

A Lesson For A Bad Boy

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Prologue:

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

My name is Pepper Rodgers. I'm a 19-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

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advantages over my vibrator: one, it's very delicate and tender. Two, no matter how much I use it, its batteries never die at the worst possible moment! It's better than fresh bunny batteries, it just keeps going until I want it to stop. And I don't even have to hold it in place!

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

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

Sophie is my 19-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.

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

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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 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!

[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. Enjoy the story!]

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I talk to my mom several times a week. We've always been close, and it seems like my moving away for college did nothing to change that. Then again, I only moved to the next county. Luckily, for mom, I like being close to her.

So I know all about Barry, the new man she's been "dating" the last couple of weeks. I put dating in quotes because the relationship is moderately one-sided. He's... eager for a girlfriend. Mom is too much like me. She's only interested in the casual.

Mom is also dominant, just like me. Maybe that's where I learned it from. Who knows? What I do know is it's me. I'd never accept even an equal role in any kind of relationship beyond friends. I enjoy being the dominant way too much.

Mom keeps her toys in her little toybox, too. She never dates a toy. She never allows one to get even the idea that she's anything more than their Mistress. That their place in her world is anywhere but on their knees. She dates, but mostly for the companionship. She's had a few actual boyfriends over the years, all of whom have been so plainly vanilla! I guess that's what she wants in a boyfriend, vanilla. Maybe if she ever found one who interested her and didn't mind keeping his nose out of her toybox and that aspect of her life, she'd get serious.

I've never met Barry. But I know he's 48, a widower, and has a daughter two years younger than me. Or thereabout. What I really know is that Tegan, his daughter, was two years behind me in high school. And in high school, two years is about an eon. We didn't mix much. Never beyond school. So there was never any reason why I might meet her father. I have no idea where Barry met my mom. I make a mental note to ask mom next time we talk.

I know Barry has asked about me a few times. As if he wanted to meet me, but not in a creepy way. More like he's smart enough to know that his chances with mom are close to zero if I hate him. I know he chased after mom for a few weeks before she finally agreed to go out with

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him. And I know tonight is only their second "date." At least by my math. They've had coffee a couple of times, too, but I don't count that.

I'm only the tiniest bit surprised when I get a text from mom. One glance at my watch confirms that it was either the shortest date in history (definitely not an impossibility) or else it's the middle of their evening. Mom's not the type to text on a date, even one she isn't taking seriously. Her manners are too good for that. Of course, I read it right away. It could be a plea for a "rescue text/call!" It's not. It's a bit of a surprise for me.

"Pepper - We just finished the entrees. He's asked about you, tangentially, three times already. He's had his eye on some skank with huge boobs, maybe 25, too. So lame! Mentioned Paige. He hinted to invite him over while she's there. Uh, no. I think he's just too nervous to ask if I might do the things you do. Busy? Shall we teach this guy a lesson?"

I'm not surprised that mom suggested *we* teach this guy a lesson. Long ago, before I moved across the bay, we shared a few toys. Not in a kinky way, either. Neither of us believes in having sex with our toys at all, let alone with each other. That would be so gross in my book! But, since we share a taste for kinky games and whipping, we've shared before. After all, men have two cheeks. I can't think of a reason why both shouldn't be whipped at once!

And I'm not doing anything but goofing off tonight. I'm relaxing in front of the TV, music on and a cozy mystery in my hands. Sophie, my live-in slave-girl, is on her knees beside me, her hands currently serving as a coffee table. My cup of coffee is resting on her upturned palms. So no, I'm not busy. I text back "I M free. Boob-gawking on a date? Serious punishment! What do U have in mind?"

Mom texts back quickly. "Appropriate punishment for a horny toy being so naughty. A boy has to learn who is the alpha in my world. Now is as good of a time as any for that lesson. Your place, an hour?"

I send back my agreement. But I did notice one thing about her

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text. She wants to teach him who's boss? A toy would already know that. With her boyfriends, neither has really been boss. It's enough to make me wonder what mom might have in mind for this guy.

Then it hits me. Paige is my house-slave. It's a position... like a naked cleaning girl/servant/cook/whore. Right now, since I'm done with Paige for the evening, she's in her kennel in the other room. After all, bitches belong in kennels! But I have loaned Paige to mom countless times. There's no reason why mom should have to do her own housework when I have a house-slave she can borrow!

Come to think of it, mom has mentioned a few times that she's jealous of Paige. That she wouldn't mind a part-time house-slave of her own. It would have to be part-time for her. Mom is a foster parent. She has to be very careful about what those foster kids see. Even something that's legal, like simple nudity, could be enough for DHS to decide her home is the wholesome environment they want. This is the "old south." Anything kinky is so taboo. Well, in official channels that is. I have one preacher in my toybox who will spend every Sunday extolling "family values" from his pulpit despite having spent the last evening over my knees. That's about par for the course around here. Anything goes, as long as no one finds out about it, otherwise only medieval family values go. I wonder if mom might not be thinking Barry would make a fine house-slave.

An hour later my doorbell rings. I send Sophie to get it. Like always, I have Sophie dressed in one of her slave dresses. It's about all I ever have her wear around the house unless you count her birthday suit. Sophie is also a rather pretty, petite, 19-year-old blonde.

Her uniform tonight consists of an all-lace stretchy dress that starts at her breasts and hugs her body down to a full inch beneath the bottom curve of her behind. Its lace does nothing to really hide anything. And she doesn't have underwear to hide herself, either. The lace just makes you look harder to see her "goodies" through it. Along with the slutty

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dress she has matching fingerless gloves. Those are all-lace as well. And she has knee-high boots made of a stiff lace instead of leather. All of it in a matching hue of pink tonight.

"Oh, hello, Mrs. Rodgers!" Sophie squeals enthusiastically as she opens the door. "Come in! I know my Mistress will be so happy to see you!" Sophie would never allow anyone in without me telling her to first. Mom and my three BFFs are the exceptions. But only because I've told Sophie they may come and go as they please from here. They even have a key. Sophie doesn't even have a key. "Good evening, Sir." She greets Barry. He's with mom. That's all Sophie needs to know. And it's all she knows. I haven't told her anything about mom's date or that they were coming over. She's my slave, not my roommate!

Sophie ushers them in.

I hop to my feet and storm over to them. I ignore mom for a minute, stopping right in front of Barry. I glare at him hard. "Have you no respect or decency you dirty little pervert?" I greet him with a harsh tone.

He stutters, clearly expecting a more polite greeting. "I... uh... I'm--"

I slap his face hard enough that my tiny hand leaves a nice pink handprint on his cheek. "Bad boy!" I snap in the sternest of voices without actually raising my voice one bit. "When I ask a question, I expect a real answer. Now I asked if you were some kind of dirty little pervert. Are you?"

"No!" He insists.

I slap his other cheek, gifting him a matching handprint. Wouldn't it be just awful if his cheeks clashed? "Bad boy! Show some respect! You're in my home! Are you some kind of dirty little pervert, creep?"

"No... Ma'am." He says tentatively.

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"Now you're going to lie to me?" I scold him, "you'll regret that. Do I look stupid to you?"

"No, Ma'am."

"Then why do you assume that I don't know your twisted creepy little butt has been trying to meet me while you were pretending to date my mom?"

"I haven't-" He balks.

I slap him again, seeing him wince hard as he grunts from the sting of my hand. "Bad boy! Lying again! Clearly, you need to be taught a very good lesson." I scold him in a stern tone I've been playing with. I'm trying to imitate the tone of a librarian scolding an obnoxious miscreant. I think I've gotten it almost perfect. He must, as well. I see the shock sweep over his face as he draws back a fraction of an inch from me.

"There's only one thing naughty little boys really understand. You'll be spanked." His eyes widen as the look on his face turns to utterly horrified shock. He draws back another inch and starts to say something before deciding better of it. I just watch his jaw work as no sound comes out.

I have a desk in the corner of my living room. Normally I use it for studying. But I keep it ready for the occasional naughty imp as well. There's a hardwood stool, Amish-built, sitting beside it. And there's always a paddle atop it. What kind of a dominatrix doesn't have paddles hand just everywhere? I'd feel negligent.

Barry dressed up nicely for mom. He's wearing a decent-quality suit, complete with coat and tie. I grab hold of his belt by its buckle. "Come along, bad boy, and get your spanking!" I don't give him a chance to do, or even say anything. I pull. Hard. I might be tiny, but I've pushed enough people around (literally) to get decently strong. Even if it doesn't show. He notices. As I yank on his belt, he stumbles. Then he follows.

He stutters again. Before he actually says anything, I give a hard

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jerk on his belt. It makes him stumble again, and that shuts him up long enough for me to finish pulling him to the desk. Then again, it was only about five long strides away.

I don't ask. I don't even tell him anything. I grab his hips and shove him into place standing beside the stool. It puts him at the front of the desk, facing the stool. In three seconds I have the buckle of his belt unfastened, his pants unbuttoned, and his zipper down. Another second and his pants, along with his briefs, are halfway to his knees.

Barry blushes. He stutters "M...M-" He looks completely uncomfortable. He even starts to fidget.

I slap his face yet again, shutting him up before he says whatever is on his mind. I glare straight into his brown eyes with a hard look to my face. "Bad boy! When I want you to speak, I'll tell you what you want to say. I suggest you behave your naughty butt or it will end up even sorer."

I take a step back and glance down. Barry is about 5'1"- tall and I'd guess just short of 200 pounds. He has short gray-tinged black hair. Build wise, he's pretty average.

My eyes immediately notice the stiff cock. I'd guess it's about 5 ¼" long, just barely on the good side of average, and maybe, if I'm generous, an inch thick. At least it's circumcised. I hate it when men aren't. It's also sticking out straight, angled slightly upwards, and as hard as a rock.

I reach over to my desk, quickly grabbing a ruler off of it. I lightly swing the ruler down, landing its tip in the center of his stiffness. It's a very gentle strike. Even so, it knocks his cock down before it springs back up. It leaves only the faintest of little white-pink splotches on his shaft.

Barry overreacts, as most men do to anything involving their cock. He yelps a slightly squeaky "OW!" His hips wiggle side-to-side, wagging his cock as if trying to shake off the swat.

I turn my eyes back up to his. There's no hiding the nervousness that now sweeps over him. I reach out and grab hold of his balls, cradling

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them gently in my hand. I hold them just snugly enough for him to feel my hand all around his sensitive orbs, but not to where he'll feel me squeezing them. It's enough that he freezes in place as if he's afraid to move. "I knew it!" I blurt out with some disgust laced in my voice. "I knew you were a filthy little pervert! Why else, in God's name, would your dick be so hard when you know you're about to get your hide tanned? Yuck!"

"I didn't tell you you could get your dick hard, either. When I want that teensy little thing hard, I'll tell you. Until then, I expect you to behave yourself like a normal human. Now, make it floppy and if you know what's good for you, you'll keep it floppy. It's not like it could get any smaller!"

I tap my foot three times. Then I swat the top of his cock with my ruler again. He yelps. This time, with his balls still in my grip, his hips stay still. "Floppy cock, now, pervert!"

I tap my foot three more times, counting off about as many seconds. I tap his cock and scold him again. It takes five more little swats on his hard shaft. But then I feel it soften enough that instead of sticking out, it lies down atop the fingers holding his balls. His shaft still feels swollen, partly stiff, on my hand. But definitely going soft. And not stiff enough to be hard and straight anymore.

"That's a good little boy!" I squeal, lacing some feigned approval and excitement into my voice. I've found that the aura I project is by far the most important part of dominating another. And my voice is a huge part of that, along with the way I carry myself. It wordlessly conveys to them my approval and disapproval and more importantly makes me appear as an authority figure: someone who simply must be obeyed. Then basic instinct kicks in and urges them to please me. "See, you can behave! You don't have to act like the repulsive pervert you are!" I giggle. Time for him to feel my scorn, to know I'm ridiculing for his sexual appetites. To let him think I and the rest of humanity disapprove of them.

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That he'll only be accepted, appetites and all, if he's a good boy.

"Now I'll spank you!" I say with some excitement in my voice. "You *will* behave for your spanking. Be a big boy, not a creepy little freak!" I hook a foot behind his knee and pull it out from under him. As he drops down to his knees, I drop to sit on the stool. I let go of his balls, quickly moving up to grab his belt. In a single, sharp motion, I pull the belt free of its loops and bring it up in front of his eyes. Just as quickly I double it over in my hand.

I grab Barry's shoulder and pull him forward. I pull him all the way up until my thigh is against his, just below his dangling balls. Then I push him down, bending him over my thigh and lying him over my knees. I spread my thighs, putting my left one across his chest somewhere around his nipples.

Barry squirms. His hands flail around for a second, finally grabbing hold of the stool's legs. His head hangs limp, his eyes on the floor.

I take the belt and touch it's wide leather to his hairy and bare cheeks. I start to lift the belt. "Wait!" Mom squeals urgently. On my knees, Barry suddenly relaxes, thinking that mom is going to save him. I'll bet he's thinking this was just some sort of girl-test we'd devised. Men think like that: silly. "I want to get a video of this!" mom goes on. Barry tenses right back up. And now, his hips fidget a little atop my narrow thigh. I wait. Mom gets out her phone and aims it right at us. I know her well enough that I don't doubt she's framing it so I'm not in the image from my shoulders up. She knows I'd never let my face be in a video that wasn't mine. "Okay." mom says excitedly, "whip the weirdo."

I swing the belt hard. Not quite as hard as I could, instead maybe about three-quarters strength. It's still enough that the belt lands on his bottom with a splitting loud crack. It sears a nice red stripe across those white globes, too. "Liar!" I scold him harshly.

"UH!" Barry grunts hard. He pants a fast breath as I lift the belt off

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his cheeks, raising it up for another stroke. Barry's hips squirm, almost wildly for a second, then slowing down, as he tries to wiggle away the sting of his belt. I hope it hasn't escaped him that I'm whipping him with his own belt.

"Liar!" I scold again as the belt sears another welt line across his cheeks.

"OW!" Barry squeals, his voice taking on a slight girliness to it. He tenses up to steel. He pants a few breaths as his hips squirm again. After a second I feel the tension in his muscles start to ebb as the sting of the leather settles in.

I can feel his cock, too. The way I have him over my thigh, his shaft is pinned between my leg and his pubes. It squishes the shaft with all his weight. As he squirms, his body grinds against the shaft. And grinds the shaft against my leg. I can feel the hardness. It swelled back to full hardness with the first stroke. I just haven't let him know I could feel. There's no reason to.

I swat his bottom again, landing this stroke just as powerfully as the first two. "Pants on fire!" I scold him. This even I was wearing my everyday clothes. The same things I wear on campus. I have low-cut, faded jeans that are tight on my bottom (the 75% of it they cover that is) and way loose at my ankles. Over that I have a thin, pastel green, cotton stretchy top on. It covers me from my ample breasts down to my navel. And it's tight on me, almost painted on. It has spaghetti straps on my shoulders, and it shows tiny slivers of my lacy green bra under it. I have a loose-fitting, short-sleeved, and very frilly cotton blouse over it that covers me down to the tops of my jeans. That's white. I'm wearing it open in the front so it offers plenty of glimpses of my bare skin. Just not the skin he wants to see. I have this wide, soft leather belt loosely buckled around my jeans. That's white to match my top. In short, I look like a schoolgirl. College is a school, right? So I am a schoolgirl! More usefully, to Barry, I must remind him of his daughter. She is only two years younger than me.

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I doubt he really notices the slight difference in appearance from those two years. To him, I must look like a schoolgirl just like Tegan. Maybe even one of Tegan's friends. At least I hope. That's far more humiliating, to be spanked by someone so much younger. Someone who should be in an inferior position, only now isn't.

Barry squeals a louder "UH-OW!" and pants hard with the stroke. I've placed the three strokes side by side. Now, most of his white cheeks glow a bright, fiery red. Oh, that has got to sting!

I grab hold of Barry's forehead. I push his head up, tilting it back at first. Quickly he follows his head and I push him up onto his knees beside me. On his face, I can see a slight tinge of the pain, but most a giant relief that the spanking is over. While he might be deluding himself, he's not fooling me. He liked it. Otherwise, he wouldn't have laid there for it.

I can also now see his cock. As I knew it would be, it's sticking up straight and hard, back at full attention. I move fast to reach down and grab hold of his cock. I squeeze it snug in my hand, just a little more snugly than he'd like. Now his face shows nothing but complete shock. As if he didn't expect I'd so openly touch his cock. I stand up. My short arms leave him no choice but to follow me up to my feet.

"Bad boy!" I snap sternly. "I warned you to behave. But no, you're disgusting little perverted butt can't even stop thinking freaky thoughts while you're being spanked!"

I've moved fast. As I was staring into Barry's eyes as I scolded him, he watched my face. He didn't see what my free hand was doing. I release his stiff cock. A fraction of a second later the ruler swats down atop the length of his hardness. This time, I swat him just a bit harder.

Barry yelps. His face scrunches up, too.

I keep flicking my wrist, landing uncounted swats of the thin wood slat along his length. Each one knocking his cock down about an inch before it springs back up just in time for the next swat. "Pervert!" I scold

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with every bit of disgust I can muster in my voice. "For God's sake, you're dating my mother! And you are so totally old enough to be my father! And here your freaky little twisted mind is having naughty thoughts about me! While I spank you bad butt like I'd spank a toddler!"

His cock, still as stiff as ever, starts to turn a light shade of pink from the constant strokes of the ruler. Barry winces hard with each. And now, tiny tears start to well in the corners of his scrunched eyes.

"Get your sick mind off my boobs! It's not like I'd ever let a freak like you anywhere near them! They're reserved for real men. With real cocks, not that tiny little finger you're calling a dick! If you're so twisted you just can't control yourself, you should be thinking about my mom, not me! She's your date! Freak!"

His cock starts gradually softening. I stop spanking it and stand there, openly staring down at it as the shaft slowly limpens and its tip starts drooping down. "This is my realm, and there's only one queen here. Me! In my Queendom, little boys mind their manners and behave their horny little butts. I don't care if you're horny. You'll be a good little peasant boy. Good little boys don't run around with their tiny cocks all hard. Good little boys save those cocks for their Queen's pleasure, no matter how frustrating that might be. Bad little boys allow their filthy little urges to stand out - along with their cocks. I didn't tell you I wanted that thing hard. So it will not be hard. You *will* behave in my realm."

I look up, staring into his eyes. "I told you that you were to be a good boy for your spanking." I grin evilly. "You misbehaved, trying to hump my leg like some deranged dog!." I nudge the back of his knees again, dropping him back down to his knees. "We'll just have to spank you again! Maybe this time you'll decide to behave!"

In a second I'm sitting on the stool and pulling Barry over my knees again. He squirms hard. I put the leather of the belt back to his bottom. A bottom that's still red from the last spanking.

I swat his bottom again with his belt, landing the blow just as

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powerfully as the last time even though his bottom is already red and stinging from that spanking.

Barry yelps loudly. He pants a couple of fast breaths, too. His hips squirm again. That's what I'm waiting for. With his pubes grinding his cock against my leg, I doubt he'll notice me as I move my thigh. I use it, my denim against the naked flesh of the unwhipped underside of his cock, to stroke his cock a couple of times. As much as I can manage while his hips are in full-squirm mode. His cock springs back to full hardness so fast I know the extra little tease wasn't necessary.

I swat his bottom again. He yelps with no small note of pain in his voice. I ignore that. Boys have to learn to obey their Mistresses. I think it's some kind of natural law! I swat him again.

This time when I push him up to his knees, I see a few tears rolling down his cheeks. And I see the pain on his face. That's no surprise. These three strokes have deepened his bottom to a nice cherry red. No doubt that stings far worse than sitting on a million needles! Of course, I see his stiff cock, jutting out from the dense black curls of his pubes. I knew I'd see that. I was going to make certain of it.

I grab it again and pull him up to his feet. Unlike Barry's bottom, his cock has only the faintest pinkness remaining on it. It's way too early for me to want that too pained. I scold him again, berating him as thoroughly as I can until his cock has gone completely soft.

It's also got a light-to-medium pinkness to the top of it from my ruler. It's shriveled up to about half it's erect sized: about 2 ½" long and ½" thick as it hangs loose and limp. Its tip points almost straight down at the floor. And Barry has a tortured look on his face.

Barry cringes hard and shirks back from me as I tell him that he's going to be spanked yet again. Maybe now he's figured out what I meant. That he'll be spanked over and over again until he behaves for it.

Barry doesn't do any better this time. I don't cheat, either. His cock

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gets hard all on his own. This time, it's the hardest I've ever seen it, too. Despite the pinkness to his shaft, its purple head is swollen up so fat it looks like a balloon ready to burst. As I grab his cock, I feel the extra stiffness in it, too.

It takes him one more scolding, and one more spanking that has his bottom glowing a bright, deep, and very angry shade of red. And that leaves Barry in light tears from the sharp fiery sting in those globes. That's four spankings, a dozen strokes. When I put him to his knees, his cock is only about half, maybe closer to two-thirds, hard. It's swollen up to its full size, but with less stiffness to it. Just flaccid enough that it's head angles down halfway to the floor instead of sticking straight out at me. Obviously, it's eager to strain back to full hardness.

I stand there silent for a moment. Just as silently I see Barry mouthing words. I focus on his lips, trying to guess what he's saying. After a few seconds, I figure out what he's mutely mumbling to himself. "Limp dick. Limp dick. I am not a pervert!" I hold my laugh in.

There's just enough room between Barry and my desk for me to pace a tight circle around him as he stands there mumbling to himself. "Ooh..." I coo tauntingly as I circle around his backside, "that bottom is really red!"

Barry is still mumbling to himself as I return to standing in front of him. I'm 5' 1 3/4" tall. As I stand in front of Barry, my shortness puts my eyes staring at the tops of his shoulders. I rise up onto my toes. I tilt my head back a tiny bit so I'm looking upward. Then I reach up and take a firm hold of his jaw. He doesn't resist as I turn his head down so that I'm staring right into his moist eyes. He even opens them.

"Shh..." I coo softly to Barry. "I know your bottom hurts, but I had to punish you. It's for your own good, little boy. You know better than to lie, don't you?"

"Y-Yes, Ma'am." Barry stutters out, his voice shamed to near muteness. "I'm sorry for being bad, Ma'am."

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"That's my good little boy!" I add some sweet approval to my voice. "Just remember never to lie. I know you're ashamed of yourself. Anyone having such freaky perverted thought would be. But it's okay... just as long as you don't lie about it! It doesn't matter how embarrassing it is, the truth is always better. And you don't want to be spanked again, do you? Now, will you be good for me and tell me the truth?"

"Y-Yes, Mo-" Barry answers again with pure shame in his voice. He starts to say something else. It sounds like "mm-ah" to me, then quickly catches himself and finished with an urgently blurted, and louder, firmer, "am!" "Mo'am?" it takes a half-second for me to decode it. He started to say "Mom," or maybe "Ma'am," caught himself and tried to make it sound like "Ma'am!"

In that instant, everything clicks for me. I see the look of recognition on my mom's face, too, out of the corner of my eye. I know she's caught it too. Barry is 48. the math tells me that his childhood would have been in the '70s, his high school/teen years in the '80s. Back when it wasn't that unusual for a mother to be at home raising her children. Clearly, he was raised by a powerful woman who disciplined him strictly. Then he grew up. I assume that his wife was rather vanilla. I never heard any rumors about her, and the way our rumor mill ran at warp speed, if there was a hint of anything, we all would have heard it. As a vanilla, I'd bet she never had the slightest suspicion about Barry's secret desires.

I let it go for now, but it tells me I'm on the right track with Barry. I nudge his head down a little more. He turns his eyes up so he's still looking at my eyes. "Do you like my breasts, Barry?"

He shirks inward a hair before quietly confessing "yes, Ma'am."

I smile at him. "Look at them." I keep my voice soft and sweet but lace enough firmness into it for him to I'm not asking.

Barry hesitates a second. Then he cautiously shifts his glance down to my chest. From his height, he has to be looking straight down the deep

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cleavage of my 32-D's. With my immodest top, from that angle, he should be able to see all the way through the V. He should be able to see that my bra, pastel green with white lace trim is just as immodest, decorating my pert mounds with only a band of lace along the bottom of my breasts. In front, it angles up to cover me, but the inner shirt won't show that. He quickly averts his eyes back up. "I said look, Barry. Take a good look, Barry. Now." His eyes eagerly shift back down.

I count off about ten seconds in my head. I take hold of his cock in my hand, feeling it straining to redefine hardness to new heights. It's like a steel pipe covered with a loose, and very thin, layer of skin. I use my hand to stroke his cock, one, slowly, sweetly with my grip loose. I feel him quiver at my touch.

"You must really like my boobs, Barry. You're being a bad boy again!" I give his cock another tender little stroke. "Obviously you've forgotten so much of what your Ma'am taught you about being good for the ladies. But it's okay... we'll help you remember..."

I smile sweetly at him as I give his cock two more strokes. Then I stop and squeeze it gently in my hand. Barry still gazes at my cleavage. "Do you like my mom?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Barry's voice is shamed and soft, but also firm and without hesitation.

"Is she pretty?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Barry answers instantly and even more certainly, "Diane is beautiful, Ma'am!"

"Ms. Rodgers to you. Little boys have to be respectful of their betters, don't they?"

"Yes, Ma'am. I'm sorry, Ma'am!" Barry's voice is still muted but now firm. A firmness that tells me he believes his answers.

"Mmm... She'd be a good girlfriend, wouldn't she? Beautiful,

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sweet, kind, smart, and at the same time firm with her little boy. Just like your Ma'am was. You'd be so happy, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Barry's voice loses some of its muteness, but none of its firmness. For the first time, I hear the tinges of hope in his voice as well.

"Oh, yes. She'd make you behave, wouldn't she? But we wouldn't be much in the way of real women if we overlooked your boob-gawking on your date. That was very disrespectful of you. We can't let you get away with that.

"Here's what's going to happen. First, you owe Her a very honest and heartfelt apology. You will go give it to her. You will not be shy or modest. Apologize honestly and shamelessly to Her. Then *we* will have to teach you your lesson about being bad and disrespecting your date. Go apologize to Her."

"Yes, Ma'am," Barry says his voice now pure shame. I release his cock and watch as it throbs lightly. He goes over and stands in front of mom.

"Ms. Rodgers... I am so sorry for being a bad boy and ruining the nice evening I promised you, Ma'am."

My mom is really good at the "pissed mom" look. Then again, I gave her 18 years to practice it, so the credit should be mine! She stands there, her arms crossed over her chest. She taps her foot. She stares at him with "the look" on her face. Her face slightly scrunched up, her eyes cold and fixed. And utterly silent.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Rodgers!" Barry blurts out. A light sobbing, and a lot of shame creeps into his voice. "It's been five years since Kate passed... and I haven't... dated much... I... uh... I... don't really even know how to act on a date anymore, Ms. Rodgers. Please forgive me, Ma'am. You're so beautiful and smart and kind, please, Ma'am, please give me another chance. I'm so sorry!" Barry begs.

I've always been a sucker for a good begging. Mom is too. I think I

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inherited it from her. She sighs deep and hard, making sure Barry hears her. After a half seconds, she goes on, her voice more resigned than anything else. "Fine. You may have one more chance to behave your eager little butt. Now stop thinking with your little head and be a good little boy for me. I like it when you're a good little boy." Mom shifts to the tone of voice she uses with the younger children.

Barry perks up. Even though he's standing in front of her with his pants and underwear around his ankles. That can't make it easy to feel much beside embarrassment.

"Go ask Miss Rodgers for the lesson you need now, my little boy."

"Yes, Ma'am," Barry says, his voice hushed and resigned. He shuffles over to me, not daring to pull up his pants. He stands in front of me, his head hanging down shamefully. "Miss Rodgers, I'm sorry for being a bad boy, Ma'am. I know I need to learn my lesson. Will you please teach it to me, Ma'am?"

I gently pinch the very tip of his cock with two of my fingers. This close to the tip, there's no real hardness to it, just soft – and very nerve-laden, purple cock head. I roll the spongy flesh slowly between my fingers.

Barry moans softly, trying hard to mute himself.

"Not with your little wee-wee so hard. What did I tell you? You have to have my permission *before* you get a little stiffie down here. We'll wait until you can behave." I release his cock.

Barry breathes out a light sigh. Then he stands there. After a few seconds, he closes his eyes. I quickly scold him for closing them without permission. A few seconds later he lifts his head so he's no longer staring down at his erection. I scold him for that, too. He looks back down. And we stand there longer, his cock jutting out so eagerly.

It takes several minutes before his cock is finally back to its full floppiness. I tell him that now he's a good boy. I point to the stool.

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"Strip," I tell him matter-of-factly. "Put your clothes in a very neat pile on my stool." I step back so I can see all of him. Mom comes over and stands beside me. We both glare at Barry.

Barry doesn't hesitate. He starts with his shoes. His pants and underwear come off next. He folds them, not exactly neatly, but decently, and makes a pile. Then come his socks. His coat. His tie. His shirt is last. It leaves him standing there fully naked.

I take hold of a big nest of his curly black pubes just above his cock. "Come along." He doesn't hesitate to follow his short hairs, either. I lead him into the playroom. Mom and Sophie follow close behind.

I point him to the rack. "Get up there, on your hands and knees, across it, not the long way." The look on my face tells him I'm not the most patient girl in the world.

With a slight but visible nervousness to him, Barry climbs up on the rack. It's a replica of a medieval torture rack that I saw in some textbook. The Spanish Inquisition used it. Or something kind of close to it. I've always wondered how accurate those pictures were! It's about 10 feet long and four feet across. Its top is made of unsanded 2x12s.

Barry kneels on it. As soon as he's on his hands and knees, his head turns back so his edgy eyes can watch us. "No. Look forward," I say firmly. Barry's head snaps back around and he stares down at the floor.

I don't bother to instruct him into position. I figure this has to be new to him. Instead, I take hold of his ankle with a firm grip and move it to where I want it. I spread his knees as far as they'll go. I put his feet the same width apart, only hanging off the edge of the table. I straighten his back out so that it's flat with the rack. Then I move his hands up and forward equal amounts until his elbows are locked straight. I pick his head up so he's looking forward at the wall instead of the floor.

We don't have a script or anything for this. Not even a plan beyond "teach him who is boss." It's been a while, maybe seven or eight months

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since mom and I have played together, too. But in my "youth," as I refer to the days before I got my own apartment (OK it was a gift from mom), we played together often. Naturally, we never touched each other. And neither of us had sex with the other present. Not that we'd be with a toy anyhow. Despite the time, we so easily fall back into a comfortable rhythm with each other. As if we can read each other's minds. We must think so alike!

Mom walks around to stand in front of Barry. With Barry on all fours atop the rack, it puts his face staring at her stomach just above her navel. She dressed nicely for the evening as well, wearing a satin evening gown that's backless with a deep V-slit in the front.

I move around behind Barry. It gives me my favorite view of a naked man. His cheeks are somewhat taut, covered with a light fur of black hairs that thickens once it flows down over his thighs. His bottom isn't exactly youthful or hard, but it's not flabby or loose either. True, its skin isn't as elastic as it once was, but the muscles under it are still strong.

But that's not why I like this view. His knees are wide apart. IN the center of that inverted V, his cock and balls hang down, dangling freely in the air, touching nothing. A moderately dense black fur coats the underside of his balls, thickening as it rises up between his cheeks. Barry has a pair of fairly large balls, too, hanging down in an equally large sack. To me, it almost looks like two little eggs dangling in the foot of a stocking. From the rear, they in front of his cock. And they block my view of most of his shaft. All but about $\frac{3}{4}$ of its head. That's how much of his cock peeks its purple head out.

Mom kneels down to put her eyes even with Barry's. She looks him right in those eyes. "I thought you liked me!" mom chides him in a sweet voice.

"I do, Ms. Rodgers!" Barry answers firmly.

Mom uses the backs of a couple of fingers to affectionately stroke Barry's cheek. "Oh... then I'm not pretty enough?" she asks.

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"You are, Ma'am, you're beautiful!" There's no way Barry could have said anything else. Mom is pretty. At 5'8" she's taller than me, but then again who isn't taller than me? She's lean. She has shoulder-length frizzy blond hair and brilliant blue eyes above a wide smile. Sure, her breasts aren't as big as mine – she's only a B cup – but they're firm, pert and shapely. She's 45, but she could easily pass for a decade younger. What's not to like?

"Hmm..." Mom coos softly, "then it must be my boobs you don't like. Aren't they big enough for you? Is that it?"

"No, Ma'am!" Barry insists, "You're perfect, Ma'am!"

"If I'm so perfect... why were you being naughty and staring at that other woman's boobs?" Mom lets a trace of firmness into her voice, enough for Barry to know she's serious.

"I don't know..." Barry sounds just like a little kid caught with his hand in the cookie jar when he answers.

"Bad boy!" Mom snaps sternly. At the same instant, I swat his bottom with my crop. While mom has been teasing him, his cock has steadily been poking its head down more and more. I wasn't stiff yet, but it was definitely well on its way there.

My crop lands square in the center of one of his cheeks. Barry squeals a rather girly "OW!" with a little sob to it. He entire purple head of his cock is hanging down below his balls. A second later I can see a swath of the white skin of his shaft under his sack as well. It looks like that cock is swelling wider and stiffer as it lengthens.

"Don't you dare give me that crap!" mom scolds him, "you *will* give me a real answer. Try again." She stops caressing his cheek, instead holding his jaw firmly as she glares at him.

I watch his cock as it steadily stiffens.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Rodgers... I don't know why! I just... wanted to

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look." Barry sobs mutely.

I grab hold of his cock, my hand pushing his balls to the side. It's as hard as steel. "Bad boy!" I use my bully-girl voice. "I warned you about behaving in my realm! I didn't give you permission for a hard dick."

"He is just way too horny, isn't he?" Mom laughs lightly. Her voice firms up. "Barry... just how long has it been since a woman was nice to you?"

"I... haven't been with a woman... since Katie, Ms. Rodgers..." Barry admits in the shiest voice I've heard from him yet. As he does, I see his cock twitch slightly a few times.

"Oh!" mom gasps out, "he must be so horny after all that time!" She grins.

"One way to find out just how neglected that stunted cock is, isn't there, mom?" I giggle. I hold my hand up wiggling my fingers. Sophie catches it and hurries to get one of my lime green latex gloves. I hold my hand fairly steady for Sophie as she pulls the glove on it for me. Then she adds a tiny little drop of lubricating jelly to the tip of my first finger.

With one hand I spread his cheeks, feeling the firmness of his muscles. I wouldn't call them hard, but they're not soft either. It bares his dark purple-brown asshole for me. His isn't the tiny, tight, little pinpoint funnel I often see on women. It's still tight, only more like a line about ¼" long where two cliffs of dark wrinkles butt against each other. Moving outward, the deep hue of his flesh quickly fades to the whiteness of his globes. There's a narrow ring of silky smooth flesh around the edge of his hole, where the wrinkles being smoothing out, and then there's a dense ring of fine hairs around it.

I put the slippery tip of my lubricated finger squarely atop his ring. I press very gently, preferring to draw this out as much as I can. I leave my finger still. Barry's asshole clenches even tighter. That muscle now

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feels hard. Maybe even almost as hard as his cock.

"Barry..." mom coos in a very honeyed and equally firm voice, "you are going to be a very good boy while we find out for ourselves just what's going on with that little cock. You will stay very still. Be a big boy for me, Barry."

I press a little firmer against his tightly resisting muscle. Barry flinches but quickly relaxes when all he feels I still haven't entered him. I love butts. They are the one place most people least want someone else to play with. That makes them the one place I love to poke. Even more so, I love making toys help me violate their bottoms, knowing they find it uncomfortable and would prefer I didn't. Of course, they actually prefer I do. Toys just get so aroused by the feeling of submitting to something their vanilla self hates! And men are even more arousing to me – they are such babies about their butts!

I press a little more. Barry's ring strains to it's tensest. It lasts a fraction of a second before my finger wins. His muscle surrenders. My narrow finger stretches it and slips through. His muscle clenches tightly around my finger, snuggling me, as my slickened finger slips deeper into his bottom. Barry grunts hard. His body stiffens, but he stays in place. I slide all of my finger into him, stopping only when the web of my finger is against the outside of his hole.

Mom stays in front of him, her hand now gently cradling the bottom of his jaw to steady his head. She watches him, staring into his eyes and face. I wish I could see it! I just know his face is scrunching up.

I curl my finger up inside Barry. As he feels it moving he grunts a very hard "UH!" I grin and almost giggle. Mom softly warns him to behave, and keep his eyes open and on her.

Now that my finger is curled up to put its tip beside the still-tensed muscle of his asshole, I use it to gently massage him. Quickly I feel the hard gland of his prostate. I keep my finger there and massage it lightly.

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Barry pants light grunts. As he does his cock twitches hard, jumping around eagerly behind his dangling balls. I grin, telling mom what she needs to know.

"Barry... You've been playing with your naughty little dick, haven't you?" mom asks him a sweet voice.

"Barry cringes hard. I feel his asshole tenses for a fraction of a second around my finger. I can see the wave of tension flow over his body as he stiffens, then relaxes. He hesitates a couple of seconds before answering in a very shamed and muted voice, "yes, Ma'am."

Mom makes an educated guess about Barry's psyche. "You know how naughty that is! Didn't your Ma'am teach you that you can't be abusing yourself like that? Only bad little boys play with their pee-pees!"

Barry blushes a deep beet red. "Yes, Ma'am."

"Yes, Ma'am, what Barry?"

"Yes, Ma'am... Ma'am taught me not to play with myself, Ma'am."

"But you have been anyway."

"Yes, Ma'am... I've been playing with myself."

I use three fingers on my free hand to stroke very lightly over his balls. It makes his cock jump hard with a sharp twitch. That makes me stroke them several more times, my fingertip still massaging his prostate. Finally, Barry loses control of himself and purrs a soft, sweet moan. I stop. "Well, you haven't been doing a very good job of taking care of that teensy little pecker!" I scold him in my bully-girl voice, adding a slight giggle to it. "These balls are just so swollen with backed up cum!" I don't even know if balls actually swell up. I certainly can't feel any difference in anyone's. And I have no frame of reference for Barry's.

But Barry believes it. "I'm sorry, Miss Rodgers..."

"Enough!" Mom cuts him off. "It's bad enough your been doing

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disgusting pervert things to yourself!" Mom sighs hard, "Orgasms are rewards for very good little boys. They have to be earned. Earned by good little boys through total devotion to their betters – women. Would you like to try and earn an orgasm, Barry?"

"Oh, yes, Ms. Rodgers, please, Ms. Rodgers!" Barry squeals excitedly as he blushes deeper.

"Before I'd consider allowing you to serve me, you'll have to make it up to me for being so disrespectful this evening. Would you like me to give you a chance to make it up to me and show me you can be a good boy?"

"Yes, Ms. Rodgers! May I please have a chance to make it up to you, Ma'am? Please, Ma'am! I can be a good boy!"

The tip of cock begins to glisten slightly as his cock dances around with its twitches. Seeing that first little droplet of his cum clinging to the purple head of that cock, I'm pretty confident we could make him cum like this. Without even touching his cock. Clearly, we've hit on exactly what arouses Barry.

"What do you think?" Mom asks, looking up at me.

"Waste of time." I say with a little disgust in my voice, "no way this naughty brat will ever behave long enough to even begin making up for such disrespect. I say we just break out the electric condom and properly punish his insolence. If some guy treated me so badly, I wouldn't have stayed at the restaurant much less give him a chance to make up for it! More like banish him from life for eternity!" I sigh again, heavily. "But if you want... It would take forever to make up for that, though!"

Mom releases Barry's head, leaving him to hold it up on his own. "Well, before I can do that, there is one thing we have to do. Barry, you *will* stay very still and quiet. Be a good boy now." Mom turns to Sophie. "Slave, fetch this boy's phone for me."



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"Yes, Ma'am," Sophie replies instantly. Mom is the only one I'd ever allow to order Sophie around. And Sophie knows that I expect her to obey my mom. I doubt Sophie is even thinking about what mom might do to punish her if she fails to please her. She knows I'd be so disappointed in her there wouldn't be much left of her for mom to punish after I got through with her.

For about half a minute we stand in silence waiting. Mom just waits, watching Barry to ensure he behaves while looking like she's doing anything but. I continue massaging Barry's prostate. Barry purrs mutely, trying hard not to.

Sophie returns. She drops to her knees in front of mom. Sophie kneels humbly, her knees and feet wide apart. She sits back to put her bottom over her heels. She looks straight ahead, her back up straight. She holds her hands out about six inches in front of her chest, even with her nipples, her palms upturned to make a little table. Barry's phone rests atop Sophie's palms. "Here is the naughty little boy's phone, Ma'am." Sophie offers sweetly. Sophie rises up off her heels, lifting the offered phone as her body rises up. It saves mom from having to bend to reach it.

Mom takes it. It's one of the newer ones with most of the fancy stuff on it. Like a fingerprint reader to unlock it. Mom doesn't bother asking him the PIN or asking him anything. She lifts one of his fingers up from the table and puts its pad to the reader. The screen comes to life. She drops his finger.

Mom turns the screen so Barry can see it. Now I can, too, even though I have a very good guess what mom is doing anyway. While Barry stares nervously at the screen of his phone, all those speed dial tiles glowing in front of him, mom very slowly, very casually, takes her finger and taps the one for Tegan. Then she taps the speakerphone. I grin. Sophie grins from ear to ear.

I feel the nervous quivers rack Barry. He looks as if he's ready to cry. He blushes deeper.

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Tegan answers. "What dad?"

Before Barry can say anything, mom speaks up. "Hi Tegan, it's Diane Rodgers. I was wondering..."

I can't help myself. There are just so many ways to make Barry pay dearly for not properly worshiping the Goddess he wishes as his Mistress! I still have one hand tied up, my fingertip teasing his prostate from inside. Which leaves me one hand free. I reach between his thighs and wrap my fingers lightly around his cock. It's as hard as steel. I slowly stroke my hand up and down his cock, my grip so loose that his cock slides through without the loose skin over his hardness dragging.

Barry stiffens up to steely hardness instantly. A hard trembling sweeps his muscles. I can see his jaw muscles strain as his teeth clench tightly. His cock twitches sharply in my hand.

"I was wondering..." mom goes on to Tegan, "if you'd mind if I borrowed your dad for a little while. I know you were expecting him home, but if it's alright with you, I'd like to keep him until... say tomorrow? Would you mind?"

I hear Tegan giggle. "Finally!" She squeals. "He was so nervous about your date. I told him! I guess it went well..." She says, her voice turning sly. She giggles again.

Barry shirks as Tegan spills his secret. He tenses harder, trying desperately to control himself lest Tegan hears something humiliating on the phone. He doesn't dare speak.

"Well, I wanted to ask. He's so worried about you being alone all night..."

"Please!" Tegan blurts out, "I'm seventeen!" She adds firmly and insistently as if that should settle everything. Then the sly voice is back. "You two have fun." her voice changes again to a scheming tone, "tell dad I'll be fine!" I suspect Tegan is already forgetting her curfew. Then the girly-sly tone is back "tell dad I said to treat you like a lady." Tegan

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giggles again and hangs up.

As soon as the call disconnects, Barry moans out a deep, loud, and very urgent moan. I release his cock. I giggle. Mom returns his phone to Sophie who puts it back wherever she found it. After a second I slowly pull my finger from Barry's bottom. He breathes a sigh of relief. Then he squirms as if he's really eager for more of it. Men!

I have Barry get off the rack and stand facing me with his hands behind his back. I stand so that Barry's back is to mom and the massage table behind her. I just point to Sophie and the table, and Sophie hurries to get out the warmer and fill it with massage oil. Mom smiles. She must have had the same thought I did. Then again, I know how much she loves a good massage.

"There you go again!" I scold Barry in my most condescending voice. "I told you about running around my realm with that teensy cock stiff!" I hold out my hand. Sophie puts the ruler in it. I put my other hand under his cock, letting the hard shaft rest atop my palm. Then I swat the ruler down atop his cock. The swat isn't any harder than before, but now my hand beneath his cock is unyielding.

Barry yelps out a squealy cry and shudders. I start tapping my foot. I hope he recognizes the foot-tapping as my counting down until his next swat. And that he'll keep getting swatted until his cock is soft.

I continue scolding him. "There's no way I'll allow you to make anything up to your Lady with that thing hard! I know what kind of freaky pervert thoughts are running through your twisted little head. You're thinking about that cock, sick-o! As if a real Lady like Lady Rodgers would ever entertain a thought so disgusting as letting this little thing touch her! Never, and more never while it's so perverted and out of control! Stop thinking about Lady Rodgers' like she's some gutter skank who wouldn't be sickened by touching you. You should be thinking only of making up for your creepiness tonight. You should be thinking about how you are going to behave while you selflessly serve your Lady,

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offering her unrequited endless pleasure to prove your obedience and devotion."

As I scold him, I keep tapping my foot and swatting his cock like clockwork with every third tap. Barry keeps yelping. His cock keeps getting pinker. After a couple of long minutes, it finally surrenders and starts getting soft. I ignore it, swatting away until it's fully shriveled up. Then I release his cock.

I take hold of his balls in my hand. I feel him shiver slightly as I cradle them softly. I keep them there. "Slave, undress Lady Rodgers."

Sophie hurries back to mom. I know mom won't mind one bit. She'd never let a toy strip her. She'd never let a toy see her naked. I wouldn't either, and she knows it. Sophie, however, as my slave is allowed much more than a mere toy would be. And I know mom doesn't have any issues with allowing Sophie to serve her.

It only takes Sophie a few seconds to slip the dress off mom's shoulders. While Sophie isn't trying to do anything with her, she doesn't shy from letting her hands glide along mom's body either. Nor does mom object to the fleeting caress of Sophie's ultra-feminine, delicate hands.

Sophie folds the dress very neatly. I can see that mom has on a lacy push-up bra with a pair of matching lacy "boy shorts" panties. She also has a matching garter belt on and thigh-high stockings. It's definite date attire. The kind of undies a woman would wear if she thought there was a chance of being seen in them. But they're far from the sexiest she owns. It tells me that she wanted to feel sexy for her date, but didn't plan on letting Barry see her in them. For a first-tryst, mom would have gone with ultra sexy. I know her well enough to doubt Barry will ever have the chance to see her in any of her vast collection of underwear. And I'm absolutely certain Barry hasn't figured that out, and maybe never will. Men can be so brain-dead about these things.

Sophie removes mom's shoes next. Then her stockings. Then the garter belt. Everything is folded up at least as neatly as if it were brand

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new before Sophie adds it to the pile. Then Sophie takes her bra off. I've seen those breasts before, but I have no desire to see. So I stay focused on Barry making sure that he doesn't try to turn around and peek.

"Do you think my breasts are pretty, slave?" I hear mom ask. I know she doesn't care what a slave thinks of her breasts. But I'm sure she's accomplishing exactly what she wants to. Barry is thinking about those breasts. I know I'm right when I see mom signal Sophie to drag her answer out.

"Oh, yes, Ma'am!" Sophie squeals enthusiastically. "Your breasts are so pert and perfectly rounded! And you have the prettiest deep pink nipples that are so wide! Even now with them being so hard! I would just love to kiss those delicious nipples, Ma'am!"

I feel Barry cock stirring on my palm. I feel it growing. I swat it with the ruler again, and this time it's a moderately hard stroke. With his shaft only halfway to stiffness, the swat won't hurt as badly as it would on a hard cock. Barry squeals a loud yelp. I swat his cock again. He yelps again, now sounding more like a girl than a man. "Knock it off! It's your own fault! If you wouldn't have been such a pervert and paid attention to those perky sweet breasts instead of some random skank's fake boobs, you wouldn't be in such trouble now. Don't think your freaky little eyes will get them now!" It takes two more swats on his cock for it to fade back to its full floppiness.

Once I stop punishing Barry, Sophie drops to her knees in front of mom. Sophie looks up to mom with a questioning, smirking grin on her face. I see mom nod. It's Sophie cue to torment Barry anew.

"Oh, my Lady!" Sophie gasps as she squeals out very enthusiastically, "you have the second most beautiful pussy I've ever seen, second only to my Mistress! And such a neatly trimmed blond bush! I would love to get my tongue on those long, silky lips. Or in that deep pinkness between them, my Lady! I'll bet your pussy tastes as good as the rose-scented perfume in your bush smells! I can't wait to get my nose right

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in that bush. May I, my Lady, may I please tongue that beautiful puffy mound of your pussy, my Lady?"

It's plenty for Barry. It takes another harsh scolding, and almost a dozen swats to his cock before it's floppy again. Then mom tells Sophie "No." No one, except Barry, ever entertained the notion that she'd say anything else. Men!

Sophie sets a faux-fur pad atop the massage table and helps mom to get up onto the table. Mom wiggles to get her chest in place with the fake fur fully hiding her chest from any prying eyes. Sophie gets a towel and uses it to fully cover mom's bottom, from hips down, including about an inch and a half of her thighs. Just enough of her that Barry won't be able to see the parts Sophie just fawned over. Mom lies with her legs slightly apart.

I turn Barry around, letting him finally see mom almost naked. She's actually naked, but lying on her stomach. With the towel in place, he can see her arms, her legs, and her back. Just not her bottom, her pussy or her breasts. Everything but what he really wants to see.

"You may begin making it up to your Lady with a good massage. I realize that touching her bare skin, feeling its softness, its feminine silkiness will... be difficult for such a naughty little boy. You *will* behave yourself. Don't you dare think some perverted thoughts about using your Lady like some cheap tramp! Just give her a massage like she deserves. After all, she was so kind as to allow you a second chance to be a good little house boy for her."

I guide Barry up onto the table and have him straddle mom's thighs. It puts his loose-hanging balls, and his floppy cock, lying casually against her thigh. I have him lean forward to get his hands to her shoulders.

Mom and I have done this a lot. In fact, the very first time she allowed me to join a session, our roles were reversed. She allowed me to enjoy a massage from one of her manly toys. And I so enjoyed it. After

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that, as I got a feel for proper discipline, we traded off, both enjoying massages while the other supervised the toy. Doing it now brings back a lot of sweet memories for me. In that instant, I decide that I am going to get myself a very long massage tonight. After Barry is gone. I have Sophie. And I have Paige. Tonight calls for a two-slave massage. After which, Sophie can return Paige to her kennel before Sophie is allowed to relieve the itch I'll have by then!

Like any man of 48, Barry has given countless massages to women before. I suspect most of them, and all of them in the last couple of decades were given to Katie – his deceased wife. I would so love to know more about his relationship with her! Was she dominant? Did she play any sort of "games" with him? Of course, Barry is the only possible source of that information, and I know he'd shade the stories, so it's not really worth asking him. Whatever they did, I can tell Barry isn't unfamiliar with submitting to strict control.

It's a good thing he isn't – for him. Just like most men, he thinks women like our massages firm. Maybe guys just think we love to feel how manly their hands and grip are. So... no. We, that would be mom and me, much prefer our massages tender. I'm sure most women would join us in that opinion, too.

Which means it's time to teach Barry. I swat his sore bottom with my crop. It's not a hard swat, just a flick of my wrist to send the leather tip cracking against his globe. But its sting on his already fiery bottom is enough to get a squeal from him. His body tenses up enough that I can see the tension ripple across his body for a fraction of a second. "Be gentle!" I scold him.

He eases up just a hair. So I swat his bottom again. He eases up another hair. I swat him again. After he yelps, I put my hands atop his and show him how gentle to knead mom's shoulders. After half a minute I take my hands back and watch. Wisely, Barry pays close attention to what he's doing and keeps the pressure the same.

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In another half a minute, his hands start moving across her shoulders. At first, they slide over just a tiny fraction of an inch. Then, about ten seconds later, they slide over another fraction.

I swat his bottom again and scold him for going too fast. I make him move his hands back to where he started, at the base of mom's neck. He gets to start over. He moves slowly, pausing about half a minute before sliding his hands over.

I swat his bottom and scold him again for rushing through her massage. He starts over again.

As Barry kneads mom's shoulders I glance down at his cock. It's already swollen back up to about 75% of its full stiffness. I reach between their spread thighs. Barry's balls dangle in the space between mom's thighs. I cup them very gently in my hand. Barry shudders as he feels my touch. I wait for a second, giving him the time to think this is all I'm going to do.

Then I squeeze them firmly, holding them snug in a grip that's tight, but not too painfully tight for Barry.

Barry squeals out a loud, and truly fearful, gasp. "I will not get hard!" Barry blurts out urgently, his words almost running together, "I will not get hard. I am not a pervert. I will not get hard." He squeals over and over again.

And he gets nervous. That makes him firm up his grip a little. I guess my delicate little hand cupping his balls must be distracting his boy-brain from what he's supposed to be focusing on. I swat his bottom. While Barry is busy yelping from the crop's sting, I scold him to be gentle. His grip loosens right back up.

Unfortunately for Barry, his cock springs to full attention. In about a second, before I'm even finished scolding him, his cock twitches as it stands up straight.

"Pervert!" I scold him in the most disapprovingly disgusted voice.

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And I tighten my grip up on his balls. I tighten up slowly, steadily crushing them tighter.

Instantly Barry yelps a pained squeal. He pants more strained squeals as I squeeze those orbs casually in my hand. He trembles. Not his hips though. Those stay frozen still. In a few seconds, he starts squealing "I can't be hard! I can't be hard! I am not a pervert!" in a rather girly voice. He repeats his new mantra continuously as I slowly squeeze his balls harder. His face scrunches up. His eyes squish shut. Little tears begin weeping from their corners.

"YE-OW!" Barry screeches out. His mantra changes to one of "OW! OW! OW!" The aura of pain around him grows steadily in time with my tightening grip.

Barry's cock, on the other hand, is just as stiff as ever. Maybe even stiffer. At least it looks as if it is. It twitches, jumping around. Its normally pink-white skin seems to darken. Its head even looks as if it's throbbing. I'm sure his entire cock is aching him for attention. A fresh little droplet of his cum glistens from its very tip.

I have to stop tightening my grip. I'm squeezing his balls fairly hard, and I don't want to injure him. I hold out my left hand, fingers splayed. It's a cue to Sophie. She quickly pulls a latex glove on my hand. I wiggle all four of my fingers. On cue, Sophie puts a tiny drop of lubricant atop each of my fingers.

With one hand still squeezing his balls, I don't have a hand free to spread his cheeks. It doesn't matter. I extend the tip of my first finger, touching its greasy tip to his crack and press it in. Barry flinches hard as my finger slips between his cheeks. "Please!" Barry yelps out in panic. "Please, not my butt! Not again!"

I feel the tip of my finger finds his tightly clenched asshole. "Pervert! You want to think about fucking..." The tip of my finger presses through his muscle, stretching it as I begin sliding into his bottom. Barry cries out a truly strained grunt. "Fine. You can be fucked! Then your

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freaky little twisted mind won't have to think about fucking!" my finger reaches its depth.

I use that finger, lubricated only with a fine film of jelly, to start fucking his tensed asshole. I move slowly, drawing my finger back out to my first knuckle before reversing until all of it is inside him again. Barry squeals, sounding more like a girl than a man and grunts hard. I keep his balls in my grip.

Slowly I ramp up my speed, my finger sliding through his tightly gripping muscle faster and faster until it's at close to my full speed. As the speed picks up, so do Barry's grunts. In both their speed and distress. It takes me around a minute, maybe a few seconds more, to reach my full speed.

I give him about ten seconds of that, watching his cock as I do. It strains to stiffen even more. It twitches so hard and crisply that it dances around almost wildly. About half of those twitches send it slapping against mom's thigh, so I'm sure she knows what's going on.

I pull my finger out suddenly. I just don't reverse on of my strokes and quickly it's popping out of his ring. Barry pants hard sighs of relief, even as he still winces from the grip on his balls.

Barry's relief is short-lived. As soon as he feels my finger slip all the way out of his crack, he feels a second finger join it and the pair start diving back between his cheeks. I keep my fingers stiff and pressed tightly together. They easily find his tightly cinched ring. As they begin pressing against it, my two fingers are enough to eclipse the little ring.

"NO!" Barry cries out a nervously panicked plea, "please, not two! Please, it's too much!"

That's all he has time to blurt out before those fingers are stretching his muscle wide again. Naturally, they stretch it twice as wide as one finger, pulling the fibers of his muscle that much tauter. "YE-OW!" Barry cries out as they enter his ring, "OW! It hurts!"

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I ignore it. I move slowly again, letting my fingers slip all the way into his bottom. I keep them firmly together and rigid. Even together they're not as wide as a cock, not even Barry's narrow one. More like a small butt plug.

I use my two fingers to fuck his bottom exactly as I just did with a single finger. Slowly-but-steadily their pace speeds up as I stroke them from the web of my fingers out to the first knuckle, then back in.

Barry's cock dances around wildly. Its tip leaks a steady, but very slow, streak of his sticky cum. It's just enough to keep the tip glistening at full sparkle. Barry squeals girly-high groans that grow in their pleading urgency with my speed. He shudders, but still, his hips don't move a hair.

I wait until I'm back at full speed. And that's fast. I'm pretty much ramming my fingers into his bottom. "Mom..." I coo a little loudly, but sweetly, with a lot of taunt in my voice, "I guess the little boy likes being a little *girl*, too!" I laugh as my fingers slip from his bottom.

"STOP!" Barry squeals desperately as my two fingers are slipping out of his crack. "Please, please, stop!" He squeals as he feels them start sliding back into his crack. This time it's three fingers that press against him. My middle finger squarely atop his asshole. The ones on either side of it are barely touching the tight little ring. There isn't enough of it for them. "NO! Not three!" His words run together in a desperately panicked, truly fearful, plea.

I press hard. With my fingers totally eclipsing his asshole, and a good bit more, I have to shove pretty hard. At first, the tip of my middle finger stretches his muscle around it fairly easily. That leaves the tips of my other two fingers pressing against the ring of hard muscle clamped firmly around it. His muscle isn't nearly strong enough to resist. As they force their way into his bottom, Barry screams out.

I don't care. Bad boys have to learn their lessons. I keep pushing my fingers slowly into his bottom. I even use my thumb to hold my pinkie back to maximize the finger I have unhindered to slip inside. Then

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I begin fucking his bottom with all three as his asshole squeezes tight and hard around them. His ring is so tense on me that it's hard for me to keep my fingers together without them curling inward.

As I begin to speed up, the scene that results is beyond description. Barry screeches. He trembles hard. So hard that his hips no longer stay still. As they shudder, they pull his balls against my unyielding hand. It squeezes them harder. Barry screams louder. His hips freeze. He shudders again. Pulling his tender orbs against my firm grip. He screams. Then Barry begins to cry like a baby, loud and openly. His cock still dances wildly around.

A second later shuddering tremors rack his entire body so powerfully that he doesn't have a chance of staying still. But my hand does, leaving him yanking his balls painfully against my grip. After about two more yanks, I feel his asshole loosen up, relaxing fully. It still squeezes my fingers. Only now it's not hard. It's not trying to squeeze or resist. It's just the rubbery tension of his burning muscle being stretched to its limit. It allows my fingers to move a little easier, and thus a little faster as they fuck him.

Barry's jaw trembles as it drops to hang. His cock leaks cum a little faster. After a few seconds, the added flow is enough that he leaves a little drop of his stickiness on mom's thigh. "STOP!" Barry cries out, his voice having changed in an instant. Now he sounds like a crying little toddler girl. "please stop! I'll be good! Please don't make me be a girl. Please, Ma'am, I don't wanna be a girl! Please don't make me be a girl! I don't like it! Please Ma'am, please don't make me be a girl! I won't be a pervert anymore, ever!"

I keep going. But I raise my voice to scold him harshly. I have to raise my voice. Otherwise, he wouldn't hear me over his screeching. "Stop being a baby! Behave yourself! Big boys don't drip cum over ladies!"

"I'M SORRY!" Barry squeals, drawing it out like an endless "EE--"

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at the end.

"You will be." I scold, "You still have one more finger coming!" He doesn't. He's only at three, but I've decided to stop there. The tautness of his muscle, and especially the skin over it, tells me it's all he can take. Another finger might well be enough to split his skin, and I wouldn't want to do that.

"NOOOOOOOO!" Barry screeches. Suddenly he shudders so uncontrollably that his bucking hips pull his balls from my hand. As they squeeze past my fingers, Barry's racked by an even harder shudder.

I take that as a cue and pull my fingers from his butt.

Barry kneels there for a long, tense moment. He shivers hard as he pants sobs laced with frustration. His cock dances wildly and eagerly around. He leaks a few large drops of cum, but he doesn't climax. Slowly his shivering ebbs.

I don't give him any time. I slip my gloved hand up under his quivering shaft. It squirms around atop my hand. It's still fully hard. It feels like veiny steel atop my palm.

Barry looks down nervously, watching his cock atop my hand warily. He must know he's been a bad boy!

As he watches and cringes hard, I swat the swollen purple head of his cock with my crop. It's not a hard stroke, but the leather crop definitely stings far worse than the paint stirrer he's been getting. It lands with a sharp, but muted, crack that's just hard enough to leave a white crop-tip print on the dark head.

Barry screeches. He flinches hard, his hips reflexively snapping back to pull his shaft away from me and my crop. I let my hand move with his hips. His cock snaps up with a crisply jerking motion, rising off my hand before flopping back down onto my hand. Then it twitches a few more times before it stills. When it does, there's a dime-sized drop of his cum in my gloved palm, directly under the now-still tip of his cock.

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I look up to Barry's teary eyes. "Bad pervert!" I scold him. Now we'll just wait until you decide to behave." And we do. I stand there with my palm flat, his cock resting atop it. I leave Barry on his knees, straddling mom's legs, his hands resting still on her shoulders. I'd guess it's about three minutes before I feel the first softness creeping into his shaft. Maybe another three until it's fully floppy. I let it dangle back down.

I tell Barry to start anew with mom's massage, telling him that it's not her fault he couldn't behave his perverted mind long enough to massage a real lady. He begins. I have to listen closely to hear him mumbling to himself that he's not going to get hard again. And telling himself that he's massaging a "big hairy man." Maybe it helps him to try not to think about the sexy lady he's massaging.

It takes him three hours, and a few fresh starts, to manage to give mom a full hour-long massage. I spend the entire time standing beside him and closely supervising him. Of course with it taking that long, I have to send Sophie for a coffee!

Now that Barry has finally managed to massage mom all the way down to her toes without dripping any more tiny droplets of sticky boy-cum on her, it's time for mom to get dressed again. Despite his best efforts, he really didn't manage to keep his cock soft, either. I would have punished him some more for it, but it was getting to be time to end her massage. Barry could be here all night and still not keep his cock soft while his hands were all over mom's body. Men! They have such one-track minds!

I have Barry stand up. I walk him a few steps, positioning him to stand facing a bare wall. I firm order him to stand close to it, with the tips of his toes against the baseboards. His stomach is flat enough that I can make him put his nose against the wall, too. That puts the tip of his cock, still stiff enough to be sticking straight out, against the wall, too. So I have him put his hands behind his neck. "You will stand there until decide to

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be a good boy again. You will not move." I tell him. By now he knows that I mean he's going to be there as long as his cock is hard.

I tell Sophie to offer herself to dress mom and whatever else mom might wish from her. Sophie very obediently, in the most honeyed and sultriest of voices, offers "Ms. Rodgers, my Lady, would please be so kind as to allow Mistress' worthless slave-girl the privilege of dressing you very sweetly, Ma'am? And if I'm not too repulsive for you, I would be so honored if you might find some other use for this slutty body, Ma'am. Anything at all, Ma'am, whatever your pleasure, please feel free to make complete use of this slave-girl, Ma'am."

Mom accepts and allows Sophie to dress her. Sophie does it, lavishing frequent compliments on her for her body. She includes very vivid descriptions, which we all understand is only to torment poor Barry. Barry stands facing the wall, but I'm sure he's listening intently. When Sophie has mom fully dressed again, including even mom's shoes, I peek between Barry's hips and the wall. His cock has budged a bit. Its tip is still touching the wall. Yep, he was listening to Sophie. And visualizing mom's naked body from Sophie's detailed descriptions.

I just shake my head. Mom grins. She goes over to the cabinets lining one of the walls and helps herself to hunt through them, as she knows she's welcome to. In a moment she turns to me with an evil grin on her face. And she holds up one of my toys. It's nothing more than the clamp off of a pair of jumper cables. Well, a replacement clamp that's never been used to start a car. I giggle, already knowing what she has in mind. Oh yeah, Barry is so going to learn!

She casually ambles over to Barry. "Stay," she says in her firm voice. She reaches down and affectionately strokes the tips of her fingers along the length of his shaft. Any hope Barry had of a soft cock in the foreseeable future vanishes the instant her silky-soft ultra-feminine skin begins brushing along the hungry skin of his cock. His shaft stiffens to full hardness in an instant. Then it strains to stiffen even more.

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"I know you really want to be a good boy for me." She says very softly to Barry, still teasing his cock as it starts twitching. "It's okay, I'm going to help you to be a good boy..." She slips her fingers down, caressing her way to the underside of his cock. With a single finger at its base, she lifts it up. She squeezes the clamp wide open. Then she stops dragging it out. She slips the jaws of the clamp long-ways over his cock, stopping with the tip of him just short of touching the spring. She holds the clamp just enough to keep its jaws from snapping shut as they close on his stiffness.

Barry cries out a truly pained yelp. His face scrunches up hard, bringing a fresh wetness to his eyes. "OW! OW! It hurts! Please, Ma'am, please! It hurts so bad!" He squeals like a girl the instant those pointy little teeth squeeze down on his stiffness and begin biting into his cock.

"It's for your own good, Barry!" mom says reassuringly. Barry squeals more. "It will make you behave. That way you can learn to be good."

His cock beings to soften quickly once the bolts of pain start shooting through it. Mom stands there, her hand now leisurely resting on his hip to remind him to stay still. In a few seconds, his shaft is as limp as it's ever been. Only now the sharp teeth hold it stretched out instead of allowing it to shrivel up. Barry stands there crying squeals with its loose length pinned at full size by the clamp.

"See!" Mom squeals excitedly, "now you're being so good! Now we can get on with your lesson!"



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I silently motion for Sophie to get up on the massage table and lie on her stomach. She grins from ear to ear as she climbs up. I don't often reward Sophie so much, but she has been especially good lately. So I guess she deserves a nice reward to remind her how much I value her devotion. To avoid making a sound for Barry to hear, I just ease Sophie's ankles about a foot apart.

Once I nod to her, mom turns Barry around. His cock might be soft and floppy now, but the clamp sticks out in its place. Barry's quieted a bit, but still mumbles squealing little "oh-ow it hurts!" under his breath. I resist the urge to call him a baby as mom leads him back to the massage table.

Barry almost freezes when he sees Sophie lying on the table. Then again, Sophie is a very pretty 19-year-old girl. She's petite, only an inch or so taller than I am, and just as lean. She has a very shapely, rounded, small bottom. As she lies there, her bare legs stretched out, her bottom gently pokes up under the lace of her dress. Her long, curly, honey-blond hair lies over the top of her back. She lies still, her hands resting at her sides, patiently waiting for whatever I wish to happen to her.

Mom nudges Barry up beside the table. "Roll that slutty dress up off that slave's bottom," she tells him.

Barry's eyes snap wide and lock on Sophie firm little behind. His hands tremble slightly as he puts them to the bottom hem of her dress. He pushes it up, baring the milky-white round globes of her bottom. He doesn't rush, either.

He gets it up about two inches, only one of those baring any butt before he has her pussy fully exposed in the space between the tops of her legs. His eyes lock on the puffy mound, taking in Sophie's plump, narrow lips. And the long edges of her pink inner folds, so long that their smoothness peeks out past the edges of her outer lips. All of it glimmering brightly with a nice coating of her oily honey.

Barry squeals loudly. Both mom and I are watching his cock, so we

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see it as his cock starts to stiffen back up. As it does, it pushes against the teeth of the clamp already biting into it. The spring is strong. Just beginning to harden up, the swelling tissues of his cock aren't yet strong enough to spread the spring. So instead he swells against the unmoving little points, pushing them harder against his too-tender shaft. So they bite into it even harder.

His hips shudder. It waves his clamped cock around. He squeals more. Sharp bolts of pain shoot through his manhood as it strains against the clamp. Barry cringes hard from the pain. The unwelcome pain, however, soon stings enough that the pain makes his cock soften up.

He keeps sliding Sophie's dress up. His eyes, however, remain fixed on Sophie's sexy pussy. It's only a brief instant before he squeals another yelp as his cock tries to stiffen up again.

"Stop staring at Miss Rodgers' pussy! That's so creepy!" Mom scolds him. His eyes shift to Sophie's bottom. The lower curves of her globes, which leaves her pussy still in view. "As if Miss Rodgers would ever let a freak like you anywhere near her pussy!"

Sophie's my slave, and as such, her pussy is my pussy. I decide who does what to it. Sophie's a virgin, and no matter how much the boys would like to change that, she's staying that way. She serves as my handmaiden among other things. I think my handmaiden should be a maiden. No cock is ever going to touch that pussy. I don't count tongues, though.

I pull Sophie's cheeks wide apart to bare the medium pink ring of her tiny, wrinkly asshole. I spread her globe far enough to stretch Sophie's flesh taut, smoothing out most of the wrinkles around the dark funnel of her hole. Sophie's bottom is silky smooth and completely hairless. I don't even allow any "peach fuzz" on her cheeks. Her crack is equally bare.

With Sophie's asshole now on display, Barry is forced to divide his attention, and his eyes, between it and her pussy. It seems that, like most

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men, he's interested in anal as well. And I doubt it's only because her asshole is tiny enough to be tight on his somewhat narrow cock. Her pussy looks like it would be just as tight. I know Sophie's pussy nicely snuggles my finger!

"Since you're such a filthy pervert..." I say tauntingly to Barry, "You shouldn't mind my filthy little asshole." I put my hand to the back of Barry's head. "Tongue it, freak." I push his head down until his lips are squarely on the deep-pink flesh of Sophie's backdoor.

It's immediately clear that Barry has never done it before. Or at least never done it well enough for a woman to enjoy it. I firmly instruct him to open his lips until they closely surround Sophie's deep funnel. Then to suck lightly. That draws Sophie's muscle out, puckering it back between his lips. I have him touch his tongue to the puckering ring. And then I tell him to push his tongue as far into her asshole as he can. Now I have him leisurely caress the tender flesh of her asshole with his tongue.

Sophie squeals a very urgent "AH.OO-EE!" Unlike Barry, Sophie is a very good girl. She lies still even as crisp shivers start racking her body. She quickly pants squealy "UH-UH!s" She tenses, her body stiffening as her face scrunches up. It takes about twenty seconds before her teeth start chattering.

I hold Barry's head down, letting him know that I expect him to keep at it. I've made many a toy tongue an asshole. I've allowed Sophie to tongue mine countless times. It's something she does very eagerly, and always makes me fully enjoy. But I've never tongued anyone's. I can only guess what an asshole tastes like. Gross! I'm not that kind of girl! I can see a bit of wrinkling up to Barry's nose that tells me Sophie's asshole tastes much like I suspect it does.

I can see goosebumps erupting, sweeping over Sophie's globes, the tops of her thighs, and her pussy lips. Those tell me that Sophie is loving it as much as her sweet squeals do. Then I see Sophie's toes curl up.

I don't have to tell Sophie she isn't allowed to cum. She already

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knows she's not allowed to unless I tell her to. Now I can see her muscles, the ones around her asshole and his lips, twitching sharply as the tremors sweep over her. She lies there, shivering harder and harder, her body flushing to a light pink. It takes a little craning of my neck to see Sophie's puffy mound under Barry's chin. But when I do, I can see her honey flowing to cover those lips.

Mom sees me peeking. She cranes her neck around to peek as well. She grins. "Your slave must have very good if you're allowing it such a sweet reward."

"Yes, it's been very devoted in its service." I bat my eyelashes.

"TMI!" Mom giggles.

I giggle, too. "You know that slave is my favorite sex toy for those boy-less nights! And after watching this, I am so going to use that tongue until I finally find out how long its batteries last!"

Mom shakes her head.

Sophie must have heard me. Just the thought of getting to pleasure me drives her crazy. And now she's shuddering harder, squirming more energetically, and moaning louder squeals. She so must be thinking of her tongue on my backside. And that's exactly where it will as I relax in bed for the night.

And now I can see Sophie's pussy lips begin quivering. That's a sure sign it's taking all of her self control to avoid disappointing me by sneaking in an orgasm.

Barry isn't so... fully in control of himself. I don't have to look at his cock to know it's constantly straining to harden. He shows that by moaning a loud squeal and cringing sharply about every twenty seconds. But I look anyway. I can see it as it starts to stiffen against the sharp jaws of the clamp. As it begins swelling, he yelps. It stops swelling, stays frozen for an instant, then slowly begins to soften back up. Only then does Barry begin to still from the cringing shudders. It never seems to get

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fully limp before something makes it want to stiffen again. The cycle repeats. Endlessly, it seems. I hold his head down, his lips snug against Sophie's backdoor.

Usually, I make a toy endure anything sweetly agonizing for five minutes. It's long enough to seem like an eternity of the most delicious torture. Yet not so long that a toy will lose control and cum without permission. Sophie isn't that lucky. With her special place in my heart, and at my knees, I expect far more from her. I expect total, utter, unfailing obedience from her. And she gives it. No matter how much it pains her.

Sophie lies there, her body trembling as hard as possible and squealing moans so urgent that they pain my ears with the strain in them. As the five-minute mark passes, Sophie still hasn't moved. She just lies there and suffers the blissful agony I fancy inflicting upon her. Isn't she such a good girl?

Barry suffers his torment far worse. His cock refuses to stop trying to stiffen, even as the clamp so obviously refuses to allow it. Which is what mom and I want. We both... enjoy watching the cycle of his suffering.

Sophie makes it the full fifteen minutes. Once I've finally pulled Barry's head up from her crack, she lies there trembling hard, her skin flushed as pink as a shrimp and drenched in sweat. She sighs with the frustration.

I sigh heavily. Then I shove Barry's head back down. I'm no longer holding Sophie's cheeks apart, so his face has to push her firm cheeks aside before his lips touch her asshole. "Fuck my slave's dirty little hole with that tongue. And it had better like it." Just to emphasize my point I give him a little swat on his rosy-red bottom with hand.

Sophie suddenly grits her teeth hard, shudders violently, and moans a deep, urgent, plea. Her moans take on a slightly slow rhythm that seems to be in time with Barry's tongue thrusts. At least as far as I can tell by watching his neck muscles.

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I tenderly caress Sophie's back. "You've been such a good slave," I tell her affectionately in a soft voice. "I'd let you have some dick as a reward, but this little boy doesn't have enough for you to even feel." I laugh. "Go on, slave, cum all over this needle dick."

"Y-Y-Yes, Mistress... thank you, Mistress, you are far too kind!" Sophie stutters in a very throaty moan.

Sophie screams at the same time that her hips snap upward. Almost immediately her body falls back onto the padded table. Only now it snaps with crisp tremors. Tremors that are so sharp they have her arms and legs swinging all over the place. Her hips snap too, bucking up and down wildly. It's enough to throw Barry's face from her bottom.

Barry suddenly looks nervous as he realizes that he's allowed Sophie to throw him from her bottom. I grab his head and hold it up. There's no reason to shove it back between Sophie's cheeks. She'd just buck it away again.

Sophie's orgasm goes on for several long minutes. For almost all of that time, her pussy steadily flows, weeping its honey. A small puddle of oiliness grows beneath her quivering hips. The waves of her tremors ebb slowly until finally, Sophie lies mostly still as she pants soft sugary purrs.

We keep Barry standing beside Sophie's table where he has an excellent view of her orgasm. He watches only her pussy. Men! As he does, his cock continues its cycle of stiffening against the clamp until he cries out, then slowly softening up.

I tell Sophie to get up and fix her dress. She moves a little slowly on her dreamy limbs. And she leaves her dress for last, waiting until she's standing up and facing us, including Barry, to slowly slip it back down. I'd bet she does it just to tease him. But I can't scold her for it. She is following my instructions exactly. I did say "get up and fix her dress." I didn't say "fix your dress and get up."

As she slides it down, Barry's eyes are fixed on her silky-shaven

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pubes. Or more likely the prominent mound of her sopping wet pussy puffing down. Or maybe on the glistening mess that coats her pussy and the crease of her thighs. Or maybe all of the above. But not on the dreamy glassiness in her eyes. Or the well-sated look of relaxed bliss on her face. Or on her stiff nipples straining against her dress.

Mom doesn't hesitate to add to Barry's frustrating torment. I wouldn't either. But she beats me to it. She softly caresses his bare, hairy bottom as he watches Sophie drag herself to her feet. As Sophie turns to face him, her hand slides between his thighs, from behind, and she uses the tips of her fingers to very sweetly stroke his balls. "This needle dick still hasn't learned to behave!" mom teases in a very honeyed voice. "I think I'll take it with me. It can spend its night learning to worship a real lady with devout service instead of thinking with its little head..." mom grins evilly, "and with that needle dick, there isn't much room for any kind of a brain in that little head!"

I can't help but giggle. Sophie can't either, but she mutes herself.

Mom leans close to Barry's ear, and in her sugary voice whispers, "you'd like that, wouldn't you needle dick, to spend your night at my feet where worthless little boys belong?"

"Yes, my Lady!" Barry blurts enthusiastically as he yelps again.

Mom teases his balls more. Sophie has her dress about halfway down, which means his eyes are still locked on Sophie's sparkling mound. "You'd serve me humbly, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, my Lady! I'd love to serve you, Ma'am!"

"Don't get any freaky ideas, needle dick, there's no way I'd ever let you touch me. Especially with that tiny thing! I wouldn't even feel it."

"No, my Lady! I know a real Lady like you needs a real man to satisfy her!" Barry blurts but with his voice shamed into quietness. "But please allow me to serve you, Ma'am!"

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I can't resist. "I think I should call Tegan to come fetch this worthless wannabe man."

"Well..." Mom ponders, "that probably is what we should do... but this freak has tried so hard to impress me..." mom grins that evil grin again. "and I do have some toilets that need a good tongue-scrubbing!"

"I could loan you a gutter whore. At least a skank whore would get them shiny for you... in fact skanky whore is doing nothing, just lying around its cage, like the useless whore it is."

"Tempting..." mom agrees. She hesitates a second before finally deciding, "might as well find out now if needle dick will serve a lady. Either it'll get that useless cock whipped bloody before I give it back to Tegan - assuming she'll even come fetch it, or it will somehow manage to lavish me with humble service and earn itself the chance to amuse me with a disgusting orgasm." She smirks, "or maybe not. I don't think this boy could handle being touched by an actual woman. After all, it can't even manage to play with that thing properly, how is going to do anything other than disgust a woman?"

"Got me. You know I have strict standards. I only play with guys who have a cock. That pinkie down there doesn't come close to counting."

"Still... I could use a good pedicure, too. Maybe it can manage to touch my feet that much without getting too excited."

"Never."

"Probably. All its going to be thinking about is my pussy and boobs after your impudent slave described them for him. We all know that's as close he'll ever get to actually seeing them! Besides, he wouldn't even know what to do with a deliciously sweet pussy. He'd just annoy me while it ached for some nice attention. All that honeyed pinkness just sitting there quivering, my clit throbbing, everything wanting just a tiny

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touch to set me off. And he'd fumble around. And I'd quiver more, but never get what I wanted. Then I'd have to turn him over my knees and spank him like a bad little boy. It seems like that would get his tiny dick hard, and then I'd have to spank him more for that! All while my pussy dripped because there wasn't a man around to handle it." Mom says tauntingly.

It has the effect on Barry that I'm sure mom was aiming for. He screeches a loud purely girly cry. His hips thrash from side to side. And now his cock is sticking out straight and hard, the clamp still on it, its jaw biting painfully hard into his stiffness. His cock waves from side to side, as if trying to shake off the clamp. It does nothing. Barry starts to sob as another cry comes from his lips.

He starts fidgeting energetically. "OW! It hurts too much! Please Ma'am, please take it off! Please, I can't stand it! Please, my Lady, help me, please get it off!" He whines like a little girl. His hands aren't bound, but he makes no effort to take the clamp off his cock. He just cries and begs us to do it for him.

Mom leaves him to whine for a few seconds. Then she sighs hard. She finally reaches down and squeezes the clamp open.

Barry immediately breathes a deep sigh of relief. He pants a few fast breaths, squealy at first, but growing less girly as the pain subsides. I see the not-so-little teeth prints on his stiffness. All have left good white-red marks, but none have drawn so much as a drop of blood. His cock dances around, twitching sharply as his hips wave it around.

Mom grabs hold of his cock. It looks to me like she squeezes it snugly, but not tightly. Barry freezes in place. "I hope you have as much energy as this perverted little thing does. You'll need it to serve me tonight."

Mom releases his cock and tells Sophie to fetch his clothes. She allows him to dress in everything except his underwear. She holds those up for us girls to see. They're silky boxers. Definitely not sexy.

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Expensive and nice looking, though. Men just have no fashion taste! She makes him hold those in his teeth. They're still in his teeth as he follows her out of my apartment a couple of minutes later.



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The next morning mom arrives right at 11:30. Almost as soon as she'd left last night, she'd text me and asked if I wanted to "finish what we started over brunch." Naturally, I accepted and suggested the time. I'd never miss the chance to finish tormenting poor Barry.

I've made the preparations for brunch. Paige, my house-slave is in the kitchen, a room she's not allowed to leave unless I tell her to. She's naked, but that's always in my apartment. I never allow her any clothes here. When I do allow her to leave for class, I make the 18-year-old girl dress at the door in whatever I give her and then strip naked at the door the instant she returns. There are only two things on her lean body. A pink leather training collar that she always wears (you never know when you'll need to leash a naughty slave!) and a set of chains. Regulation leg irons and handcuffs with a slightly longer chain between her wrists. A long chain hangs down from her collar with its other end locked to the chain of her leg irons. The chain of her handcuffs is locked to it just beneath her small breasts. Otherwise, she doesn't even have shoes on. Just her collar and chains.

Paige has prepared the brunch for us, cooking everything to my exacting standards. Since Brunch is supposed to be a lazy meal, it will be served at a very leisurely pace. Just not by Paige. She'll stay in the kitchen, and stay busy doing the housework in there. It's her place as house-slave.

As soon as they arrive, mom has Barry strip and give his clothes to Sophie again. He's wearing the same clothes as he had on last night, so I know mom didn't let him go home. Once he's naked I can see that his cock a light shade of red, even as it strains for hardness with its purple head throbbing.

I sigh hard. "I see it didn't learn its lesson. It's still thinking with the microscopic head."

Mom laughs. "Yes, it is... this thing is about the horniest little pecker I've ever seen."

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We take our seats at the kitchen table. My kitchen is just through an open archway from the dining area, which leaves it in full view of everyone. Which leaves the naked Paige in full view of everyone. Sophie kneels demurely at my side, dressed identically to last night except that today her dress is yellow. Mom orders Barry to kneel demurely at her side, warning him to devote his attention to is Lady and not to allow himself to be distracted by every filthy gutter whore that comes along.

We, mom and I that is, decide to begin with coffee. Sophie scurries off to fetch mine. Mom snaps her fingers. Barry hurries to follow Sophie. Sophie has served me for over a year now. Barry is just learning to serve. It shows. He watches Sophie intently, trying hard to copy her moves.

Sophie hurries into the kitchen. She pours me a cup of coffee, adds the creamer and sugar for me, and finally stirs it. She's made it in one of the china teacups I keep, a rather ornate antique set I found at a flea market. She sets the cup atop a matching saucer. Then she balances both atop her upturned palms. She keeps her palms flat and level, holding them six inches out from her stiff nipples. And Sophie has enough nipple that they poke out through the lace dress.

Barry gets an identical cup and pours mom one. He copies Sophie, balancing mom's cup atop his palms. He walks very cautiously back to mom. Seeing Sophie on her knees, Barry unsteadily gets down to his knees. Then he scoots his knees apart before sitting back on his heels. Just as Sophie is doing (I had her wait a second so Barry would see what she does), Barry lifts the cup on his hands. He reaches over the table, holding the cup where it belongs. "Here is your coffee, my Lady, thank you for allowing me to fetch it for you, Ma'am." He uses his thumb to steady the saucer as he slips one hand out from under it. He uses that hand to set it on the table. Finally, he returns his hands to their place out in front of his nipples.

Mom stares down at Barry. With his thighs spread wide, his cock stands out straight, touching nothing, but looking rather eager. She takes

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a sip of her coffee. "I see you've been a naughty little boy, Barry. Don't bother lying to me. We can all see that you've been gawking at that scrawny little gutter whore! Can you be any more disgusting? I'm trying to eat! Just for once, try to pay attention to your Lady!"

Barry apologizes.

A few minutes later we send our slaves to the kitchen to fetch the first course, a fruit plate for each of us.

Paige has the fruit plates ready, a neat arrangement of strawberries, melon, grapes, peach slices, and pear slices all garnished with a sprinkling of fresh raspberries and blueberries. With a touch of whipped cream atop.

Unfortunately for Barry's horniness, getting mom's plate makes him stand face to face with Paige. His eyes can't help themselves. They have to take in her lean figure. She's so lean that she has only a slight girly curve to her waist and hips. But that's now what he's looking at. His eyes are locked on her youthfully pert breasts. They're smallish, she's the same 34-B as mom. He openly gawks at her conical, somewhat pointy, mounds with their equally somewhat rounded tips. And the hugely wide, light pink, nipples and matching rings of color that top them. Rings so wide that they appear to cover half of her mounds. At least from the front, which is how he's seeing them. Her nipples are hard, sticking their rounded tips right at him. Her narrow thighs allow him a good view of the slightly puffy, mostly flat, mound of her pussy beneath her silky smooth pubes. He doesn't miss a chance to gawk at that, either.

Paige stands there shamelessly. She allows him only the briefest fraction of a second to gawk at her nakedness before she whispers to him. "If I were you, I'd stop gawking at my ugly, scrawny, body! I mean, like seriously, I look like a freaking twig! Pay attention to your Lady. Otherwise, you'll disappoint Her." She instructs him to hold his hands out in front of his nipples. She sets the plate atop his palms.

I've told Paige to do everything she's doing. Since I have a whore for a house-slave, I don't see any reason not to avail myself of her

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skankiness. Paige moves fast as she drops to her knees. She lightly plants her lips atop the straining tip of his swollen cock head. As her lips kiss it, she swirls her tongue around the head, once, leisurely. Barry purrs a very sweet moan that he tries to mute. Paige springs back up to her feet. "Now go serve your Lady, needle dick. And be careful not to mess up Her plate! She'll probably whip us both!"

Barry returns, walking a little unnaturally, his cock twitching crisply with every step. He kneels and serves mom.

Mom tells me that once she got back to her house last night, she started by allowing Barry to give her a pedicure. A foot massage followed. Then he was given the honor of fanning her all night long while she slept. In the morning she allowed him to serve her breakfast. And then he spent the time on his hands and knees doing her housework while she stood over him with her crop to make sure he didn't goof off. While working, every ten minutes, she allowed him to prove his devotion to her by standing and masturbating for her entertainment. Fifteen seconds at a time, then ten more minutes of work. Even as horny as he is, fifteen seconds wouldn't be enough for him to cum. But I'm sure it kept his cock aching powerfully while he scrubbed. As a reward, before coming for brunch, she allowed him to iron her laundry. Including the panties in it, which just happened to be some very sexy pairs.

Brunch is served in several courses. Following the fruit is a fresh slave-baked oatmeal-banana muffin. Then it's Eggs Benedict. Then it's a sweet-cream cheese blintz with raspberry syrup topping it. Finally, it's a dessert coffee to finish. As he fetches each course for mom and returns the used plates and silverware, he has to come face to face with my naked house-slave. As instructed, Paige sends him back with a slightly sluttier kiss on the tip of his cock each time.

That has the intended effect. It keeps Barry cock at full arousal. The guy doesn't stand a chance. Paige can be quite the whore when I want her to be.

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As we sip our coffees, mom and I discuss what to do with Barry. And we make sure he's kneeling there with stiff cock poking out to hear every bit of it. I suggest summoning Tegan to fetch him. In my experience with middle-aged men, having his daughter find out first hand what his kinky tastes are would be, by far, the most humiliating thing for him. And it would be a humiliation that kept on shaming. No way would Tegan ever let him forget it. And I'm sure she'd use it to shame him into some advantage for her. Teenage girls can be rather self-centered, especially when it concerns their social life.

Mom points out that he's certainly after attention from someone genetically female, even if it was just the ugly gutter whore skanking up my kitchen. However, she doesn't feel that he's worthy of even that. And she so eloquently points out, that Barry doesn't have enough cock for even a mouse to feel it, so why bother?

"I know! I have the perfect thing for it to fuck!" I squeal excitedly as if the idea had just come to me. I tell Barry to put his hands behind his back and leave them there "like a boy. Unless you'd rather be a girl, that is." His hands are quickly behind him, one gripping the other.

I get up. I have Barry stand, then I get a good grip on his balls. Using them as a leash, I lead him back to the playroom with everyone following us. Except for Paige. She stays in the kitchen. She's not worthy of this entertainment.

I lead Barry over to the wall just beside the closet. It's bare, nothing but light yellow paint decorating it. I push him to stand facing the narrow stretch of wall between the closet door, and the corner. I put him with the tip of his cock about an inch in front of the wall.

"See!" I squeal excitedly, "it's the *one* thing that won't think he's too perverted to fuck it!" I point at a hole in the wall.

Mom laughs. It's a good, hearty laugh. "Well, it *is* a rental!" She laughs again. A long one. "You're right. Let him fuck a hole in the wall!"

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I take hold of his stiff cock with two fingers around its base and steady it. Then I swat his bottom, urging him forward. As he moves I keep his cock aimed at the hole until it starts sliding into the hole.

The hole is 2 ¼" across, which makes it something around twice as wide as his cock. It has 1/8th-inch thick latex flaps, like pussy lips, covering it so he can't see inside. Just past the drywall, there is a 2 ½" thick piece of PVC pipe that's glued to the drywall on both sides of the wall. Inside, it's filled with a soft, dense, squishy foam, almost like memory foam. In the center of the foam, there's a ¾" wide hole. Unseen by Barry, inside the closet beyond the wall, there's a pump that pushes a steady, slow, supply of an oily lubricating jelly into the pipe. That soaks the foam in it. The far wall, inside the closet, is also cut out even with the inside rim of the pipe. There's a 3" wide piece of pipe, only ½" long, glued to the wall. And over that little rim, there's a zip-lock baggie rubber-banded in place.

Barry purrs a soft moan as the head of his cock starts slipping into the greasy foam, it's softness snuggling tight around his cock. I swat his bottom a little harder and keep him moving until all of his cock is through the wall. Then I have him stand still for a second while I peek inside the closet.

There's not much to see. Maybe somewhere between ¼ and ½ an inch to see. That's how much cock sticks out beyond the wall. Not quite even half of its purple head sticking out into the empty air inside the baggie. Let's see... a 2x4 wall stud is actually only 3 ½". Add an inch of drywall, ½" on either side (as if they'd use anything better than code requires in a rental unit!) and that's 4 ½". Add to that the bit of cock sticking out, and I'll bet Barry just barely breaks five-inches. Poor boy! At least hard his cock is thicker than the ¾" hole in the foam, or this would be a complete waste!

I tell him "Ms. Rodgers did say you could cum if you behaved. You just stupidly assumed that she might actually touch that filthy

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perversed cock for you! Get on with it, fuck a hole in the wall. Lord – and us Ladies – knows you're not even worthy of that! Go on!" I swat his bottom hard with my hand.

He starts fucking the hole. It only takes a few seconds before he's fucking it eagerly and energetically. A few more seconds and he's moaning loud, almost manly grunts with every thrust. And with every thrust, his hips slam against my wall.

I step back to get my crop.

Mom steps back as well. Now that there's no one close to Barry, she takes out her phone. She unnecessarily turns on its flash and takes a couple of pictures of Barry, trying to frame them so his cock is about halfway into the hole. Barry cringes hard at each flash. Then mom makes about a 30-second video clip of him so eagerly fucking the hole.

Barry barely lasts over a minute. His head falls backward. As he looks up, he cries out a deep, sated, groan. His thrusts instantly become crisp.

I swat Barry hard across his bottom with my crop. He cries out a pained yelp. "Bad perversed little boy!" I scold him. "Who gave you permission to cum in that hole in the wall! I know it's the prettiest thing that would let you touch it, but it's *my* wall! This is my realm. I'll tell you when you may cum here."

His pace begins to slow. I swat his bottom again, just as hard. While he's yelping, I scold him for stopping. I didn't tell him he could do that either. I make him pick his pace back up to the vigorous pounding it had been.

Barry grunts strained yelps as he thrusts his now over-sensitive cock into the hole. The hole where the oily-slick foam still snuggles it tightly. The tender tingliness of orgasm in his nerves makes him feel everything about three times as powerfully as before he came. So intensely that it "hurts so good."

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I stand close beside him with my crop to ensure he keeps fucking the hole as eagerly as ever.

Barry about cries his way through the first half-minute of it. And he gets himself two good swats that keep him from stopping. After that, as his cock gradually loses some of that over-sensitivity, his grunts turn to moans again.

He lasts longer this time. Over two whole minutes! Maybe even close to three! Then it's so obvious that he's about to cum no matter how hard he tries to behave. He fidgets hard and moans the most stressed cries as he fucks the hole. He tries to slow down. He gives up that idea as soon as he yelps with swat for it. His face scrunches up hard. Then it's his entire body tensed up as he struggles to hold it in and keep going.

"Aw... lookie!" I coo sweetly, "the freaky little boys just *loves* the hole in the wall! I'll bet fucking a hole in the wall is the best lay he's ever gotten!" I laugh. "Go on, pervert, cum, and show us all how much you *love* fucking a hole in the wall instead of a woman!"

Barry doesn't wait. Not that he could wait much longer. He cums the same, with a deeper grunt of satisfaction and near frantic tremors sweeping over his body.

When he's done cumming I have him stop and pull his cock out of the hole.

Mom knows all about the hole. Barry is far from the first guy I'd made use it. She reaches around into the closet and pulls the baggie off its holder. She brings it out and holds it up as she tells Barry to turn around.

He turns. She dangles the cum-filled baggie in front of his face. "Well, I guess you can't expect too much cream from such a tiny cock!" She laughs again. His cock stays hard, glistening with its sparkly coat of lubricant.

Mom pinches a corner of the baggie. She squishes it up in her hand. Then she puts the missing corner quickly to Barry's mouth, pushing

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it into his lips. She squeezes hard, shooting his cum into his mouth. "swallow it, pervert!" Mom snaps harshly.

Barry chokes and gags on it. He sputters. He grimaces. And then he swallows it.

Mom and I laugh a good, robust laugh. Sophie joins us, too. After close to a minute, mom taunts him, "that's a good little girl, swallow all that sticky boy cum!"

Ten minutes later mom is leading Barry out of my apartment, taking him back to his car to be banished back to his house and daughter.

Nice girl that I am, I text Tegan, anonymously, "one-hour warning. Dad OTW." a minute later I get back "Whoever this is, THANKS!" it tells me Tegan might need that hour to hide the evidence of her night of freedom.