd been noticed, hurried back. I know she immediately told her husband everything. I'll bet she just as quickly suggested that they might check out the bargains at Wal-Mart down the road. Anywhere but here. As in, "can we please slink out in shame in now before anyone else glares me?"

That was about two months ago. Her punishment that night was strict. I gave them the choice (and I seldom give a sub a choice about anything): if Tamar would beg her husband to watch her punishment, and if he not only agreed but actually watched it, it would be less. She begged. He watched, something he's rather uneasy about doing and very uncomfortable doing, but also something that seriously excites him.

Obviously, I immediately started thinking of a way to top it. And I so have. It's just after 10:00 in the morning, and that means Tamar is at her gym.

Her gym is right at the interchange of I-65. There's only one exit for Saraland, a road with several names depending on where along you are. It's a very small retail district, no more than one block to the left, and two to the right of the highway. But there are a number of mid-range hotels here, on both sides of the highway. It's as close to Mobile as they can build along I-65, without having to build in an economically-depressed area. Even at Airport road by the mall. You won't find a Hampton Inn there. You will find the Family Inn of Mobile with rooms

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for 30 bucks a night. You won't find any business travelers staying there either. Although, according to rumor, there's plenty of business transacted there.

Not so in Saraland. It might be a small city but it's one of the wealthier ones in the county. It's police have a reputation for not tolerating much of anything, especially if your license doesn't have a Saraland address on it. Thus, the nicer hotels. And all of the other businesses they attract, like Ruby Tuesday's with their nice salad bar. Places that a business traveler would visit. None of whom would mind a few minutes of interstate driving to get downtown, or to the shipyards, or to Airbus' plant.

Her gym isn't part of a national chain, but it's almost identical to the ones that are. The sign is different. Not much else is, though. It's carved out a nice niche for itself catering to the guests of these hotels, none of which has much of a health club, all of whom eagerly give out the day passes to this gym that they get for next to nothing in bulk. They also happily seek members from the local area. And they don't mind members from Mobile either. I checked. They'll happily sell Sophie and me day passes. Not that I'm planning to work out here. My building has a private fitness center.

But there are very few places where a woman can undress in a room full of people, who aren't naked, and not get arrested. A locker room is about the only such place. Unluckily for Tamar, her gym just happens to have a nice locker room. I checked it out when I toured the gym the other day. It is beyond perfect! And from what I saw then, it has the incredibly added benefit of being a busy locker room as the hotel guests come and go.

And best of all, it's up front, not far from the desk. And I can get to it without walking through the gym itself. Where Tamar is currently working up a nice sweat on a treadmill. I buy Sophie and me a day pass. I could have talked my way by the desk, telling them I was there to meet up with Tamar, but if I did, they'd check with her and she'd know I was here. Day passes are only \$5. it's cheap for the surprise factor. With

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Sophie toting our duffel bag, we head for the locker room.



Chapter 02: Strip!

Chapter 02: Strip!

The locker room is set out like a big O. It's a decently-sized, not too big, square room with a single wall that runs down the center, but doesn't join the walls at either end of it. We enter beside a row of lockers, immediately turning left to walk along them. In front of them, there's a nicely polished and clean wooden bench running the length. I'd guess there are somewhere around 40 or 50 lockers. Across from the lockers, there are some showers running the length of the short, middle, wall. On the other side of that wall are the toilets and sinks. At the far side of both, there's an open walkway allowing people to circle around the shorter wall.

There's only one thing I don't, and can't, know. Which locker Tamar is using today. They're not assigned to members. They're just the kind where you grab an empty one. The empty ones being the ones with the keys sticking out of them. Big keys with equally big numbers on them so you can remember which is yours today.

What I do know for sure is that one of these lockers is Tamar's. She's wearing running shorts and a sports bra as she jobs along a treadmill. I saw that much. Tamar is far too shy and modest to have come here in that outfit. She wouldn't even go to the curb to check her mail in it. That's just how she is. She's a fairly conservative Jew. The more conservative and traditional a Jewish woman is, the more important modesty is to her. I'm sure that's why she's wearing leggings under her running shorts. I'm kind of surprised she's not wearing sweats! Plus I know, from her schedule, that she's planning to go straight from here to join her friend for lunch. She'll have a decent outfit for that.

The one thing this locker room doesn't offer too much of is privacy. The conservative modesty won't mind that, since it's all-female, modesty isn't a concern for her. But her shyness will mind. Still, it's by far the nicest fitness center in Saraland. It's the one all of her friends and neighbors will use. Thus, the only one a "good housewife" in this community would consider. Despite its locker room, which is clearly reminiscent of my high school gym's. We avoided using that one too much back then, too.

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I figured Tamar would end her workout well before noon. She's not going to head for lunch without cleaning up and changing. Few women would. I wouldn't. I'd guessed around 11:15. that should give her somewhere around 20 or 30 minutes to freshen up and still leave her 15 minutes to drive the half-mile to the restaurant. Traffic here isn't bad, but it's not great either.

I arrived around 10:45, and after paying the day fee, Sophie and I got into the locker room around 11:00. Plenty of time. I pick a locker to set the bag Sophie's toting in, mostly just to blend in. Then I lean against the lockers and chat idly with Sophie about nothing. More just look like I'm not just hanging out in search of a victim or something.

Two ladies chatting in here doesn't draw a bit of attention. We're not the only ones chatting. I see another pair just standing and gabbing as well. Several more chatting as they go about their business. What I mostly care about is that the locker room has the same fast-paced busy tempo that it had when I first saw it. The club is moderately busy. Busy enough to stay in business. I'd guess there are about 30 ladies out in the gym.

Ladies who are always coming and going. It leaves the locker room never empty. I'd guess, at any moment, there's almost certainly between six and a dozen ladies in here, doing something. It's enough to give it a busy-ish atmosphere. From what I can see, I would guess about half the ladies I've seen come from the hotels. At least it seems like half of them don't know anyone else here. The other half seems to be neighborhood ladies, all of whom seem to know each other. And I'll bet more than a few of those know Tamar as well.

I'm not waiting for long. No more than fifteen minutes, and probably closer to ten. I see Tamar come in, taking a big sip of water out of a bottle and not paying attention to much. I'll bet she doesn't make that mistake again. I see her pause for a split second to say a quick hello to a woman as they pass, the other woman heading out for her workout. I see her go right to one of the lockers closer to the door, still not paying attention to what's around her.

Chapter 02: Strip!

I quickly slide up beside her as she's slipping her key into its lock. "Ah..." I sigh out heavily. "There's my naughty zonna!"

Tamar recognizes my voice. Her head snaps violently it moves so fast. She turns to face me. Her face is already starting to blush, and I can see that nervous quiver sweeping over her body. She's trying hard to hide it. She's doing a half-decent job of not quivering. A half-lousy job, too.

I grin at her. "I'm starting to think that you're starting to forget that you're nothing but my skanky gutter slut, and starting to think you're an actual human. I've come to remind you that you're not a lady, just a cheap, trashy piece of my property."

I watch a wave of pure panic flood over Tamar's face. Her color pales. The quivering takes over, Tamar no longer able to fight it. Her eyes fly as they dart around the room as much as they can without turning from me. Undoubtedly she's anxiously looking to see who in here she knows. Taking notice of how many of her friends and neighbors are seeing this, her humiliation.

The answer would be both all and none. Everyone in here can see everything. But none are close enough to hear my quiet voice. Thus, none have a clue that anything going on. We look like two friends chatting at the lockers. That's about as common as a losing lottery ticket in here.

I want this to be dangerous enough for Tamar to feel it strongly. But I'm not going to ruin her standing in this tight community. She doesn't know that, though. Nor does she know that I've paid attention to the rhythms in here, and so I know exactly what will draw attention and what won't. I doubt she's ever bothered to pay attention to that. It wouldn't matter to her. At least not until now. And now is too late.

I keep my voice quiet so that no one will overhear. There's another lady only about eight or ten feet down. And beyond her a pair whom I'm sure are locals. There's also some light music playing in the background, and that will drown my voice out.

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"I'm sure you know by now that I don't care one iota about you, and that I care even less how humiliated you are. So I very strongly suggest that you mind your manners and be on your very best behavior. Otherwise, you'll just make that much more of a spectacle of yourself. Not that I will care if you do. In fact, I would prefer it. It would amuse me that much more. And I won't be the one my neighbors are talking about for the decade or three."

That gets Tamar paling even more and quivering a little bit harder. It also brings a slight wetness welling up in her eyes as if she's already about to cry. "Now, are you ready to behave for your Queen, zonna?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Tamar answers very politely, hushing her voice so low that I barely hear her. And I'm only a foot or two from her lips. She definitely doesn't want anyone else to hear her.

"Good. You might just spare your bottom a good whipping on the spot then." She doesn't have to know that there's no way I'd whip her in a public locker room. I'm perfectly happy to let her believe that I'd not just do it, but am eager to. "Undress. Put everything in your locker, zonna."

Tamar's eyes moisten even more. Her eyes squish shut for an instant, squeezing out a tear that's not quite enough to roll down her cheeks yet. "Y- Y- Yes... Ma'am..." Tamar stutters hard as if she's having to force herself to say the words.

It's not like her nudity will attract any attention. Every one of the women in here changed her clothes. And thus took hers off. It is a locker room, provided just for that purpose. Sure, most of them tried to keep the time their body was exposed to a minimum. Most. I'm quite sure that there have been a few immodest women who paraded around naked in here. It's the way of things.

"Undress" is a specific command. It's one Tamar learned early on and knows well. It tells her to take her clothes off in a specific order. To start at the top of her head and work down to her feet. Whatever is the highest on her body comes off first. And so on, until the soles of her feet are bare. It also means for her to get completely naked. By that,

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I've taught her, I mean as naked as the day *before* she was born. Absolutely nothing but skin and hair. I don't even allow tampons, no matter how needed they might be. When I say naked, I mean naked.

Tamar is not heavily dressed. No one would be for a workout in a gym. She's not wearing any jewelry other than her wedding rings and a fitness watch. But her hands are below her waistline, as she stands. It leaves the sports bra on her chest as the highest thing on her body. And definitely not the first thing she'd take off if she had a choice about it.

I watch as her trembling hands rise reluctantly up to the bottom of the beige stretchy bra. I watch as her trembling fingers slowly slip under the hem to lift it up. That's when I see the wide nubs of her nipples start to strain against the fabric, poking it out over them, as they stiffen up.

Tamar very hesitantly slips the bra that fully covers her chest up, over her head. It leaves her naked from the waist up now. Isn't that such a great start? I think so.

Tamar isn't the most beautiful woman, but she is definitely prettier than average. She stands 5'7" tall. She has a rather lean, and toned body that weighs 131 pounds. She's not muscular. I wouldn't even call her athletic-looking. But she does have that firm look to her, and some definition to the muscles and features of her body. It's the look of a woman who works hard to keep herself in shape, but not to the level of a serious athlete.

She has a slightly long-looking oval face. It gives her a prominent jawline with strong lines to it. But those lines are soft and well-rounded. She has long, black, wavy hair that's full of body, flowing as it hangs down to the bottoms of her shoulder blades. She has brown "doe eyes" under slightly heavy brows. She has a nose that's slightly on the prominent side, too, a little longer and wider than average. But it's a nose that's fairly common on full-blooded Jewish women. It gives her a mouth that's average-sized but looks to be just a hair narrower. It's also framed by a pair of very plush and plump lips that are a deep-pink in color, almost with a faint red-tinge to them.

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Her skin has a faint olive-tinge to it. A rather light tan only accents its tone.

Her body is slender and lean. It's also well proportioned and nicely shaped. The leanness of it, likely an effect of her frequent workouts, leave the lines of her collar bones standing out against her skin enough that I can make them out. They give her a hard flat stomach, too. One that's firm enough that I can tell how strong and well-toned its muscles are, without actually showing the lines of those muscles. It leaves her a defined feminine curve to her waist. And another soft curve to hips that are narrow and lean, showing only the faintest hint of the tops of her hip bones. She has a rather shallow navel, one that looks more like a bowl than a funnel, and one that almost no wrinkles to it.

And now that the bra is off, Tamar is baring a very well shaped pair of 34-A breasts. Her mounds are small enough that they rise off her chest with the shape of half oranges. They're fully rounded, with soft curving lines that immediately flow up as they flow out from her chest. The soft curve flows unbroken over the top of those mounds, giving them that rounded-look. Only then after fully rounding the front of her mounds, do their lines straight just slightly as they flow back up to rejoin her chest. Their smallness leaves a wide cleavage between her mounds. Just as their curving lines, and the round shape of those mounds, give that cleavage a defined V shape. There's no crease under her breasts. Looking at them from the front, I can see every bit of their underside and even the line where they meet her chest.

She has a pair of almost marble-wide nipples. Nipples that rise a good ¼" off the tips of her mounds and have only a gentle roundness to their tips. That leaves them with a defined, but rounded, rim and noticeable sides as they rise. Especially now with those nipples at their full hardness. Her nipples are dark, too, with a deep purple color that seems to have a faint brownness to it. They're surrounded by a pair of rather small rings, no larger than a quarter, which the nipples seem to take up slightly more than half of. Her rings are somewhat lighter, and they seem to have more of a brownness than a purpleness to them.

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And now, with Tamar's unsteady hands fumbling to fold her bra up and put it in her locker, those pert breasts are standing out for me to see. Me and everyone else in this room, which right now is about ten ladies, all of whom seem to be dressed. None of whom are paying Tamar the slightest of attention, either. But I'm sure Tamar is certain that every one of them is staring at her.

With her hands lower than her waistline, it forces her to take her running shorts off next. That's not so bad. The leggings are made like pantyhose and they cover her bottom as she slips her shorts off over her shoes. It brings her to a sticky point. The leggings are the next highest item, but she can't get them off with her shoes on. It allows her to take the shoes off now. She kind of has to.

Tamar bends over to reach her shoes, lifting her foot up and setting it on the wooden bench to untie the shoe. As she bends forward, relaxing the muscles of her chest fully, it does nothing to her breasts. Her mounds stay just as firm and rounded as if she were standing. Not a bit of sag to them. She works quickly, or at least as quickly as her fumbling fingers will go, to get those shoes off. They won't bare anything, so her shyness isn't kicking up over them. It's just urging her to get on with this and cover her breasts up. That's something she knows will get her spanked on the spot. I don't allow my subs to hide their bodies from me.

While Tamar is taking her shoes off, I see two more ladies come in. Since they're not in workout clothes, I'm guessing that they're just getting here. As she's taught to do, Tamar stands with her shoes. She goes to turn and put them in her locker.

"Oh, hey, Tam!" A lady about her age says, stepping over closer to Tamar.

Tamar can't blush. She's already blushed to the deepest red. She tries to keep her back and side to the woman. "Hey, Katie..." She says politely.

"I'm Pepper," I inject myself into the conversation. "I know Tamar from Temple, and she's always saying how great this place is so I came to

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see for myself. Do you like it here?" I don't care about the club. But I don't want this woman to hang out and have too long of a conversation with Tamar. If she does, she might notice that Tamar, when she finally gets naked, doesn't start putting clothes on.

I'm not exactly wearing one of my fancy business suits today, but who would to the gym? Not unless a board meeting was the next stop. But I am wearing high-end designer jeans. With a natural silk blouse. It's enough for this woman, whom I'm already sizing up as a stereotypical WASPy housewife (which is about the typical Saraland resident), to know I'm not broke. Whoever I am, whatever I do, I'm at least upper-middle-class. The kind of woman who might fit in well here. I see a smile blossom on her face. She tells me that she loves it here.

I can't resist one parting barb for Tamar. "Well," I say, addressing Katie, "I know Tamar is in great shape, so this place is obviously doing wonders for her. I just wish my stomach was as hard as hers!"

It does exactly what I knew it would. It gets Katie to glance, albeit very briefly, at Tamar's stomach. And there's no chance, none at all, that Katie peeked at Tamar's stomach and didn't see her naked breasts. Those perky breasts standing straight off her chest are just impossible to miss.

"G-d, I know!" Katie says with a slight girliness slipping into her voice. "I am so jealous of those abs!" Katie smiles. Then she politely excuses herself, heading for the gym. I'd guess Katie's chest is about a 36-B. And judging by the jiggling softness I can see through her sports bra, I'd bet Tamar's abs are the only thing Katie is jealous of. I'd size Katie up as the prom queen that's gone soft twenty years later.

That tear finally manages to roll down Tamar's cheek. Now I know she's humiliated more deeply than she ever imagined she could be. And I know that Katie, her friend or neighbor, or whatever, doesn't have a clue what's really going on. Just as I know when Katie doesn't see me around after today, she'll ask Tamar if I'll be coming back, and that will have Tamar reliving this humiliation all over again.

Tamar slips her leggings down. And now her eyes are about to fly

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out of her head they're moving so fast as they constantly scan the room for anyone else she might know. The way her eyes keep flashing back to pay special attention to three of these ladies, tells me which ones she knows.

Now I can see Tamar's legs. They're long and rather lean. They're also the one place where I can see some definition to her muscles. More so at the back of her calves, but slightly on her thighs as well. Like I'd see on a runner, which I guess she kind of is. Treadmills count as running.

I can also see every bit of her gently rounded hips. And her flat pubes. I can see her dense bush of thick black curls tangling together, too. As I require her bush is very neatly trimmed with crisp lines inside of the crease of her thighs. Along the top as well. I can't see her mound with her standing. But I know its lips are going to be shaven silky smooth. Her bush has hairs that are long enough at the bottom point of her triangle that they stand down off her pubes to cover her mound without actually rising from those lips.

Underneath a hard, flat back I can see a pair of very fully rounded globes. Globes that are so firm they're hard. Tamar's cheeks round out almost like balls or rather half of a ball. They have a full curve to them, rising prominently off her back and thigh, and arcing across just as fully. But they're also slightly small cheeks. Or at least they look slightly small against her tallish body and long-looking legs and back. They have a slightly short crack between them as well. The roundness of those cheeks adds a small dimple of a V at the bottom of her cheeks, as well as a more pronounced one at the top as if her cheeks flow into it. Cheeks that seem to barely touch as they rise the length of that crack, too. Tamar has some of the firmest, and sweetest, cheeks in my toy box.

And now that Tamar is standing basically naked, she still has two things to get off her body. That fitness watch, and her rings. Neither will take her long, although her unsteady hand and trembling fingers will slow her down. But she does have to take the watch off first, then put it in the locker before touching her rings. That will keep her standing here

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naked just a minute longer.

Worse for Tamar, now that she's completed her instructions, she is expected to stand demurely and wait for her next instruction. Whenever that might come. She does it, cringing inward hard as she does. It requires her to stand up straight with her hands behind the small of her back. It's not quite a natural stance, something that might just raise an eyebrow. It also has her feet slightly apart. Just wide enough that she can't squish her thighs together and try to use them to cover the mound of her pussy.

"I am completely naked now, Miss Rodgers," Tamar obediently tells me that's done stripping. And she does it in that very hushed voice she's hoping no one else will hear.

I push the door of her locker closed and take the key from it. I slip the key into my pocket. Seeing that has a profound effect on Tamar. It gets her trembling fully. She realizes that I now have control of her things, even her clothes. She truly has nothing. Just her nude body. And she won't have anything, not a single stitch to cover herself until I give it to her. Should I not, she's stuck naked in this locker room without even a phone to call her husband. She's at my mercy.

Sophie already has the hygiene products out of our bag. There's a small bottle of shampoo, one of conditioner, and one of body wash. All of it has a very sweet floral scent to it. Sophie holds them.

I look the fully-humiliated and equally nervous, Tamar right in her moist eyes. "You will walk to the toilets. Just pick a stall and step into it. Do not hurry. Just walk. As you do, tell me what your workout today consisted of, zonna."

"Yes, Ma'am..." I hear a faint sob creeping into her hushed voice.



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It's the fastest Tamar has moved since she saw me in here. She walks to the bathroom so fast that she has to force herself to slow her steps lest I scold her for running instead of walking. Just barely, she manages to maintain a normal walking pace. Barely.

She hurries to the stalls where there are fewer people to see her, even though the stalls themselves are mostly visible from the lockers. Half of the lockers anyway. But no one is looking that way. It's just a row of stalls down the wall, four of them, with the side of the first one facing the lockers.

Tamar picks the third one. As far as she can go from the lockers without taking the last one. She steps in just as fast. She'd close the door, too, if I didn't have a hand on it to hold it wide open. She obediently does as I expect her to. She turns and stands facing me. It has her back to the toilet.

"You will sit and pee, zonna," I tell her firmly.

"Yes, Ma'am," Tamar agrees with the sobbing tone growing quickly in her voice. She quickly drops to sit on the bowl. I allow the door to close mostly. Not to fully shut, but just close and hang open a crack. I turn to the side, making it look as if I'm not looking into the stall, just waiting for Tamar. Chatting idly with her while she does her thing in there. Two ladies taking a trip to the "powder room" together.

Tamar knows what to do. If she didn't know the commands, I wouldn't be teasing her in public where I'd have to spell out what she was to do in detail. She sits on the toilet and opens her knees as wide as she can stretch them. She shifts her feet so that her calves are straight and vertical. She leaves her hands behind her back. She keeps her back rigidly straight and her eyes forward. It's the position I require subs to use the toilet in. A position that affords me a good view of her pussy and what she's doing. It's another little bit of common privacy and modesty that I'm stripping from her, forcing her to relieve herself with me watching closely. And to see that I'm supervising her so she can fully feel that humiliation.

"Miss Rodgers, when you are ready to watch closely and supervise

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me, will you please tell me that I'm allowed to pee, Ma'am?" Tamar asks as she's required to. She keeps her voice well hushed, ensuring that no one hears her. Then again, as quiet as she is, someone would have to be in one of the neighboring stalls to have a chance of hearing anything.

I shift my eyes so that Tamar will see me watching her, while to everyone else it will look as if definitely not looking that way. "Pee now, zonna."

"Yes, Ma'am," she says. A second later I hear the splashing and see the stream of light yellow pee flowing from behind her bush. It's a quick peeing. One that says she didn't need to go, but obediently did as she was told to. I'm sure Tamar is smart enough that she's going to be trying her hardest to please me now. She wouldn't dare me punishing her in here, where the world might see her. She knows, if she offends me, I'm liable to have her over my knees so fast she won't see it coming.

"Thank you for supervising me while I peed, Ma'am. May I please have permission to wipe my pussy now, Ma'am?"

"No, stand," I say firmly. That will be new for her. I've always allowed her to clean herself. It's one more drop in the bucket of her humiliation.

"Yes, Ma'am," Tamar says, her voice now with a little disgust laced in with the sobbing tone. She gets to her feet, closes her feet, and waits.

"You are going to walk to the showers now, zonna. Use whichever one my slave is waiting by. Go."

She quickly acknowledges and then starts out of the stall. I walk just behind her as she scurries as fast as she thinks I'll let her get away with. She goes around the back way, the way that doesn't take her by the lockers.

The showers aren't any more private. There are six of them. All of them are decently nice. What they don't have are doors. They have shoulder-high walls rising from the tiled floor to separate them and mostly screen them from each other. Those walls stand about three

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feet off the wall with the shower on it. And that's the only provision for privacy. From the front, whoever is bathing is fully exposed to anyone walking down the row of showers.

As I've told her to, Sophie waits in front of one of the middle ones. It will leave the chance of a woman walking past Tamar as she showers, but not have her all the way up front. Tamar sees Sophie setting the soap on a little shelf across from the shower. She's already put a towel there. As soon as Sophie sees Tamar and me coming around the corner, she hurries back to wait by the lockers. I don't want a crowd in front of Tamar while she showers. Actually, I do, I just won't do it here where it might be noticed. The crowd will be just me.

Tamar obediently steps into the shower. I leave her standing there for just a second. There's no one using the showers on either side of her, but there is another woman showering, and I've seen a couple come in from the gym, so she might soon have more company.

I quickly tell Tamar to turn the shower on. I hand Tamar the bottle of shampoo. "You will begin by washing your hair. Remember not to cover yourself as you. You know that I need to see what you're doing to be able to properly supervise you, zonna. Do that now."

She says yes and squirts some of the shampoo into her hands. She starts very fully scrubbing her hair, turning her back to me so that I can see her hands as they scrub the lather into her long tresses. Once she has that done, she has no choice but to turn back toward me. She quickly scrubs more of the lather into her eyebrows. Then she has to get another bit of it in her hands before scrubbing it into the tangly curls of her bush.

I didn't tell her to rinse, so she also has to stand slightly far forward to keep the water from washing the shampoo out of her hair. It has closer to the open end of the stall than to the back wall. It makes it easy for her to hand the bottle of shampoo back to me, instead of setting it on the little shelf in the stall as anyone else would. It also has her close enough to the aisle that she catches sight of the next woman stepping into the showers with a towel wrapped around her body. A

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towel that affords that woman a shred of modesty that I'm not allowing Tamar. The woman takes the second stall, leaving only one empty one between her and Tamar.

"Rinse, zonna," I tell her, and she very quickly steps back into the water.

She steps far enough back that her bottom is almost on the wall. She starts rinsing the soap from her hair. Then her eyebrows and her bush. She tries to look as if she's doing nothing but trying to wash quickly. But I can see that she's keeping an eye on me. And that, despite how badly it's adding to her humiliation, she can't turn that eye away. The eye that seeing me as I watch what she's doing. The one that's making her think about how she's being watched, closely.

I hand her the conditioner and tell her to use that next. It gives her a reason to turn again, putting her backside toward the open end as she scrubs it into her hair. But then she has to turn back and face me as she puts it on her eyebrows and her bush. She hands me back the bottle. I set it on the shelf before glancing at my watch. Conditioner is supposed to sit on her hair for at least a full minute, and I intend to ensure that she follows the directions on the bottle. I'll assume it works better that way.

What it really does is force Tamar to put her hands behind her back and stand there with her front fully facing the open end, and stand close to the end of the stall. "How often do you come here, zonna?" I casually ask Tamar.

"Every weekday, Ma'am," she answers me. Just as she's finishing her answer, another woman walks down the aisle, passing right past her. Luckily that woman pays no attention to us. She just goes about her business.

"No wonder your friend is so jealous of your abs. I'll bet she doesn't bother coming that often." I keep the conversation going, mostly so that the others will assume that I'm only here to keep Tamar company. That's not too unusual, at least as long as I avoid glaring right at her, which I do. But I still make sure she sees that I have an eye on her.

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Now that the minute is up, timed from when I got the bottle back, I tell her to rise every bit of her body fully. Then I wait as she does, keeping one eye on her body as the water flows off it, the conditioner giving her light flesh a slight shininess.

I give her the bottle of soap and tell her to fully wash her body. "Make sure you get all that gross sweat off my property, zonna." I add, just to remind her that the "my property" I'm referring to is her body.

I watch, out of one eye, as she starts scrubbing the soap into her skin with the washrag I gave her with the bottle. I keep a conversation going, which the other women seem to accept as normal enough. As if Tamar just brought a friend to the gym and we're staying close together. Since no one has seen me, I can pass for the friend.

I would guess this about the third time Tamar has had to shower with me supervising. It's been enough times for her to know what's expected of her. Even so, when she gets to her bush, I remind her "make sure you wash that pussy out fully, I hate it when they smell like pee!" But I keep my voice low enough that the other women, now three others in the showers, won't hear me. Especially with their heads in the water, something Tamar isn't allowed to do. She has to stand in front of the spray. There's no room to its sides. If she stood in it, the flowing water would wash the soap away instead of letting me see how thoroughly she's lathered herself up. I want to see the bubbly white lather covering all of her skanky skin.

She gets her front done, then turns to let me see her back as she reaches behind herself to lather that up. It takes her a few moments to get all of her back lathered up. Fine by me, she has a hard back, too. With enough definition to her muscles that there's the faintest valley atop her spine when her muscles are working, like by moving her arms. And it lets me see that hard bottom of hers.

As soon as her hands are to her waist, I remind her to wash her filthy behind thoroughly, too. She makes sure that I see her washing properly, lest I scold her here or worse. She makes sure that I see her washing the soles of her feet and between her toes. And that leaves her

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feet slippery on the tile floor.

She hands the bottle and rag back to me. Then, on command, she turns around slowly to show me that her body is all lathered up. I accept it and tell her to fully rinse. She makes a show of that, too, so I'll know she's done it fully.

I tell her to turn the shower off. Once it's off I hand her the towel and tell her to dry. I give her one minute, and she can see that I plan to time it to the second. She hurries to dry her body off. At exactly one minute, I call for the towel back and she hands it over. It leaves only her hair still wet.

"You will lean forward and put your forehead close, but not touching, the wall. Then you will open your feet to the sides of that stall. You will stay like and show me your pussy so that I may see that it's clean, and not hiding anything. Do it now, zonna."

"Yes, Ma'am," Tamar's voice is now laced with enough of the sobbing tone that she might as well be crying. She keeps that voice slightly more hushed than ever. But she moves quickly now. As if she knows the faster she shows me her pussy, the faster it will be over. And right at this second, there is no one walking along the aisle where she would see the display Tamar is about to make of herself.

She leans and spreads her feet. The stall is about three feet wide, which has her legs opened most of the way. It pokes her pussy out. And now that her pussy is displayed fully-immodestly, I can see her mound puffing gently out from her body as it rises into the space between her thighs. Puffing lightly, maybe a full half-inch or so.

Tamar has a pair of long, but narrow lips that are fully plump. Or at least look plump. She has a wide gash, that a full ridgeline of her inner folds rise into, filling it, and standing out another ¼" or so above her lips. It gives her lips a look as if they're being pushed aside to allow those folds through, and that it's plumping them a bit more.

Her folds are a light pink, but they have a slight, and light, black tinge to the edge of them. They're wrinkly and loose, too. But obviously

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rather long. In her wide gash I can see the pinkness of those folds, almost squished into the liberal space between her lips, as it runs up and folds together to meld into a tight knot. I can see that knot, too. And I can make out the tip of a rather hard, pea-sized clit poking its head up from the nest of folds. What I can't see is her tunnel. Those folds have that fully covered.

At least for a second. That's how long it takes Tamar to pull herself wide open. She doesn't bother with spreading her lips, there's not enough lip to matter. She pulls her loose folds wide. Instantly the head of her clit pops up another fraction of an inch, telling me just how eager it is for some attention.

It also exposes the entrance of her tunnel. It lets me see that narrow pussy, it's entrance flush with the valley of her pinkness. It lets me see her pulpy inner walls, at least about ½" of them, as they flow into her depth, their softness allowing them to swell together and block the sightline into her depths. It lets me see an almost dripping thick layer of a watery, moderately white-tinged honey. Honey that seems to have flooded her pussy and flowed out to cover the rest of her pinkness in the few minutes since I watched her scrub her pussy clean. Tell me this public little show isn't humiliating her to new and higher heights of arousal.

I make her stand like that for about twenty seconds, which is fifteen seconds more than I need to take in every detail of her pussy. The extra time is just for her to enjoy basking in the humiliation of so publicly humbly displaying her most intimate places for another's inspection.

"Now show me your butt, zonna, let me see that it's clean and not hiding anything as well."

She barely says yes. It's more of a breath than words. She releases her pink folds and shifts her hands up to her bottom. It doesn't take long for those firm globes to part, baring the valley of her crack and her asshole within.

Tamar's asshole is tiny. There's a silver dollar sized swath of

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purple-tinged deep brown flesh. It's flush, neither puckering out nor funneling inward. But the roundness of her globes gives her a deep crack that makes it look as if her asshole funnels in. It's really just the hard edges of her cheeks flowing in towards her ring as they flow down to form her crack. Then, at the center of the darker flesh, there's a ring of pinkness smaller than a dime. The pinkness is lined with countless little wrinkles. Wrinkles that are tiny and faint, but numerous. All of them flow through the pinkness to the dark spot at the center of her ring. A spot that's little more than a pinpoint. Now I can see her asshole is tightly clenched. That doesn't surprise me. Anything entering her bottom has always been fairly uncomfortable for her. And she is rather tight there. I'll tease it later. Touching her nakedness would not be easily explained away here.

I make her wait about the same twenty seconds. Then I tell her to stand up and face me. "You will go straight to locker number 8. there are clothes inside. You will stand there and silently count to ten. Then you will dress in the clothes. You may do so silently. Go now, zonna."

"Yes, Ma'am," Tamar now has a touch of relief in her voice. She ignores the towel and bottle on the shelf across from her shower and starts to scurry along the aisle to the lockers. The walk takes her past two occupied showers. She doesn't throw even a glance at the ladies in them, and it doesn't look like she gets more than a fraction of an instant's glance from them either. I'm sure those ladies are used to naked women walking along the showers. The immodest ones.

When Tamar reaches the locker, Sophie already has it unlocked, but she's left the door closed. She stands a couple of feet away. As I follow Tamar into the lockers, Sophie hurries away to collect my soaps. The towel is the gym's.

Tamar stands in front of the locker with her hands behind her. I can see her hands twitching with their eagerness to get moving and pull some clothes on. I can see how hard she's working to force herself to count normally, not at her fastest. Still, it's only about seven or eight seconds of her standing there, not ten, before she counts the last off

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and her go eagerly for the locker.

I see her face fall as she sees the contents of the locker. "Clothes" consists of a pair of wicker sandals and a small white dress. She already knows to dress in the proper order. From the soles of her feet up. With only shoes and a dress in the locker, it's easy. She hurries to get her feet into the sandals.

Then she hurries even faster to pull the dress on. It is a dress unlike anything in her closet. It's cotton, but it's snug-fitting. It covers her small breasts fully, but almost nothing above them. There are only spaghetti straps for her shoulders. It snuggles her body, showing every one of her curves from her breasts, to her waist, her hips, and especially the full curves of her bottom. It goes down to about mid-thigh, leaving her legs bare and exposed. Sleeves weren't even a thought to its designer. It is about the polar opposite of any dress she'd own.

She stands there in the dress, relieved that her most intimate parts are at least covered. And equally horrified that her figure is being flaunted. I'll bet she be even more horrified if she saw the way her full hard nipples were poking out against the fabric, showing their lines.

I tell Tamar nothing about what's planned for her. I simply tell her to come with me. Sophie follows close behind. I lead Tamar out of the locker room, past the desk, and right out the door. It leaves all of Tamar's things, absolutely everything, locked in that gym locker.



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We're not going far. I make Tamar walk. It's only across a side street and then down to the second of the hotels in that cluster. I've always liked Marriott's. Plus they had some empty rooms and didn't mind my checking in early for no additional charge. But I did promise to check out early, too. Then again, I only need the room for a few hours. That's all it will take me to teach Tamar her lesson today.

I almost never use hotels. I prefer to see my subs at my apartment. I have all of my toys there. If not my place, then I'm invading their homes. Or sometimes, someplace "public," be it a friend's house or whatever. I'm only doing it today because I don't want to use Tamar's house. She has things there, like her clothes. I want Tamar to have absolutely nothing. As she does now. And I don't want to take her far from home. That would inconvenience her husband, and he's been a sport about things so far. His role comes later.

While I took Tamar to the showers, I had Sophie "borrow" Tamar's phone. Helping herself to root through Tamar's purse and find it counts as borrowing in my book. I had her send a text to the friend she was due to meet for lunch that simply said she'd been "detained" and wouldn't be able to make it. She'd explain later. Sorry. Then I had Sophie call Joel and let him know that I was borrowing Tamar, and to expect my call in a couple of hours. Oh, and would he mind rescheduling her oil change. Mechanics can be as bad as doctors when it comes to missed appointment fees. Unless you're lucky enough to own your mechanic. You get much better service that way.

Of course, this hotel has Tamar parading through the lobby, up the elevator, and down a hall in the little white dress that I gave her. And that has her cringing and blushing so deep red that I wish I had some white makeup with me. I swear if I did, I'd put a big Alabama A on her cheeks and it would look just like a Crimson Tide banner! Roll Tide! But the dress is only immodest and shameful in Tamar's conservative eyes. It covers her. It's nothing I'd bet at least girls aren't wearing around Wal-Mart right now. It's nothing by campus standards either – half the girls on campus are going to have a skimpier dress on at this minute. Even Sophie has a skimpier dress on!

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Tamar definitely looks relieved when I finally show her into a room. More relieved when she sees that it's just us in the room. No surprise party waiting for her. I did that last time she came to my apartment. I had a few of my friends waiting to see that show. It's way too soon to repeat that humiliation.

I let the door close. It shuts with a loud click. "Undress, zonna," I tell her. Then I just firmly glare at her. She knew I would do this. I always like my toys nude when I'm playing with them. Why give them clothes? They just get in the way of the parts I want to get to. It doesn't take her long to slip the dress over her head and fully expose her body to us. The sandals slip off almost as quickly. And that leaves her completely naked. I know. I just checked her body in that shower. She doesn't even makeup left on! Just the blush, but that's natural not... blush.

I don't even give Tamar the two seconds to get into a proper standing position. I point to the bed. "Go lie on your left side, zonna," I tell her firmly. It doesn't tell her what I have in mind for her.

Tamar goes over to the bed. It's only a few short steps. But she takes those steps tentatively, a fair amount of wariness in her stride. She might not know what's coming, but I'm sure she can guess that whatever it is, it's going to be intense.

She lies down. I tell her to pull her feet up, bend her knees to right angles as if she were sitting. But I let her have the comfort of putting her hands on the bed in front of her. I like this position. It gives me a good view of her pussy mound. Hers isn't so puffy as to stick out like this, but it is puffy enough that it seems to be swelling up between the tops of her thighs enough that it looks as if it's pushing the flesh of her thighs up a hair. And I can see those plump lips. But especially I can see the wide ridgeline of her inner folds jutting out between those folds.

It also has her so-rounded bottom pulled tautly. That has her cheeks firmed up a bit, and they were nicely firm, to begin with. It shows off the full roundness of those hard globes. It shows off her shortish

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crack as well, and especially the V-shaped dimples at the top and bottom of those curves. The only thing it doesn't do is spread those globes. They lie as they are with her standing, the inside edges of her cheeks just barely touching each other.

"Stay, zonna," I give the command rather firmly. I want Tamar to know I'm serious. I expect her to lie there still and quiet. I'm sure that she's decently nervous by now. She always gets edgy when she doesn't know what I'm going to do to her. Like now. All she knows is that whatever I'm going to do, she's going to be expected to make herself lie still while it's done to her. No matter how badly she wants to not be still.

On her side, Tamar is stuck staring at the wall beyond the side of the bed. She knows, told to stay, that I won't tolerate her moving even her eyes to look around. To look and see what's going on in the room. I expect her to obey the command and lie there. To disregard whatever else is going on around her. It doesn't matter. She doesn't matter. Her place is to obey, and now that means to just lie there.

I point to Tamar's bottom and wink at Sophie. The silence is so that Tamar won't hear the instructions to Sophie. That would give her a clue. And Sophie has been mine long enough that she knows all of my hand signals. If not, the contents of the bag I have her lugging around are a clue. I want something for Tamar's bottom. Why else would I point to her bottom?

Sophie gets out what I wanted and puts it in my hand. It's a syringe-type enema. A 500cc syringe. That's slightly more than 16 ounces of a clear liquid with a faint yellow tinge. The yellow is just food dye that I added to remind me what was in the syringe. I color code the various concoctions I load these with. I've also already fitted a tip to it. A nozzle that's only as thick as a pencil, but a full eight inches long. Eight inches that are going to feel even longer to Tamar. The tip is already covered with a fine film of lubricant. I pop the cover off of it.

I manage to do all of that behind Tamar's back. I don't let her see anything. It would just tell her what I'm going to do. Then I reach down and casually pull her top cheek high, pulling her crack wide as I do. That

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nicely bares her asshole for me, while leaving it relaxed instead of pulling the faintly wrinkled pink flesh around the hole taut.

I feel the tremor of a light nervous shudder hit Tamar as I lift her cheek. Now that I'm baring her asshole, she can at least guess what part of her body I'm going after. The one part she absolutely hates having touched. If I hadn't told her to be quiet, she would be begging me to leave it alone right now.

I just put the slickened tip of the nozzle flush against the pinprick of her hole, seeing it pressing mostly against the pink flesh covering her ring of muscle. Just that touch against her asshole is enough for Tamar to start quivering. And mewling faint sobs under her breath. Whiny sobs she's trying to hide from me.

I'm not planning to waste time here. I press lightly. It only takes a gentle pressure. The rounded point of the tip presses against that pinprick. And then its curve starts to push the muscle aside to make room for it to slip in. Her muscle, clenching tightly and resisting the invasion, doesn't stand a chance. It so easily gets stretched the tiny bit needed for that tube to slip right into the snug grip of her muscle. Her muscle squeezes against the paper-white shaft of the nozzle. The nozzle, it's path greased by the lubricant gel, just slips right through the thick ring.

I watch the pink flesh as it squeezes around the white shaft. And I see that shaft slowly, but steadily, vanishing into her tight hole. It keeps sliding in easily.

Tamar sucks in a sharp breath, squealing as she does. It's too hard to separate the squealing from the sucking, not of her unhappily surprised breath. So I'll let her get away with that. The tip keeps inching its way deeper into her bottom. Tamar feels it. Not painfully, but definitely not enjoyably either. It's more of a weird feeling as if she's feeling the semi-rigid tube sliding through her inside like a stiff worm creeping up into her. Or something like that. It's there. It's moving. It's not something that's usually inside her. It definitely doesn't belong there. But it is. And there's nothing she can do about it but like there as

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it slides further into her bowels.

It seems like with every millimeter that the tube slips deeper into her bottom three things happen. Tamar quivers a little more nervously. Tamar mewls more pleading sobs under her breath. I feel the very light resistance eking up a hair. That's the resistance from her full bowel, not her asshole. Her asshole has always been clenching tightly against the shaft. I'm sure the fullness in her bowel has the tube pushed flush against her insides, leaving her to feel its movement fully.

I slip every bit of the nozzle into her bottom. That should put the tip of it, where the little holes are, close to the very back of her rectum. Not quite to where it's pressing against the back, that would hurt, but definitely within an inch of the back. Close enough.

This way it will inject the fluid into the back of her rectum. Filling her bowels from the back first. And that will push what's already in them down, against the inside of her asshole. Then the fluid will begin to stretch her insides, swelling them up inside her and making her grow more and more uncomfortable as they fill. 500ml.s is a fairly large enema. Large enough that it will her insides straining as they fill completely. But not so much as to start forcing the fluid to flow backward through her body into her colon. Just enough to have her rectum filled to its very uncomfortable capacity.

I start pushing the plunger. Instantly Tamar sucks in another of her squealing, and this time loud, nervous breaths. And she shivers hard as the icy 75-degree fluid hits her 100-degree insides. And now she knows what's going to be done to her. Her filling rectum is definitely telling her.

I keep pushing, slowly. It lets her bottom fill just as slowly. The fluid is just mineral oil. It's one of my favorite kinds of enemas. The oil will fill her bowels just as effectively as anything else. But her rectum won't absorb any of it, as it would quickly begin doing with anything water-based. Nor will the wastes filling her absorb the oil and soften as they would with water or a laxative. It will just sit there, inside her, as her insides are filled and stretched out around it. Then it will come out,

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just as if she didn't have the enema.

It doesn't take long for me to see Tamar gripping her hands together in front of her. Tightly. Lacing her fingers together as she does. In another second I see the tension being to grow in her muscles, first her arms and shoulders. Then I see it stiffening up her legs. That tenseness eats away at her control of those muscles, trying to move her legs and feet, and making her fight to keep them still. It's not long until I see the first strained fidget at her feet.

I nod. While I'm giving Tamar the enema, the more skilled of the roles now, I have Sophie in charge of the crop. Obediently, Sophie doesn't hesitate even the slightest. She just gives Tamar a light crack of the whip, landing its tip on the bare sole of the offending foot. It lands light enough that it barely even sears a pinkness onto the pale skin.

But it's a bad place to be whipped. The soles of the feet are rather sensitive. Tamar yelps loudly, and nervously, with some pain in her voice as the strike lands. "I said stay, zonna," I sternly scold her. I don't stop filling her as I scold her. I keep the plunger creeping forward at the same pace. That's why I have Sophie on crop duty. So that even a punishment won't interfere with giving Tamar an unbroken, slow, enema.

It doesn't take more than a second for Tamar's shoulders to shudder. With a nod from me, that earns her another swat, this one landing on her shoulder blade. She yelps loudly from that light swat, too. And I scold her again, watching what my hands are doing as I continue filling her slowly.

Then it's her legs that move. I'd bet that's from a tremor flowing through her hips. It earns Tamar another swat, this on her thigh. And another scolding, too.

By now, I hope Tamar has begun to learn the lesson. That no one cares how uncomfortable her bottom is. That she is my property. As such, I expect her to obediently lie here and demurely remain still for it. That any disobedience will bring her punishment. But even that punishment isn't going to get her the tiniest break from the enema.

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I left her unbound for this. I plan to leave her at least mostly free for the entire session. That's her lesson. Tied, she'd have no choice. She would be unable to resist the enema or anything that might come after it. But she's not tied. She's free. Nothing is stopping her from getting up and running to the toilet. Nothing is stopping her from reaching over her hips and yanking the tube out of her bottom. Both of which she desperately wants to do. The only thing stopping her is her. She's making herself lie just as still as if she were bound. She's accepting the fact that she must allow herself the enema for no reason other than I chose to give it to her. That's far more submissive than being bound.

I've put about half of the syringe's fluid into Tamar's bottom. It has her rather uncomfortable, and I can see it in the quivers racing over her body. And the unhappy, edgy sobs in her breaths. That's the moment I see the first of her watery honey begin to seep out from the ridgeline rising from the gash of her pussy. It weeps out from between those wrinkly folds and flows slowly along, then over her bottom lip and onto her thigh. I'd say she's nicely aroused. And I have yet to touch her pussy. Not even a fleeting touch. I've only made her show that to me.

I keep the pressure steady, keeping her inside filling that much fuller at the steady pace. Now is the point where it starts getting rather unpleasant for Tamar. Physically unpleasant, not just the unpleasantness of knowing that she's getting an enema. Now is the point where the fluid is starting to stretch her rectum past the point where it's comfortable. Now is when Tamar's urge for that toilet is growing to near-unbearable. The point where her asshole is clenching against the tube with all its might to hold back the liquid because if it doesn't, the liquid will force its way through.

It gets Tamar fidgeting fairly energetically as the pressure grows and strains her insides even more. The fidgets, which she knows aren't allowed, earn her swats of the crop. Each swat does its job and stills her. But the stillness doesn't last very long before the discomfort takes over and she squirms anew.

It probably takes me a minute, maybe a minute and a half to fill

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her completely. Completely, as in the syringe is now empty, the full half-liter of oil now stretching her rectum wide. Once she has it all inside her, I begin slowly slipping the tube out of her asshole. That's an encouragement for Tamar, letting her know that the end is in sight. Her bottom is now as filled as I plan to pump it. It gets Tamar to focus a bit and keep herself a little stiller. Now, she doesn't want to fidget. She wants to be still. She wants me to be pleased. That way, I'll let her relieve herself that much sooner.

I watch as the tip slips from her tightly clenched ring. Her ring strains hard, squeezing itself as tightly shut as she can. That tenses her muscle hard, making it stand out just a hair through the pink flesh. I release Tamar's cheek, letting her crack close.

Tamar lies there, fighting hard to be still. She pants fast, anxious, and agonized breaths. They're lightly sucking breaths. And more than lightly laced with a squealing tone.

"Who's property are you, zonna?" I ask her in a voice that's soft and rather leisurely. A voice that tells her I'm not worried about hurrying this along.

"I am your property, my Queen," Tamar answers in a voice that's deep and throaty, but also panicked and strained hard.

"Who decides what that slutty butt of yours does, zonna?"

"You do, my Queen. This butt is yours to do with as you wish, Ma'am."

"Hmm... I suppose my butt would like to go potty now?"

"Yes, my Queen, this butt is about to explode. It really needs the potty now, Ma'am, before it has an accident, Ma'am."

"Hmm..." I hum as if pondering the idea. Then I pause for a few seconds. I'm in no hurry. "I think my butt should get nice and clean. It can wait and let the enema work on it a little longer."

"Yes, my Queen..." Tamar cries as she answers.

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"Good, then stop being so lazy. Get up. Stand."

Tamar instantly breaks into a full blow, bawling cry. She starts to move, scooting herself slowly over to the edge of the bed. She tries to swing her feet over the side and freezes almost as soon as those feet start moving. She cries out a loud, and pained, "OW! OH, OW! OW!" Her hands disobediently fly to her stomach, holding herself snugly. Her knees rise up, almost doubling her over. She drops the entire inch until she's lying on the bed again.

I take my crop from Sophie and swat Tamar on the bottom. "I said stand, zonna. Now."

Tamar bawls away. She doesn't answer me. But she does start moving, crying out a few more loud squeals as she goes. It takes her close to half a minute to get up to her feet. Then a few more seconds to get her back straightened up and her hands behind her. But then she stands, unmoving, her face scrunched up tight as she strains to keep her eyes open a bit, and tears running down her cheeks. As she stands with her feet just far enough apart to have her pussy visible, I also see the honey seeping along as it so slowly flows down from her pussy and the crease of her thighs.

"Walk, zonna. I want five laps around this room from your useless self. Five absolutely normal, walking laps. Show me that you've learned to ignore your filthy bottom and obey your Queen. Go, zonna."

Tamar trembles hard as she stands in place. Maybe the tears flow a little faster, too. "Yes, my Queen," she says as she cries hard. She starts trying to walk. She takes a tiny step and exhales a deep cry. She freezes, shudders, and tries to go on.

As her feet and body move, it has the angle of her bowels shifting slightly. Except now her bowels can't really bend and flex as they normally do. A rectum is nothing more than a thin, sausage-casing-like membrane atop a paper-thin wall of smooth muscle. It could easily flex. Except not now. Now it's almost hard. And it's unyielding. Firm. Stiff. It doesn't want to flex. That has her body pushing various organs against the thin walls of her rectum. The added pressure sends a light cramp

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racing through her insides just behind her bush. And it makes the desperately-pleading urge in bottom try that much harder to burst forth through her asshole.

I see Tamar's cheeks tighten up as she squeezes them hard together. I see the whininess on her face. And I hear the stress in her voice. Her steps are small, almost baby steps. She tries to keep her body straight, more sliding her feet along the floor than walking.

I leave her to make one lap like that. It's not a long lap. It is a hotel room. I'd say about twenty steps to cover both directions at a normal stride. Far more for Tamar's baby steps. As she passes the starting point I see her silently count off one.

"Zero, zonna," I laugh hard. "I said a normal walk, not that foot shuffling whiny garbage. Just keep walking until you learn your lesson, zonna."

It shames Tamar. I can see the shame bloom on her face. And it panics her. Not the shame, the knowledge that's she going to have to endure the intense pressure. That she's going to have to ignore her body. And that her body is going to be demanding she doesn't ignore it as forcefully as it ever has.

She tries. She picks up her pace, her stride now about half of normal. I can see the firm muscles of her stomach rippling at the light cramps endlessly rack over her, just along a line at the very top of her dense curls. And I can hear her breathing pick up until those squealy breaths are coming so fast she might as well be hyperventilating.

She passes the starting point again. I laugh and count off another zero. But this time Tamar manages to get her stride close to normal. I'm sure, as she keeps moving, she's getting slightly accustomed to the pounding pressure straining her asshole and insides. That makes it easier for her to walk.

I count off one lap. Then two laps.

On the third lap, I see a tiny droplet fall from between her cheeks. "Stop pooping all over yourself, zonna, have you no decency, bitch?" I

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scold her harshly for it. I know she felt it, the little drop slipping past her tight asshole. Probably as her legs moved. That has the added effect of pulling and tugging her skin, slightly pulling the skin atop her asshole as well. And that makes it even harder to keep her ring cinched fully. As she passes me, I count off zero again, mockingly scolding Tamar as I tell her that since she misbehaved, she's starting over. I have all afternoon. Do her bowels?

This time, Tamar makes it. She manages to walk five of the little laps, her stride almost indistinguishable from normal. But I could see the faint ripples of the cramps that signal the pressure in her bottom reaching the limit of what her rectum will hold. I let her stop walking. She immediately stands facing me. And she stands very still. The only thing she can do that might please me and get me to allow her some relief.

"Miss Rodgers, my Queen, whenever it is convenient for you, Ma'am, would you please be so kind as to take me potty, my Queen?" Tamar asks when told to ask. Her voice is full of the strain she's feeling, but it's also just as sweet and honeyed. Her thighs, from the creases down about halfway to her knees now, glisten with the honey slowly flowing down them.

I tell Sophie to take Tamar. Tamar already knows that it is going to be fully humiliating for her. At least as degrading as I can make it. She'll again have to sit with her legs opened wide to offer Sophie a good view of what she's doing. She'll have to stay very still as she allows herself to go. She'll be expected to start and stop on command. She'll have to ask Sophie to wipe herself, and when Sophie allows it, Tamar will have to do so while standing and leaning over to allow Sophie the best view. And then, Tamar's asshole will be inspected for cleanliness. And all of that, to me, is definitely a task for my slave's eyes and nose to endure. Besides, I know Sophie. She will be overly strict with Tamar.



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Sophie is leading Tamar back from the bathroom. As soon as I see Sophie emerging, I tell her to take zonna to the wall. There's only one place where there's nothing along the wall. Sophie takes Tamar right there and leaves her there, Tamar's back to the wall as she stands facing me.

I don't give Tamar any kind of a rest. I quickly tell her to get on the wall. And I grin as I see the horrified look on her face. It blossoms the instant she hears how I want her. "Yes, Ma'am," Tamar answers softly.

She turns to face the wall and takes a couple of steps back. She opens her legs, spreading her feet wide. Then she leans all the way over, stretching her back straight. Not poking her butt up like some porn star. She stretches her arms out in front of her, putting her hands flat on the wall and spreading her fingers wide. She keeps her arms stretched fully as she braces herself. Then she picks her head up, leaving her eyes staring at the wall. And, like that, she waits.

It fully displays her pussy, showing me the puffing mound that's now all but dripping with her oily honey. It stretches the dimple at the bottom of her crack slightly, but not quite enough to bare her asshole. It has those cheeks pulled taut, though. And that shows me just how well-rounded her globes are.

I pull a chair up behind Tamar's waiting backside. Then I send Sophie to get me a pair of gloves. I let Sophie pull them on my hands, and she snaps them loudly as she does. Each snap sends a crisp tremble racing over Tamar. Then I have Sophie get me a packet of lubricating gel. She squirts a dollop of it onto the tip of my finger.

Then Sophie uses her hands to pull Tamar's cheeks wide for me and hold them open, again baring Tamar's asshole for me. I'm spending extra time on her bottom because I know that Tamar hates it. Submissively allowing me to toy with her there will only drive home to her how fully she's owned. And it will arouse her pussy just as fully as she will hate it. I want her pussy at the height of arousal for the next part of her lesson.

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I put the tip of my finger to her asshole and immediately feel her muscle snap to its full tightness. I feel another light tremor racing over her as well. "Stay, zonna. I'm sure you want your anus lubricated for this. I know I do. I don't want that tight little filth hole to damage any of my implements." I remind her that I value whatever I'm going shove into her bottom more than I value her and her bottom together.

I press my finger into her. It's a casual push. As if I'm not trying to be rough with her, but also not trying to be gentle for her. As if I'm totally unconcerned with the hole I'm pushing my finger into. As if my only concern is getting this hole greased up.

I press all of my finger into her now clean and empty rectum. It doesn't take long. My finger easily forces its way into her ring, stretching her muscle to accommodate it. Then, as her muscle squeezes against the side of my finger, it slips right into her on its film of lubricant. Her muscle is thick, maybe ¼" or slightly thicker. Beyond that, my finger begins to emerge into her rectum. Now that it's fully empty, I can feel the loose walls of it as they hang against my finger, cradling it lightly.

Tamar grunts hard as my finger stretches her asshole. Then she grunts some more, only a little lighter, as I use the pad of my finger to poke and prod her insides. That pushes the walls of her rectum around, and that she feels. But it's only marginally uncomfortable for her.

I twist my finger. It's unnecessary. There was enough lubricant on my finger that her entire asshole was covered with a film of it the instant my finger emerged through its inside rim. But the pokes and the little twists of my finger lets her feel as if I'm smearing the gel around to coat everything. And she definitely feels my slender finger as it rotates in the tight grip of her asshole.

I slip my finger back out of her bottom. Tamar thanks me with a heavy sigh of relief. Her asshole instantly cinches back to full snugness. She doesn't even think about Sophie, who is still holding Tamar's cheeks wide open for me.

I pick up an anal speculum. This one is steel, and it's fairly small. With its blades closed, they're no bigger than my thumb. At least not at

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the end where they taper. At the other end, they're about an inch and a half wide where they hinge to the ring that holds them. The blades taper, like a funnel. They're fairly narrow, maybe ½" wide.

I put the tip of those blades to Tamar's asshole. Even fully closed, then tips of the arced blades touching together at their sides, the blades more surround her asshole than press against it. I can see the pinpoint of her hole between the ends of the blades. The blades lie mostly atop the pink flesh over her ring of muscle.

I press just as casually as I pressed my finger into her bottom. Only now, there's no rounded fingertip to gently stretch her ring. Instead, there are only the edges of the metal blades. They press against her ring of muscle. For an instant her ring moves inward, funneling slightly as it goes. The funneling starts her ring stretching. And in less than a second, her asshole has been pushed wide enough that blades start pressing into the opening. Then it's over. The blades, their 2" lengths sloping with their taper, just shove her muscle aside, stretching it as they go. Tamar grunts a loud "UGH!" as they begin pressing into her body.

In about two seconds the blades have slipped about halfway into her asshole. And that's as deep as they go. I hold the spreader still and begin twisting its thumbscrew. That opens the blades by pivoting them, widening the gap at their tip as they go. And that stretches her ring even further.

Being an actual medical implement, it's designed to be as gentle as possible. The thumbscrew opens the blades slowly, giving Tamar's muscle a little time to get used to the stretching. But it's also designed to be effective. And it's only designed job is exactly what I'm using it for. It's used to stretch an asshole gaping wide to facilitate a thorough rectal exam.

Tamar grunts almost constantly to let me know she's uncomfortable and wants me to decide I've stretched her wide enough. I'm sure she's thinking I must have her bottom opened wide enough to get a telephone pole into her by now.

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But I don't. I have her asshole stretched about an inch wide. That's plenty. It has her hole gaping wide, giving me a good view into her freshly cleaned rectum. A good enough view that I can see the blood-red flushed walls lined with thick heavy veins. With the blades only an inch into her bottom, I can see about three inches into her. After that, the looseness of the walls of her rectum wins out, the walls sagging together to close the rest off from my view.

An inch isn't any wider than her asshole would have to stretch to accommodate a cock. And not as wide as it would open to accommodate a good-sized cock. But Tamar groans away as if she's stretched a mile wide. I pick up a small, narrow feather with fine and silky fur on it. "Now has this slutty bottom learned to behave and obey its owner, zonna?"

"Yes, my Queen, my slutty butt will behave, Ma'am." Tamar blurts her answer eagerly as if she's more hoping to convince me so that I won't do anything else to her there.

I take the tip of the feather and stroke it very softly along a little slice of the flesh of her asshole where it's pulled taut between the spreading blades. The instant the silkiness touches her nervy flesh, Tamar shrieks a loud, and sultry, cry. She shivers crisply, goosebumps erupting on the flesh of her asshole. I lift the feather. Tamar falls still, panting heavily.

I pause for about two seconds and repeat. Tamar squeals just as urgently and loudly again. She shivers just as sharply. I pause again and repeat with a third tease. It gets me just as hungry of a reaction from Tamar. I knew it would. It's new to her. Tamar didn't even know that there were nerves in her asshole that could be so sweetly stimulated. She's never felt those icy-hot chills suddenly fill her ring and shoot out, racing along the nerve lines to her spine.

Apparently, as do most, Tamar's pussy finds those icy-hot chills rather erotic. I know because it finally gets the honey to drip from her pussy, a single drop that falls to the floor. But that tells me that by now her pussy is twitching hard. And burning like fire. Begging for some attention.

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"That's zero for three, zonna," I laugh lightly as I tell her. "It seems like your bottom disagrees with you. It wants another lesson in behaving for its Queen."

I reach over to the bag. Tamar was never going to "win." Even if she had somehow withstood those intense stimulating chills, I would just have gone deeper into her bottom with the feather until I found a nerve she couldn't handle them on. Maybe a nerve she never even knew she had in there.

I have a toy ready for her. It's one of the ones I made myself. It's nothing but a long, hot dog-shaped balloon. At its end, about an inch past the opening, I've superglued an inch-long tube. The tube is the size of a soda straw, only it's made of a rigid plastic that won't squish or crush. I've glued it along its full length. It will hold the sides of the balloon stuck firmly to it.

With Tamar's asshole stretched wide open, putting the balloon inside her is easy. I just put the floppy-loose rubbery balloon through the blades. It just lies there along the very loose walls of her rectum, mostly holding it's shaped as it does. I use the tip of a finger, reaching it through the blades as well so that Tamar won't even feel it, to smooth a wrinkle out of the balloon.

By now Tamar knows and can feel, that I've put something inside her rectum. But she hasn't a hope of figuring out what it is. Her rectum isn't that sensitive as to tell. She should feel that it's loose and soft. And fairly small now. And she can feel that it's light, it's minuscule weight barely registering on her bowels. But that's all she can feel.

And it's all I need to do. Actually, I could have just as easily put the balloon inside her bottom without stretching her asshole open. But it was fun. It made Tamar squeal and squirm. And I know it aroused her to submit to such an intimate inspection. I know that right now Tamar is feeling fully humiliated, thinking that I have now seen and poked every speck of her butt. A part of her that's off-limits to the rest of the world. A part of her that even she really doesn't know, and hasn't seen. But now that I have seen in all its dirty glory.

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I slowly turn the thumbscrew, allowing Tamar's asshole to close up along with the blades. It takes me a minute to close them fully. But now her asshole gapes a tiny bit, the tips of the blades still fully inside her muscle and holding it about as wide as the tip of a pen. I pull them out with a light tug.

Tamar's asshole quickly starts to cinch back fully closed. And just as quickly the stiff tube inside the end of the balloon stops her ring, giving it no choice but to cinch down snug around it. I give her a few seconds, time for her asshole to squeeze snugly against that ring, and return to its full tension.

I get another syringe. This one is loaded with 500 ml of plain, ordinary saline. That's sterile water with a touch of salt in it. It's generic IV fluid. Safe to be put absolutely anywhere in a body, even right into the bloodstream. This one has a different tip on it. Its tip is narrow, long, and tapered. Maybe as long as a finger, but only as wide as a pencil at its widest point, where it joins the syringe. And this tip is rubbery, like a rubber band, on the outside. A heavy layer of rubber over a narrower and rigid tube.

I put the pointy end of that tip into the end of the balloon, pushing it far enough in that the point begins to slip into the hard tube glued inside. I use my fingers to firmly pinch the balloon around the hard tube, holding it snug in place with the tube passing through her clenched muscle. I push the tip into the tube until its taper seals against the edge of the hard tube.

And now, I start pushing its plunger. It pushes the saline out of the syringe, through the inch-long tube, and into the rest of the balloon that's lying limp along the walls of her rectum. The tube keeps her from feeling the fluid as it passes through her muscle.

It takes a moment, and about 20 ccs of water, before the balloon has swelled up. Or begun to. It would be swollen to its full uninflated size. But that, finger-sized balloon, is now big enough for Tamar to feel it. Barely. But she'll know that whatever I left inside her is starting to grow.

The thing about water is that it does not compress. Period. The

Chapter 05: Filled Up

300 ccs of it will have the same size inside her bottom that it does in the syringe. The balloon will hold the water slightly differently, but that's all. As it fills, the balloon stretches out and wide. And Tamar's rectum with its thin muscle squeezes hard against the expanding balloon.

Tamar feels it filling her. At first almost like the enema just did, her rectum stretching uncomfortably full and urging her to run and empty it. Then filling it seemingly fuller, like the worst case of the runs imaginable, times two. It gets Tamar grunting hard. Grunts that very quickly grow harder, more pleading, and far more urgent. Then they turn to squeals with crisp shudders.

I fully inflate the balloon, letting it grow inside her bottom. The snug squeeze of her rectum allows it to inflate to about the width of a finger. Then the snuggle of her walls have the balloon inflating long ways next until its tip is flush against the back of her rectum, and its other end, just beyond the tube, is flush and pressing against the inside of her asshole. Once the balloon has filled every bit of her depths, the water filling it forces it to expand and stretch the only way left to it. Wider. The unyielding water doesn't care how snugly her muscles squeeze against it. The muscle can give. The water can't. The balloon grows. And it keeps growing until all of the water has pushed into the balloon.

That has the balloon about 1 ¼" thick, and stretching the absolute full length of her bowels. It has the thin rubbery wall of the balloon pressing equally against the sides of her rectum. And just as equally against the inside of her asshole and the back of her rectum. The back of her rectum that makes her very uncomfortable as it's pushed against.

It has rectum straining just as hard as the enema did, despite its smaller size. It has her filled, but not as the more fluid enema did. It's more the harder, more inflexible, filling that she'd feel with a cock or a huge butt plug in her bottom.

Tamar stands there still and whimpering. Goosebumps now cover her asshole as well as flowing down to her plump overly-wet lips.

I'm still holding the rigid tube firmly in my fingers. I pinch the very

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end of the balloon against the rubbery tapered tip on the syringe. Then I twist the syringe around a few times. It twists the balloon just outside of the tube, twisting it tightly together. Now, as I slip the syringe and the tip out of the end of the balloon, the twisted bit of rubber holds every drop of the water inside the balloon. And inside Tamar's bottom. She feels none of that, and staring at the wall, sees nothing.

I tie the end of the balloon into a knot. As I do, I tie it around a 1/8th-inch-thick piece of cord. Now tied, I no longer have to hold the end of the balloon. The knot will keep that water inside. I tie a knot in the cord around the knot of the balloon that the cord is already threaded through. That will keep the cord fully knotted to the balloon.

I release my grip on everything. With the tiniest tap from the tip of my finger, the balloon slips through Tamar's asshole, vanishing from sight. Even the knot slips inside her. Only the cord remains, it's narrow width flowing through her tightly squeezed ring. The cord hangs out almost its full length of about six inches. At the bottom end of the cord, there's a bright, neon pink tag the size of a stick-on name badge. The tag has "MY RECTUM IS STUFFED FULL WITH AN INFLATABLE BUTT FILLER. DEFLATE BEFORE REMOVING. DO NOT DEFLATE BEFORE:" printed on it. I grab a pen and add "7:00 pm" to the tag. It's now about 1:00, so that gives Tamar just under six hours to enjoy her rectum being stuffed full.

And she's going to be feeling that little cord. She's going to hate it. It's going to feel rather weird, and annoying, as it's thin length flows through her clenching asshole.

I tell Tamar to stand up. She does, groaning a loud and squealy moan as she does.



Chapter 06: Teased

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Tamar fidgets hard as she stands. That doesn't surprise me. Not now that her bottom is uniquely full. By uniquely full I mean that it's a feeling Tamar has never envisioned before. It's as urgent of pressure as the larger enema was. But it's a harder fullness. As if there were a cock in her bottom. A fullness that doesn't flex as her bowels shift, making the urgency so much worse for her. But unlike a cock, it allowed her asshole to close fully. All she can feel there is the annoying string running through the tightly clenching muscle. She hasn't figured out that there no reason for her asshole to be clenched. It would have to open to its full wideness for anything to come out, and it's not going to do that.

Now it's time for obedience school. I order Tamar to get on the bed on all fours. Then I watch as she moves slightly slowly, letting her discomfort show, to crawl up onto the bed. She gets on her hands and knees first, then starts positioning herself as I've told her to. She adjusts her waist until it's bent 90-degrees. That has her thighs vertical. Then she opens her knees, stretching her legs as widely as she can. She makes sure her knees stay bent 90-degrees as well. She has her ankles resting on the edge of the bed at the foot, her feet dangling over the side. She makes sure to keep her calves straight, her feet only as wide apart as her knees are. She locks her elbows to straighten up her arms, keeping her arms vertical as well. Only then does she move her hands forward and out equal amounts to pull her back flat and taut. Finally, she lifts her head up to stare at the headboard.

She waits like that, her shoulders now fully bare as her long hair hangs down the side of her face. It has her pussy nicely displayed to me between her lean, taut thighs and beneath the hard globes of her firm bottom. I can't see her asshole, nor the string hanging out of it. But I can see the cord as it appears at the bottom of her crack and dangles over the top of her pussy mound, it's little sign hanging a couple of inches beneath her pussy.

I very tenderly put my hand to her cheek and softly caress it. It allows me to feel the silkiness of the skin atop that toned muscle. I'm going to enjoy spanking these cheeks. I have no doubt Tamar will give

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me an excuse. If not, I'll just make one up. I'm the Queen, I can do that.

Caressing her cheek quickly gets goosebumps erupting over the globe. And it gets a slight purr creeping into Tamar's raspy breaths. It also calms her slightly. This, she decides, isn't too hard to bear. Plus I'm leaving her butt alone, and I know she's happy about that.

"You are going to stay, zonna," I very firmly tell her. "I've noticed you seem to have trouble obeying your Queen whenever that skank pit you're passing off as a pussy starts getting hot, wet, and too-slutty. Like now. I'll just assume that you know that skank pit has drooled its skank all over you. Those legs are wet enough you should notice. You know, no one has touched your pussy, and yet it just can't help but to skank all over you. I can't imagine how your husband can stomach such a sloppy, slutty pussy. No wonder he sent you to me – it spares him from having to fuck that thing a few times.

"Now, stay, zonna. You will be here until you prove to me that you are going to behave like a proper peasant whore for your Queen. Is that clear?"

"Yes, my Queen," Tamar answers. The raspiness is still in her voice. But now that edge of nervousness is back. As if she realizes that I'm not going to make it easy for her to stay put. And that I'm going to demand full obedience. No movement. Not a word spoken. Better yet, and by that, I mean more torturously arousing for Tamar, I am not going to tie her down. I am going to make her force herself to subserviently stay still on her own.

It takes me half of a minute to get out the two little toys I want for this. I set both on the bed, underneath her pussy. She can't see them there. Staying as she is, Tamar can't see anything but the headboard and a small sliver of the wall. She has no idea what Sophie and I are doing.

I use my fingers to ease her lips and inner folds apart. It gives me a view of her inner pinkness as a few drops of honey fall onto the bed. Just opening her pussy up was enough for those drops of oily muskiness to fall out. Those long, wide, loose lips of hers were all that held them

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inside.

It also lets me see the hard nub of her aching clit as it thrusts its head up. I could mostly see it even before I spread her folds, but now there's nothing blocking my view except for a few wisps of her black curls that stand out from her pubes. Her bush is dense and thick, its curls all intertwined, but now, with her bush lower than her pussy, even the long, free ends of those curls don't really hide anything.

Her clit is harder than any rock. And I know it's aching her badly. I can see its rounded tip standing above those soft folds and their knot. I can see its pink skin so taut that it almost looks white. Maybe it would if it weren't for the blood flushing it to an almost beet red. And I can see that blood flowing with her heartbeat, making that hard nub pulse just as hard. Hard enough that it seems to jump with each beat. As it rises $\frac{1}{4}$ " or so above its folds, everything glistens and sparkles brightly with the thin layer of honey clinging to it.

The first toy I've gotten out is a pair of forceps. They're another medical implement used for clamping things off. Things like arteries. They're like a long pair of steel scissors with very long handles and equally short blades. Those blades are only about an inch long. And they're not for cutting. They're flat for pinching. To this pair of forceps, I've used a short length of fine cord to tie a small bell.

I open the blades of the forceps wide. I put them just at the side of her clit, above the tops of her folds. I close them until the blades are barely touching the sides of her hardness. Then I push them in, towards her body. It has the blades pushing her folds in as well, pushing them down the nub of her clit and baring a little more of that throbbing nub. Then, when I have as much of her clit bared as I can, I close the blades even more. It gets them pinching firmly onto the side of her clit. Her clit is so hard that it barely gives as they pinch into it.

Tamar gasps out a very loud, and needy, "OOH!" as she feels those dull blades pinching around her clit. They've barely begun to tighten onto it when she shivers crisply. Her moaned purr seamlessly morphs into an equally hungry "AHH!"

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As Tamar's body shivers, I see her tunnel, it's light pink, sloppy-wet walls, twitching crisply as well. That sends a small squirt of honey to the very rim of her tunnel in a fraction of a second. Almost as quickly, that drop hangs for an instant and falls to the bed.

I close the clamp until it's squeezing hard into the sides of her short nub, pinching it just hard enough that I can see it's tip taking a slight purple tinge as it darkens. Then I take my fingers off the forceps, leaving them to hang freely from her clit with the handle down. And just below the handle, the little bell dangling from the string.

"Slave, see if this bitch is ready to obey her Queen," I tell Sophie.

Sophie giggles as she picks up a feather. This one is slightly longer, but still narrow. And it has fur that's just as soft. Fur that's only stiff enough to stay standing up off the shaft.

Sophie puts the tip of the feather to Tamar's throbbing clit and begins slowly drawing it down. The fur of that feather is barely touching Tamar. Just enough for her to feel the fine silky strands as they caress over the tip of her aching clit. And as they tease the now unbearably sensitive nerves filling her clit.

Tamar doesn't last a second. Not even much of a fraction of a second. She screeches a very urgent, desperately-needy, and erotic "uh-AHH!" Her bottom snaps as a crisp shudder racks her body. The little bell jingles.

I swat Tamar, this time decently hard, on her bottom with my crop. "Do you hear the bell announcing your sluttiness and disobedience to the world, zonna?" I scold her scornfully. "Whenever you act like a slut and enjoy yourself, like a cheap gutter whore, that bell jingles. And you get a swat. Now behave your slutty butt and show me that you can mind your Queen, zonna."

It doesn't take but another fraction of a second for Tamar to get another swat, this on her other globe for "acting like a whore" again.

Almost immediately after that swat, I give her another. This one on the back of her hand. I scold her for her disobedience. I told her to

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stay. I did not say to be gripping the mattress and wrinkling up the bedspread under her.

And then I'm swatting her foot. That swat, I scold her, is for curling her toes up like she's making a porno. She's supposed to be staying.

I don't really care if her toes curl up. I care about one thing. I want this to be difficult for Tamar. As difficult as it can be. I want her to work hard to behave. I want her pussy to be aching so badly for attention that she can't stand denying herself.

And tensing up muscles is one thing her body will do reflexively to try and manage the arousal she's trying to ignore. Taking that away from her will only make her arousal a bit more intense. And that much harder for her to ignore as she obeys me.

Already she's screeching at full volume. Screeching the hottest, and the most desperately needy, of erotic moans. She's screeching those moans endlessly. Her jaw hangs wide open, Tamar not even bothering to close it. She just cries out her pleading hot moan, then gasps in a breath as fast as she can. A breath that's raspy with a slight squeal to it.

And I can see goosebumps now covering most of her body. Even her arms. I can see the stiff nubs of her nipples standing straight down from her rounded and taut mounds under her chest, too. I can see those straining to new heights of stiffness and wrinkling up the already-taut flesh around them.

Now I can see Tamar's body quivering lightly as well. And, as I look over Sophie's shoulder, I can see her pussy. Sophie's still holding Tamar's lips and folds wide apart to give her unimpeded access to Tamar's clit. It lets me see the crisp twitches constantly racking the walls of her pussy. And it lets me see that oily-thin honey flowing so fast that's dripping down from her tunnel onto the bed.

As her body quivers, the bell starts jingling. And that brings her a couple of more strokes of my crop before the bell silences.

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I guess Tamar is fighting hard to keep at least her bottom still. It gets her moans sounding even more urgent. But mostly it's as if the rest of her body is doing the quivering for her bottom. And that gets a tiny little jiggle from her breasts. Actually, it's not her breasts jiggling. Her mounds are way too firm for that. It's her shoulders and chest. But that doesn't matter. It's still her nipples that dance through the air.

I flick my wrist, sending the tip of my crop snapping up. It lands the tip lightly, with a soft splitting crack, straight atop the tip of her hard nipple. Tamar doesn't even cry out from the pain. I know she felt it. Her moans suddenly take on a much deeper throatiness. And her pussy drips a few drops that come faster, almost on top of each other. I scold her for "waving her flat tits around like a whore in the gutter advertising her butt for sale."

And all of this without her pussy being touched. Just her clit. But that's only being stroked with a feather, not masturbated or anything. Then again, if anyone was to rub that nub now, Tamar wouldn't be able to hold her orgasm back. She'd cum in one second flat. There's no mistaking just how hot and hungry her pussy is now.

And how tight. That's from the balloon that's stuffing her rectum full. There's nothing between the backsides of her rectum and her pussy. So now, with her rectum stretched full, it's pressing firmly against the backside of her pussy. And that has its twitching walls pressing snugly, but lightly, against each other. It has those spongy walls teasing each other, as one's twitches stroke the other.

On we go. Tamar cries out sultry and needy moans. Tamar shudders. In a few short seconds, something moves enough for me to see it, or to ring the bell. I swat Tamar, searing another little pink sport somewhere on her body. Slowly, and steadily, I'm turning most of her body to a light shade of pink. It's light enough that it might fade to nothing given half of an hour, but her body isn't getting more than three seconds of a break between crop swats.

Each swat does its job, reminding Tamar to stay still as she was told. For about three seconds. Then the unbearable ache in her pussy

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and the icy-hot sparks shooting out of her clit and racing through her body overwhelm her. She trembles, or tenses, or something that I can see. And she gets another swat.

It seems like there's a bit more hunger in each moan after every swat. I'm sure there is. Those swats are reminding her to behave. And that's making her behave. And that's arousing her.

On we go for about fifteen minutes. By then Tamar's entire body is flushed bright and covered with a fine layer of sweat. It's whipped to a nice pinkness as well. The honey on her thighs has dried to a stickiness. But the honey raining from her pussy has made a nice little wet spot on the bed under her. And her pussy twitches away.

I'll bet she's forgotten all about the pressure straining her bottom. I'd bet she's still feeling it, or rather the effects of it. Not the fullness itself, but the way it's making everything else more intense to her. But once she can think about something other than her throbbing needy pussy again, she'll feel that pressure straining her bottom again. And she'll feel it hard.

Now that Tamar is a complete, and slutty, mess, there's no reason to go on. No matter how hard she tries, she's never going to hold still for too long. Not with Sophie teasing her starving clit so effectively. No one could with all those hot chills sweeping over her.

So I tell Sophie to stop. She does, and then removes the clamp from Tamar's clit when I tell her to.

Tamar stays on her hands and knees. She almost screams out a heavy sigh of frustration. Then she pants hard. Her body is loose now. She stays in place, but her muscles are too tired from straining with their tension to stay stiff now. And loose muscles leave her with a loose body. One that sort of drifts as she kneels. And pants more noisily than any dog ever has.

I give her maybe a minute to catch her breath. Then I quickly snap a firm order for her to get up. I use my most disapproving voice. And I scold her harshly for being such a gutter slut that she disappointed her

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Queen. That she couldn't even stop trying to fuck my slave's hand for one minute and behave for me.

As Tamar is getting up, I text her husband the location. Only I text him the room number of the room on the other side of the connecting door.

I quickly snap a pair of handcuffs on Tamar's wrists, locking her hands behind her back where they'll be useless to her. I do that because I know how desperate her pussy is for a little attention. About one second's worth of attention. That would be all it would take for Tamar to cum.

Then I order Tamar to kneel, and I wait as she gets down, half falling, onto her knees and opens her knees wide as she sits back to put her bottom in the space between her heels.

"You've disappointed me with your obscene sluttiness, zonna. I was going to take that plug out of your bottom and take you back to the gym where you could put your clothes on and pretend to be a woman again. But that was before you disappointed me. Now I don't feel like bothering. You can just stay here with nothing but your naked body." I laugh, hard.

"I've sent your husband the address where he could find your slutty butt. Perhaps if you call him, he might even bring you some clothes. Then again, as skanky as you are, I doubt it. But if he would be so kind to you, you wouldn't have to wait until some stranger finds you naked and convince him or her to help you get some clothes. Oops, you forgot your phone! Now how will you call anyone?"

I sigh. I dial Joel's number, using the video call function. Then I point the phone's screen at Tamar.

Joel answers quickly, an image of him wearing a suit and sitting behind his desk filling the screen for Tamar.

Joel gets an image of his hot and sweaty wife filling the screen with her nakedness as she kneels.

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"Hi... honey..." Tamar begins. Her voice is deep and throaty, a heavy sultriness to it. Her nipples are hard and standing out at the screen, something I'm sure Joel is noticing. As I'm sure he's noticing the rest of her. Like her thick black bush that's damp now, too.

A heavy note of same creeps into her voice, but even that's not enough to hide the sultriness in it. She tells him that she's been "a very naughty slut" for her Queen. She tells him that all of her things, her phone, her purse, her keys, even her clothes are still at the fitness center. That I surprised her there, strip-searched her, and brought her over here with nothing. That now, since she's disappointed me, she's stuck here. In the room, I just sent to him. With absolutely nothing, not even panties to cover her slutty bottom. Nothing.

As I tell her to, she tells her husband that I've decided she's to atone for her obscene sluttiness by staying as she is, on her knees, until someone rescues her. Whomever that might be. Whenever that might be. She begs him to get her some clothes and come get her before "some maid or someone finds me like this and makes me do G-d knows what to get some clothes!"

As I've asked him to do, he tells her that it's rather inconvenient for him. He has meetings. But after she begs some more, he relents and agrees to go home, get her an outfit, and come get her.

Tamar promises him that she'll be good until he gets here. And that she'll thank him properly when he does.

I end the call. Then I remind Tamar that I expect her to stay still until she's told to move. She's to obey whoever finds her as if he or she is me. She promises me that she will. And then, I leave her there. It has her with her back to the door so she won't see who is coming in. Sophie and I slip out, shutting the door behind us.

But I would never leave a bound sub alone like that. Sophie follows me around to the next room, on the other side of the connecting door. It's the room I've sent Joel to. That way he'll see me first.

Sophie hurries to do the job I've given her. She gets out a little

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camera. It's a lizard cam I bought at Harbor Freight for like \$20. But it's flexible shaft lets Sophie slip its wide-angle lens under the connecting door. And that lets its little screen have a perfect view of Tamar as she kneels there.

Now I have one more call to make.



Chapter 07: Sluttred

Chapter 07: Slutted

My call was to Tabitha. She's one of the toys in my toy box. Not one I use as often as others, though. But I see her enough. She's the girl I use as my "designated date." The girl I use when I want to send a toy, male or female, out on a date. Sometimes, even a date with a happy ending. That's what Tabitha wants. She wants to be a "whore." She wants me to give her away. To tell her what she's to do with whomever I give her to. And to make sure that she does what I want her to, but only what I want her to.

Tabitha is a 21-year-old girl who just finished her sophomore year at Bishop State College where she earned a highly useful certificate in "hospitality services." Yeah, that includes such great career choices as waitress and maid. But I have connections. In this case that was Nikolai, who has a business associate who owns a couple of Best Western Hotels. They're not exactly at the top of the luxury spectrum, but they're not Econo lodge either. As a favor, Tabitha was given a job on the front desk that she is, at best, marginally almost qualified for. But it's a job with some potential, something none of the other jobs she could have gotten offered. Unless you count head maid as advancement. Luckily for me, as the new girl on the desk, she gets the overnight shift. That leaves her available for me to use at my leisure, and that's something Tabitha is not minding one bit.

Tabitha is a good bit more attractive than she gives herself credit for being. She's decently tall, for a woman, at 5'7" and only slightly on the thick side at 158 pounds. That's only 35 pounds over ideal for her height. I'd bet at least ten of those pounds are on her chest, where they're considered a plus, not a minus, by most. She has a somewhat oval face with a little bit of sternness to it from her sharp features. But she also has straight honey-brown hair down to the bottoms of her shoulder blades, and radiant blue eyes atop a wide mouth framed with medium-plump medium-pink lips and a bright smile.

I'm sure many of the boys would just love her breasts. She's a 40-DDD and for a number of guys size alone rules. They're soft, hanging down onto her chest, but as large as they are pertness would be rare. I know they're nicely spongy in my hands. And they have wide nipples like

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half marbles that are a light-pink, surrounded by huge rings of color atop her milky-white mounds.

She has a defined feminine curve to her hips. Her stomach isn't flat and toned, but it does look passably decent. Even with the extra pounds it only shows the slightest of paunch at her waistline, and there's nothing close to a flab roll despite her skin's slight looseness. Her thighs and legs are shapely as well, only a scant hair wider at their very tops, but that's barely noticeable. There's a flat pussy mound with short-but-wide lips that meet in a neat pink line. Those lips, along with her pubes above, are shaven silky smooth.

I picked Tabitha for a few reasons. First, and most importantly, her body type is about the opposite of Tamar's. Tabitha is as loose as Tamar is firm and toned. Tabitha's breasts are as big and soft and Tamar's are small and pert. Her hair is light, where Tamar's is dark. And Tabitha's pubes are as barren as Tamar's are bushy. Even Tabitha's bottom is slightly loose, her cheeks have a touch of flatness to their tops. About as different as I can get from Tamar's body. At least without finding a fat woman, something that I don't see the need to keep in my toy box.

But I know Tamar deeply values a healthy body. That's why she works so hard on keeping hers up. So I know that the minor looseness of Tabitha's body will, to Tamar, come across as out-of-shape. Unhealthy. Maybe even flabby, although I doubt anyone would consider Tabitha to be any of those. It's the kind of body Tamar would be least pleased with. Or should I say prefer not to see?

Plus, Tabitha has a hotel uniform so I didn't have to hunt one up for her. It's from the wrong hotel. The wrong chain, too. But who cares? I would bet my slave that Tamar will be too busy cringing to notice that little detail.

I ordered Tabitha to put her uniform on and hurry over here. She lives fairly closely, in a cheap apartment off I-165 that she shares with a couple of roommates. Both of whom are still in college, trying to get a degree they might actually be able to use to get a job. But mostly those

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two are getting the more common degree we call the masters of entertainment enjoyment. Also known as partying hard.

Tabitha arrives about five minutes before Joel knocks on my door. I have Tabitha sitting primly in a chair, waiting quietly, as I let Joel into the room. He glances around, and not seeing Tamar, asks me where his wife is.

I point to Sophie. She's still on her knees watching Tamar through the screen of the camera. "Zonna is on the other side of that door, waiting to be found and rescued. I just sent you this room so I could talk to you first. Zonna is fine. My slave is keeping both eyes on her just to make sure."

Now that he knows Tamar is okay, I have his full attention. He's used to me playing little games like this. I hand him the key to the gym locker that still holds Tamar's clothes and he slips it into his pocket. I tell him that he can give it to Tamar whenever he wishes, but I'd suggest she gets her clothes out of there today lest they end up in the lost and found. I tell him that her car is still at the gym, too. He accepts all of that easily.

I give him a piece of paper. It has the instructions for deflating and removing the "butt filler" that Tamar has still inside her bottom. Complete with pictures. Although the pictures feature Paige's (my slave-whore) bottom, not Tamar's. But it does show him in very detailed steps how to get it out of her butt. It amounts to pulling the string to pull the end of the balloon out of her bottom, then holding the tube and cutting its end off. Her rectum will eagerly squeeze the balloon and shoot the water out. Until the balloon deflates. Then it will just slip with her bottom with a slight pull. I tell him to make Tamar wait until after supper before he takes it out of her. If he does, he'll understand why. He says he will.

Then I ask him if he's ever seen Tamar with a woman. He tells me no he hasn't. But the only times Tamar has ever touched a woman were the very few times I made her. I ask if he's had a little fantasy about watching her with a woman, a fantasy that I've found most men would

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have. He somewhat reluctantly admits that he wouldn't mind seeing that.

"How about right now?" I ask him with my evil grin on my face. I point to the demurely sitting Tabitha, who now looks like a hotel employee. "That bitch won't mind gonna eating her plump little pussy. Would you like to see gonna eat that pussy?"

I don't give him a chance to answer. Instead, I turn to Tabitha and snap firmly, but sweetly, "show him your pussy, bitch, let him see if it's good enough for his wife to eat."

"Yes, Ma'am," Tabitha answers quickly. She stands up, turns her back to Joel, and leans forward. Joel watches, his eyes going wide at the utterly shameless way that Tabitha is displaying her most intimate body. She lifts her skirt up, draping it across her now-flat back. She doesn't hesitate to slip her panties all the way down to the middle of her thighs. Nor does she hesitate to pull her lips wide apart and offer Joel a full view of her wet pinkness. "Here is my pussy, Sir." Tabitha offers in her sugariest voice.

Joel glares at it, his eyes wide. It looks to me as if he's more amazed at the immodest way she's showing herself. But he's definitely enjoying the sight of the offered pussy as well. Then again, he is male. I give him close to half of a minute. When he says nothing, I ask him if he would enjoy watching Tamar eat this pussy. Now, not sometime in the future, or in some hypothetical. But live, and now.

Joel says "I wouldn't mind seeing that..."

I take that as a yes, despite the slight shyness in his answer. I snap my fingers and tell Tabitha to fix her clothes as she stands up. She hurries to do it, then stands and turns around to face us.

I address Tabitha only as "bitch." That way, even Joel won't know her name. And I'm sure it's going to kill Tamar not to know even that much about the pussy she ate in front of him. I'm sure she'll be bugging Joel for anything he might know about the woman. But he won't know anything to give her.

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I give Tabitha some very specific instructions. The last instruction I give her is that, when she gets so close that she can't bear not cumming another second, she may cum on Tamar's face. But if she disappoints me, I will whip her bottom for a week. I did that to her once before. Every day, before she went to school, she had to come to my apartment where I turned her over my knees and gave her bottom ten strokes with a belt. Then I'd send her off to her classes with a bottom too sore for her to sit on. She swears, prolifically, that she will be a good girl and follow her instructions exactly.

Joel waits with us in this room. Tabitha, with a key I gave her to Tamar's room in hand, steps out into the hall. About thirty seconds later, we all lean over Sophie's shoulder and watch as Tabitha steps into the room with Tamar.

"Oh, what did I find here?" Tabitha announces in the most disapproving voice she can muster. I might as well have just given Tabitha a script. I told her what to say and how to say it. After all, Tabitha is a sub and I wouldn't want her to have to improvise too much.

We don't need sound on the camera to hear Tamar squeal with surprise. Or to hear the shame in her voice when she does. But it does show us the hard, cringing flinch that has her shuddering. "I... uh... I was waiting for my husband..." Tamar tries to explain it away.

"Nice try, slut," Tabitha says with a bit of laughter in her voice. "It looks like today is my lucky day..." Tabitha casually walks around so that she's standing in front of Tamar, in the space between Tamar's kneeling form and the foot of the bed. She looks down on the deeply blushing, very humiliated, and equally nervous, older, leaner nude woman.

"I was just thinking how long it's been since anyone ate my fat pussy, and now I walk in and find a slut just waiting in the gutter with a tongue that looks like it could service me nicely." Tabitha slowly reaches up behind his back as she talking and unfastens her skirt. It falls to the floor, letting Tamar see the sexy black lace, and small, panties on Tabitha's slightly wide hips.

Now Tabitha begins sliding her panties down to bare her shaven

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pubes. She takes a few seconds to get them down, then lets them fall to her ankles. She steps one foot out of the panties. Then she sits back, resting her bottom on the edge of the bed. She opens her thighs wide, fully exposing the flat mound of her pussy and the wet pink line of her slit to Tamar's now panicked, and humiliated, edgy eyes.

"I've always said, finders, users. And it looks like I've found a trashy slut. Now eat my pussy, slut." She grabs hold of Tamar's head and pulls it forward, towards her pussy.

"Yes, Ma'am..." Tamar answers in a very squeaky and shamed, voice as she remembers the instructions I gave her. Whoever found her was to obeyed as if he or she were me. This slightly thick woman found her and thus is to be obeyed. Tamar's eyes dart around the room at warp speed, searching for me or Sophie, not seeing us, as her head's pulled towards Tabitha's pussy. After Tabitha has Tamar's head about halfway to her pussy, Tamar stops resisting.

Tamar puts her mouth on Tabitha's pussy. As I've taught her the command "eat pussy" means for her to do, she stretches her mouth wide, her soft lips gliding along the soft outsides of Tabitha's plump, loose lips. Then Tamar puts the tip of her tongue to Tabitha's slit. It lets her tender tongue feel the heat burning in that slit. And to taste the slightly sweet flavor of Tabitha's clingy honey. It lets her get a good whiff of the jasmine-scented perfume Tabitha dabbed into the creases of her thighs and atop her plump pubes as well as Tabitha's more intimate light muskiness under the perfume.

Tamar sucks gently. It draws the edges of Tabitha's lips into her mouth, parting Tabitha's slit slightly. That's enough for Tabitha's prominent and wide clit to pop up. Tamar lies her tongue gently against the stiff nub of Tabitha's clit. Then she begins slowly circling her tongue around her hard nub, keeping it's touch fleeting and light, but keeping it against the nervy bundle. She swirls her tongue around Tabitha's clit slowly and steadily.

It only takes a few seconds for Tabitha to start breathing out loud, and rather squeaky, almost mousy, hot moans. Nor does it take too

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many more seconds for the goosebumps to erupt in the creases of Tabitha's thighs and begin flowing out onto her thighs. Tabitha reaches her hands out to Tamar's head and grips it firmly. Then her head lolls back, Tabitha's jaw hanging wide as her moans begin to come faster and louder. But also squeakier.

I only wait for about two minutes, letting Tabitha have a moment just to enjoy Tamar's tongue. But more to let Tamar have an eternity to feel the utter shame of having been found by this woman, a woman Tamar would not consider desirable. And to feel the shame of knowing that she's now eating this woman's pussy only because I told her to obey whoever. As if I didn't care who found her. Maybe, later, Joel will tell Tamar that I've been looking after her the entire time she was alone. I hope not.

Then I have Joel come with us. I give him the other key to Tamar's room. Hotel rooms seem to always require a key to open. I've yet to see one that you can even unlock from inside so that it can be opened from the outside. Joel opens the door. Tamar must hear it behind her. I can see her body suddenly tensing up. But Tabitha's hands keep her head in place, and, judging by Tabitha's hot squeals, I'd bet her tongue keeps going.

"Oops!" I giggle. "Sorry, Joel, I guess you didn't get here fast enough. It seems that some hotel employee has found zonna first. And now, it seems, decided to help herself to zonna's soft little tongue. Oh, well, that's what she gets for being such a slutty whore!"

After a second, I nudge Joel forward. "Well, go on big boy. If the slut is going to eat this woman's pussy, you might as well help yourself to a good view of it. She won't mind, after all, it is your whore's tongue she's helping herself to!"

With a second nudge, Joel overcomes his reluctance. He steps forward. I already know that he's not reluctant to see Tamar eat a pussy. It's more as if, despite the display earlier, he's still unsure. Not fully convinced that Tabitha doesn't mind him, a complete stranger to her, watching such an intimate act. But Tabitha doesn't care. All that

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matters to her is that I told her to do this. She's been around long enough to know that if I didn't want Joel to watch, I wouldn't let him. Since I'm not stopping him, it must be okay with me that he watches.

Tabitha ignores Joel. She goes on moaning her squeaky squeals. She goes on shuddering lightly. She keeps her legs wide apart to offer Joel a good view, even as the urge to clamp those thighs around Tamar's head has her legs quivering hard.

I don't have to nudge Joel anymore. Slowly his head starts lowering, bringing his eyes closer to Tabitha's pubes and giving his eyes a better view of the action. A full view of Tamar's plump, and slightly dark, lips pressed firmly against the milky white lips of Tabitha's pussy. And a decent view of the honey, the slippery, clear, and thick honey that's now clinging to Tamar's face around her lips, and starting to make its way down to her chin. A drop of sparkles atop the tip of Tamar's nose, too.

It takes Tabitha a couple of more minutes. I did tell her to wait until she couldn't stand it any longer before allowing herself to cum. I wanted Joel to get a good show. And apparently, he did. He's been leaning over as close to Tabitha's pussy as he could without interfering.

Tabitha cums with a loud, mousy-squeaky cry. Her thighs finally slam shut to clamp Tamar's head in place. It's just in time. Tabitha's hips begin to thrash from side to side, and now her vise-tight thighs snap Tamar's head right along with those wide hips. It keeps Tamar's mouth locked to Tabitha's pussy.

Tabitha's orgasm hit her hard. As the first wave crashes over her body, her hips snap up, bucking against Tamar's face as they thrash to the sides. Her hips come up enough that her bottom comes off the bed, her hands flying back to brace against the bed and catch her shoulders from falling. And that gives Joel a brief, but good, look at Tabitha's bare bottom from the side. It lets him see her full, only-slightly-loose cheeks hanging down for the instant they're off the bed.

Then her bottom is back on the bed, her body snapping hard as the wave racks her with crisp shivers. As soon as those shivers begin to

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fade, a second and stronger wave hits her, snapping her hips up again and starting the show all over again. All while her thighs squish Tamar's head in place against Tabitha's pussy. And as her twitching pussy spreads a thick coat of honey around Tamar's mouth.

Tabitha's orgasm lasts about two minutes. Then she opens her thighs wide and pushes Tamar's face off her pussy. Tabitha sits there for a moment, panting as she tries to catch her breath. Finally, she raises her head from its place still hanging back and looks Joel in his eyes. "Is this slut yours?" She asks him.

"Uh... yes... " Joel answers uncertainly.

"Oh, well, it has a very slutty tongue! And very sweet tongue. I guess this slut really was waiting for you. I hope you don't mind that I borrowed its tongue." Tabitha grins wide. "And I hope you enjoyed watching her eat my pussy." Tabitha bats her eyes at him.

Then she turns back to Tamar and looks the very humiliated woman in her eyes. "It seems your very cute husband actually did bring you some clothes. That deserves a good thank you, doesn't it, slut?"

I reach down casually and take the cuffs off of Tamar's hands. She doesn't even notice me doing it. She's too focused on what Tabitha is saying to her and Joel.

"Yes, Ma'am..." Tamar's voice keeps it deep throaty sultriness despite the enormous dose of humiliation in it.

"I think you should give him something special for that. Since he was so kind as to not interrupt me while that tongue of yours ate my big pussy, you will ask him if he would allow you thank him with a two girl blow job. Since he shared your tongue with me, you won't mind sharing his cock with me, slut!"

Tamar blushes even deeper. In a voice that pure nervous shame, she humbly asks Joel "may I please ask this woman to help me thank you by giving you a two-girl blow job, Sir?"

Joel stutters. He didn't know this was coming. I made sure of it.

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But I did have Tamar ask, so he is free to decline. He stutters more, not saying yes or no.

Unseen by Tamar or Joel, I nod to Tabitha. It's all the cue she needs. She hurries to get on her knees beside Tamar. As she does, her skirt falls to cover her hips again, taking away his sight of her pussy. Tabitha squishes up close beside Tamar. She turns her head to face Tamar, then quickly wraps her arms around Tamar's head and pulls Tamar into a hot, passionate kiss. A fairly long kiss. Tabitha breaks the kiss, softly telling Tamar, "Show me that hunky cock of his, and let's make it very glad that he brought your slutty butt some clothes."

Tamar does as she was told. She reaches up to Joel's slacks and unzips them. Her fingers slip into his zipper, and a second or two later they're bringing out a very stiff cock. A cock that's about 6" long and around 1 ¼" across. A cock that's naturally circumcised, now showing off its spongy soft, bulbous, light pink head.

Tabitha has done this a number of times when I've told her to. But Tamar has only done it on a "practice cock," a dildo. She's never done it on a real cock, and probably thought she never would. I know she never imagined that her husband would allow another woman to join her and service him. I suspect Joel never thought he would, either. Now he's still stunned at the very trashy offer his prissy wife just made. He's still not thinking.

Almost immediately, Tabitha has her lips on the very tip of Joel's cock head. With a tiny swat to her bare bottom from Tabitha's hand, more of a cue than a spank, Tamar has her lips in place as well. Her place now is on the side of his cock head, her mouth wide enough to have its full width trapped between her plush lips. And her lips, the corner of her mouth, flush against Tabitha's finer lips.

Tamar teases the side of his cock head, the slice of it trapped between her full lips, with her tongue. Tabitha starts letting her mouth open, keeping her lips flush against his cock head, as she starts inching his length into her mouth. As Joel's cock begins slipping into Tabitha's lips, Tamar's lips stay in place snug against Tabitha's. It has His cock

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essentially sliding through Tamar's mouth. And Tamar sucking on the half of it that she has between her lips while her tongue dances over his sensitive flesh.

Tabitha uses a leisurely stroke that takes his cock into her mouth slowly, but steadily. It keeps Tamar's lips moving as well, staying in their place. And Tabitha keeps taking more and more of his steely hard cock into her mouth.

Tabitha doesn't hesitate as his cock pushes into the back of her mouth, stuffing it full as it straightens her neck and makes the slight bend to her throat. Nor does she miss a beat as the fat head of his thick cock first presses against the tiny, rubbery, tube that's the entrance of her throat. Not even as that fat head shoves its way into her throat, stretching the rubbery tube wide as it now squeezes snugly around the head of his cock. She just keeps steadily letting his cock slide deeper into her mouth. And letting him feel every bit of it.

Tamar's lips keep moving along the side of his cock until Tabitha's lips near the very root of his shaft leaving Tamar nowhere for her lips. Tamar shifts her lips, moving them further along until they're on his dangling balls. Then Tamar stretches her mouth wide and with a tiny little suck, draws his balls into her hot mouth. She caresses them very softly with her tongue. And then Tabitha is reversing her stroke. That makes Tamar release his balls and start moving her lips back to, and along, his cock. Tamar's job is to keep her lips against Tabitha's and let Tabitha control this stroke.

Tabitha rises, letting the cock slowly emerge from between her fine, soft lips until every bit of it is out of her mouth and her lips are closing at the very tip of it. Tamar, doing as I've taught her to do, has her lips closing as well, just to the side of Tabitha's. And she makes sure that the corners of their mouths stay touching each other's.

As soon as Tabitha has released his cock, her lips nothing but a soft kiss on its tip, the girls move as one. Tabitha's lips slide around to the side of his cock head. Tamar's lips, still flush against Tabitha's follow Tabitha's lips. It brings Tamar's lips around to the front of his cock.

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And now, Tamar starts her stroke, taking his cock into her mouth. And Tabitha now has the role Tamar just did, sucking and licking his cock from the side just ahead of Tamar's lips.

I'm sure Tamar has done this for Joel before. Probably too many times to count by now. They've been married for years. But the look on Joel's face tells me that Tamar is due for a good whipping. I can see that she's never given him an oral treat quite as slutishly as she is now. I'd bet she's never taken quite all of his cock before either. Even though I taught her to do it, and told her to use those new skills for Joel's pleasure.

The look on his face is just too surprised when he feels the head of his cock shoving its way into Tamar's throat, her rubbery tight tube now squeezing his cock snug in its grip. And Tamar not choking hard as she does it. She might not be quite as smooth in her strokes as Tabitha is, but she's definitely skilled enough to get it done. And it looks to me like Joel didn't know she could this.

Every stroke the girls will trade roles. It gives Joel a single stroke of Tabitha's mouth, followed by a single stroke of Tamar's mouth, and then back to Tabitha's. It makes every stroke a little different for him. But all of the strokes are full ones, the woman's lips going down flush on his pubes with every bit of his cock into her mouth.

Joel loves it. He can't deny it. Not the way it has him groaning loud and sweet. Nor the way it has his hips squirming and his hands gripping the sides of his thighs. As if he'd like to grab the woman's head, but can't decide which woman's head to grab.

Nor does Joel last very long, not with two mouths so willingly, so eagerly, and so skillfully sharing his cock. He spends the little time it takes him staring down, looking upon Tamar's nakedness, and watching the two heads move as they swallow and share his cock.

Joel cum in about a minute and a half. And, luckily for her, he cums at the very height of Tamar's stroke. The point where his cock is fully into Tamar's throat and her lips are flush against his pubes. It's obvious when he cums. He cries out a very long, and tense, grunt of

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relief. And there's a slight snapping to his hips as his cock spurts the first of his cum into Tamar's stomach.

Tamar immediately does as I taught her to. She can feel the crisp twitches of his cock that tells her he's cumming now, even though she can't taste, or even really feel, his cum. She stops the stroke. She starts moving her head fast, now using rather short strokes that are about 1" long. She makes those strokes as fast as she can. They keep his cock squeezed by the rubbery tightness of her throat, never letting the head of it slip from her throat. It's the same strokes he'd be using if he was fucking her mouth and didn't care about her comfort at all. Only now it's Tamar doing it for him.

It keeps him groaning loudly and shuddering lightly. And it keeps his cock happily twitching as it spurts more of his cum into her mouth. It's a good, and slightly long, orgasm for Joel. It goes on about 40 seconds before Tamar has the last of his cum in her throat and his cock stops twitching and spurting. Only then does Tamar start releasing his cock from her mouth. As she does, she sucks it moderately hard, using her lips to make sure there's no cum left on his cock. Tabitha's lips hold their place, following Tamar's up. As she releases his cock with a light kiss, there isn't a drop of cum left on his shaft.

Tamar goes to tuck his cock back into his pants for him.

Tabitha picks her panties up off the floor, and without a word, slips out of the room.

Tamar, still on her knees, looks up to her husband. "Thank you, Sir, for being so kind as to come to rescue this slut. I do hope you really enjoyed the blow job that woman and I gave you as my thanks for not just bringing me clothes, but also for watching me eat her delicious pussy, Sir."

I slip out of the room, leaving Tamar to Joel. Sophie follows me.



Chapter 08: The Tail End

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Pepper;

I just wanted to thank you for yesterday. It was a total surprise to me. I never knew Tamar had that in her. I never imagined that she would agree to a third person. But obviously, she did. Only now, she's begging me to never mention it again. And she's worried that you might make her do that again. She says it made her feel like such a cheap slut to share her husband like that. I think she liked it, though.

I say that because of that night. I did as you asked me to and made Tamar wait until after supper to take that thing out of her butt. She squirmed pretty badly all evening, and it kind of was uncomfortable for me to watch her squirming like that, knowing that it is extremely uncomfortable for her.

When the time came, 7:00 to the second, Tamar took me by the hand and took me to our bedroom. She immediately begged me to take it out of her. I told her I would. As you suggested, I told Tamar that she was to stand there and do nothing while I undressed her. Which I did.

When I got her panties off, I was in front of her. I checked the time on the tag and my watch. Then I asked her if she was still horny. She literally grabbed me and kissed me so hard I about swallowed her tongue. Her hands started to find my cock while she was kissing me.

The next thing I knew, Tamar had me down on the bed, and she was on top riding me like a wild woman. I mean as hard and fast as she possibly could. Really pounding me, harder than she ever has before.

Plus she was tighter than normal. It was kind of weird for me because I could feel the swelling through her pussy. And I could feel light waves flowing through that thing. I definitely did not mind that.

It drove Tamar insane. She came in about a minute flat.

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And then she screamed out “fuck! I gotta have more!” she never even slowed down. She kept going. Only now she was screaming her moans so loudly that I had to stuff a stray sock in her mouth so the kids didn't hear her.

She came three times before I did, and that took about seven or eight minutes. I know she knew I came. She just didn't care! She kept right on pounding me as hard as ever. She didn't even care that it was getting messy with all the fluids. She just kept going.

I ended up cumming twice. I think Tamar came about six times before she finally fell limp, kind of so exhausted that she might as well be dead, on my chest and lie there panting for a few minutes.

When she finally got off, I took her to the toilet to release the water from your toy. I did it your way, as the instructions said to. I could see Tamar blushing badly as she sat on the edge of the toilet, leaning all the way over to show me her bottom, and let me drain it. I pulled it out for her with a quick, and surprisingly easy, tug.

Then Tamar told me that she wanted me to fuck her again! She was rather disappointed when I told her she'd have to wait a few minutes for my cock to recharge. But finally, it did, and after we got the boys to bed, we went at it again. I think she came about three more times.

She told me that she had been satisfied, but as she sat there on the toilet for me, she felt the ache welling up in her pussy again!

Anyway, I'm sure she's looking forward to her next session. She keeps asking if I know the woman's name if I saw her name tag or anything. I didn't. You never said, and honestly, about all I saw of her was her pussy and the top of her head.

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P.S. Is there a woman you wouldn't mind sharing in your... circle that has a blond bush? That's me asking, not Tamar. I'd really love to see Tamar with that.

Joel.