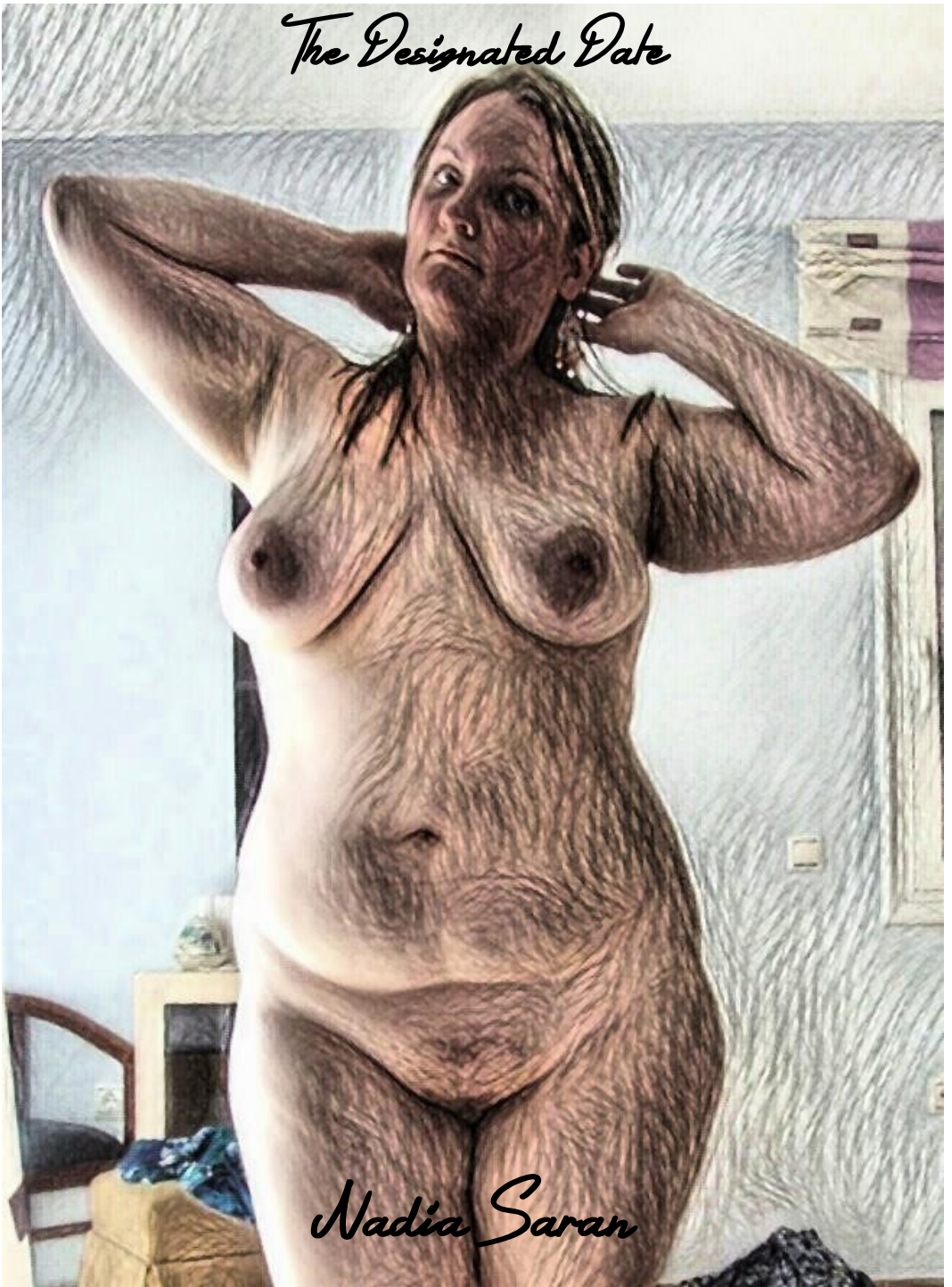


*The Designated Date*



*Nadia Saran*

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Tabitha is a 20-year-old sophomore at Bishop State College. My 18-year-old live-in slave-girl Sophie is a freshman there. Even though Tabitha is officially a year ahead of Sophie they have a class together. Chemistry, which is a prerequisite for most of their associate's degrees. A degree that while worthless in the modern real world, is necessary to transfer to a four-year school and get a degree that has some actual value to have. Sophie is a "veterinary assistant" major, a course only offered at two-year colleges intended solely to help their graduates get a paying job. Even if it doesn't pay well. But it will help Sophie out when she transitions to USA to work towards entering their vet program. I've decided that's what she's going to do. She'll love it. Tabitha is a liberal arts major, also known as high school part two. With that degree, she won't get any job she couldn't get with her high school diploma. Sophie is an excellent student so I push her hard. That's why she's in the chemistry class that's mostly sophomores. I enrolled her in it and told her that she will be getting an A in it. And I am going to make sure she does. Tabitha is more like a C+ student.

It's obvious to everyone at Bishop what Sophie is. The collar locked around her neck is a very good clue. The shiny dog tag on it proclaiming her "Property of Miss Rodgers" is a glaring billboard. It's a very cute, and even more girly collar. It's soft leather, dyed pastel green, and fringed with frilly white lace. A well-polished brass padlock keeps it on her neck. A lock Sophie doesn't have the key to. Only I do. And it's kept in my safe. To which Sophie doesn't have the combination. Only my mom and I do. It's not that I don't trust Sophie with it, I would, but she's my slave! It's not her place to know things like that. Her place isn't to think. It's to obey.

From the first day of the semester, Tabitha tried hard to be Sophie's friend. Almost as hard as some of the boys did (all of whom mistook her collar for a sign that she was kinky and easy: and thus fun). But unlike most Tabitha had at least a vague, but real, understanding of what the collar meant. Enough so that when Sophie told me about her day (something I insist she does fully every time she leaves my sight) I

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understood that Tabitha had some realistic knowledge of D/s. Not enough that I thought she'd ever seen any of it, but enough that I knew she had some kind of exposure to it. As they talked more I figured out that Tabitha has a very strict father and a very subservient mother. While they don't live D/s per se, their relationship has more than a few of the traits common to it.

Now that Tabitha is mostly on her own, she's been web surfing. The search terms she's been using on the dating sites led her to the "alternative" dating sites where she learned what D/s is. Or got enough of an idea, which is all anyone can do without actually living it, to recognize what Sophie is and what it might mean for her.

Tabitha never made much of a secret of her desire to be introduced to me. Sophie flatly refused to promise her anything. But then Sophie would never promise anyone anything unless I told her to. She's too obedient and too well behaved for that. I decided to surprise Tabitha one day. I just appeared as she and Sophie were coming out of their class. Sophie's face lit up like neon when she saw me. Tabitha's lit up just as brightly, even though there was a tiny trace of unease to it.

I didn't ask Tabitha anything. I simply told her very directly "I am taking my slave for coffee. You will come with me as well. Now, quiet down and follow along." My car is a two-seat convertible, but that wasn't a problem. Tabitha rode with me and Sophie followed behind on her pastel pink moped (something she's wanted since she was ten, it was a gift from me). We stopped at a coffee shop downtown where I'm well known; I should be since it's only a block from my apartment.

We talked. My way. I asked Tabitha a slew of pointed questions that grew increasingly intimate for over an hour. Tabitha, after I taught her what was expected of her, sat there demurely and politely answered them all. I learned what I wanted to know about her. She responds well, and happily, to specific instructions that leave her no room for interpretation. She learned that growing up in her father's house, where

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he ruled and gave instructions like that. It was never just "clean your room." It was always a specific, and exhaustive, list of the tasks he expected her to complete before setting foot out of her room.

I learned that he never allowed her to date. And that she didn't have that many chances to date anyway. Not just because she's more "average" than pretty, but also because she's generally kind of "blah." She doesn't really fit into any of the groups that form the basis of school-based social life. Which leaves her with less social contact than most. And thus fewer guys asking her out. Especially since she's not the kind of girl that guys see from across the campus and sprint over to meet.

In five minutes flat, I knew what she needed. She needs someone in her life to give her those pointed instructions for even the tinier aspects of her life. At the start of our "talk," Tabitha's face shows her unease. That's natural since this was a wholly new experience for her. Quickly it showed her relaxing as it sank in that all she was expected to do was sit up the way I wanted her to, and very politely answer my questions. After a few more minutes I started to see a faint happiness on her face when her answers satisfied me, meaning they were shamelessly honest and complete, and an edgy shame on her face when I let it show that her answers didn't satisfy me.

I invited her over. From the instant she stepped into my apartment it was obvious that she hadn't understood what an invitation to a *domme's* house meant for a sub. But to her credit, she never objected. Not even when the very first thing I told her to do was strip naked. She blushed brighter than a beet, and when I scolded her to do it facing me and not try to hide her body, she cried silently. I'd bet the world that was because she doesn't like her body, and assumed I wouldn't either. She never thought I wouldn't care what she looks like. Which I don't. After a while, once she got used to being the only naked one in the house, she relaxed. Then started to glow when it sank in that I'd accept her body.

Since then I've found a use for her. A use that she's perfect for. And a use that she totally loves. She's my designated date. Not for me, I

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don't date that much, and if need a date for any social functions, my slave is always my "plus-one." Tabitha is the girl assigned to date the boys in my toy box. The men, whose ages currently range from 18 to 42, whom I use for my personal amusement. All subs, just as Tabitha is.

I have never allowed her to be alone with a guy. Not mine, and I've strictly forbidden her from even thinking about "hanging out" with a guy, or any group with boys in it, without my permission. She seems to have readily accepted that rule and doesn't seem to object to it. I hadn't expected her to. Her father had the same rule, albeit for a different reason. I'll bet she would have been disappointed if I hadn't demanded it.

But she's been on a number of dates. Something she'd never been on before she met me, likely only because no boy had ever approached her with the proper attitude before. Had someone flatly told her that she was going on a date him with and not just to be ready, but detailed what ready meant, at a certain time, she likely would have been there for him.

The dates I've arranged for her have all been closely chaperoned. By me, which also means by Sophie. It pays to have an extra set of eyes when chaperoning. And I supervised her dates as closely as I supervise anything. Never once were they allowed to be out of my sight, not even for the blink of an eye. Nor were they allowed to be more than a few feet from me. Nor to whisper. I insisted on hearing every word they said to each other. Just as I insisted on seeing hands. I'd bet even the most conservative of mothers would have approved of my chaperoning.

Tabitha has dated four different guys. And not one at a time. Three of them are single. One is married. Both he and his wife are submissives that I play with. That date was part of the play with the couple. His wife had to help him get ready for it, something I'm sure she found humiliating. What woman would want to send her husband out on a date with another woman? Especially one half her age.

She dated him once. She's also dated a 22-year-old college junior twice. She's had three dates with a 35-year-old single man. And now five

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dates with an 18-year-old freshman at Spring Hill College, a four-year school with a good academic standing but also a reputation for its students partying more than most despite the school's religious foundation. Go figure.

Tonight is going to be her sixth date with Jacob. He's a computer science major interested in something to do with developing applications for smartphones and personal computers to enhance user privacy. I know little about computers, no more than I need to know to point-and-click my way to whatever I want. But it sounds like he'll have a good future there.

He's definitely submissive. He's also as shy and quiet as he is smart. He's a smallish guy, too, maybe around 5'8" and 150-160 pounds. Kind of wiry. And he has less than zero fashion sense! Plus he's a little geeky. Not exactly Revenge-of-the-Nerds geeky, but not exactly a frat boy either. He's sweet, and like any submissive, he's happy when he's making others happy.

Both he and Tabitha are virgins. On their previous dates, I've never "allowed" more than a single goodnight kiss. And like everything for my subs, their kiss came with very specific instructions and close supervision to ensure they did exactly - and only - what they were told to do. I've allowed a little hand-holding and some hugs, too. But that's it. In other words, dates far primmer than anyone on any campus would care to admit to.

Jacob lives with his mother. I don't know her too well. She's somehow "involved" with my friend Nikolai. I've never asked any specifics about her, but I get the impression she's something of a toy in his toolbox. What I do know is that she very politely agrees to do whatever I tell her to do when it comes to Jacob.

I met him about six months ago when Nikolai asked me to "babysit" him while his mother visited with Nikolai for the weekend. He suggested that the boy might need "extremely close" supervision of the kind provided by me, meaning the kind provided by a domme. I teased him a little and quickly realized that Nikolai was right. I decided to see if he

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might fit in my toolbox, and after I told Nikolai that, he told me that his mother would do whatever I told her to when Jacob was with her. I suspect Nikolai told her to. Whatever, she's obediently followed all of my instructions without hesitation or complaint, even the ones that would make a normal mother uncomfortable.

Like tonight. Her instructions were to get Jacob ready for his date. Not to let Jacob get himself ready. She's to do everything for him. To give him a shower and shave him smooth for her. To pick his clothes and dress him. Even to get him some flowers to bring her. She gets to loan him her credit card and car, too. His car is a bit of a junker and I think he should have her Lexus for a real date! Besides, Tabitha is special to him: she's the only girl he's ever been on a real date with it, even if he only got the date because she was told to go out with him.

The two of them have as much in common as they don't. He's far more academic than she is. He has a future planned out. She doesn't. But both blossom with strict supervision in even the intimate aspects of their lives. And neither is any good at dating. Both would be far more comfortable if the other would just ask them a bunch of questions, instead of having to try and make conversation on a date.

I get Tabitha ready for her date. But not like Jacob's mother is getting him ready. I'd never do that much work for a sub. I'm standing over Tabitha telling her exactly what to do and how to do it.

Tabitha has a small apartment she shares with two other students. Both of those girls are very academically oriented, although I've noticed that one secretly slips a little party into her life. I'm disappointed - in the other. Girls should have fun! Both of them have gotten to know me a little. Both of them are smart enough to have guessed what's going on with Tabitha. Both also know her well enough not to ask. They tell me that she's seemed a lot happier since meeting me, and that's all they appear to care about. Both are home tonight, but neither gets in my way. They've seen Tabitha have a chaperoned date before. And I'd bet, if they



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know her as well as I think they do, they're secretly glad her dates are chaperoned; Tabitha is clueless about how to act on a date. They don't even say anything when I march Tabitha naked down the hall from the bathroom to her bedroom to get dressed. They've seen that, too. I've made Tabitha parade around naked often enough, and I never care if they're home or not. She gets naked when I want her naked. But I also usually take her to my place, not here. There's a limit what I'll let these girls see.

I have a very strict rule for my female subs. They are only allowed to wear matching bra/panties sets, and those have to be lacy and sexy. It doesn't matter where they're going. It could be to take the garbage out. I never allow an exception to that rule. If it can't be obeyed, then they don't get underwear. I never allow pantyhose either. Thigh-high stockings are fine with a garter that matches the underwear to hold them up. High-heels are allowed as well and required with skirts and dresses.

I start with the freshly bathed Tabitha standing fully naked in front of, hands behind her back. Now that I've seen her naked many times, she's gotten comfortable with me seeing her and doesn't show any of the intense shyness she did the first time she had to take her clothes off. Now she just stands against the shut door with her hands behind her, her feet open just a little and looks ahead. She stays still and quiet, too. I've taught her that when I tell her to stand, that's how I want her, and since I told her that, she's ignored her modesty, and everything else, and obediently done it with a tiny grin on her face. A grin that says she knows exactly what I want from her, that she can easily do it, and is glad for the clarity in our relationship.

Tabitha is a good bit more attractive than she gives herself credit for being. She's decently tall, for a woman, at 5'7" and only slightly on the thick side at 158 pounds. That's only 35 pounds over ideal for her height. I'd bet at least ten of those pounds are on her chest, where they're considered a plus, not a minus, by most. She has a somewhat oval face with a little bit of sternness to it from her sharp features. But she also has straight honey-brown hair down to the bottoms of her shoulder blades,

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and radiant blue eyes atop a wide mouth framed with medium-plump medium-pink lips and a bright smile.

I'm sure many of the boys would just love her breasts. She's a 40-DDD and for a number of guys size alone rules. They're soft, hanging down onto her chest, but as large as they are pertness would be rare. I know they're nicely spongy in my hands. And they have wide nipples like half marbles that are a light-pink, surrounded by huge rings of color atop her milky-white mounds.

She has a defined feminine curve to her hips. Her stomach isn't flat and toned, but it does look good. Even with the extra pounds it only shows the slightest of paunch at her waistline, and there's nothing close to a flab roll despite her skins slight looseness. Her thighs and legs are shapely as well, only a scant hair wider at their very tops, but that's barely noticeable. There's a flat pussy mound with short-but-wide lips that meet in a neat pink line. Those lips, along with her pubes above, are shaven silky smooth.

I've selected a baby blue bra/panties/and garter set for her to wear tonight. It looks good on her. The entire set is all lace, except for the bra's shoulder straps. It has half-cups and wire underneath to support her loose mounds and make them look as big and pert as possible. It has low-cut "boy shorts" panties, their waistband barely above her pubes. The garter is a little thinner than average, but with its white straps for the stockings, it looks great over those panties. I have her put that one piece at a time. Then I give her a pair of stockings and a pair of lavender shoes with four-inch heels. She's just learned to walk in those heels, and I haven't yet dared to try giving her five-inch heels. She still a hair unsteady in these. I'd hate for her to fall on her date.

I chose one of the new dresses I bought for her dates. It's lavender, perfectly matching her shoes. She hasn't seen this one yet, either. It's a knit stretchy dress that only covers her down to about mid-thigh. Up top, it leaves a wide swath open around her neck, and part of her chest and

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back, but it also has tiny little sleeves that do little more than cover the bra's straps. And it hugs her body snugly, showing off her shape. I like it on her. It so clearly shows off that curve at her hips, unlike the looser clothing her closet is loaded with. It's by far the tightest dress I've ever given her. And now that she's pulled it on, I can see on her face that she's uneasy about going out in public in it. It shows her off far more than anything ever has, and going out, she's going to be on public display. If she could pull it off, I never would have gotten her this dress. But she can. There's no extra weight on her arms or legs that shows. And through it, all that shows is a large-framed but girly and curvy figure with a very ample bosom. I wouldn't call her a head-turner, she doesn't have the body for that, but I'd bet no one is going to turn away either. Especially not the guys. I have a matching lavender horseshoe clip for her hair. It's padded plush and silk-covered, not the cheap plastic kind. And I have a fresh daisy for her to add to it and accent her hair.

When I take her out to the shared living room to wait for her date, one of her roommates is out there. She grins a little and tells Tabitha that she "rocks" that dress. And she means it, which helps Tabitha to ease up just a hair. I have her sit on the sofa like a lady and wait. Her date should be here in about ten minutes. She sits as instructed: with her back straight, her eyes forward, her legs crossed right over left, and her hands lying in her lap, palms up, but with her arms at her sides instead of in front of her, from the elbows up. While Tabitha sits still and quiet waiting I chit chat with Emma, her roommate.

Our conversation is light, and almost exclusively about Tabitha. Emma starts it by saying "Guess Tabby has a date again tonight. She looks awesome for it." We talk about Tabitha as if she's not there, even though we both know she's taking in every word of it. Jacob is due to pick her up at 6:00, and I know that he'll be on time; he's already learned the hard way that I tolerate neither tardiness nor earliness. A couple of minutes before 6:00 I tell Tabitha "You will be very sweet to your date tonight. Obviously, I'm not telling you to break any of the rules. But watch your tone of voice. Use honey, not vinegar. Smile. Pay attention to

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him and what he says. Show interest in him, his life, and such. You want to make a very good impression on him. And be very polite to him. Got it?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Tabitha answers promptly and surely.

Jacob's knock comes almost to the second of 6:00. I leave Tabitha sitting and answer the door myself. He greets me politely and immediately thanks me for chaperoning Tabitha so that he may be allowed to take her out. He has a smile on his face that's genuine. But I already know that he enjoys his dates with her, even having to suffer through the humiliation of having them chaperoned like it's 200 years ago. Which didn't bother him until he was seen, which lead to a lot of teasing, which humiliated him. Maybe I shouldn't have picked a place next to his school where all his friends hang out? Naturally, that was on purpose.

After I welcome him, he goes to Tabitha and compliments her, telling her that she looks beautiful tonight. He gives her the flowers. Emma hops up and gets them from Tabitha, saying she'll put them in water for her. Then she vanishes, giving them some privacy. Good roommate. If this counts as privacy with me watching them and Sophie waiting patiently on the opposite end of the sofa.

I have them "talk" for several minutes. I use the word loosely because their talking consists of me telling them what to say to each other. Such as "Jacob, ask Tabitha how she's been since you've seen her." And Tabitha answering "I've been okay, Sir... except in school. I'm still doing kind of bad... about a B- and Miss Rodgers told me that if I keep doing that badly, she's going to make me start going to a special 'study group' she starting that's going to be especially intense and strict. Miss Rodgers wants me to get good grades, and she says that if I can't do it on my own like a big girl she's going to make me."

I tell Jacob to ask her if she wants to go to the study group, and Tabitha answers "kind of... I really want to get good grades, Sir. I know if I don't I'm just never going to get a decent job! And I... wouldn't mind

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Miss Rodgers making me do it. She's so great at making me do just anything she wants me to! But the thought of it kind of scares me because I know how totally strict she can be about just everything! And she tells me it's going to be super extra intense. I don't know what that means, and I doubt she'll tell me, but I can guess it's going to be like way-over-the-top! But maybe that's what it's going to take for me to do it... but that doesn't mean I'm going to like it!"

Jacob drives us to the restaurant I've chosen for their date, an out of the way, cozy cafe downtown. But it's also very popular with the 20-somethings and 30-somethings that work downtown so it's hopping tonight. Luckily we have an informal reservation. I know one of the waitresses from school and she's seen to it for me (likely because she likes the entertainment of some of those I bring into here). I make Tabitha sit in the back with Sophie so they're separated on the drive.

The date continues in the same way. It's not that they can't talk themselves, but that I'm not allowing them to. Over the 90 minutes we spend on supper I slowly shift the conversation from the superficial to somewhat intimate topics. Not sex. But personal stuff, like their hopes and dreams. When we've lingered as long as we can, I have Jacob pay the check and add a healthy tip for my friendly waitress. Then he takes us back to Tabitha's little apartment.

"If you... want to... I have some sodas and we... could watch a movie or something, Sir..." Tabitha is suddenly a little shy when I tell her to invite Jacob in. I grin at it. She has to know by now that Jacob's answer is going to be whatever I tell him. I just nod at him. He smiles and accepts.

A few minutes later I have them sitting on the sofa beside each other. Tabitha put on some action movie on Netflix. As she was scrolling through the latest additions, Jacob blurted out that he wanted to see it, and she immediately put it on. I only told them to pick a movie. They sit with the required 12" of space between them. But both grin a little when I tell Jacob to hold her hand. Enough of a grin that I think they kind of like

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each other.

For what I want, these two are a perfect couple. I can see that they like each other. They don't have as much in common, as many shared interests, as a happy couple would. But they do have enough in common that they get along nicely when they're together. Neither is what I'd call "popular" on their campus. Neither has people lined up to date them, either. I'm certain that some, but not all, of their happiness, together comes from having a date that's actually interested in them.

It helps that I severely limit their contact with each other. I've allowed them one date a week. In between, I've allowed them only a single email with each other, and that has to be forwarded through me. I read it and strip of their email addresses so they can't sneak any more in. And I tell them what they're to say in it. Not specifically. But like in the last one (after I allowed Jacob to take her dancing at a cafe with a country band) I told Tabitha to tell him what she liked about their evening, specifically the little things he did for her that made her smile. And she wrote over a 1000 words heaping praise on him for a bunch of things. They're not allowed phone calls. They don't even have the other's number. And they attend different schools so they don't run into each other. I'm certain they'd try to. I'm just as sure they're thinking about how they could arrange something behind my back, and not coming up with any ideas. Other than Jacob just showing up here, which I'm dead certain he's thought of and would have done had I not warned him not to think about it.

Maybe ten minutes into the movie I whisper to Jacob to slide close to Tabitha, touching her and put his arm around her. He needs less than zero encouragement. He closes that gap in a second and drapes his arm across her shoulder, switching hands to hold her with the one, not around her. Tabitha flinches a little, nervously, and quickly glances up at me. She must notice the little grin on my face. She relaxes just as quickly now that she knows they won't be getting in trouble for this. She wiggles just a little, snuggling herself very firmly against Jacob. Which gets a big grin

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from him.

I would bet an arm that neither of them is paying much attention to the movie. Jacob has had a precious few dates before; never more than two with the same girl. He's obviously never gotten very far with a girl. Tabitha was never allowed an actual date before. I can't imagine both didn't long for a good date. Which they're now having with a person they like.

I wait for around ten more minutes. I'm pretty confident that if I asked either what was going on in the movie I'd be lucky to a vague description of it. So I tell Jacob to "twist your head around to face Tabitha's and go ahead and give her a good kiss and hug. Hold her tight. I'll tell you when you've done enough."

Again, no encouragement is needed. His lips are on her as fast as he can get them there. Both are eagerly kissing each other, something that until this date I've let them do only once at the end of their date. I give them a minute to really get into the kiss. Jacob has his right arm around her now as well, touching her side, but still, hugging her as I told him to. I take hold of that wrist and start his hand lightly stroking up and down her side, taking care not to let him touch her breast. "Like that. Caress my girl-toy. Just make sure you don't play with her boobs. I didn't say you could have that much fun!" I start her hand gently caressing his back.

I leave them like that for several minutes. When I stop them and have Jacob back up a hair, both look like they'd prefer to continue forever. I ask Tabitha "are you going to behave and be a good little girl for me tonight?" She assures me she will. As does Jacob when I ask him.

I whisper to Tabitha to ask Jacob if he'd like to see her room. She blushes a little and stutters shyly when she asks him. I nod and Jacob eagerly says he'd love to see it. I tell them to stand, then have Tabitha take his hand and lead him back to her room.

Her room is neat. It always is. Both from habit and because she knows if it's not when I see it, she'll be spanked for being a slob. As they

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walk down the short hall, I see Emma peeking out of her door, watching them with a huge smirk on her face.

As soon as we're all in her room, Sophie bringing up the rear closes the door behind us. Tabitha fidgets nervously. I know she hasn't a hint of a clue what to do next. And not just because she doesn't know what I want her to do. I tell her to hold Jacob tight and kiss him again. She eagerly pulls him close and kisses him as hotly as she's ever kissed anyone. And Jacob kisses her back just as passionately. I allow their hands to caress the other, staying above the waist and off her breasts. It's more physical contact than I've ever allowed them.

After a minute I whisper to Jacob "her dress slides down. Go slowly, slide the little straps off her shoulder, then slide her dress down. Take your time. And let your hand lightly stroke her skin as you slide it down. Oh, and keep kissing her while you do that. Unless of course, you'd prefer she keeps that dress on..."

Jacob obediently does exactly as I tell him. I can see that he's constantly fighting his hands to keep them from speeding up and rushing to get that tight dress off of her. I make sure that he keeps his eyes on her. Tabitha doesn't seem to be thinking about what he's doing. Just melting under his touch on her bare skin and kissing him even more enthusiastically. He manages to take about a minute and a half to get her dress down to her ankles.

I know that Jacob has never seen a girl in her underwear before. He told me that during one of his sessions long ago. One of those kinds of sessions where I made him admit every little thing he was ashamed to admit. I tell him to take a step and "see Tabitha." He reluctantly ends their kiss and steps back, his eyes darting over her to take in all of her.

Tabitha blushes and a sudden look over uneasy nervousness comes over her face. I give Jacob a moment to see all of her in her bra and panties, then give him a little swat on his bottom. "Quit being a darn boy! Tell Tabitha how good she looks!" With a wide and honest smile on his



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face, he tells her that she's the most beautiful thing he's ever seen. Which is true, in boy-speak, since she's the only girl he's seen this far undressed. But the honest compliment helps Tabitha to relax.

I'd never let this go without reminding them I'm here. I tell Tabitha to tell him why she was suddenly so nervous. She says it's because "I'm not very pretty, Sir, and I didn't know... if you'd like what you saw or not... and I want you to like it." Another little swat to his bottom and a cue from me and he reassures her that he loves what he sees.

I tell him to kiss her again and "show her how much he likes her body." He gives her the hottest kiss he can and she quickly melts into it and returns it just as passionately. I give them a minute to enjoy kissing/ Jacob has his hands on her back, low but not too low, caressing her bare skin just above her panties. I'm sure my warning not to misbehave tonight was enough for him to know those panties were off-limits to him. So he's settling for as close as he can get. So as not to warn Tabitha what's coming next, I don't tell him anything. Instead, I just nudge his hands up her back until they come to the lacy trap over her bra. Like any bra this size, the strap is maybe an inch wide and has a couple of clasps to hold it. I nudge his hand right to the clasp.

He hesitates a fraction of a second not believing that I've put his hands there. He fumbles with it, tentatively at first, then clumsily, as he tries to figure out how to unhook it without being able to see it. It takes him a minute, but he manages and the straps fall free. I start his hands stroking up and down slowly over her spine.

After half a minute I guide his hands up to her shoulders nudging them to slide under the thin straps of her bra. Then to slide the straps down off her shoulders as he steps back. It does what I knew it would. Her bra falls from her, baring her ample breasts. Boy-brain can't help his eyes; they lock on her mounds and he smiles wide. I swat his bottom telling him to "compliment her honestly." He says they're "huge, and incredibly beautiful," adding that "he's dying to touch them." His honest words help Tabitha to relax again.

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I tell him to plant a very quick, fleeting, and soft kiss atop each nipple without touching those boobs. He leans his head over and kisses each of her rock-hard nipples. Tabitha purrs with his tender touch. I show him how to lightly stroke her soft breasts with the tips of his fingers, from her chest down to her nipple, then just as tenderly circle his fingertip around her sensitive nipple. He so gladly does, and Tabitha purrs like a kitten. He gets to kiss her again, now with her bare breasts pressed against his chest. Bet he's dying to get his shirt off now! Bet both are wondering just how far I'll let this go.

I have him kneel down and take her shoes off, telling Tabitha to allow him to do everything. She does, her eyes eagerly watching him. Obediently he keeps his eyes on what he's doing, stealing as many glances up to her panties as he can. I have him work as slowly as he possibly can to roll her stockings down and slip those off. Then I give him a couple of minutes to caress her legs and enjoy them. They're not bad legs.

Next, I have him ease the garter down from her hips. And I make sure that he behaves, keeping his hands on her sides and not playing with her bottom. That leaves her with just her panties. I tell him to stand, and "compliment her again. Tell her something true about her body and why you like it."

He tells her "your skin is just so soft it's like stroking silk, and that drives me even crazier than seeing such a gorgeous woman. I love this. Thank you so much for letting me see you, Tabby." He means it, and it shows in his voice. That helps Tabitha to relax a little, knowing that he doesn't think she's fat as she thinks of herself.

I have him kiss her and keep kissing her. I don't have to tell him to make it passionate. He does that all on his own. And with my permission, his hands leisurely explore her body. Everywhere but her panties, which are still off-limits to him.

I leave them kissing for a couple of minutes. They don't seem to tire of it at all. When I'm ready, I nudge his hands to her hips, slipping the

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tips of his fingers underneath the waistband of her lace panties at their sides. I tell him to "slide them down, but make sure those hands behave." then I closely watch as he eases her panties down. His hands stay on her sides, moving from her hips to the outsides of her thighs. Tabitha parts her feet a few inches to allow them to slide all the way down. Soon they fall to her ankles and she steps out of them.

They're still kissing. I move his hands to her bottom, guiding them to glide very leisurely and lightly over the soft flesh of her globes. No squeezing them, just caressing them. In a second, goosebumps sprout up on those cheeks as his hands are passing over them. Her cheeks aren't the firmest or the roundest. They have a touch of looseness to them, and a firm sponginess to them. But they still have a definitely feminine rounding to them. It's a decent bottom, but to him, I'm sure it's perfect. His hands try hard to stay on it. I make sure they don't go to the one place he's so far not been allowed to touch.

After a minute I have him step back, bringing Tabitha's hand sup to his shirt as they part. I tell her "you may take his shirt off if you want to see that scrawny chest." She grins wide and starts unbuttoning it. It doesn't take her long to get it off of him. And she makes sure that her hands get as much of a feel of his skin as she can manage while she's sliding it off.

I have her kiss him, now pressing her bare breasts snug onto his bare chest. Their kiss is the hottest yet, his hands roaming over her backside, as much of it as he can reach, while hers explore his bare back for the first time. After a long kiss, I have them part and nudge Jacob to kiss her breasts again. Only this time I allow him to hold the swollen nub of her nipple between his lips and flick the tip of his tongue over it for a fleeting instant. That makes Tabitha purr loudly and eagerly and even gets a little shiver from her. But it's a sweet shiver.

I have her kneel down to slip his shoes and socks off. Then I tell her to plant a soft kiss on each foot. She does, which makes her lean her head all the way forward, which pokes her bottom up a bit to give him a

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quick glimpse of her almost taut bottom, albeit from an angle that makes it more of a tease than a good look. Perfect!

I have her stand back up and kiss him again. This time, as they part the kiss I have her kiss his small nipples. Which gets a sweet purr from him. Then I have her ease his pants down to his ankles, keeping her hands at his sides. As soon as they're around his ankles he steps out of them. It leaves him wearing only his briefs. Like all briefs, they're tight enough on him that there's no hope of concealing the hard shaft under them as it strains the fabric, poking up and outward towards a hip. He's not the biggest guy. I know. I've measured his cock. It's 5.9" long and 1.35" thick. Which ranks barely above average. Not nearly enough to interest me. But plenty for him not to be ashamed of it, although it seems every guy wishes he had more than he does. Don't they know that too long can hurt? It's width us girls go bananas on! Up to a point, too fat and it stretches us too much. I want to get laid, not feel like I'm giving birth! Ideal, in my slutty opinion is 7-8" and 1.5-1.75" inches across. But I'm a very small girl, too.

I have her kiss him again, leaving his briefs on. This time I have her pull herself snug against him, pressing her pubes against the bulging stiffness. And I have her wiggle her hips, guiding her through the motion with my hands on her hips, to tease that cock with her smooth pubes. I watch as Jacob shudders lightly, but very sweetly, in her arms. It's driving him crazy. I hope Tabitha is noticing that as well.

As they break the kiss, I tell Jacob to "take" Tabitha and guide her onto her bed. Lying on her back. And still fully naked. With his briefs still on, I have him get on the bed with her and hold her as he kisses her. After a minute I tell him that he may start slowly kissing his way down her body to show her how much he likes it. He eagerly does.

Sophie sits on the edge of the bed beside Tabitha and holds her hand, as I tell her to do. I doubt Tabitha is really aware of Sophie. She's far too focused on what Jacob is doing to her.

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When he gets to her breasts I take control. I have him hold one breast in his hands, holding it lightly and straight up. Then I have him lightly suck on her nipple while teasing it with his tongue. This time I have him tracing his tongue casually around the edge of her nipple. That has Tabitha purring very eagerly. When it's had a good long kiss, I have him stroke it for a minute, then kiss it again before moving to her other breast.

He kisses his way down her stomach. I make sure he kisses around, not just a straight bee-line for her pubes, which I'm confident his boy-brain is urging him to do. I let him go until he gets to those silky smooth and freshly shaven pubes. Then I slow him down, having him plant tender kisses over every bit of her pubes, working down towards her pussy. I stop him just before his lips get to her pussy, the one place he's been trying to get to.

I have him kiss his way down her legs all the way to her toes. I have him kiss those as well, which gets a sensual squeal from Tabitha that unmistakably announces that she loves it. Then I allow him to part her feet. That lets his eyes get a good look at the slightly puffy mound between her thighs and it's wide plump lips. The thick purplish line where their edges meet that's already glistening with a touch of her wetness.

I have him kiss his way up the insides of her legs. I keep a close eye on him, forcing him to go very slowly when he wants to speed up and race for that mound. Tabitha lies there. As his lips make it to her knees she's already purring. From there on she only purrs louder with each kiss and starts squirming lightly.

I have him pay extra attention to the creases of her thighs. His kisses there get loud, slightly squealy, gasping purrs from her. They have her shiver nicely as well. And they get that wide slit (but one that does gape at all) glistening even brighter with more of her honey. Finally, I hold his head with my hands. It's the only way I'd trust that he'll behave himself. I guide him to plant a single, fleeting, and ultra-tender kiss atop

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each lip. She almost screeches the delightful purring moan with each of those little pecks.

Tabitha starts to say something, but catches herself at the last second and doesn't speak. With her eyes already glassy, I have no doubt something like "screw this teasing, fuck me, stud!" was about to come out of her lips, although I'd be surprised if she could ever be that direct. More like "this teasing, this waiting is too good! Please... finish what you've started." or something even far less direct. Knowing Tabitha, and her sexy naivety, I wouldn't be surprised if she said "stop," meaning stop teasing and give it to me, but a word that would (and should) be interpreted very differently.

I have his lips return to the creases of her thighs and kiss her again there, taking his time and making her suffer even more teasing. I take a second to whisper to Tabitha "slut lesson number one, slut: you will lie there and let him do as he pleases with your body. Don't worry, he pleases whatever I tell him to please. Now be a good slut and let him enjoy your fat bottom. I don't care if it's killing you. Behave like a big slut, slut." I would bet that Tabitha has never been called a slut before in her life. Now, as she's moaning through his teasing kisses, she doesn't seem to mind it one bit.

I have him gently lift her knees up. I'm sure he's thinking it's so he can have her. But it's not. I have him lift those legs, which aren't too heavy for him to manage easily, up further, spreading them wide and leaving her pussy poking out uninhibited and shamelessly at his eyes. It also parts her cheeks a bit, pulling them a little tighter. It's enough to bare the deep-pink ring of her wrinkly little asshole to his eyes as well. Now he's seen at least a fleeting glimpse of everything Tabitha has and is.

I firmly nudge his head to keep kissing along the creases of her thighs for a second. Then I nudge him to start inching his lips down until he's kissing the edge of her butt cheeks inside her crack. I make him go slowly. "Hear how I have Tabitha moaning? Hear those squealy little

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mouse moans of hers? See those goosebumps popping up on her thighs and bottom? See how her purple slit glistens? That all says this slut is liking your amateurish attempt to make love to her body. Clearly, you're not ready for the real thing."

I nudge his lips towards the center of her crack. "show Tabitha just how much you like her naked body." With a little tap to his head, I bump it to put his lips atop her tight ring. I quickly and very firmly, instruct him to keep his lips there, suck extra lightly, and tease the tip of his tongue around her nervy muscle, circling it just outside the point where those wrinkles disappear inside her. It doesn't take even a millimeter of teasing for Tabitha to screech out a guttural and sensual cry. Or to shudder hard. Or for her legs to try and squeeze closed on his head. His shoulders won't let them. I very firmly tell Tabitha to "let him know how that feels, slut."

"Jesus, Sir! That is killing me! Oh my God, it's so good!" Tabitha cries out, her voice mousier than ever. She speaks fast, almost running her words together, and quickly cries out another screeching moan before adding "I love this! Please, Sir, may I please have more of this? I'll do anything!!!" Then she screeches more, and slightly more urgent, moans.

I keep his lips there for a good minute. Tabitha squirms more and more energetically as her moans take on a more erotically anxious note. No one could mistake how much she likes it. And I haven't even done anything close to intense yet! I don't plan to. Tabitha isn't nearly ready for that. In my opinion, she's barely ready to lose her virginity. Nowhere near as ready to as she is eager to.

I make her suffer over a minute of that before guiding his lips back to her thighs. He's definitely not happy as I make sure his lips move around, instead of to, her pussy. But he obediently kisses her where I want him to. I have him kiss his way back up her body, stopping again at her breasts for an even longer teasing. Tabitha purrs her way through every second of it, her moans letting us all know she's as anxious to get on with whatever I'm going to have them do as he is. She has to wait, too, just like he does.

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I have him inch his way up until finally, he's kissing her lips again. This time there's unbridled hunger in their kisses, both overly anxious for what comes next. They kiss like true lovers, all but devouring each other. I keep them kissing.

I have Jacob lie forward, his shoulders on hers, his chest on her breasts, and still kissing her as he wraps his arms around her to hold her tight to him. But I leave him up on his knees between her spread legs.

One thing about these two is that they're both my subs. Which means that I know them, and their bodies, better than they do. And unlike them, I think. I know that neither of them has anything for the other to catch. Both have had good medical care over their lives and have unnecessarily been tested during their physicals. The benefits of decently well-off parents with good health insurance, and a doctor greedy enough to order everything they'll pay for on those physicals. And I picked this weekend over another for one more reason. I know that Tabitha is due to start her period in just a day or three. Monday if her pattern hold, and she's been regular until now. This means the chances of her getting pregnant are close to none. As close as they ever are anyway. Nothing's perfect when it comes to birth control.

I cue Sophie so she can expect Tabitha, whose hand she's still holding, to react. Then I reach under Jacob and free his very stiff cock from those briefs. I guide the tip of it to her lips, aiming it perfectly to enter her. I hold his hips still so he doesn't push into her as much as he wants to. Once he surrenders to my control, I take hold of his balls in one hand, squeezing them lightly with a grip just firm enough for him to know I have them captive in my hand. I leave my other hand on his hip. With a grip on him like this, no guy would dare to move except how I moved him, and when he tries, he'll stop instantly as he feels his balls being pulled tight in my hand.

I start him moving forward at a torturously slow pace. It inches his cock through her slit, letting him feel her heat and slick wetness, as his



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shaft slips between her lips. A second or two later he feels the tightness of her tunnel as the head of his cock finds it. As his shaft glides through her slippery honey and slowly into her, he feels her meaty, spongy soft, walls snuggling tight around his cock. I make it take him a long moment to fully enter her.

Tabitha cries out a loud, desperately urgent "YES!" as she feels his cock gliding easily into her. Then her lips are locked to his again with renewed vigor. I guide him to start fucking her, keeping hold of his hips and balls to control his motions. I force him to keep a slow, steady rhythm with full strokes that both have his cock fully buried inside her and come out until only the head of it is left between her lips. Less than it's head left in her pussy.

Tabitha kisses him desperately, with a hunger beyond starvation, even as she can't stop herself from screeching out increasingly sensual – and slutty – moans. In a couple of seconds, she's gotten very loud, despite keeping her lips to his. Loud enough that everyone in this house has got to hear her. I can see that she's tightly gripping Sophie's hand as well.

I keep him going, slowly and steadily. I see him tensing up, showing how good it is for him. I can feel his hips trying to speed up, but my snug grip on his balls keeps them steady.

Tabitha shows it even more. Soon her free hand is pounding against the mattress under her, and her toes are curling up, gripping the loose sheet under them. She shudders as she squirms. She loses the kiss, her mouth hanging wide open as she screeches out moans worthy of a porn star, only hers are real. Her hips squirm furiously, trying to buck up onto him and impale herself on the cock; I control that by controlling him and keeping him moving with her, not against her, which makes her thrusts futile. I see her stomach arching up under him. I see her head thrashing from side to side.

"Tabitha!" I say it crisply to get her attention. She doesn't react, instead screeching away with those moans. I hope she's hearing me. "do not climax, slut. You will behave. You will be a good slut. You will wait

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until your man climaxes first. When he's finished with your skanky pussy, I will tell you. Then you *will* climax. Be a good slut. The kind of slut boys like."

She never makes any sign she hears me. She just lies there, squirming harder by the stroke and moaning away.

I keep Jacob going, never letting the pace of his cock sliding in and out of her pussy vary. It's not long before he's moaning along with her, just as enthusiastically. His voice is deeper, breathier, but no less desperate. It doesn't take him long, this his first time with an actual woman. Maybe two minutes, maybe a little less, despite the slowness of the pace I set for him. Boys! I know when he's cumming. I can feel the crisp twitches in his cock as the tense the muscles behind the shaft.

I release him. Instinct takes over and he pounds her, his pace picking up from leisurely to frantic in the blink of an eye. Tabitha screams a guttural cry of sweet agony at the new sensations. She stiffens hard, trembling as she squirms with motions that grow sharper. He takes a moment to finish cumming. I see that too, as his energy begins to wane.

"Tabitha, climax now or never, slut," I tell her firmly. She lets go. Her body snaps hard with violent squirms. She thrashes wildly under him, her hips slamming full force up onto his cock. And she screams a long, steady, unbroken honeyed cry of agony and bliss. Her orgasm goes on longer than his did. A couple of swats to his bottom keeps his cock going after his orgasm until she's finished as well.

When I allow him to stop he almost falls limp onto her chest. Tabitha falls quiet, panting hard and heavy for her breath. Over a minute his cock goes soft and slips from her, a huge dollop of mixed cream following it out and running down her bottom to leave a stain on her sheets.

I quickly pull his underwear back up before I push him over to lie on his side next to Tabitha. I push him close to her so that he's touching her wide with his chest. Then I tell him to softly caress her but avoid her

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breasts. He does. I have him kiss her, now fleeting quick kisses. They lie together for several minutes while she catches her breath. Him, too. Once she has her breath, Tabitha purrs quietly from his tender caresses.

I give them maybe ten minutes before I tell Tabitha firmly to get up. She pulls herself up to stand beside the bed, her eyes locked on Jacob. I tell her that Jacob looks like he could use an icy glass of the lemonade in her fridge, she should go now and fetch two with four cubes of ice in them. Medium-sized glasses, not huge ones. She reaches for her dress and I snap to stop her, scolding her that I didn't tell her to put anything on. I told her to serve her lover-of-the-night an icy refreshment after all the work he did. Go. She cringes shyly but goes.

A couple of seconds later I hear a loud round of applause coming from the hall. I peek out to see Tabitha's roommates, Emma and Olivia, standing in their doors and applauding with big smirks on their faces. And I see Tabitha blushing redder than a beet and trying to cover herself with her hands as she scurries to the kitchen. "You go, girl!" Emma taunts. "You mean, 'ho' girl!" Olivia laughs. Then Emma says "Ignore her. You needed a good lay! Go girl, 'cause that sounded awfully good from here!" Which gets both of them laughing at her, but it's a friendly laugh at the comments. I have no doubt that as soon as everyone is gone, those two are going to drag every last detail out of Tabitha.

She returns with the two icy cold glasses. As instructed, she sets on down then kneels beside the bed and demurely serves Jacob a glass by offering it atop her upturned palms which are held even, and a few inches out from so as not to block his view of, her nipples. "Here's an icy cold lemonade, Sir..." Tabitha offers it to him with dreamy eyes and honey in her voice. He takes it, and I have Tabitha get the other for herself, sit beside him on the bed and sip it. Both sip the coolness quickly, still hot and sweaty from the quick fuck.

When they're done, I tell both to kneel on the floor and face me. I have them side by side, but not allowed to touch each other. "Tabitha, Jacob..." I begin, "remember both of you are my property. I own you. I

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own your body. You are not boyfriend and girlfriend. You are not even dating. You are my toys. Tonight I chose to amuse myself by making a very nice video of my two toys losing their virginity. That's all. I own those bodies, including that pussy and that cock, and I will continue to use them however amuses me. Remember that. Mine."

Sophie hands me my phone, the video cued up. I skip over the "intro" the part where they undress each other and the kissing foreplay and start it at the point where they start fucking. I hold it up and allow them to watch it. "I'll bet Emma and Olivia would love to see this!" I taunt.

I have them stand up and tell Tabitha to dress him. I have her do everything, firmly stopping Jacob from doing anything to help her. I leave her naked. "Since I can't stay here to chaperon you so you don't get too slutty, you can walk Jacob to the door." I tell Tabitha to take him by his hand and walk him to the door.

At the door, I allow her to give him a goodnight kiss, a kiss that Tabitha makes especially long and even more impassioned. She holds him tight, her bare body against his clothes as she does. And I allow his hands to roam over her, including her bottom, as long as he doesn't fixate on anywhere. He's happy to keep them moving. She's happy, too.

I tell her to say a sweet goodnight to him and thank him for the "date." She tells him "I don't have words... Thank you so much for an incredible night, Sir... I really, really hope Miss Rodgers will give me to you again very very very soon, Sir. You made me feel so incredible..." I allow them one more kiss before sending him home with instructions to tell his "mommy" all about his date with "the slut Tabitha."

Once the door is shut, I have Tabitha kneel. Still naked. I pause a few seconds, standing over her. "First you will tell your roommates whatever they ask you, and I'm sure those two gossipy girls are going to want details. In the morning, you will write a one-page handwritten thank you letter to Jacob, snap a picture of it and send it to me before

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noon. *Do not* be shy. Just be honest and polite, like a good little slut bitch should be. After I read it, I'll think about how many of your friends I want to send that video to. You're dismissed for the night, slut."

Sophie and I leave. Sophie grinning widely. She's a virgin, too, and Sophie knows she's going to be staying one. Unlike Tabitha, Sophie is my slave-girl. I don't share her. No boy is touching that pussy. I know she's dying to lose her virginity, but not as badly as she wants to hang onto it to please me.