

Pulling Her Train



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Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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Introduction:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Attention Readers:

This story is slightly different from my usual ones in two ways. First, chapter one is a very quick summary of Friday night, and then the real story begins Saturday morning with chapter two.

Second, I get a good number of requests to “talk” to the toys during a session. This story is the first time I’ve ever let anyone who wasn’t in the room have any role. The honor goes to my friend Ken in Nebraska.

Ken, thanks for everything, this story is for you.



Prologue – The Day Before

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Skylar's story actually began yesterday. Friday morning. Before then, I'd never heard of Skylar. I was just looking through my t-mail, as I call it, the emails from my toys, to see which naughty playtoy was going to serve as my amusement this evening. Then an email from my friend Andrea popped up.

The email tells me about Skylar. Andrea doesn't know her well at all. Nor has Andrea ever played with her. But she has briefly met the woman several times. They're both in the same industry. They're both flight attendants, although for different airlines.

But Andrea owns Skylar's roommate, another flight attendant for Skylar's airline. Andrea "bumped into" her toy this morning. I suspect there's far more to it than that. Knowing Andrea, her playtoy ended up naked in the ladies' room of an airport somewhere. Probably hoping that Andrea decided to return her clothes. That is so something that Andrea would do.

Andrea tells me that her playtoy brought up Skylar. Apparently, Skylar has been playing with herself. A lot. As in a few times a day. Enough so that it's no secret from her roomie. Her roomie tried mentioning it to Skylar, I'm sure in a coy, roundabout way. All Skylar said was "you have your Mistress!"

Then Andrea's toy mentioned that Skylar was on a flight to Mobile today, where she'd have a 24-hour layover. I'm sure that was brought up because her toy knows that Andrea lives in Mobile, even though she's based out of Atlanta. Almost as if the toy was saying "will you meet with Skylar?" Of course, no toy would ask something so direct of Andrea. At least not if she liked her bottom white instead of red.

Andrea was going the wrong way. I don't even try to keep up with her schedule, her crew is always changing up where they're going. So Andrea decided to offer Skylar to me. She sent me a few pictures of the woman, taken by her roomie, too. Then again, Andrea knows I'd never agree sight unseen. There were some nude pictures in

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there, too. Which tells me that Andrea's toy and Skylar had been scheming this for a while now. It's not like many people just happen to have day-old naked pictures of their roommate on their phone. And that tells me that Skylar wants to play. She just doesn't want to tell anyone directly. If not, she never would have agreed to those pictures. Especially not since she had to have a pretty good idea who they would be shown to.

After looking at the photos, and reading the few paragraphs that Andrea added, the sum total of what she knew about Skylar, I decide to see if Skylar will be amusing or not. Why not? My inner imp, the devious little girl that she is, is already envisioning amusing things she could do with a flight attendant.

So I tell Andrea to send me Skylar's flight info and to tell Skylar that as soon as she's done with her flight, before setting a toe, much less a whole foot, off of her plane, she is to call me for instructions. I ask her to remind Skylar that there are harsh consequences for disobedience in my realm, too.

Andrea sent me the flight number and ETA into MOB - Mobile Regional Airport. She added that Skylar would have to get all the passengers off the plane, then make sure it was "quick cleaned" before the cabin crew could turn the plane over to their relief and leave. She said I should expect Skylar's call sometime, loosely around 14:00. The plane was only scheduled to be on the ground here for 40 minutes, including the crew change. After that, Skylar had until 12:30 Saturday. That's when she had to be back at the airport for her next flight.

Since I know a few of the desk clerks at the Hilton downtown, which is about two blocks from my place, I made a call long before Skylar landed. Maybe even before she'd taken off. I asked a desk clerk I know if he could arrange to reserve a room in Skylar's name. And to upgrade it from the cheap room the airline pays for to a nicer one-bedroom suite. Knowing me, and knowing that I was up to something, he agreed to take care of it for me.

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Skylar called me at about 13:40. Or somewhere close to that. It was clear to me, from her very hushed voice, that the relief crew had already boarded. Thus, I assume she wasn't alone. And she definitely didn't want anyone to hear what she was saying. She told me that she was sitting in the first row of seats, but could only stay a couple of minutes, they were about to start boarding the outbound flight. I might have made her do a video call, but I could hear the unmistakable sounds of an aircraft in the background. I knew she was aboard one. It's sounds no pilot would mistake.

I told Skylar that she was to come directly to the Hilton downtown. There would be a room waiting in her name. They already knew her airline was paying and would accept their voucher for the room. She was to go straight up to her room, find a place to have a seat, and wait. For however long, until I deigned to show up.

When Skylar checked in, the desk clerk didn't mention to her that he'd already given out a key to her room. To me. Or maybe she saw a different clerk who didn't know. I didn't bother to ask. I was waiting inside her room when she walked through the door.

It was a big shock to Skylar to discover someone already in the room. She didn't know who I was, either. I immediately took forceful control of the scene. It took a little stern encouragement, but fairly soon Skylar was naked. Her suitcase was still beside the door. Only now her uniform was tossed on top of it.

Skylar, I discovered quickly, was a rather mousy woman. Shy and quiet the minute it came to anything personal. It took me a couple of minutes to teach her the proper posture to stand. And then to kneel.

Once I did that, I put her on her knees for an "interview." While Skylar knelt on the floor, her knees wide apart so that I could see her pussy mound, and her hands behind her back so that I could see her breasts, I asked her a number of questions. All of the stuff I like to know about my playtoys. Everything from their full names, to when

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their last period was, to what experience they have. It comes in handy to know all of that.

Next on my agenda was a thorough cleaning up. I started with a drug test, one thing that I require of all new toys, more so the ones I don't know. I refuse to have anything to do with those using drugs. And they sell instant tests at every pharmacy around here. Needless to say, I watched Skylar very closely as she peed in her cup. Then I supervised her just as thoroughly as she took a long shower. I made sure she washed up my way, to my standards.

Then I put her back on her knees for a second "discussion." In my most mocking voice, I repeatedly asked her very pointed questions about her masturbation. It took a while, but when I was done, I knew everything there was to know. From how she did it, to how often, to where, and even what little fantasies she was conjuring up as she did.

I need to know all of that. Mostly because I wanted to craft a "lesson" for Skylar that would... encourage her to stop masturbating so often as well as teach her the basics of being someone else's property.

Her fantasies were fairly simple, at least from my point of view. The central theme of them was her being used by a man. A man who wasn't so concerned with her as he was with his pleasure. A man who was strong enough to take control of her and the scene. A man who would ignore her mousiness, her pleas for mercy, and just make her do it.

That meshed well with what I'd heard of her past. Few boyfriends. Few lovers. The ones she'd had were the type of guys who just refused to accept her no as an answer, whether she meant "no," or meant "I'm just too shy to do that, but I really want to." Basically, the few lovers she'd had were the men who'd ignored her and helped themselves to her. Luckily they were men who had been dating her, although I don't know if they'd bullied their way into that, too.

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I'm guessing it took them more than a little pressure to get Skylar to submit to their desires. It took me more than, shall we say gentle, pressure get to her to submit to me. But once I'd sternly shown her that I wouldn't tolerate anything but unquestioning obedience from her, she willingly did as she was told. Without hesitation.

And now that I know everything there is to know, I have an idea in mind. I tell Skylar to turn and face the wall. That way she doesn't see the text I'm sending. Or even that I'm sending one. My phone won't ding with an incoming text as long as the screen is already open, and it won't turn off for several minutes unless I push the button. I just wait for the "Yes, my Queen," reply to come through.

Then I take Skylar to the coffee table. A bed would just be too comfortable for her, something I don't want. I want her slightly uncomfortable. I tell her only that it's time for me to check her body and see if there's some reason for her to be acting like such a whore. I closely inspect her pussy, using my gloved fingers to stretch her tunnel wide enough to get a peek all the way to her cervix. Mostly I just make sure that Skylar is aware of how closely I'm seeing her pussy.

Then I do the same with her asshole. The first thing I notice is how tight it's clenched. And how uncomfortably Skylar grunts as my finger pushes into it. It tells me that she wasn't lying when she said she had zero experience with anal. I doubt she's even had much there in the way of a finger or toy. As much as she's fidgeting with my slim finger in her bottom, I doubt too many guys would mess with her there much. She'll learn.

While I have her lying on the table, on her back, I tell her to show me how she masturbates. I want to see her technique. I tell her to begin, and keep doing until I tell her to stop. Exactly the way she'd be doing it if she were alone in her bed with the lights off. Skylar blushes to a bright, almost fire engine, red but reluctantly starts rubbing herself. I mock her technique. I tell her that everything she's doing is wrong. No wonder she can't stop

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playing with it, she can't actually satisfy it. There's really no wrong way to do it. It's whatever works. But I'm not telling her that. I'm mocking her.

It's probably the most humiliated she's been so far. It gives me a chance to see how that affects her. Nicely, from my point of view. It makes her cringe. It makes her blush. It makes her look like she's about to cry. And it makes her fingers at least twice as eager. Thus, humiliation is an arousing thing for her.

Now it's time to bind Skylar. I start with one of my favorite gags. The one that holds her mouth wide open yet has a ring in the center that allows access to her mouth as it gapes. It will keep her from talking, which is the important part. Next, I blindfold her. And I put a wide leather collar on her neck.

Then I turn her over, putting her on her knees in front of the end of the coffee table. I use ropes, my favored rough hemp ropes, to bind her ankles to the legs. That pulls her knees up under the table a bit. Then I pull her arms forward, tying her wrists together and binding those to the tabletop with her elbows on the table.

It leaves Skylar's bottom rather nicely poked out, her thighs wide enough apart to have her pussy fully displayed and accessible. Her bottom is firm enough that with it pulled taut as it is, her asshole is visible, too.

And then I get a dildo. Not an especially big one, but one that's about eight inches long and 1¼" thick. It's shaped just like a real cock, too. Complete with a fake head that's rubbery soft.

With a little lubricant on it, I teach Skylar how to ease an anal entry. The instant the greasy tip touches her asshole, her ring cinches rather firmly shut. I tell her that she wants to listen and learn. And that I don't care if she does. I don't care if this is easy or hard for her. I won't be feeling it either way. She will. She takes the hint and tries hard to learn. The first couple of times she screeches into the gag. After that, she gets better at relaxing her bottom and it gets more comfortable for her.

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At exactly 18:00, Penelope arrives. She's one of my younger toys. But she makes an excellent "slut sitter." I just don't use her for that very much. She makes a good substitute wife, too, but I don't use her for that much either. I guess I use her a lot, but also for a lot of things.

I know Skylar can hear everything. But gagged and bound, she can't say anything. So Skylar listens as I tell Penelope her job. "You're her pimp tonight," I tell Penelope that I'm confident men will be coming by. When they do, regardless of the time, she's to answer the door and invite them in. One at a time, no exceptions.

Whoever comes may use Skylar's pussy or bottom as they wish. Condoms are mandatory. No matter what, short of a fire, Skylar is not to be untied, even if someone asks for that. She's to be left exactly as she is. Her mouth is off-limits since the gag prevents that.

I don't tell Penelope who Skylar is. Not even Skylar's name. I call Skylar "fuck hole," and that's the only name Penelope has for her. Nor does Penelope know anything else about her, like her age.

Penelope's job is to keep a close eye on Skylar. She's to make sure that no one does anything to her that isn't on the allowed list. If there are any signs of trouble, anything actually wrong with Skylar, Penelope is to call me immediately, regardless of the time. But otherwise, Skylar is available to anyone who shows up to use her.

Penelope is also to offer her services freeing cocks from pants and encouraging them to full stiffness. And cleaning them off and tucking them back in. She's even to put condoms on and take them off for the guys if they want. She's to offer, not wait to be asked to.

I hand Penelope the ice bucket. "For when this useless fuck hole has to pee. Or worse," I tell Penelope. Since Skylar can't ask for relief, Penelope will have to put the bucket behind her and tell Skylar it's there if she wants to use it. Skylar only gets that relief when Penelope decides to offer it.

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I leave Penelope there. As I do, Penelope is plopping in a chair and turning the TV on. She has no interest in a one-sided conversation with Skylar.

Then I send a simple text to a half dozen guys I know from campus. I tell them that “fuck hole” is available for them to use as they wish tonight. All night. They’re welcome to drop by and enjoy the “free pussy.” They’re welcome to tell their friends about it, too. I don’t care who shows up. Only that they follow my rules, which I know Penelope will make sure they do. Skylar is available until 09:00 in the morning. I add that Skylar is at the Hilton and her room number.

Then I walk the two blocks home for a leisurely supper, all thoughts of Skylar pushed far to the back of my mind.



Chapter One - The Whore

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Saturday morning I head over to the Hilton just before 09:00. I haven't heard anything from Penelope, so I know everything has been going fine with Skylar. If it wasn't, she would have called me. One of the reasons I picked her for the job is because I know she wouldn't hesitate to call if it was warranted.

I have a key to the room. I use it to let myself in. I don't knock, I just open the door and step right in. After all, it's my scene!

The instant I step in I see that Skylar's popularity hasn't faded. I know that because there's a guy on his knees behind fucking her. He doesn't seem to notice me, though. He steadily goes on thrusting into the bound Skylar. Penelope is sitting on a sofa off to the side, where she can see the action, but is also out of the way.

Skylar is still bound exactly as I left her. Over the table. With the table supporting her weight. Her ankles are snugly tied to the table's leg, her knees up under it and off the floor. The edge of the table is flush in the sharp bend of her waist. Her elbows are bound to the table, as are her hands. She's looking down at the table, or would be if she weren't blindfolded. She's breathing hard, deep, crisp breaths. They'd be loud moans if the gag wasn't stopping that. As it holds her mouth stretched wide open and her tongue down, it keeps her from making much in the way of sounds. Just primal grunts.

Skylar is about covered in sweat. Her skin is flushed to a light, and bright, pinkness. I can't see much of her pussy and bottom with this man fucking her, so I don't know what that looks like. But I can see that Penelope is tired. She clearly hasn't had the chance to nod off. I guess Skylar hasn't either.

I left Penelope three boxes of condoms. They're cheap ones that I get for free from the free clinic where I volunteer one afternoon a week. There are 24 to a box. I see one box on the table across the room. There's a second box open on the sofa next to where Skylar is. I see two condoms left in that box. I glance over to the trash

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can and see the third box there, along with a bunch of used condoms. There are 24 to a box. The math tells me that this man is wearing number 46. Apparently, Skylar has been rather popular. Or at least her pussy has been.

I have no idea who this man is. I doubt he has a clue who I am, either. Maybe he thinks I'm just here to relieve Penelope. She definitely looks like she's had a long night. I did tell the guys I text to invite their friends to enjoy Skylar. But this guy... I know the guys I invited fairly well. I don't know all of their friends, but I've probably at least seen most of them. This guy I've never seen before. I doubt he's a student at USA. He looks more like he's a trade school student. But looks can be deceiving. I assume that he's probably a friend of a friend. Maybe of a friend. It seems like my "invite your friends" has added a few levels to it.

Not that I actually care. I did want Skylar kept busy. And with the mandatory condoms, she'll be safe and healthy. Just very well fucked. What amazes me is that a guy would show up here and knock on the room door just because he'd heard from another guy that there was a pussy taking all comers there. And that he'd be willing to fuck a woman bound over a table, blindfolded and gag, having no idea who she is, or if she's even there willingly. Yet, judging by the number of used condoms in that trash can, Skylar had plenty of takers.

Skylar is a 34-year-old woman. She stands 5'5" tall and weighs, as of yesterday, 129 pounds. It makes her a fairly petite and slim woman. But also a woman with a decently curvy body. Her narrow frame has nice, flowing curves to her hips and waist.

Not that anyone can see it with the blindfold covering about half of it, but Skylar has a fairly ovalish face. A face with soft, flowing lines and a well-rounded jawline. She has bright green eyes under thin eyebrows that are well teased. She has a slightly long and wide nose. And she has a wide mouth framed with plump, full, light pink lips. Her smile is wide enough that it seems to stretch almost

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completely across her face. Except that now the gag is holding her mouth stretched wide open, making it more a big O of a mouth. All of it is framed with long, deep brown hair that's silky and fine as it hangs down to the bottoms of her shoulder blades.

Skylar has lean shoulders. Shoulders that let me see the outline of her collarbones. She has a narrow chest, too. And a flat stomach. Her hips are fairly well curved, but also lean. She has slim, narrow, and shapely legs. Legs that are lean enough to leave a narrow gap between the tops of her thighs. A gap that leaves the modest, but puffy, mound of her pussy fully bared. Untouched by her thighs, even as she stands straight up.

Skylar has an equally petite pair of breasts. But they're shapely breasts, too. They sit slightly low on her chest, lying back with only the tiniest crease as they meet her chest. Their undersides are gently rounded with a flowing curve, almost like a bowl. Their tops have a moderately steep slope to them. The tips of her mounds are well-rounded, but also have a bit of pointiness to them, tapering inward before rounding. Her mounds are a soft, milky white. They're topped with a pair of marble-wide, medium pink nipples that stand up almost $\frac{1}{4}$ " from the rings around them. They're a medium, slightly deep, shade of pink. And they're surrounded by even wider rings of pinkness that starts the same deep pink as her nipples but fades into a light pink as it extends out from there. The rings are wide enough they seem to take up the entire tips of her breasts, and even flow slightly onto the sides. They leave a short, but steep and wide, V of cleavage between them. They're not hard, but they have enough firmness to hold their shape. They're also soft enough to squish like a wet sponge in my hand.

Not that I can see much of her now. Mostly what I can see is her lean back. It's pulled taut as the ropes pull her shoulders up to the far end of the table. And that, coupled with her narrow body, makes it look slightly long.

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And lean enough that I can make out the outline of her spine.

And I can see the firm, well-rounded globes of Skylar's bottom. With her knees pulled so far up under the table, it has her cheeks pulled taut, making them even more firm and rounded. It has them tight enough that her crack is stretched open, fully exposing the ring of her asshole in its chasm. And it has her pussy mound displayed rather wantonly below the curving bottom edge of those globes.

It takes the man a couple of minutes to finish. He didn't even miss a beat as I came in. And nothing seems to slow him down now. He thrusts away eagerly, pounding his average-sized cock into Skylar's pussy as if there's no one else there.

I do something I don't normally do. I step back a bit and snap a quick picture with my phone. I do it only because Ken, my friend, and proofreader in Nebraska wanted to see a picture of Skylar tied over the table. And my inner imp knows that Ken likes to see pictures of the toys "in use." So I take one now, framing it carefully not to show much of the guy beyond his cock as it drives into Skylar. The guy doesn't seem to even notice. He doesn't notice me send the picture off to Ken, either. Not that it matters, since he's unidentifiable in it. Unless someone could recognize his cock,

He finishes, climaxing with a loud grunt. After several more thrusts, each one slower than the last, he pulls his cock from Skylar's pussy.

Skylar quivers lightly. She loosens up a bit, too, her muscles relaxing a bit and letting the table support more of her weight. She pants heavily.

Penelope very quickly hops up to her feet. She crosses one step over to where the guy is. As he rises back up to his feet, Penelope drops to her knees in front of him. "May I please be allowed to take that icky rubber off of your huge cock and clean it up for you, Sir?" Penelope offers him in her sugariest voice.

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The man, about 25, I'd guess, a little tall and slightly on the wiry side eagerly agrees to allow Penelope to do so. Then again, Penelope is only 20-years old. She's slightly on the petite side as well. She's rather attractive, especially "dressed up" as she is now. It's what I call her "office bitch" look. It has a definite hotness to it, sort of like a prim librarian kind of thing.

Penelope stands 5'6" tall, a full inch taller than Skylar. She weighs about the same at 130 pounds. Penelope also has a slim body, but hers has a little more fullness to it than Skylar's. It actually makes her look even curvier. The lines of her waist and hips flow smoothly and gently into an hourglass.

Penelope didn't know she'd be staying the night when I summoned her, so she didn't bring any extra clothes. She's still wearing the short-sleeved black shirt she had on last night. It's a pullover, but it's silky. It's not snug on her body, but it's close enough that it fully accents her curves. And the fact that she's clearly braless underneath. The way her wide nipples poke out, straining the fabric, leaves no doubt about that.

Penelope has a decently oval-shaped face with slightly stronger lines to it than Skylar's, especially at her chin. But they are soft lines, too. She has slightly long light brown hair that hangs down to her shoulder blades. She has radiant blue eyes under thick, and dark, eyebrows. Those are mostly hidden now behind a pair of glasses with thick black frames and lenses that are rectangles with rounded corners. She has a long, prominent nose with a steep slope to it. It's only slightly on the wide side. She has a straight line of a mouth, that's decently on the wide side, with light pink lips that are full and plump.

Penelope looks like she belongs in an office. She'd be the stern one behind some desk telling you that you can't get whatever you came for. Like the one telling you that your congressman doesn't have to speak with you, now or ever. She keeps that look and poise as she drops to her knees in front of him.

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And now, as she's reaching for the base of his cock. Her hands go to the very end of his shaft. Penelope grins wide as her fingers touch the shaft. Even here, just past the rim of the condom, there's a little bit of Skylar's wet honey. Penelope uses her fingers to gently ease the condom from his cock. Once it's off, she casually tosses it into the trash.

Penelope reaches for a box of tissues. She uses a few of those to clean his cock off. Normally I have my toys clean cocks off with their mouths. But not this time. I'd told Penelope not to do that. I expected that a few of the invited guys would bring friends, and I'd never allow one of my toys to swallow any bodily fluid from a man I didn't know, for certain, was healthy. Unlike this man, whom I don't even know, and have no way of knowing if he's healthy or not. I'm a nurse, and we always assume that everyone has everything and take proper precautions. Penelope was told to do the same. So she wipes his cock clean. Then she tucks it back into his pants.

"My Queen hopes that you've enjoyed using this fuck hole, Sir," She sweetly tells him as she rises back up to her feet.

"Oh, yeah," He says with a grin.

Very politely, and sweetly, Penelope puts her arms around him and walks him to the door. I did tell her to discourage them from hanging around. There's no reason for it. I just wanted Skylar to get fucked. I'm not hosting a party. At least not this time.

On his way out, he stops at the tip jars I've set up by the door. There's one with "Fuck Hole" on it, and another with "Nasty Bitch, your hostess" on it. Both also have a picture of a cute puppy and a notice that all tips will be donated to the SPCA. Which they will be. He drops a bill in each, but I don't see what each girl gets. I can see coins in fuck hole's jar. I guess someone must have really been scraping the bottoms of his pockets to tip her. Or else didn't think she was worthy of a whole dollar.

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I ask Penelope how busy Skylar has been. Penelope tells me that Skylar has “just been miss popularity.” It has been a fairly constant stream of guys coming to take advantage of her. Seldom, she says, has more than a few minutes gone by before the next guy has knocked at the door.

I figure that my text has been passed around enough that a few details might have gotten lost on the way. Details like that Skylar was only available until 09:00. I find some paper in the hotel room and write a quick sign. It reads “Sorry, you’re too late. The fun ended at 09:00. Now please go away and do not disturb.” I stick it to the outside of the door, hoping that it will discourage anyone else from knocking.

“Show me her pussy, nasty bitch,” I tell Penelope. I just want to make sure that Skylar hasn’t been injured. After hearing how busy she’s been, I assume her pussy is going to be a bit sore. Probably her bottom, too. That I don’t care about. But I would care if there was any actual injury. And I’d be upset with Penelope who should have called me.

With Skylar still securely tied over the table, Penelope kneels down beside her. She reaches her hands over to Skylar’s pussy. She pulls Skylar’s lips and inner folds wide apart, exposing every bit of Skylar’s pinkness to me. She stretches Skylar’s lips wide enough apart that she even pulls Skylar’s tunnel open, letting me see almost all the way into Skylar’s pussy.

Skylar’s pussy is flushed to a very hot and bright shade of light red. And it’s glistening with a heavy coating of honey. The walls of her tunnel are just as tender-looking. Flushed bright, but well honeyed. Her clit is still mostly hard, not quite steely hard though, and covered with honey. I don’t see any cum in or on her pussy. At least not a man’s cum. It looks to me as if Skylar has cum more than a couple of times. I don’t see any places where she’s been rubbed too raw, though. A few that are pretty close to it, but none that are chaffed all the way.

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While Penelope is holding Skylar's pussy wide open I ask Penelope if she's been keeping a close eye on Skylar. She tells me that she has. As instructed. Penelope says that after every guy, or two, or three... whenever Skylar had a brief respite from the fucking, Penelope took a close look at her pussy, just as I'm doing now. She tells me that Skylar's pussy has been "so sloppy wet" the entire night. She giggles, adding "she must really like getting pimped out, my Queen!"

I snap a quick picture of Skylar's pussy. I know that Ken will want to see it. And I know that somehow, in the future, I will think up some rather impish way to use the picture to torment Skylar a bit. To remind her what a whore she was last night.

I tell Penelope to show me Skylar's asshole. Her asshole is tiny, surrounded by a wide swath of light pink flesh. It sits flush with the valley of her crack, too. As Skylar's bound, I can already see her asshole. Her crack is stretched decently open. Enough that the inside edges of her cheeks aren't touching, and have enough space between them that they're not hiding anything.

Penelope puts her hands to Skylar's globes and pulls them apart until Skylar's crack is gaping its widest for me. Now Skylar's asshole is flushed to a bright, glowing hot pinkness. It glistens under a thick coat of what looks like honey mixed with lubricating gel. A coat that's fresh enough to still be wet, not yet even that sticky.

When I'd left, Skylar's ring was flush with only a tiny pinpoint of darkness at the center of the wrinkle-lined pink flesh. Now that pinpoint has been stretched enough, and enough times, that's it's wider. Almost as wide as a pea. It'll close back up, but it will take a bit. An hour or three. But even now it's not open. It still closes fully. Just a little deeper into the ring of muscle. I'll bet Skylar is sore there, too. I know it's gotten a fair bit of use. I wonder if Skylar remembered her lesson from yesterday.

I snap another picture of her asshole. I'm already thinking of teasing Skylar with it. It will make a perfect

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reminder for Skylar of just how slutty she's been. Of how many men used her asshole. An asshole that was a virgin when I tied her over the table.

I'm sure Skylar never imagined losing that last bit of virginity. And she definitely didn't imagine losing it tied over a table. Much less to numerous guys in a line. And definitely not to unknown guys.



*Chapter Two - The Whore
Who Didn't Earn Her Keep*

Chapter Two - The Whore Who Didn't Earn Her Keep

I stand back up. I'd had to kneel behind Skylar to see her pussy with her bound over the low coffee table. Then I turn to Penelope. "Strip, bitch," I tell her in a firm voice, but also a voice that's soft. It says I'm not angry or disappointed with Penelope, I just expect her nude immediately.

That's what the command "strip" tells my toys. To get their clothes off as quickly as possible, without regard for how they come off. But to make a neat pile of them, not just toss them into a heap.

"Yes, my Queen," Penelope answers softly. She immediately puts her hands to the bottom of her shirt and starts lifting it up and over her head. For an instant, it merely bares her flat and toned stomach. Then, with Penelope not having a bra on, it bares her breasts.

Penelope's breasts are on the small side. They're also almost perfectly rounded. They swell off her chest like half oranges, curving fluidly in every direction as they do. And they're firm, like a hard, but wet, sponge. Not hard like rocks, but soft enough to be squishable in my hand.

Her mounds are milky white. Her wide nipples are a deep shade of brown-tinged pink. As wide as marbles, her nipples stand up about $\frac{1}{4}$ " from the tips of those mounds. With tips that are almost flat, having just enough roundness to them that they don't have edges or a rim. Those nipples are surrounded by fairly small rings of the same shade of color. Rings that aren't too much wider than the nipples in their centers.

Next, her jeans and panties are going down as one. She hasn't even bothered to get her shoes off. It very quickly bares her narrow hips and the flowing lines of their rounded curves. And then it bares a rather dense black bush. Penelope is one of the few toys I allow to have a thick bush, too. Mostly it's the married toys with husbands who prefer their wives that way. But it looks good on Penelope. It sets her apart from the other toys, too.

But that doesn't mean she's exempt from my usual grooming requirements. Her bush still has sharp lines at

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the top and both sides. Lines just inside of the crease of her thighs. No hair is longer than an inch, either. But her fur is dense, the hairs all twined together, making it look like thick black fur. It also ends just above the top of her slit. I don't allow any hair on her pussy lips. Or around them. It just gets in the way there.

She has slim and lean legs, too. Like Skylar, her thighs are slim enough to have a little gap between their tops. It would bare the flat mound of her pussy, if it weren't for the thick fur on her pubes sticking out just enough to obscure her mound.

Once Penelope has her pants down to her ankles, it only takes her a few more seconds to squat down and get her shoes and socks off. Then her jeans and panties are off her ankles. In another moment, she has everything in a neat pile beside her feet.

Penelope stands up in a proper poise, just as I taught Skylar to yesterday. Her hands are behind her back. Her feet are slightly apart. She tells me that she's nude now. She only has one thing left on her body, and that's her glasses. I allow her to leave those on most of the time. She needs them.

"Now show me your pussy, bitch," I softly and firmly tell Penelope.

Not that I need the firmness. Penelope's too well-behaved. She immediately turns her back to me. She spreads her legs as wide as she can without straining her legs. She leans forward, getting her back as close to flat with the floor as she can. She reaches around the outside of her hips and puts her fingers to her slit. She pulls her long, thin lips wide open, displaying all of her pinkness. "Here is my pussy, my Queen."

Penelope's pussy is a fairly light shade of pink. It's slightly flushed, but not to the glowing hot brightness that Skylar's is. Or to the redness that Skylar's is. But Penelope's pussy is just as wet as Skylar's. A creamy layer of her clear honey, with its lightly sweet muskiness, covers everything. I can see Penelope's pea-wide clit, too. That's

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swollen up as hard as a rock, poking its head above the loose knot of folds it calls home. It lets me see the meaty, and firm, walls of her pussy. She pulls herself wide enough open that it stretches her tunnel open. And with the firmness of her soft walls, it offers me a view clear to her depths.

I pull a latex glove out of my pocket. I usually keep a few there when I have a toy around, just in case. Like now. As wet as Penelope's pussy is, I wouldn't be able to avoid getting her honey on my finger. Then I'd have to wash my hands, I pull the glove on.

I put the tip of my finger to Penelope's pinkness. Very slowly, I trace a line down from the top of her tunnel, along its rim, down the side. All the way to the steely hard nub of her clit. As my finger glides along her wetness, it picks up a good coating of slick honey. I also feel a light, but crisp, twitch from the taut walls of her pussy. And that's just with my finger at the rim of her tunnel. I'll bet that twitch would be powerful if my finger were actually inside that narrow tunnel. I can see a faint shiver hit Penelope's body as her pussy twitches, too. But she manages to stay still, her hips only shuddering very lightly with the shiver.

Penelope has a tiny body, at least at her hips. She's small enough that holding her pussy lips wide also has her asshole nicely displayed for me. It helps that her cheeks are firm and well-rounded, too. Firm, hard, globes tend to separate, stretching their crack open, as the hips bend forward.

Penelope's asshole funnels in slight, but also moderately steeply, from the valley of her crack. It's also light, the swath of skin around it being only lightly tinged with a brownish-purple tone. I can make out her ring, the muscle around the small speck of darkness that leads to her depths. It's clinched snugly shut now.

I put the tip of my finger to her asshole. My finger is tiny, and the tip of it slips right into the funneling of her ring. It lets me feel the firm muscle around the side of my

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fingertip. And it lets me feel a hard, but rubbery wall in front of my finger.

I press gently. The layer of slick honey greases my finger, letting it slide off Penelope's flesh easily. For an instant, I feel the resistance of her tight muscle. Then I feel Penelope forcing her bottom to relax and admit the finger into her bottom. Her ring pushes back against my finger as she does. And the hardness of the muscle fades to a rubberiness. After a second, the rubberiness simply stretches, and my finger starts sliding forward. Easily, with almost no resistance. It doesn't drag over her skin, either, the honey is too slippery. It just slides right in. Her asshole snuggles around the side of my finger, letting me see its lightly colored flesh against the pastel green of my glove.

In another second, every bit of my finger is inside Penelope's bottom. The webbing of my fingers is flush against the outside of her asshole. I feel her stop relaxing. Her ring tightens slightly around the side of my finger, snuggling me a little harder. Otherwise, there isn't much difference.

I can feel the filmy, sausage-casing-like walls of her rectum against my finger. And the paper-thin layer of smooth muscle just beyond the wall. Together, those are just like plastic wrap that lies loosely against my finger. I press down, very lightly, and stop the instant I feel anything more. I feel a firm, and fiery hot, sponginess. It has some give to it, but just as much firmness.

That's the backside of her pussy walls. The same walls are still on display to me as Penelope holds her pussy stretched wide open. I glance into her tunnel. I'm not pushing hard enough to see my finger moving those walls. At least not in her tunnel. And that's what I want. I want my finger more lying against those walls than anything. And that's what it's doing.

I give my finger a tiny wiggle. Just enough for it to stroke the backside of her rectum over the backside of her pussy. Pussy walls are slightly thick, but not that thick. The backside is lined with just as many of the very same

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nerves as the front side is. And those nerves don't know or care which side of them is teased. To them, a tease is a tease.

"MMM!" Penelope purrs through clenched teeth. She's trying hard not to make a sound, as I insist on. She shudders hard as a crisp tremor racks her body. Under my finger, I feel an even harder, sharp, powerful twitch snap her pussy. It's enough that I can see the walls of her pussy jump in her tunnel. And a million tiny twitches, more like pinpricks, where a single nerve ending seems to snap hard, erupt randomly, and all over her walls. Those can't be seen, but I can feel the twitches under my finger. And I know Penelope can feel the icy-hot sparks of them popping all throughout her pussy. And shooting along her nerves up to race along her spine.

"Oh, this pussy is just being such a slut, you nasty little bitch!" I tell Penelope feigning a hefty dose of disgust in my voice.

"Yes, my Queen, I'm really sorry for being a total whore, Ma'am!" Penelope answers quickly.

I keep my finger wiggling very gently inside Penelope's bottom. To keep teasing her pussy. It keeps twitching under my finger, each twitch seeming to be just a little crisper than the last. And it seems like there are more and more of those sparks snapping throughout those walls, too. It takes a couple of short seconds, my finger sort of gliding back and forth over her walls, before I feel her muscles, her tunnel, start to squeeze tighter as if trying to squeeze down around a cock inside her.

"MMMMM..." Penelope purrs very sweetly. Her hips shiver. And I can see the muscles in her legs tensing up, too.

"Oh, you are being a total nasty bitch now, aren't you?"

"Yes, my Queen," Penelope confesses in a breathy voice.

"Would that trashy pussy like to cum, bitch?"

"Yes, my Queen."

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"Would it like to cum like a filthy gutter whore, or like a lady, you nasty bitch?"

"It doesn't care! My Queen! Ooh.... MMMMMMMMM!"

"I thought so, slut," I mockingly tell Penelope. Then I stop wiggling my finger and slowly draw it back out of her tight asshole. Now I can feel her rubbery muscle snuggling hard around the side of my finger as if it doesn't want to let go of it. As if her bottom wants me to keep on teasing her.

I lightly slap one of Penelope's cheeks. It's too light to really be called a spank, just a little slap. But it lets me feel the firmness of those globes, and Penelope has some rather firm globes. With my hand still on her cheek, I give it a little squeeze. Definitely firm and hard.

"Stay," I firmly tell Penelope. I leave her bent over, holding her lips wide and showing off every last bit of her pussy.

Then I shift sideways to where Skylar is still bound over the table. The way I have her hands tied with her forearms flat on the table, it takes me a second to get the rope off of them. The instant I have it off, I pull Skylar's hands behind her back. I cross her wrists into an X, and use a short sash of black silk, more like her blindfold, to bind her wrists in place.

And then I free Skylar's ankles. As soon as the first one is free, her foot comes back, dropping her knee to the floor. Her legs look loose, but I have no doubt they're stiff from being held up so far all night long. Her other ankle comes free the same way.

I use the heavy collar on Skylar's neck like a leash, slipping my fingers under the back of it and pulling Skylar up so that she's kneeling in front of the table. She's far from steady. Her legs must be awfully tired. Along with the rest of her. I put my hands on Skylar's shoulders and guide her to turn around.

Then I snap my fingers. "Kneel beside the whore, nasty bitch," I firmly command Penelope.

In a few seconds, Penelope is on her knees beside Skylar. Penelope kneels properly, her knees opened wide

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and her bottom back between her heels. She sits up straight as well. And she kneels with her thigh and hip flush against Skylar's. It gives me an excuse, not that I'd need one, to scold Skylar harshly and nudge her into a proper kneeling. The posture I'd taught her yesterday. A few quick taps of my crop, along with the scolding, get her kneeling just as properly as Penelope.

I leave them kneeling there for a moment while I count out the money in their tip jars. Loudly, dollar by dollar. Skylar made close to \$400. Penelope just over \$100 in tips. I expected Penelope to make considerably less, after all, she wasn't allowed to actually service anyone. Just to play hostess.

I'd also told both of them that if they didn't earn enough tips, there would be consequences. I didn't tell them what enough was. It's \$20 *more* than whatever they made. No matter how much was in those jars. They never had a chance of earning enough. But they didn't know that. Not even Penelope. She wouldn't have guessed it, either. I don't often give them a goal they can't meet.

"Just as I thought!" I sigh out with some disgust in my voice, as if I've been disappointed. "Neither of you earned anything close to what you should have! Fuck hole, your tips average less than \$10. Clearly that pussy and butt of yours weren't very pleasing to those guys. They certainly didn't think it was worth very much. Which just confirms what I told you yesterday - that you're utterly worthless! You can't even make it as a cum dumpster, fuck hole! And you didn't do any better, nasty bitch. Less than \$3 per... dumper! Obviously, you weren't a very good hostess, were you? You were supposed to make sure those men enjoyed their visit to my fuck hole. Clearly, had you done as you were told, they would have tipped you way more!

"You'll both be paddled for disappointing me. And paddled hard because the money is for needy puppies at the SPCA! You haven't just disappointed me, you've disappointed all those lonely puppies who are going

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without meals just because you two cunts couldn't even make it as a fuck hole!"

I pull a chair over and set it in front of the kneeling women. I take my seat. Then I reach out with one hand and take hold of Skylar's collar. In the front, there's a metal ring, probably for a leash to clip onto, but plenty large enough for me to get a few fingers in. With a sharp yank, that Skylar doesn't see coming, I snap her head forward. "Come get your spanking, fuck hole," I tell her in a sing-song sweet voice.

I keep pulling by the collar. Skylar doesn't know what to do. She's never been led around like this before. But the hard pressure the collar puts on the back of her neck leaves her little choice but to come forward, to where I'm pulling her. I pull her around until she's at my right side.

I pull Skylar up close to my right side, lifting her up by the collar enough to bring her bottom up from between her heels and straighten up her waist. I keep her shoulders moving, pulling them across my legs. My thigh is already flush against her waist, leaving her nowhere to go. Except to lean over my knees. I pull her all the way down.

It has the bend of Skylar's waist snugly over my thigh. I scoot my feet apart until my other thigh is flush against the undersides of her dangling breasts, leaving those soft mounds to hang against the outside of my thigh. Her hands stay bound behind her back. Her thighs hang straight down, dangling with her knees just above the floor. Her feet lie on the floor.

I'm pretty sure that Skylar realizes where she is. It would be hard for her not to have a good guess, even blindfolded. I pick up my paddle. This one is my favorite paddle. It's about 18" long and 4" wide, not counting its handle. But it's also thin. No more than ¼" thick. It's made of two strips of stiff leather with a thin sheet of spring steel between them. The flexible steel holds the paddle's shape, but also allows it to flex as it strikes.

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I gently put the blade of the paddle flush against the tips of Skylar's globes. "This is a whore gets for being too worthless to earn her keep," I firmly tell Skylar.

I lift my arm high, not that Skylar can see it. Then I snap it down. I hope she can feel the whoosh of air as the paddle flies toward her bare bottom. It lands with a loud crack, squarely in the center of her globes. But I've only put about ½ the power I could into it.

Skylar grunts hard. The gag stops her from making any more noise than that. Her entire body tenses up hard, her back arching upward over my knees. Her hands grip each other for a second or so, then struggle hard against the sash holding them as they scramble to get to her stinging bottom. Her globes glow a light shade of pink. Her feet kick up and down, her legs bending at the knees, bringing her feet up in front of her bottom. As if that would save her bottom from the next swat. It takes several long seconds before she starts loosening back up and panting with very strained breaths.

I swat her bottom again, just as hard, which isn't so hard. It deepens the pink to a medium shade. Enough that her bottom is glowing, and certainly stinging, but not hurting that badly yet. Then again, I suspect it's been about 30 years since she's been spanked. The "first" grown-up spanking is always the most amusing - for me. It seems like they always squirm and whine the most.

And Skylar isn't disappointing me! The instant the paddle touches her bottom, Skylar screeches out a mute cry. She stiffens hard, squirming and rolling her body on my lap as she does. Her hands fight even harder to get down and protect her bottom. Her feet kick twice as vigorously as before, too.

With the blindfold still on her, I can't see much of Skylar's face. But I can see the tension in her muscles. I can see her hips thrashing from side to side as she tries to get off my knees. I can see that her face is scrunched up tightly. I'll bet she's biting hard against the gag, too.

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I give her several seconds to still. She doesn't. She keeps thrashing and she stays tensed up. It leaves me no choice since I'd never let her whine, or squirm, her butt out of a spanking. I raise the paddle. Then I snap it down just a tiny bit harder. The extra power is Skylar's punishment for making me time my swat to get it past her kicking feet and land it squarely atop her globes.

"There, that's for making it harder for me to spank that naughty bottom," I sternly tell Skylar.

I'm not so sure if she hears me. She screeches another loud and strained well-muted cry through her gag. She thrashes a little more vigorously, kicks her feet a little harder. She tries to get her hands down, pulling her arms so hard that I see them turning purple as she pulls the sash deep into her wrists. I see her head snap up and thrash.

She stays tensed hard and in full-squirm mode. She rolls and thrashes over my hips. Her hands don't get too close to her bottom. Her feet fidget hard, but mostly stay up to block her bottom. She breathes deep and strained breaths, more sobs, through the gag. It mutes them well.

And it makes me sort of angle the swing to get past those thrashing feet. They're so close to her bottom that they're almost against it. But not flush against it, and they can only block it from the front. I bring the paddle down from the top, letting it land on the tips of her cheeks with a downward swing to it.

Skylar screeches another loud, pained cry through the gag. The gag mutes it almost fully. It starts her bucking even harder as she squirms atop my thighs. Now, her feet kick down against the floor, driving her bottom up from my lap for an instant with each kick. They rise up to block her bottom between kicks as if they're trying something new. Her shoulders thrash just as hard. Her hands still pull hard into the strap binding them as they try to get to her bottom. Or to get around to a side and push her up off my lap.

I swat Skylar's bottom again. At least this time I can time it between her kicks and land it squarely on her

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bottom. Now her bottom glows a light, and angry-bright, shade of red. It has to be stinging her pretty good, too.

It gets Skylar bucking, thrashing, and struggling even harder. It gets me another loud breathy grunt that would be a screeched cry if the gag didn't mute it so well. Mostly I just watch those feet kicking around, her knees bending fully with each. As if they could reach anything.

And that's five strokes. It's what Skylar was going to get for not earning her keep last night. I pause, giving Skylar some time. More than the long seconds she's had between strokes so far. Long enough for her to start thinking that her spanking might be over.

"Too bad you want to be so naughty for your spanking, fuck hole. You could be done. But now I have to give you a couple more for not being a big fuck hole. Maybe this time you'll lie still and take it like a cheap whore."

The instant I'm done scolding Skylar, the paddle is lifting up and snapping back down again. It lands with a slightly louder crack. I'm still not putting that much power into it, maybe 60% of what I could. It lands right on top of her already red cheeks, darkening them to a rather hot and angry shade that glows brightly.

Skylar grunts out another hard, strained cry for the gag to mute. She stiffens up hard, arching her back up. Her hands snap downward until the strap catches them. Her feet kick the floor. She fidgets wildly on my lap. I think she's trying not to move around, but unable to stop herself and lie still. She's definitely not used to the sting in her bottom.

I don't give her any break this time. She's still fully tensed up and squirming hard as I bring the paddled down for the next stroke. It lands in the same place as the first one did. It deepens the redness of her bottom another shade or two. It makes her squirm at least twice as hard as she was. And it gets me another muted cry.

Now I give her another few seconds to compose herself. If she were more experienced of a playtoy, I'd

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keep spanking her until she lay still for it. I know my toys, and I know they're capable of it. Skylar is too. But she doesn't have the experience to know that. More is just going to hurt her. She's never going to behave any better.

I slip my fingers under the back of Skylar's collar. For an instant, she tenses up even more as she feels the collar pulled against the front of her neck. Then as I start pulling her shoulders up, she actually loosens up. She must realize that I'm pulling her back up to her knees.

That's what I do. I lift her chest up off my lap and stand her up on her knees. I keep hold of her collar, slipping my fingers around to the front as I stand up. Then I use her collar to pull her back into place beside Penelope. My hand on her shoulder pushes her back down to kneel with her bottom between her heels. At least, for her sake, it's not touching anything. Just stinging her badly enough that it looks to me as if she's crying under the blindfold.

I drop back into the chair. Then I tell Penelope that it's her turn to get her spanking. I tell her that I expect her to be a big bitch, too, and not "cry like this baby." I point to Skylar.



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Penelope mostly behaved for her spanking. She managed to lie close to still. She only squealed a real cry on the last stroke. Just grunts that grew more strained on the first four. I guess by the fifth her red bottom was getting a little too sore for her not to squeal. Naturally, that's how I wanted her bottom. Spankings always excite her.

I put Penelope on her knees beside me. I don't have to look to the flat mound of her pussy. I saw it as she was over my knees. Or rather I saw the thick coating of her honey covering her lips and all the way to the creases of her thighs. A coat that wasn't nearly as widespread before her spanking.

I leave Penelope on her knees for a second and cross the single step to where Skylar is kneeling. Still blindfolded, Skylar didn't get to see any of Penelope's spanking. But she did get to hear it all. She heard the sharp cracks of the paddle against Penelope's firm bottom. And she heard Penelope's grunts. In fact, so far, Skylar hasn't seen anything of Penelope. She has no idea who she is, or what she looks like. Not even how old Penelope might be. And I plan to keep it that way.

I also know that Skylar has never "been with another woman" to use Skylar's words. When she told me that, something in Skylar's voice told me that the idea of it wasn't especially appealing to her, too. It sounds to me as if she'd be ashamed to do it. As if she thought it was wrong, or maybe disgusting.

I put one hand on Skylar's shoulder, getting a snug grip on it at her collar bone. I use that hand to start slowly pushing Skylar backward, leaning her back as she kneels with her bottom between her hips. Once Skylar starts leaning back, I use my other hand to pull Skylar's bound wrists out from her body. I keep leaning her back until her chest is lying back almost, but not quite, enough to lift her knees off the floor. I adjust her hands so that they're on the floor, giving her a way to brace herself and hold herself up.

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I'm close enough to reach Penelope. And I do, keeping one hand on Skylar's shoulder so she doesn't rise up from the awkward position she's in. I put my finger to one of Penelope's nipples. Hers are long enough for me to get a good pinching grip on those steely nubs, and I do. I use her breast as a leash. "Get your slutty bottom over here, you nasty bitch!"

Of course, Penelope follows her breast. Anyone would. I pull her around to the front of Skylar. Penelope spreads her feet, stepping beside Skylar's knees, as I keep her coming forward. I stop Penelope with her pussy about $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch from Skylar's chin. It's just close enough for the hairs of Penelope's fur to lightly tickle Skylar's chin. And hopefully to tease Skylar by letting her know what's so close to her face. In case the sweet muskiness of Penelope's burning hot pussy isn't enough.

Now I have no choice but to let go of Skylar. I need my hands. And Skylar won't be rising up with Penelope almost straddling her face. If Skylar were to try and sit up, in about $\frac{1}{2}$ " her face would bump into Penelope's pubes and mound.

Now I get a toy. It's a short, and not too wide, butt plug. It's egg-shaped, with a steel ring about 1" across attached to the rounded end. Or rather attached to a steel rod sticking out through a hole in the rounded end. But the rod holds the side of the ring flush against the base of the egg.

I use one hand to push Penelope's firm cheeks wide apart and fully expose the light ring of Penelope's asshole. With a tiny dollop of lubricant gel on the top of the tapered end, I put the plug firmly against Penelope's tight asshole. And push. It easily pushes into her Penelope's bottom, stretching her ring wide as it passes through. It gets a half grunt, half purr from Penelope. And then, Penelope's asshole closes again, leaving only the ring visible in her crack.

The gag will prevent Skylar from doing anything, not just talking. Even with the ring that leaves me access to

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her mouth, it holds her jaw fully stretched wide and her tongue down. It makes her mouth useless. I pinch the corners of Skylar's mouth, holding them open with my fingers. Then I loosen the strap of the gag enough for me to pull it from her mouth. I just drop it, letting it hang down around Skylar's neck beside her collar.

Now I get my fingers into Penelope's bush, twirling a few long hairs around my fingers. Another leash. I pull Penelope's hips forward a bit, still holding Skylar's mouth in place. Stretched wide open, and with Skylar's head tilted back so her eyes are up at the ceiling. Or would be.

Penelope shuffles her feet as I inch her hips forward. I bring Penelope up, putting her sloppy-wet mound directly atop Skylar's mouth. I keep holding Skylar's mouth wide open, too. It has Skylar's lips mostly surrounding Penelope's lips.

I have one more thing I want to do. I take the larger metal ring that's attached to Skylar's collar and, with a little clip, hook it to the ring attached to Penelope's butt plug. That will keep Skylar's head in place against Penelope's pussy. Should, or rather when, Skylar tries to back her mouth from the pussy, her collar will pull the ring of the butt plug. That will make the butt plug expand inside Penelope's rectum, pressing against the inside of her asshole as it spreads out. It will grow wide enough that it won't pull through Penelope's asshole. At least not with Penelope screaming as she's stretched that wide. It will be plenty of resistance to keep Skylar in place. And to tease Penelope as the plug swells and shrinks over and over again inside her bottom.

I pinch the corner of Skylar's mouth a little harder now, forcing her mouth to its full wideness. And I have Penelope close her legs, snuggling, but not quite clamping, around Skylar's head. "Now you behave that slutty butt, nasty bitch!" I tell Penelope with almost a giggle in my voice.

"And you, fuck hole, what are you waiting for? Eat that sloppy whore's pussy!"

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Skylar more freezes, doing nothing for about a half-second. That's all the time I give her. From behind Penelope, I flick my wrist, sending the tip of my crop through the air. This time it's a very light swat. A swat that lands with a crack not even as loud as a clap of my hands. And a swat that lands the hard leather tip of my crop squarely on the soft lips of Skylar's pussy mound, between her spread thighs.

I hear Skylar grunt hard although it's mostly muted by Penelope's pubes. "You're nothing but a cheap whore, fuck hole. Whores service whatever they're told to service. Now eat that pussy while you still have one to sell. Otherwise, you'd be totally useless!"

Skylar hesitates. But I can see the tendons working slightly in her neck. What I don't hear is Penelope squealing with delight. Obviously, Skylar is inept. But she hasn't done it before, either.

I tell Skylar that her mouth is to stay stretched wide open. There won't be any more "attention-getting" taps of my crop, just punishment strokes.

Then I tell Skylar to lie her tongue against Penelope's clit. The hard nub, like a little stone, that she can find by drawing her tongue along Penelope's slit. The one that I'm sure is sticking its eager head out anxiously. And maybe throbbing as hot as I know Penelope is. I give Skylar a second to find it. I know Penelope's clit is prominent enough that Skylar should find it easily.

I tell Skylar to suck lightly. Then I wait until I see the sides of Skylar's cheeks pull inward slightly. That's how I know that Skylar is sucking.

I tell Skylar to keep sucking. To use her tongue by swirling it slowly around the aching hard nub of Penelope's clit. To make sure that her tongue is very lightly against the nub, not really pressing on it, just lying against it. And to keep her tongue in contact with Penelope's clit, letting the nub swirl around her tongue as her tongue swirls around it.

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"AH!-oh, MMMMMMMM!" Penelope squeals. It's a sweet and eager enough squeal that I know Skylar is doing right, or at least very close to right. I see a faint, but crisp, shiver flow through Penelope's hips, too.

"Stop being such a whore, nasty bitch!" I immediately scold Penelope. "I didn't give your worthless slut pit permission to enjoy it! I said for you to stand there while this fuck hole learns how to take care of pussies so I can sell its mouth to women, too!"

"I'm sorry, my Queen," Penelope answers with a girly-high squeal to her voice. And a good bit of urgency that tells me she's about ready to cum. Ten seconds into her pussy tonguing.

As Skylar works her tongue around Penelope's nub, I can see her head shifting slightly between the loose clamping of Penelope's thighs. It's enough for her neck to pull on her collar, and that has her collar pulling on the ring of Penelope's butt plug. I can see the ring moving, slightly, but enough that Penelope will be feeling the expanding and shrinking of the toy in her bottom.

"OOHHHH-MMMMMM!" Penelope squeals. She starts to rise to her toes, her legs tensing up as Skylar licks away at Penelope's most sensitive place. She gets her heels off the floor, maybe ½" or so before the expanding toy stops her and reminds her to lower her bottom. And that brings her feet back down to the floor.

That gets a crisper shudder to sweep over Penelope's body. And that earns Penelope a reminder tap on her still stinging red bottom with my crop. And that earns me a good little yelping squeal from Penelope. A squeal that lasts about half a second before Penelope is squealing another girly moan.

The swat does nothing to keep Penelope still. In another second I see the tiny motions of her hips as she starts grinding her pussy firmly against Skylar's mouth. Encouraging Skylar to give her more than the slow, sweet teasing she's getting.

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I firmly remind Skylar to keep going exactly as I've told her to. Then I give Penelope a slightly firmer tap on her bottom with the crop, reminding her to stand still and behave.

Behind Penelope's back, her hands lace her fingers together. She squeezes her hands tightly together. Her fingers squirm and wiggle, straining hard against the backs of her hands as they do.

At the same time, Penelope's legs keep tensing up, her muscles turning steely hard as they do. She manages not to rise to her toes. But her legs squeeze against the sides of Skylar's face with all her strength. And they keep squeezing, holding Skylar's mouth firmly in place.

Penelope's shoulders thrust forward, arching her back and thrusting her chest out as they do. It pulls the petite mounds of her breasts tightly on her chest as it pokes them out. And it flaunts her stiff nipples standing up from the mounds.

Penelope's head sort of lolls back, her mouth hanging open as she cries out squealing moan after shrieking moan. Her head rocks from side to side, tossing her hair about as it does.

Despite another crop swat or two, Penelope's hips don't stop wiggling. Or grinding her pussy against Skylar's mouth. Even though, with Skylar's mouth gaping wide, Penelope's mound is hanging into the open air between Skylar's lips and not really grinding against much.

It does smear Penelope's honey around Skylar's lips, though. It does pretty good at that. Then again, Penelope's honey is flowing pretty steadily from her mound, weeping out her slit. Some, maybe most, of it falls into Skylar's mouth or clings to her tongue. But some of it still clings to her lips. Or seeps past Skylar's lips, especially at the bottom where Penelope's slit fades into her crack. Right where Penelope's globes can smear it on Skylar's chin. And it keeps Penelope's thick, dense bush sweeping her fur over Skylar's nose and upper lip.

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Penelope knows about my five-minute rule. The rule that says she's going to be standing there shrieking high-pitched squealing moans for at least five minutes before I consider allowing her the release she's after. Consider, not necessarily grant. And she knows that I'll use my crop to force her to stand fairly still and endure it.

I make my toys stand still because it's harder for them. It makes them feel the tonguing even more intensely than they would by squirming about like a fish out of water. And I want nothing more than them to enjoy the tonguing as much as possible. And to entertain me with their moaning squirms.

As the seconds tick by, Penelope steadily moans louder and more urgently. In about a minute her moans are so needy they're almost pleading. And her squirms steadily grow crisper and more pronounced. Hungrier, more eager for that orgasm. It earns her a few more swats on her fiery bottom. Swats that sting her badly. A sting that only makes her pussy ache that much more for its relief. Which makes her moan more desperately and squirm more powerfully. Which earns her another swat to make her pussy ache even more.

Long before she makes it to the five-minute mark, Penelope's body is quivering hard. And thrusting her breasts out enough that it looks uncomfortable for her back. But also makes those nipples poke out fully. I can see the dark flesh around them wrinkled up tight, too. The quiver makes her nipples dance. It's more her entire body moving, and her nipples along with it, but they're still wiggling. I love that sight.

Just as I love the sight of Skylar, leaning back on her knees, holding herself up with her bound hands braced on the floor. Her head tilted all the way back, mouth gaping wide as Penelope "sits" on it. Of her head clamped so firmly between Penelope's straining thighs. Of Penelope's honey glistening on Skylar's face. Of the blindfold covering Skylar's eyes so that Skylar can't even see a single hair of the pussy she's eating - her first.

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And I know that Penelope's pussy is wet enough that Skylar is getting a very good taste of it. Of the slightly sweet taste of Penelope's fiery hot and fresh honey. Of its creamy stickiness. And its slipperiness as her tongue glides over it. I'm sure Skylar is constantly smelling Penelope's intimate scent, too, its sweet light muskiness. I'd bet Skylar will never forget either. Maybe even remember them so well that she'll recognize Penelope by them if she ever meets her again. In case she doesn't recognize Penelope's voice, the only other thing she has to identify her by.

Penelope might struggle, and suffer, as she holds her climax back. But she's well trained, and just as well experienced. She's able to hold it back, despite the throbbing, unbearable ache in her pussy to cum. She quivers, screeches and tenses hard as she does. But she holds it in.

She also knows not to dare ask me for permission to cum. If I want her to cum, I'll tell her to cum. Otherwise, I don't want her to. And that means I'll be very disappointed in her if she does.

I wait about twenty seconds past the five-minute mark. I'd bet Penelope has no idea how long it's been, a minute, or ten. Only that her pussy aches so badly that it feels like it's going to explode any second now. And that her pussy walls are twitching too sharply. That those icy-hot sparks are erupting all throughout her pussy, tingling their way along every nerve in her body.

"Oh, just go ahead and cum, you nasty bitch," I tell Penelope as if I'd prefer she didn't but will allow it anyway.

"Yes, my Queen," Penelope screams out with a squeaky and loud moan.

Penelope lets go. She stops holding her climax back. Instantly her quivering turns to powerful, sharp, shuddering tremors. Her legs stay locked around Skylar's head for a few seconds, even as her knees start to buckle.

And then Penelope's hips start thrusting, rocking forward almost a full inch over Skylar's mouth. I think

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they'd keep going as if she were thrusting against a man, except that's the point where the butt plug stops her. The more her hips squirm, the more the plug expands and contracts inside her. Essentially that it has it stroking firmly and gently over the walls of her rectum, pushing them against the backside of her pussy walls as they do. And that teases her pussy even more. It makes her body want to shudder harder and squirm even more. But the toy stops her from moving her hips too far from Skylar's collar.

Finally, Penelope's knees give out. Her shuddering hips drop onto Skylar, putting Penelope's weight on Skylar. By then I have my hands on Penelope's hips to keep the weight off Skylar's neck. But it does add enough weight that I see Skylar's arms working to brace her shoulders up.

I keep Penelope up as she shudders crisply with each sweet wave of orgasm flowing through her. And cries out a loud, sweetly strained, shrieking moan with each.

I wait around half a minute before I tell Skylar to stop. Skylar immediately stops. With Penelope's trembling legs still clamped hard around Skylar's head, I just leave Penelope where she is for a moment. It makes a good gag for Skylar. And it keeps Penelope's scent close to Skylar, letting her smell the muskiness as she feels and tastes Penelope's honey flowing into her mouth.

Once Penelope's purring breaths finally start to slow down, I harshly scold Penelope for being so slutty. I scold her to get on her feet. Then I watch for several seconds as Penelope struggles to convince her wobbly legs to support her weight. Rising up pulls on the toy, too. It stops her for a moment before Skylar lets her head rise up with Penelope's hips.

Only when Penelope is back on her feet do I unclip the toy from Skylar's collar. I put a hand flat against Penelope's pubes and push her back a small step. Then, the instant Penelope's pussy is off Skylar's mouth, my hand is gripping Skylar's jaw and holding her mouth wide open.

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I grab the gag and bring it back up, pushing the metal ring into Skylar's mouth. I cinch the strap down again, gagging Skylar just as thoroughly as before.



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I take hold of Skylar by her collar. Now is as good of a day as any for her to get used to being led around by a leash and collar. Gripping it by the ring on the front, I use it to lead Skylar around to the coffee table. I keep my hand down, keeping Skylar crawling along on her knees.

This time I lead Skylar over to the side of the table. I nudge her forward until the long edge of the table is flush against her stomach. Then I keep pulling forward and down on her collar, bringing her up as I pull her down over the table. I lie her chest across the table. Only this time her head is hanging over the side of the narrow table. Maybe it tells Skylar that she won't be there quite as long. I wouldn't leave her head hanging all night. It would kill her neck. I have her at one end of the table, leaving her chest about half of its length. And leaving half empty.

Skylar's thighs are almost perfectly straight up and down now with the edge of the table against the tops of her thighs, no more than an inch below the bend of her waist. I use my foot to nudge her knees apart. As far apart as they'll go. It drops her hips a little, bringing the edge of the table into the bend of her waist. It also displays her pussy fully.

Skylar's hands are still bound behind her back. I leave them that way. But I don't tie anything more. I leave her legs free. And her chest.

Penelope kneels where she was, about a step away from the table. I had her close at Skylar's side before I moved the blindfolded Skylar. It lets Penelope see what I'm doing. She still has that dreamy look on her face from the orgasm Skylar just gave her, so I'm not sure how much attention she's paying to me. Or anything else except the bliss flooding her body.

I get my purse. I've brought one of my biggest ones this morning. It's one that's more of a tote bag than a purse. And that's what I'm using it for. It has my toys in it, along with my keys and wallet. That way I didn't have to walk down the street with two bags, or a crop in my hand. That would have turned a few eyes.

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I take one of my pre-filled enema bags out of it. They're just common IV bags. They're clear and they're marked to show how much fluid has been used. This one is filled with a slightly greenish solution. The green is just food coloring that I add so that I know what's in the bag. Green tells me this one is full of distilled water with a touch of laxative in it. It will fill Skylar's bowels, stretch them out, and make her desperate to use the toilet. And then the laxative will kick in and strain her bowels even more.

The bag holds a full liter. But I wouldn't give Skylar that much. Not for what I assume will be her first enema. It would be far too uncomfortable for her, and that might result in an accident that would be... inconvenient in the hotel suite. And ensure the housekeepers here hated me!

The bag is ready for use. It has a four-foot length of clear tubing attached to it, with a little clamp towards the end of it to keep it from draining. It also has a little flow meter in it. That's clear, about the size of a quarter, with a hot pink wheel in it that spins as the fluid flows. It just tells me that the fluid is flowing into my toy.

I already have my choice of nozzles attached to the end of the tubing. I've picked one, especially for Skylar. It's about as wide as a finger. It's also rather long at about eight inches. That will ensure that the tip of it reaches the back of Skylar's rectum and starts her filling from the back. It's pre-lubricated and now covered with a plastic cap.

I set that on the table beside Skylar. Not that Skylar has a clue what I'm doing. But Penelope does. She can see everything. And now Penelope is getting a very slightly nervous look on her face. She absolutely hates enemas.

"Over the table, nasty bitch," I tell Penelope in my most taunting, teasing voice. "I might as well clean both of you filthy bitches out. You can join this fuck hole for an enema."

A look of utter horror erupts on Penelope's face. Eyes wide. Jaw-dropping as her face scrunches up. "Yes, my

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Queen," Penelope very reluctantly accepts her fate. She starts crawling over to the table on her knees.

I hear Skylar suck in a very sharp breath of air. I turn just in time to see her start lifting her shoulders off the table. I quickly grab my crop. A flick of my wrist swats it firmly on Skylar's back, right between her shoulder blades, searing a light pink welt onto her back. Skylar squeals a loud "Uh-OH!" kind of sound as she tries to get up. I think it might be a "NO!" but with that gag back on, she can't say anything coherent enough for anyone to understand it.

The swat of the crop gets a pained breath from Skylar. It also gets her shoulders back down on the table. Skylar starts shaking her head "no" rather vigorously. And I see her entire body quivering. "Oh you want to be a naughty fuck hole, do you?" I mockingly tell Skylar. "We'll just add an ounce every time you try to run away like a disobedient whore. That's one extra ounce!"

I'm not really adding an ounce. I'd already planned to give Skylar half of the liter. It's about my standard amount for an enema. It's enough to stretch her rectum taut, but not quite to its limit. It's enough to make her want the toilet worse than she's ever wanted it before. To make her strain hard to keep her asshole cinched and hold it in. To make her really feel as if her bowels are ready to explode inside her. And to give her light cramps behind her pubes every time she moves. But it's also an amount that anyone can hold in. it won't strain her bowels that much, to the point where she can't hold it. Just to the point where she has to strain hard to hold it in.

Skylar sobs faint whines. She still shakes her head, pleading with me not to do it. I ignore her and watch as an equally reluctant Penelope pulls herself into the same position beside Skylar.

Penelope takes the other half of the table. With their knees spread wide, it has only their thighs against each other's. It leaves a few inches of space between their chests. The bag still lies on the table, now between their ribs.

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I pick the bag up and look around for something to hang it from. It needs to be above the height of their bottoms. That way gravity can move the water. I settle on a chair, pulling it over behind them and hanging the bag from the top of its back. It has the bag about 18" above their bottoms.

"Show me your anus, nasty bitch, you can be first," I lace some firmness into my voice. Unlike Skylar, Penelope isn't bound. She's free to move around. She is free to use her hands.

Penelope hesitantly reaches along her side and grips her firm globes. She moves a little bit slower to pull them apart. But she pulls them wide apart, stretching her crack wide open and fully exposing her asshole. She pulls her globes wide enough to start stretching some of the wrinkles around her ring out. As she should. The command tells her to open her crack as wide as she can. And that's what I expect to see. "Here is my anus, my Queen..." Penelope obediently tells me. Her voice lowers, and trembles slightly, as she very reluctantly adds "will you please be so kind as to give me my enema now, my Queen?"

I take my time picking up the nozzle and popping the cap off of it. Once I do that, I put its rounded tip flush against Penelope's asshole. It covers the small spot of darkness fully. Its white shaft, or rather the rounded tip of it, fills the small funnel at the valley of her crack, leaving the light purple flesh around her asshole stretched taut at the sides of it.

Skylar seems to relax a bit as she hears that Penelope is getting the enema, not her. She should know that only means her turn is next. But who knows, maybe she's optimistic enough to hope, and convince herself, that only Penelope will be getting it. As if I'd care that she doesn't want one, too.

I press gently. It doesn't take much pressure at all, even though Penelope's asshole is fairly small and tight. The rounding at the tip of the nozzle is designed to

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comfortably stretch her asshole just wide enough, which isn't much, for the tube to slip into her. And it does. It easily stretches her rubbery ring just wide enough to push forward. The purple flesh of Penelope's ring squeezes lightly around the sides of the stiff, but flexible, shaft. And the shaft glides right into her tight hole.

"OOH!" Penelope groans out in a very squealing and unhappy voice. I can see a faint tremor sweep over her body as she feels her ring stretched. It's a tremor that grows stronger and stronger the deeper Penelope feels the nozzle slipping into her bottom. As she groans her purr, I see the light purple flesh of her ring starting to squeeze around the shaft, as if trying to stop it from inching even deeper into her bottom.

I push it all in. About seven inches of its length, leaving only about an inch sticking out from her tight ring. The base of it, where the tubing connects. By then Penelope can feel it inside her, reaching almost to the back of her bowels, but not quite getting there or pressing against it. That would be uncomfortable for her. Now it's more that she can feel it there, but not uncomfortably so. Still, she has to know how deep inside her it is.

"OOH-EE!" Penelope squeals nervously as I flip the clamp loose and the cold fluid begins to flow into her fiery-hot bottom. Penelope knows better than to move. She knows that I expect her to stay as I've put her, holding her bottom stretched wide apart. That doesn't stop her from quivering lightly. Or purring "OOH!s" that quickly grow as nervous as they are sultry.

My enema bag is filled with a liter of fluid. That's a half-liter each. Exactly what I'd want them to have anyway.

Penelope manages to stay still for the first two or three ounces. While Penelope lies there, her bottom steadily filling, I take a sharpie marker and draw a heavy line across the bag at the ½ liter point. That way it's easy for me to see when Penelope has her half.

"UH!" Penelope grunts out, "Oh, OW!" She's up to between three and four ounces. It's not that much.

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Certainly not enough to have her bottom straining yet. Maybe just enough for her to feel it filling her. After a short second, Penelope starts panting very fast and deep breaths.

She stays like that for a moment, maybe taking another ounce or so. Until she's just short of five ounces, the point where she's definitely feeling the fullness, but not yet any real strain. "UGH!" Penelope grunts out hard. She sucks in another fast breath. "UGH!" Now her body starts to tense up hard. Her muscles turn to steel again, just as they did when she was holding back her climax. It makes the quivering of her body seem more pronounced.

"UGH!" Breath. "UGH!" Breath. "UGH!" Penelope goes on, each grunt growing harder, more urgent than the last. The quivering grows crisper as well. Penelope's head raises up, letting her look forward at the sofa in front of her. I see her finger gripping her globes so hard that her fingers strain and turn white.

"UGH, OWWWWWW!" Penelope squeals out loudly, her voice almost pure panic. Her bottom swivels, thrusting up a little while leaving her hips against the edge of the table. Almost thrusting against the nozzle in her. It would have if the nozzle didn't move with her bottom.

"OWWWWWWW!!!!!!" Penelope's screech steadily grows more squealing as it goes on endlessly. Goosebumps erupt over her globes. In the valley of her crack. Atop the smooth lips of her pussy, flowing out through the creases of her thighs. Then, from the valley of her crack, they shoot up her spine.

"EE-OWWWWWWWW!" Penelope screeches loudly. As she squeals, her back arches downward from the tensing of her muscles. It lifts her shoulders up a bit. Just to the point where only her nipples are left touching the table. And her stomach beyond them.

Penelope's head thrashed from side to side, "UGH! EE-OWWWWWWWW" she screeches even louder. Beside her I see Skylar cringing, assuming that Penelope is suffering horribly and worse, that Skylar might be next for

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the same. It's the main reason I decided Penelope could join Skylar. Penelope makes such a good show of an enema.

Penelope clenches her teeth hard. "UMMMMMMMM!" She screeches through them. Suddenly a hard, violently crisp tremor racks her body, almost tossing her about on the table. Her back arches, even more, a little unnaturally, as her muscles stiffen even more. Beyond what they really should. They have got to be burning hot from the strain. That lifts even her nipples up from the table, letting me see the goosebumps covering her little breasts. It lets me see that her breasts are tight, too. The dark flesh around her nipples, as well as her nipples, is pulled so taut that it looks like mountain ridges surrounding those stiff, pointy nipples.

"MY TITS!" Penelope screeches out loudly. "PLEASE, MY QUEEN, MY TITS ARE ON FIRE, MA'AM!" Her entire body trembles hard. Especially her shoulders as they hang above the table. It has her nipples dancing, their tips a tiny fraction above the table. At the same moment she's crying out desperately, I see a huge, fresh, coating of her wet honey almost just magically appear on her mound. Then, a fraction of a second later, I see another, smaller, dollop almost squirting from her slit. And then another.

And then another. Her asshole stays cinched shut, but I can see that muscle snapping hard with contractions, too. Just as I know her pussy is.

I already knew what effect the enema has on Penelope. It's not the first I've made her endure. As her rectum fills and stiffens inside her, her body trembles so hard that it makes the firm mass of her rectum "dance" against the backside of her pussy walls. And that teases her pussy just as well as a cock would. But it also has her straining hard to hold the enema in, and that "distracts" her from the teasing in her pussy. Distracts her from "dealing" with it, making the teases more intense as they shoot along every nerve she has.

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"OHMYFUCKINGGOD!" Penelope screams out, as the teases suddenly hit her with their full force. "I HAVE TO CUM, QUEEN, NOW!!!! PLEASE, MY TITS ARE ON FIRE!"

Penelope has to know what's coming. Yet I doubt she cares. Or that she's thinking about it. I use a single finger. I flick it, landing the back of my fingernail sharply against Penelope's now sloppy-wet slit. Almost perfectly atop where her throbbing clit is. It's just a little tap. "Bad bitch!" I sternly scold her in my harshest voice. "Stop being such a nasty bitch! Now lie there and get your enema like a stupid nasty bitch!"

"UGH-OWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW" Penelope screams out, her body trembling even sharper.

I ignore her mostly, while still watching her twitching pussy squirt little dollops of honey out that cling to her lips. At least until her lips are covered with a fresh layer and the honey starts creeping into the creases of her thighs.

And I watch the bag, watching as the fluid steadily flows into Penelope's bottom. As it fills her even more, stretching her rectum further, firming it up even more as it grows wider. And knowing that her firmer rectum is going to be dancing over her pussy walls with even more pressure against those spongy walls, teasing her that much harder. And that will make her pussy ache even worse.

Penelope trembles harder and harder as she fills. She screeches even louder and louder, crying out squealing "OW!s" that sound more erotic and needy than pained. And that grow sultrier and sultrier by the second. Her body keeps tensing up, all of which only makes her ache for another climax even more.

I wait until the fluid is down to the level of the line I've drawn on the bag. Until Penelope has half the bag, a full half-liter of laxative-laced water filling her bottom. Then I flip the clamp, shutting off the flow.

It does nothing to ease Penelope's squirming or squealing. I didn't think it would. By now, she's long past feeling the water flow into her. She only feels the

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unbearable fullness in her bowels and the equally unbearable aching in her throbbing pussy.

I very slowly pull the nozzle from Penelope's tightly clenched asshole. It has to be tightly clenched now. It has to strain with all its might to hold back the torrent of the enema. It makes her muscle squeeze hard around the tube, and that makes the tube drag against her flesh despite the lubricant on it. But finally, the tube slips from her asshole. Her ring instantly cinches down tight, keeping her from losing a drop of the colored water. That's a sin that would earn Penelope a strict punishment.

"Now be good bitch, nasty bitch, and show me the whore's anus," I firmly tell Penelope, raising my voice just enough for her to be able to hear it over her squealing.

Penelope groans out especially loudly, and quivers even sharper, as she rises up enough to reach across Skylar's lower back and pull Skylar's globes wide apart.



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Skylar's bottom starts squirming hard the instant she feels Penelope's hands on her cheeks. Or tries to. Penelope manages to hold her bottom firmly against the edge of the table. Skylar's shoulders rise up quickly, her head vigorously shaking "no."

I tap Skylar on her back, slightly firmer, with my crop. This time it leaves a fairly bright pink spot on her. I hear a yelp. Then another yelp as I tap her back again. Finally, she leans her shoulders back down. But she keeps shaking her head "no." Vigorously. Nervously, almost as if she's in a panic.

Skylar tries screeching something that could be a loud, panicked "NO!" as she feels me put the tip of the nozzle flush against her tightly clenched, and obviously sore, asshole. The nozzle that is definitely still warm, fresh from Penelope's bottom. I briefly, for a fraction of a nanosecond, wonder if Skylar realizes that or thinks I have a fresh, clean nozzle for her. She shakes her head even harder, tossing her hair about wildly.

Skylar's bottom starts to try and squirm a bit more. It does nothing for Skylar. All it does is have the tight ring of her asshole wiggling hard enough against the tip of the nozzle that I can feel the nozzle moving against my hand. And that means nothing to me.

I start to press, feeling the hard resistance as the rounded tip presses against her tightly clenched, resisting ring. At first, I see her ring starting to push inward slightly. Then Skylar's bottom fights against Penelope's hands desperately. Penelope holds her mostly still. And finally, I feel Skylar's ring surrender. It's like pushing against rubber. Her ring gives just enough, allowing the rounding of the tip to push it aside as it stretches her slightly. And the nozzle starts sliding into Skylar's bottom.

Skylar's hips snap forward hard against the edge of the table. She screeches a pleading and desperate sound. I'm pretty sure that it's a "no, my Queen, please don't make me have an enema." Or something like that. It sounds like a cross between an "OH" and an "AH." She

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shakes her head rather energetically, too. But she also leaves her shoulders down on the table. Already her toes are curling up, her hands gripping each other. And the fluid hasn't even started flowing yet.

But Skylar definitely feels the finger-wide tube pushing through her resisting asshole. Slowly. And she feels it sliding deeper and deeper into her bottom, almost to the very depths. I'm sure it seems like it's going far deeper than it is, as much as she's resisting. That just makes her really feel the motion as it slides through her ring.

I put the same length, about seven inches, of the tube into her bottom. And just like with Penelope, that has the tip close to the back of her rectum.

Skylar lies there fidgeting hard. When she feels the tube stop moving, she stops blurting out her protest. Now she just lies there sobbing lightly, as if finally resigning herself to the enema. And quivering nervously.

I flip the clamp loose again, letting the second half of the bag flow into her unfilled bottom. "Now we'll get this filthy fuck hole washed right out!" I teasingly tell Skylar. But by then she can already feel the cold drops against her fiery hot insides.

Skylar instantly starts to sob a little harder, her sobs now very nervous as well. She fidgets a bit more anxiously, too. But Penelope mostly holds Skylar's hips still as she holds Skylar's crack stretched wide apart to keep Skylar's asshole fully exposed for me.

I watch as Skylar whines her way through the first couple of ounces. The easy ounces. She'll feel them, but not really. It's more like just a quickly blossoming fullness. About three or four ounces will make her want to head for the bathroom. Eight will make her desperate to get there.

Skylar sobs, nervously, as the ounces flow into her bottom. She fidgets, her squirms growing more and more energetic, too. She doesn't lift her shoulders. Not after I cropped them down last time. She does fidget her

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shoulder hard, and I can see that it's grinding her breasts against the table. I'm not so sure if she notices that or not.

By the time Skylar has about four ounces inside her, she's squirming pretty good. Enough so that I know it's going to have a similar effect on her as it does on Penelope. And Penelope is still shivering sweetly from her full bottom. It will have Skylar's firm, stretched rectum wiggling over the backside of her pussy walls, teasing her pussy just as effectively as all those cocks did.

Another ounce has Skylar bringing her head up as her neck begins to tense. Actually, it's her entire body tensing. Slowly stiffening up as she feels the strain of being so full.

It takes a little longer, maybe another ounce before I start to see it having an effect on Skylar. Skylar starts crying harder. She clenches her teeth hard. Her muscles continue stiffening up. She fidgets wildly, her hips straining hard against Penelope's hands and grinding against the edge of the table. Skylar looks about as uncomfortable, and nervous, as a whore can be.

And then, I notice her pussy mound. It's slow, not like Penelope's hard spasming pussy, but now I see Skylar's honey starting to weep from her slit. That's when I know the enema is doing what I want it to. It's making her very uncomfortable. And it's making her hot.

I don't know Skylar well at all. I've barely met her, so it's next to impossible for me to read the reactions of her body. Or to know what's making her react the way she is. The flowing honey tells me she's getting aroused. I can only guess that half of the arousal is her rectum wiggling over her pussy. And that the other half is the humiliation of having to kneel there, still, and allow her bottom to be filled. To submissively accept it, despite her protests. Despite how much she doesn't want it. It's been decided that she'll have an enema, and now her place is to stay put and get it. And to behave for it. No matter what she wants.

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As the fluid keeps flowing into Skylar, for a moment she keeps fidgeting more and more. And sobbing harder. But the honey keeps steadily, albeit slowly, weeping from her slit.

She's taken about seven ounces. Enough that she's getting rather uncomfortable with the fullness straining to explode from her bottom. I'm sure she'll hold it in. That's an embarrassment no woman wants to endure.

Suddenly Skylar almost stills. She no longer fidgets around much at all. She screams a loud breath through the gag. She quivers, the trembles suddenly at least double what they were. And I see the first goosebumps along her spine.

The honey keeps weeping steadily. Skylar's scream fades into a bawling cry. Her muscles start loosening back up. As they do, she quivers even more. And sobs harder. The goosebumps start expanding, covering more of her back as they slowly creep toward her pussy.

And Skylar keeps lying there, crying hard and quivering, but otherwise not moving. Not even fidgeting now. Just crying and accepting her fate.

I watch as the enema continues filling Skylar's bottom. By now it's to the point where Skylar is ready to explode and feels it. The point where her rectum is pulled taut and swelling. Decently firm now, too. The only real movement I see is Skylar's asshole as it strains, even more, to squeeze tighter around the white shaft sticking through it.

The flow slows as Skylar fills, as the bag nears empty. But it keeps going, filling up the sobbing Skylar's bottom. And Skylar's honey keeps flowing too, slowly but steadily covering her mound with a creamy fresh layer.

And then the bag is empty. Skylar has a full half-liter inside her now, just as Penelope does. I reach down and take hold of the protruding end of the nozzle. I give it a tiny wiggle, moving its tip gently inside Skylar to remind her how deeply it's inside her. Then I start pulling it very slowly back out through her overly-tightly clenched

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asshole. She's tensed up so much that it takes some effort to pull the nozzle through her ring.

It moves slowly. Then it pops suddenly from her asshole. About one single drop leaks from her ring as she cinches it tight again. I just toss the nozzle off to the side. I'm done with it.

Then I grab the back of Skylar's collar. I don't give her any time to rest. Or to get used to the feeling of her bowels being so unusually full. I just slip my fingers under her collar, tell Penelope to let go of Skylar's globes, and then yank Skylar roughly, and quickly, back up onto her knees.

Skylar cries out as she's straightened up. The gag mutes it. Then she sobs more as I push her down to kneel properly. It has her kneeling close at Penelope's side, both of them facing the table I'd bent them over for the enema.

I'm done with Penelope. The only thing I really wanted her here for was to watch over Skylar last night. The rest... was just Penelope's fun. Her reward for a night's easy work. And it was a good reward. I know that her pussy is still twitching away hard, so eager and aching for an orgasm. But it's time to send her away.

I drop the last two condoms on the table in front of Penelope. "You will put your clothes back on. You will leave this hotel. Go find a cock with standards low enough that it's willing to fuck that sloppy skank pit of yours. Any cock will do. As long as it's no one you actually know. If you know his last name or see him more than... say two or three times a month, or he has your phone number or knows your last name, or where you live, then he's not allowed. A fresh cock.

"You will satisfy that cock. Then you ask him to find another cock to fuck you again. Only once you've satisfied *both* cocks may you masturbate and cum. The owner of the second cock may watch you diddle that sloppy thing. You will use those condoms. You will not tell either cock anything about yourself, not even your name.

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"Now, nasty bitch, go be a nasty whore. And send me the usual pictures to prove what a whore you are. Oh, and once you've cum, you may use the potty. Not before, not even to pee. Now, get out."

"Yes, my Queen," Penelope reluctantly accepts her slutty mission. She gets to her feet, groaning deeply as she moves, and pulls on her clothes. She goes as fast as she can while groaning from her full bowel. She grabs her purse and leaves, walking with very short steps. But shuffling her feet as quickly as she can. As if she's eager to get her mission accomplished. Or at least over with so she can cum and relieve her enema.

I'd bet the hardest part of her mission is going to be getting rid of those guys afterward. Not only is Penelope a cute girl, but with the enema filling her bottom to its limit, her pussy is going to be especially tight for them. It has to be. There's only so much room behind her pubes, and the enema has her bowels taking up far more of that than usual. So much so that it's squishing the walls of her pussy, leaving far less room for that pussy. Far less room for it to stretch into and accommodate a cock. They're going to love it. And want to be able to find her for an encore. Something I've barred her from telling them. To them, she's just going to be a trashy woman who walked up to one and offered him her pussy. That should make for a nice story! For him. I doubt Penelope will be too particular who she offers it to, either. The enema will drive her crazy. Arousing her and making her overly uncomfortable at the same time. She'll be anxious to get it out of her. Anxious enough to not care what cock fucks her, as long as one does so she cum and get rid of it.

I wait only for the door to close behind Penelope. Then I take a quick look around the room to make sure there's nothing left of Penelope's here. Nothing that will identify Penelope. Nothing that will offer Skylar even the slightest hint of who Penelope is.

Only now do I take Skylar's blindfold off. But I leave the gag on her. I don't care to hear her whine about how

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badly her bottom aches. Or her pussy. I just wait a few moments while Skylar blinks hard against the light.

And I see a bit of shock on Skylar's face as she sees the sunlight coming in around the curtains. She must not have expected it to be daylight already. Maybe now she knows that she whored all night long. And maybe she's worrying about that flight out of Mobile she has this afternoon.



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"Fuck hole, are you going to be a good whore and keep your worthless mouth shut if I take that gag off?"

Skylar vigorously nods "yes." I figured she would. By now, with the gag stretching her jaw so wide, it's got to be getting uncomfortable. I'm sure she'd rather not be gagged.

I snap a quick picture of Skylar as she is, gagged but not blindfolded. It shows her face, her mouth held wide open by the ring of the gag. Then I reach down and loosen the gag's strap, letting it hang down around her neck with her collar. That way it's close at hand should Skylar dare to speak. She did promise me she wouldn't!

Skylar quickly closes her mouth. She works her jaw a little, exercising those muscles. But she doesn't say anything. She just kneels there, still sobbing fairly heavily and quivering crisply. I can also see her nipples straining to full hardness.

Now it's a question of what to do with Skylar. "I suppose you'd like to use the potty now, fuck hole?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Skylar answers rather desperately.

I've been texting back and forth with my friend Ken all morning. He knows that I'm here with Skylar, and he knows what I did with her last night. I know that Ken is eager to see Skylar humiliated, too. He's seen a few pictures of my toys before, but not "live" as it was happening. Since I know him pretty well, I decide "why not?" I send him the picture of Skylar.

And then I open a message to him on my phone. "Here, fuck hole," I tell Skylar, holding my phone up. "Since you didn't make any money whoring last night, maybe you can amuse my friend. Beg him for permission to use the potty. Maybe he'll have more mercy on your worthless butt than I do."

"Yes, Ma'am," Skylar, now reluctantly, answers. She blushes, too. "Who... what do I?"

"Shut up, stupid. I said beg him to allow you to use the potty. Can't you even do that? You really must like holding that big enema in!"

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“NO, MA’AM!” Skylar blurts out. As she does, I’m resetting the voice typing on the phone. I’d make Skylar type out the message if her hands weren’t bound. Skylar sobs another second or two, the blush deepening on her face. “May I please have permission to use the toilet, Sir? Please, Sir, Miss Rodgers gave me an enema to get the junk of out my bottom. Then she told me that I had to get your permission to use the toilet, Sir. Please, Sir, I’m going to lose it! May I please have permission to use the toilet, Sir?” Skylar begs.

I glance down long enough to make sure the phone has gotten it right. Then I hit send. I have no doubt that Ken will answer her rather promptly. He’s been waiting for the chance to have a little role in a toy’s humiliation. I’m pretty sure that he’ll let her use the toilet, too. Not that I’m going to tell Skylar any of that.

I stand over her as Skylar kneels. She quivers hard. Her sobs, still fairly loud, are beginning to ebb slowly, though. Her face is scrunched up tightly. I can see the tension on it as she strains to hold the enema in. For the first minute or so, I do nothing. I just stand over the trembling Skylar, looking down upon her while she waits and suffers.

I don’t know how long it’s going to take for her to get an answer, but I’d guess no more than a couple of minutes. Still, I’m not going to just leave Skylar waiting all that time. I hate wasting time. Especially since I can see how badly her nipples are straining to hardness. It tells me that Skylar is getting rather aroused by being made to wait. Until she gets permission from some unknown man.

That’s definitely the time to tease her. But I don’t want to touch Skylar’s pussy. I’ve seen it. It’s flushed a hot red. And it’s getting raw from all the action it saw. It’s got to be sore and tender. Even if it is aching Skylar right.

The same applies to her bottom. Her asshole was decently red, too. Not chaffed raw, but red enough that I know it’s seen its share of use last night, too. Plus, there’s the sight of her cheeks, now clenched as tightly together

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as she can. It has her globes fully hardened up to a steely firmness.

Luckily I have a feather handy. I get it out of my purse. Then I put its fur to the edge of the tip of one of Skylar's stiff nipples. I stroke the feather very lightly upward, drawing the silky fur along her tender nipple as I do.

"UHHH!" Skylar moans out loudly as a crisp and powerful shudder racks her shoulders and upper body. It looks like it hits her lower body, too. I see her knees twitch as if trying to slam shut. Her chest seems to arch forward a tiny hair as if thrusting her breast against the feather. As if her breast wants more than the tiny slice of nipple to feel that soft caress of the feather.

I move the feather as her breast comes forward the ¼" or so, keeping it in place where I had it. I keep it stroking up and down along the side of her nipple, too. It keeps Skylar shuddering and moaning sweetly. And in a few seconds, more goosebumps cover her entire mound.

That, to me, is a sign that it's time to move along to her other breast. I wouldn't want that one to feel neglected. Not when it can ache with sweet arousal, too. So I move the feather to her other nipple and do the same. It has the same effect on Skylar.

I keep at it, switching breasts every half-minute or so, for several more minutes. Skylar spends every bit of those minutes moaning needy purrs and shuddering hard. By the time my phone dings again, tall, firm goosebumps are covering every bit of both of Skylar's breasts. The tiny slice of chest between them, too. And her spine, but those have been there.

Mostly I'm watching Skylar's bottom as she still squeezes her cheeks so tightly together. She squeezes hard enough that I can see it trembling her hips slightly. I wonder how much longer Skylar will be able to hold her enema. As time goes by, the enema will strain her bowels a little harder. And her muscles will start to tire from working so hard to hold it. It makes it harder for her to

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hold it. It makes her feel the pressure, the strain of it wanting to erupt from her asshole, that much more powerfully.

I turn the screen so that Skylar can see the reply that finally came back. "Whore, you have permission to use the potty. I want your legs spread wide and I want to see it. You may wipe once if your mistress gives you permission."

"Hmm... It seems that he wants to see everything. It's a good thing you're just a worthless whore, not a woman. A woman would be awfully embarrassed to have some guy seeing the awful mess you are! But, a whore like you shouldn't care. On your feet, fuck hole, let's go show him what he wants to see!" I say it to her in my most mocking and teasing voice.

I put one hand to Skylar's shoulder to steady her as she reluctantly gets to her feet. I can see the blush deepening on her face as she starts to realize what I mean by Ken seeing everything. I'm sure she's wondering how he's going to do that since he's not in the room. She doesn't know he's 1,000 miles away. She doesn't know anything.

She trembles as she walks. Any movement, even the tiniest, gets a loud, heavily strained groan from her lips. That's from the enema. The shifting angles inside her send light cramps through her, just behind her pubes. I ignore them, telling Skylar that I don't feel a thing and she should stop being such a cry baby.

I walk Skylar into the bathroom. I stop her in front of the toilet, turning her around so that her back is to it. I nudge her back until the front of the seat is flush against the backs of her calves. I leave her standing there, so close, but not yet allowed to use that toilet she desperately needs.

I keep her standing there for a moment as I remind her that she's to behave. She's to do as she's told, but not do anything she's not told to do. I don't care what she thinks she wants to do. I only care about her obeying me. And I remind her that there are harsh consequences for

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disobedience, ending with a taunting “unless you’d care for another, bigger, enema!” I hope that gets my point across.

I take hold of Skylar’s bound wrists, my other hand on her shoulder. I guide Skylar to sit on the toilet, putting her about halfway back on the seat. That way, there’s a bit of space behind her so that I have a good view down her back and of her bottom as she sits.

I don’t know if Skylar realizes that or not. I can see the strain on her face growing by the second. It’s getting harder for her to control herself, especially now what she’s sitting on a toilet. And definitely more humiliating for her as well. Sitting right on the toilet she desperately needs, yet having to force herself not to use it because she doesn’t have my permission to relieve herself.

Skylar is definitely in a hurry. I know she’s praying for me to hurry up. I’m not in a hurry, and I’m not rushing. I just casually straighten Skylar up so that her back is rigid. I nudge her knees and feet apart with one foot, reminding her that “my friend” told her that he wanted them open so he could watch her use the potty. I’d have them open anyway so that I could see. I have to see to properly supervise her. To ensure that she obeys the instructions that are contrary to what her body wants her to do. And thus, that she remembers her place at the bottom.

I use one arm to nudge her head into place with her eyes looking forward. I remind her that she’s required to keep her eyes open. And her mouth shut, except when she’s spoken to. Then, with my phone close to Skylar’s shoulder, I take a quick picture to show her bottom sitting on the empty toilet. That way Ken can see that Skylar is waiting for permission.

“Pee, fuck hole. And just pee,” I rather firmly tell Skylar. It’s just another tease to her, making her wait a little longer to do what she wants to do.

Skylar blushes a little. It’s hard to tell if her face scrunches up any more. It’s wrinkled up pretty tightly already. Her muscles are all tensed up, which will only make it harder for her to pee.

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“Yes, my Queen,” Skylar answers in a rather unhappy voice. A voice that betrays the true strain she’s struggling against in her bottom. It’s a short second later before I see the powerful geyser erupt from Skylar’s slit. She really needed to pee, too. I figured she would. Last night, all she could do was pee while Penelope held a bucket behind her pussy as she lay tied over the table. She would have done that as little as she possibly could have.

The instant Skylar starts peeing, I snap another picture. “There,” I tell Skylar in a rather mocking voice. “My friend did say he wanted to see everything!” Then I stand there and watch as Skylar pees. I watch her closely, keeping my eyes on her pussy, but also standing back just enough to keep her face in sight. That way I can make sure that Skylar sees me watching her. It should deepen her humiliation to know how closely she’s being watched. To know just how much I’m seeing. Everything. In vivid detail. More detail than I’d really care to see, but it’s nothing that bothers me to see, either. And I love the deepening blush on Skylar’s cringing face.

It takes her a minute or so to pee. She’s not empty, even though she thinks she is. It’s another side effect of her overly-full bowels. Finally, her flow ebbs away to nothing.

“Would you like to go poopy now, fuck hole?” I ask her, mostly just to drag it out another second.

“Yes, my Queen!” Skylar blurts out in the most eager voice I’ve heard from her yet. “May I please, Ma’am?”

“If I allow you to go poopy, are you going to completely empty your filthy bottom out, fuck hole?”

“Yes, my Queen!” Skylar sounds just as eager. And I’m sure she is. I’ll bet she’s wondering what kind of question that is, don’t I know that’s exactly what she wants to do? I stand there for a couple of seconds, which probably feels like an eternity to Skylar. I notice that she’s not even complaining about sitting on her freshly spanked cheeks, either. And I notice that she’s trembling as she cringes. The overly hopeful look on her face.

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Just to drag it out another second or two, I take my time aiming my camera at Skylar's bottom from the back. Even though Skylar can't see what I'm doing behind her back, she can see enough, especially with what I've said, to guess that I'm aiming my camera at her bottom. And to guess what I'm going to take a picture of. I know she's thinking it, she's blushing deeper than I've seen her. And cringing just as much.

"Skylar, you may go poopy now. You will keep your promise to me and fully empty that disgusting bottom out. Is that clear?"

"Yes, my Queen, thank you, Ma'am!" Skylar blurts out so fast that it all runs together. As soon as the last of it is out of her mouth, her bottom erupts. A powerful geyser, like a fire hose spewing brownish, filthy water, from her asshole. I'm sure her asshole is still a bit tender after all the use it had. But that's not stopping it from opening moderately wide to allow the filth, and the enema straining her rectum to heights she's never felt before, to shoot out from her bottom.

To me, it looks as if someone opened a fire hydrant, only one connected to the sewer lines instead of the water mains. The stream shoots steadily, at full strength for well over a minute. It never changes color. But eventually, it begins to ebb away. And finally stop, only to erupt again a few seconds later. I don't want to see it. I half watch it, and half-watch Skylar. But I only do that to make Skylar see me watching her closely. To know just how much I'm seeing. To know that even this bit of privacy has been stripped away from her.

It takes a while for Skylar to empty completely. Every time the geyser stops, a few seconds later it's back, only slightly less powerful. By the time she's done, I'm sure she's emptied more than the half-liter I gave her. And I'm sure her rectum was decently full, to begin with. I have no doubt that Skylar wouldn't have pooped in that bucket last night if she had any choice. She would have held it and waited, hoping her time on the table would end and she'd

Pulling Her Train

get a chance to use a toilet. I'm just as sure that she never envisioned that trip including an enema to help her empty.

While Skylar is sitting on the toilet, I send the pictures to Ken. I do it standing close beside Skylar, and holding my phone where she can see what I'm doing. I take a moment to show Skylar the pictures, too. I want her to know what Ken is going to get to see.

"Doesn't that bottom just look so eager sitting on the potty?" I comment as I show her the first.

"Oh, it looks like some whore really had to pee!" I comment as I show her the second, a close-up of her pussy as she pees.

"Ew, yuck!" I comment on the last picture, the one of Skylar pooping, which she's still doing. "Look how filthy that rectum was! I just can't believe any man would want to stick his cock in there! Clearly, they never knew how disgusting it was... Oh, well, my friend did say he wanted to see everything, I *guess* that meant he wanted to see this, too... even though I can't imagine anyone would want to see something so nauseating!"

I make a few more comments on the last picture just because I know that Skylar is still doing it now. And I can see her shirking inward, cringing harder than ever, as she imagines "my friend," who has already seen her face, seeing this ugly sight of her, too. "I wonder how many of his friends will see this picture... I hope he doesn't post it on some website!" I know Ken won't show it to anyone. But Skylar will never know that. Now she can wonder forever if these pictures of her are out there. Only Ken and I will know they're not. Skylar will wonder.

I wait, maybe fifteen minutes, until Skylar's bottom is quiet for a bit, maybe a full half-minute. Then I ask her "Is your bottom empty? Really, fully empty, fuck hole?"

"Yes, my Queen," Skylar tells me in her shy, hushed voice.

"Then you tell me so."

Chapter Six - A Filthy Bitch

“Queen...” Skylar’s voice hushes just a little more, “my bottom is fully empty now, Ma’am... like you told me to do.”



Chapter Seven - Goodbye, Whore

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It's getting close to 11:00, and that's the limit of how long I want to keep Skylar here. She needs to be at the airport by 12:30 for her flight out. I don't want her late for that. I don't want to interfere with her job. And I know that Skylar has no idea what time it is. She's relying on me not to make her miss her flight. So I've been watching closely.

But there's only one more humiliation I have in mind for Skylar. "Is your bottom completely empty now, fuck hole?" I ask Skylar in my most taunting voice. A voice that's too sweet. That alone should be a warning to her. But I doubt she knows me well enough to recognize it yet.

"Yes, Ma'am," Skylar answers. The cringing look on her face tells me that she's praying this is the end of this. And very relieved not to be holding that enema any longer.

I pull a pair of latex gloves out of my pocket. I stand in front of Skylar, my hands right about her eye level as she sits on the toilet. "Well, let's just see about that, bitch..." I say in my extra sweet voice. Very slowly I pull the gloves on my hands, making Skylar watch me do it.

Skylar can't know what I have in mind. But I'm sure she can guess that the gloves are for my hands, not her bottom. The bottom that I haven't given her a chance to clean up yet. I'm sure that's a rather embarrassing sight that Skylar would definitely prefer no one to see.

With Skylar's hands bound, I figure she'll be a little unsteady. It's just that she's not used to it. So I put my hand to Skylar's shoulder and tell her to get up. As I do, I grip her shoulder firmly and guide her up. The moment she starts to move, she notices, and remembers, that her bottom is still a mess. She cringes hard. She tries to slow down, and maybe to sit back down, but I keep pulling her up to her feet.

I put my other hand to her hip bone. It gives me a little better control over her. I get her to rise up to her feet. She just stands straight up, leaving her legs spread wide. I guess she isn't so eager to close them if she doesn't have to. That would only bring the inside edges of her cheeks

Chapter Seven - Goodbye, Whore

even closer together. Standing was enough to partially close her crack. Her messy crack.

I turn her towards me, but keep her going. It has her facing the corner of the counter, close to the sink, beside the toilet. Then I use the hand on her shoulder to lean Skylar over the counter. At least this way, on an angle partly from the side, there's enough room for her chest to lie flush on the counter, even if her face is close to the mirror behind it.

Skylar fidgets a little. Her legs tremble, as if she can't decide if she wants them closed to try and hide the mess, or open wide to keep as much of it off her bottom as possible. But her feet don't really move. They stand about 18 inches apart, how they happened to end up when I bent her over the counter.

Actually her bottom isn't that messy. And most of the mess is limited to her crack, close to her asshole. But that still doesn't mean I care to touch it! I put one hand to her cheeks, slightly high up above her asshole where I won't be touching much. I use the backs of my fingers and thumb to spread her cheeks wide enough to see a very well used asshole. It was moderately red and tender before her enema. Now it's dirty as well. And it's cinched tightly shut, but that's the norm for Skylar. It makes me think she'd prefer nothing went in that exit.

Not that I would care about her preferences. I don't. She knew when she started that her body was mine to use, and that's what she accepted. So I put the tip of my finger against her tight ring and push. I don't try to be rough on her, but I'm not trying to be gentle either. Really, that's up to Skylar. If she wants it easy, all she has to do is relax and stop trying to resist. I taught her that yesterday. But she doesn't. She keeps her ring tight against my finger. All the way as my finger pushes deep into her bottom.

There's no question that her rectum is empty. Fully emptied and nicely washed out. It's probably cleaner than her asshole. I can feel the loose, filmy walls of her rectum

Pulling Her Train

lying softly against the sides of my finger. And I don't feel anything else in there. Not even a speck of waste.

I knew it would be. An enema, while uncomfortable, is very good at cleaning a bottom out. I'm only "checking" it for three reasons. First to make sure that Skylar released all of the enema, which I know she wanted to do, so she wouldn't have cheated at that. Second, to make certain that Skylar feels me poking around inside her as I "check."

I do spend a few seconds pushing firmly against the insides of her rectum. Not so hard as to hurt her, but enough that she really feels my finger deep inside her as it probes around. As if I don't even trust her to poop without supervision. Mostly because I know it's degrading her to be inspected before I allow her to clean up. As if I seriously question whether she could do it on her own.

I make sure my last probe is straight down. That way the loose walls of her rectum press down. Just beyond them lies the spongy firm walls of her pussy. And rectums are only paper-thin, so I can easily feel those pussy walls beyond as well. Her rectum does nothing more than my latex glove to cushion the feeling. Nor is it really any thicker than my glove.

I give my finger just the tiniest wiggle as it presses gently on the backside of her pussy walls. The instant it starts moving, I feel the walls of her pussy snap with crisp twitching.

"UH!" Skylar grunts out hard. Her body tenses, I think mostly from the surprise of it. I watch a crisp shiver run through her.

And then I pull my finger quickly back out of her bottom. I leave her leaning over the counter for just a second as I pull my dirty gloves off and toss them in the trash.

The third reason is to see how hot she was getting. I put my bare hand on Skylar's shoulder and pull her back to standing. "You are just such a slut, fuck hole!" I taunt her in a mocking voice. "You spent all night getting fucked, and now you can't stop trying to cum during your rectal

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exam?" I reach my hand out and grab hold of the tip of one of her pointy little breasts, pinching both the top of her mound and her wide, rock-hard nipple in my hand. I pinch firmly.

"Come along, fuck hole!" I tell her. Then I start pulling her along by her breast. With her hands still bound, there's nothing she can do about it, either. She just follows along. I set a pace just fast enough to force Skylar to ignore her messy bottom and shuffle her feet to keep up with me.

I walk her out to the living room. There's a little writing desk in here. I'd seen it earlier. And I noticed the simple chair at it. It has a nice, comfortably padded seat to it, but it also has wood armrests on it. I pull the chair out. Way out from the desk with my free hand.

I turn Skylar around, putting her bottom towards the chair. I push her backward until the back of her right knee bumps against the seat. Then I nudge her left side back a little more, pivoting her slightly. It puts the tip of the armrest under Skylar's pussy.

A little pressure down on Skylar's shoulder gets her to bend her knees and sit back. It brings her pussy down on the armrest. And it has the armrest rising up into the bottom of Skylar's crack.

Now I release Skylar's breast and quickly put my hands to Skylar's hips, getting a good grip on them at the tops of her hip bones. I use my firm grip to keep control of Skylar's hips. And to guide her to start rocking her hips.

"UHHH!" Skylar purrs out the sweetest moan even as her face goes wide with horrified shock. I'm sure she can feel the hard armrest grinding against her tender, and aching, clit. I'm just as sure that she can feel it slipping through her crack, rubbing against the inside edges of her cheeks. Probably right over her asshole, too.

It takes about half a second for the first shudder to run through Skylar. And that's how long it takes for me to feel the pressure on my hands as her hips try to speed up. I don't let them. I hold her to a slow and steady stroke. In

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another fraction of a second I feel her hips trying to push down and grind her pussy even harder against the chair. I don't let her do that either, even though there's already a fair bit of pressure against her clit.

"UHHHHHHH!" Skylar purrs out another, far more urgent, moan as her head lolls back. I'm pretty sure her jaw is gaping wide open now, too. Then I watch a crisper shiver flow over Skylar, leaving her pointy breasts covered with goosebumps and her nipples poking out even stiffer than before.

I feel Skylar's hips almost fighting me to rock faster against the chair. I see the muscles in her legs tensing up hard. Behind Skylar's back, I see that her hands have finally gotten something to grip. She's pulled them down hard enough, the sash cutting into her skin, and grips the back of the armrest. Her shoulders arch back, poking her chest and breasts out towards me.

Skylar's hips shudder hard as I keep them moving. I keep slowly grinding her pussy over the armrest. Skylar moans a few more times, one right after the other, each one even more pleading and urgent than before. Then I see her head, still hanging back, thrash hard from side to side.

I feel a sharp snap of her hips. I stop it, holding her to the slow pace. Her hips snap hard against my hands again. And again.

"UH-oh, MMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!!" Skylar cries out, her teeth now clenching hard. Along with every other muscle of her body tensing up to steel. Maybe harder than steel. I can feel the full power of her muscles now as they try to work her hips fast and stroke her clit more fervently. I won't allow it, but I'm working hard to hold her to the slow pace.

"UH-MMMMMMMMMMM!" Skylar goes on screeching out. Her hips tremble powerfully as they fight to grind her clit against the chair.

"Oh, I see you're so particular that you even like fucking furniture!" I laugh at Skylar.

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“UH! YES!” Skylar screams out as a violently hard shuddering racks her entire body. Her shoulders snap from side to side. Her head thrashes, her hair flies every which way. The tremors flow over her harder and harder. A glance down is all it takes for me to see the tip of the armrest and the heavy coat of honey, like the glaze on a donut only thicker, covering it. Skylar’s legs no longer support her weight, dropping it all on the armrest and thus all on her clit. Her hips tremble just as sharply even as I keep them rocking against the chair.

With her clit now supporting her weight, her feet fly around, but also stay on the floor. I see her face scrunching up tight, too. I’m sure it’s not comfortable having so much pressure against her clit. But it doesn’t stop the wave of the orgasm from crashing over her. She keeps cumming, shuddering, and screeching loud, but satisfied, moans.

I keep Skylar moving until, eventually, after about a minute and a half, I see the shudders starting to ebb. Then I use my tight grip on her hips to start pulling her forward. Skylar realizes what’s happening, and scrambles to get her feet back on the floor. I keep going, slowly, so that she has time. But I keep going.

It takes a couple of seconds, but finally Skylar’s sloppy-wet pussy slips from the armrest. Her knees buckle, almost dropping her to her bottom. She catches herself. Her legs snap as she tries to stiffen them up and take her weight. Another tremor flows over her, buckling her knees again. She barely keeps from falling.

I pull her to stand on her feet. Her body wobbles slightly as she does. And then another tremor flows over her, shuddering her body crisply, buckling her knees, and almost dropping her. She purrs sweet, soft, and blissful moans.

I quickly let go of her quivering hips. But only long enough to grab hold of a breast. “Come along, fuck hole!” I tell her, but I’m already stepping away and pulling her along by her spongy mound.

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I walk Skylar over to a corner. Hotels aren't known for empty corners in the rooms, or any wasted space, but there's one that just has a potted fake plant in it. I pull that aside. I release Skylar's breast and shift my hand to her back. Then I push her firmly forward into the corner.

I push her forward until the tips of her toes are against the wall. It leaves just enough room in front of her that nothing else is touching the wall.

I take one look at Skylar's bottom and get another pair of gloves out of my pocket. It's a mess. And now the mess goes about halfway up her crack. It's well smeared, too. I can't think of a more embarrassing sight. Even though Skylar's hands are up above her cheeks, I'll be cautious. I pull the gloves on.

And then I untie Skylar's hands, warning her to leave them where they are. Skylar grips one hand with the other. As I untie the sash, she doesn't move her hands. Smart whore.

I take a single step back. It's about five minutes until 11:00. I glance around and find an alarm clock. Those are staples in any hotel room. I set it for 11:00.

"You will stand in the corner, fuck hole. Use the time to think about what a whore you really are. Not only did you lose count of the men you fucked, in your pussy and butt last night, but now you've added a chair to list of boyfriends. And now, I think I'll write a story about this morning and publish it on some sites where thousands of my fans can read all about what a whore you are. I'll send you a free copy.

"When the alarm goes off, it will be 11:00. You may come out of the corner then, and only then. That leaves you 90 minutes to get back to the airport. It's about a 30 minute Uber ride from here. Traffic is awful on Airport road. You might want to use that hour to shower, and maybe wash the poop off your bottom. You might think about cleaning up your skanky mess on the chair, too. Hotels have the most awful cleaning fees for poopy/skanky furniture."

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And then I laugh hard as I collect my things and head out of the room. It's two minutes before eleven when I close the door behind me. Close enough that it won't matter to me if Skylar cheats and steps out of the corner before the alarm goes off.

And then I decide I do care. I count off about twenty seconds and then open the door as quietly as I can. Skylar is still in the corner. I close the door and head home.

THE "USUAL SUSPECTS"

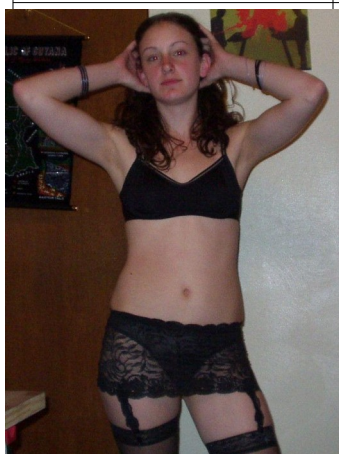
My friends, family, and slaves who appear in this story and numerous others. Only those in this story are shown.



Slave-girl ("Sophie")

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

Debuts In: "Seducing Sophie"



Slave-whore ("Paige")

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

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

GUEST APPEARANCES

My other play toys who make an appearance in this story



Nasty Bitch ("Penelope")

Age	Height	Weight
18	5'6"	130
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Blond	Green	Full Bush
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-A	28	34
Debuts In: "Unfortunate Timing"		