

The Serf

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The Serf

Chapter I: Bar Rescue

The Serf

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The Serf

It's a Saturday evening, and I'm out with my three BFFs. Naturally I have Sophie with us. BFF #1, Isabelle, has a date with her. BFF #3, Ellie has a friend with her. Only BFF#2, Reagan, is without a companion in our little group, but she's also the only one of us who doesn't attend USA. The little traitor headed off to FSU (of all the schools!) just because they have a better law school!

We're at the Soul Kitchen downtown. It's a club that serves what I call "sorta-food," meaning pizza slices, burgers, dogs, nachos, and fries. It's not a Soul club, despite its name. It's one of the bigger and better clubs downtown Mobile. They have every kind of music imaginable on one night or another. It's the place where the third rate big-name groups, the best ones that ever come to Mobile, tend to play when they pass through town, regardless of what genre of music they play. It's rock tonight, a local band that's good enough to play the casinos of Biloxi on their off nights. This means about the best level of a band that will play a steady gig here in this town!

We're celebrating. Our beloved Jaguars just whipped up on Jackson State 37-14. Sure, Jackson state is a SWAC team, a clear step down from our Jag's Sun Belt conference, but hey, a win is a win! Just ask anyone on campus! Besides, USA is the third best-known and best-respected of our state's three top-level universities behind Alabama and Auburn. The four of us were accepted at all three of them, we picked USA to stay close to home. But a good football season will definitely bump our rep up a few notches! We'll never be number one, at least not as long as Alabama hangs on to Nick Saban, anyway. I know, that's football not academics. In Alabama, there's no distinction. A school's reputation is its football team!

I'm known here. This means the bartender knows who I am and knows that Sophie is my slave. And doesn't care that I bring her in on her leash, as I often do, as long as Sophie is game for it. He knows, in general, about my lifestyle as well. I've brought a few toys here over the months I've had an apartment downtown. Here and a few other clubs with music

The Serf

I can stand. I'm not exactly a regular here, but I'm "known." Like most of the bartenders in this little place that Mobile tries to pass off as an entertainment district, he welcomes me. My "little show," of Sophie on her leash, tends to raise eyebrows, which means it draws a few more people in. Which any bartender in a district of bars would love me for. Hence I get better-than-average treatment here.

Tonight the seven of us have a big table, up fairly close to the band and the dance floor. With five cute girls and only two guys at the table, we haven't bought a round of drinks yet. It seems there's always some guy so sweetly sending us a round.

I'm known, among my friends anyway, for my infamous one-time-only, no-names, hook-ups with guys I meet in places just like this. I'm sure I'm known around the club for them, too. I don't care. I don't have, and don't want to have, a boyfriend. I have my live-in slave-girl, Sophie. And I have my friends who really understand me. There's only one thing more a boyfriend could offer me, and this place has an unlimited supply of that. Plus I can shop around, browse the menu, and pick the guy with the nicest equipment for the night. So far, none have ever said no! And I'm seriously thinking about picking one of these guys to scratch an itch for me tonight. I think Izzy knows it, too. She's been trying to point out a guy she says is the cutest in here. He's definitely cute. Now, if he happens to be well-equipped too, he might have a fun night!

It's not the table next to us, it's the one after that, a table that might seat three along the wall that's constantly drawing our attention. There's a middle-aged couple sitting there, which is nothing worthy of notice in here. Our server has already commented on what a jerk the guy is. For her, that's about the worst insult she'll verbalize about a customer. And he is being a complete ass to his girl.

And she's just sitting there, taking it. She looks cowed. Like this isn't a rare night out for her. She just lets him go on berating her loudly and rather obnoxiously. Mostly she just hangs her head. But I've seen

The Serf

more than one longing glance our way. I doubt she's even hearing the music.

I agree with our server. The guy is a jerk. What I'd really like to do is go over and pop him. I won't, I've yet to start a bar fight anywhere. That's so not me! But I would happily give him a piece of my mind. I love my first amendment! After a while of it, I start watching them. It's hard not to. They seem to have more than their fair share of attention. I asked, and our server told me, that the bartender doesn't like him either and wouldn't mind a bit if he took his drinks elsewhere. Not that they'd actually say that to a paying customer, at least one who doesn't start a bar fight.

It seems like no one appreciates him. More of those close enough to hear him are making a point of ignoring them. It's not what he says to her. I've said all of the same things to subs. I've told them they were fat, ugly, worthless, whores, and everything else. It's not even so much the way he says it. Sure, he's berating her, but I do that to subs as well. It takes me a few minutes to put my finger on what's irking me.

It's not him, it's her. It's the way she seems to be afraid. Not afraid like that he's holding a gun on her, kind of afraid. But more the kind of fear of a woman who believes she'll be hurt if she doesn't please this jackass. And clearly, he's never going to be pleased with her or anyone else. The kind of fear that says she's submitting more from fear than of a deep desire to serve and please him.

And then I see her. The look on her face as she looks over upon Sophie for a fleeting glance. A look of envy. He slaps her, hard, leaving a handprint on her face and tells her to pay attention to him. Again, I would have done the same thing to one of my subs had she not been giving me her full attention. But I've never had a sub tremble in her seat from a slap to her face. That's true fear.

My BFFs are watching the couple, too. Izzy's date and Ellie's friend, our two guys, seem to be about ready to say something to him.

The Serf

Boys! Always wanting to show off for a date! Although I would bet on either of these two against this twerp in a bar fight. None of us have much tolerance for women abusers. Then again, we're women so we have a soft spot for women!

She glances at Sophie again. I see the look on her face. Envious of the leashed Sophie. Almost hungry. And afraid of her man. Almost as if it's a silent plea.

"I've had enough of this cretin," I say to my table. I hand Sophie's leash to Izzy just because she's the BFF closest to me. "Hold on to my slave for a minute, will you Izzy?" I ask. Without waiting for an answer I'm on my feet.

I cross over to their table. I'm tiny at 5' 1.75" and 91 pounds. With him seated I'm bare a few inches over his head. Or at least it seems that way. I don't care. I stare at him. "I speak for everyone in here. We've had enough of you abusing this toy. It doesn't worship you, it's afraid of you. And it looks like with good reason. You don't deserve a toy. I'm taking it."

I turn to the woman, "whomever you are, you belong to me now. You *will* get up and come with me like a good girl. Say nothing. I haven't given you permission to speak. Obey. Come."

The woman stands, her clutch already clutched in her hands. It appears to be all she has with her. If she has a phone, I guess it's in the little purse.

"Who the fuck do you think you are, cunt!" the guy balks as he rises to his feet, showing me that he's got me by a good foot and a hundred pounds. He turns back to his date, "sit your skanky ass down, bitch!" then he turns back to me, "get the fuck out of here before I kick your ass, too!"

My ass hasn't been kicked since the sixth grade. I might have deserved it though. A girl was always boasting, obnoxiously, about how

The Serf

pretty she was. So I stole her clothes in the gym's locker room, and her towel, and had her searching all over the locker room for something to put on. Naked. Which got her laughed at. Stopped her from being such a braggish bitch, though.

I don't flinch or tremble or back down. I stand my ground. I am a southern girl through and through, and down south, we love 'stand your ground.'" Out of a corner of my eye I see the woman. She's frozen in place, neither sitting back down nor moving. She just trembles, and has this look of utter "lost" on her face, as if she's not sure whom to obey now. Her eyes dart between the two of us. After a second she moves, taking a step that puts me between her and him.

"I am the 'bitch' who just took your toy from you. That's who I think I am. I think I'll keep it, too." I just grin at him. I can't see it, but I know, beyond a doubt, Reagan is making a video of this. She videos just everything for her Facebook page. She'd never miss anything this interesting.

There are maybe 18 inches between him and me. I see him wind up to sucker punch me. Me! A girl literally half his size! What a loser! Behind me I hear some, more than a couple, of chairs moving as their occupants get to their feet. I doubt this clown has any reinforcements here. I don't either, but it sounds like a few guys don't approve of this moron any more than I do.

But I am a southern girl, through and through. I slip a Taser out of my back pocket. A girl has to be able to protect herself! And Tasers are legal for anyone over 18 and not a convicted felon to carry in this state without a permit. I time it well and step into his punch. As I do, I bring my Taser up. It's not a gun-type; it's the type you have to touch a guy with. Much easier to conceal on a small body. My friend Janelle, a sheriff's deputy in the neighboring county, gave it to me for my 18th birthday. She's a good friend and understands that a girl has to take care of herself. I bring the Taser up, putting it's pointy little metal tips right

The Serf

between his legs. And I push the button.

It is the most amusing thing I've ever seen. He drops, straight to the ground, peeing himself even before his butt is on the floor. Only then do I step back from him. He sits a second, getting control of his bladder, and twitching. Around us a round of applause breaks out. I very quickly glance around and see about a dozen guys who ready to step in and teach this creep a lesson about mistreating pretty little ladies. As he's getting his wits back, the server comes over to him and drops his check on him. Literally drops it right on him. Talk about a not-too-subtle hint!

It's maybe a minute later. The woman is standing in the same place, just behind and to the right of me, clutching her purse, her head down and demurely silent. But I swear I see a hint of a smirk on her face. And she's not trembling now.

A cop, in uniform, walks over. I'd just seen him talking to the bartender, and watching something on Reagan's phone. That would have to be the video I knew she'd get. He asks me if I'm alright. I say I'm fine. He looks down at the guy who's managed to drag himself about halfway to his feet. "One, pay up and go somewhere. Two, go to Metro. Pick now." By Metro the cop means the infamous Mobile County Metro Jail, a notoriously filthy jail in a state known for filthy dungeons passed off as jails. Not a place you'd go if you have a choice. Any choice. He grumbles about it, trying to get the cop to see it his way, that he was just protecting his girl and I cruelly assaulted him. The cop laughs and says "since you're still here, I guess you want to spend the weekend in Metro." the creep tosses some money on the table and starts walking, kind of stumbling, towards the door. He makes a comment about it not being over. The bartender tells him "don't come back." The band stopped playing with the punch. About a third of the crowd is on their feet, most of them singing a chorus of "Hey, Hey, Goodbye!" or a slightly less polite improvisation on it, as the guy hobbles out. I hope he's gotten the message that he's worn out his welcome here. The cop asks me again if I'm okay. I reassure him that I'm fine. Then I turn to the woman who is still standing in the exact

The Serf

same place. "you may go if you wish. I'm sure this officer will ensure you get home unmolested by that turkey-butt. If you wish to leave, go now."

She doesn't move. She doesn't speak. She stands there. The officer sees that, and he follows the guy out. Probably to make sure he walks away. And doesn't drive away, or just plain drive. DUI is a felony in Alabama. Cops might overlook an assault, which is another way of saying attempted battery, a swing that missed, but they won't overlook a DUI. I don't doubt this cop wouldn't mind getting that guy on an open-and-shut felony, either.

Seeing that the woman hasn't moved, I assume that's her choice, she doesn't wish to leave now, while it's safe to do so. And she certainly doesn't wish to go find that chicken-poop date of hers. I point to the empty chair beside Sophie. Not mine, but the one on her other side. "Go sit there beside my slave. She will show you how to sit like a lady. I'll deal with your bottom later."

"Yes... Ma'am?" she says in a very demure and quiet voice, her tone saying she's unsure how to address me. She doesn't hesitate to walk over and doesn't drag her feet getting to the seat. When she gets there, she takes a second to look at Sophie, a little gleam in her eyes, before she sits. She copies Sophie's posture exactly. She sits with her eyes forward and her mouth shut.

I take my seat. The band resumes their set. Drinks, fries, and nachos appear on our table. Around us I can hear a few guys commenting on "that had to hurt." I assume they mean the Tasing to creep-o's balls. Guys are always so sensitive about those! Whoever send this round sent one for the new woman as well. It's given to her and I tell her she's free to sip it. The server here knows to bring my table soda water flavored with fruit and nothing alcoholic, so I trust that whatever was ordered for us, the server stuck to the unwritten "girl-code" and brought me what I wanted to be brought. She's good about that.

The Serf

I don't talk to the woman much. I mostly tell her that I will "deal with her bottom later," and that she should sit there, enjoy the drinks and music, and behave "her little butt." She does all of that. She never shows that cringing fear, the trembling, or a bit of unhappiness. She looks almost relaxed for a bit. And she's very polite to me when I do speak to her. Humbly polite. Clearly this woman is a sub, and I'd somehow just known she was, and has some experience "on bottom."

We're there about two more hours before the band's set is over, we've drunk our fill, and the chili fries have mysteriously vanished... As we go to leave, Izzy and Ellie both say they're heading off with their "friends." I'm sure they have... something in mind. I ask Reagan if she'd like to come back to my place. She accepts. I have Sophie's leash for the walk back. I tell Sophie to take the woman's hand and "bring it with us." I don't even know the woman's name yet. I haven't asked, and she hasn't spoken without being spoken too. Such good manners! Hearing my instructions, she holds a hand out offering it to Sophie. Sophie eagerly takes it, and I lead them out. We walk back to my place, where my car and Reagan's are parked. It's only a couple of short blocks.

Once we get to my apartment I stop the woman just inside the door and point her to an empty place along the wall. She stands there, not seeming unhappy about it. More as if she's accepting of it, and hopeful. I keep this little place devoid of furniture just to "welcome" subs to my apartment. I send Sophie to make a pot of coffee for us. Reagan and I sit on the sofa while she shows me the videos she's made. Which are already on her Facebook feed. There's the one of me Tasing the jerk. And she has one of him hobbling out of the club, clutching his balls, to a resounding chorus of disdain. She sends me both.

Sophie serves Reagan and me a cup of coffee. She serves it on her knees, offering it out atop upturned palms in a very humbly subservient display. With the widest of smiles on her face. I thank her, lightly stroking her head for a moment to make sure she knows I'm very pleased with her tonight. The woman stands quiet, but I know she's watching

The Serf

everything. I can see it. And I can see the look on her face. It's one of such high hope as if she's praying her lottery ticket is the magic one just before checking that last number.

"Well, let's see my new toy." I say turning to the woman. "give my slave every single thing you have." I smile to Sophie and tell her to "put this toy's things up." She eagerly hurries over and stands off to the woman's side with a hand out.

She's about 35 or 36 I'd guess by looking at her. I'll find out later if she stays. If she isn't happy with me and my style, I'll boot her in a second. I'm not that mouse-turd. I don't use fear to control my subs. My subs are on their knees by their choice or gone. She's taller than me, maybe 5'6" or so, but has a lean and curvy look to her. I'd guess around 125 pounds. She has very short, "boy short" black hair. But it looks good on her, not butchy as it doesn't a lot of women.

Tonight she's wearing a red knit stub dress with short sleeves that covers her to about mid-thigh with medium-high-heels. It's nice and definitely date-appropriate. Unlike many women, she doesn't start with her shoes. She pulls her dress off first, without even a blush. Then again, it's just us girls in the room, too. She hands Sophie the dress, which leaves her in her heels, a pair of skimpy fire-engine-red lace panties and a matching bra. The bra is next in Sophie's hands. Then her panties. Her shoes are last. I wonder if he dictated that to her, to save those shoes for last. Men have this thing about naked ladies in high-heels. Of course I would have her in spiky-high-heels for that.

She stands with her arms at her sides, showing us an unimpeded view of her frontal nakedness. And still has that so-hopeful look on her face and its smile that she tries to hold in, but still shows. And it's nervousness in her eyes as if she's afraid that she might not measure up to my standards now that I have a full view of her in good lighting. After all, she's around 15 years older than I am. Women can be sensitive about their bodies! Reagan has seen enough in my apartment that this doesn't

The Serf

bother her one bit. After all, it's just a naked girl. Sophie has been naked plenty with all of my BFFs around her. Sophie's pretty and I love to show her off.

It lets me see that my initial guesses on her height and weight were close, if not spot-on. It lets me see her oval face with its high cheekbones and softened features. She has some pretty dark brown eyes, a slightly wide nose, and a wide mouth with full light-pink lips. And I can see a glimmer of a bright smile behind those lips. I can see a lean body with a flat stomach and a well-defined curve to her waist. Lean arms and legs with just enough fat that they look very feminine and shapely instead of too-lean-bony. And skin that's tanned a barely-noticeable light olive-bronze.

It lets me see her breasts, too. Not too big, I'm guessing she's a 34-C, which is about a perfect size for her frame. Not saggy or hanging, either. Just shapely and large, not too-pert or rounded, like "falsies" would be, either. Nor are they pointy. They're more like half oranges on her chest with the rounded side downward, then her chest gently sloping outward to meet the far rim of that rounded bowl. It leaves a small crease where they meet her chest. And she has some slightly wide dark-pink nipples surrounded by proportional rings of color a scant shade lighter. Those nipples are standing out rick-hard for me, too, letting me see that they have a very slight rounding to their tip which gives them an equally slight edge-rim to their top. They look like they'll be fairly firm, like a hard wet sponge, in my hand.

Below that she has a very neatly trimmed bush of dense black curls. I tell her to turn around slowly. She immediately does, showing me her backside. She has a very nice backside, too, with a somewhat small and firm bottom, more rounded than flat, but not so rounded that it sticks out. More of a naturally-rounded "spank me" look to it. And it's firm enough that she has a defined crack between her cheeks, where they touch just enough to hide her asshole from my eyes.

The Serf

I wait until she's turned in a full circle and shown me her breasts from both sides as well. It lets me see that the tips of her mounds have a very gentle rounding to them, almost perfect, and her nipples stick up about $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch. I deem her an attractive middle-aged woman. She certainly has offers of dates. With her body, there will be plenty of those. So I wonder why she was putting up with that absolute donkey's tail she was with. She so clearly must have passed up better.

I take a seat behind my desk. It's off in a corner of the living room, a small, but elegant, hand-carved Amish piece that I use mostly for my studies and the little time I spend managing my businesses. The businesses that support me and Sophie so well. Beside my desk, on my left side, there's a matching stool with no back and a small seat to it. I point to it, telling the woman, "come. Sit." She almost hurries to the little stool, and quickly she's perched on it, sitting up straight and properly. The same way I had her sitting in the club. It has her facing a wall and more at my side than in front of me. Where I want her.

"I am Miss Rodgers. This is my neighborhood. Here, I am the Mistress of the realm. Like any Queen, those in my realm serve and worship me. I will give you one last chance to ask for your clothes back and to be dismissed. Beg for them now, or forever be my property..." I pause, and the woman sits still and silent. But still wearing the tinge of a grin on her face. After a half a minute passes, I say "What is your first and middle name, serf?"

"My name is Joyce Catherine, Ma'am." She answers very politely, and I notice very correctly. It tells me she's not new to being owned by someone, just unsure what my specific expectations for my subs are going to be. Her voice is also exceptionally demure, but with that so-hopefulness laced throughout.

"Thank you for being so polite, Joyce," I say with a touch of sweetness in my voice. I want her to know, to believe, that she doesn't need to be scared of me. Plus I prefer to be kind to those who chose to

The Serf

wholly devote every fiber of their being to my pleasure. Unlike the overgrown turd she was with, I want my subs to know I appreciate the gift they've given me. Themselves. "What is your birth date, Joyce?"

"My birthday is January 11th, 1994, Ma'am."

I do the math in my head, noting down her birthday for future reference as well as her age of 35. exactly where I'd guessed it seeing her dressed. But now that I can see her nude, that toned body of her could easily be in its 20s. Clearly Joyce has taken care of herself.

I ask about "the time before her new life began a couple of hours ago." She tells me that she was owned by a very nice Master since she was 17. He took good care of her until about six months ago he died in a car accident. Utterly lost, she went through three more Masters very quickly, finally ending up four months ago with the "He whom you took me from, Ma'am." I ask if she's ever served a Mistress before, or only Masters. She says she's never even been shared with a woman before. Her Master, as she still refers to her first owner, didn't care to share her. The three after him didn't have much of a chance to do anything with her before deciding she was too much trouble and dumping her. To me that explains why she was clinging to the mule; she's desperate not to be tossed aside yet again. She says no one ever tried to "take her" before, and admits that she liked the feeling that I might actually want her enough to challenge him for her. But she says she knows I did it out of pity, not a desire for her, that she could tell I pitied her being with Him. She thanks me for that.

She tells me, as I keep asking her questions, that she doesn't have a place to go. She lived him with Him, so unless I wish to send her back to Him, she doesn't know what she'll do. She has a job, as a receptionist at the health department's free clinic, but it doesn't pay well. Her things, the few boxes of memories she has from her first owner, are in a storage unit off Moffet road. The road I know, but not the storage place. Then again, there's like a dozen such places on that road. Except for things like her clothes and her makeup, that's at the jerk's trailer. I can't help but giggle,

The Serf

he is so a trailer-park kind of guy! And I don't mean that as a compliment.

Unlike with the toys who come to play here, I haven't a clue what excites this woman and what doesn't. I could ask, but I wouldn't get a usable answer. I can already see that she simply did whatever her Master told her to do, and her tastes became irrelevant. I can guess that she did the same with the next three, none of whom sound to me like they're anything but wanna-be pretenders. Like the moron, I took her from. He is so clearly clueless. He was using fear to cow and control her. A Domme would never want a sub to be afraid of her. I want my subs to obey me because they want to. Because they get what they desire by giving to me. And that takes kindness, not fear.

I don't need another slave. Sophie is plenty for me. But in taking Joyce from that man, I've become responsible for her. I knew that when I took her. If she chose not to leave, then she's my problem. It's the unwritten "Domme-code." If you take a sub, it's yours. You don't take one just to kick it to the curb. That would be cruel. It would leave Joyce homeless and rudderless downtown tonight with nowhere to turn. I wouldn't do that to anyone. I'll figure out something to do with her, sometime. Keeping her for a bit won't strain my budget one iota. I make enough to afford a dozen slaves if I could figure out what to do with a dozen of them that is!

I ask if the clown "fed her supper." She tells me no, he never offered her anything. "Supper isn't an option here. My slaves are always fed properly. You will go sit at my table. My slave will feed you. You will eat everything you are given. You will thank my slave for giving it to you. She will bring you back when you are done. Go now, Joyce." Once Joyce is on her feet, I tell Sophie to "get this slave a proper plate of supper," and Sophie is off to the kitchen.

Joyce sits at the table. She sits naked. She sits properly. She waits as if she doesn't have a care in the world now. Sophie sets a plate in front

The Serf

of her, and Joyce very nicely and humbly thanks Sophie for making it for her. She takes one bite and I hear a light purr from Joyce. Clearly she likes the food. But then I've taught Sophie to cook, and my cooking has been called gourmet by all who've tried it. It's not long before Joyce's plate is very clean, and her glass of sweet tea is drained. Sophie gets the dishes, then has Joyce stand. She takes Joyce by her hand and brings her back to the stool beside my desk. I've spent the time talking with Reagan, who still doesn't believe I "just knew" about Joyce. Or that I took her from that guy. She thought for sure there was going to be a fight over Joyce.

"I'm certainly not going to abandon you, slave-candidate. But know this now, if you're ever a traitor to your Queen, and worship, serve or even obey, another, you'd best not return to my realm. Traitors are whipped mercilessly and exiled immediately here. You belong to me, and me only. You, that body, your everything is mine and *only* mine. If I want you to mind someone else, I'll tell you myself. If I want to give you away, I'll tell you myself. But don't worry, you will be taken care of in my realm. Of course you will know your place as a worthless little slave-girl and humbly serve my every inane whim. Behave that naughty little bottom of *mine* and you'll earn so trust here, as my slave has. For now, wait here. When I'm done with my company, I'll get you cleaned up to my standards. In case you can't see it, I keep all of my possessions very neat and clean. Since I haven't a clue what utterly hideous realm you've come from, I won't spare anything in de-skanking you. We'll start with a good full enema and work from the bottom up." I grin.

"Yes, Ma'am, as you wish, My Queen," Joyce says very humbly. I can hear a faint note of resignation in her voice as if she's accepted that she's doomed to suffer an uncomfortable enema, but no fear. She's clearly not afraid to suffer it. And I can hear some glee lacing her voice. I'm sure that's not from the idea of an enema, but from the certainty that I will be keeping her a bit, that I care enough to clean her up so fully, and that I will not be cruel with her. She doesn't fidget as she sits and waits. Which tells me it won't be her first enema. I won't ask. I know. Everyone is very

The Serf

nervous at the thought of their first one.

I chat with Reagan, Sophie serving us, for another half-hour or forty-five minutes before Reagan decides to head to her mom's where she's staying this weekend. Once Reagan is gone, I have Sophie fetch me a cup of coffee to sip while she gets the playroom ready "to begin de-skanking this wannabe-slave."

In a few minutes, a very un-jealous Sophie comes to tell me she has everything ready for me. I tell Joyce to stand, hands behind her always, and come along for her enema. She obediently follows without hesitation.

Sophie has everything perfectly laid out for me. The massage table is ready for Joyce. The little rolling table is up beside it with everything for me on it. I tell Joyce to get up onto the table and lie on her left side with her legs pulled up as if she's sitting, one arm under her head for a pillow, and the other lying loose on the table in front of her. She doesn't hesitate to get in place and lies still as I pull on my latex gloves behind her. She doesn't look all around anxiously, as most try to do. She just lies there awaiting the unpleasantness her newfound Mistress has condemned her to.

As Joyce lies there, a very puffy pussy mound pokes back at me from between her thighs. It lets me see it's very long, thin and narrow lips. Those are covered by a moderately-thick coat of her short, deep-black, fur. Her lips meet fully making a slit like a long deep-purple line that I can barely see behind the fur. It is a very attractive pussy. And judging by its slit, a very wet pussy right now. Then again, I figured it would have to be: her nipples have been just so-stiff since that dress came off.

Her bottom looks just a firm and toned as she lies there. With a nod from me, Sophie hangs the one-liter bag of fluid up and takes the cap off its nozzle. She holds it out to me. I lift Joyce's top cheek, feeling that its muscles are as toned as they look to be, but also have a touch of softness to them. And her skin there is very delicately soft. I lift her cheek

The Serf

gently, but fully, up to bare the deep-purple-brown ring of her butt. It's pretty small, like a teensy little funnel, and tight, but not clenched nervously tight. There's no sign of any tunneling inward, which is a sure sign of "high-traffic," nor is there any puckering to it. While it's not fully relaxed as if inviting me to enter her bottom, it's not cinched up to resist me as it would be if she were nervous or unwilling. I gently ease the six-inch pencil-thin tube into her bottom.

Joyce lies there still, not even flinching, as the tube enters her bottom and slips to her depths. She doesn't even grunt or groan to let me know she's uncomfortable with the entry. Which isn't physically uncomfortable, the tube is too thin and slippery with lubricant for it to be uncomfortable. I release the clamp and the clear laxative fluid begins to flow into her backside.

At first Joyce merely lies there allow her bottom to be filled up. She lies still for about the first six ounces of it, which I know is the point where she'll start to feel uncomfortable. She shows that by letting her breathing take on a growingly strained note to it. But she lies still. In a couple of more ounces I hear a bit of a groan creeping into her voice. I stroke her side at her hip and thigh, telling her "good girl. That's a good girl, just lie there for me and let's get you all filled up. I like good girls."

It seems to reassure her a little, maybe just because it lets her know what I expect of her. I didn't scold her for her noisy breaths. I just let her know I want her to stay still and take this. I think the jerk was just the kind of a jerk to set unrealistic expectations of her, then punish her strictly when she didn't meet them. As if anyone could have met them. He seemed like that kind of a jerk. I keep stroking her affectionately, letting her know that she's pleasing me by behaving. As she fills, she grits her teeth a little and groans a little more, both of which I ignore. Her bottom stays right where it is for me, making this easy for me. I give her half the bag of fluid. That's the point where it'll do all it will do. More of it only makes her even more uncomfortably full for no added cleansing benefit.

The Serf

As I slide the tube from her bottom, holding her cheek up high again, I see her ring tense tight as it slips from her. Joyce doesn't let even a drop out of her. She keeps all of it. I tell her to sit up on the table and let her legs hang over the edge. She groans loudly, once, as her legs move and change the angle of the bend to her hips. I know that will cause a cramp in her stomach, but she works through it and is quickly sitting up. With her hands behind her back and her legs crossed without my having to tell her that. She lets the strain of her discomfort show on her scrunched face, and creeping into her sharps breaths, but sits still and properly for me.

It's enough that I can see Joyce is desperate to please me. I know she's uncomfortable. But she's pushing that back and doing what she thinks I want her to do. As if my pleasure with her is far more important to her than her comfort. That's a sign of a true slave, like Sophie. For the first time, I wonder if I lucked into a very valuable woman. I'm lucky, but not usually that lucky. For the first time I have thoughts of Nikolai's house, how he has three slaves, and how he alots the chores among them. And for the first time, I picture myself with two slaves, as I know I'll have for the time being anyway, and imagine the uses I would have for Joyce.

I tenderly stroke Joyce's cheek, facing her, and keep a lot of honey in my voice as I firmly tell her "you will wait five minutes. That's how long it takes for the enema to do a thorough job washing your bottom out. I want your bottom washed out of whatever that rodent's bottom might have put in there or fed you. Here, you will be clean inside and out, and healthy, every second. I certainly can't say I believe that sewer rat's tail took care of you. You're being a very big girl for your enema, Joyce, and I like big girls. Just sit still and wait while it cleans you out." I see the smile grow a hair wider on her face as I tell her that I'm pleased. I stay with her, my hand stroking her thigh, as she sits and waits. Joyce breathes hard, but she doesn't move as her discomfort grows.

A few seconds before the time is up, I tell Joyce "You've been a very good girl. Thank you for that. Now my slave will take you to the

The Serf

bathroom and you may get comfortable again. Obey her, she knows what I'd like you to do. After that, she will wash you and clean my new body up the way I wish it groomed. Behave for my slave."

"Yes, Ma'am," Joyce says in a tone that's firm enough to let me know she'll behave for Sophie despite the discomfort that laces it. "Thank you, my Queen, for being so kind and taking good care of the worthless old bitch, Ma'am."

"You're welcome. Go with my slave now."

Sophie takes Joyce by the hand and walks her to the bathroom across the hall. We have two here, the one across the hall, and one off of my bedroom which is reserved only for me. I know Sophie will take good care of Joyce in there. I've had her clean toys too many times to count. She knows to teach Joyce how I want her to sit the toilet, with her knees and feet spread wide, her back up straight and her bottom over the center of the seat; it allows full visibility of her body as she relieves herself. Then Sophie will scrub every speck of this woman.

It's a full hour before Sophie returns, leading Joyce by her hand. Sophie kneels humbly before me, and to my surprise Joyce kneels down beside Sophie. Kneels properly, exactly the way I like. There's a little smirking grin on Sophie's face when Sophie notices how that raises an eyebrow on me. That tells me that Sophie planned it; she taught Joyce how to kneel before me. Without being told to. But she did it to please me. I grin and that lets Sophie know her treat is appreciated. And it is. Kneeling was next on the lesson plan for Joyce. Sophie would know that, too. She's been my slave long enough.

I leave Joyce on her knees and send Sophie to the playroom to fetch a training collar for Joyce. Sophie's collar is pastel green and fringed with a very delicate white lace. It's also a very soft and plush leather and locked around her neck with a shiny brass padlock. The training collars I use for toys while they're here to amuse me. They're soft leather, but more like dog collar than the uber-girly elaborate one I have for Sophie.

The Serf

They have a plain, but locking, buckle that opens with a standard handcuff key. They're pastel-pink and baby-blue. Sophie brings me one of the pink ones, appropriate for a girl-slave. I fasten it around Joyce's neck, locking it there slightly loosely around her.

"This is a training collar. While it does denote you are my property, it's not a sign of permanent ownership as my slave's is. You'll wear this one while you prove yourself to be a properly humble, obedient, selfless, and trustworthy slave. That way the world will know you belong to me but aren't worthy of being my slave.

"It's clear to me that you've served before, and likely served well. I'm sure your former King found some small pleasure from your devotion and service. I have exceptionally high expectations of my serfs, but never anything you're incapable of meeting as long you remember your place in the universe - which obviously as at the very bottom just behind a garden slug - and utterly devote your useless being to my service. You've shown me tonight you're capable, thus I will expect you to continue putting all of what little you have into everything.

"I know your pussy is aching for attention. I could see that. In this Queendom, orgasms are sweet rewards for lowly serfs such as you. They must be earned, and they are not easily earned here. Such a great reward will require absolute devotion to your Queen Mistress. While you have been a very good girl, you haven't had an opportunity to display such exceptional worship as to be close to deserving of such an intense reward tonight. However, I am a kind Mistress. I will not make you suffer tonight, at least not any more after the miserable start to your evening. I will allow you to diddle your sloppy pussy, so long as you behave that slutty bottom while you do. You *do not* want to disappoint me by acting like a gutter whore in my home. Stand up now and I will supervise while you play with yourself."

"Yes, Ma'am, and thank you Ma'am!" Joyce says with true happiness to her voice, "You are far too kind to the worthless bitch, My

The Serf

sweet Queen, thank you!" Joyce is up to her feet, and has her hands behind her. She waits patiently for instructions.

"Have you ever play with yourself properly supervised before my little serf bitch?"

"No, Ma'am." She says.

"Spread those feet as widely as they will go without straining your legs," I tell her. "That way I can see what you're doing to that sloppy skank pit." She parts her legs as soon as I tell her to and waits. "I don't care what you've done before, or how you think you like it. This isn't for your pleasure, serf, it's to release that aching tension so you may better devote yourself to my service without the burning throb in that slut-hole distracting you. You'll do it the proper way."

I take hold of her right hand, I've already seen that she's right-handed, and move it for her. I put the pad of her first finger snugly, but lightly, atop the swollen button of her clit. I start it moving, rubbing her pussy with slow and steady circles. I keep hold of her hand, controlling her rhythmic motion.

Joyce is clearly eager. As soon as I start that finger moving, Joyce's eyes go wide and she sucks in a loud, deep, and fast breath.

"You will behave. You will not disappoint me. You will stand still. Only gutter whores squirm around while diddling their pussies in front of an audience. You will not moan like some cheap tramp, either, we're not making a porno here! Just stand there and play with yourself until I tell you it's time to climax."

"Yes, Ma'am!" Joyce agrees eagerly, "I'll do whatever you want me to, Ma'am!" As I release her wrist, her hand keeps going as it was. I warn her not to let her hand speed up, I don't want her to race to the finish line, I want her to fully release that tension before it impedes her ability to serve me. She assures me, in a very urgent and throaty voice, she'll behave.

The Serf

Sophie fetches me my crop. Joyce sees it but doesn't shirk back as I take it in my hand. I'd suspect she's been kissed by a crop a few million times before. She speaks too highly of her former Master for him not to have disciplined her for infractions and disappointments.

In a few short seconds I see the tension growing across Joyce's body as rapidly as her breaths are growing noisy. In a few more seconds she's so tensed up that her muscles take on a slight quiver to them. And then, after at most a minute of rubbing herself, I see the first drop of honey fall from her furry lips. By that point her breaths are getting noisy-loud, taking on a deep-but-girly desperation to them. The quivers steadily strengthen as they ripple along her taut muscles. Enough that her breasts start to jiggle lightly.

I reach a hand out to one of Joyce's breasts and very tenderly stroke it with my fingertips as I stand in front of her. It forces her to see me, to see a girl sweetly stroking her body. I know it's a strong tease to her, but since she's never been with a woman before I want to see how that's going to affect her. I see goosebumps erupt instantly over her sensitive mound as I tease it. Then tighten into a new hardness as my finger finds the rock of her nipple poking out. Clearly her body enjoys a feminine touch. Her breaths continue getting raspier, and her teeth clench tightly. I guess the thought isn't turning her off, either. "That's my good serf-bitch!" I coo sweetly to Joyce. "I know, that slutty little pussy feels so much like it's ready to cum, doesn't it. Well it's not. It can just wait until it's ready to really cum hard and let go of all it's aching, throbbing tension, before I allow it to cum. You just keep behaving like a good slut." I lightly, and firmly, pinch her nipple. Then I tease her other breast.

It's been maybe two minutes. I don't bother looking at my watch yet. There's no way it's been close to the five minutes I usually make new subs wait before I allow them relief. I give her a very light little tap on her tensed bottom with my crop, just enough for her to feel it's tip touching her. "Behave that naughty, slutty, little bottom for your Queen and Owner."

The Serf

"Yes, Ma'am," Joyce says quickly, her voice more of a desperately hungry moan cried out. And her voice laced with uncertainty. I'm sure she's wondering now if she's strong enough to behave until granted her release. Especially now that I see a few more drops of her thin honey falling from her pussy.

"Just how long as that little skank pit gone without relief?" I say with a distasteful disbelief to my voice.

"Six months, Ma'am!" Her voice is all moan, cried out loud, fast, and pleadingly desperate. I hadn't expected that answer. Surely one of the three wannabe-pretenders she's been with was capable of making a woman have a satisfying orgasm! But apparently not. I revise my timeline. I know all three used this body for their pleasure, losers like that couldn't pass up any chance to use a pussy. Joyce has to be suffering far worse than most would be. While she looks capable of forcing herself to last the five minutes, there's really no reason for it. Her pussy has to be burning hotter than any fire and throbbing her beyond her experience already. Making her wait would just be torture for her. Not that I'm opposed to torture, but it wouldn't make the climax any more satisfying, it would just make her suffer a couple of more minutes of this sweet agony.

I tell her to "show me how my new pussy climaxes now."

"Yes, My beloved Queen!" Joyce cries out. Then she screams as she stops holding it in. her body shudders violently hard, her pussy more leaking a small steady flow than dripping. Her head more snaps than falls back, her mouth hanging wide as she cries out her sensual scream. She shudders hard and long, her breasts dancing, her bottom wiggling, as she screeches to hot cries. After about a minute I see that she's ready and pull her hand from her pussy telling her she's skanked up my realm enough. She keeps going, shuddering as each wave of her orgasm washes over her body. It takes a couple of minutes for the waves to ebb. Which leaves Joyce standing loose and spent on rubbery legs. Her head comes forward, her mouth still wide agape, as she pants hard for her breath.

The Serf

What surprised me is that I didn't have to crop her bottom even once to remind her to behave for me. I always have to remind subs to behave while they're holding a climax back. And Joyce has never done it like this before.

I allow her a couple of minutes to get herself together. I go to my desk and send Sophie for a second cup of coffee. Once Sophie returns, I tell Joyce "my slave will lock you in your cage for the night. You'll stay there until prove your slutty butt trustworthy enough to be allowed to roam around my realm unsupervised. We have very strict laws here against whoredom." I tell Sophie to "take her to the dungeon, where worthless peasant girls inevitably end up caged." Sophie giggles at the medieval reference, and walks Joyce to the playroom. She locks Joyce in dog kennel I keep in a corner for subs to wait around in. Then she returns.

By now it's become clear to me that I've stumbled upon a very well-trained and truly subservient slave-girl. Joyce isn't the kind of toy I can kick to the curb when I'm done amusing myself with her. Plus, a truly subservient slave is as valuable as it is rare. And unlike Sophie, Joyce isn't a virgin, thus her pussy is usable. Sophie, my virginal handmaiden, won't be allowing anyone to use her pussy but me. A handmaiden, even one who's a slave-girl, ought to be a maiden, shouldn't she?

I know that I'll have to look after Joyce for a while. I knew that when she followed me to my table in that club. I thought about getting her things from the loser, my friend Janelle would be more than happy to get some of "the guys," her fellow deputies, and go get it from him. Knowing her opinion of wife-beaters, she'd probably not just pray, but egg him on, hoping he'd give them an excuse to beat him senseless before carting him off to jail. The more I think about it, the more I like the idea. I've decided that whatever clothing he's provided for her obviously wouldn't be up to my standards, so I don't want it. But there's no reason it shouldn't help the needy. I email Janelle and ask if she'd care to fetch the donation.

The Serf

Then I get on Amazon. They have next day delivery here since they have a big warehouse right in town. I click up a few outfits for Joyce, getting her sizes from the bra, panties, and shoes she had on. They fit her well. The computer promises me delivery before noon tomorrow. A girl has just gotta love Prime!

I go to bed, bringing Sophie with me as always. I have to admit, I'm horny. I was earlier, in the club. Joyce got me aroused a little more with her humility. Sophie and her so-selfless so un-jealous service tonight did me in. I caress Sophie's bare breast very affectionately. She melts before my eyes. I tell her "while that skanky peasant girl is here to serve me, I will count on you, even more, my so-loving little maiden slave. With her to slave away on the mundane, you will have so much more time to attend to my more... personal service. I'd never let a skank like her near me! Only a sweet maiden gets to service her Queen. Now be a good slave-girl and give me a tender massage to go to sleep with."

Sophie beams brighter than ever. She so happily starts giving me the hottest of slutty massages. And once she gets past my bare bottom, her tongue so skillfully releases all of my tension. Four times before my thrashing hips manage to dislodge her. She starts her massaging over again, her stiff nipples still dancing so lightly on my bare back as I drift into a sweet sleep. I am so lucky to have such a devout little slave-girl.

Chapter 2: The Peasant Whore's First Lesson

The Serf

Sunday morning I wake a little early. I take my trip to the bathroom, where I prefer no attendant to be with me, and then wake Sophie. I tell her since she has extra time now there's no reason I should have to "make do" with a shower when she has the time to give me a proper bath this morning. Sophie so happily agrees that there isn't. She gives me a very affectionate bath, expertly washing me, shaving me, and washing my hair while I bask in the hot bubbles. A girl could definitely grow accustomed to the extra attention.

Sophie makes me a pot of coffee and serves me my morning cup. Nude. Now that I don't have any immediate use for her, I tell her to go get Joyce out of her cage. I tell Sophie there's no reason my slaves can't share the bathroom this morning, it'll give Sophie a chance to make sure Joyce "pretties her skanky butt up enough" while not taking up any more of Sophie's time. I tell Sophie she's to wear her gree dress today, and that Joyce will look good with pink nail polish on. Sophie agrees and assures me she'll hurry back in case some whim might strike me.

While Sophie is seeing to their morning shower, I check my email and see a reply from Janelle. She tells me after getting my email last night, she checked Reagan's Facebook and saw the video. She asks for Joyce's former address and tells me she'll gladly collect Joyce's things for donation. And maybe ask "the asshole's new friend on MPD there to tag along..." In Janelle-speak that means to come along long enough to find an excuse to do what she would have done last night, and haul him off to jail. She really doesn't like abusers. She asks whether Joyce is "good slut."

I barge right in the bathroom, seeing both Sophie and Janelle in the shower, sharing it like lovers. I ask Joyce if the address on her license is "that pile of excrement's address," where her clothes are. She says yes. I go get her little purse. Then I go through it, getting out her phone and important ID. I send Janelle the address and tell her Joyce doesn't need anything, just donate it all to wherever. I reset her phone and add my usual spyware apps to it. Then I snoop around enough to see that it's a

The Serf

MetroPCS phone, and it's billed to her debit card. I click up T-Mobile and order a real phone for Joyce to use, on my account. Hers is older and doesn't have the latest features as Sophie's does. I get her the same phone Sophie has. A new model with all the features, but a not-so-expensive model. A nice one though. It'll be here in a few days. Until then, I make note of Joyce's current phone number. I know, somehow, that her true Master provided this phone for her before his accident. The pretenders wouldn't have bothered to provide her anything they didn't have to.

I have Sophie make breakfast and start teaching Joyce how to cook and dish out food my way. While Sophie gets her little slave dress to wear, I keep Joyce naked while she works. Which Joyce doesn't seem to mind one bit. When breakfast is ready, I have Sophie join me at the table to attend my closer needs while Joyce serves us both as a waitress. Joyce has clearly served a table before. She seems used to serving and not thinking about eating. When we're done, Joyce clears the table, and then I allow her to make herself a plate and eat in the kitchen while I sip my dessert coffee.

I have guests coming this evening for supper. Sophie's family, whom I have over about every other Sunday evening so Sophie can get some time to visit her parents and two younger siblings. However Sophie usually spends some extra time on the housework anytime I have guests coming over. And to me, her family are my guests here.

I bluntly tell Sophie that for now, she will remain at my side to attend me very personally. Joyce will do the housework I want to be done. I tell her that it's her "first opportunity to please me by doing an especially good job scrubbing my castle." After all, isn't that what peasant girls are for? I tell Joyce to "do your very best. The best you've done before, and then try harder and do better. I want my castle to sparkle like a castle should for guests." Then I have Sophie show Joyce where the cleaning supplies are, and give her very pointed directions on what to do in what order. While I enjoy a lazy Sunday morning on my sofa, watching TV.

The Serf

Joyce doesn't hesitate or think of complaining. She gets down on her knees and starts polishing my furniture. The coffee table is first. In ten minutes she has it shining brighter than new. As good as Sophie could have it. Clearly Joyce is no stranger to doing housework on her knees. It shows.

I take a moment to caress her bottom and tell her that she's done a good job on my table. I'm pleased that she's capable of scrubbing decently. I take a quick peek at her pussy, her so-puffy mound poking out prominently from the backs of her thighs as she's on all fours, and see that it's starting to glisten again. Such a good girl! Obviously humbling herself and praise gets her hot. I leave her to keep working.

Joyce never takes a break. She eagerly scrubs my house to a nice shine. It takes her an hour in the living room, which isn't too bad. There's a lot of furniture that needs polishing. Dusting. Vacuuming. All sorts of work for a good serf to do. And she never minds being on her hands and knees as she works.

I keep a close eye on Joyce. Not because I don't trust her, and not because I don't think she'll get the work done properly. I can already see that Joyce is going to put everything she has into pleasing me, and for now pleasing me means getting my house ready for my guests. I doubt she's even given any thought to much else, just to pleasing me by making this place shine. Instead I watch her body for signs of how it's affecting her. I see hard nipples atop shamelessly jiggling breasts hanging down from her chest. And I see the glistening under her fur slowly, but steadily, sparkling a little more.

I have no doubt that her arousal buds as she works. Just the thought of knowing that she's pleasing me is enough to gradually and steadily ramp her arousal.

It's been maybe an hour. Joyce is still on her hands and knees, finishing the living room by polishing the legs on the office chair at my desk. It has her bottom to me, which lets me see the glistening in her fur.

The Serf

I point to it and whisper to Sophie, who's kneeling at my side, to fetch me a one-inch "lollipop." Sophie grins, her grin evil, as she hurries to get me the requested toy. She returns and offers it to me atop her upturned palms.

The toy is just what it sounds like. It's a one-inch heavy plastic ball with a stick about 8" long on it that's a little thinner than a pencil. On the other end it has a little ring for a handle. I take my toy and quietly cross over to where Joyce is on all fours. "you will keep working hard, my peasant girl, you've done an acceptable job so far. Do not disappoint me now." Joyce immediately assures me she'll do her best to never disappoint me. While she's speaking, I take the toy and use the ball to tease her slit a little. Then I slowly and steadily push it into her pussy.

Joyce purrs a deep moan that she does her best to mute. She shivers so erotically as it slides into her obviously-eager pussy. She keeps working, her hands having a very slight tremble to them, as it slips in and back out of her. Which leaves it with a very good coat of her slippery honey clinging to it. Enough to nicely lubricate it.

Joyce gasps a little as she feels that wide ball slip between her tight cheeks and come to rest against her asshole. She keeps on working. I hold it in place a few seconds, letting her feel it pressing against her tender and tiny hole. Then I push gently with just enough pressure. I feel her muscle, like rubber, give and allow the ball to stretch it wide. Joyce lets out a tiny grunt as it slips through and into her bottom. I press it about halfway into her butt, then take my hand off of it, leaving it there with half its stick and the little ring sticking out from the crack of her bottom.

She keeps polishing. After a short moment I see little goosebumps sprouting up all over her cheeks. Then a moment later they're creeping onto her upper thighs. I'm sure they're long since over her lips, under that fur, too. Listening carefully I hear the change in her breathing as it gets slightly deeper and faster.

The Serf

Clearly the toy is doing what it's designed to do. As her body moves, it's ball wiggle very slightly inside her bottom. And it's weight is already pressing it against the backside of her pussy. Which is where she's feeling it's tiny motions. It doesn't take much more for me to see that her pussy is steadily glistening brighter. Or that her nipples are straining to more stiffness.

Joyce tries hard not to show the arousal building throughout her body. There's no hiding it from me. I know exactly what to look for. But it doesn't affect her menial service. She keeps working away.

Her next task is the bathroom. My guests use this one, and I like it clean for them, as well as for my slaves to use. You have to admit, being nude on your hands and knees scrubbing a toilet with a toothbrush, all with a toy sticking out of your butt, is definitely demeaning. Joyce never flinches from it. She just obediently does the chore, while trying to force her body not to show her blossoming arousal.

When the Amazon package comes, Joyce is visible to the delivery guy as she polishes the short lengths of baseboards in my hall. Despite being shown off publicly to him, she just keeps going. For that I have to give her another little petting and tell her she's pleasing her Queen. She works hard. Despite taking a break long enough to serve our lunch, and then eat hers, she manages to get the kitchen done by 3:00 as well. Including scrubbing the floor on her hands and knees. But the time she's done, there's only one thing in my house messy: her pussy. That's gotten rather sloppy wet by then.

Sophie's family is due at 4:00. Although her parents have seen her in the slutty slaves dresses too many times to count, her siblings have yet to. And they're not going to. They're young, but not so young they wouldn't know slutty when they saw it. So I tell Sophie to get read and put her school clothes on. I have an outfit set out for her. She changes.

Then I go through the box and find the outfit I picked out for Joyce to wear for them. It's a simple tight skirt that will hug her body from

The Serf

waist to mid-thigh, with a loose-fitting blouse over it. And spiky heels. I order a pair of lace boy-shorts panties, low cut below her hips, and a matching strapless bra to go under the white blouse and pastel pink skirt. Pastel pink leather shoes, too. She definitely looks cute in it, slightly slutty, but not overtly so. More like the proverbial sleazy secretary. It's perfect for the evening. Before I allow her to dress, I very gently ease the toy all the way into her bottom, which leaves only the little tiny ring sticking out, and that doesn't poke out enough to be noticeable under her skirt.

When Sophie's family arrives I allow her to get the door and welcome them. And I allow her time to just talk and catch up, most of which is spent with her siblings. I don't exactly introduce Joyce. I just refer to her as the "house serf." Of course the youngest one has to ask what a serf is, and Sophie says it's a "servant." close enough, and clean enough of a description. Nor do I introduce my guests to Joyce. She properly, and politely, addresses all of them as "Sir" and "Ma'am," even the kids. Which they get a giggle out of.

Joyce is very attentive to fetching whatever she's told to fetch. And serving it properly, a trick I made sure she knew before my guests arrived. And yes, the young ones get a kick out of having someone to fetch and wait on them. Joyce doesn't even react as she hears Sophie, with my permission, telling her parents the story of how I "rescued" Joyce. I certainly notice her father cringe hard when he hears about the creep's Tasing. A Tasing her mother grin her approval of. I guess she doesn't like abusers either.

Joyce serves supper, waiting the table better than a waitress would. No ever wants for anything. Sophie and I cooked before they arrived; with Joyce to serve, it allows me to let Sophie spend all of the time with her family. I'm sure Sophie enjoys that. I know the little ones do. After supper is over, and we're all enjoying our coffee in the living room, Joyce gets her supper and eats in the kitchen.

The Serf

It's once Sophie's family is gone that the fun begins.

After Joyce's hard work today, and Sophie's selfless devotion to me and utter lack of jealousy toward Joyce, my slave-girls clearly deserve a little reward tonight. And I deserve a very amusing little show; but as Queen of the realm I always deserve whatever I want. It's a tradition dating all the back to prehistoric times and the very first queen of whatever she was the queen of, maybe just some grass huts back then!

I'm not really seriously thinking of keeping Joyce. I never was, and I've made sure that Joyce knows she's mine for the time being, but my plan is to find her a good King or Queen to serve and worship. Someone who will treat her properly. I think she's figured out I "rescued" her because I didn't approve of the way she was being treated, not because I wanted her. Not that it matters, there are some rules to this lifestyle and one of them, in my world, is that if you take a slave, you own it. Until I find a very good place for Joyce, I'll take as good of care of her as I do Sophie. To make Joyce an even better slave, and thus more desirable for a new Owner, she should know everything about serving and pleasing others. It seems to me her previous Owner was a little lacking there, teaching her only what she needed to know to best please Him. Then again, if he didn't intend to share her or use her with others, that would be all she needed to know to serve him. I'm not shy about sharing or using my toys with others. Except for Sophie, her I keep for myself.

Tonight seems to be as good of a time as any to start finding out just what Joyce knows and teaching her what she doesn't. Especially the skills that I can enjoy, or have use of, while she's here. I already know that Joyce has never done anything with another woman, so I know all of her "girly" skills will be lacking, at best. It really does take a lot of practice to develop a very good pussy-licking technique. Since I am a huge fan of massages, especially the long, leisurely, and tender variety, that seems like a good first lesson for Joyce.

I summon both of them to the playroom, and both come eagerly.

The Serf

Sophie immediately drops to her knees before me. Seeing that, Joyce follows suit a split second behind Sophie. Clearly she's trying hard to learn what's expected of her. And be a very good serf girl for her new Queen. I stand in front of her and take a moment of stroke my fingers through her short hair. Hers is the shortest any of my toys have had. And usually, I like longer hair on girls. But somehow, Joyce pulls off the boy-short hair and looks good with it. Picturing her with longer hair, I don't think she'd look any cuter. Or any more girly.

"You've been a very good little serf today," I tell her in a sweet voice while I stroke her head. "You can scrub like a decent house-bitch and no one complained about you as our serving-slut tonight. Now you will learn how to give a sweet and slutty erotic massage. Your Queen likes massages."

I turn a little to Sophie and tell her to get things ready. Sophie quickly sets out the little warmer, lights its candle, and fills it cup with warming oil. She pulls the little table over beside the massage table and covers the massage table with a plush sheet for me. Once she's done that, I tell her "get those clothes off, slave."

Once Sophie is nude, I have Joyce stand. Joyce is already nude. As my house serf I've decided that she'll be kept naked, clothing being reserved for when she leaves the house, or when I have guests over I don't think should see her nude. That's pretty rare, most of my friends know that seeing naked people is a risk of coming to my home. And I don't care who sees Joyce nude. I'm not modest about some little peasant serf's nakedness at all!

"Slave, on the table," I say with a teasing sweetness to my voice.

Sophie's eyes are instantly as wide as saucers. Her grin is even wider. "Oh, YES! Mistress!" She's very quickly on the table, lying on her stomach, looking very comfy as she grins. She loves being the "practice dummy" for my toys.

I have Joyce climb up onto the table and straddle Sophie's thighs.

The Serf

Then I get my crop. I use the tip of it to lightly caress Joyce's firm cheek, already thinking of the crack it will make as it lands on that hard globe. I have Joyce lean over and put her hands to Sophie's shoulders. I tell her to knead them gently and leisurely, that she's never to rush a massage.

Almost immediately I hear that crack. Not a loud one, not even one that gets a yelp from Joyce or leaves a red spot on her bottom. It's just a light tap of the tip on her bare flesh. Enough to get her attention as I tell her to ease up a little, to knead Sophie's shoulders even more tenderly. Joyce instantly apologizes and lightens her grip enough that I can see it. It gets her another light tap as I tell her "more. Ladies prefer it very soft, unlike men." A third little tap has her pressure perfect.

Sophie thanks Joyce with a very sensual little purr. I reward Joyce by caressing the cheeks of her bottom with my hands. "That's a good serf," I tell her in my honeyed voice. "You're going to make such a good whore! You'll make your Queen lots of money!" I stroke her bottom for close to two minutes while her hands get used to the tenderness I want.

I have Joyce lean forward. I use my hands on her sides to get her chest positioned perfectly so that only the tips of her nipples are lightly touching Sophie's bare back. And I make sure that Joyce's hands keep the same gentleness in their kneading. And that her arms stay off of Sophie.

Sophie purrs with a tinge of aroused-squeal in her breath.

Joyce grins as she hears that. I very lightly run the tip of a finger up and down, tracing a slow line along Joyce's wide slit. Joyce purrs as the goosebumps sprout up on her lips and bottom. As she works, her muscles wiggle her body just enough to have her ample breasts jiggling slightly, which has her rock-hard nipples dancing over Sophie back.

I keep stroking Joyce's slit. "That's a good whore!" I tell her, "I know it strains your abs. I don't care!" I put a bit of taunting giggle into the last part. "Who cares about a whore? No one. People only care that their whore is so perfect at using her body for pleasure. You'll be perfect, like a good whore." I feel a very slight shiver flow through her body,

The Serf

telling me that she's liking it as much as Sophie is.

In a couple of more minutes I start her moving. I have her slowly inch her way down Sophie's back, her hands very affectionately kneading every muscle Sophie has. Sophie's back and her sides. As Joyce's hands move down, I have her scoot her legs back smoothly to keep her chest in place. To leave her nipples there, dancing on Sophie's flesh. Those work their way down Sophie's back ahead of Joyce's hands.

A few more light crop taps on Joyce's bottom remind her to ignore the cramping soreness in her abs and hands and focus instead on pleasuring Sophie perfectly. And a few more slow her down a few times, teaching her to move down Sophie's back at a pace that's so slow it's barely progressing at all.

In about forty minutes Joyce's nipples reach Sophie's bottom. Sophie has a very nice bottom. It's youthfully firm, and nicely rounded, even with her lying flat. And it's covered with very soft, delicate, feminine skin. I love it. And judging by the little purrs I hear creeping into Joyce's breaths as her nipples dance over that silkiness, she loves it, too.

I use my crop to remind her to ignore her breasts and stay focused on pleasuring Sophie. It takes a while for her nipples to make their way over those rounded globes, leaving goosebumps on them. Both on Joyce's breasts and Sophie's cheeks. A few minutes later, it's Joyce's hands sweetly rubbing those cheeks while her nipples are on Sophie's thighs. And Sophie's thighs are just as sensual as her bottom is.

I make Joyce work her way all the way down to Sophie's feet. It takes well over an hour, maybe even closer to two hours, before Joyce's hands finally reach Sophie's ankles and I allow her to stop. Sophie thanks Joyce with the sweetest purring sigh.

"That's how a good whore gives a massage, serf. Never hurried. Leisurely. So that the person fully enjoys his or her whore. You will always massage like that unless specifically told otherwise. It takes

The Serf

longer, but who cares? It feels better. You will practice until you get it perfectly." I tell Joyce.

Joyce just smiles and says "Yes, my Queen, as you wish of this peasant whore, Ma'am." But she says it with a twinkle in her eye that tells me she doesn't mind one bit.

"Slave, roll on your back," I tell Sophie and she snaps to life and hurries to obey me.

I get a pair of short ropes from the cabinet. Sophie watches me with wide eyes, certain that she's the one about to be tied, less sure of what I have in mind to do with her body. I take hold of her left leg, bending its knee fully until the back of her heel is against the back of her thigh. I wrap a few loops of the finger-thick hemp rope around her ankle and tie that off before doing the same with her thigh, as close to her crotch as I can get them. I loop the free end of the rope around both her thigh and ankle a few times, getting snug coils around her, then drape it over those coils. I pull the free end down and tie it off to the rails of the table, binding Sophie's leg down with her foot at the very edge of the table. Then I do the same with her right leg. It leaves Sophie's legs splayed wide and useless for her. To help those legs stay where I put them, I tie an adjustable spreader bar to her knees and spread them wide. Then another little strap on each end of the spreader bar tied off straight down to the edges of the table.

I use ordinary police-issue handcuffs to lock Sophie's wrists to the head of the table, taking those away from her as well.

Now that Sophie is snugly where I want her, I turn my attention to Joyce. "It's time you learn to eat pussy like an eager lesbian whore. Every good whore should know that. My slave will provide a pussy for you to practice on."

Sophie grins so widely. But she also has that slight nervousness to her face that tells me she knows she's in for a very long evening. One that will be as sweet and good and it is agony and torment. But it'll be a good

kind of agony for her.

Joyce looks both accepting and nervous as she hears what she'll be doing next. I imagine the edginess is because she's never been close to a woman before and knows she hasn't a clue what to do where, and thus how to please me by doing a very affectionate job on my slave. I don't see any of the revulsion I sometimes see on "girl-virgin" toys, those that have not just never been with a woman but are put off by the idea of it. They tend to overcome that quickly. Those with a true revulsion for it I don't ask to do it, and usually avoid playing with. Usually, not always. Sometimes there's a real amusement for me to be had.

Sophie has a very prominent pussy with silky smooth lips and pubes. Her lips are long and narrow, swelling down to make that rounded puffy mound. They flatten and meet in the rear, fading into that little patch of skin before her asshole. In front, they don't meet. They leave a wide gash between them. Even with their top edges, her pink-purple inner lips stand out past the silky outer lips, their folds mostly lying against each other until midway back, where those part just a little bit as well. That leaves a slit between those more private folds that offers a glimmer of her intimate pinkness beyond. And looks to be inviting, even begging, for me to come inside and play.

I have Joyce use her fingers to spread those thick outer lips wide and bare Sophie's pinkness. It's immediately so obvious how wet she is. A nice thick layer of honey clings to everything. And Sophie's clit is swollen up eagerly. I nudge Joyce's head down, putting her mouth a scant hair from Sophie's pussy.

"When told to 'tease' a pussy, this is what you will do, my peasant whore." I give her very explicit instructions with enough detail to leave nothing for her to guess at. Instead telling her exactly how to do what I want to be done to Sophie. I have her open her lips, then stick her tongue out. Put the tip of her tongue alongside Sophie's aching nub. Then slowly slide her tongue down, licking the inside of Sophie's intimate

The Serf

right lip all the way down. That leaves her tongue top the rim of Sophie's pussy. I have her take a leisurely and tender lap around the rim, licking the honey from the edge of Sophie's spongy walls right where they open into her. The Joyce's tongue is licking its way up the inside of Sophie's other lip until it's against the opposite side of Sophie's clit. I have Joyce tenderly circle her tongue around Sophie's nub one and a half laps until it's made a full loop around and rests on the opposite side. Then repeat the entire teasing. And keep repeating it.

Sophie doesn't even need a full tease to get into it. She's moaning as soon as Joyce's delicate and feminine tongue is moving lovingly over her nervy flesh. I love Sophie's moans. They're deep and primal, but with a squealing girliness to them that's not quite squeaky, but getting there. And they're loud. She takes full and fast breaths, then moans them open urgently, her lungs almost forcing the air from them.

It takes half of a lap for Sophie to really feel it. I'm rewarded by her sort-of-squirms. Her body tries hard to squirm, but my ropes do an excellent job of keeping her hips from moving more than a fraction of an inch. And her legs. Which leaves her shoulders wiggling furiously and her head thrashing around as she moans from her widely-gaping mouth. And her hands testing the cuffs, her arms thrashing hard against the chains. Sophie's legs stiffen, her muscles straining hard to close her legs and clamp Sophie's head in place. The steel spreader does its job and keeps her knees fully spread, leaving her pussy wide open on offer. Sophie's pussy does what it can to cope with the arousal: her pussy twitches away and her honey starts to really flow.

In around a minute, Sophie is at full volume and full squirm, constantly testing the bonds that hold her pussy steady for Joyce to practice on. Her mouth closes, her teeth clenching tightly as she lies there, trapped, immobile, and unable to do anything but suffer Joyce's so-slow and more-delicious arousing tongue caresses.

It doesn't take long for Joyce to pick up on Sophie's erotic-and-

The Serf

excited moans. There's no mistaking just how much Sophie is liking it. That build Joyce's confidence. I see her body relax a little, the tension ebbing from it as it sinks in that she's perfectly able to pleasure a female as deeply as a man. I stroke Joyce's bottom and furry pussy mound as she teases Sophie's pussy, letting her know that I am pleased with her performance.

I use the command "tease" for this because that's exactly what it is to a woman. An intense, erotic, and sweet tease. It will slowly push her towards the cusp of an orgasm, but I've never seen a pussy cum with only this fleeting, always moving, teasing. But they all twitch and squirm as their nerves are casually excited, then allowed a brief respite for the tingles to ebb away before those tingly sparks are teased right back into them.

I leave Sophie to suffer that for a full half-hour. I figure for her first time, that's enough of a practice session for Joyce. But what I'm really doing is "rewarding" Sophie with a very enjoyable suffering that I seldom afford her. And never once have given her personally. I'm not into women, and eating pussy is something I enjoy watching but have no interest in doing. Sophie knows that. She only gets this when I have a toy I want to practice its pussy licking.

"Serf, this is what you will do when you are told 'eat pussy.'" I tell Joyce. Then I give her more of my detailed and specific instructions. To start by putting her lips around Sophie's throbbing clit and closing them gently until they're surrounding it. Then to put her tongue lightly against the edge of the captive nub and swirl it around the pulsing clit slowly and steadily. To just keep it moving, unhurried, lightly, and rhythmically. To ignore whatever Sophie does.

With Sophie that means to ignore the moans that in about one-second flat turn to sweetly-excited screeched cries. And to ignore the sudden desperation in Sophie's frantic squirms, which still aren't close to enough to break the bonds that hold her pussy still for Joyce to eat. And

The Serf

to ignore the honey as it flows a little faster.

“Ohh...” I coo teasingly sweetly. “my little slave-girl just loves having her pussy eaten by a girl, doesn’t it!” I stroke Sophie’s shoulder. “Now you just lie there and let this little peasant-girl serf practice being a gutter whore for me. You’ve been a good little slave girl for your Mistress. You may cum all you’d like...” I let my voice take on a sly taunt as I tell Sophie she may cum. I doubt she’s thinking too clearly at the moment. Not clear enough to catch what I really mean: she may cum to heart content, but I have no intention of stopping Joyce’s training just because Sophie’s pussy is happy.

Sophie takes about three, maybe three-and-a-half minutes to cum. As usual for Sophie, she screams her way through it, shuddering crisply as the waves of it crash over her. As she works through it, I’ll bet she finally realizes that Joyce won’t be stopping. That her now overly-sensitive, hotly-tingling little nerves are just going to be held there still while Joyce goes right on tantalizing them her tongue’s delicate caresses. That she’ll have no choice about just lying there and feel the far-more-intense sensations as they quickly nudge her reblossoming arousal back towards the cusp of another powerful orgasm. An orgasm that she’ll be bound still to suffer through as well. And now, with her nerves so much more sensitive after her climax, there’s going to be nothing she can do to resist the swelling ache and exploding climax. Which will leave her even more tender as Joyce pushes her again towards a third.

And then towards a very screaming fourth that Sophie can so clearly barely handle suffering through.

I ignore Sophie. Instead I stand there, keeping Joyce performing perfectly, and enjoying the Sophie show. It's one of my favorite shows. I just love watching her squirm, wiggle, and screech around in that sweet agony. She's always so honestly energetic I can't help but enjoy it!

I leave her to suffer a half-hour of that as well until the ache in my pussy starts to get strong. Watching a good squirming always excites me,

The Serf

and Sophie knows it. As I feel my wetness getting to the point where I have to worry about my panties starting to dampen I stop Joyce, telling her she's had enough practice for one night.

Sophie falls loose and spent on the table, panting hard and breathing out deeply satisfied sighs as she calms. She knows it's going to take me a minute to free her from the table until I can use her body for something else, and she intends to take full advantage of those moments to bask her sweet afterglow. As I free her legs, I feel them rubbery and loose in my hands. I lay them on the table for her.

Once I have Sophie released from the bonds I tell her to get up and get on her knees where a god slave should be: in close attendance to her Mistress. Sophie's is there immediately, eyes open and ready to serve me.

I have Joyce stand facing me. I tell her since she worked so hard at being a good serf and whore today, she may relieve herself before returning to her cage for the night. Obediently, and with a smile on her face, she masturbates the way I taught her. I keep my crop in hand to supervise her, lest she starts acting the whore in my playroom. And tonight, it has the kneeling Sophie with her eyes level with Joyce's pussy, allowing her a very good view of Joyce's mound as Joyce plays with herself. Joyce can see that, and for an instant, I see a quick flush of embarrassment on her face, before I see the acceptance and the smile that tells me she doesn't care about anything but obediently pleasing me.

After Joyce's climax, I have Sophie "take her potty before bedtime." Sophie knows that command. Joyce will learn it. "take her" means for Sophie to keep her eyes constantly on Joyce. And for Sophie to take Joyce by the hand and hold onto that hand until she returns Joyce to me. Which leaves Joyce sitting on the toilet with Sophie very diligently watching her and holding her hand. That leaves Joyce no way to pretend to herself that she's alone, that's she not being supervised even here.

After a couple of minutes Sophie returns Joyce to the playroom and I have Sophie lock Joyce in her cage.

The Serf

I take Sophie to my bedroom, where I decide to make use of my slave and scratch my itch. Sophie tries hard, going so far as to wrap her arms around my hips and hug them with all her strength, to hang onto me through my thrashing orgasms. She manages to hang on through five, which is as many as she's ever held on through, until the mad bucking of my hips throws her head off. I lie spent and sated. I leisurely roll to my stomach, and tells Sophie to "put me to sleep." Sophie gives me an especially slutty massage that has me drifted away before her nipples even get to my bottom!

Monday

Monday morning starts exactly as Sunday morning did. I like having a routine for my slave, at least when it's convenient for me to stick to it. I wake and leave Sophie asleep on the floor at the foot of my bed as I use my private bathroom. Then I summon Sophie, who snaps awake, to give me my morning bath. After she brews a pot of coffee for me and serves me a cup, I allow her twenty minutes to see to herself, to shower, shave, and dress for the day in whatever outfit I chose for her, before I expect her to be in the kitchen making my breakfast.

This morning I tell her she's allowed "a few" extra minutes as it's now her job to get Joyce out of her cage and supervise Joyce's morning clean-up as well. And I mean for Joyce to be under Sophie's full supervision every second from when she's allowed out of her cage until she's washed up and delivered to me for use. Since I haven't put any clothes out for Joyce, Sophie, still nude herself, brings Joyce to me as soon as she's finished in the shower. A shower the girls share, giggling a little like friends and trying to mute it. I assign Joyce to the kitchen where she's to serve as Sophie's kitchen slave while learning from Sophie how to cook. Then she's to serve breakfast to Sophie and me.

The Serf

While Sophie usually has clothes, albeit the slutty slave dresses I got for her, around the house, Joyce is going to stay naked. It should nicely instill Joyce's lower standing around in my realm in her. Joyce doesn't object, even as she's again serving our breakfast while nude. After breakfast, I have Sophie pack lunch for Joyce as well as herself. What I haven't done is say a word to Joyce about what the day holds for her. And she as demurely accepted not knowing, secure that I will take care of everything and tell her what I deign to at my pleasure, and not before.

I don't tell her anything except what she needs to know right that instant to do what I wish her to do. I already know she's due at work at 8:00 and gets off at 5:00. I know enough about the health department to know she's not expected to be early. Those poorly-paid public servants don't usually go the extra mile. And I know where their clinic is, it's less than two miles from here and only two blocks off my route to campus. You can spot it by the line of homeless waiting out front well before it opens. As if they have nowhere more important to be now that they've been turned out of the shelter for the day. Which is probably the truth.

At 7:30, as Sophie is collecting her school things for her day, I summon Joyce and have her stand in the blank place beside the door. I have Sophie bring me one of the new outfits I ordered for Joyce, and Sophie delivers it quickly. I dismiss Sophie, letting her head off for her 8:00 class.

"Put those clothes on, serf," is the only instruction I give Joyce. She accepts that I wish her dressed now and puts them on. I've chosen a business skirt-suit for her. It's not elaborate or designer, but it's nice and decent, maybe one-step above Wal-Mart grade. Which means a step above what everyone else will have on. This one is a light earthy tone with an ivory blouse, white lacy undergarments including a garter belt and tan-shade stockings. And matching spiked-heel shoes. The shirt fits comfortably, a touch blousey, and the skirt isn't exactly snug, but it's not loose either. Nor is either modest or immodest, covering her legs about halfway to her knees. Professional enough, but sticking to the slutty-

The Serf

receptionist look I have in mind for her. Too bad she does wear glasses, those would really add to that look!

I hand her a matching leather purse with a wallet already in it. "Your phone is in there. My number is programmed. You will call only me or 911 on it. It will do until a real phone gets here. There is \$20 in your wallet. You may use that to buy drinks: bottled water, juice, tea and coffee only, no near-poisonous sodas, or other trash. You will account for every penny of my money. Get a receipt, except for a vending machine you may just note down what you bought, when, and how much. Your ID is in there as well. You may wear my clothes while you are outside, in public, but I will expect them returned in the same condition immediately upon your return, serf. My slave has packed you a lunch, which you will eat, and that is all you will eat. You don't need any vending machine junk. It's not good for a body. Now, come along and I will take you to work."

I drop Joyce off right in front of the main doors, which leaves her to walk around the line of bums to get in. I tell her that she's to be standing there immediately after her shift, she'll eventually be retrieved. "And don't be a total whore and go off with any of this gutter crud!" I can't resist adding.

I go to my classes, my last one being over before three.

When Joyce emerges from work a few minutes after five, I'm sitting there waiting for her. There's no missing my car. I drive a pastel-green Mazda convertible that shines. I love it! Joyce sees it and comes straight to me.

As she came out, Joyce was idly chatting with a dark-haired, slightly thick, woman around her age who is in scrubs. They were laughing, happy, and clearly friendly. The woman sees Joyce hurry to the car. After a second she sprints over to my side and introduces herself as Joyce's BWF – Best Work Friend, Kay.

"I just had to meet you!" Kay starts, "all day Joyce has done

The Serf

nothing but talk about you! How kind and sweet you are! How you saved her from that bum that's thankfully now her ex-! We all met him, too, he was such a jerk! I am so glad to see Joyce has someone better! I just never imagined that Joyce would go for a woman!..." Kay rambles on a minute or several, but the thrust of it is more of the same: Joyce is clearly boasting about me, and nosy Kay had to find out for herself who I was.

Once I get rid of Kay, I take Joyce home and have her strip naked. Then I send her to help Sophie in the kitchen.

The next morning, after Kay's abundant praise of the "gourmet lunch" I sent for Joyce, I have Sophie make an extra box. I send it with Joyce and tell her it's for Kay since Kay seemed to so appreciate the food I thought Joyce could be a "nice peasant bitch" and share. This way she can share without skimping on my body's nutrition.

Kay has to ambush me again and thank me. Joyce told her I sent it.

Chapter 3: The Queen's Entertainment

The Serf

As Joyce's first week in my realm passes I try to have a little lesson for Joyce every night. Not just pussy eating and massaging, not everything. Breast licking. Cock sucking. Rimming. Allowing anal entry. Some of the things a good peasant whore is expected to know how to do. Everyone one of her lessons leaves Joyce sopping wet, which leaves me no choice but to supervise her while she masturbates before locking her in her cage for the night. She's very well behaved so I just can't send her to bed with her pussy burning and aching!

Friday evening I decide to have a little get-together at my apartment. Nothing much, just a couple of friends over. And not my BFFs. I invite Janelle and Andrea, telling both to bring a companion, either a date, a toy, or a friend of whatever gender. Then I tell Sophie to invite Zach, a boy who has been sniffing around her, not exactly interested in her (I think) as he is interested in an introduction to her lifestyle. It's impossible for me to tell whether he is curious about the top or bottom of the lifestyle. Yet. I'll figure it out tonight. He's 19, decently cute, and regardless of his cock-size (which I haven't a clue about) I could find some use for him.

When Sophie returns from school, she tells me that he cheerfully accepted my "gracious invitation" for an evening "coffee social" at my apartment. I knew he would. He's been too hungry for an invite over here not to.

Janelle brings a friend. It's another deputy that she works with, a guy who has been openly curious about D/s and has asked Janelle a few times if the faint rumors he'd heard about her being a dominatrix were true. She figures, just from what he's asked her, he's interested in the dominant side, not the submissive, and more curious about safely expanding his horizons than anything. She's never admitted that she's a Domme, saying instead that she doesn't address rumors wince there five new ones every day around the station, 99% of which prove to be false anyway. According to the email I got from her last night, she told me that she invited him for a brief social at a friend's house, her friend being a

The Serf

Domme. No mention of what might happen, or of her tastes. Only an admission that she at least knows one Domme.

Andrea brings a 45-year-old male pilot whom she calls a friend. It takes me about three seconds to see that he's not a sub. More like a vanilla pilot with a wife back home who won't know what he does on his layovers. But not one who would be one of Andrea's toys. She's famous for quickly wearing them out. As in using them rather intensely for a short time until she tires of their limited interests. Then moving on. I haven't yet figured out what's between the two of them, but I'm pretty sure they're not sleeping together. Although, knowing Andrea, I wouldn't put it past her to have one of her female toys spend a layover in his hotel room, especially if there was a benefit to Andrea for it.

The only one not in a pair is Zach. That's because I didn't tell him to bring a date, and I have Sophie attending me. I'd never spare my slave to attend someone else. He does keep a very appreciative eye on Sophie in her little slave dress. Then again, all three of the men have more than just glanced her way! She does have a very cute bottom when it's barely covered by see-through lace. And shapely!

Everyone arrived within minutes of each other, which saved me from offering refreshments before all of them here. Now that they are, I offer coffee and tea "while we chat." Janelle and Andrea jump on a cup of whatever coffee creation I have ready. Seeing their hands-down choice, the boys follow suit. I send Sophie with whispered instructions to head for the kitchen, where Joyce should be doing some housework, and tell her "get her peasant girl serf's butt in gear and serve my guests." And to give her the order of seven coffees, served one at a time, guests first, then me, then Sophie. In a few seconds Sophie is back on her knees beside me empty-handed.

Janelle and Andrea both expected Sophie to serve. That's what slaves do. It's the way it's always been here, too. I grin. "Hey, girls, we haven't had a chat yet this week!" Janelle suddenly grins, realizing what

The Serf

I'm up to. She knows about my rescue of Joyce since she went and got Joyce's things for the needy. But the others are clueless, even Andrea who has been working this week.

"I wanted you all to meet my new house-serf. This peasant bitch is... well, 'bitch' will do! Or 'serf'. Or 'house girl.' she'll answer to whatever. This is my serf." I point to the hall where Joyce is emerging with a piping hot cup of coffee atop upturned palms.

All eyes, so especially the male ones turn to the firm-bodied nude middle-aged Joyce as she enters. There's no hiding it on the men's face, they're enjoying the show. Joyce, having no clue which of my guests to serve first, starts at the furthest end from me, which puts her at Andrea's companion. Or maybe she picks him because he looks pretty good in that pilot's uniform. Either way, she kneels before him with her knees spread wide, lowers her bottom back over her heels, and hold the coffee out on her palms even with her nipples and six inches out. "Here is your coffee, Sir, thank you for allowing this serf to serve you, Sir." She says humbly with a smile on her face.

He eagerly takes the coffee and thanks her for it. Joyce hurries to her feet and quickly returns with another cup for Andrea. Then Janelle's companion. Janelle. Zach. Me. Sophie. After that, Joyce returns to her duties in the kitchen. I'm sure Sophie has her polishing something. I like my kitchen spotless and Sophie knows it. She'll never Joyce stop polishing my things if she has her way.

"I'm impressed," Andrea says. "You have that serf well trained. Where did you find it? Are there anymore where it came from?" She asks with a bat of her eyelashes.

"She didn't find." Janelle says with a laugh in her voice, "she out-and-out took it! Like right from some loser in a club Saturday night." Janelle turns to her companion, "remember Sunday afternoon, we went and got those things for the ladies in the shelter? Those were its things we got. And that idiot is the jerk Pepper took it from!"

The Serf

"You mean that clown we papered up for battery/LEO?" He chuckles, "prick had it coming."

"Oh, I missed that part of the story," I say.

"It was nothing." He says, "the prick decided to show his ass a little. Stepped at Jannie, then stepped on her foot. We wrote it as he stomped her foot while menacing a uniformed officer, causing a public disturbance and impeding our official duties. That's two C-felonies and a C-misdemeanor. Last I heard he's still enjoying Metro's hospitality. I figure when it comes up they'll plead it out to an A-misdemeanor. He ought to see the judge about a year from now." He grins. "Too bad he doesn't seem able to make that 10-K bail."

Now everyone has a little laugh. I wonder if Joyce can hear him in the kitchen. She probably can. It's just on the other side of the wall, and there's no door. I suspect she's not upset to hear of his newfound legal troubles, either. In fact, no one here seems to be.

Janelle goes on to tell Andrea the whole story of Joyce's "taking" from the creep. Which Andrea approves of. She doesn't like abusers either. And she likes pretenders/wannabe Doms even less.

"So you just took her?" Zach asks, "I mean she had no clue who you were or what you might want with her, or what would happen to her, and she came with you?" He sounds a little disbelieving. Andrea sets him straight, telling him "why wouldn't it? It's a sub and Pepper was so clearly a better choice of whom to serve. It wouldn't care who she is. It would just know she's a more powerful Domme, and a kinder one, so whatever is done with it, it will be better off serving her."

"Does that happen a lot, you just take someone from someone?"

"No." Andrea says, "it's kind of like a bitch slap to his face. Plus a sub has to be in a bad spot to even think about going. If it's happy where it is, why would it go anywhere? It's rare enough to be worthy of a good story when it does happen."

The Serf

"OK... Andrea, right? Look, I'm new to all this... what's the... etiquette? Is it OK to look? I mean... she's kind of pretty..." Zach asks.

"Sure. You're thinking of that serf as a person. Don't. It's not. It's her property. Just like the sofa is. Treat it just like you'd treat the sofa."

"Serf, come!" I call out.

Joyce hurries into the living room and drops to her knees before me. "Yes, my Queen?"

I turn back to Zach. "Do you like its boobies?"

"Uh..." He stutters shyly, "Yeah... she's pretty."

I grin. "Don't be shy, then. Go ahead and touch them. I don't care."

Zach very tentatively reaches his hand out. With Joyce still kneeling before me, he has more of a side view of her mounds. He finally puts his hand on the top of a breast, where it meets her chest.

Joyce stays still. She doesn't flinch or shirk from the touch. Nor is she artificially still, or stiff, as if she's forcing herself to stay put. She's relaxed, just kneeling and waiting obediently to be told what to do next. She doesn't even acknowledge the touch.

Zach strokes her mound with his fingers for a moment, slowly inching his way down towards her nipple. His confidence grows as he sees that Joyce doesn't seem to mind being fondled. Soon, maybe half a minute, he's eagerly giving that breast a light squeeze. And teasing its nipple. Its hard nipple.

"Ohh..." Andrea comments, "you've done great. It's very well trained!"

"It is!" I answer, "it's been a very good little house serf, and I'm working on teaching this worthless peasant to be a gutter whore!" Andrea and Janelle know what I mean. I'm teaching her the sluttier

The Serf

points of pleasuring, not to actually stand on a corner and whore! Just as they know a house serf essentially means a cleaning woman. The male guests don't seem to know what I mean.

Zach, his hand still on Joyce's breast, asks a few more questions. Janelle's companion asks how I trained Joyce to behave so well. Janelle lightly punches his thigh and tells him "clearly it knows its place! It's her property! It knows that it's Queen decides who touches it. Who'd let a lowly serf make any decisions?" While Zach amuses himself, Janelle's friend asks what's involved in "owing one." I spend a few minutes telling him what I do for Joyce, which is everything.

I decide to tease Zach. He seems so eager to caress Joyce's breast I wonder just how much experience he has with women. He's cute enough that I'd guess he's not a virgin. But he acts like he's only had one serious girlfriend. As if Joyce might be the second woman he's gotten his hands on and is eager to compare her body to the one he knows. "It has a cute pussy, too." I say to him with a grin, "want to see for yourself?"

Again he stutters but quickly says he does. "serf, be a good whore and show him *my* pussy."

"Yes, my Queen," Joyce says. There's no reluctance or unhappiness in her voice, either. She rises as Zach's hand comes away from her breast. On her feet, she turns her bottom to Zach, putting it less than a foot from his face. She parts her feet wide and leans over, putting her back flat. And then she reaches around her thighs and pulls her lips wide apart to fully bare her pinkness, her hard little clit, her sopping wetness, and her tunnel to him. "Here is my Queen's pussy, Sir. Thank you for allowing this worthless peasant to display it for you, Sir. I apologize for its sloppy wetness, Sir."

Zach's eyes seem to pop out of his head. And lock on the pussy so shameless and close before his eyes. I'm fairly confident he's seen at least once before, probably just as up close and personal, but I doubt a woman who didn't have a clue who he was, has ever let him see hers. I doubt

The Serf

even his girlfriend(s) have so wantonly displayed theirs for him either.

Beside Zach, Andrea glances over at the pussy. "Oh, that is so skanky sloppy! What a whore!" But she says it with a grin. "You'll have your hands full with this serf, just to keep it from skanking up everywhere. And slutting around just any old gutter!" She points at Joyce's clit, the hard swollen little nub peeking it's tip up from the top of her wrinkled folds of purple. "See there, how this whore is so stiff? That tells you this whore is being such a slut right now! Just begging for her Queen to use that little skank pit!"

I'm sure Zach has used those same words to describe a pussy before. And a girl. But the look on his face tells me he's never heard them used openly in the presence of that girl! And never imagined a girl wouldn't be slapping someone how described her like that.

"Serf, be a good whore. She the other my pussy as well."

"Yes, my Queen." Joyce answers. She straightens up, moves to Andrea, next closest to her, and kneels. She humbly asks "may this filthy peasant whore please be allowed to show you my Queen's pussy, Ma'am?" Andrea allows her, and Joyce displays her pussy. After about a quarter minute, Andrea tells her she's seen enough of "that obscene skankiness," and Joyce moves over to the pilot. He helps himself to a much longer and more thorough inspection of her pussy before telling her she can move along.

So far Janelle has been rather reserved and watching her words to avoid anything that would definitely say one way or the other whether or not she plays herself. I assume that's because her companion doesn't know for sure, and she's making certain that he won't be able to confirm or rebut, any rumors about her. I'm a little, but only a little, surprised when she tells her companion, who has been showing a strong interest in Joyce's training, to "ask our hostess if you want to see, or touch, anything. I'm sure she's taught this disgusting tramp a few postures... if you have a favorite way to see a whore, that is."

The Serf

He turns to me and asks "I wouldn't mind seeing it on all fours. I'll bet those breasts hang down..." I tell him to just tell it what he wants it to do. "Serf... on your hands and knees."

"As you say, my Lord," Joyce replies almost eagerly. She gets down on all fours, her side to him, her back flat, and her arms up and out so as not to hinder his view under her chest. She stays there, still and quiet, awaiting her next command.

He ogles her breasts for a long minute, seeing them hanging, but still, their rounded melons rising off her chest, and her hard nipples standing straight down. And very obvious from the side. Zach leans a little to get a better view of those breasts, but I see him checking out her rounded taut bottom as well.

When they've had their fill of seeing Joyce's body, I send her to fetch us all a fresh cup of coffee, which is also served humbly. As soon as Sophie has her cup, I tell Joyce to get back on her hands and knees, "I need a footstool." Joyce gets down quickly, kneeling in front of my recliner. She chooses to kneel facing Janelle's companion on the love seat. That gives him an excellent view of her dangling breasts from the front, under her shoulders. And it puts her bottom towards Zach, and that's clearly the part of her that most interests him. I lift my feet up and rest them on her back. She doesn't even show it, just kneels, looking forward, still and so patient.

We all talk for a while. I answer a bunch of questions from the men, all of them centered around how I got Joyce to behave so well, and if there are limits on what she'll do. "Of course not! I own it. It does whatever I wish it to. But it also knows that even though I couldn't care less what it likes and doesn't, I'd never injure it... Just use it to amuse myself."

Janelle's friend asks about finding "one like it" and asks how I go about it. Have I ever tried any of the online sites? I tell him that from what I've seen of those, they're limited to the truly desperate and I've

The Serf

never seen any quality there. I tell him that all of my toys have come to me through referrals from those I know who are into this lifestyle, or at least know that I am. Except for Joyce whom I just "tripped over in that club."

"If you're interested in exploring yourself, I'd suggest first borrowing a toy and trying a bunch of things until you know exactly what you like and don't. And learn, or invent your own, postures, and commands. That way, once you find something, you can teach it those and it will always know what you expect of it. It's very important that a slave *always* know exactly what's expected of it, and that you only expect what it's capable of giving. Sure, push the envelope all you want, but never ask for anything it can't deliver. And when it fails you, as these utterly worthless wastes of DNA inevitably do, discipline it firmly and swiftly. It has to know that obedience isn't an option in your kingdom. Oh, and it's up to you to teach it how you want things done...

"Here's an example. A blow job. I think we all know you men just love those. You might tell it to 'suck cock' the first time, which will let you see what it knows and doesn't. But after that, you teach it to suck it the way you best enjoy it. Don't worry about it, its comfort, if it gags. Who cares? Just make it do what you want, and discipline it when it falls even a hair short of it's very best.

"This serf couldn't suck worth a hoot when I found it. I mean it was so bad at it that it would have embarrassed me to let anyone see it's performance. They'd think I was a lousy queen to let my peasant whores be such prudish things. As if they were actual people. But I taught it how to be a real gutter whore. After all, that's where peasant serfs end up when they come to the big castle, isn't it? Tricking in the gutter for their bread!" I grin wide. "I'll show you how well I've taught it to suck. Would any of you care to volunteer a cock for the sucking?"

All three men look very surprised. All three are smiling, and look to be eager to volunteer. Andrea's pilot suggests "shall we allow Zach

The Serf

here the honor?" I think he's being polite. Zach has been very eagerly eyeing Joyce non-stop. Janelle's friend says nothing, but he doesn't speak up either. At least not in the second it takes Zach to say, "I will."

I lift my feet of Joyce's back. Despite having been there for around 45 minutes, she never moved. Just so obediently stayed put while I used her for furniture. If she keeps behaving so well, I'll have to reward her yet again tonight. And I'm getting a very nice idea of what her reward might be! "serf, go be a good whore and suck his cock."

"Yes, my Queen," Joyce says quickly with a hint of eagerness in her voice. Enough of a hint that I know she misses having a cock in her life. Then again, she's definitely heterosexual, so I think she'd be even happier serving a king, or a queen who used her as a whore, at least if she was well treated there. Then again, I'd never send her anywhere she wouldn't be treated at least as well as she is here.

Joyce gets up, turns, and kneels close before Zach. She looks him in the eyes and humbly asks "Sir, my queen wishes to give you the gift of a blow job. May this filthy gutter whore please be allowed to touch you and swallow your cock, Sir?"

Zach is left speechless. He just nods. Joyce unzips his pants and frees his cock. Everyone sees it spring to full attention, strutting it's 5 ¾" length proudly as it stands up. Joyce puts her hands behind her back. Then lowers her mouth to his cock. She plants a kiss on its tip, leaving her lips atop its deep-purple bulbous head. She slowly starts lowering her mouth, her lips stretching wide apart as the cock slides into her mouth.

Everyone watches with interest. Andrea and Janelle a more professional interest. Both know what I've taught Joyce and only look to see how well she's learned the technique. Especially since this is likely the first real cock I've allowed her to practice on. It's not like I have one that's not latex! The men also appear eager to see what she can do, but more with some curiosity to see if she can be sluttier, and thus better, than whatever they've known before. Surely cops and pilots get their fair share

The Serf

of blow jobs! Especially pilots; according to Andrea there's always one slut on every crew, or so it seems.

Joyce keeps going, the cock steadily inching its way into her mouth. Her head lowers slowly, unhurried, without ever hesitating as more and more of his shaft slides into her. And keeps going, even as the tip of his hardness presses against the tight entrance of her throat. She doesn't gag, at least not so anyone can notice it, just keeps slipping his shaft into her. Until every millimeter of his cock is inside and her lips are snug against his pubes and balls.

Joyce's performance catches everyone's eyes. Janelle and Andrea know I teach my toys to suck like this: leisurely and deep-throat. They know I use a "training cock," a strap-on dildo, that's larger and thicker than any real cock they're likely to encounter, so that whatever real one they service, it'll be smaller and easier, allowing them to focus more on what they're doing and less on the choking sensation in their throats. But the men don't know that. They watch with open disbelief and admiration. They are such men! It's written all over their faces that a blow job like this is a dream to them, one they never thought women really could, or at least weren't willing, to give. The domain of porn starlets and maybe outrageously-priced prostitutes. Their faces say they wish they hadn't been so accommodating and allowed Zach the pleasure of volunteering.

Joyce tunes out everything around her. She moves steadily, her casual strokes taking the entire shaft into her mouth each time, before reversing and rising up until only the top half of its swollen head is left between her lips. Sucking his entire length. Her hands stay behind her back. Nothing but her lips ever touches his cock.

Zach sits. But not still. It takes only about two of those strokes to get his butt squirming into the sofa. A few more and his hands are gripping the cushion and he groans shameless purrs of utter delight. And he watches, keeping his eyes open and down, taking in every bit of Joyce's ministrations. His squirms quickly intensify.

The Serf

Like most men, especially those who've been without some "feminine attention" for a week or two (or much longer), he doesn't last long. Around three minutes, maybe four at the most. It says just how eager his cock was: Joyce was taught a leisurely technique so as to drag out the blow job to allow the man to enjoy the pleasure of the sucking for as long as possible. And she's performing well.

Zach cums without thrusting his hips, but they do wiggle crisply. He grunts a deep primal satisfaction, too. Then he purrs some very deep and happy moans as she keeps going, sucking every drop of cum from the shaft twitching sharply in her mouth. Zach stills as his cock runs dry and stops spurting. Joyce takes one last stroke, this time pressing her tongue firmly along the underside of his shaft and milking the very dregs of his cream from it.

She allows it to slip from her mouth. Joyce straightens to look up at Zach. She licks her lips. "Thank you so much, kind Sir, for allowing this disgusting peasant whore the privilege of swallowing such delicious cum, my Lord." Only then do her hands move to tuck his slowly softening shaft back into his pants and zip them back up for him.

"Don't be a lazy whore, serf." I say firmly, but not unkindly, "make your queen some money, whore. There are two more men here, perhaps if you beg they might allow you to service them."

"Yes, my Queen," Joyce says sweetly. She rises, steps sideways to the pilot next to Andrea, and kneels. She begs, shamelessly, stopping only when he agrees. With a wide smile on her face, she thanks him for allowing her to "serve her Queen as a proper peasant whore." Then she sucks his cock just as leisurely, and pleurably, as Zach's. Once she's finished with him, Janelle's deputy friend, and his 6 ½" thick inches, gets its blow job, which leaves a wide grin on his face. And Janelle saying "And now I have a great locker room story!" He doesn't seem to mind that. Then again, knowing the way men think, he's probably glad to have a witness, especially a female witness, to a blow job he figures few other

The Serf

men will believe. Or rather believe the near-mythical skill level of as he boasts about it. And he will boast. Men are like that.

Once she's finished with all three, she kneels facing me and waits patiently for her instructions.

I send her to fetch the hors oeuvres Sophie has ready in the oven. And then I have her serve them to my guests. She serves each guest properly, kneeling, and holding out the platter while asking if she may make them a plate of something. Once a guest makes his or her selection, Joyce remains on her knees, setting the platter on the coffee table, uses a pair of tongs to make the plate exactly as requested, then offers the plate atop her palms. And then she moves along to the next guest. Then fetches a round of tea for everyone except herself. Serving wenches, especially filthy little serfs, never eat at the queen's table. Or even in Her presence.

As my guests sample Sophie's exquisite creations, I have Joyce parade around and basically flaunt her naked body for the amusement of my male guests, ensure each has a nice view of everything she has. It's not exactly dinner theater, but my realm it'll do. Besides, I think the male guests prefer the slutty show.

I ignore Joyce's show or rather pretend to. I keep a corner of an eye on her to make sure she's being absolutely immodest in entertaining my guests. But mostly we all chat away. The men have more questions, mostly about how I taught Joyce that wonderful skill. Andrea's pilot asks if I "give private lessons" to wives and girlfriends "on the topic." I almost laugh, hold that in and tell him I don't. I only teach those who worship and serve "their true Queen." I think he looks disappointed enough that I suspect he has a girlfriend, or probably a wife, somewhere he wishes would learn that skill.

Janelle asks what I intend to do with Joyce.

"I haven't decided yet," I answer honestly. "While I could certainly find some use for another cheap whore in the Queendom, it is just awfully

The Serf

skanky and worthless to keep hanging around here. I mean, seriously, I'd have to buy another cage just to keep it from roaming free and skanking up just everything! I thought about selling it, but who'd pay for anything so disgusting? I'd end up having to pay someone just to take it. And it's not like I can just kick it to the gutter – I'd have to write myself a ticket for littering! We do have laws against leaving filth in the gutters."

Janelle smiles, knowing I'd said it that way for Joyce to hear. I'm sure she suspects that Joyce doesn't mind one iota about spending every second she's not serving me in a cage. Which she doesn't. She and Andrea understand that "sell" just means find her a new owner. No one really sells people anymore, at least not for like 150 years in this country. Her new owner might repay for the fair value of whatever items I send with her, but that would be all. "Kick her to the gutter," of course means send her packing, dump her, exile her from my realm. Between the lines, I've told them I have a few ideas of how I could benefit from keeping Joyce around. I doubt Joyce picked up on that, and I'm certain the male guests haven't. While I didn't plan it, I didn't even know who my friends would bring, all three of these guys are curious, and uninitiated in the ways of D/s. They haven't a clue about our "slang."

But Janelle does, and she loves to play along. "Yeah, I figured no one would want it. I mean, I did meet its last owner. What a creep! Talk about the bottom of the barrel, I doubt that guy could even get a date! And you should have seen his 'castle.' Put that in quotes. It was the quintessential trailer in the stereotypical trailer park. Which of course makes him trailer park trash! It would have been better off owned by some homeless guy in a tent."

I see Joyce smirk. She quickly turns her backside, ostensibly to flaunt her bottom, but really to hide the smirk. Clearly she agrees with Janelle. That serf really must have no self-respect to have gone with such a cretin.

As the evening winds down, around 10:00 pm, I decide on one final

The Serf

show for the boys. After all, Joyce does deserve her reward tonight. I'm sure these guys won't mind seeing her sluttiness. I send Sophie to fetch me a somewhat small vibrator, one that's about 6" long and a mere inch-thick. It's also one that's shaped like a bullet. Sophie fetches it for me with her typical sly grin. Sophie has been around long enough to guess what I'm thinking.

Sophie kneels and offers the toy to me. Instead of taking it, I ask the guests "would one of you care to assist me in preparing this whore for the final acts of its slut show?"

All three of the guys glance briefly at the toy, no more than the briefest of fleeting glances, then all smile and say they will. I send Sophie to Zach and tell her to give the toy to him. I figure he'll appreciate the chance the most. Sophie offers it to him, and without knowing what it's for, he takes it.

"Serf, I wish that toy stuffed up your dirty butt. Go beg."

"Yes, my Queen," Joyce answers, her voice still honeyed and not laced with any distaste for the idea. She kneels in front of Zach and begs him, shamelessly, and ceaselessly until he tells her to stop, to "please, my Lord, please shove that toy up this worthless peasant whore's filthy little butt." Zach listens, his eyes wide, as I imagine that he's not believing his ears. Finally he tells her "sure." And Joyce thanks him profusely for undertaking such a hideous task as to go near her disgusting butt.

I lean over and whisper to Zach what to do. That's the other reason I chose him, he's the one close enough for me to whisper to. Which means Joyce doesn't get to hear what I tell him. And doesn't hear me give him very detailed instructions so he does it the right way. I wouldn't want this inexperienced boy to hurt my serf.

"whore, show me your pussy," Zach tells her.

Joyce immediately stands and leans over with her bottom to him, spreading her lips wide. Even from where I am I can see that her pussy is

The Serf

nearly dripping it's so wet. She stands still as Zach eases the toy into her pussy. She purrs lightly and sweetly, too. One stroke of the toy in her pussy is all it takes for it to have a good coat of her slippery honey clinging to the top four or five inches of its length.

"now show me your butt, whore," Zach commands.

"Yes, my Lord." Joyce seems to have really taken to the medieval vernacular. As if it's not the first time she's addressed people so formally, so old-fashioned. She lets go of her lips and spreads her cheeks wide, stretching the small ring of her asshole out as she fully bares it. Then she waits patiently, standing still as if this doesn't bother her.

Zach very tentatively puts the slippery tip of the toy to her dark little ring. Joyce doesn't flinch, let alone shirk from it. She stands still. After a second, Zach works up the nerve to try. He starts pushing lightly.

Joyce knows how to take it. I taught her that, and I always use large and thick training aids. This one has to feel small compared to the one made her practice with. Then again, when it's time for the real thing, you never know how well hung a whore's customer will be. Joyce immediately pushes back, forcing her asshole to relax and turn to rubber. With her muscle not resisting, the toy easily stretches her ring wide and starts sliding into her backside. A second later the has disappeared, leaving Zach a view of her dark purple ring stretched taut around the white shaft gliding through it. Joyce stays still and silent as it plunges deeper and deeper into her bottom.

Zach watches very intently. From his face it's clear he doesn't believe that Joyce is taking it without tensing up or screaming. More as if she likes it! He keeps his pressure on the base of the toy as it starts moving faster. And he stops it when there's only about an inch of it sticking out of her bottom. Once it stops moving, Joyce eases up and her asshole clenches tightly around the toy to hold it snugly in place.

Zach tells her to stand. Joyce straightens right up, releasing her cheeks. Now he's treated to a view of her firm globed with the base of the

The Serf

toy poking out from between them at the bottom of her crack.

"Go ahead and take a souvenir picture, if you want. From that angle no one will see it's ugly face!" I tell him

Zach lets the surprise show on his face. But doesn't hesitate more than a fraction of a second to get his phone out and get a nice view of Joyce's taunt and rounded bottom with the toy sticking out of it. He snaps a picture. I'm sure that will be the "evidence" as he tells his friends the story. A story they're not likely to believe. Coffee at my place can just be so entertaining!

I see Andrea's pilot sort of fumbling with his phone. I have Joyce kneel before Zach and humbly thank him, which she does, for "shoving it up her filthy butt for her Queen's amusement." Then I send her to kneel before the other guests, even the women, and offer them a "view and photo" of her "flabby bottom with the toy crammed up her butt." two more pictures are taken.

I'm nothing if not amusing. Amusing myself, that is. I tell Joyce I don't think those pictures make good enough souvenirs for my guests. They don't fully show her absolute sluttiness. I send her back to offer each guest a "proper picture that fully shows what completely skanky gutter whore she is." She obediently offers, and all three of the men accept. They get a picture of her bent over with her cheeks spread to fully display her stretched asshole to the lens. Bending over alone is enough to poke her sopping wet pussy out for it. And still none of the pictures will show an identifiable face.

I suggest one more picture, "to let the world see just how ugly of a whore she is. One that shows her saggy breasts. Which don't really sag. I have Zach pass me his phone, then suggest that he pose with Joyce, putting his lips to one of her breasts, reaching around and holding the other one. He eagerly hands his phone over and takes the liberty of sticking his tongue out to her hard nipple. Joyce has some nice breasts, and I take a picture that shows them and Zach's face, but not much more

The Serf

of Joyce beyond her boobs. Nothing that gives away who's breasts those are. Zach eagerly checks it out, proof positive that the pictures are real and not some BS he downloaded. I take a picture for the other guys as well. I'm sure stories will be told.

I tell Joyce to stand facing my guests. To spread her feet wide. Then I tell her to "behave her slutty bottom and diddle that skank pit between her thighs."

Joyce starts masturbating the way I insist she does. I pick up my crop, letting Joyce see that I have it ready at hand. It's only a few seconds before I can see the strain in her leg muscles as they tense. Then her abs. Her face, too, her teeth clenching hard.

All of the guests are watching her show. Andrea and Janelle more clinically, interested more in how well trained Joyce is than in watching her masturbate. Then men, however, haven't a clue that there's anything to see but a pretty woman touching herself like a slut. Which they're clearly enjoying watching her do.

In a few more seconds, probably not even half a minute, Joyce is trembling hard. She fights to keep her eyes open, when they want to squish shut, until little tears well in the corners of them. And now the first drips of honey fall from her pussy.

Joyce might not be dripping sweat, but her light skin is clearly flushing a shade towards red. Her pussy, however, does drip. Steadily. More so that it usually does, which tells me that this audience of strangers is exciting her. By the one-minute mark, it's obvious that Joyce is fighting hard to hold her climax at bay.

I tap her tensed bottom lightly with my crop. "Stop being such a gutter whore! I know you're thinking about cumming, slut!"

I leave Joyce masturbating for the full five minutes, knowing that she's suffering for better than four minutes of it. But this time there's a reason for the suffering: she's entertaining my guests! I, as a good hostess,

The Serf

wish my guests well entertained. By the excited looks on their faces, these guys are definitely into watching her, as well.

As soon as Joyce has reached the five-minute point, I tell her to go show my guests how slutty her skank pit is. I don't allow her to stop masturbating.

Despite her unbearable ache, Joyce doesn't question my whim. She walks, her legs quivering, over to Zach. She asks if he'd care to see for himself what a disgustingly skanky gutter whore she is. Naturally he accepts. A few seconds later Joyce has her back to him, bent over with her feet wide. She uses her left hand to mostly part her lips, as best as she can do with one hand, while her right hand continues rhythmically massaging her clit. It lets him see everything, even her tight tunnel as it oozes her thin honey.

Zach stares at the pussy so lewdly displayed for his eyes. I'm certain no girl has ever given him such a close-up sight of this before, and his chances of seeing it again are pretty slim. He's so captivated by the immodest sight, that he doesn't even think of the phone on his lap or taking a picture of it. I let him have about half a minute of a view before telling Joyce to move along.

"Thank you for looking at this peasant whore's revolting skank pit, Sir. I apologize for being such a slut and allowing my Queen's pussy to get so filthy sloppy, Sir." Joyce is required to thank everyone, for everything, every time, whether she loves it or hates it. Even if it hurts her badly. It's called humility. As she thanks Zach, her voice is all breathy moans, impassioned and urgent.

I send her down the line, and everyone takes their look at her. Andrea and Janelle both comment on her technique, which they approve of. And which is utterly unnoticed by the guys. Not that they'd know a proper pussy diddling from an improper one, but they don't seem to have any interest in the finer points, just in watching the tawdry show.

Only once everyone has gotten their close-up, do I have Joyce

The Serf

resume her place in front of the audience. With her still masturbating I ask my guests: "Let's vote! With five guests, we won't have to worry about a tie! Should I allow this undeserving worthless gutter whore a very nice reward like an orgasm? Or shall I send her off to her to cage in my dungeon where she belongs? All in favor of rewarding such awfully filthy sluttiness, raise a hand..."

The vote is three-to-two. The guys all vote to allow her an orgasm, a vote I just know has nothing to do with Joyce or her pussy and everything to do with their desire to watch the climax. I'm sure Andrea and Janelle would have voted to allow it as well. They're not cruel, and Joyce clearly needs it. But they can see that Joyce already has the three votes she needs. So why not give her something else she needs? More humiliation. Let her believe they don't think she deserves relief from that ache.

"Fine, the men win." I sigh. "serf, hurry up and get this nauseating climax over with."

"Yes, My Queen!" Joyce says, her moaning breathy voice very eager. As soon as she's done saying yes, she lets go. Her dam bursts. Her hips thrust sharply forward, poking out towards the men, which sends her shoulders backward. That gets her breasts jiggling slightly. Her head falls back, mouth agape as she screeches out a primal-and-erotic cry. She starts trembling hard, her hips now thrashing every which way. Her pussy twitches hard, it's contractions squirting tiny dollops of honey down. As the first wave crashes over her body stiffens like steel for an instant, then loosens so quickly that her knees give. She drops, landing on her knees as a second wave hits her. That one sends her to her butt. From there, she stays on the floor withering, squirming, screeching, and leaking honey, as the waves slam into her.

The guys stare at her so obviously intense orgasm. While a few hours ago I doubt any of these uninitiated men would have believed a woman might actually thoroughly enjoy be fully humiliated by being

The Serf

used as another woman's whore and making a show for strangers out of what they figured to be a woman's most private time, Joyce's powerful orgasm leaves no doubt in even their boy-brains that she's "getting off" on this.

Joyce orgasm lasts about two minutes before I see the waves starting to ebb, their intensity fading. Rather than force her to push through the near-painfully-pleasure of building to a second, I tell her to stop. She takes her fingers away. Then Joyce lies on the floor, limp and spent, panting hard, and quivering. Now mostly lying on her side, I can see the base of the hard white shaft poking its end out from between her cheeks. The men notice that too, I hear Andrea's friend comment "it must like it up her ass, too! I can't imagine enjoying anything with something like that up my ass!" Men! Clearly he hasn't a clue about the anatomy of those feminine bodies he so likes. If he did, he'd know that there's only a very thin membrane separating that toy from the back side of that pussy. A pussy that definitely feels the shaft. It might not be vibrating, but every little tremor flowing through her body wiggles it slightly inside her. Wiggles it against the backside of that so-eager pussy.

I give Joyce a minute or two to catch her breath. "slave, take this little bitch to its cage for the night. It's skanked up my castle enough for one day. Oh, and make sure it disinfects my toy lest some previously-unknown virus evolves on that shaft. After the absolutely filthy places it has been..."

Sophie takes Joyce by the hand and gets her up to her very weak and rubbery legs. Leaving the toy where it is, Sophie walks Joyce to the bathroom. As Joyce walks down the hall, the end of the toy still peeks out from her crack, entertaining the men.

Five minutes later Sophie is back at my side, Joyce locked in her cage, my toy fully cleaned up and sanitized, and even back in its place. Sophie is such a good slave girl!

Chapter 4: Halloween On Sorority Row

The Serf

Two weeks later it's Halloween. On campus that's as good of an excuse as any for a good party, especially at the fraternities and sorority houses, where even "Tuesday" is considered plenty of excuse to have a party. Saturday night there are dozens of parties that I know about, a few on campus, some next to campus at the houses, and a few more well off-campus.

I'm not a member of any sorority. But I do know girls at most of them. And it seems I know a couple of guys at every frat. Almost everyone has heard at least one rumor about my private life; with a collared slave at a nearby state college, I couldn't hide it if I tried. Rumor travels far faster than light on campus! I seem to be invited to a dozen parties tonight. Clearly that's eleven more than I can actually attend, so I have to choose very carefully.

I settle on a party at a sorority house just off campus, and thus beyond the reach of the campus' oppressive rules and their personal goon squad enforcers known as the campus police. I pick this party not just because I have a few friends who are members, and not just because I'm confident it will be a very fun party, but also because the frat next door is having its party at the same time. A frat whose member aspire to the mythical status of "Animal House." Not only will their party be a blast, but I'm also certain that very quickly the two parties will spill out and merge into one.

Of course, it's a costume party. What party on Halloween wouldn't be a costume party? And who would bother to attend if it wasn't since it so clearly would be lame! I had two costumes made. I'm attending as a Queen. And my costume is perfect with all the regal trimmings from the crown on down, that befit a true queen. Sophie is at my side, unleashed, but close at hand. She's dressed as a handmaiden, clearly in service to her Queen.

I wouldn't leave Joyce alone and caged for the entire night. I got her a costume too. She's wearing a corset, one that's mostly cupless.

The Serf

Instead it just pushes her breasts upwards and together, poking them out while leaving all but an inch of them along her chest bare. It's black with bright violet trim, and very lacy. She has black fishnet stockings, and spiky black heels. And she has black lace gloves on. What she doesn't have on are panties, only the straps to hold her stockings up covering her bottom. She looks exactly like a bordello/saloon whore of old times. I've given her a silky black robe to cover up with for the Uber ride, but I have Sophie take that as we make our entrance.

We get the royal greeting a queen deserves. It only takes a couple of seconds for the eyes to start turning our way, to gaze upon the queen... or to gaze upon the naked breasts and pubes of my whore, which even here is a sight to be seen. The sorority has a pledge assigned as a greeter, and she hurries to welcome us to the party. She makes out little sticky name tags for everyone, writing the "names" I give on them. "Queen Pepper I of Mobile," "slave, virginal handmaiden to her Queen," and "serf, peasant whore, and property of its Queen." A mere pledge, the sorority equivalent to Joyce, she doesn't question anything.

Sophie serves her queen openly, shamelessly, and humbly. She begins as cupbearer, finding me a drink that hasn't yet been spiked, which takes a minute. I find a girl I know and we chat, Sophie sticking right beside me.

It takes maybe two minutes for the first frat boy to come and ask me "Your whore?" as he reads Joyce's name tag, "is she really a whore or is that just a very cute costume?"

"Give me ten bucks and you'll find out," I answer with a smirking grin on my face. I don't really know him, but I know him enough to know that he's one of the leaders next door. Not like the chapter president, but like the adventurous type who always paves the path of fun for the others. And he's daring.

He looks her body over, openly ogling her nakedness, then he shrugs. He pulls two fives from his wallet and holds them out to me.

The Serf

I snatch them from his hand. "the SPCA thanks you for your donation. They're the beneficiaries of the royal treasury tonight." I point to the floor in front of him, "serf, suck cock."

Joyce doesn't hesitate. She obeys like the peasant whore she is. She drops to her knees, and in a few seconds she has the stunned man's cock out of his pants. It springs to stiffness from just her light feminine touch. Joyce's hands go behind her back, and she puts her mouth to the tip of his shaft. A few seconds later she has every bit of his 6 ¼" length down her throat, her lips against his pubes and balls. On her knees. In the middle of the party and the crowd.

Before she's even taken all of it, eyes are darting our way. Joyce starts performing a leisurely blow job, as ordered to do. Sophie stands there, holding Joyce's leash. More eyes turn our way. I look around. I see more than a few of the younger girls blushing brightly. Most of the guys smirking wide. I hear a girl comment to her date "what a slut! In the middle of the floor!" I so hope Joyce heard her, too! She can bask in the humiliation of knowing the others see her as a trashy slut, unworthy and skanky.

She keeps performing. He stands there, soon purring hot moans and running his hands through her short hair. After a moment one of his frat brothers starts chanting "suck it, whore!" As he repeats his chant, more and more of his brothers join in until it seems like half the party is chanting it. The dancing has stopped mostly, as everyone is watching the show, either fully enthralled, or fully disgusted by it.

It's a fairly short show, too. I don't time him, but I'd guess four to five minutes tops. And that's with Joyce staying leisurely slow the entire time. He finally takes hold of her head, clamping his hands to her ears. Why do guys always try to do that? Any who tried to do me like that would find their unsatisfied cock over my knees while their bottom was thrashed! He holds her head still as his hips thrust sharply, driving his cock hard into her throat as he groans with his spurts.

The Serf

Joyce stays still, demurely allowing him to do as he pleases with her body and offering no resistance or tension. She just kneels, keeps her muscles loose, and allows him to ram his shaft down her throat. After maybe half a minute of that, his thrusts ebbing, he finally stops, leaving his spent cock in her throat. Joyce slowly takes her head back, using her tongue to milk the dregs of cum from him. He purrs a deep moan as she moves, and sighs as she releases him.

"Thank you, kind Sir, for allowing my Queen's worthless, disgusting peasant whore to swallow the delicious cum it sucked from your wonderful cock, my Lord." Joyce licks her lips. Then she tucks his sated cock back into his pants and zips him up to a resounding round of applause from the men, and loud cat-calls of "skank," "slut," and "whore," from the girls.

Joyce rises to her feet.

"Definitely worth \$10, guys!" he loudly announces, "in case you weren't close enough to see, this whore can swallow it all and lick balls!"

Sophie grins.

"Ah, Pepper..." my friend teases, "you never fail to liven up a party!" then she bursts out giggling.

I see several of the dateless frat boys heading my way. And pulling out their wallets as they come.

"Is that really going to the SPCA?" another of the sorority girls I know asks me.

"Yes!" I squeal firmly, "for their remodeling of the shelter. They're trying to make it so the puppies don't have to live in cages. I mean, can you imagine? Who'd cage an adorable little puppy! That should be a crime! In fact, since I'm queen, I hereby decree that it's a crime to cage anything so cute as a puppy. Cages should be reserved for dungeon fodder of only the very lowest forms of life, like pond scum and serfs!" I grin, then casually point at Joyce. She knows me well enough to know

The Serf

that I'm telling her I disapprove of cages for animals, but I keep Joyce in a cage. She giggles, too.

"Can I rent the whore?" A guy asks me, holding up a very crisp \$10 bill. I snatch it, snap my fingers, and say "suck cock, serf." Joyce is quickly back on her knees, another cock down her throat. And she doesn't seem to mind one bit being turned out.

I dance with the phantom of the opera, and then with a vampire, leaving Sophie to mind the whore. When I return, Sophie hands me another ten which Joyce just finished earning on her knees. I send her to fetch more refreshments for me and Frankenstein. Sophie hurries to get them and serve them on her knees like a good humble handmaiden.

I have Joyce up on her feet, twirling around, flaunting her bare breasts and bottom. Even "dancing," for lack of a better word, by licking her leg up and around to flash her bare pussy mound. I call it showing off the menu.

As I chat with Frankenstein, we make our way off to the side of where everyone is dancing, or rather to the edge of it. The room isn't that big, and already the party is spilling out to the yard.

The next guy eyes her displayed pubes and has checked out both of the flashes of her pussy. "What'll \$20 get me?" He holds up a well-worn \$20.

"serf, show him your queen's pussy," I command.

Still on her leash, Joyce spins her back to him, spreads her feet and bends over as far as she can. She reaches around her thighs, and spreads her lips wide to display her sopping wet pinkness and swollen clit to him. The look on his face, as he openly ogles the sight, tells me he only sees her tight tunnel. He just stares at the sight.

I snatch the bill from his hands. "go ahead, big boy, you paid for it, fuck it!"

The Serf

Disbelievingly, he glances at me. I just wait with what I hope is an impatient look on my face. Joyce just waits, her pussy fully bared and as ready as it is wet. Steadily eyes start turning back our way. This is a new show, and thus to be seen.

He gets his wits back and quickly gets his stiff cock out. In my opinion it's not much of a cock, no more than six inches and an inch thick, but it's still better than average. Plus a peasant gutter whore can't be picky about the cocks she takes, can she? Any paying dick will do for such a low form of life. He puts the tip of his shaft to her pussy. Joyce doesn't flinch, cringe, or shirk away; she just stays put and waits. He slips it into her tunnel with a little purr.

Joyce releases her lips and puts her hands to her knees to brace her body. She holds her head up, looking forward, and letting everyone see her face, instead of staring down at the floor.

He starts thrusting into her, a little gently at first, but soon with hard and powerful strokes. He grunts with his thrusts.

Joyce very quickly starts moaning loudly, letting her mouth hang open. She sounds like a porn star, except her moans clearly are honest and urgent instead of faked. I can see her knuckles turning white as she grips her knees, and her toes straining against the point tips of her shoes as they fail to curl up. I can even see the glistening coat of her honey on his cock as he pounds into her pussy.

“OMG!” one of the younger girls squeals as she clamps a hand over her date’s eyes, “she is such a frakking whore! Like seriously, whore?” she shrieks in a raised voice, “right here, in front of everyone? Could you be any skankier?”

The men eagerly watch. It’s like porn, which I’ll bet all of them download, only live! And Joyce is making a very good show of it, unable not to screech sweet moans as her hips squirm about a little.

He cums quickly, slamming hard into her, his hips crashing against

The Serf

her bottom as he grunts, with each spurt. After the first, a few drips, mostly his cum, fall to the floor, prompting more catcalls from the girls about her "obscene sluttiness." He pulls his cock from her pussy, which lets a huge gob of his cum fall from her mound to the floor.

Joyce quickly straightens up, turns to face him, and drops to her knees. She uses a single stroke to suck his cock clean as the men applaud loudly, and the catcalls ramp up another notch. "Thank you, Sir, for fuck my wonderfully kind and beautiful Queen's disgusting pussy. I hope you're not too disappointed with this worthless peasant whore's performance, Sir." She rises to her feet, ignore the few drips of his cum that still seep from her lips. She returns to flaunting her offerings as I've told her to be doing.

Joyce gets a brief respite, maybe a couple of minutes, as the guests her openly talk about the sluttiness of the show they just saw. Few believe that anyone would so openly have sex. In public. Without even knowing who she screwing. And obviously liking it. I can hear a few of the conversations. Those here who know me usually commenting something like "Pepper always does something so outrageous, and slutty outrageous, as to make any party the story of the year! Just never herself! She has an inexhaustible supply of skanks like that one." Which isn't true, but the few parties I attend, I tend to bring a fresh one to. A girl has to keep her myth up!

It's not long of respite before there's another \$20 on offer, and Joyce is bending over again. Which immediately has the few with the best view of her pussy commenting "look at that cum dumpster!" and "gross! Skanky!"

I mostly ignore Joyce, at least as much as anyone can with her screeching now-desperate and loud slutty moans. Moans that broadcast just how into being used anonymously, without the choice of partners, is arousing her. I chat with Frankenstein and an elf girl, both friends of mine.

The Serf

As Joyce screeches fervently, another girl I know, albeit barely, comes over. I do know that while she's not the president of the sorority, she's some kind of big shot girl in it. "Where did you find her?" she grins as she asks, "Seriously, that is such a skank!"

"It is, isn't it!" I laugh and I see Sophie smirking as she strains not to laugh. "I found it skanking up Soul Kitchen a few weeks ago and claimed it as my personal house serf and whore. I figure it's high time the useless, worthless skank whore finally earns her keep." I grin wide and add, "plus with Beta Psi next door, I figured there's be some guys here with standards so low they'd consider something so disgusting as it!"

That gets me a laugh. "Gawd, if I did that to the pledges, I'd be arrested!" As Joyce screeches ramp up another notch of sultriness, I tell her the short version of Joyce's rescue in the bar. She just shakes her head, "I don't know how you do it, girl. I'd never go off with anyone I didn't know, and not even having a clue what you'd do to her? UGH!"

I laugh. "You're a person! That's just a peasant serf!"

Joyce's customer does the one thing Joyce is absolutely forbidden to do. He cums. And that leads to a round of catcalls, "sloppy seconds," being a common theme, as he finishes and Joyce sucks his shaft clean.

Before Joyce can even get off her knees another guy is in front of me, holding out a \$10, and telling me "pussy is getting too sloppy." I snatch the ten, tell Joyce to suck his cock, and return to my conversation. I take Joyce's leash and send Sophie to fetch me some munchies. Sophie returns, drops to her knees, and holds out a plate of the offerings atop her upturned palms: finger sandwiches, beer-boiled shrimp, and pigs-in-blankets that are so clearly the frozen variety. Typical frat/sorority house party chow. I help myself, as do the people I'm talking to. Sophie doesn't think about it, she just humbly kneels and serves as out tray stand with a grin on her face. An honest grin. She loves pleasing me.

I chat with my friends as they circulate. No one who knows me misses the chance to say hi. Or the chance to get close to the action. Nor

The Serf

do some who haven't a clue who I am beyond rumor and myth, but who introduce themselves.

Joyce earns her keep, sucking cocks, and taking them, very regularly over the next hour.

That's when a guy comes over to me. I know he's on the football team, but I don't know what position he plays. But he does have a very hunky muscular build. I hadn't expected to see him since he has a very pretty girl for a date. But she comes along with him, her arm around him. I figure he just wants to meet me. I've had enough of that tonight. There must be 200-300 people here and more flowing between this party and the neighboring one. I'm confident several of Joyce's customers have come from next door, just to see for themselves the sluttiness, and of course to take advantage of it while they're here. I'm sure word has long since spread around that party as well that my whore is available next door, and cheaply.

"What'll the biggest dick in here get me?" He asks with a smirk on his face. His date doesn't slap him, either.

"Nothing, unless you put a \$50 with it. There are puppies in need of un-caging!"

"Can she watch?" He asks, "I mean up close?"

Ah, now I see why she's not slapping the happy right off his face. Her thing is to watch. Or more likely her fantasy, one she's never acted out, but now decided to try since Joyce is so clearly available and has the added benefit that they'll never see her again. And don't have a clue who she is. "Like I care? Not. But if she touches, she pays too."

A \$50 appears in her hand. Not his, hers. Interesting. I take it. "serf, show him my butt."

In a few short seconds, Joyce is bending over, holding her cheeks wide apart to display her as-yet-unused asshole fully to him.

The Serf

His eyes are wide, glaring at the tiny little dark ring unexpectedly offered up. I wonder what he thought he'd get for his money? Those eyes, though wide and disbelieving, don't detract from the eagerness on his face.

"Go on, Randy, let me see you do this whore." his girl says.

He takes out his cock, which is already at full stiffness before he unzips. I don't know if it's the biggest in here, but I'd guess it's close to eight inches long and 1 ½ inches thick, so it's definitely in the "top ten." It won't be a problem for Joyce. The shaft I used to train her bottom is longer and thicker, just not by too much so I didn't tear her.

As his cock nears Joyce's bottom I can see it on his face that he's never done anal before. I tell his girl "why don't you help him?" and suggest that she take his cock, which she does. She guides it to slip through her dripping fur, through her sloppy lips, and into her cum-flooded pussy. Keeping her hands on him, she guides him through a single stroke, which leaves his cock slickened up with a heavy layer of mixed-up creams. Then she follows my advice and guides his cock up, putting its tip against her asshole. She guides him to put light pressure against Joyce's ring, just as I've suggested she does.

Then she leans forward, her eyes getting a very up-close look at the tip of his thickness against Joyce's too-small-looking hole.

Joyce knows what to do. I've given her plenty of practice. She pushes back hard, forcing her asshole to loosen up. As its muscle turns to rubber, it starts to dilate a bit. As it opens, then light pressure is enough for the cock to start slowly slipping into the ring, it's bulbous head quickly starting to stretch her even wider.

"Wow!" the girl squeals delightfully, "she is totally swallowing his cock with her ass!"

If there was anyone in the room not already straining to get a view, that gets their attention. In my anecdotal research, maybe one in ten girls

The Serf

will try anal, at least if you exclude subs who will do whatever they are told to do. That's few enough of us girls that I suspect some of these guys didn't think girls, except well-paid whores, would even do it.

"Oh, wow!" she squeals out so excitedly, "the whore took every bit of it up her ass without even a grunt!"

He starts stroking his cock. It looks to me like he's trying to be gentle with her, assuming that she's fighting through some serious pain not to show it. Isn't that so cute? He can't see her face or the look of erotic bliss in her dreamy eyes. I can imagine. That cock is fat enough that it's pushing snugly against the backside of her very excited and nervy pussy walls. And sending very arousing hot sparks flooding her pussy on their way to race along her nerves.

I tell him it's his choice, that "my peasant whore," doesn't mind it rough there, either.

His date squeals, now with unbridled excitement, "Wow!!! you wouldn't believe it, Randy! I can see everything! Like your dick sliding so easily through her hole. It looks so tight!" she pauses a half-second before adding to me, "can I have a picture?"

"As long it doesn't show its face, I don't care if you make a 4K video of it!" I answer.

Her phone is quickly up beside her face, it's lens aimed right at the point where his thickness is steadily disappearing into the dark purpleness of Joyce's asshole.

"Yeah, it's tight, baby... it's squeezing me as I use it!"

"Oh that has to feel so good!" she coos sweetly. Her free hand moves to the crotch of her jeans. After a split second she catches herself and it flies away. Her eyes never leave the action, the very point of entry.

Joyce purrs, loud enough to be heard, and sweetly, not even a hint of discomfort in her voice. It's enough to build his courage and he starts

The Serf

going a little faster. Joyce purrs a lot louder. He goes a bit faster, putting a bit of eager power into his thrusts. Joyce starts purring very loud with undisguised sensual arousal in her deep, breathy, cries. His girl eggs him to "ram it in, let me see you really give it to her ass!" He obediently starts pounding Joyce's butt with all his fury, giving it to her tight butt hard and fast. Joyce screams out the most erotically desperate moans, her hips buck back, thrusting against his cock to pound it even harder, and goosebumps erupt over her globes.

His date gets all of it on her phone, clearly taking me up on making a special video. A couple more times I see her hand creep to the crotch of her jeans, but as soon as it touches her she catches it and moves it away before anyone notices how hot she is.

He doesn't take long, maybe a couple of minutes of hard thrusting. Then he cums with a very loud, very satisfied grunt. A half-minute later, he's slipping his cock from her gaping asshole. A few tiny drops of his cum drip from its tip and a small rivulet runs from her wide, dark ring as it slowly cinches back closed.

Joyce straightens, drops to her knees facing his cock. "ask her." I snap since it's a change to the standing instructions Joyce has. She quickly pivots to the girl, who looks to be 21 at most. "My Lady, may this disgusting filthy peasant whore my Queen so graciously scraped out of the gutter please have to privilege of sucking her filth from your man's wonderfully huge cock, Ma'am?"

The girl looks shocked for a split second, then says "fine," with a very sly grin on her face.

Joyce pivots back just as quickly. His messy cock is still hanging out. Every eye in the place, having heard Joyce's plea, gawks openly at her. Joyce puts her mouth to the tip of his shaft. His date gets puts her camera there, but where it won't show more than Joyce's lips and nose from the side. Not enough to identify her. As Joyce slowly takes the dirty cock into her mouth, his date gets everything on camera. His length

The Serf

steadily disappears into her wide stretched lips.

This time the catcalls are louder than ever. The music is forgotten. The dancing paused. The party on hold while every gawks at Joyce's utter lack of shame and decency. "Disgusting," "It has got to taste like shit!" and "OMG, it's fresh from her ass, like gross!" now being as popular as comments on her especially skanky sluttiness.

Joyce gets it all, and sweetly pauses a second with all of it into her for the girl to get a good frame or three of Joyce's lips against his balls. Then his shaft is slowly emerging from her lips spotlessly clean with only a thin layer of saliva on it. His date records it all. Once it's out, Joyce tucks it back in his pants for him. Then she thanks the girl for allowing "her man" to "help the little puppies her beloved Queen adores by using this whore's disgusting bottom."

Joyce rises to her feet. She starts to jiggle her breasts, again "advertising" her body as I've told her to do.

With her arm affectionately around the guy, the girl asks if I'd like to see the video just to make sure there's nothing I mind on it. She offers me her phone, the video cued up. I take it, and in two seconds know there's nothing I mind on the video. This girl was too concerned with showing the real action, not the girl taking it. At most I see Joyce's bare bottom and glimpses of her wet fur. Then I see lips sucking it clean, from the point of her nose down to mid-jaw. Not even her chin is really visible. Just cheek, both sets.

I lower my voice. "I know you really liked that." I hope it's just enough for her to know that I saw her hand. It is, I see a little blush to her cheeks. I hold out her phone, keeping a tight grip on it. "another \$10 and you can make a special video for him, too." I grin at her slyly.

His eyes light up. What guy's wouldn't. I thought my offer was pretty plain. He whips out a ten and hold up it, "come on, Penny, let it be my treat! Matching videos."

The Serf

Penny blushes a very deep red. "A girl???" she balks in a muted voice, as if equally excited, and disgusted, by the idea. He doesn't give her much chance to object. He drops the ten on the phone in my hand.

I pocket it, saying very sweetly "no refunds." then I turn to Joyce, "eat pussy, whore," and watch as Joyce hurries to her knees in front of the brown-haired girl. I cue up the camera on her phone, starting a second recording, and hand the phone to Sophie telling her "slave, get a very good video for this customer."

Penny stands stunned. Joyce doesn't hesitate to pull the pants of Penny's cat costume down. Her panties go with it so quickly I barely see that they're black, lacy, and very skimpy. Clearly, she expected Randy to see her in them later. Maybe he still will... IN another second, Joyce's fingers have the silky smooth lips of Penny's moderately puffy pussy mound wide apart, and her lips to Penny's clearly eager clit.

Sophie, the evil little slave-girl that she is, kneels behind Penny. She holds the camera up between Penny's spread thighs, it's lens aimed directly at Penny's bared pussy. On its screen I can see that Penny's pussy, a little sliver of her thighs, and Joyce's lips on her clit are all that's showing. But it's clear those are girly lips on her.

In a few seconds Penny is the one screeching desperate moans as Joyce's tongue slowly swirls its delicate caress around her throbbing, aching, hard nub. Now it's Penny drawing everyone's attention. The eyes are about evenly split along gender lines, mostly guys watching her smoothly-shaven pubes as her hips start to squirm energetically, and mostly girls watching the slutty, and very sultry, look of pleasure on her screeching face. Randy takes a page from Penny's playbook and gets a close look. Just for him, Joyce briefly opens her lips to let him catch a glimpse of her feminine tongue on Penny's prominent clit. Sophie's wry grin tells me the camera caught it, too.

As Randy stands back up, Penny's hands start flailing about wildly. He stands beside her and takes them, holding them as he wraps an arm

The Serf

around her lean, furiously squirming body. He holds her tightly, softly telling her "go ahead, Penny, enjoy it... let me see you cum on her face." He holds her snug in his embrace.

A minute later he gets to see it. Penny screeches a loud cry of passionate release. Her hips shudder crisply. After close to a minute she starts to still and I call Joyce off. Penny stays firmly in his arms, standing loosely as Joyce fixes the bottom of her costume back as it was. Penny pants for her breath. The audience mostly applauds loudly, especially the guys who are so pleased to have been treated to a girl-on-girl show. A few of the girls balk at the same-sex display, a few more comment on how slutty it was to let everyone see it. A few more try to say nothing and keep a wary eye on their dates lest they are asked to be next.

Joyce rises to her feet, a glistening coat of honey around her lips. Sophie hands me the phone, and I hand it to Randy, seeing that Penny might just drop it with the state she's in now. He takes it and tells me it's the best money they ever spent, that those videos will be "with them for quite a while." he offers me a copy, and I give him a number. I promise to just keep them for "my serf's shamebook," which I tell him is like Facebook, only it shows her shame, the things a normal person would just die if anyone knew about much less saw. Penny isn't ready to think clearly enough to realize that he just sent me pictures of her most intimate places.

Joyce is very quickly bending over and offering up her bottom again to another paying customer. The sorority's "big shot girl," comes by and idly asks me "your whore services girls, too, huh?"

"It services whatever I tell it to. It'll do a donkey if I wish it."

As Joyce straightens up a very young girl, wearing only a skimpy hunter green bra and panties, but carrying the rest of her costume, comes up to me with a \$10. She sets a chair down. "Our pledge mistress offered 10 pledge points and choice of rooms to any pledge who could last ten minutes on that tongue. I'm behind in points." She shrugs. "Naked."

The Serf

She reaches up and starts taking her bra off. Now even more eyes are on us. Some party, I'm turning out to be more entertainment than the band!

The girl looks to be maybe 18. I ask her how old she is. There's no way I'd let her see, much less participate, if she's underage. That's illegal. She tells me 18, her birthday is in August. So maybe 2 months past her birthday. I nod, and her panties slip down.

She's cute, with long blond-brown hair, smallish and pointy, breasts with perky deep-pink nipples standing up wide and proud at their tips, a tight bottom, and a smoothly shave pubes. She sits on the edge of the chair, spreads her knees wide to allow full access to her very long, and equally flat, pussy mound. She grips the edges of the seat, lies back and lets her head loll so she's staring at the ceiling. "OK, I'm ready."

The sorority minder stares at her watch as I order Joyce to eat pussy. Joyce doesn't hesitate to get her lips to that pussy and start performing exactly as I taught her I expect her to.

The pledge sits still. For about one second, then I hear her moans starting. And quickly growing. In a few seconds she cries out "Oh my God! This whore can really eat a pussy!" she moans a few more times, then adds a squealy "I didn't think it would be this hard!"

The sorority sisters have gathered around to taunt their pledge, calling her "slut," and "dyke," as the comment on the obvious lasciviousness of her show. The guys try hard to get a good look, too.

The pledge screams her sensual moans, their squeaky tone carrying enough I wonder if they can hear her at the frat next door. Her butt doesn't stay still for long, either. It squirms furiously all over the seat of that chair. It even rises up off the seat, her legs stiff and her back arched a few times. That makes for a very nice display of her small breasts.

I watch the pledge's near-bony-thin thighs close around Joyce's head, clamping it firmly in place. I hand my iPhone to Sophie and tell her to get a video of this, now that the pledge's legs are hiding Joyce's face.

The Serf

Sophie's wry evil grin springs up as she aims the camera at the near-thrashing wild girl.

It goes on about a minute, the girl screaming her lungs out towards the end. Then she loses the "dare," cumming hard. Her hips snapping violently up and down, thrashing from side-to-side. The rest of her squirms just as urgently. Joyce ignores the obvious climax and keeps licking, awaiting instructions.

I turn to the pledge mistress. "Shall I stop the whore, or let it continue?"

She grins back at me. "My pledge has six minutes to go."

The pledge squirms even more desperately, and violently, as she screams her way through the orgasm, and Joyce starts to push her towards a second. As the fractions of a second tick by, she squirms more and more desperately. I know there's no way she's going to last another six minutes.

Soon her feet are no longer on the floor. Her legs join the squirming, kicking fast and hard every which way. Even that doesn't stop her bottom from snapping up of the seat, leaving only her hands and shoulders to brace herself, for an instant before slamming back down. She screams and thrashes so graphically it's more energetic than any porn movie.

By the second her feet kick ever more violently and wildly. I think she cums a second time, but she's so energetically squirming around and screeching it's hard to tell. I watch as her feet reach a never-before-seen speed as they kick around hard, more as if she's running for her life, even as her bottom is all over the place. Then I see her feet come down hard on Joyce's shoulders, not hard enough to hurt Joyce, but Joyce definitely feels it. The pledge's feet shove Joyce down hard, pushing her shoulders down, shoving Joyce to the floor, which pulls her head from the girl's pussy. The girl screeches a few more seconds, her screeches slowly fading to deep pants.

The Serf

Joyce picks herself up off the floor and rises to her feet. She faces me, ready to accept her punishment for her failure. She knows I didn't allow her to stop, and she shouldn't have allowed this little girl to push her tongue away until I permitted it.

"Five minutes, eleven seconds. You lose, pledge." the pledge mistress announces loudly, which gets a loud round of cheers.

"I don't care..." the pledge says in a very deep, breathy, muted, and sultry voice, "that was too damn much!" She tries to get up, end up on her hands and knees next to the chair to a round of laughter.

"Anyone wishing a copy of the video of this pledge's sluttiness, see my slave. It's available with a donation of whatever you think it's worth to the very adorable and needy puppies at the SPCA." I tell Sophie to send a free copy to the pledge mistress. Sophie does so immediately. The pledge mistress hands Sophie a \$10 anyway saying "it is for the puppies after all."

A minute later I'm sitting in the chair with Joyce turned over my knees. She lies still and loose, accepting of her punishment, as I unfasten the straps from the stockings so absolutely nothing is on her bottom. Sophie hands me the small paddle she's been carrying in my purse, not much larger than a hairbrush, only made of stiff rubber. I put its blade to Joyce's taut bottom. A crowd gathers around to watch.

"You know better, whore, I didn't tell you to stop. You disappointed your Queen, and now you'll pay dearly for it! Behave your naughty little bottom, serf."

I start spanking her bottom. As the paddle lands I feel Joyce's body stiffen for an instant at the moment the crack rings out. It leaves a little pink spot on her white globe. I swat her other cheek. Then I glance down and see that Joyce is already crying, and there's no way it from the pain. It's from disappointing her queen. Sophie would be in tears over that, too.

I spank her bottom good, letting everyone watch the middle-aged

The Serf

woman over my young and tiny knees being paddled like a toddler. I'm sure that's especially humiliating for her, even more so in public. I don't care. I doubt she does, either. She's too upset at disappointing me to care what I do to her now. But the guys seem to be enjoying the show. I spank her bottom until it's a bright red.

Joyce never ones cries out. I can feel her stiffening hard over me with every stroke, so there's no hiding that they're hurting her. But she never makes a sound, not even a grunt. Nor does she try to protect her bottom or squirm around, or get up. She just lies there and allows me to inflict the pain of the punishment she deserves. And suffers it like a repentant serf. It's only the second time I've had to spank her, and she took the first one just as well.

I put her off my knees. "now behave your worthless butt, serf. You are forgiven."

"Yes, my too-generous Queen! Thank you so much, my Queen, for spanking my naughty bottom. This worthless peasant whore is so sorry for disappointing you, my wonderful Queen, I swear I'll behave. Thank you, my Queen, my Goddess, for allowing this worthless whore another chance, Ma'am!" Joyce squeals eagerly. Then she's back to her feet, still on her leash, and flaunting her body again. Especially her newly-reddened bottom.

By the time I'm ready to Uber home, Joyce has sucked at least a dozen cocks, fucked about as many men, anally services five men, and orally service one more girl, clearly on a dare by her boyfriend. Those puppies at the SPCA are going to appreciate all the money Joyce's slutty bottom earned them tonight!

"Come along now, serf." I say loudly as we're walking out to our Uber, "when we get back to the castle my slave will give you a nice huge enema and douching to wash the skank out!"

Since Joyce performed so well tonight, instead of telling her that, I decide to give her a special reward. After filling Joyce's bottom with a few

The Serf

extra ounces of enema fluid, and leaving Joyce to wait five and a half minutes, which is a half minute more than necessary, but on my instructions, Sophie takes Joyce to the bathroom and sits her on the toilet.

With Joyce sitting up straight, her stomach obviously lightly cramping, Sophie tenderly slips her fingers to Joyce's pussy. "Shh..." she says sweetly and quietly to Joyce, "my Mistress said I may, as long as you are very good while I tend to you. You may cum when you wish. You may relieve yourself only once you start cumming. Not sit still, be quiet, and let me give you a very special gift from your Queen."

Sophie starts rubbing Joyce's clit very skillfully. I watch, peeking in unseen by Joyce, as her body instantly stiffens. In about a second she's so tensed that I can see the cramps rippling through her stomach. I can only imagine how she must feel, the cramps in her stomach, her bowels begging to explode, and her clit throbbing so desperately for just a little more to end the torturous ache it's had to endure all night long.

Joyce doesn't last a minute. She holds her scream in, merely exhaling a too-hard breath. Her hips stay on the seat but shudder crisply and violently hard. And her bowel explodes noisily. As soon as it does, Joyce starts quivering hard, her body loose on the seat as goosebumps seemingly erupt over every bit of her body. Sophie stops, knowing that Joyce has finished.

Joyce sits there, unsteadily, but mostly up straight, her bottom gushing shamelessly, and her pussy spasming hard enough to squirt gobs of mixed cream downward. Her eyes glassy, her breathing deep panting. Joyce just sits there, her butt flowing hard. And sits there. And sits there.

It's a good twenty minutes before Sophie has her locked in her cage for the night and follows me to my bedroom where her tongue can tend to me.