



Initiating Secret Lovers

I don't help mo with all of her toy, or all of the time. I understand that some of them wouldn't react well to a 18-year-old budding dominatrix. And it's not like she's just going to give me her toys. What she is doing is teaching me the tricks of D/s, letting me play with some of the more open toys to see what excites me and what might not. So far, I haven't found anything that didn't excite me. Although I have to admit, there's nothing like turning a guy - or a girl - over my knees for a good spanking, and then toying with that bottom.

The first time mom finally agreed to let me do anything, at least anything that involved the toy taking some clothes off, it was with a mom-aged woman. I thought for sure it was going to be "all business for me," that if anyone excited me, it would be younger guys. Guys my age. Cute ones. But the instant that woman started shyly taking her clothes off, I started getting unbearably hot. That's when I understood what mom had been trying to teach me, that it's not about the toy's body, they're just toys. It's about the power, the control, the reigning over another. The toy's gender didn't make a difference. Since then I've come to realize that I prefer older toys, in their 30s and 40s. They're still young enough not to have bodies that look ready for the rest home, but it so clearly so much more humiliating for them to submit to such a young woman. And that gets me so hot it takes all of my will power not to stop and play with myself.

Still, mom and I talk about the games all of the time. At least daily. Sometimes keeping each other up on what the toys are up to, sometimes swapping ideas for what new torments we could subject them to, sometimes sharing fresh gossip from her little circle of like-minded friends, and sometimes telling me what new opportunities she has. I knew today, a Saturday afternoon she was going to drive across the bridge into Mobile to meet a woman who wanted to play. I knew the woman was married, that she's a newbie - never played before - and that her husband has little interest in her games. I knew they have a couple of younger kids, like grade school age. I knew this woman told mom that she's always wanted to "live as someone's slave," but never dared to admit

that openly and tell anyone before. She finally talked to her husband, and they agreed she could explore her fantasies, so long as she found a woman, not another man. I laughed hard at that condition, even though I know a few other husbands have imposed the same one. Nowadays, like it makes any difference! Girls marry girls, too, now. And to my generation, it's like, so what? I never asked what mom had in mind of the woman because I could guess. She's let me do "first looks" which are kind of like job interviews for toys where we just try to gauge what the toy might be interested in and he or she will respond to different things. I'd imagine she's going to do roughly what I would do. What I did just two weeks ago.

So I went shopping with my three BFFs, Izzy (Isabelle), Reagan and Ellie. We'd been at "the mall," which is just a strip of boutiques, not a real mall, for about an hour when I get a text from mom. *HELP, Pepper! I got here and Debra not only has her kids here, but she has her BF Liz over as well. Liz wants to stay! I think those two might be BFFs, but both might have an interest in being more than BFFs! Hubbies went fishing, back around 6, and left the kids. What jerks. I'm tempted to spank them! They deserve it for that! I'm sure it's an underhanded ploy to throw a wrench in Debra's fun. Want to take Liz for me? She's 36, 5'6"-ish and 140#-ish, dark hair. Also if one of the girls wants to babysit and take these kids down to the park or where-ever just OUT OF HERE, It's on these two. \$50+whatever she spends, back at 6. Interested or am I on my own?*

I drove the four of us here, but it's only a couple of miles from home – we all live within a couple of blocks. That's because I'm the only one with a car, and it's new. It's an older Mazda Miata convertible that I bought cheaply and had repainted in pastel green, which is my absolute favorite color and makes this car just so tiny and cute! I bought it with the money Mom paid me for helping her with a parenting training project for some toys of one of her friends. I just ask the girls "That's my mom. She's off playing her games and needs my help. She also said to ask if one of you wants to come along and take this woman's kids somewhere – anywhere but home – until 6:00. they'll pay \$50+expenses, and you won't

be there, so you won't have to see anything." I know some of the girls, especially Reagan, lap up my stories, or what piece of them I tell, but definitely do not want to actually see any of it. It's Ellie who fairly quickly says "I could use the money." the others defer. We all know that Ellie's parents probably make less than ours do, and money is a little tighter over there. Not bad tight, she gets the same allowance we all do, but still, a little tighter. Izzy and Reagan say they'll just Uber home, which we do all the time, or did until I got a car. I text back: *Yes. Am I just interviewing Liz? Ellie will disappear the kids. OTW, ETA 30. send address.*

Mom very quickly texts me back the address, which Ellie punches into the GPS as I'm driving. I already knew she was in Mobile, and there are only three ways across the bay. I hadn't made the bridge yet when I get the address. About two minutes later my phone dings again, and this is a longer one. Ellie offers to read it to me, adding that she promises to forget whatever it might say. I tell her to go on, knowing she's going to get a good giggle out of it. *Whatever. She's not even supposed to be here. I should leave but this might get fun. Definitely needs punished for her presumptuousness. Otherwise, I don't know anything about her. Toy around, do whatever to her, have fun. Let me know if you agree they have a secret desire to be together. I think they want us to make them do it. Let me know. Maybe I just will.*

"OMG!" Ellie adds at the end, "that is so freaky!"

"Which?" I comment, "wanting to sleep with your BFF, or the punishment you know I'm going to give that girl?" I giggle loudly.

"BOTH!" Ellie squeals.

When I pull up behind mom's car, I see the front door open and mom walking three kids out, none of them older than about the third grade. She brings them to the car. To me, she says very softly, I don't want them to see anything. I send moms to the corners as I walked them out. She tells Ellie that there's a park down the street, a bunch of fast food places, and "whatever else" is around. I offer Ellie my car, which she jumps on, and loads the kids up. I'll be here right at six unless I hear

otherwise from you. And she drives off very cautiously. She's like that, careful.

I follow mom in and she takes Debra to her bedroom. I leave Liz waiting in her corner like a naughty little girl for a couple of more minutes. When I'm good and ready, I step up behind her and get a good, tight hand full of hair. I pull enough to make sure she feels it, but not to hurt her. "Listen closely, bitch. I am Miss Rodgers. I don't know what fallacy made you think you'd be welcome to join Ms. Rodgers and that other skank, but since you are here, you now belong to me. I own you. I own your body. I own your brain. I own your pussy. I own you.

"You are not going to speak, unless spoken to, and then only to answer me very humbly, more politely, even more respectfully, and formally. I don't care what you want. I don't care what you like. I don't care what hurts you. You have no privacy. You have no modesty. You have nothing. You are nothing. Is that clear, bitch?"

"Yes... Ma'am." She answers.

"Then face me, bitch." I loosen my grip and let her turn around. Then I quickly tighten my grip up as I see the shock on her face. I know why. she expected someone mom's age. Someone close to her age. Instead, she has a 18-year-old girl, and I'm very petite except for my boobs, so I look 18, standing in front of her. I don't give her a chance to do anything. I drag her by her hair forward a half dozen hurried steps into the kitchen. There I release her and immediately command her to "give me that blouse, bitch." I hold my hand out, watching her closely as she reluctantly takes her blouse off.

Unfortunately for her, Liz isn't wearing a whole lot. I don't see any jewelry. She puts her blouse in my hand. I toss in into the garbage beside me and hold my hand back out, telling her to "give me that bra, bitch." She parts even more reluctantly with that. I see her arm starting to come up to cover her breasts as she slips the straps off her shoulders. I crack the tip of my crop hard on her forearm and listen as she yelps out loudly. Then I scold her "I told you, no modesty. Arms at your sides. Those flabby boobs can just hang out." She hands me the bra and I toss that in

the trash, too. Then I get her jeans, tossing those as well. Then her panties, letting me see that her pubes are shaved smooth and that she has thin pussy lips. Lastly, I get her sandals and toss them as well.

I know Liz doesn't live here. I doubt she has any spare clothes here. I don't know if she's close enough in size to borrow any from Debra or not. But I do hope it sinks in that she doesn't have any clothes to put on unless she wants to dig hers out of the trash. Any way it goes, it's going to make her trip home this evening rather uncomfortable for her.

I sort of kick a chair out from the dining table with my foot. I grab hold of Liz's hair again, getting a nice tight grip. I would have preferred to get a hand full of pubes, but that's not possible so I go for the next best thing. I drag her along with me. "Come along, you stupid bitch." I drop down to sit in the chair, pulling Liz down to her knees. "I can't believe you thought you'd just show up and Ms. Rodgers would want your ugly, flabby, bottom!"

I pull her hard over my knees. "Now you're going to learn not to be such a presumptuous bitch. You will stay still. You will not say a word. You will not cover your bottom. You will lie there and feel the nice sting as I blister that fat butt until I think you're sorry for imposing on Ms. Rodgers like that!"

She quickly braces her hands against the floor, her knees lightly touching the floor on my other side. I have one thigh in the crease where he waist bends, the other just under her hanging breasts. I brought a couple of paddles with me. For Liz' bottom, I've selected on that's about 18" long, 4" wide and 1/2" thick, made from a lightweight but very strong wood and polished up to a nice shine.

I lie that blade of the paddle along the soft cheeks of her still rounded bottom. I might insult every bit of her appearance, but in truth, she doesn't look bad at all. I lightly caress her cheeks with the paddle, letting her feel the stiff wood. Then I bring it up and snap it down with my full strength.

The paddle lands square across the center of her bottom with a crack like lightning. Liz screeches out a loud pained yelp "OW! OW!

That hurts too much!"

"And now it doesn't count, bitch. I said no talking, let's just start over." I lift the paddle back up, letting me see that there's a pink stripe across her buns, but it's not as bad as she's acting like it is. SO I give her another, and she screeches out again. This time she remembers not to say anything, just yelps that pained "OW!" There's no extra stroke. That's because I'm not counting strokes, I'm just going to paddle her bottom until it's good and sore.

I give her another stroke and Liz bursts into tears and sobs after crying out her yelp. But as I lift the paddle, her cheeks are still only pink, not red. So I give her another good swat. This one starts her bawling like a baby. But it doesn't spare her. I give her another, and another, feeling her stiffen hard and listening to her cry away as I spank away.

She gets about a dozen strokes until I see that her bottom is glowing a bright, angry red. Almost like a fire truck. That's how sore I wanted her bottom to be.

With her lying over my knees and crying so hard I can barely think, I reach my hand down to the flat lips of her pussy and stroke my finger along her slit. I feel her wetness for the briefest of instants, then Liz shrieks out and her legs come flying up. I pick up the paddle, swat her bottom hard again, and scold her "Behave your naughty bottom, bitch."

I put my fingertip back to her slit and start tracing a line up her sopping wet slit. She shrieks out a tortured, but very erotic cry. I keep going, tracing my way all the way up to her tightly puckered asshole. I let my fingertip rest atop her ring, and taunt her "I'll fuck this, too, if I want to, bitch." I feel her cringe. Then I start tracing down again.

I stop when I get to the top of her slit. I slowly inch my finger through her lips, feeling her steamy wetness and then the burning heat. My finger starts sliding into her pussy. I feel her lightly twitching walls clamp down to snuggle my finger. I hear Liz cry out a single, long, drawn-out, and deeply erotic moan over her sobs.

Once my small finger is as deeply inside her as it can get, I start wiggling the tip of it and teasing her pussy. She sucks a hard fast breath,

then lets go another of her drawn-out sultry moans, now lightly trembling as she lies over my knees. I keep going and watch as she trembles a little more and hear her moans grow needier and drown out her sobs.

"You're not being slutty and liking this, are you? For God's sake, I'm a GIRL! Are you some kind of dyke or something, bitch?"

"NO, Ma'am!" She insists firmly, but keeps moaning out loudly, and crying just as loudly. I have to say it's an odd combination. And I find this very arousing. In fact, if it keeps getting me hot like this, I might just have to go out tonight and find me a hook-up to tear up.

I tease her for around two minutes until it's so plain that she's getting close to climaxing before I slip my finger back out of her pussy. I put it right back up to her asshole and this time I press lightly, putting some pressure on her muscle. I feel her tense up. Not just her asshole, but all of her as she cringes.

I press a little more and push the honey-lubricated tip of my finger into her butt. She squeals a pained yelp as I push into her and stretch her ring to let my finger through. I bury my finger as deeply as I can reach, here, too. Then I press downward lightly, pushing against the nervy and hungry backside of her pussy walls through the fine membrane of her butt. My finger wiggles for a couple of seconds, no more, before she's shivering as she lies over me. Then she starts moaning again.

In a few short seconds, she's moaning just as eagerly and passionately as she was when I was teasing her pussy.

"Now you're just being an impatient bitch!" I scold her. I yank my finger out of her bottom fairly quickly, getting a little yelp from her. "I have just the thing to teach a bitch patience!"

It's a disposable enema. ½ liter. Basically, a bottle of water with a 6" nozzle on its end. It's not the full-bag enema like I prefer to use, but it's good for a quickie. Like now. I don't tell what's coming. I don't say a word, I just reach down and pull it from my bag of tricks, pop the little cap off the nozzle, and push the tube right into her asshole. She squeals a little as the pencil-thick tube, slick with jelly, slips easily into her bottom.

"OH MY GOD!" She screeches out, "NO!!!! Please, Ma'am, Please



don't do this to me!" I know then that she feels the first drops of the water flowing into her bottom. I swat her fiery sore bottom with my hand, a nice little spanking "for being a noisy bitch." I keep squeezing, pushing more liquid into her, filling her more and more.

She doesn't even have half of it when she cries out again, "Please, Ma'am, Oh, God, please, I'm begging, you. It's too much! At least don't make me take so much. I can't! Please, Ma'am!!!!" She cries out, then adds, "I can't take this much, ma'am, please!" I spank her bottom again, telling her to "shut up, bitch." and I keep squeezing, knowing full well that she can take it all. There's plenty of room up her butt. I know. I just had my finger in there. She shrieks out agonized cries as I fill her backside up.

When it's empty I pull the tube back out of her. Only then do I push the crying woman up off my knees and onto hers. I stand up, and toss the used bottle in the trash, right atop her clothes. I point to my chair and tell her to "Sit. And I don't care that your butt is sore. That's your fault, not mine. Next time behave yourself, bitch."

As soon as her bottom touches the chair she cries out. I snap for her to sit like a lady, getting her legs crossed right over left, back straight, eyes forward, and hands folded in her lap. She sits fidgeting, trying hard not to move on her stinging bottom, and unable to sit still with her bottom so full.

I stand over her. "Patience, bitch, patience." I tease with a little giggle to my voice. "Now, while you're sitting there showing me you can be patient, let's not waste time. You weren't invited today, bitch. Who are you?"

"Elizabeth Holly Parnell, Ma'am." She blabbers on telling me that she's Debra's BFF and that she knew Debra shared her interest, and unlike her had found someone to play with her. When their husbands took off fishing and left Debra with her kids, Debra called her to watch the boys while mom was here. She came over, arriving just before mom did intentionally, hoping to meet mom. Which she did. I slap her face and tell her to quit blabbering and just answer my questions. I'll get the rest of

the story later, but certainly, she said something to mom, and for whatever reason, mom decided to let her stay. And asked me to punish her for coming. Fine by me. I'm having great, and hot, fun watching her sit there miserably and suffer.

I ask her her bra size. It's one thing a woman either boasts about or hates mentioning. She tells me that she's a 36-B, which isn't great, but it's definitely not anything to be embarrassed about. I've seen much smaller boobs than her. Not everyone can be a 32-D, like me,

After a few more questions, I ask her if she likes Debra. She says yes, they're best friends. I ask her if she's ever been with a woman, and she hurriedly assures me that she hasn't. I ask her if Debra is pretty. She says yes, she's attractive.

I remind her to sit still. Then I gently take her spongy breast in my hand, cupping it by its underside and tenderly teasing her nipple with my thumb. She purrs softly. "Am I pretty?" She says that I am. "Do you like my touch on your little titty?" This time she hesitates before telling me that it does "feel nice."

Still stroking her nipple, I ask her if she'd like me to take her to the toilet now. She very pleadingly says yes. I tell her "tough, I'm not done playing with my new bitch toy yet." I keep teasing her breast, then after a few more seconds I ask her "Do I have nicer breasts than Debra?"

She tells me that she doesn't know how to answer that. Mine are definitely bigger and look to be perkier. I slap her face with my free hand and scold her for "looking at my boobies like some dyke bitch." Then I giggle and add "but they are nice. All the guys think so, anyway."

I shift my hand to tease her other breast. Once she's purring again, I ask her if Debra's breasts are pretty. She tells me she thinks so. I ask if she's ever seen them. She tells me "not fully," she's only seen Debra in a bra or swimsuit or something like that, never nude.

"Didn't you think there might be some nudity today?" She tells me she thought there might be "something." Clearly, she did not expect to sit still letting a teenage girl feel her him, while her bottom wanted to explode. Her fiery sore and stinging bottom that I'll be she'd do about

anything to not be sitting on right now.

"So if you have been friends with Debra for a *whole decade* now, and she's never fancied to allow you to see even her bare breasts, what made you think that Debra would possibly welcome your presence now - for her session?" She says she didn't really think she'd be staying "for the whole session," that she just thought to meet Mistress... And maybe talk with Mistress. She most definitely did not expect Mistress to "make me stay and do things." And even more, definitely did not expect Mistress to give her to her daughter.

"Yet here you are, bitch." I taunt.

After a little more teasing to her breasts, I tell her to stand up. "Did you potty all over yourself, like a baby, bitch?" I scold with a note of feigned disgust in my voice. I point at the little wet spot on the seat of the chair. Liz immediately insists that she didn't., despite the difficulty, she's had not doing so.

I roughly spin her around and shove her down to bend over the chair, having her rest her forearms on the seat and spread her legs wide, "so I can see if my naughty bitch is lying to me." I spread her cheeks, already knowing that I'm not going to find anything more than I do: a very tense asshole straining to its very heights of tightness. But beneath that, I can see a set of lips that are so wet they're all but dripping honey. I don't have to look to know the pussy behind them is going to be on fire and flooded. "Oh, you are so beyond disgusting, bitch!" I scold with as much revulsion as I can fake in my voice. "You left a skank spot on Debra chair! Her kids have to sit there! Have no decency???"

I spank her bottom, three hard strokes on each cheek with my hand. Which means they're not nearly as hard as they would be with a paddle. With her butt still stinging from that paddle, they are enough to get her crying again. "Clean you skank up, bitch!" I say it sternly as I shove her head down hard and put her lips right to the wetness. She tries to turn her head away, her hands starting to fumble for something - anything - I'd guess to clean with. I spank her another stroke to each cheek. "Lick it up, bitch!" then I give her cherry red globes another swat.

I watch as Liz so reluctantly licks the seat, her face scrunched up with disgust as she tastes her pussy. I swat her bottom a couple more times, scolding her for wasting my time now. It's enough that my hand is starting to sting from slapping her butt. But she licks faster and gets all of her honey off the seat. Then I jerk her by her hair to pull her to stand up.

Driving over here, I'd thought to give Liz a fairly standard "first look," just get to know what she had to offer and what she might get excited by. Plus a spanking, she had that coming for intruding. But when I first saw her, something told me to push her hard. To be rough with her. To subject her to humiliations beyond what she'd dreamed up. That she had a definite idea of what would happen, a fantasy vision of her first session with a Master or Mistress, a vision she'd suffered and enjoyed for years and years. That she needed it not to come true, that she needed to be pushed to places she'd never imagined. Judging by the obvious signs of her arousal, I was right.

Unfortunately for Liz, I am very very creative. I can think up fresh humiliations for her just as fast as I can look around the room and see what's here. As she stands there, her hands behind her, her face scrunched up from the pressure in her bottom and crying from her freshly re-spanked behind, I am about to walk her to the bathroom for a very short-lived relief. As I tug her hair to march her off, I catch sight of the kitchen sink. Such an ordinary thing, every kitchen has one, and most of them are just like this one, decently big two basin models. I get an idea.

Instead of the bathroom, I drag her over to the sink. Luckily it's empty, not loaded with dirty dishes. And it has a garbage disposal. It'll do so nicely. I quickly snap for Liz to hop up on the counter and sit there, her pussy on the lip of the counter, her bottom just barely hanging over the sink. I make her sit like that, allowing her to put her hands on the edge of the counter outside her spread knees to brace herself.

I can the look of bewilderment on her face, only poorly hidden behind that ever-present mask of discomfort. She still hasn't guessed what just popped into my mind. I get a couple of clothespins out of my bag, pinch one open and hold it's gaping jaws right in front of Liz's nipple. So close

in front that it's almost touching her. I ask her if she's ever dreamed of, ever had a sexual fantasy that "included" Debra. She says no. I put the clothespin on her nipple, slowly releasing it and watching as Liz winces harder and harder as it's jaws pinch down onto her over-stiff and sensitive nipple. I ask her if she "feels how hard it's pinching her steely little nipple." She says yes, a tiny hint of strain to her voice. I tell her that's good, we both know it's exciting her. I add for her to try and not be such a skanky slut-bitch for just once in her life, at least not to leave another "pussy print" on the counter.

I put the other clothespin in front of her other nipple and ask her if she thinks it will hurt if I put this one on her nipple too. She says yes. I ask her again if she's ever had a fantasy that included Debra. This time she says yes, so I spare her nipple and keep the clamp right where it is. I ask her what that fantasy was. She very shyly tells me that she's with her husband, but Debra is there, not really doing anything, more just holding her hand and touching her chastely. I clip her nipple, laughing heartily as I tell her "Liar. That's way too tame, and I know you are way so slutty, bitch."

I don't bother to ask again. She doesn't have a third nipple to clamp when she gives me more bull. I just stand beside her. "You want to lie to me, bitch, fine. I warned you not to lie. I told you you have no privacy. I ask you to tell, I don't care if you're so ashamed you die. I matter. You don't. You just lost your potty trip, bitch!" I laugh again as she sits there, feeling the pinches on her nipples, and dreading the loss of her relief.

I leave her there in pained silence for a good minute. Then I coldly tell her that she may relieve herself. Now. Here. Just like she is, no moving, no saying anything, just a humble thanks. Sit still and relieve herself.

She immediately starts sobbing hard again. And she's just dried it up from the spanking! I glare at her, moving to stand where she has no choice but to see me watching her. And see that I have a great view not just of her, but of her bottom hanging out in the air over the sink. She hesitates, but the discomfort wins out and she sobs out a stutter, shamed,

and rather bland – but humble – thanks. Then she lets go and her bottom explodes, shooting a jet of yuck into the sink like a fire hose.

After a minute, her bottom still flowing, I see a horrified look on her face as she realizes that I have her far enough forward that her pussy is not over the sink, so she can't pee. And I can tell she wants to. But she can't without it going all over the place, so she has to hold that while letting her backside go. She definitely looks uncomfortable, as if this is the worst relief she's ever had. I'd bet it is. I'd bet she never imagine doing it like this. I see the color in her cheeks deepen as I tease her about making such a mess, remind her that I'm seeing all of her humiliation.

Just to tease her a little more, I slip my phone out and snap a picture of her. Then I bring it up on the screen – and my brand new iPhone has a big screen – and show it to her. I point out that you can so clearly see the brownish "gush" from behind, so anyone who sees the picture will be able to see exactly what she's doing in Debra's sink. I taunt her that I should send it to Debra. Maybe her husband. Maybe Debra's husband, too. Maybe everyone in her contacts so everyone will know what a revolting bitch she is, then she won't have to pretend to be a woman anymore. Everyone will know she's just a gutter skank. She cringes at every thought. And every thought gets me a few more tears flowing from her eyes. I send the picture, but don't let her see to whom I send it. I sent it to mom, adding a text: *I'm washing it's bottom out for a nice big toy. Then she's ready. 10 minutes. And yes, Lizzie is going lezzie on Debra, if you think Debra is good for it.*

After a minute I get a text back: *10 minutes- OK. I'd have to buy a new sink. Glad I don't have to clean that one!*

I text back: *like I would clean it? I'd never eat anything from that kitchen ever! Lizzie will clean her own mess. Duh.*

Liz doesn't even see me texting. She's trying to do everything possible to convince herself that I'm not here and she's on a toilet. It shows. So just to remind her that she's being closely watched, I take a gloved hand, reach around, and give one of her cheeks a little caress. She cringes up and the flow stops at my touch. "Oh, you're done?" I taunt,

knowing she's anything but. She says no. I tell her she'd better hurry up then, I'm not wasting much more of my time. And I keep teasing that cheeks, making her feel me touch her bottom. She forces herself to resume. After a few seconds, I stop touching her. I hold my hands up, letting her see that there's some mess on my glove, making her watch me peel the glove off and drop it in the trash, atop her clothes.

I give her a few more minutes, letting her get mostly empty, to the point where she's stopped on her own. I know that a third wave of urge will hit her hard in a bit, but there won't be much more to get out. Just a strong urge to get it out. I don't give her any toilet paper. I don't have any. Who keeps it in their kitchen? Maybe Liz will now, at least if she thinks I might pop over. Instead, I tell her to sit there. I pull out the dish sprayer and tell her to wash her bottom off with that. And to get it very clean. Of course, I decide that's not clean enough, so I hand her the dish sponge soaked in dish soap and tell her to "scrub that filth hole clean." Which she does, washing all of her bottom that she can stand to touch as well.

Then I have her stand up and tell her to rinse out the sink and then scrub "her disgusting mess" out of it. I flip the switch for the garbage muncher and let it run while she works. Then the sponge goes in the trash, wet and messy, atop her clothes. I'd hate for anyone to use that on something someone might eat off of, and somehow I doubt Liz will voluntarily tell Debra about this. Which gives me another idea.

I have Liz stand there. I hand her a decently large vibrator. It's a realistic-looking replica penis, only slightly too big to be genuine, maybe 8" long, and little under 1 ½" across. Complete with latex balls. I hand her a tiny packet of KY jelly. "I think you need a good hard fucking, bitch. That pussy is just way too skanky right now. So you can get it in your butt." I laugh. Then I tell her to put a thin film of lubricant on her "new boyfriend," teasing that latex is all the boyfriend who'd want her old haggard body. And I want her that if she tries to waste my lube by using more than a thin film around the head of it, I'll scrub it all off and she can have it dry. "It won't be my butt burning!"

I watch as Liz so nervously and reluctantly greases up the toy, trying to guess just how much of the jelly I'll let her get away with using. When I think she has enough on it, I take it from her hands. And I toss the half-used, greasy packet in the trash. I tell her to bend over, spread her feet wide, and spread her own cheeks, for her "date." She moves slowly, stalling it off as long as she can.

I tell her to stand very still. That if she makes me chase her bottom around, I have a bigger one to "cram in even more full" for when I catch it. I do have a bigger one, but I wouldn't use it on her. Her asshole is small and virgin-tight. I wouldn't want to risk splitting her skin there.

I put the tip against her ring, completely covering it and more, and suggest that she relaxes "so it doesn't kill you." But I offer her no advice or help on how to force her unwilling hole to relax. So she doesn't get it very loose. I push, steadily increasing my pressure until finally, it starts stretching her tense muscle and pressing through. As it gets her about half stretched, Liz cries out a pained "OW!" and flinches hard, then all but screams as it stretches her fully. And then it's in, diving deeply into her freshly emptied bottom and stuffing it full of the flexible shaft. I put all 8" into her butt, stopping only when the fake balls are hanging down against her lips. Then I watch her cringe and cry out as she stands and the shaft shifts around in her butt.

I put my pastel green collar on Liz, locking it around her neck, then locking the matching leash to it. Mom sells these custom collars and leashes on one of her web stores, the kinky supplies one, and I know she had them made in "baby-green" just for me. I hope she hasn't sold too many of them. It's my color, the rest of the world can find their own color! I cuff Liz's hands behind her back and blindfold her.

"Walk on your leash, bitch!" I taunt her, "should be natural for a bitch. Bitches are dogs after all. Don't hit anything!" I give the leash a sharp tug and start leading her along. I hold the leash close to her collar, guiding her precisely - assuming she obediently follows the pull on her neck. Which she does.

The door to Debra's bedroom is open a crack. I push it open and



see that mom has Debra – at least I assume the 40-ish blond is Debra, on her hands and knees, tickling her pussy lips with a feather. Obediently Debra doesn't move her head to see who's coming in, she just stares straight ahead, gasping sultry moans, and trying to stay still for her tease. I can see that she has a nice puffy little pussy, also with shaven pubes and lips.

I reach over and take the clothespins from Liz's nipples, earning me a deeply relieved sigh. Mom just looks at me and points at Debra's pussy, then shrugs. I get the message, there's Debra, do whatever. She walks around to stand in front of Debra, and in her very stern voice – the one I never wanted to hear when I was little – she says "I told you that you will suffer for allowing that skank Liz to be here. I came to play with you, not you and some gutter slut. You will stay still and suffer, Debra, got it?"

"Yes, Ms. Rodgers," Debra answers in a girly voice.

I use my left hand to partially spread Debra's pussy lips, seeing that she's also sopping wet, but her folds are a little darker, with a more purple tinge to them. I bare her clit, poking well up from the loose folds around it, and nicely wet with sticky greasy honey. I grab hold of Liz's hair and sharply pull her forward to the edge of the bed, then shove her over to push her face right up to Debra's pussy.

I tell her exactly what and how to do it. I have her pucker her lips up and lightly suck the nub into her mouth, then slowly swirl her tongue around it.

At the first brush of Liz's warm soft lips on her nub, Debra cries out a truly tortured erotic squeal. And she keeps squealing, getting steadily more needy and urgent as Liz's tongue swirls around her aching clit. In a few short seconds, I can see the stick honey starting to cling to Liz's face. And soon after I can see hard electric shivers racking Debra's body.

Mom sternly tells Debra not "cum all over Miss Rodgers' pet. Miss Rodgers will tell you when *and if* she wishes you to cum that sticky pussy-cream all over her pet's face." then she looks at me and winks. We can both see that Debra will happily climax any second if I allow her to.

I pull the blindfold off of Liz's face. "See! Your real fantasy come true, bitch! You get to eat Debra's pussy! Now put on a good dyke show, dyke, and entertain us!"

She cringes but keeps licking Debra. Debra keeps squealing loud guttural moans and shivering hard enough I'd call them shudders. "Debra, is bitch giving you a good little pussy munching?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers, Oh, Yes, Miss Rodgers!"

"Did you know bitch always wanted to eat that fat pussy of yours?"

"No, Miss Rodgers!"

"Well, no matter. It's pretty obvious that you like having my bitch eat your pussy like some dyke." I pull out my phone and start recording, getting a good HD video of Liz eating Debra's pussy. "You know what? I'll bet your husband would just love to see this! Guys are like that. They all want to see girls with bitches!" I move around, getting several different angles for my clip. One that clearly show's Liz's face buried in Debra's pussy. One that shows Debra shuddering and moaning. One that shows Debra's face, jaw hanging wide open as she cries out, her smallish boobs dangling down and jiggling with her shudders. One from over Debra's back that clearly show's Liz's face, from nose up anyway. "I am so going to send this to those guys! They should know their wives are secret dykes! Right bitch? You hubby should definitely know that you'd rather be eating Debra's pussy than sucking his cock!" I laugh hard, seeing both women cringe hard at the thoughts of their husbands knowing about it, much less seeing it.

After a minute, I grab Liz's hair again. I have to pull hard to pull her lips up the inch or so to put them atop Debra's asshole. Debra cries out with frustration. Mom giggles, knowing exactly what I'm going to do. I instruct Liz to suck hard, then press her tongue as deeply "up Debra's night tight little asshole" as she can, and "lick her butt" slowly and tenderly. "Maybe she even wiped for you!" I taunt.

I swat Liz's bottom hard, just once, but it's enough that she hurries to obey.

Debra screams out the more agonized, and desperately urgent sensual screech. Full tremors rock her body. Honey weeps from her pussy onto Liz's chin.

I take a short video, teasing bitch that her husband should certainly know what a revolting bitch she is, that she's so hot for Debra she's eagerly tongue-fucking her asshole!

I make Debra suffer about a minute of that. Finally, I just say "Debra, I want bitch's face nicely glazed, from her hairline to her chin. Cum on her now."

Debra immediately cums, hard and graphically, snapping through the waves until she finally falls flat on her stomach, spent and panting.

I pull Liz up to her feet and immediately start playing the video of her eating pussy. I lightly tap her bottom with my crop. "Well, bitch, wasn't actually eating that pussy so much better than just fantasizing about it while having sex with your hubby?"

Tearing up, she says yes.

"And aren't you so happy now that Debra knows you're a dyke and so hot for her puffy pussy?" Liz says no, she didn't want Debra to know that she wanted to be with her, since both are married and it's not possible, and it would likely ruin their friendship.

"Oh, don't be such a shy bitch!" I scold her, "Debra clearly liked it!" I reach over and swat Debra on her bottom, "come on Debra, come over here and learn what happens to girls who allow stray bitches to roam their house when Ms. Rodgers is expected."

It takes Debra a second to get out of the bed and onto her feet. I put her down to her knees, where she'll have a better view. Then I turn Liz around to put her butt in Debra's face. "See what happens to naughty and skanky bitches? Didn't this bitch get a nice spanking for intruding?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers." There's no denying that. Liz's butt is still glowing cherry red, and so plainly stinging her. But what really has Debra's attention is that shaft sticking out from between her cheeks. There's no denying where that shaft is stuffed, either. Debra's wide eyes tell me she knows, and assumes it's uncomfortable for Liz.

I have Liz turn around, putting her pubes right to Debra's eyes. I ask Debra is she's ever had any thoughts about eating Liz's "revolting skank pit." She says no. I ask if she's ever been with a woman, she firmly says no. I ask her if she thinks Liz is pretty, she says yes.

I tell Debra to "give Liz's skanky pussy a good tongue lashing for intruding on your playtime." I repeat the instructions on how to eat pussy as I shove Debra's face down and to Liz's dripping pussy. I give Debra a light tap on her bottom with my crop, letting her know this isn't an option for her.

Liz screams out a primal moan of pure desperation, louder than she's made yet. Her body shudders hard and crisply on her feet. Her knees try to buckle out from under her. Her arms fight hard to get free of the police-issue handcuffs that bind them behind her. She screams so much and so urgently I wonder if she's even breathing. She can't have much time to get air in those lungs. With a few steady crop strikes to her bottom, I tell her that climaxes are for good bitches, not cheap slutty ones, so I'd better not see her sneak one." She screams more, the unbearable frustration lacing her erotic cries.

I have to almost shout to be heard over her. I tease Debra that it should be so obvious that Liz is a dyke and has always wanted this. She's loving it too much. I make another video, this one I tease to show Debra's husband what a good pussy licker Debra is, just in case he might ever have a lady he'd care to see to her eat. I tauntingly suggest that she might even invite Liz over to join her and her husband: he can watch Debra eat Liz and maybe fuck her butt while Debra does, since "so obviously" Liz doesn't mind having a long thick cock up her butt.

Finally, after three or four minutes, when I can tell that Liz isn't going to be able to stand much more of this without climaxing no matter how hard she tries to behave, I grab Debra's slightly longer dishwater blond hair and jerk her crisply up to her feet. Her face has a nice heavy honey glaze to it, just like Liz's.

Liz screams out, this time with real agony, in frustration as she's left unsatisfied.

"Aw..." I coo, "my little pet bitch wants to climax! Well, go ahead and diddle your pussy for us and I'll think about it." I watch as Liz struggles hard to get her bound hands to her pussy. She can't, and I knew there was no way she was ever going to. But I make her try for a good part of a minute. "Hmm... looks like you won't be getting that climax!"

Liz starts crying hard, realizing that not only am I not going to allow her to climax but no matter how much she might want to, she can't even do it herself. "Well, I'll be kind..." I say with a wide smirk. "Maybe if you beg Debra nicely she'll help you. Go on, now or never, bitch, don't be shy! You've already eaten her pussy. She knows you're a dyke lusting after her body!"

"Debra, please, please, please! I'd never ask, you know that, but right now I can't stand this! I have never dreamed of needing it so badly! Please Debra, please, I'll make it up to you somehow, please, just help me... please, just... diddle me, I'll be done very very quickly. Please, Debra, please, help me!"

"May I please help her, Ma'am?" Debra asks, and a wave of relief washes over Liz's face.

"Bitch... I'll tell you when you may climax. If you behave yourself and let us see how nicely Debra diddles that skanky thing." Then I tell Debra to "go on, diddle her, however you wish to do it. She really wants you for her lover, so try to forget how creepy-dykey that is and be tender for her."

Mom is grinning away. Debra stands close to Liz, wraps one arm around her to hold her tight, and puts her other hand to Liz's pussy. I'm about to take her hand and show her how I want it done, slowly and softly, but Debra starts doing it just right. Clearly, mom just taught her that. And had her play with herself like that.

Liz screams so loudly that I wonder how Debra can stand her ears being so close. She shudders just has hard, showing her arousal, her urgent need, just as much as before. Debra holds her tight and softly tells her "Come on Liz, just be good a little longer so you don't have to suffer. I'll take care of you, just behave for Ms. Rodgers..."

I make Liz wait another couple of minutes, during which I make

yet another video clip. Only then do I tell Liz to go on and climax. And I record the obscenely graphic, screaming thrashing orgasm she has in Debra's arms. It's enough that Debra has to catch her and ease Liz down to the floor when her legs give out from under her.

I don't give Liz a rest. I grab Debra and shove her face right to Liz's honey-weeping pussy and tell her that "bitch seems to have enjoyed that too much. Do it over until she learns not to intrude on Ms. Rodgers!"

Debra puts her lips to Liz's clit and starts licking it again. Instantly Liz snaps back and lets out a tortured scream, this time very naughtily say "It's too much! I can't take it! STOP! It's too good!"

I scold her for speaking when she should be lying there while Debra practices her pussy licking. Then I scold Debra for "not making it good enough. If she was doing it the way I taught her, Liz wouldn't be able to speak!" And I give both of her cheeks a firm cropping to urge her to make this even better for Liz.

And yes, I make a video clip of this as well. Liz's obscene thrashing around, her thighs clamped hard around Debra's head, taking her head along with her sharp hip wiggles, is just too slutty to pass up. I time off five minutes. Then I tell Liz to go on and climax again since her last one was just so entertaining. She does, a little more energetically this time. But I don't tell Debra to stop, so she obediently goes on and ignores Debra's strained screams of pleasure so intense she truly can't bear it.

This time I time off ten minutes before I allow Liz to climax. Once I see that's she well into her orgasm, I tell Debra to stop and stand up. Then we all watch Liz lying there, seemingly unconscious, but her body twitching sharply as if lying atop live wires. And her pussy weeping plenty of honey.

I tell Debra to roll Liz over, tails-up. Then I tell her to take the toy out of Liz's bottom for her. When Debra reaches for it, I tap her hand away with my crop and tell her "like a slut! Use your mouth!" I record it as Debra slowly pulls the long shaft from Liz's butt with her mouth. I get a good image of the shock on Debra's face as she realizes just how big that toy is.

It's fifteen minutes later before we have both of them sitting on the coffee table in the living room. Both sit properly, and both are still completely naked. Both have very satisfied pussies as well. Just looking at their bodies I'd guess that Debra is one size smaller in her bra, one size bigger in her panties, so her clothes will be a bad fit on Liz.

I go get the trash can from the kitchen. When mom sees it, she shakes her head but grins widely. She knows what I've done. Once I'm back she goes to fetch Debra's clothes from the bedroom.

Once mom returns I pick up my paddle. I have both women stand, facing each other. I tell them to stand close and hold hands while looking directly at each other. I pick up my paddle. I slowly pace around the pair, scolding them strictly. "You two little skanks so fake! It's just so obvious that both loves getting freaky with each other. I wouldn't be surprised if you both didn't set this whole thing up! Once Ms. Rodgers agreed to suffer through Debra's sluttiness anyway. I'll bet you both *hoped* just this would happen, that I'd make you do what you both wanted so desperately to do and were just shy about doing.

"Bitch," I touch the paddle blade to Liz's spongy cheeks, "this is for pretending you didn't lust after Debra." Then I add "Debra, you'll watch bitch suffer the consequences of hiding her desire for you. Watch closely."

I give Liz three good strokes of the paddle, watching her body stiffen and her scream out with each. And watching to ensure that Debra watches her.

Once Liz is crying from her spanking, I lie the paddle blade against Debra's bottom, and tell her firmly, "and these are for making everyone think you don't like pussy!" I give her three swats as well. The first makes her stiffen up hard and grunt, and I can see on her face that they're worse than she expected. Then second gets a screech from her. The third gets her eyes wet with her screeched yelp.

Only then do we allow them to dress, Liz having to fish her clothes out of the trash. I can see a few wet spots and marks on them from the stuff I tossed on top of them. I'll bet they even smell like trash.

Mom tells both to go stand on a blank spot on the wall. She positions them exactly, their toes only touching the wall, eyes open and staring at the blankness, hands behind their backs. And with a mere inch or so between their bodies. She first warns them that any touching of each other will earn both another spanking, so stay still like good sluts.

"You will both stand there until someone gets here, be it your husband or your kids. You will not move until that door starts to actually open. When it does, bitch, you will leave immediately without a single word or touch to anyone. You will not contact Debra at all. Nothing. Tuesday, once the kids leave for school, Debra will contact you, text messages only, and you two will arrange a little rendezvous for Tuesday. Sometime Tuesday the two of you will get together. You will then immediately get completely naked, without a word to each other. Just get in the same room, *face* each other, and undress *each other*. You will then get in bed and spend 90 minutes there. No talking. Touching, fondling, licking, fingering, and yes, I mean a hot steamy porno scene. Debra, you will set your phone or a camera to record your entire little dyke-fest, and make sure that I can see everything clearly on the video. Once the 90 minutes is up, I don't care if you're both well sated, or desperately close to climax, you stop. Set an alarm so you don't over-screw. You will immediately send me the video. Then you will come sit on the sofa, side by side, bodies touching and hands holding, naked, and you will just wait. At my convenience, I will call you, and I expect you both to be there patiently waiting." She asks both if they understand her instructions, and both say they do. Mom reminds them they do not wish to disappoint her.

Then mom and I kick back and relax on their love seat. Mom watches them closely. I catch up on some texts. It's already ten till six, and Ellie will be here any time. I text Ellie: *All SAFE, door unlocked, in the living room, just bring'em in*. And she sends back *OTW*.

Right at six, maybe a minute before, the door flies open, kid propelled. Both women jump off the wall and hurry to act normal before their kids notice they were basically standing in the corner like bad kids. Liz hurries to get her purse and slip off silently before the kids notice her and want to



talk.

The kids eagerly tell Debra that they went to the mall, where there were a few fair rides set up, and they got to ride the merry-go-round and a couple of other rides "a whole bunch of times!" then they went to CiCi's for the pizza buffet, walked down the strip center to a pet store where they got to play with the puppies and kitties, and then even got an ice cream for dessert. They all say that Ellie is a very fun sitter, and can she be their sitter more, please?

Ellie scribbles her name and number on a piece of paper and leaves it for Debra. Mom asks Ellie what she spent, and Ellie says \$40, give or take a buck, carnival rides don't come with receipts. Mom grins and picks up Debra's purse and finds a \$100 in it. She tells Ellie she earned the tip. Ellie thanks her.

We don't hang out. Once the kids are back safe, we slip away and leave Debra to her mom life. And her sore bottom.

My car is exactly as I left it. I knew Ellie would take great care of it, or I would never even let her in it! She rides back with me.

I'm barely out of the driveway when she says "OK, dish!"

I turn to Ellie and grin wide, "Want to hit Soul Kitchen for a burger?"

"Oh, Lordy." Ellie giggles, "you're going to ditch me again, aren't you!"

"Maybe for an hour or so, but they have a country band tonight."

"OK, let's go." She texts her mom that she's taking the side trip with me, and quickly gets back an "OK." then she says "if you're that hot and bothered, this has got to be a good story!"

I ask her if she *really* wants to know. She swears she does, so I ask her if she will keep the secret, and she says yes, she won't even mention this afternoon to even Izzy and Reagan. I unlock my phone and toss it to her lap. "Check the videos from today. You know what it does to me to have a toy over my knees."

Ellie clicks through the videos, with a mixture of "OOHs, AHs, and EW-GROSS" comments. And a lot of "YEOWs!" When she's done, she teases

me, "remind me never to be your play toy!"

I laugh, "I know you too well, you don't want to be anyone's toy. You want a cute hippie guy under the stars." Which makes Ellie laugh.

We head to the cafe/club. It's like a cafe, with a full menu, a bar off to the side, and a huge dance floor with a live band. We're not there ten minutes until I'm dancing with my second very cute college-looking guy. When he tries to tell me his name, I just touch a finger to his lips and tell him "I don't want to talk. I want to dance." And I dirty dance. Which lets me feel a decently long, nicely thick and now stiff cock through his pants.

After three songs of teasing, I look him in the eyes and say: "I don't want to know anything about you, not even your name matters. You have a nice dick down there. I want to take you to my apartment down the block, tie your hips up - just your hips - and use my butt to fuck that cock until I can't cum anymore. Are you coming with me?" It's a line I stole from mom, and it's never let me down. It doesn't tonight either.

I give Ellie a finger wave to let her know I'll be back, then take his hand and lead him down to a small apartment mom keeps in Mobile strictly for play and her hook-ups. And I do exactly what I told him I would. I undress him, tie his hips and thighs to a brace so he can't move them and hurt me, then I strip dance in front of him, get to my knees and swallow his cock. Every bit of it. I suck it for just a moment, to get it nicely spit-sickened, then turn my bottom to him. I slip that cock into my pussy, getting it covered with a nice coat of my very oily slippery honey. I slip it out, and back up, letting my asshole open wide and swallow his cock. I peek back to see the extremely please look on his face as my bottom tightly snuggles his shaft and the disbelief that I could take him here without even a little grunt of pain as he entered me. I fuck him until he cums twice inside my bottom, without bothering to change rubbers, and I've cum four times. Once I'm sated, I stand and ask him if he'd mind kissing each of my nipples for me. One glance at my pert ample breasts, and he eagerly kisses them very sweetly for me. I dress and free him, then he dresses. I walk him back to the club, and once we step in I thank him for the "loan of such a great, and nicely thick, dick." I go find Ellie

and we order supper. I've worked my appetite up. He gets the hint, I'm done with him, happy with what I've gotten, and he goes back to his buddies. I know stories are quickly exchanged, and spread even faster, as soon countless hungry male eyes are on Ellie and me. Several try to approach us, but I just blow them off, telling them "too late, I already found what I was looking for."