

The Soccer Moms



Nadezhda Sarankhova

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Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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

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Prologue:

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

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

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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 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. 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

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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 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, 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

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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 Dommes 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 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 care 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.

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



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My toy tonight is Danielle, a 38-year-old soccer mom. This will be Danielle's fifth trip to my playroom, so she's had enough time to start getting used to things here. Naturally, that means I have plans to change things up a little. I just hate it when my toys start to think they know what to expect here!

I'm a nursing student at USA, and this semester I'm doing an internship at USA Medical Center. I get to practice being a nurse on real patients! I just don't get to do too much. I've gotten really good at handing out \$100 Advil tablets.

That's where I met Danielle. She's a billing clerk there part-time. I wouldn't say I'm notorious for my lifestyle as a Domme, but I don't make any secret of it, either. It's just who I am. If anyone asks, I answer most questions. Those closer to me have even met Sophie, my live-in slave-girl. But I don't flaunt my lifestyle either. Especially at work. Here I try to be just another nurse doing my job. But a few of the other nurses know about my lifestyle. It gives us something to chat about when we have time.

Apparently, the gossip was just too juicy. It must have made its way to the billing department, too. I bumped into Danielle one day, and she asked me if I was "the dominatrix nurse" she'd heard about. I told her I might be – I didn't know what she'd heard, but I am a Domme. We chatted for a couple of minutes. It took me about three seconds to figure out that Danielle was interested in doing more than chatting. I left her with my number and strict instructions to call me. She called.

Danielle's also a single mother. But she's one of the lucky ones. Her ex actually pays his alimony and child support. That, plus her part-time job while the boys are in school, lets her live almost comfortably. But it also means that she doesn't have much time to play. That's partly because she's a good mother. She's always shuttling her boys to something, a baseball game, a school function, or something. Things she wouldn't trust a sitter to do. Things she wouldn't want to miss.

It leaves her little time for herself. Just that single window from after breakfast Saturday to before supper Sunday. That's when her ex sees his kids. And half of the time, she's spending her Saturday going to

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one of their games or something anyway. They seem to want mommy to come, even if it is daddy's time with them.

It pretty much has me limited to Saturday nights with Danielle. I don't mind playing on Saturday nights after Shabbos ends at sundown. Luckily Danielle isn't so needy. I don't think I'd want to reserve Saturday nights for her every week. I prefer variety. I hate routines. But Danielle seems quite satisfied when I summon her about once a month.

It didn't take me long to figure Danielle out. She's what I call a "humiliation whore." Humiliation arouses her. It makes it so easy for me to get her excited!

Danielle is like two people. 99% of the time, she's the stereotypical soccer mom. And she's a fairly private person, sharing the details of her life with only her closest friends. But she's also outgoing and rather friendly. She just keeps the topics of conversation on less private topics, such as her kids. As if her kids are her entire life. They're close to it, too!

But here, in my playroom, Danielle turns into a very different person. She can be utterly shameless in serving me. So far, I haven't found anything she won't do. And if she gets the impression that her service is pleasing me, making me happy, then she'll do it quite eagerly. No matter what I ask of her.

She loves it when I use her body as a toy, too. It doesn't really matter what I do to her body, just doing it will excite her. I think that's because I'm a woman, and Danielle has some deeply-instilled ideas about homosexuality. Just the idea of being touched by a woman seems to be degrading for her. It doesn't seem to matter how much she likes or hates, what I do with her body. As long as I make her think it's for my pleasure, or that it's for her own good, she'll reluctantly suffer through it. But she'll do it eagerly to please me. Pain doesn't excite her. But suffering through it, knowing it's pleasing me, gets her quite hot.

Disappointing me goes the same for her. She hates disappointing me. She always gets so nervous, as if she's afraid that I'll send her away for it. Then, when told her punishment, she'll willingly accept it. No matter how bad it is. If I toss a little humiliation into her punishment, by

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the time she apologizes, she'll be trying to get her hands to pussy she'll be hot.

She has what I call a "me streak" in her vanilla life. She pretends that I don't exist. That she has never actually met me. She absolutely refuses to acknowledge to anyone, even her closest friend, that she knows me. Much less that she's played with me. And loves it. I've yet to figure out why she's so shy about it. I've found that most toys let their closest friends in on their secret, at least at some point or to some degree. Such as letting their BFF know that they've been having fantasies. Girls so love to gossip! But not Danielle.

I don't exactly have a routine for my toys. No two toys are quite the same, so I tend to vary things to each toy. But in general, I kind of have a routine for most subs after their first session or two. When they come here, Sophie greets them at the door. Sophie has them undress just inside the door and give her everything they have. Their clothes, their purses, everything. Once the toy tells Sophie that's she's fully nude, Sophie will take the toy's things to the playroom and put them in one of the drawers of a file cabinet that I have in there just for that. She'll shut the drawer, which locks it. I have the only key to it.

Then Sophie will return to the toy and search her body very fully. Including and especially probing cavity search. It's not that I expect my toys to try and smuggle something into the playroom like a convict or anything. I don't, and I've never caught one trying. I'd probably get rid of the toy if I did! But it is a rather demeaning experience. And I like my toys to be reminded that they have nothing. By the time I let Sophie greet them, my toys are rather diligent about taking everything off. By then they know my rule. Anything Sophie finds on their search is going in the trash, whether it's a hairpin or a Rolex. They won't get it back. They only get back what they hand over when she tells them to undress.

Now that the toy is ready to play, Sophie will bring it back to the playroom. Just inside the door, off to the left, I have a bench. It's a very plain wooden bench that a couple of friendly frat boys made for me. It has a 2x10 for a seat that's three feet long. It has two wooden legs, wider at the bottom to hold it up. And that's all it has. Unless you count

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the brace under the seat to keep it rigid. It has plenty of room for one person. Two people are comfortably snug on it. Three are squished slightly past snugly.

Sophie brings the toys to the bench and has them sit on it. Women, like Danielle, are required to sit with their legs crossed, their backs up straight, and their hands behind them. In silence. They're to wait there until Sophie or I come and tell them otherwise. Sometimes I like to leave stuff out, like heavy chains hanging from the ceiling, for them to look at wonder if I'm going to put them in. Sometimes they get those chains, and sometimes they just get to look at them. But I've found that sitting there nude, still and silent, and just waiting heightens their anticipation. And their arousal.

I've given Danielle the slave name "pussy whore." I made it up early in her first session when I noticed that she was very uneasy with the idea of touching another woman. I made her eat Paige's (my live-in slave-whore) pussy. Then I told her that she made a good pussy eating whore. Hence she would be my pussy whore. She still cringes just a hair whenever she hears that name. It reminds her that not only have I made her eat pussy, something she considers unnatural and disgusting but that she got so hot doing it that she almost came before anything actually touched her pussy. I'd never miss a chance to remind her of it.

I have a plan for this evening. But like all of my plans, I'm never certain that I'll follow it until I actually do. That's because I pay attention to my toy's bodies. When I see something is arousing them, I tend to go off on a tangent that drives them crazy. Sometimes my plans go out the window as a better idea falls into my lap. Something that will make the toy squirm even more and thus entertain me better.

Danielle despises anything involving her butt. In her mind, that's something only the cheapest women, such as whore and porn stars, allow. Not "regular women," like herself. It's just too "filthy." She hates it even more that I can make her throb hard by playing with her butt. And make her cum that way, without ever touching her pussy. I'm sure that every time she sets foot through my door, she's silently praying that the thorough probing Sophie gives her butt will be all that she has to

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endure back there. I hope she's smart enough to have figured out by now that it's not very likely. I'm not shy about what I do to a toy. And now that I know Danielle hates it as much as her pussy loves it, I usually find a few excuses to poke around there.

This evening, I'm not in the playroom when Sophie takes Danielle in. Sophie stays with her, keeping an eye on Danielle to make sure Danielle does nothing but sit and wait patiently for however long I might wish to leave her waiting. It's not long, just a few minutes. Just long enough for Danielle to be reminded that she's here to serve at my convenience, not hers. To feel like a toy, sitting on the shelf, waiting for its owner to pick it to play with now.

I walk in and step over to Danielle. Danielle knows what I expect of her by now. She's to sit there and just wait. She doesn't move. But her eyes do shift to me, watching me for any hint of what's going to be next. I step around to stand in front of Danielle, looking down at the nude, sitting woman.

Danielle is 5'6" tall. Which's about average for a woman. She weighs 149 pounds. Or at least she did when I had her stand on a scale at my apartment a few sessions ago. It gives her what I call a "mom body." It's clear that she does take care of it, too. But the pregnancies have left her with a few extra pounds. Just a few, though. It gives her a figure with slightly straight sides. There's only the gentlest feminine curve left to her waist. And a slightly more pronounced curve to her hips. She's not thick or wide. And she has a flat stomach. Not toned and hard, but far from soft, too.

She has legs that I wouldn't call slim, but I definitely wouldn't call them thick either. They're nicely shaped. I don't see any extra pounds on them. But I do see the slightest loosening of her skin around the tops of those thighs. As if her skin is losing its youthful elasticity.

Danielle also has a pair of ample breasts. She's a 38-C. They're fairly soft and loose, lying back against her chest with a decent little crease to their undersides. But they're also nicely rounded. With their size, it gives them a well-rounded underside, rising off her chest, lying

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against it, and then arcing out to round up at the front. Then they gently slope back to her chest. Her mounds seem to sit slightly to the sides, leaving her with a decently wide, and deep V of cleavage between them. Her mounds are milky white against her medium-bronzed skin. She's well enough tanned that her breasts have obvious tan lines from a bikini top.

They're topped with a pair of medium pink nipples. Nipples that are wide, like half-marbles. Nipples that stand up straight and hard from her mounds, rising a full ¼" with straight sides to them. Nipples with tips that have only the gentlest rounding to them, giving them a noticeable rim as the tip turns into the sides. Those perky hard nipples are surrounded by equally wide rings of the same color.

Danielle has flat pubes. She has a neat bush of black fur. That's trimmed with neat, crisp lines inside the creases of her thighs and along the top. Her bush ends just above her pussy. It's the way I insist she keeps herself groomed for me. Once, after her first session, I cornered Danielle in the ladies' room at USA and made her show me her bush, reminding her that I require it to be properly groomed at all times. It was. And I've never seen it any other way.

The most unique thing about Danielle's body is her pussy. And I mean that in a good way. It's almost as if she doesn't have any lips to it. Just narrow strips of flesh as her pubes flow back to her globes, flowing just as smoothly out to form the creases of her thighs. They leave a very wide gash of a slit between them.

Then there are her loose inner folds. They're especially wrinkly and soft. They had a slight purple tinge to their edges, and then they're light pink. They're rather long. They rise out well past her outer lips, then petal outward, almost folding back atop the outside of her lips. They flow together into a wide knot just before the top of her gash. A knot that rises out past her lips as well.

It looks like it would completely hide Danielle's clit whenever her clit isn't hard. I'm not sure, though, every time I get near her pussy, her

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clit is rock hard. And then it pokes its eager head, as wide as her nipples, but far more rounded, out from its nest. It lets her clit stand out just above the knot. Along with those soft folds. At the backside, it almost looks as if her folds merge together just where her lips are turning into the crack of her bottom.

It gives her pussy a rather inviting look. As if her inner folds are already standing wide open to invite a cock into her pussy. As if those thick and soft folds are ready to welcome that cock. As if her clit is jumping up to demand that it not be neglected, too!

Danielle has a fairly oval face. She has a prominent jawline, too. But not a harsh one. It has soft and rounded lines to it, especially at her chin. She has long jet black hair that hangs straight down to the bottom of her shoulder blades. It is silky soft. And it has enough body to it that it spreads out along her shoulders. She has light brown eyes. She has a long and wide nose, but one that's very well rounded and has soft features to it. And she has a wide smile that framed with a pair of plump and soft, full lips that are a pretty shade of pinkish-red. It's a pretty face. Maybe not the cheerleader kind of pretty, but more of a motherly, strong, and feminine kind of pretty.

I look down on Danielle. I always start off by asking her a few questions, mostly about her body. It makes a nice reminder for Danielle that she has no privacy here. None. Her body is mine. She is mine. She'll openly tell me whatever intimate things I might want to ask today. No matter how personal those details are.

I start by asking her when she last masturbated. She assures me it was Tuesday night, the last time I gave her permission to play with my pussy. My pussy, which I own, just happens to be located between her thighs. Thighs that I own as well. I own Danielle. I own every bit of her. Thus her body is mine, not hers. I get to decide when it's touched, and by whom. Danielle has no say in it. And not just when she's here. Always. She must text for permission to touch herself or to allow anyone else to touch that body of mine. And it's permission she's far from certain to get.

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And Danielle is required to masturbate my pussy immediately when I tell her to. No matter where she happens to be, or what she happens to be doing. But I've only done that to her once. I knew she was at a Little League game, but Danielle didn't know that I knew that. I text her and told her that she had exactly three minutes to stop whatever silly thing she was doing, get her panties down, and use the video call on her phone to show me that she was masturbating my pussy properly. I felt like playing with now.

Danielle cringed and blushed. And then she all but ran to the ladies' room. It didn't take three minutes for me to get her call, an image of her pussy filling the screen. I watched for five minutes as she steadily rubbed it, holding back her orgasm until I told her to release it. Over those five minutes, her hand holding the phone grew steadily less steady! As her hand trembled I got a few views of her face. Enough to let me see that she'd found something, maybe a fat pen, in her purse and was biting on it to mute her moans. She came rather hard. And I know she loved it. She texted me that night, as soon as her kids were in bed, and begged me shamelessly to allow her to masturbate. I'm sure, even a few weeks later, she's still wondering if any of her fellow soccer moms noticed, or heard, anything.

I ask her a few things about her vanilla life, too. That's to remind her that she's mine then, too. Not just in bed. Everywhere, she's my property. She answers to me. I ask her what she talked about with Bethany, her BFF, last time they spoke. I know those two speak every day. They're like a pair of gossip girls. They've known each other forever. And it's a rather personal topic for Danielle. She tells Bethany absolutely everything. Except about me. Bethany doesn't have a clue that I exist, and I know Danielle is planning to keep it that way. So it follows that Danielle hasn't mentioned any of the things I have her do, such as masturbating in the ladies' room of that ballpark.

I'm right, of course. Danielle spent an hour gabbing with Bethany earlier today. In case I summoned Danielle tonight. She didn't want Bethany to try calling now when Danielle's phone is locked in the file

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cabinet. If Bethany figures out that Danielle has a habit of disappearing for a few hours on the one night she doesn't have her kids, it will lead to questions. Questions Bethany will eventually pry the answers to out of Danielle. Questions that Danielle would prefer not to answer.

They talked about a bunch of stuff. Including Bethany's latest "perfect guy" that she wants Danielle to meet. Danielle doesn't really date, and that's something Bethany seems to have taken it upon herself to change. Danielle again politely refused to meet the guy, knowing that in a week or two Bethany will have another single guy she wants Danielle to meet.

I tell Danielle that Sophie reported to me that Danielle's pussy was especially "extra skanky and sloppy" today. I ask Danielle if she's been thinking about naughty things. Things she not supposed to be thinking about, like me! I see a faint blush blossom on Danielle's face. She tells me that she was "hoping" all day that I'd summon her this evening. She denies thinking about me, just the things she might be able to do for me to earn herself a "special treat," before I sent her home. She means a nice, satisfying orgasm.

I tell her that I wish to see just how naughty, and slutty, her mind's been. I didn't tell her to be thinking like a gutter whore. Her mind should have been on her housework, or whatever "mundane menial chores" she found herself competent to do.

In the center of the playroom, I have a padded portable massage table. It's pretty much a fixture there. It's kind of my go-to prop. Not only is it rather comfy, but it's also even more sturdy. And it has a steel tube frame that's just perfect for tying toys to.

I tell Danielle to get on her feet and go over there. I have her stand facing it and lean over to rest her forearms on the top of the table. And to spread her feet wide. I don't have her bend all the way over, as I usually have toys do. I have a reason for that. Danielle will find out the reason soon enough.

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It has her back about halfway between straight up and flat with the floor. But it's plenty to have her pussy fully exposed for me between the tops of her splayed thighs. Thighs that aren't even close to hiding it. I just love the sight of those purple-tipped pink folds spreading their wrinkly softness wide open for me. Especially now, when they're glistening with a good coat of creamy honey.

I leave Danielle standing like that for just as minute as I pull on a pair of latex gloves with a loud snap. "Oh, I can see all your filthy skanky from here! No way am getting *that* all over my fingers!" Then I wheel a little stool over and sit down. It puts my eyes almost level with her wet pussy, giving me an excellent view.

It lets me see the slightly funneled entrance of her tunnel. It's neither wide nor narrow. But its spongy soft walls are fairly taut, leaving it to gape slightly open. And those soft folds just guide my finger right towards it! I don't even have to open those folds to see her eager clit. It's already poking its rounded tip up nicely, just waiting for a little attention.

I slowly slip my gloved finger into her pussy. It lets me feel the fiery heat in her walls. It lets me feel the silkiness of them as my finger glides over them. It lets me feel the sponginess of them as they cuddle around my finger, too. And it lets me see just how wet her tunnel is. It's definitely tight enough that it would feel good to a man, even one without too much thickness to brag about. And it's hot and wet.

Danielle just purrs a soft, but very sweet little "Ooh..." as she feels my finger pressing into her pussy. I turn my hand just a little so that my thumb is lying atop her swollen clit. I know that has to be aching her badly enough by now. Now my thumb can casually brush over it and tease her a little more.

I start probing around inside Danielle's pussy. I'm not rough or hard. I'm gentle and tender. I just let my finger softly massage the inside of her walls. It gets Danielle purring a little louder.

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"Um, this pussy is very slutty and eager. Not to mention sloppy wet like a cheap whore," I tell Danielle. My finger stays where it is, very slowly massaging her pussy while pretending to be inspecting it for something. And letting my thumb casually brush over her hard nub. It takes about a second before I feel the first little twitches in her walls.

"Yes, Ma'am," Danielle answers with a little breathy purr to her voice now.

"You know what I don't understand... how you can dare to be so presumptuous as to call Bethany your best friend when she doesn't even know who you are! She thinks you're a person, doesn't she? She doesn't even have a clue that you're nothing but a sloppy whore, does she?"

"NO, Ma'am!" Danielle blurts out firmly, but still with that breathy sweetness in her voice. I feel another, somewhat crisper, twitch in her pussy as I mention Bethany.

"Don't you think it's time that your BFF knew who you are? I'm sure she won't be quite grossed out enough to puke when she learns what a complete whore you are!"

"NO! Ma'am, please, I don't want *anyone*, especially Bethany, to know about *this*!"

But I felt another twitch in that pussy as the thought of Bethany knowing raced through her head. "Oh, give it up, whore! No one really believes you're an actual person anyway! You're way too worthless for it not to show! I'll bet Bethany won't completely ignore you once you admit what a whore you are. Who knows, maybe she might even have some use for that sloppy cum dumpster between those legs. All those lonely guys she keeps wanting to introduce you to, maybe she could just rent your bottom to them and make some money off that skankiness!

"You know what? I'd like to meet Bethany anyway. You *will* invite her over here for supper tonight. Just tell her that you want her to meet your Queen, whore!" I laugh hard. Danielle shudders hard. Danielle's pussy twitches hard.

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"Please, Ma'am!" Danielle blurts out very nervously, her voice as begging as it can be. I feel a ripple of nervous tension sweep over her. And I feel her pussy twitching even harder. "Please, Ma'am, please don't make me tell her about this! Please, Ma'am!"

"slave, bring me this whore's phone," I say to Sophie. I toss her the key to the file cabinet where Danielle's things are. Sophie obediently hurries over to fetch the phone.

"Don't be so shy about it, whore! I'm not the least bit embarrassed to have your friend over for supper! No one cares if you are! Remember, you're only my property! I like flaunting my toys!" I start slowly easing my finger out of Danielle's pussy. She keeps purring her sugary moans the entire time until finally, my finger slips from her.

Danielle pants a needy breath.

With a nod from me, Sophie holds Danielle's phone. She's already found Bethany in Danielle's contacts and brought her number up. Sophie has an evil grin on her face, too.

Sophie overheard me the other day when I was talking to my friend, and fellow Domme, Colette. So Sophie knows something Danielle doesn't.

Colette is a soccer mom by day, too. That and a housewife. Colette has five kids. One of which is the same age bracket as Danielle's boys. Colette's always shuttling her kids to countless events, too. While Colette's sons aren't on the same team as Danielle's, they are in the same league. Their kids' teams play each other a few times a season. And Colette is the quintessential networker. She's always chatting up the other soccer moms.

But those other soccer moms don't know about Colette's nightlife as a Domme. Colette is also my go-to girl for all things soccer mom-related. I asked Colette if she knew Bethany. Colette told me that she knows her, but not that well. Well enough to talk to her. Better than

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she knows Danielle, too. She only sees Danielle at the baseball games. But she sees Bethany at a girls' junior cheerleading thing, too.

Colette knows Danielle is my toy. That one time I had Danielle run to the bathroom and masturbate, I had Colette watching Danielle and reporting back to me what Danielle did. That's how I know Danielle almost ran to the bathroom. And that she came out with a smile on her face.

Colette didn't mind one bit having a little chat with Bethany for me. Quietly. It wasn't a very detailed chat. Colette just asked Bethany if she that her friend Danielle had a hidden kinky side to her. Bethany said no, she didn't know, but kind of always wondered. Colette said that she happened to know that Danielle was "meeting" with a Domme who was a friend of hers and that her friend, me, wanted to plan a surprise for Danielle. Would Bethany be willing to talk to me? Bethany said she would.

Colette text me. In minutes Bethany's phone was ringing. I didn't want to give Bethany the time to call Danielle. I introduced myself and told Bethany that I was Danielle's "Queen," a title I use for those not yet worthy, not close enough to me, to merit my being their Mistress. I told her that Danielle has been over to serve me a few times now. That Danielle seems to be rather shy about letting anyone know about this side of her.

I told Bethany that I wanted to force Danielle to reveal her kinky side to Bethany. Danielle would find it especially humiliating, but also especially exciting. And, once Bethany knew, Danielle would be relieved. I asked if Bethany might want to join us Saturday night. Danielle would be fixing us supper at my place. There's be a "light" show. Danielle would be the show. I promised Bethany that I would never make her see or do anything she didn't want to do. Bethany said she'd be willing to come, as long as Danielle invited her. Otherwise, she'd feel as if she were intruding where she wasn't wanted. I told her to be ready, Danielle would be calling to invite her Saturday evening. Her husband was invited as well. 7:00. Danielle would be giving her short notice since everything

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was going to be a surprise for Danielle. Bethany agreed to keep it secret. I have no doubt if Danielle doesn't invite Bethany over Saturday, by Sunday Bethany will be asking Danielle about my call.

But I got what I wanted to know. Bethany wouldn't be upset, and now not surprised by Danielle's sudden invitation. I wouldn't have Danielle call anyone that I didn't already know was open to her call. That could just cause her too many problems in her vanilla life. But that doesn't mean Danielle has to know any of it! And Danielle doesn't. As far as she knows, Bethany is going to be totally surprised by the call. And even more, surprised by what she'll see if she shows up.

Sophie hits send.

"Don't disappoint me, whore," I firmly tell Danielle. I'm looking forward to meeting your friends tonight. Beg them if you have to. Just make sure Bethany and her husband come. 7:00. Here. For supper. And be polite, whore, you're in my Queendom now." I add just to remind Danielle that it doesn't matter who she's on the phone with. She's in my world, and my rules apply.

"Please, Ma'am!" Danielle begs with a panicked sob in her voice.

The phone starts ringing.

Danielle starts cringing. I feel her muscles tensing up hard.

Danielle has a cute bottom. She has a pair of rather full and decently-rounded cheeks. They're slightly soft as well, but still shapely. They have a defined rounded curve to their bottoms, and that curve doesn't sag even a hair. The inside edges of those cheeks sit flush against each other, just full enough to press against the other and fully close her crack into a line. A line with a small, and very cute, V-shaped dimple at the top of it.

I use my left hand to push Danielle's cheeks wide apart. It bares the dime-sized ring of Danielle's asshole. Hers is a medium shade of purple-pink. The same color as the very tips of her inner folds. It isn't so much lined with wrinkles, as it a wrinkle. It's like the dark flesh atop her

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muscle is nothing but puffy wrinkles, all swelling up lightly, rolling together and then vanishing into a tiny speck of darkness that seems to just dive into her, like the narrowest little tunnel. Far too narrow to actually see-through. And obviously, it's only as deep as those wrinkles, despite looking almost bottomless. After those loose wrinkles, her muscle has it firmly cinched shut.

And I feel the muscle the instant my finger touches her bottom. I feel a very nervous shudder racking Danielle. It has body trembling. And her muscle clenching tighter. I hear her suck in a very nervous squealy breath. Then she grunts hard as she feels my finger being pressing into her muscle.

Danielle's muscle is firm. I feel the tension in it the instant I start to press. It's hard as it resists my finger. But then it starts to soften, turning to a stiff rubberiness as my finger begins pushing into it. Soon I start feeling the tightness of her muscle squeezing gently around the side of my finger. I didn't bother with any lubricant. I didn't need to. My finger has a good coating of her slippery honey on it, and that's as slick as any grease.

My finger slips in. I keep it moving slowly, letting Danielle feel it inching deeper into her bottom. A place where I know she doesn't want it. Yet where she has no choice but to allow it. And to behave while I do whatever.

Danielle forgot the phone in front of her face the instant she felt my finger pressing against her asshole. About the same time that Danielle's grunt is ending, Bethany answers. Danielle's attention instantly snaps back to the phone. As it does, her eyes go wide. Her face blushes. Her teeth clench hard to stifle any more grunts.

"uh... Hi ya, Bethany..." Danielle starts, her voice breaking, stuttering, and very embarrassed.

By now I have my finger fully inside Danielle's bottom.

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"I... please don't hate me, Bethany!" Danielle blurts out. "I am so ashamed of myself right now!... I need you and Mitch to come for dinner... tonight... *PLEASE!* My... My... I've sorta gotten interested in something... and my Queen wishes to meet my friends..."

I am rather evil. And I love humiliating people. Especially those like Danielle who get aroused by it. I use the pad of my finger to press down slightly against the walls of Danielle's rectum. That has a few nerves of its own. But it's also paper-thin. And it does nothing to dull my feel of what's beyond. Where I'm putting that faint pressure, beyond means the firm, spongy walls of her pussy. I can feel them so fully. And that means Danielle can feel me just as fully.

"Please Bethany, just please will you come for supper and meet her! Please--" Danielle is pleading. Her words as rushing out at warp speed, all running together into a jumble. I can barely make sense of it. I hope Bethany can.

My evil imp takes over. I can already feel the pinprick tingles of hot sparks erupting throughout those walls. So I tenderly wiggle my finger, letting the gentle pressure massage the backside of those walls. It teases the very same nerves that I could tease with my finger in her pussy. Only that's now where my finger is. It's in Danielle's bottom, a place that's mentally uncomfortable for her to have it. A place where she'd be very humiliated for anyone to know it was. Much less than it was arousing her powerfully.

"UH!" Danielle moans out loudly as a wave of crisp shivers flows over her body. The tease to her tingling pussy proves too much for Danielle to fully control herself. I'm sure she forgets about the phone, and the ongoing call with Bethany, as she moans.

"Dani???... What's going on?" Bethany asks. I hear a very slight giggling tone in Bethany's voice. But it's light enough that there's no question Danielle doesn't hear it. Not where her mind is.

I see a look of absolute horror flood onto Danielle's face as she hears Bethany's question. One of my house rules is that a toy must

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answer any question it's asked. Fully and honestly. Danielle knows that rule. And she knows that it applies no matter who asks the question. If asked, she has no privacy. No right to not answer.

"My Queen... has her finger... UH!" Danielle cries out a little more urgently, unable to hold in a second needy moan, despite trying to talk to Bethany. And knowing that Bethany is hearing everything. "OH!... Her finger is up my butt and I don't know what she's doing to me, but it's driving me insane, Ma'am!" Now Danielle blurts out the rest of her answer, her words so jumbled I can't separate them. I don't miss the throaty, hungry, sultry tone of her voice, either.

"oh, UH! FUCK! It's killing me! Please Bethany, please just come for supper! I really need you! Please, just come, Ma'am! Please! I have to get off the phone before I lose it!" Danielle begs.

Bethany agrees to come. Then she tells Danielle that she and Mitch will be over for supper at seven. It forces Danielle to tell her that she's not at home, she's at "her Queen's place," and give her my address. So that Bethany will know where to go.

Now I feel Danielle's asshole clamping hard around the base of my finger. I've felt her do this before. It's a sign that I have short seconds left before Danielle loses control of her body and screams her way through an orgasm. I don't really want Danielle to have one this early. But I wouldn't mind if Danielle did. At least not with Bethany listening in. I know how noisy Danielle is. I'm sure Bethany doesn't. I'm certain that Danielle wouldn't share that tidbit with anyone but a lover. And her lover would find out as I did. By witnessing it.

Bethany ends the calls rather quickly. I know she was expecting Danielle's call. But it sounded like Bethany recognized Danielle's moans for what they were. And wanted to get off the phone quickly. Maybe she didn't want to hear it. Or maybe it was just a mercy for Danielle.

As soon as Danielle is off the phone, Sophie takes the phone back to its place and locks the drawer again. I slowly pull my finger from

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Danielle's bottom before she climaxes. It gets me a very frustrated groan from Danielle.



Chapter 02: A "Spanking Good" Dinner Show

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The knock on my door comes a few minutes before seven. I know Danielle has been dreading it. Just after her call to invite her friends for supper, I put a neon pink collar on Danielle's neck and locked it with a shiny brass padlock. A lock that's large enough to be rather noticeable as it dangles from the collar. Then I put a pair of police-issue leg irons on her ankles. And I took her to the kitchen to help prepare the meal.

But I didn't leave Danielle there just to work. I stood over her for every second. I kept her busy. Mostly I ensured that everything Danielle did was done to my exacting standards. To keep her on her toes, I spanked her for even the most minor infraction, like cutting an onion slice a hair too thick. It kept her bottom very well, but lightly, spanked. Just sore enough for her to be feeling it every second she was working.

And I ensured Danielle's mind stayed on her pussy. Every ten minutes I would have her stop and masturbate for about a minute. Then wash her hands and go back to work.

About a half-hour ago, I decided Danielle wasn't stirring a sauce properly. Her whisk wasn't moving fast enough. It was, but it would have been going faster. I just wanted an excuse. I grabbed the whisk from Danielle's hand. Danielle stood there stunned. I pushed her globes apart and indifferently pressed the handle of the whisk into her asshole. The handle isn't that big, no more than ½" thick and about four inches long, so I pushed all of it into Danielle's bottom. Danielle stood there, grunting her displeasure as I did. It left just the wide, expanding, wire coils sticking out from Danielle's crack. I left it there, telling her that it was her reminder to put her best effort into the supper. Paige handed Danielle another whisk. A slap to one of Danielle's globes got her back to work, and she stirred my sauce rather energetically. I still left the whisk where I put it.

I left the whisk in Danielle's bottom until they had everything ready to be served. Danielle grunted as I removed it, but she was also rather happy to have it gone before my guests arrived. I thought about leaving it, just because I knew it would add to Danielle's humiliation. I decided not to. I don't know anything about Bethany, what she's

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thinking or what she expects to see. I don't want to overwhelm them too early in the night!

I just have one final surprise for Danielle. I have the most adorable stick-on name tag for her. It's pastel green, my favorite color. Below where it says "hello, my name is..." I've written in "Pussy Whore." The play name I made up for Danielle. I stick it on her bare chest, just above her left breast. I start telling Danielle that she's going to be serving the meal along with Paige. Danielle will serve my guests. And I make it rather clear to Danielle that they might be her friends the rest of the time, but tonight they are my guests, and Danielle will treat them as such. No matter how they treat her. Any infractions of my rules will earn her a swift punishment. I like my guests well cater to.

Before I finish the knock comes at the door. Sophie goes to answer it. Sophie always answers the door, even here in this "corporate building" where we have a doorman to keep out anyone who doesn't belong. And here that's anyone not staying here, or invited by someone who is. Or Girl Scouts selling cookies. I've left instructions they're to be sent directly to my door. Thin Mints are just way too addictive!

I can hear Sophie at the door as she politely introduces herself. "Hello, Sir. Hello, Ma'am. I am Miss Rodgers's personal slave-girl. You can just call me 'slave.' My Mistress has supper ready to be served. If you'll come this way I'll show you to Her table."

My kitchen doesn't have a door. And I've never seen an apartment with a door to the kitchen. But I did hang a curtain over the archway into the kitchen. It effectively blocks the kitchen from sight. And now screens Danielle from their sight as Sophie shows them to their seats.

I finish giving Danielle her instructions. Then I slip out through the curtain as Sophie is seating my guests. I politely introduce myself and take my seat. Sophie gets the fourth seat at the table. I usually let her sit with me at the table, but she's the only slave I allow that honor.

Both Mitch and Bethany seem to have dressed nicely for supper. I'm pretty sure that this isn't their normal dress. Mitch has on a suit and tie. Bethany has on a nice evening dress. It's as if they're dressed for a very expensive restaurant. And I didn't even tell them that I'd have a full

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seven-course meal tonight! I just said supper, and that could mean anything. Well, not to me, but they don't know me. Some people call Hamburger Helper supper. But I never have. And not just because it's not Kosher. I've always enjoyed a nicer meal.

Bethany starts the conversation by saying that I'm younger than she thought I would. It stands to reason. Danielle is 38. I'm 20. She asks where I met Danielle. So I tell her that we met at the hospital. I'm a student nurse there.

"Slaves, serve the first course," I call out.

Paige comes out first. Paige is a 19-year-old college freshman during school hours, and my live-in house-slave and whore the rest of her life. It's a position that she loves. She leaves my house only for classes, now that colleges are actually holding some of their classes on campus again. Otherwise, she leaves only when escorted by me or someone I trust, like my mom or BFFs.

Paige is just as nude as Danielle. She even wears a nearly identical collar and leg irons. But Paige is very used to having her naked body flaunted. She's never allowed to wear any clothes inside my apartment, regardless of what's going on. If I don't want someone to see Paige naked, Paige stays in her cage. And I don't care if Bethany and her husband Mitch see Paige nude. I'm pretty sure Mitch doesn't mind either.

Both Mitch and Bethany immediately turn their heads to stare at the nude girl coming out of my kitchen. For maybe two seconds I'll bet both are thinking they haven't seen Danielle yet. But both are also staring openly at Paige, showing their surprise. I guess they didn't expect nude waitresses.

Then Danielle follows Paige out. Bethany's jaw almost drops when she sees Danielle walking out of the kitchen completely naked. Danielle just blushes to a deep red. Deep enough to make the average beet jealous of her redness. I see her cringing a little as well, but there's really not much else she can do to show her uneasiness. Paige comes over to me and Sophie.

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Danielle goes over to Bethany and Mitch. She stands as close to Bethany as she possibly can. I wonder if maybe she doesn't like Mitch as much. Or if she's just shy about being naked around him. It's clear that Danielle is just shy about being naked, period. Mitch, however, decides to divide his attention between Danielle and Paige. I'm sure he's never seen his wife's BFF nude before and is looking her body over now. With a decent little hint of interest on his face.

"Good evening, Ma'am. Good evening, Sir... My name is pussy whore and I'll be serving you tonight..." Danielle introduces herself in a voice that's pure shame. And a fairly hushed voice. She asks what they'd like to drink.

I hadn't told Bethany anything. They had no clue that Danielle would be waiting on us instead of dining with us tonight. But Bethany seems to figure things out quickly. And plays along. She tells Danielle that she'll have the raspberry tea. Mitch goes for the same, but his attention is more on Danielle's body now and less on the meal. Danielle goes to fetch their drinks.

Danielle returns quickly and drops to her knees before placing the drinks on the table. I had Danielle serve a meal once before, so she knows what I expect of her. But that meal was just Sophie and me.

We're only about five minutes into the meal. We've barely begun the first course. Curiosity gets the better of Mitch and he finally asks me what the little strips of thin wood in the place setting are for. A slight blush on Bethany's face tells me that she was just embarrassed not to know as if a woman like her should know all about place settings.

The strips are about an inch wide and 12" long, but they're barely 1/8" thick. They are nicely stained and polished, though. They look fancy enough to be part of a place setting.

I grin. I pick mine up. I very lightly tap Paige on her bare bottom with it. "Tell my guest what these are for, skanky."

"Yes, my Queen," Paige answers with a little giggle in her voice. She turns to Mitch. "Those are spanking sticks, Sir. Whenever one of us serving sluts fails to fully please you, such as if we're not attentive

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enough, or just *any little thing at all*, you use them to give our naughty bottoms the spanking we deserve, Sir."

For just a second, Mitch looks surprised. "You mean... if, say, I run out of tea, I just spank you with this stick?"

"Yes, Sir," Paige tells him. "And for something so stupid of me, I would hope you'd give me a very good spanking, Sir!"

"And... Her, too?"

"Yes, Sir. If 'pussy whore' disappoints you in *any* way, you should spank her naughty bottom for it, Sir! Skanky whores like us can't be allowed to get away with less than the most devout service to our Queen's guests, Sir."

Mitch holds the little stick up, eyeing it over. Then he holds it up for Bethany to see. I watch Bethany just glare at it for a second. It's a rather short second. She quickly averts her eyes. But in that fraction of a second, I saw a little twinkle in her eye. A nervous twinkle. It tells me two things. Mitch has spanked her. She liked it enough that she's wondering what it would be like to be spanked with that stick. Probably by Mitch. And Bethany definitely doesn't want me to notice that twinkle in her eye.

It immediately gets me wondering if Bethany has ever played. Or if she wants to. Or if maybe she just doesn't mind Mitch's hands on her bottom, even if they are playfully spanking her. A lot of women are like that. Men, too. A playful little spanking is as far as they're interested, or willing, to go. I wonder if Bethany has ever mentioned it to Danielle.

Nor is it much longer before Mitch takes the first chance he finds. And It's not much of an excuse. Lame enough of one that it's something I would have made up! I love making up excuses to spank my toys! Danielle does clear away his plate soon enough after he finishes the course.

Mitch takes his little stick and gives Danielle a fairly firm swat on her bottom. I see the flinching tremor flow over Danielle. And I hear her suck in a slightly strained deep breath. Then Danielle apologizes very politely for her misdeed and clears his plate. The stroke leaves a rather faint pink stripe across Danielle's globes. The stripe holds Mitch's

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attention for several seconds. He watches Danielle's bottom as Danielle returns to the kitchen.

I see a very faint flinch sweep over Bethany as the slap of that stroke rings out, too. It's so faint that I almost miss it. I would have if I hadn't started watching Bethany a little closer. I also see her steal a few peeks at Danielle's bottom as Danielle is retreating to the kitchen. They're fast glances as if she's embarrassed to be peeking and trying to look fast enough that no one will see her. She doesn't turn her head, either, just her eyes. And it's quick. I guess either Bethany doesn't mind seeing her friend's bare bottom, or she's just so curious about that stroke that she's willing to chance someone noticing for a glance. Or maybe both. Or maybe neither and misreading Bethany.

What I don't notice is Bethany objecting to Mitch using that stick on Danielle. Bethany doesn't scold him for hurting her friend, even just that light little stroke. Bethany doesn't stick up for her friend. Nor does she snap at Mitch for paying attention to Danielle. And a lot of women would object if their husband was paying attention to her BFF's bare bottom. Or even just seeing it. Which is why I didn't want then that Danielle would be serving nude. I didn't see the reason to give them a reason to shy away from coming. And that would have made a good excuse.

Maybe it's that Bethany doesn't object. Whatever the reason, Mitch is quicker with the stick than I thought he would have been. I wondered if either would even use them.

Bethany isn't so quick with hers. She only uses it once, and only then because Mitch shames her into it. Bethany's tea almost ran out, and that's a sin. Glasses are never to be less than half full at my table. Mitch goads Bethany to "play along," reminding her that "it's what's expected at this meal." SO Bethany gives Danielle a very light swat with the stick that doesn't even pinken Danielle's bottom.

There's no missing the humiliation on Danielle's face as she serves her friends while she's nude. Nor is there any missing how that humiliation blossoms every time she gets a swat. And there's definitely no missing the glistening on her long, loose wrinkly folds as they stand

down from her mound. I just can't see if Mitch notices it. He doesn't show it. But he's glancing at Danielle's pussy enough that he should have.

Bethany, however, is very diligently trying to keep her eyes off the more intimate parts of Danielle's body. It actually makes things rather awkward. Especially when Bethany is forced to speak to Danielle, like to tell Danielle to bring something, and refuses to look at Danielle as she does. As if Bethany is unwilling to even look at Danielle like this. And that makes it even more degrading for Danielle, to think that her BFF won't even look at her now. I doubt Danielle is thinking much about the possible reasons why Bethany wouldn't want to see her.

During the meal, I ask both Mitch and Bethany if they've ever had any thoughts about D/s. Both claim that it's never really been something they've even thought about. Despite the fact that Mitch seems to be enjoying his spanking stick, I can see that he's not a Dom. I get the impression that Mitch is slightly controlling, though. Not badly, like a control freak, but just a little. Like any alpha male. And Bethany definitely doesn't seem to mind.

I avoid asking anything about their sex life directly. Or anything else too intimate. I don't want to make them uncomfortable. But it doesn't take long for me to get the idea in my head that Mitch and Bethany aren't above playing around a little in bed. I'd bet that's as far as either thought it would ever go, though. I'm pretty sure Bethany likes it, too.

From what I've seen and what Colette has told me, I get the impression that Bethany is like two people. Usually, she's a stereotypical housewife. Not exactly brassy or strict, but assertive enough to get her point across. To control her kids. But in their bedroom, she prefers for Mitch to take charge. Maybe not to dominate her so fully, but at least to take the lead. Then again, I doubt Bethany would know how much, or how little, she'd like being possessed by another as Danielle is now. I can't see Mitch taking her that fully. And I doubt Bethany has ever thought much about it.

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That doesn't mean that I'm not thinking much about it. I hadn't planned to. I'd really just planned for supper, and then maybe a casual coffee and some more conversation afterward. All I wanted to do was flaunt Danielle in front of her closest friend to humiliate Danielle. That would get Danielle rather hot. It has gotten her very hot. I'd planned to deal with that after supper by giving Danielle a difficult way to earn the orgasm she was after. That she needs.

We're sipping a cup of coffee, just after dessert, at the table when Mitch finally asks me why I've "renamed" Danielle to "Pussy Whore."

I tell him that I picked that name because Danielle is getting rather good at eating a pussy. Good enough that soon I will be able to charge women a whole dollar or two for the services of Danielle's tongue. "She's is just such a whore for a hot, wet, pussy! You should see her eat one! She so gets into it! You'd think she likes eating sloppy, skanky pussies!" I rather enthusiastically tell him.

Danielle is standing beside the table. She doesn't have a choice about that. She has her hands behind her back as well, leaving her body on display. It lets me watch her face blush with embarrassment as I tell Mitch and Bethany that Danielle has been having sex with women. And that she seems to like it.

Then I grin wide. "Would you care to see how good of a pussy eater my pussy whore is?" Immediately Danielle cringes hard, shirking inward. Her face scrunches up hard as if she's about to cry.

I turn to Danielle. "Ask him."

Danielle reluctantly drops to her knees. "Sir... my Queen wishes me to show off my skills as a pussy eating lesbian... Will you please watch me eat a pussy, Sir? Please, Sir?" Her voice is hushed and full of humiliation. I'd bet her clit is starting to throb by now.

Bethany immediately goes wide-eyed as she stares at me and the brazen offer. She doesn't actually say anything. She looks too surprised to speak. After a second her eyes dart over to glance at Danielle. And to see Danielle cringing in horror as she offers to demonstrate her skills.

"Uh..." Mitch stutters once, also surprised by the offer. I don't know what Bethany told him, of the little I told her. But it's clear that

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neither was expecting a show. Neither was even expecting to see me flaunt Danielle's body. He recovers quickly. "I guess the sitter can handle a few more minutes..." He says, his voice sounding reluctant. But I can see the smile that he's trying to hide on his face. He would definitely care to see Danielle eat a pussy.

That leaves me just one more question. I need a pussy for Danielle to eat. Obviously, there's Paige's pussy. It's a pussy Danielle is familiar with. She's eaten it enough. It's my official practice-dummy pussy. I know it won't be mine or Sophie's.

That just leaves one other possibility. Bethany. I just don't know if Bethany would enjoy it or not. But seeing what I have about the couple's interactions, I ask Mitch directly "Would like to watch her eat skanky's young little pussy, or would you prefer to volunteer your wife's pussy for the tonguing?"

Bethany sucks in a very surprised, and noisy, raspy breath. Her eyes were wide before. Now they're about to pop out of her head. Her head snaps to Mitch. I see the muscles at the corner of her jaw starting to work as if Bethany is going to blurt something out.

"Bethany!" I say it sternly, my voice as hard as steel. But I don't raise my voice to her. "I suggest that you behave and be a good wife. Let your husband answer for himself. Unless you'd prefer that I'm asking his permission to spank your naughty bottom, that is."

Bethany shirks back hard into the back of the chair. It looks to me as if her body is trying to tremble hard and she's barely managing to keep it under control. A look of utter horror floods her face, too. I'll bet she's wondering what Mitch will answer. If he'll offer Bethany's body for a show. If he'd "do that" to her. If I'd really spank her if she says anything. If Mitch would let me. Then I see the nervous twitches on her body as if her feet are already trying to run for the door.

"Please--" Bethany blurts out under her breath. Her voice breaks so hard that it's almost sobbing. And very pleading. Nervous. Desperate. Begging. Hushed.

What I find interesting is that Bethany would even consider asking Mitch anything. Most women I know, other than toys, would just

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assertively tell me they're not interested. And that I won't be spanking them. Or that they're leaving now. But Bethany isn't. She *asking* Mitch nicely. I don't let her get another word out. I don't let Mitch, or Danielle, hear what Bethany is so desperate to ask Mitch for. Tao be offered, or not to be offered? To be spanked, or not to be spanked? Although I'm pretty sure she's going to ask not to be either. I'm just not so sure what her pussy actually wants.

"Bethany!" I snap with even more sternness in my voice. She immediately stops talking. "I told you to behave and your husband could answer for himself. I told you not to speak. That's five strokes with the spanking stick. It's the very same punishment pussy whore would get for speaking out of turn. You're no better than that gutter whore, so you should get the same."

Bethany looks utterly stunned. She sits there, her jaw moving but no sound coming out. Now she finally starts quivering lightly.

I turn to Mitch. "Would you prefer to spank your insolent wife yourself, or would you mind if I gave her the proper spanking she deserves?"

"I... uh..." Mitch begins, stuttering as he hesitates. But the glimmer in his eyes is enough of an answer for me. He'd love to see Bethany spanked by me. Probably by any woman. In fact, I suspect he'd love to see Bethany doing about anything with another woman. "Go ahead... It's your house, so your rules..." He smirks. But he has his face turned to me so Bethany misses the smirk. And as edgy as she is, I doubt she hears the tone of his voice either.

But Bethany definitely hears his words. She shirks back even harder, her back pressing hard into the chair's backrest. She hugs herself. Her face scrunches up and I see a bit of wetness in her eyes. A very nervous look on her face, too. I'm sure that it's gone right past her that this isn't about spanking her. This is about Bethany putting on a teasing show for her husband. He really wants to see it.

Still on her knees beside the table, Danielle cringes just as badly as Bethany is. I even see a little tear roll down Danielle's cheek as she kneels there, knowing better than to object, thinking about how she has

gotten her friend into this. Into something far worse than Danielle imagined it would be. I'll bet Danielle thinks Bethany is never going to speak to her again, too. I'm confident that won't be the case.

I turn to Bethany with cold eyes, a firm look, and firmer words. "You will get up and come over here to get your spanking like a big girl. If you make me get up, I promise I will make it much worse for you. You will not say anything. You're a woman, and your husband has made his choice. Be a good woman now. Come." I crook a finger at Bethany, urging her to come over to me.

Bethany could scream at Mitch. Bethany could object. Bethany could run for the door. Bethany could just sit there and say no. There are a million things Bethany could do right now. But she does the one thing I thought she would. She nervously rises up to her feet. And with tiny baby steps, she starts walking around Mitch to me. It seems as if her legs grow wobblier with every short step. I know the look on her face grows more uneasy and more reluctant. But she keeps coming. Even if she does look ready to cry.

I really didn't size Bethany up when she arrived. I didn't see any reason to. I had planned for her to be nothing more than a prop for Danielle's humiliation. But now, as she's walking over to me, I see a reason to.

Bethany is around 5'6", and I'd guess somewhere between 130 and 140 pounds. She has long brown-black hair that looks to be straight and fine. She's wearing it up in a ponytail tonight. It gives her a decent figure. That much I can despite her dress. It's just snug enough on her to show that she has a decent curve to her hips and waist, but not so snug as to be flaunting those curves. I can see that she has average-sized breasts, too. Those are neither too small, or so large. But that's about all I can make out of them. Her dress ends an inch or three above her knees, mostly covering her thighs, but leaving her calves bare for me. It lets me see that those are lean and shapely, with defined lines to them. Lines that are accented by the high-heeled pumps she's wearing. Fuck-me pumps. Those tell me that Bethany was counting on tonight

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ending with her and Mitch having some fun. But after they got home, not here, I think.

I'm not sure how old Bethany is. But I guess she's close to Danielle's age. BFFs usually are fairly close. Her face looks it. I'd put her somewhere in the latter half of her 30s. Her face is moderately ovalish, but not quite as much so as Danielle's. It's a face with soft, and well-rounded lines to it. She has bright green eyes hidden behind black-framed glasses with oval lenses. She has a slightly wide nose with soft lines and curves instead of angles to it. And she has a wide smile with plump, delicate, light pink lips. But I can see a few lines around her mouth and the corners of her eyes that make her look her age. They're well hidden beneath makeup tonight. But with her dressing nicely, the makeup is a given.

It takes Bethany about a minute to get over to my side. It should have taken her about three steps. But it was more like a dozen. I could have her over my knees in about two seconds, were I to be rough with her. Instead, I just reach out and take her hand in mine. I start pulling her forward, bringing her shoulders down as I pull her to lean forward. "Over you go, naughty girl," I tell her in a rather firm, but soft and tender voice.

Bethany just stands dumbly as I take her hand. She offers me no resistance as I start to lean her over. But as she hears that she's going over my knees, I feel the tension erupt in her muscles. It's not that hard of a tension. Not enough to slow me down. It's more of a nervous tension. I keep her moving, leaning her over my thighs. I'm sure Bethany keeps praying that Mitch will stop this before it gets any worse.

I bring Bethany forward until she's leaning all the way over my knees. Then I use a hand to lightly tap the backs of her knees as I tell her to get down. My tap is enough to buckle her knees. And that's enough prodding for Bethany to get to her knees. I keep her hand in mine, keeping her bent over, as she lowers herself.

It has her lying over my knees, her knees just barely touching the floor. It has her waist bent fully over my thigh. It has my other thigh up

under her chest, the undersides of her breasts along the outside of my thigh.

And that has her bottom pulled tautly. And poking up nicely for me. It also has her dress slightly tight over those globes. I withhold judgment on her bottom for a few seconds.

"UH!" Bethany sucks in a rather nervous and squealing loud breath as she feels me put my hand to the bottom hem of her dress. And start casually lifting it up, as if it's nothing to me. I feel the quivers sweeping Bethany's body grow slightly crisper as well. Bethany has just figured out that not only am I fairly serious about spanking her bottom, but I intend to spank her bare bottom. Or at the least, her panty-clad bottom.

As soon as I get the dress up I realize there's not much difference between the two. Her panties are the sexy kind. They're fairly covering. At least in the back, they cover $\frac{3}{4}$ of her globes, and maybe even a bit more. But the back of them is made like two Vs. The bottom V is sheer, see-through fabric. The top V is elaborate lace. Then, at the very top, there's a tiny V of nothing. Just empty space between the top of the lace and the waistband of the panties. It leaves a small triangle of skin bare. No way am I calling these modest when I can see half her bottom right through them. Now I am certain that Bethany was thinking that after their night out, Mitch would be taking these off of her.

I put my hands to the waistband of those panties and just as casually push it down, baring every bit of Bethany's bottom. I push them all the way down to the middle of her thighs.

I decide that Bethany's bottom is rather cute. But not perfect. And that's fine by me. It's just far enough from perfect to give it that middle-aged look. Her globes are fairly well-rounded. Just not overly so. They have the tiniest bit of looseness to them, showing that they're a hair soft, but they're still firm enough to hold their shape. But they have a slight bit of flatness to the fronts of them. It's just enough for it to look as if her thighs flow straight up, then curve over to flow to her back, with no real defined curve at the bottoms of her globes. I'll bet they'd have that curve if she was standing up, though.

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It lets me see that her cheeks are firm enough that bending over alone is enough for her crack to start parting. It doesn't exactly gape wide, but those globes do spread just enough for me to see the dark valley between them. And for me to see the ends of some long, tangly, silky brown hairs poking out between the tops of her thighs.

I ask Mitch to hand me his stick. He passes it to me with a grin on his face. "It's obvious that it's been decades since those naughty bottom had a real spanking, Bethany. So I will tell you *once* what's expected of big naughty girls. You will lie still. You will not try to cover your bottom. Just leave it there, bare for me to give you the spanking you earned yourself. You will not speak. Except that after each stroke, you will count it. Then you will apologize to your husband for misbehaving and *ask* politely for your next one. Obviously, on the last stroke, there isn't another to ask for, so you will thank me for spanking you, and thank your husband for allowing you the spanking you deserve. I shouldn't have to warn you that you want to be good for your spanking. Disappointing me and acting up will just disappoint me and show us you're not really sorry for being a bad girl. You don't want to do that."

I lie the wood strip very lightly across her cheeks. Bethany flinches, but very slightly, as she feels it touch her bottom. "You will get five strokes for speaking out of turn." I always tell a sub why she's being spanked. I like her to know what her sin was. Even if I made the sin up on the spot.

I lift the strip up high. And I snap it down, landing the strip square across the center of both globes. But I only put less than half of the power I could put into it. I could break this thin strip over her bottom if I really wanted to. It wouldn't be a first for me. But I don't want this to really hurt Bethany too much. I don't think the pain would arouse her. I'm less sure about the humiliation of being turned over my knees like a naughty toddler. That, I think, has a better than even chance of arousing her.

"MM!" Bethany grunts out in a rather squealing voice that she tries hard to mute. She blurts it just as the strip cracks against her flesh. It's loud, or so it seems. Both the crack and Bethany. Bethany's grunt is

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more shock than pain, though. The strip leaves a light pink line across her milky white globes.

"Oh..." Bethany breathes out, the squeal still in her voice. "That's one," She counts. "I'm sorry for speaking out of turn, honey. Can I have the next spanking?"

I put my hand to Bethany's lightly stinging cheek and caress it softly. "Bethany," I tell her firmly, "I told you to be polite. Since you want to be so informal, that stroke won't count. You must have forgotten that you're just a naughty little girl now, not a woman, a mother, or a wife." I tell her how to be formally polite, as befits a penitent little girl. I figure she didn't have a clue what to say, so if I don't tell her, she'll keep being impolite and making me start over. I don't want to do that. I don't want her bottom getting that sore. So I make sure she knows for next time. This one time should be plenty to teach her that politeness isn't an option.

I give her another light swat. It lands just under the first stripe across her cheeks, more widening the pinkness than darkening it. Bethany blurts out another shocked, and slightly strained, "MM!" as it lands.

"One, Ma'am," Bethany counts off the stroke. Now her voice has a tiny hint of strain to it. But it's also rather embarrassed. And shy. "I'm sorry for being a bad girl and speaking out of turn, Sir, when I should have been a proper lady and wife for you in front of others. I deserve four more strokes, Ma'am. Will you please spank my naughty bottom again, Ma'am?" Bethany's voice grows more embarrassed and shy as she goes on. She must have decided that humble politeness was the way to spare her bottom from anything more than it already has coming.

Mitch stares intently at Bethany's bottom while I spank it. It's about the best view of her that he has. She hangs her head, staring down at the floor, so he can't see her face. I can hear the tone of her voice, so I assume he can, too. Hopefully, he's paying attention to it. I can hear the strain growing in it with each stroke. The shame seems to be growing faster.

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But Bethany doesn't try to get up. She lies there. She keeps her feet on the floor, even as the strokes land and I feel that ripple of tension flow through her body. She keeps her hands on the floor under her shoulders, bracing herself. And she refuses to lift her head or look up. As if she doesn't want anyone to see her face.

Mitch doesn't mind seeing the show at all. In fact, I see a faint grin on his face, and a little glint in his eyes that tells me he likes seeing Bethany spanked. I kind of thought he might be into seeing girls spanked. He was awfully quick with the strip on Danielle's bottom. As if he wanted a reason to spank her bottom. And I could see the lust in his eyes as every swat landed on Danielle's cheeks.

"OW!" Bethany finally blurts out as the fifth stroke lands on her pink globes. It's a fairly light pink, one that will fade in several minutes. I'd bet the sting will take two or three times as long to fade. And that's very quickly for bottoms that I spank. If Bethany was one of my toys, I'd be using a belt on that bottom and she wouldn't want to sit on it for a day. I'm sparing Bethany that only because I suspect she needs to be eased into things. If I do anything too intense this early on, she'll run. She's just too nervous. It's nothing I haven't seen and dealt with, before.

"Five, Ma'am," Bethany counts off. She's still not sobbing or in tears, but I can hear the edge of pain in her voice now. "I am really sorry for speaking out of turn, Sir. I apologize for embarrassing you by acting like a naughty little girl instead of a polite, proper wife, Sir. Thank you very much for allowing Miss Rodgers to spank my bad bottom and remind me to be a polite wife for you, Sir."

I put my hands to Bethany's shoulders. I lift her up, guiding her to rise up and lip back off my knees. But I also guide her down onto her knees. I don't bother to fix her dress or her panties, either. As soon as she's on her knees, I tell her that until she's dismissed from her punishment, she's still to be a "polite and humble peasant." I tell her to spread her knees wide. She doesn't argue, she just slowly opens her knees until they're wide. As she does, the bunched-up bottom of her dress rides up to her waist. And the thin, sheer panties around her thighs stretch. It lets me see that she has a full bush on her pubes, but I

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knew that already. I have her straighten her back up and put her hands at the small of her back.

Then I tell Paige to bring me a Sharpie. She's back with it quickly. I hold the Sharpie and the stick I just used out to Bethany. I tell her that she's to autograph the stick and present it to her husband. On her knees. "Show him that you are truly sorry for misbehaving and that you are going to be humble, polite, and obedient as a proper wife should be." I "suggest" what she might write on it.

Bethany writes what I suggest, word for word. "This is to spank Bethany Katherine's bare bottom when I'm a naughty girl." Then she walks, on her knees, over to her husband. She takes just a second to check her posture. Then she holds the strip out atop her upturned palms, holding her hands out like a little tray six inches in front of her nipples.

"Here is the paddle Miss Rodgers spanked my bare, bad bottom with, Sir. Will you please keep it and use it on my bottom to remind me that I have to be a good wife for you, Sir?" Her voice is shy and embarrassed, but there's the tiniest tinge of excitement in it, too. I hope Mitch catches it. I hope Mitch realizes that Bethany is looking forward to him using that same paddle on her again. Just not too hard.

Mitch takes the paddle. He looks at it, taking far longer to read it than is necessary. And grinning as he does. I'll bet he wants to use that paddle on her as much as she wants it used on her. That's what I call a souvenir of a supper here!

"Bethany, are you ready to behave now?" I ask her.

"Yes, Ma'am, I'll be a proper wife for my husband, Ma'am." Bethany blushes slightly as she answers.

I turn back to Mitch. "Then maybe that wife of yours will keep her mouth shut and allow you to answer for yourself. Which would find hotter, watching pussy whore eat my skanky whore's pussy, or your wife's pussy? I am certain your wife will enjoy the whore's tongue. I've trained my whores very well." It's all the hint I'm going to give him as to what my choice would be. It's not because I don't want Danielle to

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tongue Paige's pussy. I think Bethany would enjoy it. At least when she gets far enough into it to forget what's actually happening.

Mitch says nothing for a second. "Bethany, I know how shy you are, so I was going to have her tongue skanky. But since you want to be so bad, now you are going get to get that tongue. You'll just have to get over the shyness."

Bethany almost starts crying on the spot. She shirks hard inward. Her head hangs down and a crisp quivering racks her body. "Yes, Sir..." She says in a very hushed, shamed, and nervous voice.

"Mitch, tell Bethany that she's to obey me."

"Bethany," Mitch says, his voice neither firm nor soft, "obey Miss Rodgers."

"Yes, Sir," Bethany says with a little sob in her voice.

I ask Mitch if Bethany has any experience submitting to another. HE tells me "not really," that he's spanked her a few times, but it's always been very lightly with his hand. Playful, not serious. Not like she just got.



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Bethany stands there quivering lightly. Her face is a mask. A mix of pure shock and horror. Very slowly her eyes shift to Danielle, seeing Danielle still obediently kneeling and waiting. Bethany's face scrunches up tight. It takes about a second for her eyes to shift back to Mitch. When they do, they show utter disbelief.

Bethany does flee. And I have to admit she looks rather cute standing there with her snug dress bunched up around her waist, and her panties around the middle of her thighs. With her pubes and bush bared to all. And her bottom. I was right about that. With her standing those globes do have a defined curve to their bottoms. Their looseness allows them to shift a little, and that only makes them look rounder. And so much more spankable.

Mitch still has that faint glint in his eyes. That tells me that he's wanted to see Bethany with another woman. Then again, most men do enjoy seeing that.

Danielle looks utterly horrified as well. But there's not nearly as much surprise on her face. As if she thought Mitch might pick Bethany. Maybe she's always suspected that he wanted to see them together. Danielle's face is more a mask of fear. As if she's certain this is going to cost her a friend she doesn't want to lose. As if she knows Bethany doesn't want to do it and hates to make Bethany do something she doesn't want to do.

I tell Danielle to get up to her feet. Then I tell her to take Bethany by the hand and lead her to the playroom.

Danielle obediently rises and takes Bethany's hand. Bethany just stands there stunned. She offers no resistance. Danielle starts urging Bethany to the playroom, about five steps from the dining room. At first, Bethany just stands there, neither moving nor really resisting. Danielle has to tug on Bethany's arm a few times. Then, finally, Bethany starts following along, walking in a foggy daze. She walks with more baby steps. Steps so short they don't even stretch the panties around her legs.

Danielle walks Bethany to the playroom. "Strip her. Very nicely, whore," I tell Danielle.

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Danielle knows exactly what I'm telling her to do. Not just to take Bethany's clothes off for her, but to do it sweetly, caressing and fondling Bethany as much as she can while taking the clothes off of her. Danielle decides to give Bethany as much modesty as she can manage to salvage. She squats down and takes the shoes off Bethany's feet.

Bethany stands dumbly. She reluctantly allows Danielle to lift one foot. To unfasten the narrow leather straps of her shoe. To slip the shoe off her foot. And finally, return the foot to the floor. Danielle moves to the other foot.

Danielle reaches up and pulls Bethany's panties down. It's not too uneasy for Bethany. The panties aren't covering anything anyway. They're really more in the way. And it prolongs things another few seconds.

Danielle puts her hands to the bottom hem of Bethany's dress. Danielle slowly pushes the dress up, her hands tenderly gliding over Bethany's body as she does. Her motions look half forced to me as if she's reluctant to touch her friend sensually. But there's some honest affection in them as well. Maybe as if Danielle is more afraid of how Bethany will react to it, and less repulsed by the touching itself. I'm sure she's touched Bethany enough times before, albeit never erotically.

It's not long before the rising dress begins to reveal Bethany's purple bra. It matches her panties nicely. It has full, foam-lined cups, but they're cut to only cover her mounds and not much else. Usually, I see cups like these on small sizes, the foam adding a little to the mounds. But Bethany doesn't need to enhance her breasts, she has plenty for a nice figure. I'd guess she's a 36-C. It makes me wonder why she's gone with a full-cup bra. Even ones that are lacy and sexy. The bra has a wide band around her back that tapers to the clasp. That's almost all lace. And it has narrow ribbon-like straps over her shoulders. The first thing I notice is how the cups bare a nice slice of cleavage. A deep V between her mounds. And how they leave only the narrowest slice of those bared for it.

Danielle slips Bethany's dress over Bethany's head. Bethany just stands there, cringing, but not objecting. Clearly, by now, Bethany has

figured out that it's really going to happen. Danielle is going to have sex with her. Here. Now. With an audience of four. Including Bethany's husband. Yet she hasn't screamed for Danielle to stop. Or run away. It makes me wonder about Bethany. Is she so eager to please her husband she's willing to do this despite her repulsion? Has she, just maybe, always wanted to try it and now worries only what everyone, especially her BFF Danielle will think of her? Has she secretly fantasized about her BFF? So many possibilities why Bethany would be dumbly allowing this to happen.

Bethany has nothing left on her body except for the bra. It makes it easy for Danielle to pick the next thing. Danielle reaches behind Bethany's back for the clasp. To get her hands around Bethany's back, Danielle has to step fairly close. But then Bethany's bra straps are loose and Danielle is slipping the bra off of Bethany.

It answers my question. Bethany went with the foam cup bra for a reason. Not to make her breasts look bigger, but to push them up and together. To make them look far firmer than they actually are. Her breasts are soft and loose. They hang against her chest, making a pronounced crease at the underside. They hang like water balloons. They hang out towards the side as well, widening the V of her cleavage. In the bra, they looked full and rounded. Now they just look soft and "used." Like breasts that have been nursed on one time too many.

Her mounds are milky white. They're topped with a pair of wide, faint pink rings are that are so light they're almost invisible. Well, not quite, but close. But her nipples are more of a medium, and bright pink. Those are wide, too. And they stand up a good ¼' like little rods. They have a moderate rounding to their tips. Enough so that they don't seem to have a rim, but not much more. Not so much as to make them look pointy.

And now that Bethany's bra is off, I can see that her nipples are standing up hard. Those look like they're ready for some action. And that tells me that Bethany, as nervous and reluctant as she appears, isn't exactly unwilling. I'd bet she's hiding a bit of eagerness.

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I tell Danielle to kiss Bethany. To make it a good one, too. I figure that Mitch would love to see it. Guys always want to see two nude girls kissing!

Danielle hesitates, moving reluctantly as she nears Bethany. But she doesn't object. She just puts her lips to Bethany's and wraps her arms around Bethany. Danielle kisses Bethany. Bethany mostly stands there, allowing Danielle's tongue to explore her mouth, but not yet kissing her friend back. It's almost as if Bethany is just a quivering prop. Bethany doesn't try to wrap her arms around Danielle either. She just leaves them loosely hanging at her side.

Mitch watches with interest. I don't know if he's picked up on Bethany's reluctance. Or if he cares. He watches their lips, seeing the effort Danielle is putting into the kiss. And he peeks down to their chests several times. Aright to the place where their breasts are touching each other. I'll bet both of them can feel the other's hard nipples pressing against their softer mounds.

But neither woman's hands get into the act. Danielle leaves her chastely at the small of Bethany's back. She hugs her friend as she kisses her, but she's not exploring her body any more than I demand she does.

I tell Danielle to take Bethany to the massage table and lie her on it. I tell Danielle to be very affectionate as she does, keeping both of her hands on Bethany's body. Danielle puts her arm around Bethany's waist, holding Bethany's hand with her other. She guides Bethany over to the table.

Bethany just stands there. She doesn't try to get up on the table. She doesn't even move much. She just quivers a little harder. And then a little harder. Her eyes turn even more anxious, nervously darting around to watch Danielle, Mitch, and mostly me. She must realize that I'm the one in control. That Mitch might be able to save her. That Danielle is the least likely to stop it.

It forces Danielle to wrap her arms around Bethany's body and hug her close to lift her up enough to sit Bethany's bottom on the table. Bethany just glares into Danielle's eyes the entire time, as if silently pleading with Danielle to stop. I see Danielle silently mouth "I'm sorry..."

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Danielle lifts Bethany's ankles up and swings them around. It turns Bethany on the table. Danielle sets Bethany's feet on the table. Bethany stays as Danielle puts her, sitting up with her legs stretched out.

Danielle moves up and puts both hands to Bethany's shoulders. It looks as if Danielle has to support all of Bethany's weight as she slowly lies Bethany down. Bethany still isn't resisting, but she looks far too uncomfortable. She quivers. She cringes. She just sits as if she's limp and loose, and allows Danielle to lie her back.

Bethany just lies there. I tell Danielle to "warm up your play toy. Tease her pussy, whore." I use a rather firm and demanding voice with Danielle. Danielle knows what the command tease is telling her to do. It's telling her to play with Bethany's pussy, licking it tenderly, but not to allow Bethany to climax. To hold Bethany close instead.

"Yes, my Queen," Danielle replies in a very humiliated, and more reluctant, voice. She puts her hands to Bethany's ankles and spreads Bethany's legs to the edges of the table. She doesn't do anything else with Bethany's legs, just opens them up enough to offer her access to Bethany's pussy.

It lets me see that Bethany's pussy is moderately furry. I'd wonder if it might be furrer than it is after seeing the dense jungle of curls that's her bush. A bush that's trimmed inside the lines of her panties, but no more than that. Now I can see that the fur on her long, narrow lips isn't nearly as dense. Maybe not quite sparse, but close enough to it. I can easily see all of her lips through the fur.

Her pussy has a wide slit, just as Danielle's does. But her inner folds aren't nearly as prominent. Her folds are just as loose and wrinkly, only they don't rise above the outsides of her lips. And hers are a nice, light, shade of hot, bright pink. At the top I see a long, knotty, ridgeline to nestle her clit. Then her short lips part wide. With her legs spread, those folds gape wide to the edges of her lips. It leaves a slice of her inner pinkness, and of the entrance of her tunnel, exposed. Now it mostly shows me that everything is covered with a creamy, slightly white tinged, honey.

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It lets me see the thick, wide nub of her clit poking its head up among the folds, just as they're flowing apart at the end of the ridgeline. Hers isn't so prominent. It's more of a bump. Like a half marble. About that size and shape, too. But it is definitely hard. And that tells me that Bethany is not turned off right now, despite how uncomfortable she looks to be. It lets me guess that Bethany's more uncomfortable with the idea of anyone knowing anything about this. And, just like Danielle, she's busy thinking this will cost her a dear friend. She's probably just as certain that Danielle doesn't want to do this as Danielle is that Bethany doesn't. It makes me wonder if both have secretly thought about it, yet neither dared to broach the topic for fear of what the other would say. That neither believed the other was going to be too willing.

Danielle very hesitantly lowers her lips to Bethany's rather wet pussy. Danielle stretches her lips wide enough to fully surround Bethany's nub. Then Danielle puts her tongue lightly alongside Bethany's clit. Danielle begins to slowly tease her tongue back and forth over Bethany's clit. She doesn't go fast, flicking it energetically. That would push Bethany to orgasm far too quickly. Instead, she leisurely traces it back and forth over Bethany's nub.

"AHHHHH!" Bethany shrieks out loudly. The reluctance is gone from her voice. Now her voice is a loud, squealy, eager and urgent cry. A very hot cry, too.

It's as if a jolt of high voltage hits Bethany. One second she's lying there loose and cringing. Then Danielle's tongue touches her clit. Instantly Bethany's hips snap up against Danielle's face. Bethany's hands fly to Danielle's head and grab it, pulling Danielle's head in hard against her pussy. Bethany's legs slam shut, clamping Danielle's head even tighter in place. Bethany's head thrashes from side to side as she screeches. Bethany's body shudders hard. Bethany's hips snap from side to side, thrashing crisply.

Bethany's head rises off the table. It slams back, beating itself against the padded table. It keeps going. Goosebumps erupt over Bethany's body. Bethany shudders even sharper. Bethany thrashes wildly around the table. And every thrash of Bethany's hips snaps

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Danielle's head along with it, her hands and thighs holding Danielle's head firmly to her pussy.

"OH, AHHHHH!" Bethany shrieks. Now her voice is a pure need. Sensual need. "OH, YES! EAT ME!... FUCK, PLEASE DANI, STOP TEASING AND EAT MY PUSSY!" Bethany forgets her shyness.

I can only imagine the powerful sparks that have to be shooting through every one of Bethany's nerves right now to make her twitch and thrash as energetically as she is. She has to be in the most agonizing of heavens. It tells me that Bethany has always wondered. She's always been interested in the idea of being with Danielle. And realizing that it was about to come true for her, must have aroused her to a burning hotness that she could barely stand. Now that it's happening, Danielle's skilled tongue teasing her tenderly, it's almost too much for her to stand.

It has Bethany putting on a rather good show for Mitch. And me. I love to see a woman squirming every which way. Mitch must be liking it, too. His eyes seem to have forgotten Danielle's nice bottom that is still poking out for us as she leans over the table to get her mouth to Bethany's pussy.

I give Danielle a little swat on her bottom. With just my hand. Just to make certain that I have her full attention. I scold Danielle for "wasting her hands," by not using them to sweetly caress Bethany's body. I remind Danielle that I wish to use her worthless body to give Bethany pleasure, so her body had best be giving Bethany all the pleasure it possibly can, and then some before I decide Danielle deserves a whipping.

Danielle's hands got o Bethany's sides. At first, they start moving slowly, caressing Bethany's sides softly while avoiding anything too intimate like Bethany's breasts. It doesn't take long. I just can't tell if it's intentional on Bethany's part or more primal than an actual thought. Whatever. Just as Danielle's hands are on Bethany's sides, beside Bethany's soft breasts, Bethany's shoulders snap a powerful, and violently fast, thrust that almost turns Bethany to her side. It also snaps her chest so fast that Danielle doesn't have a chance to react before

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Bethany's breast flies under her hand. And that's where Bethany's body hangs for a second.

It serves to encourage Danielle, whether that's what Bethany intended or not. As Bethany's chest falls back to the table, Danielle's hand stays on Bethany's breast, softly stroking it and teasing the nipple with her fingers. Not squeezing it so much as just cradling the mound and caressing it.

It gets Bethany shrieking out even more urgent little cries. That encourages Danielle even more, letting her know that Bethany isn't minding the more intimate touch. Danielle's hands grow steadily more enthusiastic. As does Bethany's shrieks and thrashes. Soon Danielle's hands are eagerly exploring all of Bethany's body that they can reach, even teasing the tips of her fingers through Bethany's bush. It all just gets Bethany shrieking more urgently and shuddering more crisply.

I have no doubt that teasing Bethany is going to be a rather short-term amusement. It's pretty obvious that even with the slow tease Danielle is giving her, Bethany isn't going to last long. And she's a newbie. She's not even going to try to hold her climax back. Even if I threaten her. She'll cum the instant her body is ready to. And that's going to be soon. I think about stretching it out by having Danielle stop. Maybe to lick Bethany's breasts or something. Both of them would definitely enjoy that. But I decide not to. I'm going to let Bethany have her fun for now. Then I'll have mine. By now, I'm getting pretty confident Bethany will go along with it. And like it.

I decide to just let Bethany go. I figure she won't last another minute anyway. And I'm right. It's about twenty seconds.

Bethany is thrashing every which way, trembling hard, and screeching the sultriest moans. Despite that, it's not hard to tell when she cums. Her hips fly upward so fast and far that her entire body arches. She screams a loud "OH, FUCK, YES!!!!!" Her trembling body falls just as hard. It's enough that the table bounces under her, one leg of it rising off the floor. Then Bethany thrashes around hard and wildly on that table, her hips flying, her fists almost pulling Danielle's hair out.

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I'm pretty sure Danielle realizes just how quickly, and how hard, she just made Bethany cum. I just don't know if Danielle has any clue about how quickly and hard Bethany usually cums. I'd bet not. But Mitch surely does. And the slightly surprised, very amused, and interested look on his face tells me that this was a memorable climax. As does the grin on his face.

It goes on for about a minute before Bethany's thighs start to release their grip on Danielle's head. Then I pull Danielle's head away from Bethany's pussy. Danielle's face is almost fully covered with Bethany's honey. Not just her lips. Not even her chin. Danielle's nose sparkles with honey, as does most everything from there down. Even about half of Danielle's cheeks. As does Bethany's entire mound. The creases of her thighs, and a good two inches of her thighs.

Bethany finally falls spent on the table. She lies there, panting fast breaths that slowly fade. And purring out very honeyed "mm, AH!s" Her body quivers hard at first, but the trembling fades along with her panting. Her eyes stay closed. Honey slowly seeps from her pussy.

"I'd say she's done..." Mitch says with a big grin on his face. "Obviously... pussy whore excels at living up to her name."

I giggle, "she is rather well trained, isn't she! Doesn't she look so good with pussy cum all over her face?"

"It just doesn't seem fair that you got such a short show..." I muse aloud. Then I excitedly blurt out "I know!"

"Pussy whore, sit on that woman's face. Face her feet. Go on, get that sloppy thing of yours up on her lips." I give Danielle a little swat on her bottom to encourage her.

Mitch watches intently. This time I didn't ask his permission to use his wife. I just told Danielle to sit on Bethany's face. Mitch doesn't object. He glares at Bethany instead. And his look both eager and questioning as if he'd love to see Bethany eat pussy, but wonders if she's going to balk at it. There's a big difference between allowing her pussy to be eaten when she can pretend that it's a man or Mitch doing it for her, and eating a pussy. Tasting a pussy. There's no pretending she's doing anything but what she's doing.

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But right now, Bethany isn't really thinking. She's more just drifting, basking in the sweet afterglow of her orgasm. And that's how I want her. Not really thinking. More primal.

I watch as Danielle reluctantly climbs up on the table and straddles Bethany's face. She kneels over Bethany's lips in an almost perfect posture, and that has mound low enough that it's on Bethany's lips. Then Danielle leans forward, putting her hands to Bethany's thighs to brace herself. That shifts Danielle's pussy so that her protruding clit is squarely between Bethany's lips. The perfect position for pussy eating. Danielle holds her head up, looking forward towards Bethany's feet, her face looking nervous.

I give Bethany a gentle pat on her pubes, atop her bushy fur. It's rather light. I squat down beside the table, putting my mouth close to Bethany's ear. Very softly, and sweetly, I say "Bethany... it's your turn now... thank my whore for eating you so well... eat her pussy, now, Bethany." I run my fingers through the dense fur, teasing Bethany's pubes lightly.

Bethany's still in kind of a fog. I didn't think she'd ever eaten a pussy before. The looks on her face and her demeanor told me that it was too unfamiliar to her. Now I'm certain of it. She doesn't hesitate. Still adrift in her fog, she starts licking the nub between her lips.

It takes Danielle a few seconds of Bethany's inexpert tonguing, but then Danielle is purring out rather urgent, but hushed, little "Um!s" I watch as, over the next couple of moments, Danielle's body starts tensing up. Her hands grip Bethany's thighs. Her moans grow a little more urgent. And louder. Her hips begin to tremble lightly. Then her hips begin grinding her pussy against Bethany's lips.

Now Danielle is moaning out as loudly, and urgently, as she ever has. Shivers flow over her body. Her grinding, quivering hips are the final touch. She is definitely loving Bethany's tongue, and her body is now showing it. There's no mistaking it.

I turn to Mitch. "It just doesn't seem fair that both of these pussies get well taken care of, and you go neglected..." I tell him with a little bit of a tease in my voice. Then I grin. "pussy whore won't mind.

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Go ahead and help yourself to that skank pit, if you can stand something so sloppy, that is."

Mitch looks surprised for a brief second. Just long enough for me to see that he clearly wasn't expecting me to offer him Danielle's pussy. Then his eyes look to Bethany. There's not much to see. Her eyes are still closed, sparing her the view they would have right at Danielle's asshole. Bethany just lies there, her body still relaxed. And clearly tonguing Danielle's pussy.

Finally, Mitch's eyes shift to Danielle. He looks her entire body over. First, it's her hanging breasts as they jiggle with the shivers racking her body. Then it's her face, her mouth hanging open as she cries out her hot moans. Then he looks back at her pussy. Even with Danielle nude all night long, this is the first full-on view he's gotten of it. He can see just enough of it to see Danielle's thick, loose folds, flowering wide open to invite his cock into her. And he can see the creamy, milky honey flowing from between those wrinkly folds. Her pussy looks very eager.

Mitch glances back at his wife one more time. There's nothing for him to see. Between her bliss and what she's doing for Danielle, she looks lost. I guess he's wondering what she'll have to say if he fucks her friend. Then Mitch does what most any man would do. He lets the smaller head take over and do the thinking for the larger head.

Mitch drops his slacks to his ankles as he gets up on the table. It lets me see a decidedly average cock. No longer than six inches, and maybe 1 ¼" thick. At least it's circumcised, baring its fat, spongy purple head. He kneels just behind Danielle, her knees between Danielle's calves and Bethany's head. He scoots up close behind Danielle.

I watch as he puts the tip of his cock right into the waiting, open, and honey-drenched loose folds of Danielle's pussy. As he starts to push into her, his cock slips rather easily with Danielle's oily honey greasing its way. He purrs softly as he feels the burning heat and tightness of Danielle's pussy snuggling around his cock.

Mitch has to lower his hips a bit to get his cock aimed straight into Danielle's pussy. And that has his ample balls dangling down onto Bethany's face. As he slips into Danielle's pussy, his balls drag lightly

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over Bethany's forehead. As his cock finds the depths of Danielle's pussy, his balls dangle over Bethany's eyes, gently bumping against her nose.

Danielle cries out a very hungry, and sweet, "UH!" as Mitch's cock presses into her eagerly waiting pussy. A hard, crisp shudder sweeps her body.

Mitch starts stroking his cock into Danielle's sopping-wet pussy. At first, his strokes aren't too fast.

Bethany feels his balls sliding back and forth over her face. It's kind of hard to miss. I'll bet she even feels the hairs on his balls tickling her. It gets Bethany to open her eyes. As Mitch's balls draw back onto Bethany's forehead, it lets her eyes have a full, and vividly close up, view of Mitch's glistening cock and the wet lips it's slipping into. It lets her see his cock stroking in and out of Danielle's pussy. Or at least the first half of the stroke before his balls again cover her eyes.

I'm watching Bethany. She doesn't close her eyes. She stares up and watches her husband's cock as it vanishes into her friend's pussy. The very same pussy that she's tonguing. After a few seconds of it, I notice the faint quivering begin to sweep over Bethany's body again. Then I notice Danielle's moans growing more intense and urgent as if Bethany's tongue has picked up its efforts to make Danielle cum.

Bethany doesn't know about my rules. She doesn't know that Danielle isn't allowed to cum until I tell her to. Bethany tries hard. Bethany puts her best efforts into licking Danielle's prominent, and now hard-throbbing, clit. It doesn't take any imagination to see that Bethany wants to make Danielle cum. Or that Bethany isn't so upset by what's happening. It doesn't look to me as if Bethany minds returning the favor one bit. Nor does it look as if Bethany minds watching so close-up as her husband fucks Danielle. Maybe it's just because Mitch is fucking her as Bethany is tonguing her, as if they're truly sharing Danielle's pussy.

Whatever it is, it has Danielle shrieking very loudly. It has Danielle's cries starving hungry. It has Danielle shivering crisply. But more interestingly, it also has Bethany quivering again. Albeit lightly now, those little tremors sweeping Bethany's body are steadily growing.

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And it has Bethany's pussy nice and wet, but it was to start with after her orgasm. I'll bet it has Bethany's pussy burning hot again, and aching sweetly, too. She has that needy "hurry up and fuck me" look to her body.

Bethany stares up and watches Mitch's cock stroking Danielle's pussy. Her eyes never seem to leave it. It doesn't take too many strokes for the first droplet of Danielle's honey to fall from her pussy. It lands on Bethany's nose. Even that doesn't discourage Bethany from watching. Mitch's balls brush through that droplet and smear it along the bridge of Bethany's nose. He keeps thrusting his cock into Danielle's pussy, and it seems now that his thrusts grow stronger with every one.

Mitch's more powerful, and faster, thrusts, have an effect on Danielle. They make her shudder harder. They make her scream her desperately needy cries. And they start her hips thrusting back slightly, more rocking back really, trying to both ram against his cock and keep her clit in Bethany's lips.

Bethany's hands finally come up. They grip Danielle's hips and hold them still. It makes Danielle cry out a little more urgently. Mitch doesn't seem to notice.

With Bethany's hands on Danielle's hips, there's no place for Mitch's hands. But his aren't needed. Bethany's steadying Danielle's hips for him to pound his cock into. As his thrusts ramp up to ramming hard ones, his hands slip up Danielle's body. Quickly his hands are on Danielle's soft breasts, firmly kneading her spongy mounds. And that adds another note of urgency to Danielle's cries. It's not a soft, tender, feminine caress, either. Mitch kneads her mounds firmly. I'm not surprised. I know Danielle likes to be manhandled.

It doesn't take Mitch too long, maybe about three minutes with his thrusts steadily ramping up to a hard pounding, before he cums. He cums with a loud, very satisfied grunt. His thrusts quickly ebb to a slow stroking.

That gives Bethany a good view again of his cock vanishing into the huge, wrinkly folds of Danielle's pussy. And it lets huge drops of Mitch's cum fall from Danielle's already sloppy-wet pussy. Drops that

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rain down onto Bethany's upper lip, then flow both toward her nose and into her mouth.

Bethany keeps tonguing Danielle's pussy as eagerly as ever.

After a half of a minute or so, Mitch pulls his cock from Danielle's pussy. A huge gob of their mixed cum follows his cock out, falling straight onto Bethany's upper lip. At least half of it creeps down her lip and runs into Bethany's mouth, letting her taste his cum mixed with Danielle's pussy. But she's already tasting plenty of Danielle's musky sweet pussy. A few more drops fall from Mitch's cock, leaving a line of droplets along the bridge of Bethany's nose, between her eyes, and up her forehead. The last few land in Bethany's hair. All of those drops cling where they land.

Bethany watches his cock as it pulls away dripping cum. And dripping Danielle's honey. Both unmistakable proof that Danielle's pussy well satisfied his cock. Her eyes never leave his cock. Her tongue never slows on Danielle's clit.

Bethany lies there, now trembling decently. I'll bet her pussy is twitching again, too.

Mitch gets off the table and fixes his pants.

I show him a couple of pictures that I took. Pictures he was too busy enjoying this to notice me taking. The first is from a wide-angle, showing Bethany lying there, Danielle sitting on her face, and Mitch fucking Danielle from behind, all at the same time. I got it with Mitch back enough that his cock is visible entering Danielle's pussy. The second is a close-up. It shows his cock in Danielle's pussy, and it shows Bethany's tongue licking the pussy as her husband fucks it. I send both pictures to his phone, tell him they're souvenirs of "his wife's innate sluttiness."

Then I tell Danielle to cum. I see a faint look of surprise on Bethany's face as she realizes that she hasn't been ineffective on Danielle's clit, that Danielle has been holding back. Because I was making her. I made Danielle wait for her relief until Mitch was done with her pussy.

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Danielle screams the loudest, deepest, and tensest, "UH!" Then her body explodes. Her hips slam down hard onto Bethany's mouth. Her hips wildly grind her pussy against Bethany's face. Her head snaps back and Danielle cries out a breathy "AH!!!" She shudders violently as the waves of her orgasm crash over her.

After about a minute or so, Danielle falls forward, her head hanging loose and limp. It lifts her pussy a tiny way off of Bethany's lips. And it lets a few more drops fall, this time right into Bethany's wide-open mouth.

Danielle pants, trying to catch her breath. Bethany finally closes her mouth. With Danielle still kneeling over her head, Bethany can't really move her head too much. Not close to enough to spit. It makes her swallow the cum in her mouth. She waits about as long as she can to swallow it, telling me that she prefers not to. Then she shudders hard as she does.

I have Danielle get off the table and stand. She stands properly, her legs still wobbly from the orgasm. Then I tell Bethany to get off the table and stand beside Danielle. I tell her to stand like a proper peasant whore, too. To look at Danielle's posture and make sure hers is the same. Bethany gets up, slightly slowly, and then moves into place beside Danielle. She stands with about two feet of empty space between them. And she takes a rather quick look at Danielle to copy her posture.

Both of them look rather slutty now. Both have honey covering their mounds and running down their thighs. Both have the other's honey sticking to their face. Bethany has Mitch's cum dribbled on her face, drying to it. Danielle has his cum streaking down her thighs. Both have that well-sated look on their face. Except that Bethany is clearly ready for round two, and it shows with the faint quivers still flowing over her body.

I put my hands to Bethany and scoot her over to stand beside Danielle. My way. With her side flush against Danielle's. Both of them still fully nude.

I stand in front of Bethany. "You have some gall, coming into my house and pretending that you're a lady when it turns out that your

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nothing more than another peasant gutter whore! No wonder you two are such good friends. You were probably whelped in the same sewer before someone scraped you from your gutters."

I snap my fingers and hold out my hand. A little signal cues Sophie to bring to me another collar and a lock. I put the collar, hot pink and matching Danielle's, around Bethany's neck and lock it on. Bethany just stands there and allows me to lock my collar around her neck. Even a vanilla would understand the significance of that.

"I think you need a good lesson to teach you to behave like the cheap whore you really are. Clearly, your husband doesn't mind you being a trashy whore. It seems doesn't mind you eating pussy shamelessly, either," I mockingly point out to Bethany.

"In the morning the two of you whores can share a nice, warm, filling enema," I firmly tell them. I watch Danielle cringe. She's had one enema here before. She knows what's she's in for. And she has to remember how aroused it made her. I'm sure she's cringing from the thought of enduring another. And more so from the thought of her friend seeing the effect it has on her. Bethany just looks rather nervous, as if the idea of an enema is new to her, and not something she's quite ready to try.

"Yes, my Queen..." Danielle says rather humbly.

"Yes... my Queen..." Bethany repeats Danielle's answer. Only Bethany's voice rings with a nervous tremor. But otherwise, she sounds sheepish and cowed, humbly accepting of her fate. I'll bet she's wondering if Mitch is really going to make her stay here all night and suffer it in the morning, too.

I tell Sophie to bring me a small chain. It's about two feet long. It's fairly light, not a heavy log chain, but more delicate. Still, it's going to take bolt cutters to get through it. As will the locks. I open the locks on their collars long enough to slip their shackles through the last link of the chain. Then I relock them. Now they not only lock the collar around their necks but to the chain. The chain sags down slightly in the middle as it hangs between their collars. It looks as if it might let them have about four to six inches of space between their sides. No more.

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Now I turn my attention to Mitch. "These two whores are now one whore. They will be staying locked together, and be one whore, until after they've fully learned their lesson in the morning.

"Obviously I have a nice cage to keep them in overnight. That way I know they'll behave and be on time for their enema.

"But I know you don't want to be alone tonight. So I'll offer you the option. *If* these whores agree to behave their slutty bottoms, that is. If you wish you may take them home with you, as long as you agree to take care of them and return them here at ten am for their enemas. They will stay locked together. You will treat them both the same as if *both* of them are your wife for the night. You may use either body as you wish, however you may not neglect *either* body. Take care of one, and you must take care of the other as well. Obviously, chained together, they'll have to do *everything* together. Both of them will have to obey you absolutely, as well.

"Since pussy whore's house is empty tonight, you are welcome to use it. Her house will be your house, and her things are now your things, until after she completes her next lesson. I mean that nothing in that house belongs to her. She may not use anything in that house unless you allow it. You, however, may do whatever you fancy with it. Even give it to the other whore.

"Before I ask them if they wish to behave or just stay in my kennel like the bitches they are, do you want to have them both for the night?" I bat my eyes at Mitch, making sure that he understands what I'm offering him. I mean for him to have them both. I mean for them to have a slutty night with him.

"Yeah, I can do that," Mitch casually answers with a wide grin on his face. As if he's trying not to sound too eager when he truly is.

I turn my attention to the naked women. "I'm sure you heard all of that. If I allow this nice man to borrow you two whores for the night, are you going to behave those filthy butts of yours? Are you going to obey him fully? Since a whore's only reason for existing is to please, are you going to work together to maximize the pleasure you give him? And not just in bed, at everything?"

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"Yes, my Queen," Danielle answers in a humble, humiliated voice.

"Yes, my Queen," Bethany answers in her sheepish voice. But I hear the tinge of excitement in both of their voices. The tinge both are trying hard to hide from the other.

I tell all three of them that whenever their collars are on, neither are people. Both are my property. Bethany is not Mitch's husband or Danielle's friend. She's my bitch. Just as Danielle is. Only when their collars are off, are they allowed to pretend they are people again. Wives or mothers, or ladies. I ask Mitch if he has a problem with that, and he says a slightly reluctant no, that it's fine.

I go on to explain to them that means they are to forget their "other lives where they pretend to be people." They are to behave as proper filthy whores now. They may not even mention anything from their daily lives. Not their kids. Nothing. They are my whores now. But, once their collars come off, they are to resume their "fake lives." They will remain as close of friends as ever. They will not, under any circumstances, discuss, or even allude to, anything that happens while they're my property. It's as if that part of their lives just never happened. They're not even to mention it to Mitch or each other. It happened to my whores, not Danielle and Bethany.

Both women agree to the rules.

I pick Bethany to ask first. I tell her to promise me. I don't say it, but I think I make it clear to her that she will regret breaking her promise to me. "I promise, my Queen, I will mind my place as your property and whore. I will devote myself to pleasing this man shamelessly. I will obey him without question, and when it's time to come back for my enema, I will not object Ma'am," Bethany repeats in a rather cowed, slightly nervous, voice. But I hear a little eagerness in it. Danielle promises me as well.

I have Sophie fetch me a leash. I clip it to the center of the chain. Then I have Sophie fetch their clothes. Just their clothes. Nothing else, like phones and purses. Those I keep. But I do have Sophie forward both of their phones to Mitch's phone. That way, their calls will ring on his phone. In case of an emergency, he can answer their phone. Or not.

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He'll have that control, too. And the women are giving up that privacy, too.

I tell Mitch to dress his whore and take it home. He tells Bethany to dress Danielle and has Danielle dress Bethany.

The girls quickly discover just how short that chain is. Bethany can't even squat down to pull Danielle's panties over her ankles without Danielle leaning over with her. They're really going to have to work together tonight.

Just before they leave, I whisper instructions to Danielle that she's to wake Mitch with a blow job. A two-girl blow job. She can teach Bethany how to do that while they're waking Mitch sweetly. I'm sure he'll appreciate it.



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Mitch sends me a long text in the morning.

Wow. I never imagined Bethany was so submissive. She seems to have thoroughly enjoyed last night. When we got back to Danielle's house, Bethany was really eager, and she showed it. She was always wiggling her bottom at me, or whatever else she could do to hint how ready she was for more. I wanted to put her on Danielle's face, the reverse of what they'd done earlier, but that wasn't possible with the chain on their collars.

I quickly figured out that couldn't do much with each other besides some touching. Just as quickly I figured out that I was going to have to go twice more, not just once. I started with Danielle and while I was on top of her, I told Bethany to play with her. Bethany was rather, to my surprise, shameless in the way she touched Danielle's body. As soon as I finished Danielle off a second time, I moved over to Bethany and told Danielle to play with Bethany's body while I was on top of her. And I'd thought Bethany was shameless. Danielle didn't even hesitate. She was all over Bethany. She even licked her breasts while I watched! But that's as far as she could get with that chain.

Afterward, I just lie on my back and went to sleep. They decided to sleep with me between them, slipping their chain under my neck. It put them both cuddled close to me, lying on their sides.

Then this morning I woke up to the blow job to end all blow jobs. I'd brag on it, but I doubt anyone I know would believe me! Both of them, working together and taking turns. I had no idea Danielle could swallow an entire dick like that, but she managed to go down until her lips were on my balls! She told me later that you taught her that. Please teach Bethany!

After that, they took me to the shower for a rather sweet shower. I admit, I never thought I'd have my back washed by a pair of soapy breasts while another pair of suds boobs was washing my chest. Then they traded places to wash my dick and butt with their soapy boobs.

They also quickly figured out just how short that chain was. I'm pretty sure I saw Bethany cringing hard when she needed the bathroom. And realized that Danielle would not only have to go with her but stand very close to her while she used it. But they managed.

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This morning they both made breakfast for me. And they had to sit very close beside each other at the table.

Since Bethany doesn't have any clothes here, I had her find something of Danielle's to wear. They're always swapping clothes around anyway. But I think this might be the first time they've swapped underwear! Plus the chain and collar limit what they can put on. Luckily Danielle owns several dresses that can be pulled up instead of over the head.

I asked Bethany if she was ready for her enema later. I was kind of concerned that she was really hoping I'd get her out of it. She told me "If my Queen thinks I need it to learn my lesson, then I guess I'm ready for it, Sir." It's like she knows it's going to suck, but accepts that it's happening and she's powerless over it.

I'll have them there at 10.

I text him back that he's welcome to stay and watch the enemas, I think he'll enjoy the show the girls are going to put on. He says he doesn't want to miss it.

He brings them just a few minutes early. On the leash. But I did tell him that my rule was that the girls were to stay on the leash whenever so much as one of those toes was outside the house. I guess he followed it, he never says and neither of the women mentions being allowed to stray freely outside. Nor did the dog catcher pick either of them up. We do have a leash law here. All bitches must be leashed.

Both of them arrive dressed similarly. Enough so that I'm sure the same person chose their wardrobes. Maybe Mitch, maybe one of the women. Maybe they picked together. I don't ask. But both are wearing loose-fitting dresses that could be pulled up over their feet. And sandals.

I tell Mitch to return my whores just as I delivered them. HE gets the message. He has them sweetly undress each other and hand the other's clothes over to Sophie.

And now that both of them are nude, I take the leash from him. "Come along, filthy whores," I say teasingly sweetly to them. "It's enema time, let's get some of that filth out of those slutty bottoms!" I start

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walking casually toward the playroom. My firm grip on the leash leaves them no choice but to follow closely behind me, and to keep pace with me. Not to walk slow with those baby steps Bethany seems to always use.

I walk them both into the playroom and tell them to stand side by side facing the massage table. Both seem to realize that I mean for them to stand as I had them last night, so both stands with their sides flush against the other's and their hands behind them. Neither looks too eager. Both look rather resigned, though, as if they've accepted that it's beyond their choice. It's going to happen, whether they want it to or not.

I leave them chained together. There's no reason not to since they're going to share the enema. After all, they've been sharing everything since I chained them together, even Bethany's husband's cock. Seems fitting to me that they share the enema as well!

I have Sophie get out the enema I've prepared for them. I have her set it on the table. That way, both of them can see it. I'm sure that will make them a little antsy about what's coming. The enema I've prepared for them to share is a single bag-type enema. Like all of my enema bags, this one is clear and holds one liter of fluid. In this case, the fluid is yellow. But the yellow is just food dye I added to remind me what's in the bag. Mineral oil. It's old-fashioned but effective. And it won't turn their waste watery as anything water-based would. It will just fill them up, making them feel the pressure inside their bodies. And, unlike water, their bodies won't absorb any of it, so they'll always feel just as full.

I've attached a four-foot-long section of clear tubing to the back, with a clamp on it to pinch off the flow. At the other end of that, I've attached a Y-connector with about 18" of tubing coming off both legs of it. Then, to each end of those tubes, I've attached an identical nozzle. And these are the fancier nozzles that I keep in my collection. They're six inches long and about as thick as my finger. That's a hair wider than my typical nozzles. They're semi-rigid plastic, flexible enough, but also stiff enough not to be pinched shut even where they have to bend. They're

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pre-lubricated with a thin film of slick gel and have a hard plastic cap covering them. They also have little one-way valves in their bases that will allow the fluid to flow into their bottoms, but not back into the tubing. Everything is already connected together, letting them see the single bag with two nozzles attached to it.

Like most enemas, it works by gravity. I hang the bag up above the height of their bottoms and release the clamp. Gravity pulls the fluid downward and into their bottoms. Eventually, the pressure in their bottoms will get high enough that the fluid stops flowing, but that will take a while. But unlike a single enema, this one is shared. The same bag feeds both nozzles and fills both of their bottoms together. The fluid, like any fluid, will follow the path of least resistance, flowing into whichever bottom has the least pressure in it at that instant. It will ensure that the pressures inside their bottom remain equal as they fill. But that doesn't mean they'll get the same amount of fluid inside them. A lot of factors can influence who gets how much of it. Everything from the tenseness of their rectal walls, to the length of their rectum, and even how much waste is in their rectum. Anything that affects how much space is available for the fluid to fill, or how much her rectum squeezes around it.

A truly shared enema. Normally I use sixteen-ounce enemas for cleansing. This bag holds a full liter, which is 35.2 ounces. Half of that is 17.6 ounces, or 1.6 ounces more than I'd use for a standard single enema. And that isn't much more. Not enough that I'm going to worry about it. Especially with a shared enema. There's no way for me to know which of them is going to end up with how much of it. It will be fairly close, within an ounce or two, and only that much different if one has a full bowel and one is rather empty.

I start with Bethany. I ask her directly when was the last time she had an enema. As I suspected, Bethany tells me that she's never had an enema before. The tremor in her voice tells me she's not eager for that answer to change, either. I tell her that all she has to do is to stand there and behave. To be still and quiet. The enema will do all the work for her.

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"Yes, my Queen..." Bethany answers rather reluctantly in that sheepish voice. "I promise I'll try my hardest to behave for you, Ma'am." She adds on her own.

I don't tell her to bend over, and I'm sure she's expecting me to. I just pull the tube over their shoulders, right where their shoulders are touching, and let it hang down behind their backs. Then I walk around behind Bethany.

I squat down, putting my eyes about even with Bethany's globes. I use the fingers of my left hand to firmly push Bethany's cheeks wide apart and fully bare her asshole to my eyes. The shuddering tremor I feel flowing over Bethany's body tells me she's well aware that her asshole is now easily accessible.

I haven't seen her asshole before. I really haven't even looked her body over yet. I just spanked her last night. But I didn't even know she'd consider joining Danielle in a little fun, much less want to play around so much. I'll get a good look at her later. I get a good look at all of my toys. I think I'll have Mitch bring her back one evening for an inspection and an interview. I think he'll enjoy watching that.

Bethany's asshole is fairly small. It's light pink. It's moderately funneled inward, and heavily lined with prominent wrinkles. Her muscle looks to be strong. At least enough so that I can make out the lines of her ring. It also looks to be very tightly cinched shut right now, as if that's going to do anything to help.

I put the rounded tip of the nozzle to her asshole. It covers the tiny dark line where her muscle clenches, and a little of the pinkness surrounding her ring. "OOH!" Bethany gasps out rather nervously as she feels the touch of it.

I aim the tip for Bethany's navel. Then I press. I push casually, neither trying to make it easy for Bethany nor trying not to make it easy for her. It's more of a detached pushing. As if it just doesn't matter to me how comfortable it is for her, as long as it's as easy for me as possible.

It takes only a fraction of a second for the stiff tip of the nozzle to press into the center of her ring. As it goes, it stretches her tight ring to

allow it to slip in. it doesn't have to stretch her very wide. Nowhere near wide enough to start smoothing out some of those wrinkles. Her pink flesh stays lined with those small folds as it squeezes around the side of the white tube. The tube easily slips through the tight ring and slides into her bottom. I press all of the tube into Bethany's bottom. It puts the tip of the nozzle about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way to the back of her rectum. It's not uncomfortable for her, but it does have the tube lying flush against the wall of her rectum. She can feel it there. She can feel it slipping deeply into her bottom. Not uncomfortably. It's just a weird sensation as if it doesn't belong there. As the base of the nozzle, wider than the nozzle itself, comes to rest flush against the outside of Bethany's asshole, I stop pushing it in. It probably took about two seconds for its length to slip into her bottom.

The base, that houses the check valve, is about an inch wide and three inches long. It makes a nice handle for the nozzle. I release Bethany's globes, letting them close around the base. It leaves about an inch of the wide base poking out from between her crack. And it leaves the base pushing the insides of her cheeks out as it passes between them.

I reach over to Danielle and take hold of Danielle's hand. I pull it over to Bethany's bottom. I put Danielle's hand to Bethany's cheeks, the palm against Bethany's flesh. And I put Danielle's hand with the base between two of her fingers, flush against the webbing of her fingers. I close her fingers around the base so she's holding the tube in place. I lightly pat Danielle's hand. "There, you can hold the tube in place up her bottom for her."

Now I scoot over to Danielle and spread her globes just as widely to expose the medium pink ring of Danielle's asshole. Her asshole is just as wrinkly as Bethany's. But that's about where the similarities end. Danielle's ring is thick. And it puckers out just slightly. It's also rather tight, leaving only the tiniest pinprick of darkness at its center.

I push the second nozzle into Danielle's asshole, pushing it just as casually and fully into her bottom. She just breathes out a little grunt to

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let me know she's feeling it slip into her body. Then I bring Bethany's hand over and put it in place, holding Danielle's nozzle for her.

It's not really necessary for them to hold the nozzles. They're not going to slip out. Maybe if one of them tried hard to push it out, but not otherwise. But holding the nozzles puts their hands on the bare bottom of the other woman. That's why I do it. So they can feel their friend's bottom in their hand. Or their friend's bottom in their hand. It makes them stay close together, too.

I let them watch me hang the bag up high from a hook in my ceiling. Both watch it with antsy, nervous eyes. As if they know Hell is about to begin any second now.

I stand in front of Bethany for just a second. "Since you two are still chained together, you are still one whore. If *either* of you misbehaves, *both* of you will be punished for it. Just stand still, be quiet, and wait while your disgusting little bottoms show you just how full they can get!" I sound eager and enthusiastic about it. They shirk back just slightly.

I release the clamp and that allows the fluid to begin flowing. Eight eyes watch the yellow tinge make its way along the tube, through the Y-split, and along the tubes. Finally, the yellow vanishes as it flows into the base of the nozzle. Two of those eyes are mine. Four of them watch very nervously. Mitch watches almost with interest. Or maybe he's just enjoying the sight of two bare bottoms. But I think he's partly surprised and curious to see that Bethany would willingly submit to it. And probably wondering what else she'd submit to.

In perfect unison, both women blurt out a surprised "OOH!" under their breaths as the first drops of cool fluid land on their hot insides. I know that feels icy cold, even though it's really room temperature. A crisp shiver racks both of them, too. Bethany shudders a little more crisply, though. Then again, this is all new to Bethany. She's got that nervousness to get past.

The fluid doesn't exactly race into their bottoms, but it doesn't flow too slowly either. At least not at first. As the pressure builds, it will slow down. It takes about thirty seconds for Bethany to start muttering

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light but strained "OH!s" under her breath. That's when I see her face start scrunching up. And I see the trembling start to strengthen.

It tells me that Bethany is starting to feel the fullness in her bottom. There are only about 6 ounces out of the bag, less than $\frac{1}{4}$ of the total enema. It should be about the point where their bottom is filled, but the walls of their rectums haven't begun to stretch, not even a little, to make more room for the fluid. It's only about three ounces each, assuming an equal division of the enema.

It's not much longer before I start seeing their faces scrunching up hard. And I hear both of them groaning faint "Uhm!" under their breaths. I keep watching as both of them steadily tense up as they stand. As I thought they would, both try to keep the hand they have on the other's bottom relaxed. Neither succeeds. In another ounce, both of them are tensing that hand up too, squeezing the other's cheeks with her fingers.

Now both women are squishing their thighs snugly together. Both are curling their toes against the floor. The tension has both of the women's cheeks straining to a rocky hardness, even as the other squeezes those spongy globes.

Now Bethany starts whining "OW!s" under her breath. It seems each one sounds a little more strained than the last. A little more squealy. A little louder. A little more pleading. It seems that they're contagious as well. Almost immediately Danielle is groaning deeper, but just as strained "OW!s"

I watch the women fidget on their feet. At first, it's just a nervous little fidget, but as their bottom steadily fill, it turns into a fairly pronounced squirming fidget! And that's enough to get their soft breasts jiggling as they stand there. I just love watching breasts jiggle around! Especially those with long, hard nipples, such as Danielle's! And right now, both of them have rather stiff nipples.

They're taken about half of the bag when Bethany finally whines "OW! It's too much!" under her breath. "OW!"

"YE-OW!" Danielle yelps loudly. I just flicked my wrist, sending the tip of my crop snapping through the air and landing it in the center

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of Danielle's cheek. It leaves only a faint pink welt on her globe. Just enough to get a good yelp from her.

"OW!" Bethany screeches as the second flick of my wrist snaps the tip of my crop against her cheek. It snaps Bethany's eyes wide open for a second. Then her face scrunches right back up. It brings little tears to her eyes. And that was a light swat.

"Bad whore! I said no talking. That means no whining, too, stupid!" I scold Bethany. I stare straight into Bethany's eyes and in a cold, firm voice remind her "I doubt that other whore wants her bottom whipped again because you can't be a good bitch."

Then I watch as they both start squirming even more energetically. And gripping the other's bottom, about the only thing they can grip, much harder. I watch their nipples strain to stiffen, even more, growing so hard that they pull the colored flesh around them into tight wrinkles. I watch goosebumps erupt over their bottoms. Then over Bethany's breasts. I listen to them both groaning pleading "OW!s" under their breaths. And I watch the bag steadily, but slowly now, emptying out.

I wait until there's no fluid left in the bag. By then both women look rather miserable, squirming and quivering hard. Both have their faces wrinkled up hard, eyes barely open and wet. Both whine pleading "OW!s" that are as much of a sob as a whine. Both have tensed up hard, their muscles turning to steel.

The best sight is their bottoms. Their muscles have tensed to steely hardness, and that has them squishing tightly together. Squeezing their inside edges firmly against the base of the nozzle sticking through and out of her crack. But both have enough sponginess to their cheeks that I can see just a touch of the looseness at her crack, squished around the base. And I can see the faintest of jigging to the backs of their globes.

Now that the bag is empty, their bottom will stay full. The valves in the bases will keep their bottom from squeezing any of the fluid backward. And their tightly clenched assholes will keep any of it from

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seeping out around the nozzle. I'm sure both of them can feel that hard tube passing through those tightly cinched rings of muscle, too.

I'll bet both of them want those nozzles out of their bottoms. I stand in front of them. "There, now those disgusting flabby bottom are all nice and full!" I tell them both. I see a little hope blossom on Bethany's face as she thinks, assumes, that now she's going to be allowed to relieve that pressure in her bottom.

I'll bet Danielle isn't so hopeful. She's had an enema here before, and she definitely remembers that filling up wasn't the worst of it. That came later, about now, as she had to wait for her relief. I'm sure she's expecting the same treatment this time.

I just stare into Danielle's eyes. At least as much of them as I can with her eyes squished half shut. It's an icy glare. "Are you behaving, or are you acting like a skanky little whore? Is that pussy getting all nice and hot, whore?" I ask Danielle in a voice that's half ice and half taunt.

"I'm being slutty, my Queen," Danielle very reluctantly admits.

I step over to Bethany and repeat my question.

Bethany stands silent for a long second. "I'm being a slut, too, my Queen," Bethany answers. Her voice is more of a sobbing cry than anything, laced with strain. And it's hushed, reluctant to admit that her pussy is getting aroused, and even more unwilling to let her husband know it. Or her friend. But she's smart enough not to deny it. Maybe she assumes that if she does, I'll check her pussy.

And I would. I know what an enema does. It fills her rectum. It stretches it wide and hardens it. It pushes her rectum firmly against everything around it, more so in this position with Bethany standing. And right beside her rectum are the walls of her pussy. It will push them snugly against each other. Any twitches in those walls will have them twitching against each other. It would only take one twitch. As soon as that first twitch teased one wall firmly against the other, more would erupt. It's as effective as any stroking would be. And it's a viciously endless cycle of twitching.

"Both of you filthy whores, spread those feet wide," I command.

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Mitch stands back a couple of feet, taking in the sights, and watching the women with a definite interest on his face. And shock when he hears Bethany admit that it's making her hot. I guess he didn't expect that. It doesn't look like he's exactly turned off by the idea, though. To me, it looks more like he's scheming some way to convince Bethany to enjoy it again. Maybe privately.

"Uh-OOH!" Bethany blurts out as she starts to open her legs. Any movement is going to wiggle her bowels, and that's only going to make the pressure feel a little worse for a few seconds. Bethany feels it instantly. Her foot freezes. Then, very slowly, it starts sliding along the floor, creeping outward to spread her legs. She can only move the one foot. Her other foot is flush against Danielle's.

Danielle is doing the same, sliding her foot slowly over the floor to open her legs. And she's groaning just as pleadingly as she does. She just knows not to expect any mercy from me.

Neither gets her legs exactly stretched-out wide. But they get them wide enough. Most of the way open. And they keep their feet together. Their hips and shoulders separate a little, but with their hands on each other's bottoms, they can't part by too much.

I have Sophie fetch me a small mirror. I start with Danielle, holding the mirror under the mound of her shaven pussy. It lets me see her pussy without me squatting down and looking up at it. And it makes it much easier for me to show Mitch. To show him how those thick, wrinkly inner folds are so nicely spread open and covered with a heavy coating of her creamy slick honey. Honey that started seeping out of her pussy and to the creases of her thighs.

Mitch looks rather eagerly at Danielle's pussy. HE gets a good look at it. He agrees with me, that Danielle "is a much bigger slut than he thought she was." And that she obviously "loves having her butt pumped full." He calls her pussy "sloppy wet," as if it's "begging for a dick." I smile and agree.

I move over and show him Bethany's pussy the same way. The light fur on Bethany's lips does little to hide her slit from view. It just lets us both see that Bethany's pussy is weeping honey as badly as

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Danielle's. Only the fur stops Bethany's honey from reaching the creases of her thighs. Her honey is too busy soaking her fur. And it shows. Bethany's fur looks to be sopping wet. As does her slit.

"That's definitely rather slutty," Mitch says when I point out how wet Bethany's pussy is. "That's as wet as I've ever seen her, and this is after she had a long night of dick. Nothing even touching that pussy, either... definitely slutty."

"Obviously the whores deserve a horrid punishment for acting so slutty during their enema!" I tell Mitch. "It is just so not the time to be acting like cheap gutter whores! I think... since they want to be sluts, they can suffer a slut's punishment for their sluttiness." I grin at Mitch, hopefully, cuing him that he's going to enjoy their punishment as much as they will agonize over it.

I tell Sophie to "look around and see if she can find me a couple of things to punish these sluts with." I say it with a good amount of teasing in my voice.

Sophie knows what I want. I don't have to tell her. In the corner of the playroom, there's a screen that blocks off a section of the room from the floor up to about five feet. It completely hides that corner, or at least what's in it, from view of the rest of the room. There's not much behind the screen, just two large dog kennels. One of those kennels is Paige's "room." It's where she stays when I don't have any use for her body, either doing household chores or slutty chores.

The reason I had these two come so late in the morning is simple. It's Sunday. And Sunday is the day that Elisha spends here. She arrives at seven. It left me three hours to tend to Elisha before they arrived. The best part is that neither of them has ever seen Elisha. She hasn't been here when Danielle came those other times.

In about a minute Sophie has both Paige and Elisha on their leashes and she's leading them out from behind the screen. Both are "dressed" identically. Both are wearing the neon pink collars locked around their necks. Both are wearing police-issue leg irons around their ankles. Both have their hands behind their backs. Both are nude,

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leaving their bodies fully displayed. And that definitely catches Mitch's attention.

Elisha is 18, almost 19 now. She's just slightly on the tall side at 5'7". Elisha weighs 141 pounds, which is just enough to give her a fully curvy figure with a pronounced curve to her hips and waist. She has long brown hair that hangs straight down to the bottom of her back and bright green eyes. She's a pretty girl. She looks young but not as young as Paige looks, even though Elisha is 10 months younger than Paige. Elisha looks like exactly what she is, a college girl. A cute one, too. Maybe not cheerleader cute, but cute.

But that's not what has Mitch's attention. I can see that his eyes are locked on Elisha's ample breasts. She's a C-cup. Only her mounds are firm, almost hard, and fully-rounded. Her mounds don't have a crease to their undersides. They don't lie against her chest at all. Her mounds swell straight off her chest.

Elisha is one of two submissive girls that I'm "looking after" while they're here in Mobile. Both serve me, and I own both of them fully. But I did make one promise to Elisha's father. Elisha is a virgin, and I promised him that she'd remain that way. But he knows that I will make full use of Elisha's body in every other way. And Elisha seems to enjoy that. It's a good thing flaunting her nakedness won't "de-virginate" her. I like flaunting her body. And she loves it. I can see a little twinkle in her eye when she catches sight of Mitch ogling her body.

I point Paige to Danielle and Elisha to Bethany. "Tease those sloppy cum dumpsters, bitches," I tell them in a sweet voice.

"Yes, my Queen," Both quickly answer in unison. Then both step in front of the woman I assigned her. Both don't hesitate to drop down to their knees and scoot forward until their faces are almost flush against the woman's pubes. Then they tilt their heads back and stretch them under the waiting pussies.

I watch as both Paige and Elisha put their mouths to the waiting, wet mounds. Mitch watches just as eagerly as the obedient slaves ask no questions and just demurely begin to eat the pussies of women they

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don't even know. Especially Elisha who hasn't even seen Bethany before now, and already her lips are on Bethany's pussy.

"OHH!" Bethany screeches out loudly, and very urgently. A crisp, hard shudder racks over her body. "UGH!... OOH... FUCK! YES!" Bethany's hips are squirming hard in under a second. Her hips grind her pussy against Elisha's mouth. The scrunch is gone from Bethany's face. Now her mouth hangs wide open. Crisp shivers flow endlessly over her body, shuddering her hard. And making her loose breasts dance around on her chest. "OH FUCK! IT'S TOO FUCKING GOOD!" Bethany cries out.

I swat Danielle on her bottom with the crop. It's just another light stroke, a mere flick of my wrist. Danielle barely even reacts to it. She's too busy gritting her teeth and shuddering as Paige tongues her pussy. Then I give Bethany her stroke, scolding her for talking, and worse for talking like the cheapest of whores, when she's supposed to be standing there for her enema.

"OW!" Bethany yelps as the crop swats her bottom.

"I DON'T GIVE A FUCK!" Bethany screeches out as I scold her, "I CAN'T STAND IT! MY ASS IS GOING TO EXPLODE, AND ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT IS THAT I HAVE TO CUM – NOW!"

That earns both of the two strokes of the crop, one on each cheek. Both get a strained grunt through Danielle's clenched teeth. Both get a loud, squealy "YE-OW!" from Bethany. Both strokes get violent shudders from both of the women.

"STOP THAT!" Bethany cries out desperately, "STOP IT! IT MAKES ME NEED TO CUM SO BAD MY PUSSY HURTS!"

That earns both girls three strokes of the crop, and a stern scolding that they're to behave, and we'll be standing here until they do.

Bethany bursts out crying. It's a loud, full-blown bawling cry. It's just laced with hottest, sultry, and squealy, moans. It doesn't stop her hips from grinding against Elisha's mouth. Nor does it do anything to ease the sharp shivers that are flowing over her body.

"PLEASE! THIS IS TOO MUCH FOR ME! OH, FUCK! MY PUSSY HURTS SO BAD I CAN'T STAND IT! LET ME CUM, LET ME HAVE THE TOILET! PLEASE, MISS RODGERS, LET ME HAVE SOME RELIEF! PLEASE,

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MA'AM, PLEASE MY QUEEN, I CAN'T DO THIS, MY FUCKING PUSSY HURTS TOO MUCH! I'VE NEVER FELT IT THROB SO HARD! PLEASE, MISS RODGERS... OH FUCK! PLEASE I NEED A FUCKING SO BADLY!"

It earns them both four strokes of the crop on their bare bottoms. Bottoms that are now stung to a nice medium shade of pink. Bottoms that will be stinging them for a while, maybe a good hour or two, after this session.

"SHUT UP, BETHANY!" Danielle suddenly blurts out, her voice throaty deep and breathy, and full of urgency herself. "SHUT THE FUCK UP! YOU'RE GETTING ME WHIPPED, TOO! MY PUSSY ACHES JUST AS BAD! AND THE WHIPPINGS ARE JUST MAKING IT ACHE WORSE!"

And that earns them five little swats each. I'm sure Danielle knew it would, just as I'm sure she was praying that it would only be one stroke since it's the first time she spoke. But she knew I'd count their sins as one.

Danielle barely lasts through the strokes, grunting a long "UMMM!" as her bottom is spanked.

Bethany makes it through four of her five swats before she screams a desperately hungry plea. "FUCK ME! OH, FUCK, I CAN'T FUCKING CUM!" I see her body shuddering hard. I can see her hips grinding her pussy as energetically as they can onto Elisha's mouth. "IT'S KILLING ME! MY PUSSY HURTS TOO BAD! SOMEBODY FUCK ME!" Bethany tries to grind her pussy even harder against Elisha's mouth. She trembles violently and squeezes Danielle's bottom with all the strength in her hand. "YOU FUCKING BITCH! EAT MY PUSSY! MAKE ME CUM, BITCH! OH, FUCK, MAKE ME CUM, YOU FUCKING BITCH!" Bethany screams out.

Mitch is standing back, but still very eagerly watching. I can see a deep surprise on his face as he sees how shamelessly Bethany is crying out. How needy she is, now. The look on his face tells me that nothing he's ever done for her has gotten her to beg this desperately for some relief. But he does seem to be enjoying the show.

Obviously, that earns the women six strokes each. And it earns them a firm scolding. Not just for speaking, but for calling "my newbie

slut-bitch a bitch." I tell Bethany that she's not allowed to be so disrespectful to my property. "Newbie" is a bitch, but she's *my* bitch. And Bethany is no better than my newbie bitch.

Only this time I don't swat their bottoms. I aim the tip of my crop square for the hard nipple atop one of Bethany's jiggling breasts. I use a light flick of my wrist, snapping the crop with a stroke that's only about half as hard as the ones I've given their bottoms. Nipples are at least twice as sensitive.

"OW! OH, FUCK, THAT HURTS!" Bethany cries out as the stroke lands atop her stiff nipple. Her nipple stays just as stiff as ever. Even as the faint ring around it flushes to a brighter, stinging, pinkness. I give her the rest of her swats, a total of three on each of her breasts, reminding her that whining about them will only get her more strokes.

Then I give Danielle her strokes. And she gets hers on her breasts as well. The strokes don't do anything to reduce the stiffness of her nipples either. They just get her grunting out harder, deeper, and even needier moans.

Neither Paige nor Elisha is going to make them cum. Not now. I told them to tease those pussies, and that tells them that I don't want them to cum. I just want their pussies licked very tenderly. I want them on the edge of an orgasm. But I don't want them to get the orgasm. So Elisha and Paige will keep them on the edge, easing their teasing tongues back whenever they feel the pussy growing too close to going over the edge.

Danielle should know that by now. She knows what the command tease tells a toy to do. But Bethany doesn't know it. She just knows that she's suffering on the cusp of orgasm, and Elisha is doing everything in her power not to push her over that edge.

"AHHHHHH!!!!!!" Bethany screams out. "FUCK YOU, BITCH! YOU ARE GOING TO MAKE ME CUM, YOU FUCKING SKANKY BITCH, AND I MEAN NOW!" Bethany takes her free hand and grabs Elisha's head, getting a good handful of Elisha's hair. She yanks hard, pulling Elisha's mouth firmly against her grinding pussy mound. "AND I MEAN RIGHT

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NOW, CUNT! EAT MY PUSSY! MAKE ME CUM, BITCH! IT HURTS TOO FUCKING MUCH! I HAVE TO CUM!"

That earns both women another round of taps on their breasts with my crop. And that leaves their entire mounds glowing a light, bright, shade of pink from the strokes. And it definitely leaves both of their breasts stinging sharply.

"Please...." Bethany starts crying out, her voice now hushed and tearfully pleading. "Please, Miss Rodgers, my pussy hurts so badly! Please, Ma'am, please, allow me to cum, Ma'am! Please, don't make me suffer any longer, Ma'am! I just can't stand how badly my pussy is throbbing for a dick right now, Ma'am! Please, Ma'am, please let her eat my pussy and make me cum! I'll do anything, Ma'am, just please! May I please cum, now, Ma'am?"

It earns them another round of swats, but this time on their bottoms. Finally, Bethany accepts the reality. Begging is just going to get her whipped. And apparently, the whippings are only making her pussy throb harder. She gives up. She stands there, shuddering hard, screeching needy cries, and sobbing. But she stops begging for the orgasm. She doesn't let go of Elisha's hair, though.

Mitch watches with interest. I'm sure he's never seen his wife behave this way. This shameless. This eager for an orgasm. The needy. But I can see that he likes seeing her this way. Almost as much as he's enjoying watching Elisha eat Bethany's pussy. Or watching Paige eat Danielle's pussy.

I make them wait five minutes, like that. I'm sure it's an eternity for both women. It's actually over fifteen minutes since the pussy eating began. I don't start counting the five minutes until Bethany stops speaking and starts behaving.

Then I pronounce the sentence. Danielle has mostly behaved. She's been a good whore. The only time she spoke was to tell Bethany to shut up. Bethany, however, has been a very slutty whore. Not a good whore.

"There will be no relief for either of you until this kind man gets his relief." There's no doubt that Mitch is ready for a little "audience

participation." He's wearing jeans today. And I can see the bulge of his cock straining against the denim. I guess he's enjoyed the show. "Too bad you can't manage to behave. Then your husband could fuck you and get his relief." I scornfully, and very tauntingly, tell Bethany. I know she would about kill for Mitch to fuck her right now. "It's a good thing your friend has been good. You'd be waiting forever if there wasn't a well-behaved pussy here for your husband to fuck. Maybe he'll fuck her pussy and just maybe it won't be so sloppy by now that she can manage to make him cum. Then I'll think about allowing you two disgusting bitches to cum." I add is my most taunting voice.

"PLEASE, SIR!" Bethany doesn't hesitate to scream out in her best, desperate, begging voice. "PLEASE! OH, PLEASE, FUCK DANI'S PUSSY! FUCK HER HARD! I WANT YOU TO FUCK DANI AND CUM RIGHT IN HER PUSSY, SIR! PLEASE, SIR, PLEASE FUCK DANI HARD! PLEASE, FUCK DANI! YOU LIKE HER PUSSY, DON'T YOU, SIR? IT MADE YOU CUM LAST NIGHT! PLEASE, FUCK HER!"

Now Mitch glares at Bethany, his eyes wide with the shock. Bethany is shamelessly begging him to fuck her best friend. To him, that was unthinkable a mere 24 hours ago. Now it's reality. His wife is begging him to fuck her BFF.

Mitch grins. I guess his cock is eager for a little fun. I guess it doesn't mind Danielle's pussy, either. I'd bet it likes her pussy.

Mitch turns to me. The gleam in his eyes tells me that he's eager to go along with it.

I put my hands to Danielle's shoulders. I start pushing her to lean forward, ordering her to lean over as I do. I use my hands to support her weight as she leans over, reminding Danielle to keep her hand behind her. And to make sure that her other hand stays where it is, holding Bethany's enema nozzle in place.

That's kind of a joke. Danielle is doing anything but holding that nozzle still. She's not even keeping it in place in Bethany's bottom. Bethany's asshole is doing that. What Danielle's hands are really doing is wiggling that nozzle with every shudder that racks Danielle's body. It has the tip of the nozzle, and its shaft, moving around inside Bethany's

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filled-up, stretched-out rectum. Brushing against the insides of those walls. And sometimes brushing the walls of her pussy through those walls.

I bring Danielle all the way forward until her shoulders are resting on the edge of the table. Danielle lies her head on the table, turning it to the side. It lets her loose breasts dangle down freely from her chest. Even with the massage table to steady herself, Danielle's breasts are jiggling around wildly now.

It also has Danielle's pussy poking out from between the tops of her thighs. And her flat mound is a complete mess. Everything is covered with a clingy layer of her white-tinged honey. She's shivering so sharply that the long, loose folds of her pussy are quivering. Her clit is standing up proud and eager, and it's throbbing so powerfully that the pulsing can actually be seen plainly.

Bending her over forces Paige to shift. Paige quickly turns around, then leans back, bracing her hands against the floor. She tilts her head all the way back, hurrying to get her lips back to Danielle's clit. And to keep Danielle screeching her throaty, needy cries. It also pulls Danielle's full bottom taut. And it displays the wide base of the nozzle sticking out from her crack. And it shows off just how tightly Bethany is gripping her fingers into Danielle's globes. Hard enough that Bethany's knuckles are turning white from it.

Mitch doesn't seem to hesitate. She drops his jeans enough to free his cock, and in a few seconds, the tip of his cock is nestled between Danielle's quivering, wrinkly folds. He starts pressing his cock into Danielle's pussy. At first, it slides so easily along on the layer of her creamy slick honey.

"OH, WOW!" Mitch blurts out. "Her pussy is incredibly tight! Far tighter than last time! Is that the enema? There almost isn't enough room in it for me!"

"Yes, that's one effect of a nice enema..." I sweetly tell him.

It slows him down as his cock pushes into Danielle's pussy. He pushes all the way into her pussy. Then he starts fucking Danielle with shorter, faster thrusts. I'm guessing the shorter strokes are because of

the tightness. Her pussy has to be gripping his cock like a vise this way. It has Mitch grunting the sweetest moans.

It has Danielle screaming nonstop. But it's a sultry scream, one born of a deep and throaty cry. It has Danielle shivering so crisply.

"YES!" Bethany cries out urgently, "THAT'S IT, SIR, FUCK HER PUSSY FOR ME! FUCK HER HARD. POUND HER PUSSY!" I'll bet Bethany just wants Mitch to hurry up and cum so she can get hers.

Danielle screams on, sweetly, but agonized as well. Agonized by the orgasm she's holding back.

Luckily for Danielle is doesn't take Mitch long to cum at all. In spite of the several orgasms, he's recently had. The unexpected, and hard, tightness of Danielle's pussy does the trick nicely. He fills her pussy with his cum. Cum that leaks from her pussy even before he pulls his cock out and trickles down her mound, through the creases of her thighs, and onto her thighs.

When Mitch is done, I stand Danielle back up. Now the question is just how to end their suffering in the most humiliating manner possible. And I have a plan for that. I start by pulling the nozzles from the bottoms. Both are relieved to have those gone. Then I tell Paige and Elisha to stop.

With them still chained together, I walk them into the bathroom. I lift the seat up on the toilet. With it up, it leaves just the rim of the bowl for them to sit on, but it also makes for a slightly larger opening, and that's what I need now. Since Danielle is a slightly larger woman, I have her stand in front of the toilet with the backs of her calves against it. Bethany naturally stands in front of her, facing her, the chain almost taut between their collars as Bethany leaves as much space between them as possible.

I have Bethany turn around, moving the collar around her neck as she does. It leaves the lock hanging down against Bethany's back, instead of her chest. Then I nudge Bethany all the way back until her backside is snugly flush against Danielle's front side. I have Danielle wrap her hands around Bethany's waist and hug her close from behind.

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I tell them both to sit back onto the toilet with their legs spread wide. It's not an option for Danielle. With Bethany in front of her, she has to open her legs wide to make room for Bethany. It leaves us a good view of Bethany's pubes and pussy. Her breasts, too. But most of Danielle's body is covered by Bethany's. Her face is visible over Bethany's left shoulder, though, and that the fun part to see.

I remind Danielle that she's to hug Bethany snugly. And I hint that the punishment for letting go of her friend will be that they'll both have to start over. Then I tell Bethany her role. She's to reach between her legs, and back, and put one hand to her pussy. Her other hand goes to Danielle's pussy. She's to masturbate both pussy as eagerly as she possibly can.

It forces Bethany to lean forward a little to reach Danielle's pussy. But now, with her pussy throbbing and aching so badly, Bethany doesn't hesitate. She starts masturbating them together. And as soon as I hear the first needy moan, I very sternly remind them that they're both to climax together. And only *after* both have asked Mitch's permission and gotten it.

Neither hesitates. Modesty and shame are forgotten. In about fifteen seconds, both women are shamelessly begging Mitch to allow them to cum together.

Mitch allows it. I think he suspects why I've brought them here, and I'm making them cum this way. I add that Bethany isn't to stop masturbating both pussies until I tell her to.

Both of them cum at the same time. The instant Mitch tells them that they may. Both cum with a loud screamed moan of satisfaction. Both bodies shudder hard. Danielle holds them together, letting them feel the crisp shudders racking over the other's body.

Both bottoms explode as the first wave of the orgasm hits them. It's loud but nowhere near as loud as their cries. But it's plain that their bottoms have exploded. We can hear the torrents gushing from them.

Bethany's face wrinkles up hard. I guess she didn't think to get her arm out of the way. With her hand on Danielle's pussy, it has her bottom gushing onto her that arm as it reaches under her body to get to

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Danielle's pussy. Gross. But Bethany seems to ignore it, except for the scrunching up of her face in disgust. She's too busy cumming.

Their orgasms go on for a couple of minutes. Both of them shuddering hard and squirming wildly. It's almost amazing that they manage to keep to their bottoms over the bowl of the toilet. And it's messy, but thankfully the mess only gets in the toilet and on Bethany's arm.

I make Bethany masturbate both of them to two orgasms. It takes about that long for their bottom to get mostly emptied out. Neither seems to mind screeching her way through two consecutive orgasms. Climaxes that come back to back with almost no break between them.

Then I scold Bethany for "pooping all over herself." and order both of them into the shower. I make Danielle wash Bethany's body fully. Then I have them trade and Bethany gets to wash Danielle. I have the wash each other's bottoms and pussies rather thoroughly. But I also didn't allow them to use any of my toilet paper. They can clean their bottoms off in the shower. It forces them to spread the other's crack wide and scrub the mess away. While Mitch, Paige, Sophie, Elisha, and I all watch.

And then, they dry each other off tenderly. And kiss each other. This time there's no reluctance to kiss each other. It's a very long, hot, and passionate kiss.

I lead them both out to the living room and have them kneel down close beside each other. I stand over them and tell both of them that from now on, Wednesday nights are "whoring nights." This Wednesday night, Bethany will watch Danielle's kids overnight, and that includes getting them off to school Thursday morning. While Bethany is minding the kids, hers, and Danielle's, Mitch is to go to Danielle's house. Danielle can be his wife for the evening and night. He's to go straight there after work, and he's not to call Bethany at all. He's Danielle's husband then. Until he leaves her house Thursday morning.

Next Wednesday night, Mitch is going to watch the kids at his house. As soon as he gets home, Bethany is to go to Danielle's house. Bethany will be Danielle's wife for the night until she leaves Thursday

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morning after Mitch has gotten the kids off to school and left for work. And Bethany is to be a real wife for Danielle. They are to be a couple. Lovers.

The following Wednesday, Danielle will go to Bethany's house and watch the kids. Mitch and Bethany will have use of Danielle's house. They can be a couple for the night.

The following Wednesday night, they are to hire a sitter. Both Mitch and Bethany are to go to Danielle's house, and the women are to share Mitch for the night. Then, next week, the cycle starts over. It goes on like that, every Wednesday night, without break.

I will be calling Danielle's house every Wednesday night, and I expect a well-behaved whore, or two when I do. But otherwise, Wednesday nights are not open for discussion. Bethany isn't to know what Danielle does with Mitch. Mitch isn't to know what they do together. It's as if those nights never happen.

I will summon them for a lesson on Saturdays. But from now on, since it's obvious that Bethany is just as big of a slutty whore as Danielle, Bethany will come along with Danielle to learn her lessons. Mitch will bring them both.

And Thursday evening, Mitch will bring Bethany here for her interview and "inspection." I tell Bethany that she is to have her body properly groomed to my standards, and she doesn't want me to find her "filthy" on her inspection. I teasingly tell her that I will be fully inspecting her, inside and out. Afterward, if she's a very good whore, I might just offer Mitch the use of Paige to reward her, should he wish to allow her that pleasure. Unless she acts like she has been, then Bethany won't be sitting for a few days.

And then I unchain them and take the collars off their necks.

And then, It's time for them to dress. Mitch will take Bethany home. I'll send Danielle home. It's time for them to return to their vanilla lives.

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"



Newbie Slut-Bitch (“Elisha”)

Age	Height	Weight
18	5'7"	141
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
36-C	31	38
Debuts In: “Georgia Girl.”		