

Georgia Girl



Nadezhda sarankhova

Copyright © 2021 Nadezhda Sarankhova

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law. For permission requests, write to the publisher, addressed “Attention: Permissions Coordinator,” at the address below.

ISBN: 978-0-000000-0 (Paperback)

ISBN: 978-0-000000-0 (Hardcover)

Library of Congress Control Number: 00000000000

Any references to historical events, real people, or real places are used fictitiously. Names, characters, and places are products of the author’s imagination.

Front cover image by: Stock Image.

Book design by: Me.

Printed in the United States of America.

First printing edition 2021.

<https://mistressnadezhda.wixsite.com/website>

MistressNadia@Yandex.ru

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!

Session Date:

11. August 2020

This Story Released:

18. January 2021

Georgia Girl

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.

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

Georgia Girl

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 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

Georgia Girl

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 offended by anything they happen to see. They're just not eager for me to put on a show on their account.

I also have a circle of five other women friends, all of whom are Dommies as well. Andrea (26), Janelle (35), Colette (39), Diane (43), and Olive (44). we usually get together every couple of weeks for coffee and 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

Georgia Girl

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.

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.



Chapter 01: The New Student

Chapter 01: The New Student

"Hello," He greets me at the entrance of the little coffee shop on Dauphin Street that I've claimed as my own. The service here is excellent, at least for me. And they don't mind Sophie coming in with me on her leash. It helps that the owner of the cafe, Pamela, is a toy of mine. Then again, not too many places here will object to Sophie being leashed.

"I'm Frank, we spoke on the phone. This is my wife, Deborah." He nods his head to indicate the fifty-ish brunette woman standing beside him. She smiles warmly at me. Immediately I size her up as "average." As in average height, average weight, average body shape. She's decently attractive, although she's beginning to show her age.

"And this is my daughter, Elisha." He nods to the 18-year-old woman standing beside his wife. She has a slightly plain face. It's not unattractive, just more like the girl-next-door instead of some cheerleader. She's decently tall, a trait she obviously inherited from her father. I'd guess she's about 5'7". She's wearing a loose-fitting black-and-red dress today that makes it hard for me to judge her body shape. It's a decently modest dress, too, covering her down to her knees which is a couple of inches longer than would be fashionable with girls her age. But it does let me see her calves. And even with the loose-fitting dress, I can tell that Elisha must have at least a fair body shape. Maybe better. But not fat. Not even close. Even with the dress hiding her curves, she just isn't wide enough to be carrying more than about 140, 145 pounds.

Elisha says nothing. She stands silent beside her mom. She has the faintest hint of a smile on her face, but also a strong look of slight nervousness. She doesn't make eye contact with me, either.

I turn to her. "Hello, Elisha," I say in a sweet voice.

"Hello, Miss Rodgers," Elisha answers in a voice that's slightly muted. It's a soft, feminine voice laced with a heavy Southern accent. But an accent that isn't quite old-south. Her voice is slightly high in pitch, but nowhere near what would be mousy. Only her tone is mousy. And rather polite. Give the girl a point.

Pam, one-half of the couple who owns the cafe and my toy,

Georgia Girl

quickly greets me just as politely and offers to show us to a table. It's just after lunchtime, and the cafe closes at three, so they're not exactly their busiest now. She gives me my favorite table, one right at the front window. She asks, politely, what everyone would care for, suggesting a new cherry-infused black tea she has. I go for the tea. I know that Pam "found" it in my apartment and ordered some for the cafe. Pam promises me a very fresh cup. My guests as well. And Sophie, who silently takes a seat with her back to the window.

I heard a small part of the story from my Domme friend Andrea, a flight attendant by day when she asked me if I'd talk to Frank. She mostly told me that he was a Dom and a pilot for her airline with whom she'd flown "enough" over the years. Just not now. He's on the Atlanta to Rio route. Andrea doesn't have the seniority for a route nearly that choice. According to Andrea, Frank is a fairly stern and strict man, so she'd guess he's the same kind of Dom. Then again, sternness is a quality most captains of airliners tend to have, especially on long routes, she tells me.

Obviously, I agreed to talk to Frank. It would be a rare day that I didn't talk to one of Andrea's friends just because she asked. And I love networking with other Dom/mes. But I also knew, immediately, and without Andrea having to say anything, that Frank wanted something. Why else would a man be seeking an introduction to a Domme a few hundred miles from his home?

When he called me, Frank gave me the highlights of what he wanted. He told me that Deborah, his wife, is his slave. But only in private. But he doesn't mean just in the bedroom. He means whenever "the public" isn't close at her side. By close he means where they'd hear anything. Then, and when he's out of town, she's a fairly vanilla housewife. It sounds to me as he should be saying that he allows to her project herself as a common housewife, not that she is. I had no doubt then, and even less doubt now, that Deborah knows who owns her.

He told me that his daughter, Elisha, was leaving home for the first time. She'd been accepted into Spring Hill College, a private,

Chapter 01: The New Student

Christian, four-year university here in Mobile. It's a decent-sized school, but not as big as my USA. It has a reputation for good academics. It also has a much less-advertised and less-desired reputation, at least locally, for students who know what a party is, despite its strong Christian ethos. And it has an excellent graphic Arts program, which is what Elisha is after. Or so he says. I'm not sure if he knows that many of the students there are known for partying or not. If he does, he hasn't mentioned it. And neither do I.

He told me that Elisha has grown up with "strong discipline" in her life. That he's insisted that she learn, and always display, "proper manners." That, as the Bible says, she knows "a woman's place." He tells me that she almost no experience dating. That, I suspect is less because she can't get a date, and more because he hasn't allowed it. She might be "ordinary" looking, but she's cute enough to get a date without working for it.

"As I said, I need someone to 'look after' Elisha while she's here." He begins. "She's a good girl. She knows a lot. But she's going to be far out of her world now that she's leaving home. She won't do well on her own. She needs someone to take charge and tell her what to do. There are a lot of things that a father just can't teach a daughter about, and in those areas, Elisha knows nothing. She needs to be taught, but safely."

It leaves me no question what he wants. My only questions are what does Elisha want, and what's in this for me. It sounds like it's going to be some work or more than just some work. It also sounds like Elisha isn't going to add much to my toybox that isn't already in it. I have a couple of young girls already. One, Joey, is several months younger than Elisha.

I turn to Elisha and ask her plainly, "Is that what you want, Elisha?"

"Father Knows Best..." Elisha says quietly and politely, with that tinge of a grin on her face. "It's up to my father, Miss Rodgers. He knows what's best for me, so whatever he tells me to do..."

That is definitely not the typical answer an 18-year-old girl would give. It leaves me to wonder if she means it, or if she's just smart

Georgia Girl

enough to be going along until Father leaves her here, and then she'll happily do as she pleases. I've met a few girls like that before. Okay, "few" might be an understatement.

Pam returns. She very humbly serves me my tea first, then serves Frank his coffee just as polite. Deborah is third, followed by Elisha, and then Sophie, whom Pam addresses as "Miss Slave."

"I assume we can talk freely here," Frank says with a wide smile. Pam's humble subservience wasn't lost on him. He caught it and immediately knew what Pam is. And, at the least, if she's not mine, that I know her owner well. I see no reason to tell him that she's mine. I like keeping secrets. I tell him that we can.

He tells me that Elisha understands the ethos of D/s. And she understands some of the basics. Like that a collar denotes ownership. With a quick glance I note the tan line on Deborah's neck where her collar would be, and apparently often is. I assume he let her take it off to get through airport security – they've just flown in. I don't do that. Sophie wears her collar, always, with no exceptions, and TSA can just deal with it.

Then he tells me that he would like to give Elisha to a Domme in Mobile. He definitely wants to give her to a woman, not a man. He would like her to be owned, and learn the "things a woman should know before her wedding and collaring." But he doesn't want her "defiled," as a man would definitely do. They've taught her everything a parent can.

He wants her to behave like a proper Christian woman. To dress appropriately. To act appropriately. But also to know her place. To answer to someone, every minute of the day, and about everything. He wants her to excel in school. And he wants her to have firm, unbending discipline in "every last aspect of everything."

Again, it leaves me no question what he wants. He wants her to be someone's slave. He wants her to be owned, fully. He just also wants her to remain a virgin, assuming that she still is one as he thinks. He wants her to be owned, trained, and used by a Mistress who will keep her pure until giving her to her husband. A husband who will also own

Chapter 01: The New Student

her. And I have no doubt that he means a husband he approves of.

The first thing I tell him is that I'm Jewish. He tells me that he knows that, Andrea told him. He doesn't mind it, since we all worship the same G-d. As long as I understand that Elisha is a Christian and respect her values as well. I tell him that I don't care what her religion is. I've even trained a Muslim woman before. I won't interfere with her beliefs. But she will slightly bend to mine. My kitchen is kosher, so her meals will be. That won't offend her beliefs. My beliefs are far more strict than hers. It just reduces the options for her to those that fit my beliefs, all of which are a subset of her beliefs. He says he's fine with that. As long as she isn't asked to do anything against her beliefs, it's fine, and that won't be a problem because Christians believe in the old testament, too. And "differences" with the new testament are only a loosening of the laws. "Stricter is never worse." He says.

Then I tell him the basics of my style. That I require my subs to follow a set of basic rules, and my dress code, 24/7. That I do not allow my subs to date unless the guy asks me, not the sub, for permission to date her, and then, dates are monitored. I will tell my sub what her date will "call for" and she will do as she is told. And I never allow dates with "losers," guys with a questionable future. I do not allow my subs to have *any* privacy. I expect them to be fully open and honest with me. As kind of a part of that, they aren't permitted any modesty, either. They, every part of them, even their bodies, belong to me. Absolutely. I also demand very good grades from my subs who are also students. I don't leave them on their own to get those grades, either. I monitor everything, closely, especially their study habits. Almost as an aside, hoping to minimize it, I tell him that if a student-sub goes to any kind of social function, it's with my permission, and chaperoned.

At Sprint Hill, freshmen are required to live in the dorms. Which is fine with me, my apartment doesn't really have the room for another sub in it. He's paid her tuition, her books, her room, and bought her a meal card for the student dining on campus. He offers me a thousand dollars a month to cover the rest of what Elisha will need, such as clothes. I know plenty of students who consider that sum the equivalent

Georgia Girl

of winning the lottery, so I say that would be plenty. Mobile is cheap to live in.

The more I tell him about me, the happier he seems. But I suspect he's already heard most of it. He impresses me as the kind of guy who would be very careful who he gave Elisha to. I'm sure he's checked me out. I'm sure Andrea has told him plenty. I just don't know who else he might have spoken to.

I actually know little about him. I don't really need to know too much. Andrea did tell me that she knows of a "sub or two" whom he's played with, but always far from home. I wonder if Deborah knows about that or not. It would be nothing for a Dom to play with whomever he wanted. But not a conservative Christian husband. Then again, I have had sessions with married clergymen before. I just wonder how they explain that to G-d!

He suggests that it would be better for Elisha to come before school starts. And classes start in two weeks. She'll be moving into her dorm a few days before that. So, "before school starts" kind of has to mean a lot sooner than later.

I'm not busy. I kind of left my schedule open this afternoon just for Frank. I turn to Elisha and ask her again if this is what she wants. I don't want to be part of it if it's not. I'm don't want a sub who doesn't want to be my sub. And Elisha barely knows me. "If this is what Father wants, then, yes, Miss Rodgers... I'm kind of looking forward to it, Ma'am. I've read a bunch of your stories online. Are they all true, Ma'am?"

"Yes, they are," I tell her. "I only change the stuff that could lead to the sub being identified by anyone."

Elisha grins. She tries to cover it up, but I can see the faint glow on her face. "They were rather... enjoyable, Miss Rodgers."

I assume, if Elisha found them and read them, so did Frank. I would be surprised if he didn't read them first before allowing her to read them.

Chapter 01: The New Student

She giggles. "So I guess the girl I read about who is a student at Spring Hill, isn't?"

"She's a college student at a four-year school. But you are correct, it isn't Spring Hill. I won't say if I have a sub who is a student there or not. There are a lot of colleges around here. I do attend USA. My slaves do both attend Bishop. The rest... I don't want my subs being known unless I want them known."

"Yes, Ma'am... Will I get to be in a story, Miss Rodgers?" I swear there's a gleam in Elisha's eyes as she asks.

"Maybe, maybe not. I always write little stories, but not too many of them do I put out for everyone to see. Those I do are usually ones with something unique or interesting in them."

I turn back to Frank and tell him that Elisha's status, whether she's my sub, my toy, or a slave, is up to her. Her status will be whatever fits her best. He understands.

"Well, there's no time like the present, is there?" I say. I turn to Elisha. "In my world, you will have only what I give you. I may or may not give you some of the things you have now, that your father gave you." then I turn back to Frank. "Since we've all finished our tea, why don't we go up to my place? Elisha can return those clothes to you and I can see what I'm getting."

Frank instantly catches exactly what I'm saying. Any experienced Dom would. I'm sure he has a similar rule for her at his house. She gets only what he allows her to have. Once in my apartment, Elisha is going to be getting naked. He doesn't hesitate to answer "that would be great."

We all rise. It's a very short walk to my apartment. Just down one block and across the street. And by some miracle of G-d, there's no road construction close by to deal with. Just the slow-moving traffic that's easy to manage. It does help that there's a police precinct about two blocks from here. The cops here might suck, but they're great in the downtown area where the tourists tend to flock to. Frank takes

Georgia Girl

Deborah's hand. Then he takes Elisha's and tells her to come with him. She demurely follows him.

Five minutes later we're in my living room.



Chapter 02: Interview

Chapter 02: Interview

As soon as we step through the door, I softly, but with some firmness in my voice, tell Elisha to wait by the door. There's an empty place there, along the wall. I keep it empty just for this. It's where my toys, coming to play, get to give their clothes to Sophie. They won't be needing them. I doubt Elisha knows that what this place is unless she's really paid attention to my stories. Then she would.

Elisha very softly says "Yes, Miss Rodgers," and stands there. Sophie shows Frank and Deborah to seats on the sofa. I take a seat on the sofa as well, but I keep an eye on Elisha. For about a second she glances around the room, taking in her surroundings. Then I see her relax slightly. After a few more seconds she moves her hands, putting them behind her back. She stands up fairly straight, too. Not rigidly, but she's not slouching against the wall either. While she does look slightly anxious, she doesn't look overly nervous. And I think I see a touch of excitement on her face, too.

Then again, she knows that this is going to be the beginning of the second chapter of her life. She won't be Frank's daughter so much anymore. Now she'll be my slave. It will mean a whole new world of things for her.

After chatting with Frank just long enough to let him know what to expect, I step back over to Elisha. Facing her, I keep my voice soft and sweet, but with that tiny touch of firmness in it. "You don't need to think here, Elisha. I will tell you everything. Once. The first time. Pay attention, do as you are told to, and this won't be hard at all.

"The first thing you are going to do is to undress. When I tell you to undress, I expect you to stand just as you are now. Start at the very top of your head. Take off the highest thing you have, even if it's just a hairpin. Fold it neatly, and hold it out to my slave. She'll take it for you. Then move on to the next highest thing. And so on, all the way to the tips of your toes. The only exception is if something lower has to come off for the next item to come off, like if your shoes have to come off to get a pair of jeans off or something. I expect absolutely everything to come off, in the proper order. When you are done, you should nothing

at all left, not even a tampon. Nothing that you didn't have the day before you were born. Then, once you are nude, stand up as you are now and tell me that you're nude.

"Your father has already told me that you need your glasses to see. As in really need them. Give them to my slave anyway. Any questions, Elisha?"

"No, Miss Rodgers."

"Then undress now, Elisha."

"Yes, Miss Rodgers," Elisha says softly. She doesn't hesitate, telling me that she expected it. At least since our talk in the cafe. It also tells me that she's not uncomfortable taking her clothes off in front of her parents. It makes me wonder if modesty hasn't been a given for her in Frank's home. Although I don't see him as the type to require nudity from his daughter, I do totally see him as the kind of father who prohibits locked doors, even the bathroom, and doesn't think twice about Elisha's modesty if he feels like stepping in. If I'm right, then it might not be such an adjustment for Elisha.

Elisha takes her glasses off first. She folds the arms in and offers them to Sophie very politely. "Would you please take my glasses for me, Miss Slave?" Sophie takes them and takes one step to the side so she can begin a pile of clothes on a little table. I guess Elisha was paying close attention earlier when Pam addressed Sophie as "Miss Slave." I don't know where else she would have picked that up.

Elisha has a slightly oval-shaped face with soft, rounded features. Especially her jawline. That's rounded well enough to mostly cover the angles of it. She has long, medium-brown hair. It's straight and fine as it hangs along her head, but then it develops a good amount of body and gets frizzy as it hangs down past the bottoms of her shoulder blades, about halfway to her bottom. She has bright green eyes. She has a nose that looks to be a hair short, with full, rounded, and, soft features that make it appear a hair wide. And then she has a slightly long mouth that looks wide on her slightly narrow face. That's framed by a pair of plump, full, plush, light-pink lips that look as if they'll be silky soft.

Chapter 02: Interview

Now she takes off her dress. She doesn't have much choice about it. Not only is it the highest thing, but it also makes it difficult to get much else off. Her dress is black, with a giant pink-red flower on her right shoulder that takes up about half of the dress. It covers her shoulders fully, but its short sleeves leave her arms bare. It covers her fully down to her knees, its loose form hiding her curves fairly well. She reaches behind her back to unzip it, then slips it down over her feet to get it off. She doesn't even try to use it as an excuse to take her shoes off first. Good girl. She folds it up and hands it to Sophie.

Now Elisha stands there in her bra and panties. And her shoes. It's a matching set, something my dress code demands. I doubt Frank cared if her underwear matched, though. Again, I wonder if she's really read my stories. Or the dress code. It is on my web site. To my surprise, her underwear is fairly cute, and not nearly as modest as I'd expected. It is definitely something a girl her age would wear if she expected to be seen in it.

Her bra is mostly a charcoal gray, with a frilly black trim almost like lace. It's a fairly inexpensive cotton bra. But it has narrow straps over her shoulders. And it has a very narrow strip of fabric where the cups join that's decorated with a fine, ribbon bow. It's also a half-cup bra, that leaves the tops of ample mounds bared. It looks to me as if just barely covers her nipples and down. It has a fairly narrow band around her back as well.

Her panties are just as simple. They're cut to the tops of her hips, just barely, but the waistband also curves downward to the center, lowering the waistline there. At the legs, it doesn't exactly hug the creases of her thighs, more rising quickly on the outsides to show more of her hips. But it does fully cover her pubes and bottom. They're black, but to match the bra they have a large gray heart atop her pubes. It has "pink," the brand, in black girly letters inside the heart. Even though they're black, they have the same frilly black lace-like trim to them.

Now that the dress is off, I can see the shape of Elisha's body. And I can see that her skin is a light shade of white, almost milky. Definitely

not a girl who lies out in the sun. She has a very slightly long-looking neck. Then I can see a pair of shoulders that are lean but have a slight downward slope to them as they flow outward. I can easily make out the lines of her collar bones. I can see arms that are somewhat slim, with just enough fullness to them to cover up her bones. And I can see that her chest and stomach are flat.

I wouldn't term her stomach as hard, or even toned, but it is flat. It has just enough softness to it that I think I could feel it, while still looking good. I can't see the lines of her ribs, which to me would mean she was too thin. But I can see a pronounced feminine curve to her waist. Even with her panties on, I can tell that her hips are slightly narrow, but with just enough fullness to hide the bones. And to give them a soft curve to them. Her legs look like her arms. They have just enough fullness to them to hide the bones, but still, look lean.

Now she takes off a thin-chain necklace with a small pendant on it. She takes a touch of extra care in straightening that up before giving it to Sophie.

And then, it's time for her to take her bra off and start uncovering her body for me. She doesn't really hesitate. Not nearly as much as I'd expected. Not even as much as some experienced subs do. Despite her parents being here. She just calmly reaches up behind her back and a second later the band is falling to her sides. She slips the straps off her shoulders, catches the bra with one hand, and folds it up. She gives it to Sophie.

It lets me see a pair of decently ample breasts. They're not the biggest, but they are large in proportion to her body. They're also very firm and full. They have about equal amounts of roundness and straightness to their tops and bottoms as they rise from her chest. It gives them a slightly triangular look and a look that's somewhat pointy. But it also makes her mounds look like breasts. Breasts that are full and pert. Their lines are by no means straight. As they rise in those lines, they have a gentle curve to them. What they don't have is any kind of crease at their underside.

Chapter 02: Interview

Her mounds have a slightly wide, and definitely deep, cleavage between them that really shows the rounding curve at the inside of her mounds. Her breasts are topped with a pair of wide rings of light pink, not too much darker than the milky white flesh of the mound itself. Centered in each ring is a medium-dark pink nipple about as wide as a marble. Her nipples aren't long, rising off the tips of her mounds with a well-rounded curve, but also rising up enough to look like they're not close to flat.

Elisha doesn't hesitate to slip her panties off, either. She doesn't even try to take her shoes off first. She shouldn't, since she doesn't need to. The panties slip easily over them.

It bares her hips to our eyes. It lets me see that her pubes are flat. It lets me see that she has very short hair making a rather sparse looking bush. It's trimmed into a neat triangle, but its hairs are little more than several days worth of stubble. It might as well not be there. It hides nothing. It lets me see the mound of her pussy standing down prominently between her thighs. It lets me see that her lips are going to be rather long, and at least at the tops, wide. They seem to fully meet, leaving a fine line of a slit that shows no pinkness to it at all. But it's a slit that looks to rise an inch or more up the front of her pubes. It doesn't, that's just the puffiness of her mound.

Elisha slips her shoes off and hands them over to Sophie. She stands and puts her hands behind her. "Miss Rodgers, I am fully naked as you told me to be, now." She announces that she's finished handing her clothes over.

I have her turn around so I can see her from the backside. She does that, leaving her hands where they are.

From the back, her body has the same shape. It's flat and shapely, just not hard or toned. It's just soft enough that I can make out the line around her back from her bra. But that's not what I wanted to see. I can see that she has a well-rounded bottom. Her cheeks have a prominent curve to them, both across and vertically. They're full, not hard, but well-shaped and not soft either. Her cheeks have a prominent, defined

Georgia Girl

curve to their bottoms, but it's a curve that has no sag at all to it. They give her a slightly short looking crack, but also a crack that's deep. The inside edges of those cheeks lying flush against each other to close her crack fully.

I have Elisha turn back around. "slave, measure Elisha," I tell Sophie. Then I tell Elisha, in my soft voice with its trace of firmness, to "obey my slave."

"Yes, Miss Rodgers," Elisha doesn't hesitate to agree.

I return to the sofa and take a seat across from Frank and Deborah. "It won't take my slave long," I tell them. "Girls can be so sensitive about their bodies. They tend to fudge a little on their sizes. Her measurements will allow me to order clothes that fit her body properly for her." I explain.

I didn't have to. Or at least I didn't need to. Frank doesn't seem to care if I have her measured fully. Nor does he seem to care that she's nude. He's not looking at her, but he's not looking away either. It tells me that he's seen her undressed enough before that both of them are used to it. And that he's not a creep who has been gawking at her rather shapely body.

We chat for several minutes. It's idle chat, but Frank does tell me that Deborah is rather openly his slave, especially around their house. I take it to mean that Elisha has seen plenty. Like Deborah collared and leashed. Maybe more. So I ask, obliquely.

He tells me that he believes in strict, but fair discipline. He's spanked Deborah for her naughtiness. Immediately and on the spot. Elisha, too. He doesn't often care who see them punished. He says the same thing I've told countless subs, if they can misbehave in front of some, then they shouldn't mind being punished for it in front of them.

He tells me that he doesn't mind showing Deborah's body in front of Elisha. In front of others, he shows it when he can do so without offending someone, or subjecting her to ogling. Nor does he mind having Deborah serve in front of Elisha. It tells me that Elisha has a

Chapter 02: Interview

pretty good idea of what a slave is.

In about ten minutes, maybe a hairless, Sophie is done. She takes Elisha by the hand and walks her across the living room, right in front of her parents, to my desk. She has Elisha sit on a small, and slightly low, stool beside my desk. That puts her back to her parents, and the rest of the room, leaving Elisha facing a wall.

Sophie brings me a tablet. It has the form I use to keep track of my subs. It's fairly generic. It has blanks for her measurements, all of which Sophie has already filled in. It tells me that Elisha weighs only 132 pounds, which isn't that much for a girl her height. It tells me that she wears, or should wear, a 34-C bra and size five panties. Again, very respectable sizes. It even tells me that she should be wearing a size seven shoe. Now I can order some clothes for her to wear to her classes. And everywhere else.

I have a quick conversation with Frank. It goes quickly mostly because we both are thinking the same thing. He would strongly prefer that Elisha dress modestly. While I tend to flaunt my subs' bodies, I already knew that Elisha would be an exception to that. She'll be flaunted, and she definitely wants to be, but it will be done discretely. I'm sure that exactly the way he handles Deborah, too.

I tell him that I'm going to interview Elisha now, and it won't take long. He's welcome to wait and listen in. I will, as always, demand full honesty from Elisha. And I don't care if he hears everything. Elisha is going to be absolutely honest with everyone, always. With me and Frank, there will be no secrets at all. None. Elisha is going to openly tell us everything, whether she wants to or not. I don't care if it's embarrassing. I don't care if it's misbehavior. Softly, I add, that if she lies about her misbehavior, it triples her punishment. One for the misbehavior. One for lying about it. And one just because. A grin on Deborah's face tells me that she understands. Fully.

I take my seat at the desk. I get a comfortable executive chair. Elisha gets my Amish-built stool. It's plain and hard wood. Its round top is a mere 12" across. It has four legs to hold it up, and cross pieces to

Georgia Girl

brace it. But it's just a hair low to sit on comfortably. It forces her to bend her knees more than 90-degrees. Or rather the one knee. Sophie has her sitting properly, with her legs crossed right over left and her hands folded in her lap.

I quickly tell Elisha that I am going to ask her some questions now. She is going to answer them, fully, and very honestly. Since this is her first minute here, she will not be punished for anything she tells me. I don't expect her to follow rules I haven't told her about yet. But if she so much as shades the truth, let alone lies to me, she will pay for it. She tells me she understands and will answer honestly.

"What day did your last period begin?"

"My last period began on July 28th, Miss Rodgers." Elisha openly answers. And she answers in a complete sentence that tells me what she was asked, and the answer. She's polite, too. She listened to my directions well.

"How long is it usually between your periods?"

"I always go exactly 29 days between periods, Miss Rodgers."

"Have you ever had any issues using tampons?"

"No, Miss Rodgers."

"Have you ever had sex with anyone? Oral, anal, or vanilla?"

"Oh, no, Miss Rodgers!"

"Do you find guys sexually attractive?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers."

"How about girls?"

"No, Miss Rodgers."

"When was the last time you masturbated?"

"I masturbated very early this morning, Miss Rodgers." Elisha's eyes quickly turn downward as she confesses it as if she's ashamed of having done it.

Chapter 02: Interview

"How often do you masturbate?"

"I masturbate about two, maybe three times a week, Miss Rodgers."

"Does your father know that you've been pleasuring yourself?"

"No, Miss Rodgers." This time I hear a little squeakiness in her voice as she mutes it a little further.

"Does he allow you to?"

"No, Miss Rodgers, my father forbids me to masturbate."

"Does your mother know?"

"No, Miss Rodgers. She told me that Father forbids it. He caught her once and she was punished harshly for it. She's always trying to talk to me and encourage me to wait instead of touching myself."

I've decided that she's going to be honest with me. At least for now. She's confessed to something that will get her in trouble with her father. I'm less convinced that I can trust her to confess to me something that will get her in trouble with me.

I ask Frank if he'll forgive her naughtiness, or rather just ignore it and allow me to "deal with" Elisha as I see fit, beginning now. He tells me that he will. If I'm willing to accept Elisha, as of now, then she is mine, as of now.

"Elisha, you heard your father. As of now, you belong to me. Is that clear?"

"Oh, Yes, Miss Rodgers..." Elisha answers with a touch of excitement in her voice. It's enough that I know she was hoping for it. Or at least hoping that she wouldn't be going back to Georgia with her father for the next two weeks.

I leave Elisha sitting there for just a minute. I go back over to where Frank and Deborah are sitting on the sofa. Very quietly, so that Elisha won't hear me, I tell Frank that since Elisha is mine now, I am going to get her cleaned up. And cleaned out. Washed up and groomed to my

Georgia Girl

standards. I'm also going to help myself to a very intimate look at every last bit of her body. That way, among other things, I'll know if she's lied to me. I tell him that they are welcome to stay. My "house-slave" Paige is making pecan-encrusted white fish steaks for supper and I have plenty for guests.

Even after I warn him that I will be checking Elisha far more thoroughly than he's imagined, he agrees to stay. He says he appreciates the chance to have supper with Elisha before entrusting her to my care for the semester.

With a grin on my face, I tell him "except for winter break. I'll be sending her home for that. I'm sure you'll enjoy spending the holidays with her. Of course, my rules still apply while she's there."

"Of course." He smiles.



Chapter 03: Enema Surprise

Chapter 03: Enema Surprise

I take Elisha to the playroom. I'm not sure just how much Frank and Deborah are willing to see, so I offer them a plan B. Before taking Elisha, I poked my head into the kitchen and told Paige that she was "attend to my guests while they're in the living room as if they were me." For Paige, that's a very clear instruction. It tells her that she to cater to their every whim and obey them without question, no matter what they might dream up for her. It's also an instruction I rarely give her. Usually, I only have her cater to my BFFs, my Domme friends, my mom, and Sophie's parents so fully. But I mostly trust Frank. And he is trusting me with his daughter. And I'm close by.

As soon as I begin to take Elisha with me, Sophie following close at my side, Paige slips out of the kitchen. She instantly goes to Frank and Deborah beside him. She drops to her knees and very humbly tells him, "Sir, Miss Rodgers has told me to make you comfortable. What may this slave be allowed to do for you, Sir?"

Paige is a slightly unexpected sight for him. He knew I have her. He knew she was somewhere in the house toiling away at whatever chore I'd assigned to her. I'm sure he expected to see her at some point.

Paige is naked. She always is in the apartment. She wears her hot pink dog collar, which never comes off. She wears a pair of police-issue leg irons around her slim ankles. She wears those every minute she's nude. They serve as a nice reminder of her place. And I'm pretty sure Paige would be seriously disappointed if I didn't shackle her. Paige loves to be reminded of her place as the lowest of slaves. My slave-whore.

Paige is only a few months older than Elisha. She's 19. She's about the same height, 5'7", but leaner than Elisha at a mere 118 pounds. She has long honey-brown hair that's significantly lighter in shade than Elisha's medium-brown hair. She's very slender, her body having only the gentlest of feminine curves. She's too lean to be too curvy. Her figure is more stick-ish than anything. But she also has brilliant green eyes and a seductively wide mouth. And she has very pert breasts with wide, light-pink nipples. They're mere B-cups, smaller than Elisha's, but they're rather perky. Let's just say no one has ever

complained about her appearance.

"You must be Miss Rodgers' other slave?" Frank asks Paige while Deborah sits silent.

"Yes, Sir. I am Miss Rodgers house-slave and whore. My name is skanky, Sir." Paige answers in a very sweet voice.

"Well, skanky, you may fetch me another cup of coffee, and my slave would like a hot tea with lemon."

"Yes, Sir," Paige answers. "I'll make yours with cream and sugar as you asked last time. May I also assume that you would like freshly squeezed lemon for your slave's tea, Sir?"

"That will do, skanky."

"Yes, Sir." Paige is scurrying off to the kitchen as fast as her chains will allow her to go.

Elisha doesn't hesitate as I lead her into the playroom. It's obvious, from some of the stuff visible around the room, that this is where the fun takes place. And I'd hope Elisha is smart enough to know that I wouldn't have brought her in here unless she was about to do something. It makes me wonder just how much she's been exposed to. Most women, even middle-aged women, are more anxious the first time they see this room.

I guide Elisha over to the massage table in the center of the room. It's padded and decently comfortable. It also has a steel tube frame to it that's perfect for tying things to. Things like Elisha. But I have no plan to tie her now.

I've already figured out that Elisha is the kind of slave who doesn't thrive under harsh discipline. She's not looking for pain, either. She's looking for the opposite of that, like Sophie and Paige. She's looking to give herself fully to someone whom she sees as taking care of her. It won't matter what's done with her, as long as she believes that her Mistress is actually looking after her. That for some unknowable reason, whatever it is, it's for her own good. In some way. And serving the

Chapter 03: Enema Surprise

Mistress that's caring for her is some way.

That's why I'm using this tone of voice with her. The sweet one that says I'm taking care of you, with just enough firmness to it for Elisha to know that I expect her to cooperate fully. I'd bet this is what Elisha will respond to most eagerly. And that's a big part of D/s. It's not all whips and chains. It's getting the sub to fully submit.

I tell Elisha to lie on the table on her left side. Then I have her bend her waist to 90-degrees. It puts her thighs perpendicular to her back. I have her bend her knees 90-degrees as well. That I do mostly just to get her feet out of my way. I have her use her arms for a pillow, folding them together under her head. I don't let her roll forward, instead tell her to stay fully on her side with her back straight up and down.

"slave, fetch me a green bag with a number 8 tip," I tell Sophie while I'm positioning Elisha.

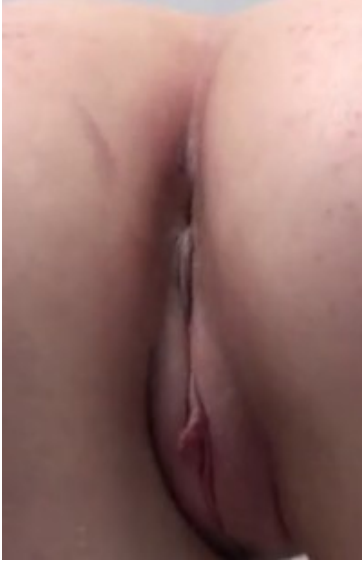
By the time I have Elisha lying the way I want her to, Sophie is back. She's set everything on a little rolling tray. A tray that's behind Elisha's back so that she's never seen what's on it. The green bag is just a standard one-liter IV bag filled with sterile water that's been laced with a healthy dose of laxative and a couple of drops of food dye for the color. I use the color to remind me what's in the bag. It's how I can tell the clear bags apart. A "number 8 tip" is just a generic enema nozzle. It's a stiff, but flexible, white plastic tube about as thick as a pencil and eight inches long.

The IV bag already has a short length of clear plastic tubing attached to it. I've added in a little flow meter. It's just a clear disc about the size of a nickel with a neon pink wheel inside. As the fluid flows through it, the wheel spins. And it has a plastic clamp pinching off the line about six inches from the free end. Or what used to be the free end. Sophie's already connected the nozzle to it for me.

I take the bag and hang it from a thin chain dangling from a hook in the ceiling. It will hold the bag up, above the height of Elisha's body so that gravity will pump the fluid for me. The nozzle comes with a hard

plastic cap on it. I pop the cap off with my thumb, exposing the white shaft of it. The shaft comes pre-lubricated with a film of slippery gel on it.

“Elisha, you need to just relax and lie still for me,” I tell her. Then I use my hand to lift her right cheek. The globe on top as she’s lying. I lift it all the way up, stretching her crack fully open. It reveals Elisha’s asshole for me. It lets me see the slightly long swath of lightly pink flesh with a purple tinge to it that flows along the valley of her crack. It’s mostly smooth, with a single line of a prominent fold of a wrinkle that runs up from her plump pussy mound. That line flows right into the dime-sized, and slightly darker pink-purple ring of her muscle. There, the flesh has more than a few wrinkle lines, all of them tiny. And all of them flowing into the single, short, dark line where her muscle squeezes its sides together. It’s a fairly straight line. It’s also a line that shows just how tensed her asshole is now. Her ring is flush with the valley, too, neither puckering out nor funneling inward. It almost looks to have a slight funneling to it, but it doesn’t. It’s just her full, well-rounded cheeks that make it look as if it does. It’s the inside edges of those cheeks flowing down to make the narrow valley.



I put the rounded tip of the nozzle against the tight ring of Elisha’s asshole. It presses very softly against that line at the center. So far, I purposely haven’t told Elisha what I am going to do to her. Maybe she has some clue. If she’s read enough of my stories, and I suspect she has, then she should be able to guess that she’s not going to get through the semester without an enema or five. There’s a reason there are a lot of enemas in my stories. I enjoy watching a toy sub to one. The more uncomfortable and humiliating it is for the toy, the more I enjoy it.

Chapter 03: Enema Surprise

Elisha barely flinches at all as she feels the rounded tip touch her asshole. I think that's more just the surprise of feeling it, not the surprise or reluctance that it's happening. I press gently, just hard enough that the tip begins inching forward. I see Elisha's asshole reflexively cinch tighter. It does nothing to stop the tube. It's narrow enough that the nozzle keeps slipping forward. Only now I can see the pink-purple flesh atop her muscle squeezing gently around the white shaft as the tube slips through.

Elisha barely reacts to the tube entering her bottom. I'm sure she can feel it slipping through her ring, but it won't be uncomfortable for her. Just weird, at least if this is her first enema. I'm guessing it is, and it is a guess on my part. I just can see Frank doing it to her. I can't see him doing anything that would involve penetrating her anywhere. Even though it's obvious to me that he didn't afford her any privacy over her body. There's a big line between seeing her body, and touching it, and I'm confident that Frank hasn't crossed that line. Just as I can see that he's confident I won't hesitate to step right over it. I think that's a big part of the reason he wanted someone for her. And it's looking more and more as if Elisha is thinking the same thoughts.

As the tube slips fully into Elisha's bottom, I know that she can feel it. She can feel the gentle, rounded tip as well as the flexible tube as it slides along the inside of the walls of her rectum. As it inches deeper and deeper into her body. At eight inches long, the nozzle will reach almost all the way to the back of her rectum, stopping just short of where it would press against the back and suddenly become rather unpleasant for her.

Elisha stays calm even as she feels how deeply the tube is entering her. The only reaction I notice is a little hint of her breaths steadying. I slip all of its length into her bottom. "Elisha, you will stay relaxed. Do not tense up. Do not move. Don't even wiggle. The stiller you lie, the less uncomfortable you will be."

Then I flip the clamp off the line. "It's going to be a little chilly," I tell her just before the first drops of the room temperature fluid hit her

100-degree rectum.

"OOH!" Elisha squeals as a light shover sweeps over her. "Yes, Miss Rodgers, it's chilly!" She pants a couple of breaths and calms back down as she gets used to the coolness of it. Then she lies still.

I don't need to hold the nozzle in place. Elisha's tightly clenching asshole will do that for me. I take my hand away. I take my hand from her cheek too, allowing it to lie back down, its inside flush against her bottom cheek. With her crack again closed, all I can see is the very end of the white shaft sticking out from between her cheeks and connecting to the clear tube.

I can see the little wheel spinning steadily on the flow meter as well. That tells me that Elisha's body is taking the fluid at a decent pace. Likely she isn't too full of waste, leaving plenty of room for the fluid to fill her.

The fluid isn't flowing too fast, just steadily. It's filling her rectum from the back. The back is the part that's less comfortable to be filled and stretched. It won't do much that filling her from the front, just inside her asshole, would. The only difference is that Elisha will feel the urge to empty sooner. And in those first seconds, she might feel it a little stronger. But that part won't last. As her bowels fill, they'll stretch evenly no matter where the fluid is flowing into.

Elisha takes the first few ounces fairly easily. I expected her to. By now, all she's feeling is that she's full enough that she'd normally be heading for a toilet. It's not even an intense urge yet. She has about two ounces inside her. That's just enough to have her rectum filled as it lies with its walls loose. Just short of where the walls of her bowels will begin to stretch to accommodate the fluid.

I put my hand on the side of Elisha's cheek, just beneath her hip, and give her a single, soft caress. "Good girl, Elisha. Just stay relaxed and this won't be so uncomfortable for you."

"Yes, Miss Rodgers," Elisha answers sweetly, her voice hushed slightly. It's a voice that tells me Elisha wants to behave for the enema.

Chapter 03: Enema Surprise

That she wants me to be pleased with her. And that she appreciates the reassurance.

She takes another ounce, maybe an ounce and a half. It's hard to tell exactly, even though the bag is marked in milliliters. Then I hear the first sign. Elisha's breathing slowly starts to take on a deepness. At first, it sounds to me as if she's starting to feel uncomfortable and trying to cope with it. But she stays still as she lies there. Her body in the same position as if she were sitting, only lying on her side.

She gets to around four ounces. Then I hear her breaths start to turn slightly noisy. It's not loud, more under her breath, but I can hear it. Her breaths start to sharpen as well. To me it sounds like a faint sucking "Ah!" as she inhales, then a split second's pause before she exhales an "UH!" just as crisply.

Her breaths quickly begin to get louder. As they do, they take on more deep throatiness as well. In short seconds, they sound fairly urgent as they continue growing louder. By the time she's made it to five ounces, I can see her jaw hanging moderately wide open as she pants her noisy breaths.

Elisha is going to get sixteen ounces. That's about what it will take to fill her rectum completely, stretching it's walls to their full tautness. But not so much that the fluid begins to flow backward into her colon and fill that as well. It's the point where the enema will shift from uncomfortable to unpleasant. It's also the point where her rectum will empty as fully as it ever will when she's allowed her release.

Five ounces, about a third of the full enema, is also the point where I notice Elisha's legs. They fidget slightly. Their movements are tiny. They squeeze against each other as well.

Elisha's breaths grow more intense. And louder. Only now they're taking on the tone of strained moans. As if the air is exploding from her lungs with each grunted "UH!" a second or two later I see the faintest quivering start in her legs and almost immediately flow out to her chest and feet.

Georgia Girl

"OH!" Elisha cries out. Now her voice is sultry, deep, and throaty, but with a heavy nervous squeal mixed in. As if that isn't a contradiction. "Miss Rodgers! Something's wrong! OH! My.. girl place! It hurts!"

Hmm.... I think to myself. Interesting. Five ounces is just about the point where her rectum is starting to stretch. A rectum is just a thin membrane, like a sausage casing, with a paper-thin wall of smooth muscle around it. It's rather easy to fully feel anything through it. That's why gynecologists do a rectal exam during a pelvic, to feel the backside of the patient's uterus.

It's also the point where Elisha's filling rectum is just starting to press against the backside of Elisha's pussy. At most, that's like a light pressure. "What are you feeling in your pussy, Elisha?" I ask her. It's mostly a curiosity on my part.

"I feel all these fiery hot parks erupting all over my insides, Miss Rodgers. They're killing me!" Elisha blurts out. Her fidgeting is grown more intense by the fraction of a second, too.

I watch for a second and now I see that Elisha's legs are more squishing her mound between them and rubbing it as they fidget. They can't rub much more of her pussy beside her mound, and that's all lips and folds. Plus her clit. But I remind myself that Elisha claims to be a virgin, as such, she's unaccustomed to sensations in her pussy beyond whatever she feels when masturbating.

"You're just getting aroused, Elisha. Try hard to be still and just let your bottom fill up."

She's up to about six ounces, maybe six and a half by now. Still not even half of the enema. But it's the point where most women would be anxious to run for the toilet. And some would be begging me to let them. "I'm trying so hard, Miss Rodgers!" Elisha blurts out in a squeal before she's grunting out her moans again.

Elisha's mound, now fully visible to me, doesn't offer me much to see. I can see the length of her long wide, and thickly plump lips. I can see the "slit" where they meet, the plumpness of her lips not letting it

Chapter 03: Enema Surprise

show any of the pinkness of the insides, or edges, of those lips. I can see only the tiniest sliver of loose inner folds poking out a hair from that slit, and then only in the center of it. About, I guess, where her clit would be, maybe a hair closer to her pussy. It's soft and loose, or rather the tiny tip of it that peeks up is.

I don't tell Elisha anything. I want her to get used to just suddenly feeling her body touched, without anyone telling her what's going to happen or why. She needs to get used to that feeling. To feel that her body isn't hers. That I will decide what's done with it. And I won't be consulting her, or even telling her, what I'm doing with her body. That I don't care about her knowing. Only about her behaving.

I use the tips of my fingers to ease Elisha's thick lips apart. This isn't the best position, at least not for visibility, to expose the inside of a pussy. But it's good enough for now. It lets me very quickly see that her inner folds are long and rather loose, but don't rise that high from her pinkness. It lets me see that they don't fold together into a hard knot, but more flow together into a jumble of wrinkles. A jumble that makes it harder to pick out the pea-sized narrow head of her clit swollen up hard and eager among those folds.

But I can see it. I can see that her clit is flushed a deep beet red, almost purple, with blood now. I can see it throbbing hard as it pulses with her heartbeat.

And I can see a very heavy coat of her honey clinging to everything. I can see that her honey is clear, without any white tinge to it. And I can see that it's thick and gooey, almost like paste, as it clings to everything. Idly I wonder how slippery it will be. I smell a thick, heavy, and rather feminine, muskiness. Her scent is fairly strong, but not unpleasant to sniff.

"OOH!" Elisha squeals out with a sudden desperate urgency, and a very girly high pitch, the instant she feels my fingers on her lips. A crisp shudder hits her hips, too. And, in a short fraction of a second, goosebumps erupt over her thick lips.

"Elisha," I tell her with just a touch more firmness in my voice.

"You must lie still. Do that for me now."

"I'm trying so hard, Miss Rodgers!" Elisha squeals. Instantly she's back to grunting out strained moaning breaths.

"IT HURTS! I CAN'T STAND IT!" Elisha suddenly screeches out at the top of her lungs, her body shivering hard as she does. She has about seven ounces of the enema inside her now. "MY GIRL PLACE IS GOING TO EXPLODE, MISS RODGERS! PLEASE, DO SOMETHING!"

"ELISHA!" I snap sternly, but without raising my voice to her. "You're fine. Your pussy just wants some attention. Lie still. Now."

"Yes, Miss Rodgers," Elisha answers in the tone of a scolded little girl, only screeching it out. "I'm sorry, Miss Rodgers..."

By eight ounces, the halfway point of the filling, my fingers are off Elisha's mound. There's no reason for me to hold her open. I've already seen what there is to see. Her pussy is fully aroused and very eager to be touched. To cum. It might get a little wetter as her honey continues to flow, but that's all. Her clit is long since at its full hardness.

Elisha lies there, a crisp, but light shiver sweeping over her body. Her grunts stay loud but take on a whiskey note with the throaty deepness. I have no doubt the guys will find this tone rather erotically sultry.

By nine ounces I hear a little pleading note creeping into those grunts. I ask Elisha how she's doing. When she answers me, her voice is hushed and very deeply breathy. The squeaky girliness is gone. "My... girl place... it's on fire! It's never throbbed close to this badly... before!" Elisha's "before" comes out as a desperate grunt. And a very sultry grunt.

I've noticed that Elisha, one of the few subs I've allowed to speak during an enema, hasn't whined a single word about her bottom. And by now, as we pass the ten-ounce mark, she has to be feeling the urge to empty it so strongly. She has to be feeling the light strain as her rectum stretches to unfamiliar tautness, nearing its limit.

Chapter 03: Enema Surprise

"I'M GOING TO EXPLODE, MISS RODGERS!" Elisha cries out, her voice hushed by its breathy deepness. "MY GIRL PLACE IS GOING TO EXPLODE!" She pants a couple of quick, and very deep, hard grunts. "OH!" she cries out, a very powerful shudder racking over her body.

I see the first dollop of her honey suddenly erupt from her slit. It clings to her slit and lips. A second later I see another dollop erupt just as suddenly. And then a third. I know it's from her pussy walls twitching hard and crisply. They're squirting the honey out of her tunnel, and there's nowhere left inside those thick lips for it to go. So now it's clinging to the outside of her lips. The sharpness of those twitches makes me wonder if Elisha is cumming. It could go either way. But if she's not, she's awfully close to it.

But her throaty deep moans come grunted just as hard. As fast, and with that urgent, desperate, pleading note in them. I decide that she's hasn't cum, or at least it's unlikely that she has. That she's just unbearably close to it. And that she's not used to the sensations of arousal being anywhere near this intense. Especially with no one doing anything to her pussy. I'm not even touching it.

I give Elisha a light, but firm, swat on her bottom with my hand. It's not hard enough to hurt, not even enough to leave a handprint. It's just enough for her to feel it. "Elisha, you are not a baby. You are a woman now. I told you to lie there and be still. Behave!"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers," Elisha answers, her voice the contradiction of the scolded little girl, and the sultry deepness again. It takes about one second. Elisha, now chastised, mostly stills. Only a quivering is left in her muscles, but that seems to be sweeping her entire body. Instantly, as soon as her body stops fidgets and squirming so hard, her breathy grunts deepen even more and take on a more pleading, more desperate, tone.

Elisha lies there, quivering and grunting hard, needy moans. But she lies still as the remaining ounces steadily flow into her bottom. I watch her body closely, ready to spank her again if she misbehaves. As the enema nears the sixteen-ounce point, half of the bag, I have to keep

Georgia Girl

an eye on that, too.

The minute I see the fluid level has reached the half-bag mark, I pinch the clamp again to shut the flow off. Then I take hold of the end of the nozzle, close to her cheeks, and slowly pull it back. In about ten seconds I feel the resistance from her tightly clenched asshole vanish as the tip of it slips from her. And then it's out of her crack. I take the bag off the hook and set everything on the tray behind Elisha.



Chapter 04: Just How Hot Is That Pussy

Chapter 04: Just How Hot Is That Pussy

"Elisha, roll over onto your back. Lie flat and bend your knees so you can put your feet on the table. Spread your feet to the edges of the table. You want to move slowly so you don't cramp. Move now, Elisha."

"Yes, Miss Rodgers," Her voice is just as erotically needy and deep as it has ever been. Taking the nozzle from Elisha's bottom has done nothing to ease the arousal she's feeling. That much is evident in her whiskey voice.

Elisha begins to move slowly, first straightening out her legs. "How's your bottom doing, Elisha?" I ask as she moving her legs. So far she hasn't said a word about her bottom, even though that's the part of her that I filled up. The part of her body that's strained.

"My behind... is so full, Miss Rodgers. It's... I've never wanted a toilet so badly in my life. And I don't... I can't even really think about it! My girl place is hurting far too much for me to think about anything else, Miss Rodgers! Please, Miss Rodgers, please help me. I've never felt anything close to like this before!"

Elisha rolls onto her back. I wait a second until she begins slowly lifting her knees up, pulling her feet along the table to get in the position I've told her to get it. "You are going to lie still for me. You will stay quiet until I'm done. Is that clear, Elisha?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers."

I wait a few more moments until she's in position. It's the position she'd be in to have vanilla sex. The typical vanilla way. Boring! But it has her legs spread wide and her pussy fully displayed. The wideness of her legs has her slit stretched slightly, exposing a decent slice of her slit. It's as if her pussy is now trying to open wide and beg for some attention.

Like this, I can see the long ridgeline where her folds merge together before a tangle of small wrinkles erupts just as those lips flow apart and become her soft inner folds. I can see those folds gape slightly, directly atop her tunnel, as if inviting anything to slip into her depths and satisfy that throbbing ache. I can see that her pinkness is a light, and hotly flushed, shade. I can see an ocean of honey that clings to

Georgia Girl

everything, even the inside of her lips. The honey that's now flowed, or been squirted, out to cover the outside of her mound as well. And I can see the glistening film of that honey clinging to the very tops of her inner thighs, where just moving was enough to smear it.

But now I have a good, unhindered view of the slightly narrow nub of her clit as it rises just above those wrinkly folds. As it pokes it's head up to beg for some much-desired attention.

I have Sophie fetch me speculum. I send her for one of the small ones. They're sold for pediatric use, but that's not why I keep them around. I keep them mostly for assholes. These are small enough to fit in a woman's asshole without being too uncomfortable. And they work just the same there. I'm only going to use this one of Elisha's virgin pussy because... well, it's a virgin. It has likely never been stretched before, at least not wider than a tampon would. I'm not trying to make Elisha uncomfortable.

I push her inner folds wide to fully bare the narrow entrance of her tunnel. The first thing I notice is that her tunnel is completely flooded with her honey. The small bit of her walls that I can see, a fraction of an inch right at the entrance, only lets me that her walls are plush and spongy. And very hotly flushed.

I put the tips of the curved blades of the speculum just against the entrance of her tunnel. I hold it there for a couple of seconds, letting Elisha feel that they aren't very wide and likely won't be uncomfortable for her. They're small, about as wide as a thumb. And now that they're closed, their tips almost touching at the ends, it's not much wider than a thumb either.

I begin slowly pressing the clear plastic blades into Elisha's pussy. They make it about ¼" into her tunnel. Elisha begins crying out, her voice as deep and breathy as ever, a long "OOH!" Instantly a crisp wave of shivers flows over her body, and then another and another. Her hands clench into tight fists. And I see her toes curling under her feet tightly.

I keep pressing the blades into her pussy, their smooth surface sliding along the spongy softness of her meaty walls. Elisha keeps crying

Chapter 04: Just How Hot Is That Pussy

out. Her tone doesn't change, but after a few seconds, as the blades are almost fully inside her tunnel, her cry changes to an "EE!"

Once the blades stop moving, Elisha stops crying out. She pants very hard, deep, and fast breaths. Those still have sultriness to them. She lies still, but the shivers keep flowing over her body, wave after wave.

I squeeze the handles, slowly spreading the blades out. They open just as slowly, gently stretching the walls of her pussy as they do. I don't open her too wide. Not even as wide as a cock would have those taut walls stretched. When I stop opening her, I have maybe between $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch between the blades.

It leaves me two nice slices of her walls stretched out between the clear blades, pulled half-taut, and fully exposed to my eyes. It lets me see, even through the thickness of the honey clinging to those walls, the countless little "snaps" randomly erupting throughout them. The little snaps that come from the sudden tensing of the muscle there as a hot spark shoots through a nerve there. A rather hungry nerve now.

Elisha lies there, breathing deep breaths laced with a deep erotic need. The shivers keep sweeping over her. Along the bottom of her now opened tunnel, I can see the wall of her pussy rising up atop her fully swollen rectum. It's twitching harder than anywhere else.

I hold her pussy spread open. "slave, go ask her father to come join me for a minute. Tell him there is something I'd like for him to see."

"Yes, Mistress," Sophie answers instantly. She hurries out, and in well under a minute she's back with Frank following close behind. I never said one way or the other about Deborah. I didn't care if she came or not. But it's clear to me that Frank is the power in this family, so he's the only one I care about keeping informed.

Frank can see where I am looking. Right at Elisha's pussy. But he doesn't hesitate to come around. Not even when he sees that I have her pussy spread open for a very in-depth view.

I use a little penlight as a pointer. I point out that Elisha's

membrane is intact, and thus she's still a virgin. Judging by this pussy, I'd doubt that even a dildo has been inside it. And maybe not even Elisha's fingers. But definitely, no male has ventured near it.

I see a little touch of relief on Frank's face as I tell him. It's old-fashioned proof of Elisha's "purity." The same way they determined a woman's "virtue" back in biblical days.

"One more thing I wanted to point out..." I tell Frank. "Can you see those little tremors springing up all along the walls of Elisha's vagina?" I say it a little more descriptively than necessary just to make sure Elisha knows what her father is looking at. "See how they go all through the walls, all the way back to her cervix?"

"Yes, I can see them," Frank answers. I suspect, like most men, he hasn't a clue what they mean. I doubt he's ever had to feel them. Or to endure the insistent aching they produce. An aching for release. Still, he's looking as if even this part of Elisha isn't taboo for him to be checking, at least not when there's something he should be seeing there.

"Those are from Elisha being extremely aroused. Nothing has been done with her vagina or her clitoris. So far, all Elisha's had is an enema to flush her rectum out before she's cleaned up and groomed to my standards. You can see the upward swelling there, along the bottom of her vagina? That's from her rectum being very full right now.

"I'm pointing it out because it's essentially proof that Elisha's sexual needs have been building for some time now. I know she's been masturbating, but it looks like that has been enough to satisfy her sexually, merely to take the sharp edge off the ache she has to be feeling.

"With her nerves being so sensitive, it will be more difficult to properly train her. It's a distraction she doesn't need. So, unless there's some biblical prohibition I'm not aware of, I'll have to teach Elisha to masturbate properly. Is that an issue? I'm asking because she's told me that you prohibit it."

Chapter 04: Just How Hot Is That Pussy

"No, there's no prohibition I'm aware of. Just some tradition among Catholics, which we are not. I prohibit it because I prefer Deborah's body to be reserved for me and my pleasure, not hers. It just seemed fair to extend the prohibition to Elisha when she got to that age. Actually, Deborah just told her that it was prohibited, and I never saw a reason to tell Elisha that it was only prohibited for Deborah or why.

"I just assumed that all women just sort of knew how to masturbate. Like it was some instinct."

I giggle. "Well, the basics of it are rather straight forward, just as they are for men. But yes, there are countless ways a woman may do it. Some relieve the tension more fully than others.

"My slaves always masturbate under my supervision. I tell them when their bodies need to be released. Then I watch them release the tension to ensure they do it in the way that most fully releases that tension. I also supervise to ensure that they don't act like gutter sluts and take too much enjoyment from it. After all, we're talking vaginal health here, not sluttiness. They can save the pleasure for a reward given by the grace of their Mistress or Master."

That gets a smile from Frank. I guess he has similar rules for Deborah. Her pleasure, her release comes only after he's fully satisfied and done with her body. And only then if she's behaved herself while he used her body. It what I demand of my toys.

"Now what?" He asks me.

"Now I check to see how sensitive her nerves are and where. It won't take me a minute. Besides, the enema takes a few minutes to do its job anyway."

"slave, give me a feather," I call out softly. In seconds I have a feather in my hand. It's a long, narrow one. It has some rather soft and silky fur on it, too. Fur that's barely stiff enough to hold its shape.

I take the tip of the feather, and carefully thread it between the open blades of the speculum. It allows me to push it into her pussy

without any part of it touching her pussy. And that would be her only clue what was happening. As she lies there, she hasn't a clue that the feather is inside her gaping pussy.

I put the tip of the feather to the taut walls of her pussy, the bottom of them, almost fully at the back.

"UHHHH!-MM!" Elisha shrieks out the instant she feels the silky caress of it teasing her very hungry nerves. A very sudden and even more crisp shudder hits her hard.

I can see the walls of her pussy snap hard, a single twitch racking every cell of those hot walls.

"Uh..." I heard Frank mutter under his breath. "Hmm..."

"As you can see, the walls of her vagina are extremely sensitive right now. Far too tender for her to be fully relaxed."

"And it seems that her body likes that little tickle."

"Yes, her nerves definitely find it stimulating." I grin.

I take the feather back out of Elisha's pussy just as carefully. That way she won't know it's gone. She won't know what I'm thinking or doing. She'll just have to lie there and accept that whatever I will, is what will happen.

I put the feather just above the hard nub of her clit. As if using it for a pointer, I tell Frank "can you see how swollen Elisha's clitoris is? Can you see the throbbing?"

"Yes. I assume that means she's... hot right now?"

"Yes," I giggle lightly. "When a clitoris is throbbing that hard, it actually hurts just a little. Like when you hit your thumb with a hammer, only it doesn't hurt close to that badly. It's just a pounding throbbing ache like that. The only relief for that ache is an orgasm. Not even time will cure it. Eventually, if left untouched, the ache will dull, but it won't fully go away until Elisha climaxes."

I use the tip of the feather to stroke a very small line over the tip

Chapter 04: Just How Hot Is That Pussy

of Elisha's clit.

Or I start to. The instant it touches her, and its fine silkiness begins to caress the throbbing nub, a very powerful tremor racks Elisha's body. Her muscles snap to tension, almost tossing her body, rolling her right side up off the table. She cries out a very needy "UHM!" in a single, hard, deep, grunt. It's the throatiest cry I've heard from her. And it's pure sultriness.

As she thrashes, it knocks the feather away from her clit. Elisha, after a second, falls back on the table and lies there quivering. She pants a few very fast and deep breaths. Then she breathes out a deep, and very frustrated "UH!"

"As you can see, Elisha's clitoris is rather sensitive now."

I put the tips of my fingers to the tops of Elisha's cheeks, just beneath her displayed pussy. I use those fingers to push her cheeks apart enough that I can see her tightly squeezing asshole as it struggles to hold in the enema straining to burst forth from it.

I don't say anything to Frank this time. I just move quickly, while Elisha is still breathing out her frustration at not getting her relief. I put the tip of the feather to the loose, lightly wrinkled flesh directly atop her muscle. Right at the very top of the line where her ring squeezes against itself. And I draw the fine tip of the feather down, along that dark line.

"UH!-EEEEEE!" Elisha screeches out, her body shivering crisply. And she thrashes again, only this time her hips snap hard, raising her bottom up off the table as her leg muscles snap with the tremor. Once the feather is gone, the tension ebbs slowly from her muscles, her legs gently lowering her bottom back onto the table.

I release her cheeks. "As you can see, inside her vagina, the incredible amount of secretions that almost have it flooded now. Those are all fresh, obviously. That happens as her nerves basically feel like they're burning from the signals shooting through them. The signals that cause her body to thrash around and her to cry out as they cross

other nerves.

"It seems that even the nerves in her anus are tender to stimuli now. That's a sign that she will enjoy anal sex with her future Master. Obviously, he will be teasing those very nerves when she gives that to him."

I slowly release the speculum, allowing her pussy to close back up to its full narrow tightness now. Then I slip the blades out. They come out with a heavy coat of Elisha's gooey honey clinging to them. And not just to the side of them that was touching her walls, either.

I step up beside Elisha's side. I very quickly put the tip of my feather to the tip of one of Elisha's nipples. Now, those nipples are swelled up rock hard, rising like half marbles gently off the tips of her firm mounds. Firm mounds that rise of her chest almost standing straight up, and now fully rounded.

It happens just the same. The instant the silkiness of the feather begins stroking her nerve-filled nipple, Elisha cries out a deep, whiskey groan and her body shudders hard. Now it's mostly her chest thrashing up off the table. And that has her nipples dancing around with her hard mounds. It pulls her nipple away from the feather. At least I allow it to. I don't move the feather along with her breast.

I just wait until Elisha is crying out her frustration again. "And it appears that Elisha's breasts are just as sensitive as her genitalia to stimulation."

"I guess that means Elisha is extremely... hot now?"

"Yes. And before I go on, that tension needs to be released. I'm going to see to that now."

"In that case, if you don't mind, I'll return to the living room. Skanky has been very attentive and servile. You should know that I am pleased with her."

"Thank you for the compliment. I trained her fully myself."



Chapter 05: Proper Masturbation

Chapter 05: Proper Masturbation

There's no sense in going on now. The next thing on Elisha's agenda is the bath she's going to get. It will be a very thorough bath, cleaning every bit of her body up. After she empties her rectum, that is. But now, with Elisha's pussy so aroused, cleaning it would be futile. It would cream right back up as fast as I could wash it out. And there's only one solution to arousal. Orgasm.

I look down into Elisha's eyes, standing just beside where her head lies on the table. "You are going to learn to masturbate like a big girl now, Elisha. You will behave yourself, no matter how slutty you are feeling. You are going to lie still. You won't make gutter noises. I am going to show you how to touch that pussy. You will do what I show you to do. Nothing more. Nothing less. This is about taking care of your pussy, not you enjoying that pussy like a cheap gutter slut. Is that clear, Elisha?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers," Elisha answers quickly, her voice deep, and now eager. She definitely wants the orgasm she now knows she's going to be getting.

I step down to stand beside her hips. I reach over and take hold of Elisha's right hand. I ball her hand up into a fist, leaving only her first finger extended. I pull that until it's straight.

I put the tip of her finger between the lips of her pussy, letting it rest very softly atop the jumble of wrinkles and her throbbing clit. Immediately I feel the tension in her wrist, as she wants to press firmly against her hard nub.

I lightly swat the back of her hand with my free hand. Since hands are rather bony, she feels it, but it's not enough to hurt. It gets her attention, though. I know because I feel the tension vanish from her wrist. "Good girl," I sweetly tell Elisha. "Do nothing for a moment. I will show you how a big girl masturbates."

"Thank you, Miss Rodgers, for showing me this," Elisha says in her breathy voice. But I hear plenty of sincerity in her voice. As if she's always wondered how other girls do it. If she, and the method she stumbled upon by trial and error, was comparable. If it could be better.

Georgia Girl

If other girls got more out of it. None of those being questions she was ever going to ask any other girl. Not even her BFF. Not that it would have mattered. Certainly, those girls stumbled on their techniques the same way Elisha did.

Unlike me. At least not eventually. At first, I did. But then, around the time I turned 18, mom took me under her wing and taught me a few things about D/s. Okay, I kind of badgered her to teach me. One of the first things I learned was how to supervise a woman as she was allowed the reward of masturbating for her relief. And the technique that mom demanded they use. I tried it myself, privately, and I understood why she demanded they use it. It's pure agony. The sweetest kind of agony. Not that I use it myself. I have something much better now. I have my favorite sex toy to masturbate with: Sophie's delicate tongue.

I hold Elisha's finger with the pad of it barely touching her nub. Now that the stiffness is gone from her arm, it allows me to move her hand for her. I start moving it in a very small circle. And I hold her touch very feathery light. So light that her pulsing clit doesn't even move as her finger glides over its tip on the film of her honey.

"UGHHHHH!" Elisha cries out in a very deep, and equally needy, voice. Instantly the harsh, crisp shivers are racking her entire body. "UM!" she grunts out hard as the last of the air leaves her lungs. A crisp twitch racks her hips, snapping them hard. She sucks in a fast breath of air and cries out again, "OH-UGHHHHH!"

With each cry, I feel the tension ripple through her muscles. Every muscle of her body, pulling the so taut that they tremble for an instant. Until she runs out of air. Her muscles relax as she sucks in that harsh breath. Then tense again as she cries out anew.

I keep her finger moving at a steady, and slow, pace. I can feel her arm instinctively pulling against me as she wants to speed up. As her body wants to hurry along to that climax. But I hold her wrist firm, forcing her to tease her clit slowly. That forces her to fully feel the sweet, and very agonizing, sensations of the touch. To enjoy, and

Chapter 05: Proper Masturbation

endure, the sweetness of the trip to the orgasm.

In about ten seconds it has her teeth chattering as she cries out. And her eyes squishing shut.

"Quiet down, Elisha," I tell her firmly. "You sound like a porn star, not a woman."

She doesn't answer me. I can see she wants to. I think her jaw even moves as she tries to. But only more, urgent and throaty moaning grunts come out. She lies, quivering violently, as I guide her and make her touch herself.

She quiets. I don't even have to punish her. Her moans go on, as deep and throaty as ever. But now they're hushed, laced into her breaths. Holding them back only makes her body quiver a bit harder.

"Do not speed up. Do not slow down. Touch your clit just as I have shown you, Elisha. I will be watching you very closely. You will be punished if you get greedy, like a gutter slut, and try to enjoy touching your pussy." I release Elisha's wrist.

For about a second, she goes on as I have her going. Then I can see her finger pressing harder against her clit. It's easy to spot. Now her clit begins moving along with her finger.

I grab her hand and snatch it away from her pussy. The instant I start moving it, I feel her arm tense up hard to fight me. She loses, almost instantly, and her finger comes off the nub. Elisha cries out with the frustration of being stopped.

I hold her hand firmly by the wrist. With my free hand, I give the back of Elisha's hand a firm, hard swat. "Bad girl," I sternly scold her. I'm not sure she really hears me. She's awfully busy groaning with the frustration of having her hand pulled from her pussy. I scold her for "trying to enjoy her pussy like a cheap whore instead of behaving like a good girl." I'm pretty sure she knows she's in trouble, but less sure that she hears the words.

I count to five. Then I put her hand back down to her pussy. I put

her finger back on her clit and guide her through the first three strokes until I feel the tension drain from her arm. Then I release her hand and let her go on her own again.

This time Elisha keeps her finger moving steadily. And she keeps the pressure light. It shows. Her moans deepen quickly and turn needier by the second. Her quivering grows more intense as well.

Elisha manages to last about ten or fifteen seconds before I see her hips move. They snap quickly, a sharp thrust from side to side. Elisha cries out a very hungry moan as her hips snap, but that gets lost among her endless moans. It only differs in its urgency.

I pull her hand away from her pussy and quickly push it down to the table. That's Sophie's cue. She reaches out and grabs Elisha's hand, pinning it down to the table so that Elisha can't use it to masturbate anymore.

I move quickly, grabbing Elisha's feet. I pull her feet together as I lift them up, pushing her knees up towards her breasts. Then I lift her feet a little further, pulling her bottom to its tautest as I roll it up slightly off the table.

Now that I have Elisha's bottom fully exposed, I grab a paint stirrer. It's just a foot-long strip of thin wood that they give away at Home Depot. And it makes an excellent paddle. I use it to give Elisha a firm swat across both of her firm, taut globes. It's just enough of a stroke to leave a light pink line across her milky white cheeks.

I get it done fast enough that Elisha is still groaning out her frustration as the swat lands across those cheeks. She quickly grunts a fast, throaty deep "OW!" as it swats her bare flesh. And then she groans out her frustration again.

"I warned you not to act like a whore! Now lie still as you diddle your pussy." I scold her firmly, a heavy note of disapproval in my voice. Then I take a quick peek at Elisha's asshole. It's a very quick peek. And Elisha is so busy groaning that she definitely doesn't notice. Or care. It's just enough for me to see the ring clenching to its tightest, straining

Chapter 05: Proper Masturbation

hard, to hold the enema in. I return her feet to the table, opening them wide for her.

After I count to five again, I put Elisha's trembling hand back to her pussy. Immediately I feel the muscles in her arm fighting as she tries to begin masturbating again. I hold her hand, starting her off with the steady rhythm again. It takes a few strokes more than last time for me to feel the fight go out of her arm and Elisha starts rubbing her clit properly. Then I can let her go.

Elisha doesn't last any longer this time. In just a few seconds I'm yanking her hand away from her pussy again and swatting the back of it. This time for speeding up. I scold her as well, telling her that she "acting like a cheap whore by trying to rush an orgasm." I doubt she even hears what she's being scolded for. I know she's not caring.

It takes me longer to get her going this time. Her arm really wants to speed up and go fast. I have to fight her and hold her to the steady pace for several long seconds before I can release her hand.

And she doesn't last any longer. Only this time not only does she press harder against her nub, but she also speeds up at the same time. That earns her two swats on the back of her hand. And she has to wait, groaning loudly with her frustration, as I count to ten. Two infractions. Double the punishment.

I have a guideline. Even the first time a sub is allowed to masturbate or receive any kind of pleasure, she must wait at least five minutes before I tell her to cum. Naturally, she's not allowed to cum until she's told to. But once I tell her to, I expect her to climax immediately. It's never an issue. The five minutes is a minimum. By the time I tell a sub to cum, she's long since been struggling not to climax. I make my subs wait until I think it's unbearable for them to hold off any longer. It leaves them squirming around hard and moaning so sweetly. I just love watching that show.

Elisha isn't any different. It might her first time masturbating with an audience. And with supervision. And it's her first time using any kind of real technique instead of fumbling her way through it. Obviously that

all makes it far more intense for her. She's ready to cum after no more than a minute.

I don't allow her to. I keep her masturbating. I haven't, and don't, tell her about my five-minute rule. She'll find out about that later. I just keep a very close eye on her as she masturbates. And I stop her for every minor infraction. That's almost pure torture for her. But it also allows her a few seconds to ebb back from the cusp of her orgasm. And then, once I allow her to resume, she quickly gets back there. And misbehaves, getting herself punished with another delay.

By the time Elisha has managed to make it to the five-minute point, her mound is a mess. A very sloppy, sticky, wet mess covered in honey. Her hand, not just her finger, is equally well covered in the thick slippery honey. Her body is quivering hard. Her moans are the neediest, and the sultriest yet. I'm certain that her pussy is the only thing she's thinking about.

Just as I'm certain that it's the most intense ache Elisha has ever felt in her pussy. More intense than she's ever thought possible. Every bit of her pussy has got to be on fire, burning hot. And those sparks have got to be twitching her walls more powerfully than ever. All she can feel is the intense ache in those walls. And the icy-hot sparks twitching those walls. Her brain is telling her to hurry along and relieve that unbearable ache into pure bliss. And those instincts rule. They don't even let her think about obedience, not now. It will be a while before she learns to control herself well enough to mind while she's masturbating.

At the five minute mark, Elisha has only been touching herself for about two seconds after the last "punishment break." She's already screeching loud deep cries. I put my hand to her wrist and take control again. I almost never do it. But I know that if I don't, Elisha's instincts will take over soon and I'll have to punish her again. I don't want to stop her mid-orgasm. That would only interrupt her relief and lessen the satisfaction for her pussy. That's a lesson she'll learn later. For now, I want her pussy satisfied. Then, maybe, Sophie can clean it out while

Chapter 05: Proper Masturbation

she's cleaning up the rest of Elisha.

In about two more seconds I feel Elisha's arm begin to fight me again. She, or at least her arm, wants to speed up and hurry over the finish line. I hold it, stopping her from speeding up. I make her finger keep up the slow, steady teasing. Very quickly Elisha's cries grow louder and far more desperately needy.

I only make her wait a few seconds, although it must seem like an eternity to Elisha. "You will cum now, Elisha," I tell her firmly.

Elisha immediately tenses up. Every muscle from the top of her head to the tips of her curled toes strain to tense even more. And more. Her body turns to vibrating steel. Her moans fade as her teeth clench hard. Her bottom even raises up off the table for an instant.

I keep control of her finger, holding her rhythm steady.

Elisha cries out a very deep "UHH!" as the tension vanishes from her body in an instant. She falls to the table. And then, less than a second after the orgasm began, she starts thrashing wildly. And powerfully. As if she were lying on live wires or something. Her entire body snaps hard, jumping around on the table. And Elisha goes on Moaning out deeply. Only now her moans are pure satisfaction. The urgent need is gone.

To Elisha's horror, and the delight of her pussy, I make her now-limp arm keep going. I keep her finger moving over the top of her clit. That keeps the waves of the orgasm crashing hard over Elisha's body. I can see them. The way her body tenses and shudders hard as they flow over her, and then falls limp and quivering between waves. The waves aren't slowing either. Nor are they easing up. Every one is just as powerful as the last.

The waves keep coming. And with every one, a fresh squirt of thick honey appears atop Elisha's slit. Her moans are just as deep and throaty as ever, only now they come as hard grunted "UH!s" with every wave that flows over her.

It keeps Elisha going for about two minutes. That's when I see the

Georgia Girl

honey appearing on her slit start to lighten up. With each wave, each hard tremor hitting Elisha, her pussy squirts just a little less honey. I take that as her body's sign that she's ready to stop. I pull her hand away and lie it on the table beside her. Her hand quivers with the rest of her body.

It only takes half of a minute or so for the waves to begin ebbing off to nothing. That leaves Elisha lying spent, her body quivering lightly, as she pants deep, but muted, breaths.

Elisha lies there for about another minute.

Suddenly Elisha's eyes pop wide open. Her hands fly to her stomach, cradling it snugly. Her knees pull up almost all the way to her chest. She quickly rolls to her side. "Oh...OW!!!" Elisha screeches out, "MY BEHIND! OH, OW!!! I HAVE TO POOP SO BADLY, MISS RODGERS, I'M GOING TO BURST! PLEASE, MAY I GO?"

Since Elisha is already on her side, it has her bottom exposed now that she's not lying on it. I take my hand and very firmly spank her bottom. This one is enough of a spank that it leaves a faint pink handprint on her milky globe.

"OW!" Elisha squeals as my hand slaps against her tender bottom.

"Bad girl!" I scold Elisha. "You were told not to speak, weren't you?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers..." Elisha answers in that naughty little girl's voice of hers. The voice that says she's embarrassed at being caught misbehaving. It's the voice of a five-year-old with her hand in the cookie jar.

"Get up," I tell Elisha, a decent dose of sternness in my voice.

Elisha gets up, moving slowly and holding her stomach. And squeezing her butt cheeks together tightly. It takes her a minute to get off the table. And she's very careful not to put any pressure on her stomach.

She groans out loudly, her face scrunching up tightly, as she

Chapter 05: Proper Masturbation

straightens up. And very reluctantly she puts her hands behind her back.

"I also warned you that disobedience would not be tolerated here. You'll be punished for that outburst. Go to the corner."

"Yes, Miss Rodgers..." Now Elisha's little girl's voice has a nervous strain to it. She walks slowly, shuffling her feet along the floor, trying to keep her waist as close to still as possible.

I follow her. I pointed her to an empty corner. I have one in here, and one in the living room, for just this. I instruct her how I want her to stand. I have step forward until the tips of her toes are touching the baseboards. I have her keep her hands behind the small of her back. It has her breasts close to the wall, but none of Elisha is touching anything, except for the tips of her toes.

I tell her the rules. She's to stand still. She's not to move, not even to scratch an itch. Nor is permitted to make a sound. She's to keep her eyes open. That will leave her staring ahead, and seeing nothing but the plain wall. Nothing to distract her mind. I tell her that since she's 18, she'll be in the corner for 18 minutes. When the time is up, I will come get her. If she misbehaves, her time starts over until she behaves for 18 uninterrupted minutes.

Then I go to chat with Frank, leaving Sophie to keep an eye on Elisha. I suspect Elisha will struggle a little with the enema still filling her, but I think she'll behave for her punishment. I'll return in 17 minutes and Sophie will tell me. Sophie will watch her, and anyone else, like a hawk. An especially attentive hawk.

When I tell Frank that Elisha was naughty and I sent her to the corner, he laughs. He tells me that he used to send her to the corner about twice a week, for mild naughtiness. And just as I've done, the sentence is one minute for every year old she is. When I tell Frank that I find the corner an effective punishment for subs of all ages, and cast a quick glance toward Deborah, I see a little smirk on his face. And a little wariness on Deborah's face that tells me she has been in the corner for a very long time, and now realizes that she's likely to again be.



Chapter 06: Cleaned Up & Out

Georgia Girl

Elisha spends the full 18 minutes standing in the corner. When I return for her, Sophie points to Elisha's bottom. She's pointing out Elisha's very tightly clenched cheeks. She tells me that Elisha has been very uncomfortable, but hasn't misbehaved.

I didn't think she would. Elisha impresses me as the kind of girl who thrives with strict rules. But like all teenagers and more so fresh adults, she's going to test her boundaries. And discover that my boundaries are set in stone. I think, once she's sure of that, she'll rarely earn herself a punishment. But when she does, like now, she'll willing to accept it. And serve it without any fuss.

I get her, putting my hand to her shoulder and telling her to come with me, at exactly 18 minutes. I'm precise. I wouldn't want Elisha to have to suffer any longer than she deserves to.

I walk her directly to the bathroom, waving a hand for Sophie to follow us. Sophie follows. I stand Elisha in front of the toilet. And I leave her standing there for just a second.

I tell Elisha to sit down, but not do anything else until she's told that she may. She sits. I have her spread her knees to their full wideness, opening her thighs fully and exposing the mound of her pussy as it swells downward. I have Elisha put her feet directly under her knees, making her calves vertical. I have her sit with her back straight and her eyes forward. And I have her rest her hands on the middles of her thighs, palms up, and hands loosely open.

"Miss Rodgers, my bottom is very full. May I please be allowed to go poop and pee now, Miss Rodgers?" Elisha asks. I told her to ask me for permission once she felt she was sitting properly. I didn't give her the words, only tell her generally to ask specifically for what she wants to do.

"That was very polite, Elisha. You will sit still as you do. You may pee and poop now, Elisha, tell me when you think your bowels and bladder are fully empty."

"Yes, Miss Rodgers, thank you," Elisha says, her words now a little

Chapter 06: Cleaned Up & Out

rushed. But it's still her little girl's voice. A split second later, I see the dark torrent erupt from under Elisha's bottom. She sits still, breathing out heavily with relief. She doesn't show any shyness as she sits there with both Sophie and me watching her relieve herself.

"Does your parents take you potty, Elisha?" I ask her. Almost every woman I've put on this toilet has blushed, at least a little, at being watched closely as she uses the toilet.

"No, Miss Rodgers, but Father doesn't allow locked doors, and He may enter whenever he wishes, so sometimes he sees me on the potty, Miss Rodgers." It tells me what I already thought. It also suggests that she's never been closely watched. But apparently, she has been taught that her bathroom habits aren't considered private, at least not from family. Or not from Mistress, apparently.

"Does your pussy feel better now?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Rodgers!" Elisha very eagerly admits. "It's actually kind of numb! I mean, it doesn't ache at all, Miss Rodgers! It just feels so... happy! Thank you for teaching me how to masturbate, Miss Rodgers. I really appreciate knowing how to make myself feel so good!"

Talking to Elisha, even as the torrent continues to flow from her bottom, doesn't seem to bother Elisha. It does most women. It reminds them that I am standing here and watching them. I lean against the wall, quietly, and keep my eyes on Elisha. I make sure that she can see that I am not just watching her, but I'm also closely watching her bottom and what she's doing.

It takes her several long minutes to fully empty herself. I kind of expected that. Her bottom was definitely full. And the laxative in the enema will make certain that she empties out everything. It will keep her urge strong until she does.

The minute Elisha tells me that she's done, I ask her very directly "Are both your bladder and bowels fully empty now?" and Elisha tells me that they are. I tell her to stand up, and then to turn her back to me and bend over.

Georgia Girl

"Bend over" is another of the commands I teach my subs. It tells her to put her back to me and bend forward, resting her hands on her knees. And with her feet together. For Elisha, it's going to be a rather humiliating position now. It's going to display her messy bottom. She obediently bends over, once I explain the command to her. I'm treated to a rather messy sight I'd just as soon not have to see.

I have Elisha wipe herself while she stands like that. I give her a wet wipe to clean off her bottom first. Then a fresh one for her pussy. Finally, some tissue to make sure everything is clean and dry. I make sure she knows that I'm watching this, too. That I have expectations. I expect her to get herself completely clean. I even tell her, as she's wiping, that once I'm sure she'll always do it right on her own, she won't need to be watched every single time she wipes herself.

Only then, once Elisha is cleaned up do I have Sophie get me a glove. I pull it on and put my hand to Elisha's pubes, reaching up under her waist. Her "bush" feels as much like stubble as it looks. But that's not what I'm after. I press on her pubes, gently, but enough that I can feel the spongy softness of her squishy bladder. It's empty and I announce that it is.

"Now, Elisha, show me your anus." That's another command. I tell her that since she's still bending over, she's to spread her feet as wide as she can. The position has her head leaning into the shower, and that lets her get her feet wide, her right shifting into the space between the toilet and the tub. Then I tell her to straighten up her back. And reach around the outside of her hips to pull her cheeks wide apart.

She obediently does as she's told, stretching her cheeks wide and fully displaying her freshly used asshole for me. She's definitely an overachiever. And eager to please me with her obedience. She pulls her cheeks far enough apart that it starts to stretch the pink-purple flesh of her asshole taut, pulling most of the fine wrinkles smooth. I doubt she could display this intimate part of her body any more fully than she is.

I put a tiny dollop of lubricating gel on the very tip of my finger. I put the tip of my finger flush against the dark line of her asshole.

Chapter 06: Cleaned Up & Out

Instantly I feel her ring tense up. That's reflex. After half of a second, it loosens just slightly, back to almost normal.

"Elisha, have you ever had a rectal exam before?" I ask her softly.

"No, Miss Rodgers," Elisha answers, her voice now soft and normal, but with a touch of nervousness in it.

"You're nervous."

"Yes, Miss Rodgers. I'm sorry, but I know you're about stick your finger up my behind, and it's going to hurt, isn't it?"

I use a soft and reassuring voice. "If you do as I tell you, it won't even be uncomfortable for you. Otherwise, it can be as bad as you'd care to make it. When I tell you to, I want you to take a deep breath. Hold it in. Push hard, just like you're trying to go potty and can't. The harder you push, the less you're going to feel. Keep pushing until I tell you to stop. Okay... Now."

I wait for a second as I hear Elisha suck in a very deep breath. Then I feel her start to push. For an instant, I feel the firm ring of her asshole pushing back against the tip of my finger as if it's trying to pucker out. Then I feel her muscle start to soften, turning rubbery, as it pushes harder against my finger. The rubbery muscle gives easily. As Elisha pushes it, it moves back, slipping around the tip of my finger. It's almost loose as it lies against my finger.

The light pressure I've had on my finger all along is now plenty. My finger easily slips forward, Elisha's rubbery asshole cuddling around the side of it. In about one second, the tip of my finger is fully inside her asshole.

"EE!" Elisha blurts out, but it's just anxiety, not pain. The edginess of feeling it happen for the first time. She pushes harder. It keeps her from tensing. And that lets my finger keep sliding very easily into her bottom. I let all of my finger slip into her bottom until the webbing of my fingers is flush against the outside of her asshole. Her asshole stays loose and relaxed as it lies around the base of my finger.

Georgia Girl

"You can stop pushing now and just relax," I tell Elisha. Then I keep my finger still for a second while she relaxes. I feel her asshole tighten up slightly, snuggling my finger a little harder, but still not like it's tensed. It doesn't squeeze on me. Elisha lets her deep breath out fast.

"Was that so bad?" I softly ask Elisha.

"No, Miss Rodgers, it didn't hurt at all!" Elisha sounds almost happy. "It just feels kind of weird! You, know, Miss Rodgers, like it doesn't belong there, but it doesn't bother me!"

I wiggle the tip of my finger, just once, and just enough for her to feel it move inside her. Elisha blurts out a quick "OOH!" but doesn't tense up. She tells me that didn't hurt her either, it just scared her to feel me moving inside her.

"Your bottom is very nicely cleaned out now, Elisha," I tell her. "Good girl." then I gently pull my finger from her bottom. I snap the glove as I pull it off my hand and toss it.

I tell Elisha that she's to lie on her back in the bathtub. She doesn't ask me why, or anything else. She just does as I tell her and lies there. I start filling the tub with cold water. I always use cold water for slaves. Warm water is a reward. She feels it, I can see the goosebumps popping up, but she doesn't object to it. And it will warm up fairly quickly.

As the tub is filling I tell Elisha that's she to lie there. She's not do anything. She's not even to try and help. She's to lie limp and let Sophie do all the work. I tell her what she already knows, too. That she's going to be given a bath. Not that she's going to take one, but that she will be given a bath just like a little baby would be. She will be washed thoroughly and groomed to my standards.

She doesn't look thrilled about it, but she just demurely accepts her fate and lies there, with her eyes closed, and her head back.

I tell Sophie to start. Sophie's bathe enough subs for me that she knows what I want to be done. And in what order. She starts by getting

Chapter 06: Cleaned Up & Out

a bottle of Nair and a little plastic scraper. She shuts the water off before it gets too high. And then she starts lathering Elisha's body up with the hair removing cream.

My standards are firm. From the tops of her hip bones down, Elisha gets fully covered with the cream. Except for only the bottoms of her feet. Everything else gets covered. The tops of her feet and toes. Her legs. Her pubes. Her pussy mound. The cheeks of her bottom. Even inside her crack. Not a single hair is allowed below the tops of her hips. That's my rule for virgins. Only older women are allowed to have a bush, and then it has to be neatly groomed my way. And then, Sophie fully coats Elisha's underarms. Seven minutes later, once the cream has done its job, Sophie diligently scrapes every drop of it off of Elisha's body, taking any hairs with it. I prefer the hair removal cream for my in-house subs. It's far more effective than a razor. It will be well over a week before any stubble starts to pop up.

Now that Elisha has been "shaved," Sophie moves along to shampooing and conditioning her hair. And I mean every single hair left on her body. Sophie not only does the long, flowing hair of Elisha's head but even her eyebrows and eyelashes. Then Sophie rinses it off.

Next Sophie does Elisha's nails. When she arrived, Elisha's nails were painted a pretty shade of bright, baby blue. Sophie efficiently strips all of the polish. Then she cleans out under Elisha's nails and files them to smoothness.

And then, finally, it's time for her to wash Elisha's body. She uses a rose-scented body wash and a plastic bath scrubber. She starts at Elisha's feet and works her way up to the top of Elisha's head. The feet and legs go quickly.

But once Sophie gets to Elisha's pussy, she slows down. She starts by washing the outside of Elisha's mound, cleaning off all of the honey dried atop her lips. Then she scrubs the insides of those thick lips. Next she scrubs Elisha's loose inner folds, and the nest of her clit. She scrubs quickly, and efficiently, not trying to arouse Elisha as she washes those nervy places.

Georgia Girl

Once that's finished, and Sophie has the soap rinsed away, there's only one place left to wash out. Elisha's sloppy wet pussy. Sophie holds Elisha's lips and folds wide to bare the entrance of her tunnel. She uses what I call the pussy brush. It's a little bottle brush with a 1" diameter foam head. A fairly soft and gentle foam. Its handle has a hose attached to it that allows water, or whatever else, to flow into the foam head. The hose attaches to a second hose that comes off the plumping where the shower head attaches to the wall. The head of the brush is filled with soapy water. Sophie puts the tip of the brush to the entrance of Elisha's pussy and gently presses it into Elisha.

"OH-OOH!" Elisha purrs softly as she feels it pressed into her pussy. Sophie pushes steadily but isn't trying to be rough with Elisha. Just very efficient. She slips all of the soft foam head into Elisha's pussy. Then she uses it to scrub the inside of her pussy walls for about five seconds with short, fast strokes. "OH!!!" Elisha cries out, but in a very sweet cry, as her pussy is stroked with the brush. Sophie turns the water on, letting it flow quickly.

"EE!" Elisha squeals softly as she feels the icy water flow liberally into her pussy. It washes the soap suds, and everything else, from her pussy. In about a second, the water is running out of Elisha's pussy just as fast it flows into her. She gets about a minute of the douching, all of it with Sophie gently rocking the foam brush along the tender walls of the inside of Elisha's pussy. Then Sophie pulls the brush out and lets the last of the clear water flow from Elisha's tight tunnel.

Sophie rolls Elisha onto her side. It allows Sophie to get to Elisha's bottom. She spreads Elisha's cheeks wide, then efficiently scrubs over the outside of Elisha's asshole. Then, Sophie uses a pencil-thick foam brush to scrub the rest of Elisha's asshole. She rinses it with a spray of water from the handheld showerhead.

Then she works her way up. She gets everything. Elisha's navel is scrubbed out. Her breasts are very thoroughly scrubbed. Even her lips and eyelids are scrubbed clean before Sophie sprays the suds off Elisha's body.

Chapter 06: Cleaned Up & Out

Sophie tells Elisha to step out and stand on a towel. Sophie uses another towel to dry Elisha off. Then Sophie brushes Elisha's hair a full hundred strokes and dries it fully. It leaves Sophie only a few more places to wash. She uses Q-Tips to clean out Elisha's ears. Then she flosses and brushes Elisha's teeth for her. All things Elisha has likely been doing herself for about 16 of her 18 years. Only now, Elisha is going to have to learn to do them my way and prove that she will before she gets that privilege back.

Now I put the jewelry on Elisha. I start with a pair of leg irons. The same kind that Paige wears. "Once you've proven to me that you will behave like good slave-bitch, I will consider taking these off of you. Here, you have to earn the trust you get. Just like everything else." I tell her as I lock them loosely around her ankles.

And Elisha gets a hot pink dog collar. It's what I call a training collar. I use these on the subs who don't merit a fancy collar that denotes permanent ownership by me. I use them a lot with toys. They're basic 1" wide dog collars that I bought at PetsMart. I use a shiny brass padlock to secure it around Elisha's neck.

Elisha doesn't seem to mind the collar at all. I can tell she's less than thrilled by the chains, but that she also accepts them. And accepts that she's going to have to prove her submissiveness to me before they come off.

I take her out to the living room. It's time for supper now. I tell her that she's to serve my guests and to be very polite as she does. Sophie will serve me. Paige already knows that her place is in the kitchen.



Chapter 07: School Starts

Georgia Girl

Elisha spends the next two weeks, until the day she's required to move into the dorms, in my apartment. And nude. Just like Paige, I tell Elisha that she will be nude in my apartment. There's no reason for her to have clothes. She doesn't need them here. It's only me and slaves here. And she has nothing to be modest about from us. On the occasions I have a toy over, Elisha is never in sight anywhere. I have her doing some chores in the back. Where the toy, whether male or female, won't lay eyes upon her.

I call this "basic training" for Elisha. I use the time to teach Elisha all of the basic commands I use. To teach her what's expected of her. To get her used to things such as showing me the more intimate parts of her body and following directions.

Elisha does well. She learns quickly. And it's obvious that she's eager to obey and learn. She almost never makes me spank her after the first time. And that's the first full day that she's here. She earns herself five hard strokes of my paddle for questioning me. After that, she never again misbehaves like that. I guess she found out what she wanted to know. I really will punish her, immediately, and firmly, for any infraction.

Elisha doesn't have any contact with anyone except me and my slaves for those two weeks. Not even her parents. Although I do have her email Frank daily to tell him what she's been doing and learning, I don't allow her any replies. Frank doesn't seem to mind that. If he did, I might make an exception for him.

I don't tell Elisha anything about her school either. I take care of everything for her. I order her books and supplies and have them all delivered to me. I order her a new phone and laptop and have my IT geek-toy install some serious spyware on both. The kind that she will never be able to find, or know is there but will give me full access to her devices. I do it because I know that girls this age live on those devices. Her entire life will be there. And if I snoop through it, at least at first, I will know if she's lying to me about anything.

The first full day she's with me is the day I take her to my doctor. My doctor is actually a pediatrician. But she's also mine. As in I own her.

Chapter 07: School Starts

Elisha's appointment is after hours when there are no nurses around. And it's for a very thorough physical. Including full lab work and a drug test. STDs, too. You can never be too safe! Elisha doesn't like it. Who would? But she accepts that I don't care if she's seen her doctor regularly or not. Now that she belongs to me, she'll see my doctor.

The day she's due to move into the dorm, I simply take her to the front door of the apartment without telling her why. I give her clothes, a single outfit, and let her dress right there at the door. Then, she's not allowed to move from the door. With Sophie in tow, and Elisha still wearing her collar, I take her to her assigned dorm room.

I've already put her things in the room. Her clothes are in the closet. Her bed is made with her sheets. Her school stuff and electronics are on the desk. And, besides her bed, there's a special alarm clock. My IT-geek-toy makes them. He basically puts the guts of a cell phone inside the clock, including a charger for power. The phone's camera points out, through the plastic front, and unseen. It gets a nice image, and it has night vision. He must have taken apart a decent phone for the guts! The rest of the cell phone connects to the dorm's WiFi, and to the cellular network if the WiFi is out, and uploads a continuous video to any cloud storage I want.

Elisha seems thrilled to see her dorm room. And just as thrilled when I introduce her to Hannah, a junior at the school whom I know. And who is rather eager to earn some spending money, something her family can't afford to give her. I tell Elisha that Hannah will be standing in for me while she's here. Hannah will be her friend. Hannah will come to get her from the dorm and take her for her meals. Hannah will make sure that Elisha eats healthy, not the typical college-fare junk food. Hannah will walk her to and from her classes. For now, meaning until I tell her otherwise, Elisha is to go nowhere except the bathroom (at the end of the hall) unless Hannah takes her, or I send for her. Elisha readily agrees.

Hannah holds up her end. She's a great employee, always getting Elisha to where she should be on time.

Georgia Girl

I either come and pick Elisha up or send Sophie for her, on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Right after her last class. That's when I have the other students I know over for a group supervised study session. A very sternly supervised study session. Elisha studies nude. The sessions are in my apartment, and she isn't allowed clothes there.

On Fridays, I bring Elisha to my apartment right after her last class. And I keep her until Monday, returning her to her first class. It gives me time to closely monitor her. It also ensures that she's not left on campus for the weekend. That's party time. And she doesn't have any classes to attend to.

Every day, whether she's at my house or in her dorm room, she's required to write two emails. One to me, and one to Frank. In both, she's to tell us everything she did that day. And her thoughts. If she's horny, she's to tell us that. If a boy hits on her, she's to tell us that. If she likes her lunch, she's to tell us that. If she chats with a classmate, she's to tell us that. And she's to tell us every call and text she had. Not verbatim, but at least who and the point of it.

After two weeks, I might have begun to slightly loosen the restrictions on Elisha. Might have. But Elisha isn't minding them at all. So why bother loosening them? She's always telling me how she feels "relaxed" and "at ease." that she is comfortable, not really having to think about anything but her class assignments. For the rest of her life, she just blindly does as she's told. She says it's "liberating" not to have to think about anything. It frees her to focus on her studies. Not to fret over the silly things, like what outfit to wear, that all the other girls are stressed over.

After her study sessions, I usually allowed her to masturbate with my supervision. Her pussy seems to need it both nights. On the weekends, Elisha gets to masturbate as needed. Which is usually more than once. On the weekends, I've been teaching her the more intimate slave lessons.



Chapter 08: Party Spanking

Chapter 08: Party Spanking

After four full weeks of school, and some very good grades, I decide that it's time for Elisha to begin learning about college social life. The tame version only. There are no wild parties in her future. Not now, and not ever. Not as long as she's mine anyway.

Over the weeks around a dozen guys have asked her out. As I told her to do, she's told all of them that she belongs to me and they have to ask me if I'd "loan" her to them for a date. Several of those guys have called me. I haven't allowed her to go out with any of them, but I have told them all that I will, just once I'm sure she's settled in and behaving herself. I offered to text them when she was available for a date.

I have one of those guys in mind. He's a sophomore. He's on Spring Hill's wrestling team, not that it's much of a team. They're not exactly a division I school. Not even close. But it gives him a good build. And he's cute enough. He gets good grades. He's studying architecture, which means he might end up with a good job. He's active in the on-campus Christian activities, which are optional. And most importantly, he's not put off by the idea that Elisha is owned by me for now. That she's submissive, and will always be. It does tend to dampen the possibilities for a fun date when the girl has to answer very intimately to another.

I call him Wednesday afternoon and ask if he's still interested in taking Elisha on a chaperoned date. He says yes. I tell him that I'm taking Elisha to a party Saturday for Alabama's football game. If he wishes, he can meet me there and be Elisha's date for the afternoon. He agrees. He even accepts my ground rules, that he's not do anything more than hold hands with Elisha. And the most important rule. He's not to give Elisha a hint that there will be such a party, let alone that she will be going, and much less that she will have a date.

I plan to tell Frank that evening. Once I get Elisha's nightly email, I'll email Frank and tell him about the plans for the weekend. But I don't get the chance. Frank calls me before I even get Elisha's nightly email.

He asks if it would be inconvenient for Deborah to visit Elisha on Saturday. I tell him what I have planned for Elisha, and ask him what he

was thinking. Elisha's plans can be changed at my whim.

Frank then tells me he'd like another favor. He's planning to fly to Louisiana early Saturday to do something with a friend of his that afternoon and evening. He's flying back to Georgia Sunday morning. He wonders if it might be okay with me if he could drop Deborah off on his way, and pick her back up on the way home.

What he really wants to know, is will I "take care" of Deborah for him while he's gone. It will be something new for Deborah. He's never given her to anyone before. She has very limited experience with a woman as well, and that experience is all with another sub, not with a Mistress. He thinks Deborah would openly hate it, but secretly love it. Getting to spend the time with, or should I say near, Elisha is a huge bonus for Deborah.

I ask him what he has in mind. Specifically. "Use her as if she's your toy," He tells me. He asks only that she not be defiled by another man, and by that he means no actual sexual intercourse, or anal intercourse, with any man. Anything else, even oral sex, is fine with him. He warns me that so far the furthest he's taken it with another man is flaunting her nude body. He's never had Deborah do anything with another man. But he doesn't care. He's just never had the chance because he's not fully comfortable giving her to a man, and he's not interested in being involved in anything that includes another man.

He tells me that he first thought of the idea a couple of weeks ago. He's been letting Deborah read Elisha's emails, at least almost all of them, after he does. Deborah has been rather intrigued by a number of things Elisha has written them about. The idea of supervised masturbation being number one.

A close second, something Deborah talked about for days, was the single full rectal exam that I gave Elisha. It included about everything that could be done rectally. And it left Elisha needing to masturbate immediately afterward. I never told Elisha why I did it. I wouldn't, Elisha is a slave. If I want her bottom, it's mine for the taking. But I told Frank that I did it as a prelude to the lesson I was planning for

Chapter 08: Party Spanking

Elisha the following weekend. Anal sex 101, but only with a dildo. Elisha quickly got over her initial fear of it and decided that she loved anal sex. She had to masturbate after that lesson, too.

Given that it excited Deborah, I ask him how she feels about trips to the doctor's. Frank tells me that she absolutely hates them. Or so she says. I wonder if she might secretly like them, and Frank just laughs. He says he doesn't truly know, only what she tells him. But he tells me that she's always hated and secretly loved having her body flaunted. And the more humiliating the flaunting is, the hotter it gets her.

I agree to take her, warning Frank that I won't be affording her and Elisha any special considerations just because they're mother and daughter. Here, both are one thing only. My property. I don't say it, but it should be obvious that I won't be asking them to have sex with each other. That would be pushing things too far in my opinion.

We agree that he'll drop her off at 10:00 Saturday morning. And he doesn't plan to tell her a thing until she's on her way. Only then will he tell her that she's staying here, and she's going to be minding me, while she's here. Elisha won't know it's coming, either. That will give me a chance to see how Elisha reacts to a serious surprise.

At 10:00 Saturday morning, Frank arrives with Deborah. He has Deborah wearing a cute, and fairly small, flower print dress. It's essentially sleeveless, and it shows a nice slice of her chest. But it covers her breasts fully. It comes down to mid-thigh at best. She has stockings and spiked-heel shoes on with them. She also has her collar on. It's a fairly narrow collar, in black leather, buckled around her neck. But not locked on. It's attached to a cloth leash, which I'm sure he didn't clip on to her collar until they were in my building. He leads her in.

Sophie shows them both to the sofa. I don't know if it's Frank's rule, or if Deborah has really been paying attention to Elisha's emails. Or if maybe she picked it up that first day when I instructed Elisha how she was expected to sit at my house. Whatever it was, I immediately notice that Deborah is sitting properly. By my definition. But she looks very edgy.

Georgia Girl

I have Elisha sitting at a desk in the playroom, doing some work for one of her classes. It has her out of sight for now. And, unless someone gets rather loud, out of earshot as well. At most, she heard the doorbell and knows I have company. But that's not so unusual that she'd notice.

I join Frank, taking a seat across from him on the sofa. I offer him coffee. He declines, saying that he needs to get going, but that he would like to see Elisha when he picks Deborah back up. I doubt that will be a problem. He quickly hands me Deborah's leash and in a rather firm tone tells her "Miss Rodgers is minding you while I'm away. You belong to her until I return. Do not displease me with a bad report. You will regret that."

"Yes, Sir," Deborah answers him. Her voice is soft as if resigning herself to an uncertain, and dangerous, fate. What I can't tell from her voice, at least not yet, is whether the fate is welcome, or despised. I'll figure it out soon enough. Frank's leaving. And that leaves Deborah fully in my hands.

I immediately, as in I'm not even sure the door is closed behind Frank yet, tell Deborah the rules. I tell her that she's expected to obey me. That questioning me, or any other hesitation to obey, isn't allowed. When I tell her to do something, I expect her to do it then and there. I warn her not to expect any privacy here, either. And that she shouldn't be thinking of any special considerations for her and Elisha. I own her for the day. I own Elisha. I don't care if she gets to spend time with her daughter, I only care that she obeys and pleases me.

I thought about beginning right away. Letting Deborah know right off the bat what the rules would be like here. How thoroughly she might be used. But there is the time crunch. Kickoff is at noon. I am so not going to be late for that.

But there is one thing I'd like to do. "Take your dress off and give it to me, Deborah."

"Yes, Ma'am," Deborah answers in her soft voice. But her face tells me the instruction is unexpected. I can't really tell if it's

Chapter 08: Party Spanking

unwelcome, or if Deborah is just feeling a health jolt of shyness.

She doesn't really hesitate though. She slips her dress over her head and quickly folds it up. Then she hands it to me. It reveals a small pink bra with narrow straps and small $\frac{3}{4}$ cups. It's cute, but not the sexiest. It also lets me see that she has on a matching pair of pink panties. Those are a little cuter. They're silky. They're cut high on her hips, but with minuscule bands around the sides leaving just a decent-sized V in the front. With fairly sharp lines.

"Give me those panties." I just hold my hand out for them.

"Yes, Ma'am." Deborah slips the panties down, folds them, and gives them to me. It leaves Deborah standing before me in her bra and a pair of thigh-high stockings with spiked-heel shoes. The stockings come almost all the way up her thighs. But they stay up by themselves, without a garter belt to hold them up. They are definitely not something most women would wear for "everyday" wear. It leaves me little doubt that Frank must like her in these stockings. Then again, the spiked heels aren't something a woman would wear just to hang out, either. These are more like "date wear."

Deborah has a rather slim and lean body. I can very clearly make out her collar bones along her shoulders. I can't see the outlines of her ribs, but I'm sure I would be able to if she were only a few pounds lighter. It gives her a more gentle feminine curve at her sides and a slight curve at her hips. I can make out the tops of her hip bones, too, but barely. It's more of a narrow figure than a bony one. Like the rest of her body, her stomach is flat and decently well toned. I'd bet she's spent some time in a gym somewhere. Her skin is slightly loose, as if it has lost some of the elasticity of its youth, but still taut enough not to have a single wrinkle anywhere. Not even a fine one. Its tone is slightly bronzed as if she's spent enough time in the sun for a light tan. The tan lines on her pubes support my theory. There is skin is as light as Elisha's, nearly milky white.

Deborah has a mildly oval-looking face with soft, rounded lines to it. She has long, dark brown hair, that hangs down to her shoulder

Georgia Girl

blades. It's loose and full of body, flowing as it hangs freely. She has green eyes over a slightly wide and short looking nose. And she has a moderately wide mouth framed with a pair of deep pink-purple lips that look full enough to be soft. Despite her 47 years, I don't see any wrinkles on her face, only the faintest of tiny lines at the corners of her eyes.

And I can tell that she has small breasts, even though I can't see them through the foam-lined cups of her bra. I'd guess she's a 34-A, maybe just barely a B-cup. But A-cup is much more likely to my eyes. I'll check on those later.

Deborah, I can tell, doesn't have a clue what I have planned for my time with her. Frank does. I told him the outline of what the day's plans are. He chuckled. And said he'd love to see it.

I send Sophie to fetch something for Deborah to wear. I ordered it just for her, Frank footing the bill and giving me her size. Sophie quickly returns with the outfit and a huge grin on her face. She knows what I've bought for them to wear to the party. Sophie hands it to me.

I hand it to Deborah and tell her to put it on. She unfolds it quickly. Then her face scrunches up in disgust as she sees what it is. It is a replica Alabama Crimson Tide cheerleader's uniform. In crimson. Complete with a very short, built-in pleated skirt. But without the built-in panties the real ones have.

I can see that she hates the thought of wearing it. I doubt it's the thought of a cheerleader uniform she hates. She, and Elisha, are from a small town about halfway between Atlanta and Athens, Georgia. They are both rather avid Georgia Bulldog fans. At least the SEC's schedule has granted them one mercy. The Tide is playing Ole Miss this week. We don't play Georgia until next week. But, since I am an Alabama fan, next week my slaves and Elisha will be cheering avidly for Alabama. Or they'll be displaying their support with their crimson-red bottoms!

The outfit looks... adorable on Deborah. She looks close to her age. Obviously far too old to be a cheerleader. More like a housewife playing dress up as a cheerleader. But she has the body for it. Especially

Chapter 08: Party Spanking

her rather nicely toned and firm bottom. The bottom that this outfit is going to be showing plenty of today.

I take Deborah by the leash and lead her over by the door. I have her wait there, standing against the bare wall. Then I send Sophie to fetch Elisha.

Elisha gets some mercy in her outfit. After all, she has a date for the party. She gets loose-fitting jeans with an Alabama jersey to wear over a very lacy and sexy crimson bra and panties set. Those have a big white Alabama A on them as well.

Elisha looks stunned for a split second as she comes out of the playroom. She's naked, but she's used to that. She's leashed, lead along by Sophie, but she's used to that too. But she's not used to seeing her mom standing along my wall quietly. The look on Elisha's face tells me it isn't the first time she's seen her mom leashed, though. Then, a slight smirk on her face, tells me it is the first time she's seen her mom openly supporting Alabama.

Sophie leads Elisha over to the door. Elisha's done this enough by now to know exactly what to expect. She stands demurely at the door and waits for Sophie to fetch her clothes. She doesn't even look at the pile she's given. She just starts putting her clothes on. Once she's dressed, she stands at the door and waits. She knows she's not allowed to leave the door with clothes on.

The final touch for their outfits is the cutest. I found them online. COVID masks. They're gray. And they have a big elephant trunk flopping from the center of them, just about a painted-on elephant mouth that's smiling. Now that says "Roll Tide!" I give one to both girls. Deborah grimaces. Elisha almost laughs at it. Both obediently put their masks on. Safety first! And nowadays, it isn't safe to go out without a mask on!

And we're off to the party. The party is being held in the backyard of Marie's house. Marie is one of my fellow nursing students, a 29-year-old divorcee who kept the small house in the divorce settlement and went back to school to become a nurse. She has an eight-year-old son,

but he spends the weekends at his father's so he won't be around for the party. That's a good thing since I wouldn't have brought slaves to a party if he was there.

Marie has her TV, a pretty good-sized one, out on the back porch. She has all of the usual college party fixtures. Coolers of beer. Chips. Dip. Nachos. Someone has even brought some pizzas. I think I spot some sodas, too! For the added stadium aura, there's a frat guy manning a grill with some brats on it. Lunch, college style. The salad bar is noticeable non-existent.

When I arrive, I follow the little paper signs Marie has tacked up pointing everyone to a side gate in her fence. The gate is open and the party is getting off to a good start just inside. Chad, the guy I've selected as Elisha's date, is waiting for us just inside the gate. With a soda in his hand, not a beer. Maybe he's trying to make a good impression on his date's Mistress?

I hand Elisha's leash to Chad. In a very sweet voice, I firmly tell Elisha "you will Mr. Grande's date for the party. You may hold hands, cuddle, and hug. Nothing more. You will be a very sweet date for him. And be polite. Have fun. Do not disappoint me, Elisha."

Elisha is grinning from ear to ear. "Yes, Miss Rodgers," she answers in a very sweet and honeyed voice. A voice full of excitement, too. It tells me that Elisha was hoping that I might let her go out with Chad. I never asked her. I picked Chad because he's cute and the best of the interested men. A guy with a future. And a guy with values Frank approves of. The kind of guy who would make a good husband for Elisha.

He leads Elisha off. She follows a little close at his side, still smiling wide. "Thank you, Sir, for wanting to take me to such an awesome party!" I hear Elisha tell him in her sweetest voice. Yeah, she's going to have a great time.

I lead Deborah in. Sophie follows close behind me. There are around forty or forty-five people here. Most seem to be students of some variety, at some college. A fair share of them I recognize as our

Chapter 08: Party Spanking

fellow nursing students. A few look like they're neighbors of Marie's. Amazingly, everyone is an Alabama fan. There isn't an Ole Miss fan in sight. Is there even such a thing?

Marie quickly introduces me to some of the older guests, the ones I suspect are her neighbors. She calls me her "kinky friend," and fellow nursing student Pepper. I'm pretty sure the "kinky friend" is her way of explaining the leashed Deborah I'm still leading along. I introduce Deborah. "I've brought a cheerleader. This is tramp." I don't know if Frank has a "slave name" for her or not. If he does, I've never heard it. So I made one up. No reason for anyone to know her real name. "I found her at an insane asylum. They diagnosed her as delusional. It seems she thought the Georgia Bulldogs were an actual football team, not just some bitches that they had running around the field with a ball to play with." It gets me a good round of laughs. And plenty of agreement.

I give Deborah her instructions for the party. She's to be the waitress. She's to fetch anything, for anyone, immediately when told. She's to show off her butt and her pussy whenever told to. Without panties under the skirt, it should be easy. She's to serve humbly and very politely. She's to serve the guests however they want, giving them whatever they ask for. Kisses are allowed. Fondling is allowed. Hand jobs are allowed. Giving them or getting them. Only vagina, oral, and anal intercourse is prohibited. Not penetration, just penetration with tongues and cocks. Fingers are fine with me. After all, she's obviously a worthless tramp.

And most importantly, she's to watch the game. Whenever Alabama does anything important, not just score, she's to cheer very eagerly for them. If Ole Miss does anything notable, she's to loudly boo them and cheer for Alabama to do something about it.

I announce all of that to everyone, skipping only some of the details of what she's allowed to do. I'll just let the horny guys find that out themselves. I'll keep an eye on her to make sure no one is demanding too much from her. Then I release Deborah from her leash and loudly tell her to "go make her worthless butt useful."

Georgia Girl

In her vanilla life, Deborah is an upper-middle-class housewife. And likely on the upper end of the scale. I'm not sure what airline pilots make for Delta, but I am sure that Frank has worked up to the top end of that scale. And I know it's a generous scale. I've seen other airlines offering 250K for experienced wide-body captains. I figure, if Delta wasn't close, he'd be flying for someone else. A 777 is a 777 no matter what name is on the side of it.

I don't know if Frank's ever done this with her before, turned her into "the help." If so, it hasn't been often. It shows that, while Deborah is well-experienced serving, she's lost at serving a group. At being the waitress. The help. I'd bet she has more experience hiring help, than being it.

I can see the humiliation on her face. Not just of being reduced to the help, or of being flaunted in front of a crowd of mostly younger people. Of having to cheer for another team instead of her Bulldogs.

It's not ten seconds before one of the guys tells her "hey, tramp, get me a beer!"

Deborah fetches it and kneels to hold it out for him. It's not exactly the serving posture that I teach my girls, but it's close enough. After all, I'm just slave-sitting her.

Unfortunately for Deborah, the beer coolers are on the ground. The first time she's sent for one, Deborah squats down to get the beer out. The second time, about three seconds later, I'm beside the coolers. And I tell her that she's not allowed to squat like some modest lady. She can bend over like some cheap tramp. She grimaces slightly. She bends over to get the beer.

Immediately a round of applause breaks out. It's not the loudest, but I'm sure they can hear it next door. I'm pretty sure that they can hear the catcalls, too. The bright blush on Deborah's face tells us all that she can hear them. "Look at that ass," "Hey! No panties!" and "Check it out, there's grass on her field" are the more popular comments. What can I say, frat boys and beer always make a rather entertaining mix. Just not necessarily a well-mannered mix.

Chapter 08: Party Spanking

One of the guys loudly calls out for “tramp” to show them all her bottom. I give Deborah a hard stare, letting her know that I expect her to behave. She turns her back to him and bends over, letting her skirt ride up enough to show a good part of her cheeks. A guy just beside her glances at me, and not seeing a scowl on my face, reaches over and flips Deborah’s skirt up onto her back. Now everything is showing, even the furry mound of her pussy. “Much better, isn’t it?” I teasingly ask the guy. He, and his friends, agree that it is.

The game starts not too long after we arrive. There was plenty of time for me to teach Deborah that I expected her to be very humble in her new role. And for Sophie to get me a brat. She even found a few cans of tea in the coolers for me. And she served me very humbly, to the delight of the guys. At least until they learned that she is my slave-girl and handmaiden, and not available for them.

Chad had some seats reserved for himself and Elisha. It doesn’t take too long before they’re seated. About two seconds later I see that Elisha has snuggled close to him and has her arm around him. But she’s behaving. Both of them are grinning as they chat away. Elisha never allows Chad to get up. Whatever he wants, she fetches for him. And she serves it my way, just as Sophie serves me.

Chad doesn't seem to mind. In fact, the smile on his face says he enjoys his date serving him. On her knees, holding his order out atop her upturned palms and grinning.

Unfortunately for Deborah, it’s a fast, high-scoring game. It’s not even two minutes off the clock before Deborah has some serious cheering to do. As I told her to do, she hurries up to stand beside the screen, getting in place before the replays begin. She cheers and even does a little dance. But it's not the most enthusiastic cheering I've ever seen.

I decide to deal with it immediately. I quickly pull my belt off. I don't usually wear one, and I don't need it with slightly snug cargo shorts. But wearing a belt is far less obvious than carrying a paddle.

I quickly, and purposefully, stride up to where Deborah is faking

an enthusiastic cheer. It only takes me a few seconds to get up there. Deborah catches sight of me coming, belt doubled over in my hand and immediately cringes hard as she shirks inward. I'm sure most of the crowd catches the sight as well. Those who know me have a pretty good idea of what Deborah is in for. The rest, I'm sure, have a pretty good guess. It is a little obvious.

I don't hesitate. I don't even miss a step. As soon as I'm in reach of Deborah, my hand flies up to her head. I grab a good handful of her hair. Then I give her hair a good yank, pulling her towards me and downward as I drop to sit on one of the coolers.

"AH!" Deborah squeals out loudly. Her squeal is loud enough that, if anyone wasn't already watching, they will be. She stumbles slightly as she's pulled a step forward and down to her knees at the same time. Fine with me. It drops her onto her knees at my side just as I'm spreading my thighs wide enough to support her. Another hard little tug of her hair pulls her forward and over my knees.

It drops her into my favorite position. Over my knees like a naughty little girl. It has my right thigh in the bend of her waist, and my left thigh along the underside of the mounds of her breasts. Her chest lying flat over my legs. Deborah's legs hanging down, her knees on the floor, at my side. Her hands flail about for something to grab. I flip Deborah's skirt up, baring her entire bottom.

I don't say a word. I just lie the stiff leather of the belt against her taut, firm, lightly tanned globes. I bring the belt up high, and with about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the power I can put into it, I snap it down. It lands hard against the soft skin of her cheeks with a loud, splitting crack.

Deborah tenses up hard as the stroke lands across the center of both of her cheeks. The fleshiest part of those small, firm, globes. She tenses instantly, the snapping of her muscles making her bottom jump up a fraction of an inch. "YEOW!" she screeches out loudly. A second later she loosens up, falling back over my thighs. Her bottom squirms, wiggling slightly side to side. And now that the belt is rising back up again, her wiggling bottom shamelessly shows off the bright, angry pink

Chapter 08: Party Spanking

stripe across those globes.

I ignore Deborah. I just snap the belt down again, landing a second stroke, as strong as the first, right beneath it. It more widens the pink welt line across her cheeks, rather than searing a fresh one onto them.

Deborah stiffens up again, her bottom snapping up as she does. She cries out a loud "OW!" and then several sniffing "Uh!s" it sounds as if she's about to cry as she slowly loosens up.

I give her a third stroke. I figure three is fair for a first infraction. It's enough to leave almost every bit of her cheeks tanned to a fiery bright pink that stings her badly. It's also enough to leave her sobbing lightly. And to have her thrashing around on my knees. Enough that her kicking feet keep coming up in front of her bottom as if trying to shield it from another stroke.

"Bad girl, tramp!" I scold the lightly sniffing, sobbing middle-aged woman. "I said to cheer. You will cheer like you mean it, tramp. In fact, you *will* mean it. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Deborah answers quickly, and confidently, in her sobbing voice.

"I think I'll just leave you a little reminder," I tell Deborah. Then I ask Marie if I can borrow one of the crimson grease pencils I've seen floating around. The ones that fans are using to mark their support on their faces. She starts to get one. But an older guy, one of her neighbors, a guy maybe around 40 years old, hurries to bring me one. I thank him for it. And I say nothing as he helps himself to a long look at Deborah's pussy poking out between her squirming thighs. He is male after all.

I write "Bulldogs" on one of Deborah's cheeks, adding a bigger elongated "G," just like the Georgia logo. Then I write "Are skanky bitches!" on her other cheek. I slip my phone out and take a quick picture of Deborah's bare bottom, now pink and denigrating her team. Then I push Deborah off my thighs. "Oh, lookie! They're just about to

kick the extra point."

Deborah watches the kick, undoubtedly praying they'll miss. As if. They make it. She cheers rather eagerly this time. At least as eagerly as any fan in our crowd does. And it sounds like she means it. I guess that's a lesson learned. Really two lessons. I mean what I say, and I'll enforce my orders. And that I take my football seriously! Roll Tide!

While I spanked Deborah I kept an eye on Elisha. I assume but aren't sure, that she's seen Deborah punished by Frank before. As I whip Deborah, Elisha doesn't react at all. She stays cuddled close at Chad's side. The look on Elisha's face almost seems to say "maybe now she'll mind Mistress as she should!"

I send the picture to Frank's phone. I don't know if he'll get it, if he's in range of a cell tower or not. I don't even know if he's landed yet. His private plane, an SR-22, isn't going to have in-flight WiFi, but it will pick up the cell towers on the ground beneath it. The only problem is that towers tend to follow roads, and planes don't need roads. In Louisiana, he could 2 miles over the middle of a bayou. But he must get it. He quickly texts back, "how humiliating!" with a smiley face.

He must know that Deborah will be getting hot from the humiliation. I know she is. I didn't even have to look. I could smell her muskiness as I whipped her. The muskiness of her honey. She's already hot. Flaunting her and reducing her to the help did the trick.



Chapter 09: A Slutty Bottom

Chapter 09: A Slutty Bottom

That spanking was all it took to set the tone for the rest of the party. It showed the guys that really could help themselves to Deborah. And it taught Deborah that she wasn't going to get away with anything today. I don't know how firm Frank is with his discipline, but Deborah just rather painfully learned that I am strict and serious. But very fair. It made her very eager to please me, which she did and thus spared her bottom from another spanking.

I never asked Elisha if she enjoyed her date. I don't have to. She shows it too plainly. And the smile it put on her face stays there all day. If Chad liked it half as much as Elisha seems to have, he'll ask again. And if my on-campus spies tell me that he behaves himself, I might send her. I know Elisha will love it.

As soon as we get back to the apartment, I stop both women. I tell Sophie to wait in the hall and keep an eye on Deborah as I take Elisha in. It's the same routine as it always is. Elisha undresses fully, and then shows me every bit of her naked body. Then I send Elisha to stand along the wall and wait as I let Sophie and Deborah in. Sophie gets to stay dressed. I allow her clothes inside.

Deborah, I stop just inside the door. Exactly as I did Elisha. I tell Deborah to get her clothes off and hand them over. I don't tell her to undress any particular way. She wouldn't know the command, and for one day it's not worth it for me to teach it to her. So I just let her get fully naked. Then Sophie takes Deborah's clothes and puts them up, leaving Deborah aware that she now has nothing to put on.

It also has Elisha looking right at Deborah. That's just the arrangement of the room, not so much intentional. But it's going to have Elisha watching me look over Deborah's body. I tell Deborah that now I want to see her body, and if I see anything I shouldn't, she'll be "very fully strip-searched before she's allowed into my home."

I have Deborah open her mouth. There's nothing there to see. Her breasts are as small as I thought they'd be. Definitely 34-A cups. But they're also nicely and fully rounded. They're pert, too. They don't hang, lie, or sag. They just swell off her chest with a roundness. And

they're topped with decently wide rings of a light purple-brown shade. With slightly darker nipples as wide as pencil erasers rising a full ¼" up from the tips of those small mounds. Nipples that are now stiff and standing out fully. There's no reason for me to lift those breasts and check under them. There's no crease to lift out. The undersides are fully visible as she stands.

So I have Deborah turn her back to me. Then I have her bend over and reach around the outside of her thighs to pull her lips wide apart and bare all of her pussy to me. At first, I see that her pussy has long, narrow, and plump lips. Lips that leave a wide gash between them that a full ridgeline of her inner folds rise into.

Then she spreads those lips and folds. And that lets me see that her pinkness is almost blood-red. And it's glowing hotly now. It's covered with a thick layer of clear, but oily light, honey that clings to everything. A rather musky, but sweetly musky, honey. It lets me see the tight knot where her lips flow together into a nest for her clit. And it even lets me see the small head of her clit as its tip pokes above those folds, eager and ready.

I have Deborah display her bottom to me next. As told she lips her hands up and uses them to stretch her firm cheeks wide apart. It bares one of the tinier assholes I've seen to me. I see a decent-sized swath of brown flesh. But I don't see a ring. It's as if the brown flesh, lined heavily with wrinkly lines, all flow together into a single point of entwined wrinkles. Wrinkles that turn inward, roiling together, and vanish into something unseen at their center. I'll bet that asshole is going to be tight.

I pronounce her body slutty, but "undefiled" and thus allowed to enter. I tell her to stand beside Elisha for a minute. And I tell her that talking and moving are not allowed along the wall. Just standing. I'm sure it's about killing her to stand so close to her daughter that their shoulders are touching, and not be allowed to say anything to her. In fact, as I think about it, she hasn't even gotten to say hello to her yet. Not even at the party. Chad didn't use Deborah at all. Elisha kept him

Chapter 09: A Slutty Bottom

too well-tended.

I leave her there for a few minutes. I want her to really think about how she's standing there, not doing what she most wants to do only because I won't allow it. Then I get Elisha and take her to the playroom. There I give her some chores to do.

I go back as soon as I'm sure that Elisha knows what I want her to do. And that I know Sophie is supervising Elisha, so it will be done right. It's not exactly new for Elisha. I've taken it easy on using her body, as I would with any virgin. But I have made good use of her to serve me. And I have made use of her body. Just not any really hard use.

I immediately take Deborah to the massage table and tell her to get up onto it. She never saw Elisha on the table. I tell Deborah to get in the same position, lying on her side, with her knees and waist bent as if she's sitting. The look on Deborah's face is a mixture of excitement as if she's in for an adventure, and nervousness as if she's afraid it might be rather intense. She never got to read Elisha describe this position, but it isn't going to be lost on an experienced sub like her that this position is giving me full access to her bottom and pussy.

I've decided that Elisha is going to have a good view of this. Her job is to hold the little plastic trays of supplies. Sophie will be my nurse. She's gotten good at that role. I stand behind Deborah's bottom and hold my hands out, fingers spread. Sophie hurries over, bringing a leashed Elisha with her. Elisha holds the tray on her upturned palms. Sophie gets a pair of latex gloves off the tray and loudly snaps them onto my hands. We all watch as Deborah flinches with each snap.

"I'm sure you've noticed that your skanky pussy is now sopping wet, tramp. I guess I'll just have to see for myself the depths of your obscene sluttiness. We'll start with a stool sample. Then we can all see if that bottom has been slutting around lately."

Even as I'm telling Deborah what's going to happen, I'm already lifting her top cheek and feeling the toned muscle of it under the thinnest layer of spongy flesh. A very nice bottom. I pull the cheek high, fully exposing the tight little wrinkle of her asshole, without stretching

the wrinkles far enough to finally bare the pinpoint of a hole at their center.

I don't care one bit about her poop. I'm only doing this for one reason. Stool samples are slightly uncomfortable, and it will give Deborah the chance to feel the swab poking at the very back of her bowels. A place that's uncomfortable to be touched, much less poked.

The collector is just a plastic stick about a foot long. Its shaft is about as thick as a pencil. At its tip, there's a football-shaped needle eye about as wide as a dime. I put the sharply curving tip of it snug against the knot of wrinkles that's Deborah's asshole. "I expect you to stay still like a good slut, tramp," I tell her firmly.

Then I press. It doesn't take much pressure. The curving tip begins to press its way into that knot of wrinkles, pushing them aside, and slipping into Deborah's bottom. At first, she just feels the sloping tip gently stretching her muscle.

"Ooh..." Deborah purrs softly as it slips through her tight muscle and into her bottom. I don't slow up. I just keep it slipping steadily into her bottom, deeper and deeper, holding it only be the very end of it. Deborah gets to feel that thin plastic slipping along her insides. It quickly bumps the back of her rectum. Deborah flinches and grunts a hard "UGH!" then she mutters a few muted "Ow!s" for the second I take twirling the tip, letting the edge of the needle's eye scrape gently over her insides and fill with stool. Then I slip it out. Deborah quiets the second the pressure is gone from the back of her bowels.

"Well, I don't see any cum in your stool. So at least you know to go potty and clean your bottom out after slutting it." I teasingly announce. I casually drop the collector, its tip still full, on the tray that Elisha is holding.

I've noticed Elisha eyeing some of the unfamiliar stuff on the tray. Unfamiliar just because I haven't made her endure any of it. Yet. I reach for a dilator tube. It's a fat, clear plastic tube about 2" long with some little tabs on its rim. A second tube is inserted into it, almost as wide, its outside flush against the insides of the wider tube. The wider tube

Chapter 09: A Slutty Bottom

being 1 ¼" inch across. The inner tube has a fully rounded tip that protrudes from the end of the wider tube. It's like a half ball stuck to the top of the tube. And now that half ball is coated with a thin film of lubricating gel.

I put the rounded tip of that ball flush against the ring of wrinkles that's Deborah's asshole. It's far wider than her asshole. Even now, with only the tip of it pressing against her body, it fully eclipses her tiny muscle. And almost all of the dark swath around it. "Uh!" Deborah sucks in a very nervous, and squealy, breath as she feels the rounded tip pressing firmly against her asshole.

Now I see a slight nervous quivering come over Deborah's body. I just start upping the pressure. Her asshole can't do anything. As the rounded tip pushes more firmly against it, her ring is gently, but firmly, stretched wider and wider. And then even wider. And wider. "OH!" Deborah squeals, now very nervously. Then she grunts a very hard, and strained, "UGH!... OW!" as the tip finishes stretching her ring, and the tube starts slipping into her taut muscle. Deborah lies there, quivering lightly, and panting some very stressed breaths. Noisy breaths.

The tube doesn't have far to slide. Its short length is soon inside her body. And holding her asshole stretched tautly, the wrinkles pulled smooth, around it. The little tabs on its end now flush against her globes. I use a couple of strips of adhesive tape to hold the tabs to her cheeks. That will hold the tube in place.

Deborah lies there panting nervous, squealing, "OH!s" I'm sure she can feel her asshole being held wide open by the tube. But she hasn't seen the tube, nor did I give her any hint of what I intend to do with her body. That will leave her wondering what this tube is. Why it's holding her asshole so wide, yet slipping so little into her bottom. It must feel like a dildo, only that would slide much deeper into her. Like a cock would.

I pull the inner tube out, leaving the outer tube in place. It takes the rounded tip with it. That leaves the inside end of the outer tube, wide, and fully open, into her rectum. It's plenty wide enough to see

into.

It's also plenty wide enough for something to pass through, wanted, or not. So now I work quickly. I attach the connector for the hose to the open end of the tube. The hose is fairly short, about 18" inches long. It's made of a thin plastic that leaves it very flexible and squeezable. Its other end is open, too. Now it has a plastic pinch clamp across it, closing it off just past the connector. The connector also has a second port on it, this one just a little nub sticking straight up and attached to a pencil-thin hard plastic tube that's about 6" long and now, with the connector attached, sticks straight into Deborah's rectum.

I attach the free end of a length of IV tubing to that port. The tubing is pinched off just before the end. Its other end is connected to a pair of one-liter IV bags, one filled with the green, laxative infused, fluid. The other is filled with the blue-tinged sterile water. I hang the bags from the hook dangling from the ceiling.

I release the clamp allowing the green fluid to begin flowing. "OOH!-EE!" Deborah squeals as she feels the coolness against her insides. She pants even more nervous little squeals as she lies there, now knowing that not only will her asshole be held wide open, but her bottom is going to be filled up. I leave the clamp on the fatter drain line, watching as the first few inches of it fills with the green liquid. Now that the tubing is filled, the fluid will have nowhere to go but into Deborah's rectum. It will fill it and stretch it wide as it fills her more.

While I'm waiting, I have Elisha set the tray on the table. Then I send her to fetch a bedpan. I even let her be the one to drape the free end of the drain hose into the bedpan as she sets the pan on the table behind Deborah's knees. I watch the enema bag, keeping track of how much fluid has flowed out of it, and thus into Deborah's bottom.

As Deborah lies there, feeling the pressure growing in her bottom, she starts fidgeting anxiously. And squealing little "Ooh!s" that grow increasingly more urgent, and pleading, with every one. It's a tense urgency, from her bottom, not the aroused cries Elisha made.

I wait until about half of the bag has emptied and now fills

Chapter 09: A Slutty Bottom

Deborah's rectum. It's about the same half-liter that Elisha took. It's plenty to fully stretch her rectum and fill it.

Unlike Elisha, Deborah does not look as if she's enjoying the enema. She fidgets hard and groans very loud, and uncomfortable, cries as she lies there. If it wasn't for the wetness, still very fresh, that keeps the furry mound of her pussy glistening, I might wonder if she wasn't secretly liking it. But her pussy is definitely enjoying it.

Once Deborah has the half-liter inside her bottom, I release the clamp on the drain line. It lets the green fluid, now rather brown, flow from her bowels, through the clear tube for all to see, and into the bedpan for all to smell. Including Deborah. I'm sure she can feel the pressure inside her lessening and knows why. But the aroma is a powerful reminder that she can't ignore.

Deborah lies there, still fidgeting and groaning, as both bags of fluid flow through the narrow tube, into the back of her bowels, then along her rectum, and out through the tube. With the drain line being so much wider, it keeps the pressure inside her to a minimum. Just enough for her to feel it. To feel full, but not really uncomfortably full. But Deborah squirms away just as if she were over full.

It also very fully washes her rectum out. By the time both liters, the laxative and the rinse water, have run through her, there isn't a spot of anything left inside her bottom. But the bedpan is rather full. Elisha gets the chore of emptying it once I've disconnected everything and I'm certain that no more fluid will be flowing.

It leaves Deborah's asshole held gaping wide, its deep purple-brown flesh stretched tightly around the outside of the clear dilator tube. The clear tube lets me see that flesh, and see that her asshole is barely ¼" thick with it stretched this tautly. Beyond the dark flesh of her asshole, I can see the bright, pink inside of her rectum and the thick hard veins that line it. Luckily, for me, it's all spotlessly clean now.

Frank did mention that Deborah was "intrigued" by Elisha's rectal exam here. I think it's time that Deborah be less intrigued and more familiar. Although, since Deborah is a more experienced sub, this exam

is more thorough than Elisha's was.

The tube gives me full access to the inside of Deborah's bottom. I get a long, and rather narrow, feather off the tray. Like most of the ones I like, it has a fine, silky fur. But this one has fur that's just a hair stiffer than most of mine. And it's narrow enough that I can easily slip it through the wide tube, and then a bit deeper into Deborah's bowels, without it touching her body. Not even a tiny bit.

"EE!" Deborah shrieks the instant she feels the sudden, unexpected touch of the feather deep inside her bottom. She shudders hard, too. And she keeps shuddering as I slowly draw the feather along the inside of her rectum. I've found a nice nerve line. A nerve that seems to enjoy a tender caress from this feather. Her squeal fades quickly.

It leaves her grunting mousy, but deep, "UH!s" as she shudders away. I make her endure several long seconds of that. Then I stop the feather, holding it still. But also still touching her. Just not moving.

"Oh, your bottom is just such the slut, isn't it?" I say teasingly.

"No, Ma'am!" Deborah insists, "I hate anything in my bottom, Ma'am!"

I ignore her answer. Clearly, she needs a lesson in modesty and honesty. Like which one she should be concerned with. I start stroking her insides again with the feather.

Instantly Deborah is shuddering hard and crying out mousy, deep moans again. It doesn't take more than a few seconds for her to start tensing up, either. But even that doesn't stop her shuddering.

This time, I leave her there for around half of a minute. And I let Elisha see it. With the feather still teasing her bottom, I ask Deborah again "Do you still want to tell me this bottom isn't a complete gutter slut?"

"No, Ma'am!" Deborah gasps out in her mousy voice. "My butt is a complete gutter slut, Ma'am! Oh, Lordy, is it ever a slut!"

Chapter 09: A Slutty Bottom

Elisha giggles. It's plain that Deborah, despite all of her whining, is seriously getting aroused by the attention to her bottom. As in about to cum. Her secret is out. She loves this. Or her body does. I don't care about the rest. And I doubt Frank would, either.

I stop teasing her bottom with the feather. Carefully, I pull the feather back out through the tube, not letting it touch Deborah. She doesn't have a clue that it's gone. That it isn't waiting to tease her deep inside her bottom again any second now.

Once the feather is out, I slip my finger through the tube. I have short fingers, but they're long enough. Barely. I have just enough finger to get it to where the edge of the tube is even with my first knuckle. That lets me put the pad of my finger against her insides. Where I push very softly on the rubbery, loose walls of her rectum.

With only the slightest of pressure, I can feel the spongy hot walls of her pussy through the walls of her rectum. I can feel the burning heat in them. And I can feel a few light twitches racking the walls already. Then again, I have been humiliating her all day, so she should be nicely hot. As she appears to be. The enema has done nothing to ease her arousal. I suspect it's actually heightened it. Considerably.

I start moving the pad of my finger, gently massaging the backside of her pussy walls with my finger.

"UGHHHHH!" Deborah cries out in her mousy squeal. She shudders, more squirms around hard, unable to lie still as I touch her.

I keep teasing the backside of her pussy. I rub it slowly, my pace steady, my motions small. It's torture for Deborah. Sweet torture. I can see how eager she is to cum. It's obvious from the desperate way she's squirming as she cries out.

I keep going, teasing her mercilessly. After about a minute I can almost see the honey flowing from her pussy. At least it seems like I can. There's always a very fresh and wet layer of aromatic honey covering everything. It keeps her mound shining in the light, despite the short layer of fur covering it. Wet fur now.

Georgia Girl

It's about a minute before I see her thighs trying to rub her mound as they squish it between them and squirm. It gets her moans mousier. And more urgent. I'm sure, if I were to allow it, she would gladly cum right now. "Would you like to be allowed to cum, tramp?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Deborah cries out eagerly, "May I please be allowed to cum, Ma'am?"

"But nothing is touching your pussy, tramp! You're only having a rectal exam! Can't you behave for that without acting like a total whore?"

"No, Ma'am! I'm sorry, I'm a total whore! I have to cum. May I please be allowed to, Ma'am?"

I laugh. Then I quickly pull my finger back out of her bottom.

"UH!" Deborah screeches out in frustration.

I pull the tube from her bottom with a quick tug. It leaves her stretched asshole gaping for a few seconds as it closes slowly. "Elisha, be a good slave-girl. Clean the gel off this tramp's butt."

"Yes, Miss Rodgers," Elisha doesn't hesitate to answer. Nor does she hesitate to open a packet with a wipe in it, shake the wipe out, and put it to the almost-closed-up ring of Deborah's asshole.

Deborah squeals from the cold alcohol wipe. And her asshole snaps tight.

Elisha, anxious to please me with her behavior, tries to ignore it. She wipes Deborah's butt for her, while Deborah has no choice but to lie there, still shuddering lightly, and allow her to. Elisha even wraps the wipe around her finger and gently presses slightly into Deborah's asshole to make sure she cleans it fully. And I didn't even tell her to do that. I didn't expect her to, either.



Chapter 10: Final Release

Chapter 10: Final Release

Deborah spends the rest of the evening shackled to Elisha as the two of them work tougher, as a team, on Elisha's chores. It lets Elisha finish her chores early. And that leaves her more time to study. While Elisha studies, Deborah gets a lesson in slutty massage techniques. Paige gets to be the practice dummy, a rare treat for Paige.

In the morning, it's time for Deborah's other lesson. Supervised masturbation. Group supervised masturbation. Deborah spent her night in the spare cage, beside Paige. Elisha slept in the closet, where she usually sleeps when she's here. It's a room appropriate for a slave. There's a study desk in it, and nothing else. Not even a bed. She sleeps on the floor, learning a slave's proper place. On the floor at the foot of her Mistress's bed.

The normal routine, in the morning, is like this. As soon as I am cleaned up and ready, I have Paige and Sophie show me their pussies and I decide if they need to be masturbated. When Elisha is here, she joins them. The three young women standing in a close line in the playroom. Today, Deborah gets to make a fourth in the line. And she doesn't get to be at the end of the line. It's Sophie, Paige, Deborah, and Elisha. And like any line of girls I'd make, they stand close at each other's side. Their feet and shoulders touching.

I have all four bend over as one and reach behind themselves to show me their pussies. Naturally, all four of them are nude. And I am treated to the sight of four fully spread and bared, pink pussies. All four of them are rather sloppy wet. I kind of expected it. After all, Paige got her teasing last night. Elisha and Deborah were teased all day long. And Sophie... she got unbearably hot last night when I used her as my personal vibrator. Unlike my plastic vibrators, her tongue's batteries never run out at the worst moment! It goes on just like an Energizer Bunny! But being used like that always gets Sophie very hot.

I tell all four of them that their pussies are skanky, sloppy, wet, and need to be masturbated. Then I stand in front of Deborah, the only one who hasn't had to do this before and tell her what I expect her to do. I expect her to stand there and masturbate my way. I do not allow

wiggling hips, slutty moans, or any other signs of enjoyment. "You should be ashamed that your pussy is such the slut that you have to diddle it just so you can get through the day! You definitely won't be enjoying the diddling like a complete gutter whore!"

I take hold of Deborah's hand, balling her fist up and leaving her first finger extended. I put the pad of that finger to her clit, and I start it moving in small, light, circles atop her aching clit. I tell her that she is not allowed to go faster or slower. Nor is she allowed to press harder. Nor to allow her body to move. Or to make "slut noises." Any of those sins will earn her instant punishment. As will closing her eyes.

The women are still touching each other. The sides of their feet are flush against the next girl's. Their shoulders are touching lightly, but flush. All of them are looking forward. I am pacing around the line of girls with my crop in hand. I glance at my watch and tell them to start. All use their right hand. Left hands are to remain at their sides, and open, not balled up into a fist.

I'm confident that the line is uncomfortable for Deborah. I doubt she ever imagined having to stand, touching her daughter, and masturbate. I'm just as confident that the humiliation of doing it is arousing Deborah. It definitely makes her feel as if she's not a person, just a toy. Toys don't have daughters. But it doesn't seem to bother Elisha. She seems to have accepted that she's just my property. My property, no longer Deborah's daughter, just my slave-girl.

It doesn't take long for the girls to start feeling the stimulation of it. I can hear them all breathing deep, measuring their breaths as they struggle to behave.

Deborah is the first to misbehave. I'd bet everyone expected her to be. There are certain disadvantages to being the new girl. She moans out, decently loudly, as her hips shudder.

It ears her an immediate, and firm, swat on her bottom with my crop. I loudly scold her in front of everyone for "acting like a whore." Beside Deborah, Elisha is already quivering as she stands. And Paige isn't far from it. Both of them are definitely well-aroused this morning.

Chapter 10: Final Release

I'm sure their pussies are aching.

Deborah earns the next swat of my crop as well. And she earns it in the same way. She flinches hard as the stroke sears a pink, crop-tip welt on her bottom. She grunts out a strained "OW!" too. But she doesn't stop masturbating.

She gets the third stroke, too. Then Elisha gets a stroke for a shudder of her hips. Then Deborah gets two more.

Like any other masturbation I'd allow, the girls will wait, touching themselves, for no less than five minutes before they get their relief. I don't see any reason to change up the normal rule.

Deborah makes it two minutes. And about six swats on her bottom that have some nice pink splotches on her globes. That's when I see her oily honey fall from her slit and drip onto my floor. *My floor!!!* That merits a stern punishment.

"You gutter slut!" I scold Deborah with plenty of scorn in my voice. A flick of my wrist sends the tip of my crop soaring through the air. It snaps, searing its pink welt squarely atop Deborah's lightly furred pubes.

"EE-OW!" Deborah squeals loudly, her body shirking back from the unexpected swat. "oh, OW!... OW!" she sobs out. Little tears well in the corners of her eyes.

"That's what you get for dripping your skank on my floor like some trashy gutter slut! Behave yourself. Behave your pussy, too, tramp!" I scold her, making sure the others hear.

Elisha, right beside Deborah, might be a novice, but even she knows that pussies have to be exceptionally wet to actually drip. And there's only one way to get them that hot. She grins lightly, I'm sure thinking of how much her mother is actually liking the chance she got to spend the day on her knees with her daughter.

Unfortunately for Deborah, the scolding has the effect I want it to have. Not the effect Deborah needs it to have. Her mound drips

another drop of honey to the floor. And that gets her another swat on her slutty pubes. Which gets a pained yelp from her, and gets those tears rolling.

By the five minute mark, Deborah's pubes are pretty much a solid pink. As are good portions of both of her cheeks. Her pink pubes are the result of my floor. There really isn't a puddle on it, but there are enough drops that they'd make a puddle. If they'd landed close together. Instead, they dot the space between her feet. Except for the single drop that came off her mound as her hips shuddered, earning her two strokes. That drop actually landed on her foot.

I tell Sophie, by far the best controlled of the girls, to cum. Sophie cries out a deep, throaty, "UM!" shudders violently, and climaxes. She manages to stay on her feet.

While Sophie is cumming, Deborah earns two more strokes.

Then it's Paige's turn to cum.

Elisha gets to cum third. She cums with her usual throaty deep cry and a hard shudder that almost takes her knees out from under her. Then she stands, on very wobbly legs, panting hard.

Finally, Deborah gets her turn to cum. She cums with a screamed "UH!... YES!" as her hips shudder violently hard from side to side. It's a powerful enough shudder that her hips bash against Elisha's and Paige's hips beside her. And it's enough of an orgasm to send several drops of honey raining down. It leaves her on even wobblier legs, panting hard and fast breaths that sound like sweet "Ooh!s"

I give them about half a minute. Then I reach out and grab hold of Deborah by one of her small, firm breasts. I pull her forward, turning her to face the line. I nudge her head down so that she can see the drops of her honey on my floor. "See what a skanky slut you are, tramp? You skanked all over my floor! Apologize to my slave Elisha. She's the one who is going to have to clean your skank off my floor." I say it in a mocking, taunting voice.

"Elisha, I'm very sorry for being such a complete slut and leaving

Chapter 10: Final Release

my filthy skank on the floor for you to clean up. I'm sorry..." She says in a very shamed voice.

And now, it's off to the shower. Sophie doesn't join them. The other three have to squeeze into the standard shower and share everything. Even a razor. And a toothbrush. They all have to very thoroughly wash themselves. Even assholes are to be scrubbed clean. And especially pussies.

Sophie's job is to inspect each girl as she comes out of the shower before she's allowed to dry off and ensure that every bit of her is spotless for me. Sophie is very diligent at it. She'd never disappoint me by missing something. Even if she wouldn't be spanked for it. She carefully stretches every wrinkle of Deborah's asshole, checking it so closely. And she spreads Deborah's pussy wide open to ensure everything has been completely "de-skanked."

And then, it's time for the girls to get dressed. After Sophie takes a quick, warm, and uncramped shower. Frank has brought another dress for Deborah to wear today. He's brought sexy black underwear to go with it. And more stockings with spiked-heeled shoes.

I'm meeting Frank at 8:00 at the cafe. I bring Sophie, Elisha, and Deborah, all on their leashes, into the cafe. It gets me a few looks from the random diners, but the regulars are used to me. I sit Elisha at one side of Frank, and Deborah at the other. I hand Deborah's leash to Frank. He takes it, and to Deborah's surprise, doesn't release her from it.

Pam comes over to take my order. I order, and I get Sophie and Elisha the same meal I get myself. Scrambled eggs, fruit, a muffin, and air-fried potatoes. It's kosher. Frank orders the big breakfast, fried eggs with bacon, hash browns, grits, and toast. Pam, well versed in D/s, ignores Deborah and asks Frank if he'd like "his slave" served anything. He orders a smaller version of it for Deborah. And tells me that he likes this little cafe with a wide smile on his face.

He mostly ignores Deborah through breakfast. Instead, he talks to Elisha, asking about her classes, her life, and especially her date this weekend. The gushing way Elisha tells him about the "incredible date

Georgia Girl

that Miss Rodgers arranged for me," tells us all that she loved it. Frank already knows about Chad. I told him who'd I picked for her to go out with, and why. He approved of my criteria.

Apparently Frank has a long conversation with Deborah later. I know because I get an email from him that night, politely thanking me for "slave-sitting tramp" for him. He tells me that Deborah almost cried as she told him how "utterly humiliating" her stay was. That I treated her like some common slut! As if she were "just some plastic doll to be passed around and shared like a Barbie!" And she sobbed as she told him that I didn't treat her any different from Elisha, or anyone else. I didn't even make any allowances because she was Elisha's mother. How the most humiliating thing I did was to make her masturbate in that line of girls, standing right beside Elisha. And making sure that the others all knew how her pussy was dripping like a gutter whore!

Before that, she'd considered being spanked in front of an entire party for not cheering loudly enough to have been the worst thing ever. Although, according to her, "having every bit of my butt lewdly examined to its very depths, while Elisha could see everything!" was a close second. Especially with the enema that lacked any modicum of privacy.

But she also asked Frank, very politely, if he might be able to arrange for her to be allowed to spend another day "beside Elisha." Supposedly to visit with Elisha. But she had a little twinkle in her eye that said that wasn't why. And, as Frank says, if that's what she wanted, she'd just ask if we could visit more.

I guess Deborah had fun, too. Absolutely hated it, while secretly loving it. I send him a picture of Deborah in her cheerleader outfit, which he says looks "adorable" on her. And which he says he will be using to remind her of the humiliation she endured. And to add the new humiliation of showing it off to some friends of his. Apparently, in Georgia, cheering for Alabama is humiliating in and of itself. Clearly, the entire state is insane. There's just no other explanation for it.