

Let's Go
Shopping



Nadezhda Sarankhova

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Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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

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Let's Go Shopping

Prologue:

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

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

I'm petite. Actually more "tiny" than petite. I'm 5' 1.75" and 91 pounds. I'm not bony, though, I've curvy, like a small-sized woman. I have blond hair down to my shoulders and blue eyes. Oh, and my chest is the only place I'm not small. I'm a 32-D, and I'm very pert. Which makes me popular with the boys.

I'm also slightly bisexual. I'm attracted to men, not women. I would never choose a female partner for even a date, let alone for sex. But I'm not opposed to masturbating with a female toy. Sophie happens to be my favorite sex toy to pleasure myself with. Her tongue has two big advantages over my vibrator: one, it's very delicate and tender. Two,

no matter how much I use it, its batteries never die at the worst possible moment! It's better than fresh bunny batteries, it just keeps going until I want it to stop. And I don't even have to hold it in place!

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

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

Sophie is my 20-year-old live-in slave-girl. She's slightly petite at 5'4" and 119 pounds. She's pretty, too, with long honey-blond hair, green eyes, and a 34-B chest. Sophie is extremely devoted to me. So devoted, and so happy as my slave, that despite not being attracted to women, she's a virgin with men. She serves and pleasures only me, and those I give her to. And while I use her, even with my male toys, I won't allow any man to touch her pussy or penetrate her bottom. Those are mine. Only mine. I've owned her since she graduated high school, but I've known her longer. Since about two months after her 18th birthday, which was also about two months before she finished high school.

Paige is my 19-year-old house-slave and slave-whore. It's a role she definitely loves. She lives with me, too. In a kennel, in the playroom. Like Sophie, she came to me during her final year of high school, just after her 18th birthday. Paige does most of the chores around the house, which leaves Sophie free to cater more closely to me. Paige is also my

whore. Whenever I need a female body to torment one of my toys, it's Paige's body I use. And Paige definitely doesn't mind it.

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

I believe in taking good care of my slaves. Including their education. Sophie is now a sophomore at Bishop State College where she's studying to become a vet technician. Paige, a year behind her in school, is beginning her freshman year at Bishop. Before they became mine, both girls were mediocre students, and neither had the grades to get into a four-year university. Now they're straight-A students. I wouldn't accept anything less. Both should easily be able to transfer to USA for their last two years of college and earn degrees that would allow them to actually get a decent job. They might not need to work while they're mine, but I want them to have their education and options down the line.

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

I also have a circle of five other women friends, all of whom are Dommies as well. Andrea (26), Janelle (35), Colette (39), Diane (43), and Olive (44). we usually get together every couple of weeks for coffee and a little chat about who's doing what to whom lately. We sometimes share, or loan, our toys to each other, but not that often. Sometimes we do a favor for each other, such as providing something different for a toy. Mostly we do what girls do: we gossip.

I get all of my toys through networking. It's almost always either one of the women in our circle who has a toy she doesn't want and offers to point it at another who is interested. Or sometimes one of my toys tells someone, who tells someone, and so on until someone asks my toy to introduce someone to me. Rarely it's someone I don't play with, but who knows what I'm into, who asks me to meet someone. I get plenty of emails inquiring about meeting me, and while I will email and maybe chat with a sub online, I haven't yet met any. I won't rule it out, but meeting online is risky enough that someone would have to convince me before I'd think about it. A girl's gotta be careful!

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

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



Chapter 01: A Grounded Bitch

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My friend, and fellow Domme, Olive just had her 46th birthday. She's married and has a full-time job, so she doesn't have much time to play. She limits her toybox to the most exciting toys. Because of that, and her preferences, most of her toys tend to be slightly older, somewhere between about 40 and 50. I prefer my toys to be just slightly younger, between about 30 and 42... or so. It works out great because whenever Olive runs into a younger toy, she passes it off to one of us other girls. I've gotten a couple of very nice toys from her.

I crave variety more than about anything else. I prefer to play with a wide range of toys, of both genders, and all ages. but mostly with differing interests. It keeps me from getting into a rut. So I'm well known to do a "favor" for a fellow Dom or Domme and have a one-time session with one of His or Her toys. To me it's like renting a Ferrari for the day - I get all the fun of taking it for a spin, and none of the work of keeping it up. The toy gets a fresh experience with a new Domme, something it wouldn't have gotten otherwise. And something that allows it to explore, or enjoy, some things that its owner might now usually offer.

So when Olive calls me and asks if I have any time open today, I cautiously tell her I do. Or at least I can make some. I'm already pretty sure she's going to ask for a favor. And I'm pretty sure I'm going to do it. I've always liked "mom-aged" toys. Olive knows it, too. She wouldn't ask if she didn't think I'd enjoy the toy, and whatever she has in mind for it.

I'm right. She starts telling me about Jodie, a 47-year-old housewife that's been a toy of hers for several years now. She tells me that Jodie is a rather "uppity" and somewhat "snobbish" woman. Her husband owns a used car dealership, and they've always been well off. Jodie isn't shy about letting people know it, or acting it, either. Just the type of woman Olive knows I will so enjoy turning over my knees.

Olive calls Jodie a "humiliation whore." She means that nothing excites Jodie like a good humiliation. And the more humiliating her experience is, the hotter Jodie gets. "I once took her over to Colette's - I didn't tell her Colette was dominant, just that she was a friend of mine - and made her behave while we were there. It got Jodie so hot that I

Let's Go Shopping

caught her with her hand down her panties on the way back for her lesson!"

Olive tells me that Jodie has always been "mom." She had her first child at 19, and her third at 28. Her third, and last, just left for college, leaving her an empty house. For all of Jodie's adult life, she's been the one handing out the punishments. So last week, when Jodie broke Olive's rule about promptly returning Olive's calls because her son was visiting from college and she was too embarrassed to call Olive with hi around, Olive handed out a punishment. Jodie is grounded for the entire week.

Olive's definition of grounded is the same as mine. Jodie is not permitted to set even the tip of a toe beyond the door. Not even onto her porch. She must have her phone at her side 24/7, and whenever Olive calls or texts, she must respond immediately. Nor is she allowed to have anyone over to her house. She's stuck there, alone, for the entire week. Her body, however, is available to Olive, and her husband, whenever, and however, they wish to use it. Olive might pop by whenever she feels like it, just to check in on Jodie, even at three in the morning. Jodie is expected to be available. Jodie isn't allowed to sleep her week away either. She's only to be in bed between ten at six, or when her husband wants her there for something. Her "personal" phone time is limited to one hour a day, and to a total of five hours for the week. The TV is only allowed to be on after all of Jodie's chores for the day are finished. The same with the radio. It's the exact same rules my mom had for me when I grounded as a teenager, except for the sex part. But plus the part about chores and homework having to be done.

So far Jodie has hated her punishment. It's been rather humiliating for her to see the neighbors, her friends, walking down the block and not be able to set foot outside and say hello. She hasn't minded the "sex" part. But otherwise, she's been bored out of her mind. And, according to Olive, Jodie feels like she's been treated like a child, which she finds rather degrading.

When Olive called Jodie this morning, Jodie asked Olive to take her to the grocery store. It's the only way Jodie is allowed to leave the

Chapter 01: A Grounded Bitch

house, escorted by Olive. Olive told her that it was inconvenient for her to bother with it today. Jodie pleaded, saying that she was running out of things in the kitchen and had to make a nice meal for her husband. Olive asked why she should care. Jodie will just have to make due, and maybe next time she'll think twice before ignoring her Mistress just because she wants to feign some modesty.

Olive wouldn't leave Jodie without food. Not that her cupboards are anything close to bare. That's half the reason Olive is calling me. The other half is that Olive has yet to share Jodie with another Domme. This will give Olive the perfect excuse to share Jodie. She can make it seem like she's doing Jodie a huge favor.

Olive says that Jodie doesn't have any friends under about 40. Not even the other moms she knows from PTA meetings and such. Anyone under 30, to Jodie, is more like her children than her equal. Thus, Olive thought of me immediately. Not only am I 20, but I'm also petite, and I look young. For Jodie, she'll see me as someone who ought to be hanging out with one of her kids, not her. Likely the youngest of her kids at that. It should make it nicely humiliating for Jodie to have to obey me, especially in public.

Olive tells me that there are no "concerns" with Jodie. If I take her out of her neighborhood, there's almost no chance of her running into anyone she knows. I can do whatever I wish with Jodie. Her husband doesn't mind if she's shared. He does, however, enjoy watching Jodie's sessions. And he's willing to join in if his role is "tame."

Olive tells me one more thing. Jodie considers homosexual sex to be about the most repulsive thing imaginable. She has no problems letting Olive touch her. To Jodie, that's like being touched by her doctor or something, in Olive's words. But Jodie "gets nauseous, just thinking about eating a pussy." Dale, her husband, however "wouldn't object" to seeing two women together, especially if one was Jodie. Olive suggests that I touch Jodie often, and as sweetly as possible. It will keep Jodie well off balance.

I agree to take Jodie shopping after my last class today. I should be able to be at Jodie's at about 2:00. Olive tells me that she's not going

Let's Go Shopping

to tell Jodie who is coming to take her shopping. Jodie will only be told that someone will be there at 2:00 to take her shopping, she is to go, and she is to obey me as if I were Olive. I will tell Jodie whatever else I decide Jodie needs to know. If Olive gets a bad report from me, Jodie's grounding will be tripled, and that's in addition to whatever punishment I dish out for offending me. Jodie should be on her best, humblest, most polite, behavior today. After all, Olive is imposing on one of her friends just so that Dale may have his nice meals.

I tell Olive that I'm not sure how things will go. It depends on Jodie and how well she takes to me and my style. But regardless, I will instruct Jodie to call Olive immediately with a full report of her session. And I'll text Olive to let her know Jodie should be calling. Olive tells me to "have lots of fun" with her toy. She means for me to do whatever I fancy with Jodie. I assure her that was my plan.

When I get out of class, a few minutes after 1:30, I have a text from Olive. "Jodie is waiting for her ride to go shopping. Happy humiliating. Remember my motto: 'don't spare the rod or spoil the sub!'"

I drive over to Jodie's house. It's in a well-to-do part of Mobile, and thus on the outskirts of the city. Luckily that puts it not too far from USA's campus, where I'm coming from. I didn't bother to dress up for this sessions, as I sometimes do. Since I didn't have any practical classes today, those where I actually get to do some nursing, I'm dressed like a college girl. I have snug and faded jeans on. I have a cute, colorful, short-sleeved blouse on with sneakers. I even have a pastel green backpack to carry my books and stuff in. Anyone seeing me would think I'm a student. And I am, by day anyway.

I ring her doorbell. I have to, the door is locked or I would just barge right in. I notice that she has a video doorbell, one that lets her see who is at the door. I have one, too. I put my hand over hers, blocking its lens. I'll bet she's peeking about now, too. But not seeing anything. Knowing that her Mistress is sending someone, she has no choice but to answer the door or risk incurring Olive's wrath. I'm just making sure she doesn't get to cheat and see me before I get to see her.

Chapter 01: A Grounded Bitch

I'm holding my favorite crop at my side, close to my leg where it's not so easily seen. It's pastel green, made of soft leather, and trimmed with white lace. But it has a good, stiff tip on it.

Jodie answers her door, opening it cautiously. The slightly nervous look on her face fades immediately. She looks at me as if she expects me to try and sell her Girl Scout cookies or something. As if I'd ever part with a box of Thin Mints! I hear a touch of reproach in her voice as she asks what I want. As if she doesn't want to be bothered and is just itching to get rid of me. As if I'm unwelcome!

There's no reason not to set the tempo right from the start. I put my hand to her chest, just over her breasts, and start pushing her firmly backward, into her house. "I believe your Mistress told you to expect me, bitch. Now shut that rude mouth of yours before I turn your naughty butt over my knees, *BITCH*."

Now Jodie looks shocked. Her feet quickly, and dumbly, shuffle back as I push her. It's enough for me to step in and close the door behind me. "I am Miss Rodgers. You may address me as 'Miss Rodgers' or 'Ma'am.' Anything less polite and you will learn some manners." I move the crop away from my leg just a little, holding it casually and letting it hang down at my side. It lets Jodie see the crop clearly. "Is that clear, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Jodie answers. Her voice has a heavy Northeastern accent, maybe around Boston or somewhere up there. Her voice is also rather resigned as if she already hates the idea of submitting to me, yet also accepts that she's not being given a choice. I am the one her Mistress sent. I am the one her Mistress has chosen for her to take her shopping. Thus, she is going shopping with me. Olive doesn't care if she likes it or not.

Jodie looks at me with a slightly anxious look on her face. It's a look that says "If I have to do this, let's get on with it then. Let's get it over with sooner rather than later." But there's no edge to her face, telling me that Jodie expects me to take her shopping and nothing else.

As she's now standing in front of me, Jodie is wearing a rather casual, blousy, pull-over shirt with sleeves down to her elbows. It's light

Let's Go Shopping

and breeze, blue with flowers on it. She's paired with jeans. They're moderately faded, well-broken in, and they fit her slightly snugly. She has sneakers on with it. I'm sure her clothes have decent labels on them. They look to me to be department store grade items. Maybe from Belk's or Macy's in town. Not exactly designer, but far beyond Wal-Mart grade.

I didn't have much of a clue what Jodie looks like before I saw her. Olive only told me that she was 47. I didn't bother to ask anymore. There isn't much of a reason for me to have cared. I'm not considering Jodie for my toybox. I'm doing Olive a favor. But I know Olive wouldn't have a toy that wasn't up to her standards.

Now that I see Jodie, I know that's she's a decently large woman. She stands about 5'8" tall. I'd guess she weighs somewhere around 160, maybe even 170, pounds. It's not enough to make her look fat. Not even close. But is enough for her body to have a big look to it. Proportional, just larger than most.

I see that Jodie has a rather oval face. It has a slightly long look to it. It has a bit of a long jawline, but also one with rounded, softer features. She has black hair, slightly bushy with body, straight, that hangs down to the tops of her shoulders. She has brown eyes. Her nose is slightly long, with strong lines to it. She has a nice, wide mouth with moderately plump, soft, light-pink lips. It's a face that shows her age. I can see a few wrinkle lines at the corners of her eyes, and a few more around her mouth, but they're faint. Mostly I can see that her skin just doesn't have the elasticity of youth any longer. Then again, she is nearly 50! She could pass for a few years younger than she is, but not much. She's definitely in her 40's.

"Is that how you're planning to go out, bitch? Seriously? Does that look like someone I'd be seen with would wear? Where did you find it? The dumpster outside the homeless shelter?" I guess that Jodie is the kind of woman who cares about her appearance. She cares that she has nice clothes, and more so that others know it. When I see the look on her face, I know I'm right. "Undress," I add with a steely firmness in my voice.

Chapter 01: A Grounded Bitch

"Undress" is one of the basic commands I teach all my subs. Olive uses the same commands with her subs, so Jodie knows what I expect her to do. I expect her to start at the very top of her head and take off the highest thing she finds. Then the next highest. And so on, folding each item neatly and giving it to me politely, until she's absolutely naked. Not even a hairpin is to be left on her body. Naked.

A look of horrified shock erupts on Jodie's face. She actually takes a tentative step back from me. Her face scrunches up with a mild grimace. It takes her a second to answer. "Yes, Ma'am..." Jodie answers in a voice that's full of reluctant resignation, and a good bit of humiliation already.

Jodie reaches for the top button of her blouse. She starts unbuttoning it, her hands moving a bit reluctantly. Her face humiliated and unhappy about it. But she's well enough trained that she doesn't really dally. She starts taking her clothes off.

Her blouse comes off to show me a basic beige bra with full cups that mostly cover a pair of ample mounds. It also shows me a bit more of her figure. Her sides are pretty much straight, the curve of her waist having puffed out with a couple of extra pounds. Not too many, though. I don't see any flab, fat, or rolls. Her stomach is about the same. It puffs outward just a hair. Her skin is rather loose on her stomach, too. But that's all it is, just loose. It's the body of a woman who's had a few kids and never recovered her figure afterward. Her flesh is smooth enough, not showing any wrinkles or lines, just loose. and by the look of the way the waistband of her jeans is cutting into her hips, those are a size on the small side for her. There's enough on her shoulders that I can't make out the lines of her collar bones, but no extra. her arms look fairly slim. Slim enough that I can see some thick veins standing out at her wrists. The skin there, on her arms, isn't as loose as the skin on her stomach. nor is the skin on her shoulders. The looseness is definitely from the pregnancies stretching her stomach a few times over the years.

The next highest thing on Jodie's body is her bra. She moves just a little more reluctantly as she reaches up behind her back and unclips it. the straps fall to her sides. The cups stay up, loosely covering her

Let's Go Shopping

breasts. She reaches for the straps at her shoulders. She cringes, then hesitantly pushes the straps off her shoulders. Now the cups fall free and show me her breasts.

Jodie's breasts are soft. Then again, it looks like the rest of her body is as well. They hang down slightly, lying back fully against her chest with a deep crease. They drift to the outsides a bit, too, leaving a wide V of deep cleavage between them. Her mounds are milky white. They're topped with a pair of decently wide pinkish-brown rings. And a pair of marble-wide nipples with the gentlest of rounding to their tips. It's such a gentle rounding that it leaves her tips looking almost flat, with a defined rim to them. And her nipples stand up nicely, giving them noticeable sides.

Jodie avoids looking at me. She knows to keep her eyes forward, and she does. But she keeps them blank as well, not really seeing anything in front of her. Especially not me.

No woman likes to show her body to another woman. We tend to size each other more critically than men do. We tend to notice the flaws, like the looseness of her skin, the softness of her breasts, the thick shape of her figure. Since I am here to humiliate Jodie, the shirking look on her face tells me this is a great place to start.

"Those boobs are nice and saggy, aren't they, bitch?" I say with a bit of mocking scorn in my voice.

"Yes, Ma'am," Jodie very reluctantly confesses. I think she blushes a little, but it's hard to tell. Her face has a decent tan to it, telling me that she likes to be outdoors. Thus the grounding is a rather unpleasant punishment for her.

I just casually reach my hand up to one of her breasts. I cup her mound in my hand from the underside. I lift its weight up. Her breast, now held straight out from her chest, looks a little bigger than it did lying against her chest. I lift it up until the crease under it is gone. Her mound is big enough that the tip of it, and her nipple, hang over the side of my tiny hand.

Jodie just stands there, cringing slightly, as I cup her breast. I give her mound a light squish, feeling its firmness. It's as soft as it looks. not

Chapter 01: A Grounded Bitch

quite a water balloon, but maybe like the wettest of dough. Like the dough that sticks to everything and is just impossible to knead.

I slide my thumb around to feel Jodie's nipple. Its tip has the slightest of roughness to it, as most do. But I can feel its hardness. It's as hard as any rock. Just that first stroke of my thumb over it makes goosebumps erupt all around her nipple and up onto her mound. That wrinkles up the dark ring around her nipple. And screams that Jodie's breast likes my delicate touch. Despite the way, Jodie is cringing from it.

I leave my thumb stroking her nipple, slowly and very tenderly. "I see these boobs are as soft as they look. No wonder they sag so much. What size are these boobs, bitch?" I ask her firmly. I don't actually care what size bra she wears. I just want to make her tell me. It will be slightly embarrassing for her, and I'm setting the tone of the session.

"This slave's breasts are a size 40-D, Ma'am," Jodie admits in an embarrassed voice.

I quickly take my hand from her mound, letting it fall down to lie against her chest. It lets me see the flesh of her mound jiggles slightly as it lands. I know Jodie feels that.

I tell her to get on with getting naked. She's wasting my time by making me see such saggy breasts.

Jodie takes her shoes off next. She has to. There's no way those jeans are moving with her shoes on.

Jodie reaches up to the waistband of her jeans and unfastens them. It lets me see how snug they are on her. She starts wiggling them down, steadily working the tight fabric down off her bottom. Once the waistband gets to her thighs, the jeans slip down more easily. Then they're off.

It shows me a pair of basic beige panties. a decently modest, and very comfortable, pair. A pair that fully covers her pubes and bottom, with medium-wide sides around her hips. A pair that's cut just below her hip bones. It's a pair a woman would wear to go shopping. It's not a pair a woman would wear if she thought anyone would be seeing her bottom in them. They're just not cute enough, or sexy enough, for that. It tells me that Jodie expected to go shopping, and nothing more.

Let's Go Shopping

It lets me see a pair of legs that are still decently shaped. But that also have a fair bit of looseness to them. not much in the way of extra pounds, though. Her hips still seem to have decent, but modest, curve to them. They're full, decently rounded, and only slightly loose. They're a bit wide, too, but that's typical on a woman after a couple of births.

Jodie averts her eyes down to the floor as she leans over to take her panties off. Now Jodie's pubes are on full display. They're shaven smooth and bare, as I know Olive demands of her toys. I usually do as well, unless I offer a concession to a toy's husband. Her pubes have a slight puffiness to them. They don't really swell out. It's more as if they're just not lean and flat. They're slightly loose, but not nearly as loose as her stomach is. I'm sure there's a light layer of fat behind that skin, but not very much of one. It's a fairly typical body for a woman of her age. It makes Jodie decidedly average. I'll be sure to mock her for it.

It also lets me see the flat mound of her pussy between the tops of her thighs. Her thighs aren't nearly big enough to hide even a bit of it. Her pussy looks as if she doesn't really have any lips to it. Instead, it looks like her pubes just flow down and around to her bottom, opening to leave a wide gash. A long ridgeline of her purple inner folds rises up into that gash, running all the way from the very top at her pubes down. About halfway down, the ridge splits into a pair of loose, wrinkle soft folds that rise well beyond the top of her gash and open wide. So wide that the long folds begin to lie back atop her skin. Or so it looks. That leaves her folds looking like a pink-purple funnel inviting a cock in.

It lets me see her bottom, too. It's not a bad bottom. Her cheeks are full and rounded. they have a pronounced curve to the bottom edges. But not enough for them to sag down. They're a little soft, and their tips are a little flat-looking. It looks like a bottom she's spent plenty of time sitting on. One that's not firm or toned, but has gone flabby or saggy yet. The inside edges of her cheeks lie flush against each other, fully closing off her long, deep crack.

Jodie slips her socks off. "This slave is now fully undressed, Ma'am, as you said..." Jodie tells me in a slightly hushed, very reluctant, and embarrassed voice. She stands up, hesitantly putting her hands

Chapter 01: A Grounded Bitch

behind her back and parting her feet a little. It's the position she's supposed to stand in. A position that lets me see all of her nakedness.

I point to the front door. The walls are all but covered as if this has been her home for a long time and she's collected a bunch of stuff to decorate with. It makes the door about the only place that's devoid of anything but paint, and that's what I want.

I put my other hand to Jodie's bottom. I give the globe just the lightest of squeezes, feeling the softness atop her muscle. It tells me that her bottom will jiggle lightly when I spank it. Notice that I said when I spank it, not if I spank it. I'll invent an opportunity if I have to. Her bottom looks like I will enjoy spanking it.

I keep my hand on Jodie's bare bottom. I use it to urge her toward the door. "You will stand on the door while I find you something appropriate to wear shopping. And believe me, your Mistress will be hearing about those rags I found your fat butt wearing, bitch."

I guide Jodie into place, even though she already knows what to do. She can stand against this door just as she stands on the wall. With the tips of her toes flush against it, her feet together, and her back up straight. Her hands behind her back, too. It leaves an inch or so of space between her stomach and the door. But it has the tips of her breasts touching the door. Mostly it leaves her eyes nothing to see but the white paint of the door. Even out the corners of her eyes. Just white.

She knows that she's not allowed to move. Nor is she allowed to look around. She's to look ahead at the whiteness. And just wait patiently until I say otherwise. And while she stands there, she will be thinking about me going through all of her things and picking something for her to wear. Mostly about me pawing through her more personal things, like her panty drawer. And she can think about how she's demurely standing there oblivious to what I'm doing with her things.



Chapter 02: Dress Up

Let's Go Shopping

I take my time going through Jodie's things. I do it intentionally. I want her to stand there and wonder what's taking me so long. To wonder just how thoroughly I'm going through her things. What I must be thinking as I do. And wondering what I might bring out and give her to wear out in public.

I'll bet she's rather nervous about it, too. If Olive is right about her, and Olive knows her well enough by now. Jodie will be wondering what, how slutty or embarrassing of an outfit I will parade her around in to be seen by those who know her. Just as I know she's been cringing all day, wondering and trying out ways to explain away whomever Mistress sent with her should she bump into anyone she knows. I'll bet now she's trying to decide if I'm going to dress her in the trashiest outfit I can find, or try to dress her up like a schoolgirl. Like I'm dressed. And I'm those are about the last choices she'd pick.

I find a cute pink sundress in her closet. It looks fairly new, too, so I'm confident it will fit her well. The best part about it is that it's short. Not like mini-dress short. It should cover her down almost to her knees, but no further. It's not exactly modest, but it's not trashy at all. It is sleeveless and shoulderless, with nothing but spaghetti straps over her shoulders, but it will fully cover her body from her shoulder blades down. And it's a dense fabric, so it won't be see-through. It's perfect for a shopping spree on a nice afternoon!

I root through Jodie's bras and panties. I make sure to rearrange everything in those drawers so that, when Jodie sees them, she will know that I've been through them. I find a few sexy pairs, a few more casual but cute pairs, and a number of the comfy, everyday kinds. I pick none. A bra wouldn't go too well with the dress. the straps over her shoulders would show. and it's unneeded. the dress will cover her breasts fully, not even showing a slice of cleavage. It just won't support, and more importantly, restrain, those ample mounds as her snug-fitting underwire bras would.

Jodie doesn't need panties, either. The dress will cover her bottom fully. More importantly, Panties would just get in the way if I want to get to her pussy or bottom. Even better, she will feel that she

Chapter 02: Dress Up

doesn't have them on. She'll feel the air on her bare pussy. The fabric brushing against her bare bottom as she moves and walks. It will be a great reminder to her that I dressed her. And not the way she'd like to be dressed. And it will definitely leave Jodie wondering, knowing that any second now some breeze or misstep on her part is going to flash her nakedness to the world.

I take the dress, finding a pair of sandals to go with it. That's plenty of clothes for a bitch to wear shopping. She doesn't need anything else, like the watch she was wearing. She doesn't need to know the time. She just needs to mind me. I carry it all out to where Jodie is standing and set it on a table behind her. Where she can't see what I've picked for her to wear.

"Show me what a slut you've been," I crisply tell Jodie. I tell her to get in position against the wall.

Jodie sighs out, a heavy note of that reluctance in her voice. She steps back, keeping her eyes forward as she should. She bends forward, stretching her arms out and locking her elbows. She puts her hands to the door, spreading her fingers, to brace herself. Now with her back flat, parallel to the floor, she spreads her feet wide apart. She keeps her head up, her eyes on the empty whiteness.

It fully displays her bottom to me. It lets me see her cheeks, now pulled moderately taunt, are still full enough that their inside edges lie against each other to fully close her long crack. But her cheeks are a hair rounder like this, and some of the looseness is gone.

It also shows me her pussy under those globes. That's fully displayed as well. Her widely spread thighs not even close to it. Her lips are as bare as her pubes. they look freshly shaven as if she shaved this morning. I doubt she did that thinking she'd be seen, but more out of the habit of keeping her body up to Olive's standards. A sub-standard appearance, whether the sub expects to see Mistress, or is surprised by Her appearance, is grounds for a stern punishment. I just hate it when my toys aren't ready for me to play with them at my leisure. Olive does, too.

Let's Go Shopping

I pull a pair of latex gloves out of my pocket and quietly slip them on my hands. That way Jodie won't have the warning of hearing me pull them on. That's a sure sign I'm going to touch her. Instead, she figures that out when she feels my fingers lightly touching her soft folds.

I ease those apart, stretching them wide to fully expose the entrance of her tunnel. And every bit of her inner pinkness. It's fairly light pink, with only the faintest purple tinge to it. Now it's flushed fairly bright. Already! And I can see some of her pasty honey clinging to her pinkness.

I can see the entrance of her tunnel as well. I can see the spongy soft walls in her tunnel swelling inward and closing it up. It doesn't look narrow, or tight, but it's not wide or loose either. It's rather wet, the honey coating her walls seeming to be a little creamier, but still tinged with a faint whiteness. It gives me a good whiff of her strong muskiness as well.

I didn't even have to open her folds to find her clit. her gash is wide enough that I can see the ridge where it nests between the edges of her lips even with her standing up. And with her feet together. It's right where her folds flow together, melting into a thick knot of wrinkles, with a tiny fold to cover it. Jodie's clit seems to be decently wide, almost marble-wide. It has a tip shaped like a little bell or a cock head. Her clit is just a hair purpler than the rest. And now it's poking up, pushing that little fold aside. It looks so eager. And easily accessible. It has a bit of that pasty honey clinging to it as well.

I casually put the tip of a finger to the entrance of Jodie's tunnel. I don't tell Jodie anything, no warning, no explanation. Just the feel of my finger touching the rim of her tunnel. And an instant later the feel of my finger steadily sliding along those spongy hot walls as it slips into her pussy.

"AH!" Jodie sucks in a startled breath laced with a little sweetness. Instantly I feel the walls of her pussy snuggle lightly around my finger, cuddling it as it slips into her. I feel the burning heat of those walls, too. "Mmm..." Jodie purrs out sweetly, now that she's over the shock of being touched.

Chapter 02: Dress Up

I slip my finger all the way into her pussy. My tiny finger isn't quite enough to reach all the way to the depths of her pussy, but it's close. Her walls have a snug, but not a tight, cuddle around the length of my finger now. Her tunnel is hot. It's wet, a liberal coat of her honey covering everything. It let me notice that despite its pasty thickness, her honey is rather slippery. Slipperier than average, anyway. It lets me feel that her walls are decently spongy, neither loose and soft, nor firm. Like a wet sponge or thick dough. But they do have a silkiness to them.

"I believe your Mistress told you that this sloppy puss was to be available to your husband whenever he wished it, bitch. Just how long has it been since he's been desperate enough to fuck this slop pit?" I can guess that Jodie is sensitive about her body. So I plan to mock it every chance I get, even when I have to invent insults for it. Like now. Anything to make her think that I find her body old, worn out, and undesirable compared to the much younger bodies she assumes I see regularly.

I feel a faint shudder race through her body. "It has been five days since my husband wanted this slave's body, Ma'am," Jodie answers me with a bit of embarrassment in her voice. As if she thinks her husband should want her more often and is ashamed to tell me just how rarely he wants it.

I wiggle the pad of my finger, stroking it softly over the walls of her pussy. The instant my finger begins to move, I feel a crisp, hard tremble vibrate throughout her body. It ebbs slowly, never disappearing, but quieting. "No wonder this skank pit is so sloppy! It's obviously eager for someone to get desperate enough to touch it!"

It wouldn't actually take a desperate man. Her body shows its age, but it's still fairly well-shaped. Enough so that a man would gladly take advantage of it. Self-image is such a fun thing to torment a middle-aged woman with!

I pull my finger from her pussy just as casually as I slipped it in. Jodie purrs softly again, this time trying to mute herself and hide it from me. She doesn't want me to know that my finger in her pussy feels good to her.

Let's Go Shopping

I reach my left hand up to Jodie's crack and fairly quickly use those fingers to push Jodie's crack wide open. It shows me a huge swath of brown-purple flesh around her asshole. Flesh that doesn't change its color even a shade as it flows towards her ring. Her ring isn't that big, maybe the size of a dime. But it's deeply funneled, curving inward as it tapers. It's lined with countless, tiny little wrinkles. I can't actually make out her ring of muscle. It's as if the entire swath of dark flesh is her asshole, flowing through her crack, and then sharply diving inward as it wrinkles up. Its lines are smooth. I'll bet her ring is going to be soft, too.

I quickly squeeze a packet of lubricating gel onto the tip of my first finger. I put my finger to her asshole. Her ring isn't as wide as my finger, but with it stretching between her spread cheeks, the very tip of my finger does nestle into the mouth of that funnel. It lets me feel the rubberiness surrounding the tip of my finger. That's her muscle.

Another, and crisper, shudder vibrates Jodie's body. I start pressing against her muscle. Her ring now feels a little firm. Jodie groans out a very unhappy "UHM..." as she feels the pressure. My finger eases into her asshole. Soon her rubbery-firm muscle is squeezing lightly around the sides of my finger. Jodie groans out again, this time more purring her unhappy "UHM..." and drawing it out as my finger slides into her bottom.

I push all of my finger into her bottom, making sure Jodie feels it slipping deep into her. I let her feel the web of my finger against the outside of her asshole. I let her feel my hand pushing the insides of her cheeks wider to make room in her crack for me. I stop there, leaving her to enjoy the feeling of my finger invading her very unwelcoming depths.

It takes just a fraction of a second, with my finger still and deep inside her bottom, for me to feel Jodie's asshole tense up and squeeze a little firmer around it. That tells me she was trying to make herself relax while I pushed into her bottom. It's a trick any experienced sub knows. It eases the entry, by far the most uncomfortable part of anything anal.

I give Jodi another couple of seconds. Long enough for her to fully relax from the entry. Long enough for her to wonder what I'm going to do back here, now that I'm deep inside her bowels.

Chapter 02: Dress Up

I press the pad of my finger gently downward. My finger is already flush against the inside walls of her rectum, a sausage-casing-like membrane with a paper-thin wall of smooth muscle around it. Neither does much to cushion the feel of what lies beyond. Nor does the latex exam glove covering my finger. It lets me feel Jodie's insides quite well. Unfortunately, it also lets me feel what's inside her insides just as well. Her bowels are moderately full.

Feeling a fair amount of fullness inside her, I change up for an instant. I stiffen my finger and bring it back up. It pushes her waste against the top of her rectum, towards her back. It lets her feel the firm mass moving around inside her bottom as I push it around. "You're an especially dirty bitch, aren't you? Just how long has it been since you've bothered to use a toilet, bitch?" I give another wiggle, pushing the mass against her walls to make sure she knows I can feel it inside her.

"This slave used the toilet this morning, Ma'am, maybe around seven..." Jodie's voice is pure embarrassment now.

I return to what I was doing. I very softly press the pad of my finger downward, towards her pubes. I easily feel the spongy softness of the walls of her pussy. It's impossible to miss them. To miss the fiery heat burning in them.

I give a very little wiggle of my finger, using the pad of it to gently massage those walls through her rectum.

"AH!" Jodie squeals out as a much harder tremble vibrates throughout her body. At the same time, I feel her asshole squeeze hard around the base of my finger, clamping it in place. Jodie starts panting very fast-paced, squealy, "UH!-UH!-UH!" as I massage those walls from the backside.

I doubt it's a new experience for Jodie. Olive has owned her far too long for her bottom to have gone anything less than completely explored. And well used. But what is new to Jodie is having her bottom so casually invaded by a much younger woman. To a woman like Jodie, the age will make a difference. Olive might be her social equal, a woman much easier to submit to. She won't see me that way. In her mind, she

Let's Go Shopping

should be telling me what to do, as if I were one of her daughter's friends.

"Oh, this rectum is exceptionally slutty, bitch!" I announce confidently. My finger keeps right on teasing her. "Isn't it?"

"Y- Yes, Ma'am..." Jodie stutters once as she blurts her answer out atop her urgent, panted moans. I can see her body quivering crisply, vibrating, as she leans over, bracing herself against the wall.

I stop teasing her and casually pull my finger from her asshole. For the first instant, her asshole still holds my finger in its tight grip. But the slippery honey covering everything lets my finger glide through the muscle. It quickly softens to rubber again, releasing my finger and letting it slip easily from her bottom.

Jodie pants a relieved sigh as my finger slips from her bottom. As if she's very glad that I'm out of her, and maybe now done with her. That this humiliation might be over now and we can get on with the shopping trip.

I reach into my backpack, moving casually. "Clearly that bottom of yours needs to learn not to be such a gutter slut while I search you before allowing you out of the house. Perhaps a nice fat butt plug will help you to remember not to be a complete gutter butt-whore."

I easily find the butt plug I brought. It's a rather huge one. It's about six inches long and 1½" thick, made of rigid plastic. Then it quickly tapers to a shaft about half that width, and about ½" long. After that there's just a wide, flat disk. I don't bother to lubricate it. I already have plenty of the slippery gel smeared around her asshole from my finger.

It has a rounded tip that quickly tapers out to the full width. I put that rounded tip against Jodie's rubbery ring.

"OH!" Jodie blurts out, her voice pure fear now. "PLEASE, MA'AM! IT'S TOO BIG! IT'S NOT GOING TO FIT!"

I grab my crop and snap it down hard atop Jodie's bare, soft cheek. It lands with a loud, splitting crack and sears a light, but rather angry and bright, red crop print onto the center of her milky globe.

"OW!" Jodie screeches as the crop swats her. She shudders, her hips wiggling hard enough to get that light jiggle to them. She starts

Chapter 02: Dress Up

sobbing light "OW!s" as she tries to shake the piercing sting off her cheek.

"Shut up, bitch," I harshly scold Jodie. "You know better than to beg like a cheap tramp. I will tell you what you want up your butt. you want one bigger than this!" I add a little giggle into my voice. then I take the toy away from her bottom for a few seconds. I put it back to her asshole, letting the tip of it push the inside edges of her cheeks wide as it presses into her crack. It's the same toy, but I'm sure Jodie thinks it's a bigger one. I'll bet it feels bigger to her.

Jodie starts sobbing lightly. I start pushing, gently at first, slowly increasing the pressure against Jodie's asshole. It immediately start pushing forward. For a second I feel the rubbery resistance of her asshole. It vanishes, her ring stretching to its widest to accommodate the fat shaft. Then I feel the resistance of her rubbery asshole squeezing around the shaft, pulling on it, as it glides into Jodie's bottom.

"OW!" Jodie screeches out as the toy first stretches her asshole so wide. She starts sobbing again, even louder, this time whining "OW!s" over and over again. I keep pushing, letting it glide slowly into her. About half of it slips in with just the whines from Jody.

"NOT SO DEEP! IT HURTS! THAT'S TOO FAR! OWWWW!" Jodie suddenly screeches out. I imagine that's the point where she feels it pushing the waste filling her bowels back against the very depths of her rectum, squishing it, and pushing it to stretch her rectum a bit. After all, the toy needs plenty of room in there!

I quickly snap another stroke of my crop on Jodie's other cheek. "I don't care if it comes out your mouth, bitch! I said shut up, now behave!" I snap my crop again, swatting a second red print onto her globe. It gets me another pained yelp from Jodie.

I keep the toy slowly pushing into Jodie's bottom, too. There's plenty of room inside her for it. I know. I just checked. But Jodie is full enough that it's going to start stretching her inside, and she's going to feel it. Like she desperately needs that toilet. Like she's too full. It will make her slightly uncomfortable, but that's all it will do.

Let's Go Shopping

Jodie stops talking. And begging. She settles for whining "OW!" loudly, urgently, and pleadingly over and over again.

I push all of the toy into her bottom. It has her asshole squeezing hard around the narrower, short little shaft. It has the wide disk flush against the outside of her cheeks, atop her crack, and pulled slightly into the loose flesh of her cheeks.

In the center of that wide disk, there's a tiny little switch. I turn it on. The toy begins vibrating hard.

Jodie screeches a very nervous "OOH!" as she feels those vibrations begin to flow into her body. "OH!" She blurts out. She shivers, crisply as goosebumps erupt around her asshole and on the lips of her pussy.

"There!" I blurt out with some satisfaction in my voice. "I think that will remind your butt not to be the Whore of Babylon skanky." I pause for a second, listening to the needy groaned moans coming from Jodie. I tell her to stand up so that I can "finish properly searching her."

Jodie starts to rise. I know it's a mistake, at least in Jodie's mind. As soon as the angle of her waist begins to change, the movement pushes the hard, vibrating shaft against the backside of her pussy walls. Jodie freezes and screeches out a very hungry purring "uh-OOH!" A fresh, and powerful, erotic shiver flows over her. I scold her to get up. Jodie starts moving, screeching loud, and hungry, hot purrs the entire time.

It takes her a few seconds to get to her feet, facing me, now a few feet back from the door. There's a small tiled place just inside her door, like a little foyer, and it has Jodie standing roughly in the center of it. just beyond the reach of anything. Even the walls.

I face Jodie and sternly tell her that since she's grounded, only a complete idiot would trust her. Thus I will be very thoroughly searching her body, just to be sure that Jodie has absolutely nothing except for the vibrator in her bottom. Jodie might be going to the store, but she won't be taking anything with her. She won't need anything.

I take my time, forcing Jodie to stand there submissively and show me every last bit of her body. And I'm thorough. I learned how to do a

Chapter 02: Dress Up

real strip search from a guard at a real, privately-owned jail that my friend Nikolai owns (or owns part of, or controls, or something that means no one dares to ask questions when he gives orders. With Russian business practices, it's usually better not to ask for details. At least you're usually better off not asking those details).

I check every bit of Jodie's body. Inside her mouth, nose, and ears. I lift her breasts to look under those. I check the soles of her feet and between her toes. I pull her cheeks wide apart to check between them even though I've already spread them. I open her pussy lips and check there again, too. When there isn't a single cell of Jodie's skin I haven't seen, I tell her to stand there for a minute.

I go look around the house and find Jodie's purse on the kitchen counter. I bring it over to the door and let her watch me root through it. I pull out her wallet and start rooting through that, too. I find her bank card. Her debit card, not her credit cards. She can pay for her groceries.

I make Jodie tell me the PIN number for her card. Then I use my phone to call the number on the card for balance inquiries. Their very annoying phone bot answers, asks me the card number and PIN, and robotically tells me that Jodie has \$4,217.88 available in her checking account.

I announce her balance. "I guess that will cover your groceries, bitch," I say with a smile on my face. I drive a Mazda and I doubt that much of anything Publix sells would even fit into my car. It doesn't have much of a trunk.

I let the still nude Jodie watch me slip her bank card into my pocket. It shows her that I have her card and the PIN. Now I have total control of her money, too. She won't be able to buy anything if I don't allow it. Not even with her money.

While I have Jodie's purse I get her shopping list out of it. It's a decently long list, but it's fairly generic. "Steaks," "chicken," and such. "Chicken" could mean a lot of things. I tuck her list into my pocket. Then I take her purse back to the kitchen and toss it up on the counter.

I return to Jodie. I drop her sandals at her feet and tell her to put them on. She steps into them. I hand her the dress and tell her to put it

Let's Go Shopping

on. She rewards me by letting me watch her face into a mask of disgust as she realizes that by giving her the dress, it means she's not getting underwear. The look tells me it's been forever since she went without underwear.

She reluctantly, and unhappily, pulls the dress on over her head.

I face her and give her the rules. She's to keep her hands behind her back unless I give her permission to use those "skanky paws." No matter what. Unless I have given her permission to use her paws, they're to be behind her back. She is not to speak to anyone. No matter what. If I want her to speak, I will tell her what she wants to say. She is to stay close beside me. Close means that I can reach out and touch her. If she ever gets further away from than that, she will be leashed for the remainder of her excursion. I will also be approving every item she wishes to buy. If I don't approve of it, she won't be getting it.

I warn her to "mind her manners and behave." Then I add "You're not too old for me to turn you over my knees like a naughty little girl if that's how you want to behave, and I don't care who gets to see you spanked!"

Jodie very demurely follows me out to my car. I see a look of surprise on her face when she sees my pastel green Miata convertible. It has a white interior and top. And I have the top down. It might be February, but it's almost 70 degrees out! Who'd have the top up on a day like today? It's a rather girly car, and it's not one she has any hope of hiding in. She doesn't look thrilled to get into it.

I hope she knows that I'm picking the store, not her.



Chapter 03: Shop Like A Slut, Bitch

Chapter 03: Shop Like A Slut, Bitch

There are a number of grocery stores out by Jodie's house. There's a Super Wal-Mart. There's a Super Target. There's a Winn Dixie. I don't know which of them Jodie normally shops at. I don't care. I bypass all of them. I keep going right on down Airport Road to the Publix at the corner of University Blvd. And yes, University is the road that runs in front of the USA campus. It's the Publix I shop at a lot. It's convenient on my way back from campus to about anywhere. A good portion of my fellow students seems to shop there, too. It's several very long miles, and half of a world away from Jodie's house and the places I suspect she normally goes. The places where she might know people. Here's there a much better chance of me knowing people than Jodie knowing anyone. It's why I picked this store. Well, that and they have a good selection of quality products.

I pull into the parking lot and pick a spot between two cars. It's not too close to the door, but it's not so far out either. It's just far enough from the doors that we won't have too many people pushing carts past the car. I glance around, making sure that no one is too close to the car. There isn't anyone. And the sightlines from both Publix's doors and the Murphy's station in the parking lot are mostly obscured by other cars. But still, there's an excellent view of Airport Road, arguably the busiest road in Mobile. Certainly, the worst one to drive!

"Masturbate, bitch," I tell Jodie, my voice firm and hard as I give the unexpected command. We're still sitting in the car, with the top down, in the parking lot. It's a rather open place, but one where no one is actually going to see anything. At least not right this minute. No one is even walking our way.

As I drove Jodie out here, I noticed the butt plug was doing its job. slowly, but steadily, her breath became more measured, as if she was trying to steady herself. Then it starting getting throaty and taking on a faint purring moan that she couldn't quite cover up. It wasn't that long of a drive, no more than ten minutes. But Jodie spent them all with the vibrator teasing her from inside. From the back. While she sat on it, her hands behind her back, seatbelted into the car. While Jodie couldn't really move. Just sit on the vibrator, pressing it snugly into her bottom.

Let's Go Shopping

It was arousing enough that I noticed her bottom fidgeting after about a minute, squirming and grinding against the seat under her.

"HERE?" Jodie balks her voice one of utter shock. And with just as much fear laced into it. Her head snaps to face me. She's already blushing lightly. Her face is a mask of disbelief. As if she thinks I didn't mean it!

I knew it would be a surprise to Jodie. Olive doesn't usually take her toys out in public, and Jodie isn't the type to willing to go out in public knowing that she's going to be playing. I think it might kill her with shame if she thought anyone knew her secret. But I'm here to humiliate Jodie, and I'm going to do it in a fresh way. It will be worse for her that way.

What I'm not going to do is tolerate any disobedience from Jodie. Like her questioning my instruction to masturbate. I know she doesn't want to do it. I know she will find it the most humiliating thing she's ever done. At least for a few minutes until I find a deeper humiliation to subject her to. It won't take me long, much to Jodie's horror.

I did warn her. I just reach over Jodie and grab the handle to recline her seat. It doesn't have room to lie back very far, but it goes back a little. It's enough to shift Jodie's weight from her bottom to the back of her bottom, up close to the tops of her cheeks. I quickly sit back up.

I reach my right hand down and thrust it under Jodie's knees. I shove her knees up and back, towards her breasts, lifting her legs up. Her feet rise up, sticking them just about even with the top of my windshield.

My left-hand grabs my crop. Shoving Jodie's legs up shifted her dress. The front of it falls down her thighs bunching up at her pubes. The bottom of it still lies on the seat. It leaves Jodie's bottom bare and exposed, pointing mostly forward at my glove box. And it has her cheeks pulled decently taut.

I snap my crop. It flies, its top soaring over to Jodie's far cheek. It lands with a sharp crack, snapping hard against Jodie's bare flesh. It's not my hardest stroke, but it's hard enough. It's about half of what I

Chapter 03: Shop Like A Slut, Bitch

could give Jodie. It's enough to leave a red splotch on her cheek. Worse for Jodie, not only does its tip strike her, but so does its shaft. It sears a red welt line across her other globe.

Jodie grits her teeth hard. She tries not to scream. She ends up grunting out a very pained "UGH!" I feel her muscles all tensing up from the stroke, too. I get to see her face scrunching up hard, her eyes squishing shut and tiny droplets of tears welling up in the corners of her eyes.

"Bad bitch!" I harshly scold Jodie. Then I give her another swat with my crop, snapping it just as firmly and landing it just as loudly on her bottom.

Jodie grunts out again, barely stifling her cry. The tears roll down her cheeks. She tenses and shudders.

"You know better than to be so disobedient!"

I give Jodie another stroke of the crop. She grunts loudly, then starts sobbing. It's not a light sob. It's not quite a full-blown bawling cry, but it's enough. "I'm sorry, Ma'am..." Jodie sobs out over and over again.

"I warned you that I don't tolerate disobedience, bitch," I firmly tell her. I feel her tense up again, already steeling herself up for another stroke. Instead of swatting her bottom again, I lower her legs. Jodie sucks in a loud, squealing breath as her weight shifts back onto her freshly whipped bottom. I straighten up her seat. I casually slip my crop back into its place on my left side.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am..." Jodie still sobs out, but by now she's starting to get her crying under control. "I'm so sorry!..." I'm sure she wants to make an excuse, to tell me how it just took her by surprise. She wisely doesn't.

I give her a minute to stop crying. "Masturbate, bitch," I repeat the command now that the lane is clear of people again. Or at least people who will be close enough to get a good view of what Jodie is doing.

"Yes, Ma'am," Jodie squeaks out. Her voice is hushed almost to silence. And it's very reluctant. And it's utterly humiliated. Her face

Let's Go Shopping

blushes a deep red. Jodie stares straight ahead. She puts her hand up under her dress, taking an extra second to fuss with pulling her dress down as far as possible.

"UH!" Jodie sucks in a very throaty and needy breath. "UH!" She moans out again. It's only been a couple of seconds, and already I can see Jodie tensing up to control herself. I can see the look of pleasure on her face. And I can see the shivers as countless erotic chills race through her body.

"I didn't say to be a modest bitch. Whores aren't modest," I tauntingly tell Jodie. Then I lift the hem of her dress up to her waist, fully exposing her pubes and pussy. It lets me see what she's doing. It lets me see that she's masturbating properly, rubbing her clit with slow, small circles.

"47," I hum wistfully. "You're 47, so you will do this 47 times. repeat 'Thank you for allowing this gutter whore to diddle her slutty pussy in front the whole world, Ma'am.' And count them as you recite them, bitch."

"UH!" Jodie moans out a little loudly, her voice so throaty that anyone hearing it would know exactly what kind of a moan it was. "Thank you for allowing this gutter whore to diddle its slutty pussy in front of the whole world, Ma'am. One, Ma'am." Jodie starts reciting.

By the time she gets to ten, her teeth are gritted hard. Her voice is almost nothing but throaty breaths, too. I have to listen to pick her words out of her moans.

I watch her pussy more than anything. But I do glance up enough to make sure no one is coming too close. Unless you count Jodie, but she's not coming too close, she's too close to cumming. Mostly I watch the thick honey as it begins to weep into the space between Jodie's inner folds. I watch fresh goosebumps erupting over her lips and pubes. I watch her suffering sweetly as she pushes herself to the edge of orgasm and then has to stay there while she counts off the times she's called herself a whore.

When Jodie finally counts off number 47, she's all but crying out her words as throaty moans. I tell her to stop now. She pulls her finger

Chapter 03: Shop Like A Slut, Bitch

quickly from her clit. Jodie cries out a sigh of frustration that's she's unable to fully mute. I watch Jodie's clit pulsing as it throbs between her lips. It's so nice that her wide gash leaves it visible for me!

I toss Jodie's dress down over her thighs. Jodie breathes deeply, her breaths still ringing with that throatiness, as I tell her to get out. No sooner does she get to the back of the car than some people start walking right by us. I know Jodie can't help but wonder what they might have seen or heard. It wouldn't be anything, but Jodie has no way of knowing that. I do, though. I was watching.

We stop to get a cart. I tell Jodie to get her own, I'm certainly not here to push her cart for her. I tell her to get it because it gives her permission to use her hands. I stand at the right edge of the cart and tell her that's where I plan to stay. It's her responsibility to make certain that she doesn't venture beyond my reach.

I pull Jodie's list out of my pocket, along with a big, green, glittery, pen. I tell Jodie that she is to get everything on her list. "I hope it's a good list, you will not be getting anything that's not on it," I add. I tell her to start at one side of the store and go down every aisle first. We'll hit the meat cases last.

Jodie starts pushing her cart down the aisles. I can tell she doesn't shop here much. She's looking anxiously along the aisles, trying to find stuff without passing it up. I tell her that both hands are to be on the cart unless she's reaching for something, and then one hand is to be on it. It doesn't really matter. It's just one more thing to remind Jodie how fully she's under my control.

But after that whipping in the parking lot, Jodie doesn't dare challenge me again. She just says a rather meek "yes, Ma'am," and goes on.

The first item she comes to is the salad dressings. She picks up a bottle of Kraft ranch. Then she hesitates for an instant. She turns to me, a look of question on her face. As if she's wondering what to do now.

Let's Go Shopping

"I guess your Mistress has never taken you to the store before, bitch. Ask me if you may buy it." I tell her. I know that Olive has never taken Jodie shopping before. She's never taken Jodie anywhere.

Jodie just accepts the light humiliation. She shows me the bottle. "May I please be allowed to buy this dressing, Ma'am?" She asks, her voice muted, meek, and ashamed.

I take it from her and glance at the label. "No," I tell her firmly as if my mind is made up and the topic is not open to negotiation or reconsideration. "This is garbage. If you want food, you will buy healthy food. Fine something organic, GMO-free and decently not-unhealthy." I hand it back to her and watch as Jodie returns it to the shelf. I can tell it's what she always buys. It's what Dale is going to be expecting her to have for the salads.

Jodie takes a minute to find a more expensive brand whose label loudly announces that it meets my standards. And it's a brand I know to be to be good. Unlike the big brands, it's made with ingredients I don't need a chemistry degree to pronounce. She asks just as politely if she can buy that bottle. I tell her she may, cross the dressing off her list, and watch as Jodie puts it into her cart.

We make it about halfway down the first aisle. I don't know if Jodie notices me watching my watch, or not. I doubt it. She's pretty busy watching the aisles. And now trying to pick brands that I will allow her to buy. I'm sure she's imagining explaining that to her husband, too. That she couldn't buy what they wanted. She had to buy the stuff I let her buy. They'll have to make do with it until she's off grounding and can go back to the store, or he'll have to stop at the store and get stuff. I'm sure that will be humiliating for her.

I find a little display stand of mustard. I don't care about the mustard. I care about the decent-sized cardboard stand. It will block a sightline.

I point to the "corner" where the display stand sits against the aisle. I give Jodie instructions.

Jodie freezes in place. The store is a lot busier than the parking lot was. There are far more people in here, and we're moderately close

Chapter 03: Shop Like A Slut, Bitch

to each other. People are in this aisle, shopping! Some are only several feet away from us.

Jodie starts quivering. Her face flush to such a deep beet red I wonder if her head is going to explode! Her eyes go wide. She glares at me. Her jaws move a few times, but she says nothing. Then finally, in a very muted voice, Jodie barely manages to squeak out a meek, "yes, Ma'am." As if the whipping in the parking lot was enough to finally teach Jodie that I'm serious. If she doesn't obey me, I will hip her, here and now. I couldn't, but she only has to believe that I will.

She steps into the corner. She keeps her left hand on the cart, pulling it beside her, angling it to block the sightline from the other side. She stands very close to the aisle, her face maybe two or three inches from a bottle of Ketchup. She very reluctantly brings her right hand up to the front of her dress. Even more reluctantly she slips her hand under her dress, putting that single finger back to her pussy. She makes sure that her dress is draped over her wrist, covering her as much as it possibly can. It leaves a little slice of her inner thighs bare, and it hangs a little higher in the front, but it does manage to cover her pubes.

Jodie starts masturbating. "Thank you for allowing the bitch to show the world what a whore it is by diddling its slutty pussy in the middle of the grocery store, Ma'am. One, Ma'am," Jodie recites the line and counts it off as quickly as she possibly can. I'm sure she's thinking of nothing but getting this over with as quickly as possible. But even as she's reciting her line that first time, I hear her voice growing throaty and breathy as she says it.

Very quickly her voice turns to pure throatiness. She keeps her teeth gritted hard, trying desperately to mute herself. She quivers and tries to tense up to stop it. It only makes her quivering more noticeable. She tries to recite the line as fast as she can. It's not long before her moans interfere, slowing down her recitations, dragging out the masturbation.

Jodie gets about halfway through before I see her literally bite her lip. It doesn't seem to help her much. Her eyes are wide, as Jodie

Let's Go Shopping

struggles not to squish them shut, leaving her to stare at a bottle of Heinz.

It takes her a little over a minute. It must seem like a few years to Jodie. But she makes it through her lines. And no one seems to notice. As soon as she's counted off the 47th time, I tell her that she is to stop now. Her hand flies away from her pussy at warp speed, letting the front of her dress drop back down.

Jodie pants a few fast, and needy breaths. She turns back to her cart. She gets behind it again, moving on legs that are a bit wobbly as they still quiver. She uses the cart to support herself. I scold her for wasting my time and tell her to get back to shopping. I don't have all afternoon!

And down the aisles, we go. Fifteen minutes after that, I stop Jodie again. This time it's in the breakfast aisle as she's getting a box of Grapenuts. I tell her to masturbate again, pointing her into another corner where another display will block her view. She wedges herself in with the cart again. It gives her a very good view of a box of Frosted Flakes that I'd never let her buy. Jodie stares at it as she begins to masturbate again.

A friend of mine, Camille, has been discretely trailing us through the store. Far enough behind, pushing an empty cart, that Jodie hasn't noticed. Then again, Jodie hasn't noticed much. She's been too busy trying to shop as quickly as possible and get out of here. If I wasn't insisting that she buy everything on her list, she probably would have cut it short long ago.

I wave for Camille to come up. She's not a toy of mine. She's just a girl in one of our sororities where I have a number of friends. She's been after me to invite her to one of my shows, to let her see something "epic slutty" that she could use for gossip fodder. She's young, petite, and cute. And she's a bit of a gossip girl. I decided to tell her this afternoon around three would be a great time to hit Publix, if she wanted anything, that is. I guess she got the hint. I saw her staked out by the doors when we came in. She's been following us very discretely ever since.

Chapter 03: Shop Like A Slut, Bitch

She hurries up, pushing the cart with her. "Hey, girl," Camille greets me. I guess she didn't want to interrupt. It's pretty obvious that the older woman I'm with isn't exactly a friend of mine. Thus, it's just as obvious what she is. Camille hadn't wanted to interrupt anything. My wave was her invitation to come over and get a good look.

"Hey, yourself, what's up?" I politely ask Camille.

"Thank you for allowing this fat ugly bitch to diddle her pussy in the grocery store like the trashiest gutter whore, Ma'am." Jodie counts off. "Fourteen, Ma'am." Jodie has her eyes on the box of cereal. She's oblivious to Camille coming behind her.

But Camille isn't. She hears what Jodie says in that very throaty, breathy voice. It's a tone that's unmistakably sexual. And very, very needy. It draws every bit of Camille's attention to Jodie instantly.

Jodie starts counting off number fifteen.

"O-M-G!" Camille blurts out, "is that woman playing with herself! HERE? Where everyone can see her! O-M-G! What a slut!" Camille is loud enough that Jodie hears her.

A very hard shudder races over Jodie. "... fat ugly bitch..." Jodie is reciting. "MM!..." She stops reciting as Camille blurts out. Her shuddering body tenses up to steel. Jodie tries to mute the hungry moan purring from her teeth. "UH!" Jodie grunts out, unable to mute it. Thankfully it's not so loud. It's mostly just a deep breath exploding from her lungs. "... to diddle her pussy..." Jodie goes on.

"I have got to get a picture of this! No one will ever believe anyone would be such the slut!" Camille has her phone out. She points it at Jodie, cutting her head out of the frame to respect my rule about not showing my toys in pictures. But she makes sure to get a close-up of Jodie's hand reaching up under her dress.

Finally, Jodie reaches 47 and I tell her to stop. She immediately turns around and uses the cart to hold herself up. But that also makes her see the young Camille. And now Jodie has to remember the sounds of Camille gawking at her as she masturbated in Publix. Jodie blushes to her deepest red. Her body quivers again, this time so hard that her knees buckle and almost drop her. She barely stays on her feet.

Let's Go Shopping

I tell Jodie to apologize to Camille. "I'm very sorry for being such a slut and diddling my pussy in the store, Miss. I know you didn't want to see me do that."

"Whatever!" Camille answers. She turns to me.

"Oh, this is bitch," I introduce Jodie. "Bitch disobeyed her Mistress and now she's grounded for a week. She can't leave the house unless someone responsible takes her out, so I'm taking her shopping. As you've seen, she's also a rather trashy gutter whore."

"Like DUH," Camille giggles. She holds up her phone, a picture that must have been taken as Jodie's hips were shuddering. Under her wrist, where her dress drapes down around it, you can just make out a small slice of Jodie's pubes and her lips. And Jodie's finger rubbing that pussy. "I am so totally Instagram-ing this! Like NOW!"

Jodie cringes. I just giggle. It doesn't show enough of Jodie for anyone to recognize her. But I'll bet Jodie will never wear this dress out again, just in case someone might recognize it! Perfect! I wanted humiliation!

I quickly move on, letting Jodie get back to her shopping. Fifteen minutes later, by total coincidence, we're in the "female aisle." It has Jodie masturbating again, this time staring at a box of tampons. What can I say? I don't pick the place. It's just where the display box is! At least the men avoid this aisle like the plague, so it's not very busy. Jodie manages to get through her 47 lines and masturbate without anyone coming over to me.

But I have seen a few other people I recognize. None that I know, but then again I don't know Camille that well, either. And by now, we're finishing up the shopping trip. I don't know if Jodie has figured out that I'm making her masturbate every fifteen minutes or not. But I'm sure she's trying to hurry her shopping trip along with the hope of getting done before I make her do it again.



Chapter 04: Bitch... Slut... Whore

Chapter 04: Bitch... Slut... Whore

We've made it down the refrigerated aisle, gotten the milk, and such. We're moving to the meat case to get her meats. I'd about given up hope when I see Gary picking up some packages of brats. I'd see him earlier out of the corner of my eye.

He's perfect. I don't know him, but I know of him. I know that he thinks Animal House should have a chapter at USA. I know that he's a complete "man whore." He has a well-earned reputation for hitting on everyone and having everyone who will have him. He's not the best-looking guy on campus. Nor does he play any sports. But he's not a geek either. He's just so average.

And by the best stroke of luck, for me, he's the only guy at the case as Jodie pushes her cart up to it. "I'll bet you're tired of diddling that sloppy pussy by now, aren't you, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Jodie quickly answers. Her voice still has a tiny hint of throatiness to it. It tells me that her pussy is aching for some attention. I have no doubt that Jodie is only saying she's tired of it in the hope that I might spare her another session of the humiliation.

"Fine..." I sigh out. "You can be the total slut we both know you are. Go find a man to let you suck his cock, bitch. I'd ask very nicely..." I tell her how I want her to ask. "Now hurry up before I decide to spank you here."

Jodie is all but crying. And she's quivering so badly that it's amazing she stays up on her wobbly legs. I can tell she's thinking about begging me for mercy. And that she decides that wouldn't be a good idea. Slowly, hesitantly, she begins to look around her. Her eyes scanning over the guys around her. Sizing them up.

There are two older guys, closer to her age, but both have wives or girlfriends with them. Jodie wisely rules them out. There are a few more in sight, at the far end of the case where the steaks are. And there's Greg, right by her.

Greg is somewhere in his early 20's. And he looks it. I'm sure the brats are for the grill at his frat house. They seem to have the grill going 24/7 there. Just as I'm sure any girl who wanted to would be welcomed to join them for a brat later.

Let's Go Shopping

Jodie sets her sights on him. She almost has to. He's the best of the options. Close and not obviously attached. She glances back at me, hoping for a reprieve. I greet her glance with a steely hard glare. Jodie turns back to Greg, very slowly. She inches up closer to him.

Jodie lowers her voice until Greg has to strain to hear it. She's definitely trying to make sure no one else hears her. "Excuse me, Sir..." Jodie says to him very politely, her voice meek and fully cowed by now. "My name is bitch. My Mistress wants me to give someone a blow job right now, Sir... May I please be allowed to give you a blow job, Sir?"

Greg turns to Jodie so fast that his head almost snaps off his shoulders, or so it looks. He glares at her, his eyes wide and a smile very quickly spreading across his face. His eyes quickly look over Jodie's body. He glances around and sees me standing a few short feet away. He grins. I guess he knows who I am. And my version of fun is well rumored around campus.

"Yeah, sure...bitch..." Greg accepts. His voice is as eager as the smile on his face, but also just a hair unsure. As if he doubts that a woman, any woman, even this older housewife-looking woman, would just come up to a random guy and offer a blow job. But he definitely going to find out if she's serious.

"Thank you, Sir," Jodie says politely, with some relief in her humiliated voice. She quickly takes him by the hand. We're only a little ways from the restrooms, and she starts leading him that way. I told her to. He sees where she's taking him, and follows. With each step, he looks a bit more eager.

Jodie leads him into the men's room, barging right in. No one yells out, so I guess there's no one in there. There usually isn't in the ladies' room, but I've never been in this men's room. I'm sure Jodie hasn't either. I'm sure she will never again set foot in this store either.

I pause at the door, giving Jodie time to lead Greg in. I've told her to take him to the first stall. I told her not to waste any time either. Not even with the social niceties, like asking his name. She's to take him to the stall and get busy.

Chapter 04: Bitch... Slut... Whore

Jodie, following my instructions, leads Greg to that stall. As she crosses to it, her eyes are anxiously scanning everywhere, looking to make certain that no one else is here. Not that it would make a difference. She's to do it no matter how busy the restroom is. Holding his hand gently in hers, Jodie quickly leads him to the first stall.

Jodie guides him into the stall, standing him with the back of his legs to the toilet. It doesn't leave her much room. It makes her leave the stall door wide open. She glances around, now very nervously, sees no one.

Now Jodie moves very quickly, hoping that she gets this done before anyone interrupts her. Jodie lifts her dress over her head, letting Greg see her full nakedness. Her pussy. Her breasts. She hangs her dress from a hook on the inside of the stall door.

Jodie pulls the door closed behind her but doesn't lock it. I've told her that she's not allowed to do that. She drops to her knees, kneeling down on the dirty, cold, tile bathroom floor. She kneels properly, opening her legs wide to let Greg have a view of the edges of her inner folds standing out from her flat mound. She keeps her back straight, offering him the best view of her soft breasts hanging loosely against her chest.

Jodie puts her hands to Greg's pants and quickly unfastens them. In a few short seconds, she has his cock freed. Jodie sees that Greg has a decent cock. It's circumcised, revealing all of its bulbous purple head. It's about 6½" long, and not quite 1½" thick.

Jodie stretches her mouth wide open and puts her lips to the tip of his cock. It's then that Greg finally realizes that this isn't a joke. Jodie is actually going to suck his cock. Here. He stares down at the top of her head, taking in the sluttiness of everything. Of Jodie naked, on her knees, in a dirty store bathroom, sucking the cock of a stranger. He considers Jodie to be older, far older than any woman he's been with so far. Not the prettiest, but decent enough. As if her body is just worn out from age. He wonders what she was like when she was younger. He decides it doesn't matter. His cock twitches as he thinks about her.

Let's Go Shopping

Jodie takes his cock slowly, and steadily into her mouth. She keeps taking it slowly, the head of his cock inching its way deeper into her mouth by the second.

As his cock steadily slips further into her mouth, Greg keeps his eyes down, watching his shaft vanish into her fine pink lips. The deeper she takes his cock, the more intently his eyes watch, wondering just how much of him she'll be able to take.

Greg's eyes go wide and he purrs out a very surprised, and even more pleased, moan as Jodie's lips brush against his balls and pubes. All of his cock is now into Jodie's wide mouth. She's sucking gently, her tongue lying along the underside of his shaft, caressing it as it slips into her mouth. And now back out of her mouth as she reverses her stroke.

I wait outside the bathroom. I pull a piece of paper out of my purse and quickly tape it to the door. It's a sign I made earlier that says the bathroom is closed for cleaning. I don't know if it will keep everyone out, but I hope it will. It should at least keep out most people. Besides, Jodie shouldn't need too long in there. Olive tells me that Jodie is well trained at blow jobs.

I give Jodie about a minute to get into a rhythm. Then I get my phone out and start the video recorder on it. Only once it's making a clip do I quickly slip into the men's room. I move as quietly as I can. I go to the first stall, standing beside it, not in front of its door. I reach over the top of the stall, pointing my phone down to get a view of the action inside. I'm sure neither of them notices a thing. Neither is looking up. Jodie isn't seeing much besides Greg's cock and pubes, and I'm pretty confident that Greg is looking down and watching Jodie. Maybe eyeing her breasts. They're soft, but they still look good, especially with those nipples!

I record about fifteen seconds. Then I step back. Almost to the door. I squat down and aim the camera along the floor. It lets me get an image under the stall. It shows Greg's feet and his calves almost up to the knees. It shows Jodie's naked legs all the way up to her hips. And just under the wall of the stall, at the very top of what's visible, a small slice of Jodie's bare bottom.

Chapter 04: Bitch... Slut... Whore

I'm not sure yet what I'm going to do with the clip. It depends on how good it came out. I'm barely tall enough to reach over the stall. There's no chance of me seeing over it. I just had to guess where to point it. But I have a number of ideas in mind for it.

I hurry back out of the bathroom. I figure, if anyone tries to ignore my sign, I can shame them for it, and hopefully discourage them from entering before Jodie's out.

Jodie keeps going, sucking his cock rhythmically. She struggles to resist her impulse to speed up and rush the blow job along. To get it over with as fast as she possibly can. And get off the dirty floor. She feels like the trashiest of cheap sluts. And extremely humiliated. But she does as she was told to do. She sucks.

Greg purrs the sweetest of moans. Eager moans that grow more eager by the stroke. He doesn't talk to her, but he does offer her a few words of encouragement, telling her that she's very good at this.

I figure it won't take Greg more than a few minutes to cum. I hadn't counted on him being here. But when I saw him, I saw the possibilities. Only then did I make up the idea of having Jodie find a man to give a blow job to. I thought Greg would happily accept. If he lived up to even half of his reputation. And it will make a good story for the frat house. One that his friends won't believe, but will also have those friends doing their shopping at Publix from now on, just in case it's true. I figured the worst that could happen was that Greg would turn Jodie down. And that would have been fine with me. It would have nicely humiliated Jodie to know she couldn't even give a blow job away. That men don't want her body, even just use shamelessly like a whore.

Not planning on Greg being here, I'd arranged for someone else to be here. His name is Micah. He's a rather geeky-looking 19-year-old computer science student. He's not my toy, though. But he is... a guy who very eagerly will join in any session I will invite him to join in. And he's very unparticular whom else I have in that session. Any woman will do. I suspect it's the only time he gets to touch a woman. I know he doesn't have any luck with the girls. I use him a lot, for one reason.

Let's Go Shopping

Micah eagerly agreed to participate in this little show. I only told him that I wanted to utterly humiliate a woman in Publix, could he be there this afternoon. I haven't seen him yet, but I know he's here. He wouldn't miss it. I text him when Jodie was going into the bathroom.

He's there quickly. He must not have been too far away, not more than an aisle or two. Maybe he's been watching me, but I never saw him and I'm pretty observant when I have a toy with me. He comes right up to me. "Hey, Pepper, what am I doing today?" He asks. He already knows that I want him to do something. I wouldn't have invited him if I didn't.

I tell him what I want him to do. He agrees and heads into the bathroom. It's not even a minute later when my phone dings. I glance around to make sure there's no one close by and slip into the men's room. I'm just in time to hear the last of Greg's satisfied grunts as he cums into Jodie's mouth.

It doesn't take Jodie long to get to her feet. I hear her very politely, in her hushed and cowed voice, telling Greg "Thank you for allowing this fat ugly bitch to suck your huge manly cock, Sir." I'm sure she's pulling her dress back over her head as she does. A second later the stall door opens and Jodie leads Greg out by the hand.

I'm leaning against the door. Micah is standing at a urinal, pretending to use it. Or maybe using it, who knows. Micah turns, quickly shoving his cock into his pants as he hears Jodie's feminine voice behind him. "Dude, didn't know you had a whore in here," Micah says to Greg.

Greg just smiles, unsure what to say to that.

"Kind of fat, old, and ugly..." Micah says, turning to Jodie. "Will \$20 get me a piece of that ass, whore?"

Greg just glares at Jodie. Jodie sputters, cringing hard and blushing to her full deep redness. In her mind, this young boy has just taken her for a cheap whore. Fully humiliated, Jodie has no clue what to say to this guy. She wants to run, I can see it on her. This morning she was a "classy lady," at least that's how she saw herself. Now she's being seen by others as the lowest form of life, in her opinion, the cheap whore. And forced to see others thinking of her that way.

Chapter 04: Bitch... Slut... Whore

"\$20 is more than enough for my whore's pussy," I step up and offer. Jodie cringes harder. I hold my hand out.

"Sorry, I didn't know she had... management," Micah says. He reaches for his wallet and pulls out a twenty. He puts it in my hand.

I shove it in my pocket. "It's all yours," I tell him.

Micah reaches out and grabs Jodie, slightly roughly, by her shoulder. "Come on, whore, time to earn your Madam's money," He says. Jodie doesn't notice the smile on Micah's face. The smile that announces that he's just playing the role I cast him in. But enjoying his role.

Micah pulls a reluctant, slightly resisting Jodie over to him. He stops her a couple of feet back from the urinal and spins her to face them. Keeping his tight grip on Jodie's shoulder, he pushes her over. He quickly, and a little roughly, bends Jodie over. All the way over. He puts her face into the urinal, pushing it down all the way until her nose bumps into a little blue disk at the bottom. He holds her head there.

Micah slips around behind her and frees his cock from his pants. Micah has a huge cock. His is well over 1½" thick, and about eight inches long. It's circumcised as well, showing off the fat, spongy pink head of it. It's a very big and manly cock. It's the reason I use him so often.

He grabs Jodie's dress and flips it up, lying it over her back. He uses his foot to kick her feet apart a little, fully exposing her pussy to him. Her bottom as well, complete with the white plastic disk of the butt plug poking out from between her soft globes.

Micah doesn't hesitate to put the tip of his stiff cock to Jodie's sopping wet slit. He thrusts it in, not hard, but not being overly gentle either. He thrusts.

"UH!" Jodie grunts out loudly into the urinal. Micah reaches over Jodie's back and holds her head down into the urinal. He starts thrusting his cock, moving at a natural pace, neither trying to draw it out or speed it up. Just fucking her sloppy-wet pussy.

"OH, UH!" Jodie grunts out loudly, "OH, UH!!! DAMN, IT'S TOO BIG! OH, UH!" Jodie forgets about modesty. She forgets she's in a

Let's Go Shopping

public bathroom. She grunts shamelessly, and very urgently, as Micah thrusts his cock into her pussy.

Jodie's hands flail about for a few seconds. It doesn't take her long to figure out there's not much she can reach with them. She ends up grabbing onto the urinal to steady herself.

I can't think of a much more humiliating way to have sex than to be sold for it, to a stranger, in a public bathroom, with her face in a toilet. I doubt Jodie can either. If that were me, I'd be murdering the guy.

Jodie screeches very noisy moans that grow more hungry by the thrust. She quickly gets loud, her moans going throaty and deep. And very sultry. Her body shudders hard.

Jodie is definitely feeling Micah's huge cock. More so with the toy in her bottom. It's big enough that it has her rectum stuffed full, and that takes up some space inside her hips. It takes that space away from her pussy. And Micah's fat cock is stretching that pussy tautly, stuffing it nicely full. It's also sandwiching the walls of her pussy, squishing them firmly, between Micah's thrusting cock and the vibrating toy. It teases those eager nerves from both sides at once.

And it has Jodie screeching hot moans like a porn star into that urinal. Micah ignores her moans and goes on fucking her.

Jodie's hips start thrusting back, ramming firmly against his cock and driving it a little harder into her pussy. It gets Jodie moaning out a little more desperately urgent. And shuddering a little harder.

In about a minute it's clear that Jodie is struggling hard not to cum. That only encourages Micah. It gets him to thrust his cock a little more eagerly into her pussy. And that gets Jodie's bottom slamming back against his thrusting cock a little more eagerly. Which has Jodie screeching even more pleading and needy moans. Moans that grow throatier and deeper.

Micah suddenly grunts hard a couple of times. His thrusts turn powerful, then start slowing down as he purrs out a very sated "Ahh!!!"

Jodie screeches a few more hot moans as Micah finishes cumming. Long before Micah is done, I see a few drops of Micah's thick

Chapter 04: Bitch... Slut... Whore

whitish cream drip from Jodie's sloppy wet pussy. More than a few drops of her honey fall with the cum.

Micah pulls his cock from Jodie's pussy. He doesn't bother pulling her dress down to cover her pussy. He leaves her there, her pussy still dripping his cum. He leaves her face in the urinal as well. He fixes his pants, tucking his cock back in.

Micah glances over at me. "Thanks... Madam, I guess your whore earned the money." Micah grins widely. I think he notices the phone in my hand that's been making a video of the fucking Jodie was getting. I'm not how I'll use that clip yet, either, but I know I'll get some use out of it. I can already think of a number of ways to humiliate Jodie with it.

Micah leaves.

"Come on, bitch," I scornfully tell Jodie. "Get your face out of the toilet and hurry up with your shopping. You're wasting my time with that slutty cum dumpster of yours."

"Yes, Ma'am," Jodie sobs in a voice that's as humiliated as any I've ever heard. She lifts her head up and turns to face me. I see that Micah really drives her face into the toilet. I can see some water wetting part of her face. Her nose, and one cheek.

"And flush that toilet, bitch," I point to the toilet her face was in. I can see a faint yellowish tinge to the water at the very bottom of it. And I couldn't resist the chance to point out to Jodie that her face was not just in a toilet but in a dirty toilet. That might be water clinging to her face. It might be pee, too. Probably a mixture of the two.

I don't give her a chance to clean up at all. Not even as she steps away from the toilets, coming to me, and a huge dollop of Micah's cum falls from between her thighs, under her dress, and splats on the floor. Bet she's missing those panties now!

I lead her out of the bathroom. No one seems to have noticed that we borrowed it for a few minutes. Except for Jodie who will never forget it.

I'll give Micah his money back later. If Jodie saw that, she'd know it was a setup. I don't want her to know it.



Chapter 05: Mission Accomplished

Let's Go Shopping

Now it's time to finish the shopping trip. I'm sure Jodie is hoping that she'll have enough time to get out of the store before I decide to do anything else to her. She's still blushing and shirking from the bathroom. She looks like she's about to cry, too. Only the throatiness of her breaths belies that tearful look on her face.

She quickly gets her meats, not really caring what cuts she gets, as long as she finishes her list and I approve of them. She goes straight to the organic, antibiotic-free meats, not even bothering to ask if she can buy the cheaper brands.

When we get to register, I have Jodie unload her cart. And then she stands there, silent, with her hands behind her back, while I chat with the cashier and pay for them with Jodie's card. They load the bags back into the cart for Jodie. They push the cart out to the car and load the groceries into my trunk for her as well. It leaves Jodie nothing to do but follow along with her hands behind her. And with cum running down her thighs. I'll bet by now it's getting close to running down past the bottom of her dress. I know she can taste it in her mouth, too.

As soon as we get in the car, I tell Jodie that she's to masturbate the entire way home.

Jodie cringes, only very reluctantly, and in the meekest voice, accepting her fate. Before we're out of the parking lot, Jodie is moaning very deep, sultry, needy moans. Her bottom squirms against the seat. I'm sure she's wondering just how I expect her to last until we get to her house.

Jodie's moans grow more urgent by the second. As does her squirming around in my seat. She purrs them out hungrily. And they're noisy, despite their deepness.

I keep her masturbating until we've pulled into her driveway and I have the car turned off. Then I have her get out. I have her carry her groceries up to the front door, setting them just inside the door without setting foot into the house.

Once Jodie has all of the bags inside, I allow her to step inside as well. I shut and lock the door behind.

Chapter 05: Mission Accomplished

“Undress, bitch, time for your strip and cavity search!” I tell Jodie with a good bit of mocking excitement in my voice.

With only a dress and sandals on, it doesn't take Jodie long to get undressed and give me her clothes. I put them well out of her reach. She stands there nude, her feet opened. And that lets me see the streams of cum that have run down almost to her knees and dried on her inner thighs. Good, she can look as slutty as I'm sure she feels.

She stands there, still cringing, as I look her body over from head to toe again. Just as completely as I did before allowing her to dress.

Then I tell Jodie to lean over and brace herself against the door again. Jodie cringes a little harder, knowing that I'm going to very closely check her pussy now, and guessing what I'm going to see. But she doesn't object. I'd bet those red stripes across her bottom are still stinging her enough to remind her of the price of disobedience. She leans over the same way as she did before.

I put a pair of gloves on, this time with loud snaps, commenting “no way am I touching anything as sloppy and skanky as some cheap whore's used pussy.” I reach for her lips, pushing them aside, and pull her inner folds wide.

I'm treated to a view of a very hard, throbbing, swollen clit. I can only imagine how much that must be aching her for some attention now. And I've decided that I am not going to let her have it. I haven't told her that yet. I don't think I will. I'll just let her keep hoping for it to come any second, and not knowing that it never will.

I'm also treated to a view of the entrance of her tunnel. It looks close to the same as it did before. Flushed fiery hot, its spongy walls swelling snugly inward. Fully of her pasty-thick honey. Only now I can see a little trickle of cum weeping from the entrance, too. It's no surprise to me. I'm sure he left plenty of cum in Jodie's pussy.

I tell her to stand back up. I don't offer her any clothes. I tell her to carry her groceries to the kitchen and put them away while we wait for her husband to get home.

Olive told me that Dale, Jodie's husband, is fairly predictable. He usually gets home rather close to five. It leaves Jodie about half an hour

Let's Go Shopping

between the end of her body search, and the time Dale gets home. It's just barely enough time for Jodie to get her groceries put up, chop the vegetables for the salads, start some potatoes baking and get a meatloaf in the oven. She makes it, getting everything done, but I hurry her along as she works.

Once she gets it all done, I have her bend over again so I can pull my toy from her bottom. She breathes out a heavy sigh of relief once it's gone, making me think she's glad to have it out of her butt. I suspect she's more glad that it's no longer teasing her aching pussy.

When Jodie stands back up, I get a pair of very heavy zip ties out of my backpack, along with a short piece of chain. It's a very heavy log chain, and even though it's only about two feet long, it feels like it weighs a few pounds. Jodie just stands obediently still and watches with wary eyes, an edgy look blossoming on her face, as I get it out. I get a small combination lock, the kind used for high school gym lockers, out of the pack, too. I use them at times like this because they're cheap. They're not very secure, but they're good enough for this.

I lace one of the tie straps through the first link of the chain. then I wrap the strap around Jodie's left wrist. I loop the chain over the back of Jodie's neck, letting the other end of it hang down the front of Jodie's chest and onto the loose mound of her breast. I pull Jodie's wrist up to her breast, pushing it snugly up against the underside of her mound, lifting her soft mound with the back of her hand until the crease under it is gone. I hold Jodie's wrist there and pull the chain taut. In front of Jodie's neck, I pull the free side of the chain over to the taut side, and slip the padlock through both links, locking it around her neck. I leave just a hair of slack in the loop so that it won't choke Jodie, but will also never come over her head and off. Then I pull Jodie's free wrist up under her other breast and hold it in place. I don't have to hold the bound wrist any longer, the chain is doing that for me. I pull the chain taut to her wrist, slip the other tie strap through a link and pull it snugly around Jodie's wrist. It leaves a few spare links just dangling from her wrist.

Chapter 05: Mission Accomplished

It also has her wrists nicely bound to her neck. It has about eight, maybe almost twelve, inches of chain between her neck and wrists. It's enough to let her move her hands and use them. But it's not enough chain for her to get her hands down to her pussy, no matter how much she stretches or curls up. Her fingers will come up short. Now I know Jodie won't be masturbating until she's allowed to.

After I get Jodie bound with the chain, we only have to wait a few minutes until I hear Dale pulling into the driveway. I take Jodie to the front door and instruct her to kneel down. Nude. The only difference is this time she has to keep her hands under her breasts. I tell her that only because the chain won't let her put them behind her.

As soon as Dale sets foot in the house, he notices his wife naked and on her knees. He notices me, too.

I tap Jodie on her bottom, rather lightly, with my crop and tell Jodie to introduce me. "Sir, this is Miss Rodgers. Since I'm grounded today, and I had to go to the store, Mistress sent Miss Rodgers over to take me to the store. Grounded bitches aren't allowed to roam around unescorted, Sir..." Jodie reluctantly tells him.

"Hi, I'm Dale," He offers me his hand. He grins, "has she been good today?"

I grin back at him. "She can tell you herself." I tap Jodie's bottom with the crop, just as lightly, and tell Jodie that she's to tell her husband everything about her shopping trip.

Jodie starts sobbing lightly and blushing. She starts telling him about the trip. Olive told me that Dale would be okay with anything and that he'd enjoy hearing about it. Jodie gets to the part in the bathroom and bursts into a full-blown bawling cry. "She sold me, Sir! There was some boy in there peeing, and he offered her \$20 for me, and she took it! She turned me into a whore and made me let him fuck me for money! She didn't even care when he shoved my face into a dirty toilet, Sir!"

I can see a little twinkle of excitement as Jodie tells him the story. I assume that he trusts Olive by now. That he knows whatever I did with Jodie, I took steps to ensure it was safe. I guess he likes hearing the story of his wife being turned out, too.

Let's Go Shopping

I tell him that Jodie isn't allowed to climax, or to touch her pussy, for any reason until Olive gives her permission. And that I suspect that won't be until morning. I tell him that Olive has the combination to Jodie's lock, and when Olive wants Jodie's hands freed, She'll give it to him. Until then, Jodie has enough reach to serve him, but not enough to reach below her waistline. If she needs anything, such as a bath or to wipe her butt, she'll need help. And I'm not going to help her.

I give him Jodie's bank card. I tell him that Jodie is to call her Mistress as soon as it's convenient for him, too. Mistress wants to hear about the trip to the store.

I say goodbye, leaving Jodie there on her knees. But before I go, I tell Jodie she's to welcome Dale home with a very good blow job. Since she seems to suck off random guys in the market, she shouldn't mind doing the same for her husband. As I shut the door, I see Jodie swallowing his cock rather eagerly. No man I know has ever turned down a blow job.

As soon as I'm gone I text Olive and tell her to expect Jodie's call in a bit. I text her the combination to the lock, too, adding what it's for. And I send her a couple of pictures of Jodie's slutting.

I get back a text from Olive, "That's disgusting! LOL!"

About ninety minutes later I get a longer email from Olive. Jodie has called her now. She tells me that Jodie begged Olive to never give her to "that evil vixen" ever again. Jodie whined about her afternoon being far too deeply humiliating. Olive also tells me that Jodie is a "negative beggar." It means that when Jodie really wants something, she'll beg Olive utterly shamelessly NOT to do it to her. Thus, Jodie would like to be given to me again and pretend it's the worst thing ever when it happens. I'm fine with that. It makes things amusing for me.

Olive also tells me that Jodie begged her just as shamelessly to be allowed to cum. She adds, "I'm going to swing by and paddle her naughty bottom for begging me for an orgasm like some gutter slut." According to Olive, Jodie will have to wait for that orgasm. Olive doesn't allow bitches to cum while they're grounded. Poor Jodie, she's in for a miserable three days!

Chapter 05: Mission Accomplished