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Come Friday afternoon Kate arrives exactly on time again. Only this time she's not as dressed up. I didn't think she would be. She gets off work at 3:00, and that's assuming she gets out exactly on time. I doubt anyone does at Wal-Mart. To get here by 4:00, she wouldn't have had time to go home and change, and I can't imagine she would have worn her better clothes to that job.

When Sophie lets her in, Kate's wearing a plain white blouse and navy polyester slacks with sneakers. She's taken off the ugly vest the store makes them wear at least. And it looks like she's spent a few minutes fixing her make-up, probably in her car, just before she came up. I'm prepared for all of it. I set the time early enough to make her come right from work. Just so I can see her after a day's work. At her worst.

Sophie puts Kate against the wall. With no instructions from me, Sophie leaves Kate standing there and waiting. Sophie comes over and kneels before me. When I nod for her to speak, she tells me Kate is here and waiting "until it's convenient for me to deal with her slutty butt."

I send Sophie to "get the slut's things." I sit back on the sofa, sipping a cup of hot herbal tea, and watch as Sophie returns to Kate and has her undress. Once Kate is naked, Sophie takes everything Kate had, even her panties, and locks it in a drawer of the file cabinet in the playroom. Then she returns to me.

With a deep sigh I hope Kate hears, I stand up and walk over to Kate. Without a word, I spend almost a full minute looking over her nude body. I look closely and make sure Kate notices how close I'm looking. I even run my hand over her legs and the creases of her thighs to check for razor stubble.

"This won't do." I lament. "There's razor stubble. This slut reeks of work." I smirk wide as I continue "probably working on it's back in a whorehouse... I don't even want to see how skanky that pussy is!" I sigh again, deep and hard. "clean this whore up, slave."

"Yes, Mistress, I'll make it spotless for You!" Sophie eagerly

accepts her assignment.

She doesn't hesitate to use one of my tricks. She grabs a handful of Kate's dense bush, says "come with me you skanky little whore!" and starts pulling Kate firmly towards the bathroom. Kate stumbles the first steps, not expecting Sophie to take her let alone so firmly and quickly. She gets her feet under her and keeps pace.

I follow, hanging back a little way, just to watch the show. Sophie is a wonderful girl. Nothing makes her happier than seeing that she's made me happy, and she'd do anything to make me happy. The smile, the approval on my face, is the only thing she truly craves in life. And she gets heaps of it. She's extremely dedicated to me. But her eagerness to please me also makes her a little curt with the toys. She has no patience for a toy that's not doing it's best to please me. And when I allow her free reign, she can't be somewhat firm in pushing a toy to behave for me. She knows I want that toy to do whatever, so she's going to make it do it.

Sophie takes Kate straight to the toilet and pushes her down on it. She doesn't bother instructing Kate. She just takes her knees and spreads them wide apart, then straightens Kate's back up. Sophie takes hold of Kate's hands, sets them atop the middle of Kate's thighs with her palms turned up. "Use it, slut. You won't have another chance until my Mistress deigns to allow you one. It might be a very long time before She inconveniences Herself that much for your skanky butt." Sophie doesn't allow Kate any privacy. She doesn't even avert her eyes. She glares at Kate, waiting for her to do as she said. The look of embarrassment on Kate's face tells me she'd prefer to do about anything but.

I stand just outside the bathroom, leaning against the wall with one eye on Kate. She's still new, and this is the first time she's had to take direction from Sophie whom she sees as her daughter's friend.

A couple of minutes later, Sophie has Kate in the shower, the water running. I'm sure it's not very hot. I usually use lukewarm water for toys. Sophie knows that, and I'm sure she's doing the same, only with Sophie

it's maybe a few degrees cooler. Sophie stands just outside the shower, closely watching every move Kate makes. And frequently telling her to redo something.

A half-hour later I'm sitting on my sofa when Sophie brings Kate in freshly washed and dried. Her long hair is even brushed out for me. I compliment Sophie on how good of a job she's done deskanking this slut. Sophie's face lights up with the praise.

I tell Sophie she may come along, then tell Kate to get up to her feet. I lightly squeeze one of Kate's small breasts, both with nipples already stiff and standing out prominently, and tell her to come along. I keep my light grip on her breast as I lead her into the playroom.

As soon as we're in there I cuff Kate's hands behind her back taking them away from her. Then I have her kneel down, which she does the way I've taught her to. "Caitlyn... have you ever sucked a cock before?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Kate answers. I see her eyes dart quickly around the room as if she's wondering if there might be a man in here that she missed before.

"Are you any good at it?"

"I... guess so, Ma'am..." this time Kate is a little unsure in her answer. "I mean, no one has ever complained."

As if any man would complain about that! "Did he cum in your slutty mouth?"

"Uh... a couple of times, Ma'am."

"Did you swallow it?"

"Not really, Ma'am..."

"Not really? I'll take that as a no. I'll take that to mean you spit it out like some soccer mom housewife instead of a gutter slut." I sigh again, deep and long. "We both know you're nothing but a cheap gutter

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slut, I have no idea why you keep trying to pretend you're a person or something instead of the street-corner whore you really are."

I get a strap on dildo out of a cabinet along the wall. This is one of the larger ones I have, and I have a nice assortment of them. It's not the biggest. It's not even that close to the biggest, but it's definitely bigger than average. Its phallus is 8" long and 1.5" thick. It's realistic looking, complete with a bulbous purple head and fake veins along it. It's latex and stiff. It's about as close to a real one, at least in look and feel, as rubber can get. It even has a thin, loose, outer layer of latex that moves over the stiff shaft exactly like the skin moves on a real one. I strap it on over my jeans.

I stand in front of Kate, putting the tip of my new cock to her lips. I'm sure she knows what I want her to do, pretty much any would in her position would. Her eyes strain to look down at the big shaft, and more of that nervousness I've come to expect from her sweeps onto her face. "Show me. Suck my dick like a gutter slut."

Kate stretches her mouth open and barely manages to get the fat head in. Her teeth scrape over it. She starts, trying to suck the big shaft and barely getting between two and three inches of it into her mouth before she reverses her stroke. Her teeth scraping it the entire way. I let her demonstrate for a few seconds.

"You call that a blow job?" I say tauntingly in my "bully voice." "I've seen 13-year-olds who can do better on their first time!" I grab her head, one hand under her jaw, and then other on the back of her head at the top, my fingers weaved through her hair. I hold her firmly with a grip like a vise.

I pinch the corners of her jaw hard, forcing her mouth to open wider. I keep squeezing even as I feel the muscles of her jaw straining until her mouth won't open any wider.

Kate groans a little with the strain as her muscles stretch. But her teeth are no longer scraping the shaft. Close, but not on it. My other hand

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nudges her to keep going, taking the cock into her mouth. I very firmly tell her to suck lightly on it. I see her cheeks draw in a little as she sucks.

It's only a second or two until Kate tries to reverse her stroke. I stop her, feeling her neck muscles tense up to fight me. She loses. Her neck doesn't have close to the strength as my arms do. I make her keep going, taking a little more of the thick shaft into her mouth. Maybe less than $\frac{1}{4}$ " of it. Barely more than she was already taking. Then I relax my grip a hair, enough that she can move her head back. But I keep my grip firm enough to slow her and keep her pace steady.

I let her go up until only about half of the head is between her lips, then tighten my grip and reverse her stroke again. As she goes down, I hold her mouth stretched wide. I make her take a hair more of the shaft into her mouth on this stroke, and this time she starts to gag on it. I allow her to reverse.

On the next stroke, I make her take about another $\frac{1}{8}$ th of an inch. It's not much, barely enough that she feels it going deeper into her. She gags harder as I hold her head steady in my vise-tight grip.

I start Kate on another stroke. As she gags, she tries hard to reverse. I don't let her, forcing her to take just a bit more of the phallus into her mouth. She gags hard on it as I finally allow her to reverse.

On the next stroke, I keep her going even as she's gagging, making her take the next little slice of cock into her mouth. She almost chokes, and for the first time, I feel the muscles in her shoulders and arms tensing as she tries to resist.

And then comes the stroke that finally starts her choking. She chokes hard as the tip of the shaft pushes against the narrow entrance to her throat. Her shoulders squirm. Her hands try to come up and push me away, but those cuffs keep them behind her as their chains rattle.

With the next stroke, she's choking even harder. And she's fighting me almost desperately. I see her hands fighting hard to free

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themselves as the chain rattles loud. I feel the tension in her muscles as she tries to resist. I keep her head moving until she's taken that next sliver of the shaft.

If she hasn't figured out the rhythm, it's simple. On every stroke, she's getting about 1/8th inch more of that shaft. No matter how hard she tries not to, I'm not letting her have a choice. It's going into her, and I'm holding her jaw so she can't bite on it.

The next stroke chokes her completely. So hard that I see her shoulders snapping crisply. And I feel the firm resistance as the tip of the shaft presses hard against the entrance of her throat. I even see little tears start to well up in the corners of her eyes. I imagine that she's wondering just how much of this fat shaft I'm going to force into her.

On the next stroke, the tip of the cock finally starts to shove it's way into the very narrow opening of her throat, stretching it wide and stuffing it way-over-full. Kate chokes and heaves as it blocks her throat for the second it takes to reverse the stroke. Chokes hard, her stomach snapping with a hard spasm that shoots her bottom upward.

I ignore Kate's obvious discomfort. And Keep going, making her take more yet of the shaft on the next stroke. Then even more. And more, until finally, the entirety of the head is in her throat. Kate chokes and heaves with every stroke, but there's nothing else she can do.

As the head finally stuffs her throat, stretching it a couple of times wider than normal, Kate finally discovers that she can't breathe. Her throat is completely blocked by the thickness stuffed into it. She panics and struggles against me and the cuffs with everything she has. It's pure reflex. Get her hands up, push me away, and get air! Pull her head back and get air. Just get air! Her struggles are futile. The cuffs keep her hands in place behind her. My arms are stronger than her neck. The cock keeps stroking it's way into her throat, going a hair deeper on every stroke.

Kate chokes even more. Those tears finally start running down her

cheeks. I make her keep going. I make her keep inching that shaft deeper and deeper into her mouth. But once the first five inches of its length is into her, it starts slowly getting easier for Kate. Because by then the fattest part of it has forced its way into her throat, and there's nothing more left for her to suffer. From here on, it's only sliding deeper into the rubbery tube of her throat. By then I can see it in her neck as it stretches everything so much that it balloons her neck out as it slips into her. Like a huge bite of food would. And she chokes just like she would if she'd swallowed that gigantic bite. Except I hold her jaw wide open, and the shaft blocks her throat and her body's efforts to expel it.

As it inches its way further down her throat she starts choking less powerfully. Her throat is getting used to being stretched and allowing it to slide in and out of her very tight throat. And it is very tight. I can feel the heavy resistance as her throat's muscles squeeze around it.

I make her take every bit of the phallus until finally, her lips are against the fake pubes and balls attached to it. I stop her there, holding her head firmly in place with every millimeter of that cock down her throat. After maybe ten or fifteen seconds she stops gagging on it and stills. "Good slut!" I finally say with a bit of honey in my voice for her. "See, you can swallow a cock like the very cheapest of whores! From now on that is how you will suck a cock. You will swallow every bit of whatever he has to offer. You will use slow, steady strokes just like I've been guiding you through. You will stretch your useless jaw wide and never allow those teeth to touch his delicious cock. You will not stop until he has fully finished cumming into your filthy mouth. And then you will suck the last drops of cream from his cock. You will swallow every drop of it. None will leak out of your mouth. None will get spit out. You will swallow, lick your lips, and politely-and-sweetly thank him for allowing a slut like you to suck his cock."

As I talk the panic starts to creep back into her. Held firmly in place with her throat stuffed, Kate can't breathe. And by now it's been about half a minute without air. It's not too long. Anyone is capable of

holding their breath longer than that. But by now her lungs are starting to warm up, if not burn, from the lack of air. Which gets her instincts riled up and gets her struggling to free herself and breathe again. I hold her firmly in place. "That's right, slut, you breathe when I allow it. I don't care if you suffocate, as long as you suck cock well while you do."

"Now it's practice time. Suck my cock, slut." I start her head moving again, holding it firm so she can't hurry back and breathe. The instant the shaft isn't blocking her throat anymore, I hear the sharp, desperate intake of breath as she sucks the air through her nose. I ignore her and keep her head moving steadily with its rhythm.

I make her keep going with full strokes, every one of them starting with only half the tip of the phallus between her lips, then going all the way down until her lips are against the fake rubber balls before she reverses. And I keep her pace steady.

It takes a good dozen strokes like that for the rhythm to sink into Kate. But as she keeps going she chokes a little less with each stroke. Finally, she stops choking, instead only gagging lightly on the thickness. After another dozen strokes, she starts to get used to it. Then she's used to doing this enough that I start to loosen my grip on her head, letting her do it on her own. As I loosen up, I remind her "be a very good little skanky slut for me, Caitlyn, and keep sucking cock like a gutter whore!" After another dozen or so strokes, Kate barely gagging now, I take my hands from her head.

She manages to keep going on her own, slowly and steadily stroking the fake cock with her throat. I tell her she's a good slut and let her go. I make her do it for a full five minutes, which is about as long of a practice session as I use for teaching slut skills.

I give her a five-minute rest, standing there while Kate knees still. At first, she pants a few breaths. Then she tries to work the cramps out of her jaw.

And then I make her do it again. As she starts I keep a firm grip on

her head, ensuring that she does it properly. The first few strokes, when the cock reaches her throat and she starts choking, I have to force her to keep going. But she's soon able to keep going on her again for another five-minute practice session.

With five minute rests between five-minute practices, Kate has to suck this fake cock four times. And she only gets to stop at four because she finally manages to do it completely on her own, my hands never touching her head for the entire blow job. I congratulate her for sucking cock like a true gutter whore.

I turn to Sophie. "Wouldn't this slut look pretty in pink?" Sophie agrees that Kate would look good in pink. "Slut her up, slave." I unlock Kate's wrists. She keeps her hands behind her back but rubs the red chafe marks from her struggles to free herself. I leave her to Sophie.

A half-hour later Sophie brings Kate out. And Kate is perfect. Perfectly slutted up. I picked the outfit for Kate from the stock I keep here in various sizes. It comes in handy for just such occasions. It's a plain, but tight, stretch dress in pastel pink that covers her from just below her breasts to about 1/3 of the way down her thighs. At the top, it has a built-in all-lace strapless bra that pushes Kate's small mounds out to maximize them, while covering only about half of them. As much as lace can cover anything. Through that lace, the outline of her dark rings is visible. Her longish nipples are obvious, straining the fabric as they poke out against it. She didn't get panties.

She did get shoes. They're pastel pink patent leather the thin little straps around her ankles. And with five-inch spiky heels. Open toes, too. And she got one of the pink training collars. On top of that, Sophie has done her make-up expertly, accenting her eyes with a hint of pink shadow and covering up the little imperfections on her face without it being obvious. Sophie's done Kate's hair as well, brushing it out again and pulling it back into a tight tail at the center of her head that hangs free. A pink scrunchie to hold it in place.

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Sophie brings Kate to me and has Kate kneel down. Sophie kneels beside her and waits patiently. After a few seconds, I look Kate over, then praise Sophie for "turning this skanky whore in a merely filthy slut!" I get a white leather leash and clip it to Kate's collar. Then I tell Sophie to fetch my purse. She totes it for me.

Sophie follows close at my side as I walk the leashed Kate out of the apartment, then down the elevator to the street level. There's not much of a lobby here. Almost all of the street level real estate here on Dauphin street is taken up with businesses, mostly restaurants, cafes, clubs, and bars. Heavy on the bars. It's Mobile's pitiful version of an entertainment district.

I feel the hesitation in Kate's steps as I walk her from the lobby out onto the street. It's a little after seven, which is getting late. Here most of the bands are playing by eight, and little is happening after midnight, even on a Friday night. The street has people on it. It's not packed like the French Quarter of New Orleans, but there are a good number of people on the street heading between the various businesses.

I keep Kate walking on her leash. People stare and glare at her. I scold her to ignore them and keep her eyes forward like a good girl. "I'm not embarrassed at all if they see you on a leash!" I keep her walking even as a few phones come out. As we cross the street I finger-wave to a cop standing there. He's already staring at Kate. I don't particularly like cops, but I tell Kate to blow him a kiss with a huge smile. She obeys. He shakes his head but grins. Kate keeps her hands behind her, but they're not locked so she could unclip the leash whenever she wanted to. I'd never speak to her again if she ran away like that, but she can. I think the cop can see that she's not bound and thus willingly leashed. He watches, but not with concern.

The club I've selected for tonight is on the next block. It's a "beer bar" masquerading as a cafe. Which means that its liquor license will only let them sell beer and wine. Wine not being popular with its crowd leaves

beer. There's a long bar, mostly full. There's a stage where a country band is setting up. Not a big name, those never come to Mobile, but a local band. A decent one, but not one that's ever going to play much bigger of a stage. I just pray they have some original material instead of copying someone else's work. There are some tables, too. They serve food, their license as a cafe requires them to, but it's limited to burgers, fries, and nachos. None of which it's crowd object to.

The crowd here is mostly younger, mostly a touch on the rough side, and very rednecky. It's more of a roadhouse atmosphere. I chose it for one reason. I know the bartender who seems to run the place. I asked him to save me a good table for 7:00. when I come in there's a table close to the band and the dance floor with a cardboard sign on it "Reserved for Miss Rodgers and... company." I grin wide as I wave to him. I don't hang out here much, but I do use this place enough for him to know me. Usually, I use it to humiliate a sub, which always makes for very popular entertainment, which makes me a VIP here. I'm sure a few of the people here are his friends and his better customers whom he called to give them a heads-up I would be here tonight. Which is fine with me. I want this place packed.

It's not packed, but it's definitely busy. Some of the guests here noticed Kate the instant she came through the door. The white leash is kind of hard to miss. I saw a bunch of heads following us as we moved to our table. My bartender is over quickly with three drinks for us, all of them sparkling water with fresh lime juice. It's what I always order. I'm not trying to get wasted. I'm trying to stay in control. And I wouldn't want Kate to have the liquid courage!

I point her to a seat, telling her to sit up straight, cross her legs right over left, and fold her hands in her lap with the palms up. I tell her to sit still and quiet, but that she may sip her drink slowly.

I dressed in my country girl look today. I have faded jeans on. They're designer jeans, but everything I own has a label with a boutique-

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level designer name on it. Sophie too, since I've bought her entire wardrobe for her. On top, I have a tight-fitting lace top with spaghetti straps over my shoulders. It's lavender and all lace, which lets the matching bra under it shows just a tiny bit. It's a silky bra that covers about $\frac{3}{4}$ of my ample (32-D) breasts. It's strapless as well. Over that, I have an open short-sleeved flannel shirt. And boots with heels, just not heels spiky and high like Kate and Sophie have on.

Sophie is wearing her lavender slave dress. It's a solid-lace stretchy dress, fringed with frilly white lace, that barely runs from her breasts down to maybe an inch below her cheeks. She doesn't have any underwear on either. But she does have matching fingerless lace gloves. And boots with four-inch heels, made of stiff lace instead of leather, trimmed in white, that rise up almost to her knees. And a pretty lavender plush horseshoe clip to hold her hair off her face.

There are four seats at our table. And three of us. Picture us. 18-year-old Sophie, a very pretty girl with long-and-wavy honey-blonde hair in her slave dress. Me, a petite 19-year-old with a curvy figure, large pert breasts, and long blond hair. And Kate, a thin middle-aged woman, still fairly pretty, with long dark blond-brown hair in her slutty outfit and on a leash.

The crowd is pretty mixed, maybe 70-30 men-to-women if you take in the groups of guys at the bar. It's younger, 25-35 being the vastly prominent age group. But there are a number of college-aged guys in here as well. Some with dates, some in groups without dates. Most already have at least one beer in them.

We aren't at the table a couple of minutes before the bartender brings over a second round. He points to a group of five guys, a couple of them better than average in the looks department, and says they bought. I just slip him a \$100 and tell him to keep it for the "reservation." We won't buy a drink the rest of the night, and we'll have enough to literally drown ourselves if we want.

There's some canned music playing in the background while the band gets ready, but only one couple is on the small dance floor. We just sit. I grin at the guys who sent us the drinks. One of them comes over and introduces himself to me. I guess he's figured out I'm the alpha-bitch at this table. He asks if we're waiting for anyone. I say "not really," without offering my name. "This is my slave," I nod towards Sophie, "and this is slut." I grin.

He's definitely Sophie's type. He's young, well-built but not stocky and not exactly a linebacker. He has dark short hair and brown eyes. "Slave, say hello to the man."

"Hello, Sir!" Sophie says with a huge smile on her face and a lot of honey in her voice. It's not too often I allow her to play "date" with guys. And she loves doing that. She loves guys. She just forgoes them to please me, which makes her happier than the guys do. "I am Miss Rodgers' slave. You can call me slave if you'd like, Sir." Sophie bats her eyes at him. I think that's when he forgets Kate and I are at the table.

I let them talk a few minutes and it's obvious that he likes Sophie. Even though he doesn't know her name. He's told her that he's a student at Spring Hill University, a decently-reputable four-year school, but also a school with a reputation as being the party school in this area. I hear him say he's 21 and a junior. She tells him she's about to turn 19 and a freshman at Bishop, but she has almost perfect grades, and "my Mistress is going move me to USA when I finish at Bishop."

I interrupt them. I forgot his name so I just smile at him and ask "would mind doing me a teensy little favor?" He's smart enough to know that if he says no, Sophie will kick him straight to the curb. So he says sure. I hand him Kate's leash and ask "would you mind holding onto this skanky thing for a minute? I just never know what slutty things it'll get up to if it gets off its leash!" He takes the leash and doesn't seem to mind holding it one bit. I notice a few of his buddies even snap a picture of him holding the leash, it's white leather draped across the top of the table so

it's all visible.

I look at Kate and tell her very firmly, "I do hope you remember tonight's lesson, slut. It's time for your final exam to begin. I hope you studied enough earlier. You don't want a bad grade on a final. Just ask Emily what happens when you bring home bad grades!"

Kate pales as she hears that she's going to be graded. I'm sure she remembers Emily's description of her spanking rather well. In vivid detail now that she contemplates it being her bottom over my knees.

With an evil smirk on my face, I get to my feet. "Slave, behave yourself. Stay. Flirt." Sophie hears that and very eagerly says she will. I walk over to the bar, my eyes going over the men sitting there, and especially the ones that haven't taken their eyes off of us since we came through the door. I call my bartender over, and he slips me a napkin with today's code for the stockroom door written on it. I ask if he knows any of the guys at the bar.

He grins and points out a few that he calls "regulars." I'm sure they're less regular customers and more friends of his, or at the least not just regular customers but regularly large tippers. But I don't care about that. Favors are the true currency that makes the world go around, and I'm sure that "looking out for" his favorites now will earn me ten times as much courtesy in the coming months. Like a reserved table in a club that doesn't take reservations.

I scan down the line, checking out the guys he's pointed out. They're all fairly redneck-looking, but not like Beverly Hillbilly redneck. More like regular working guys who happen to like country. Okay, guys who fish and hunt, too. None is over 35, or at least doesn't look it. None are "rejects" either. Any of them will do nicely for what I have in mind.

I pick one, intentionally not the cutest, but not the worst-looking of them either. Which means he cute. Even worst-looking of them isn't anything below average in the looks department. None would have a chance with me, but I'm very particular.

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The guy I pick looks to be close to 30. He's decently tall, around 6' and lightly stocky. Maybe just under 200 pounds. He's wearing worn jeans and a pullover shirt from Bass Pro Shop. He has short, sandy brown hair and green eyes. Below his short sleeves, I can see a bit of muscle to his arms. I doubt he'll strike out if he's looking to meet someone, but he might not get his choice of girls in here. Which is saying something with there being around two guys for every girl. In the ten minutes we've been here, I haven't seen him with a girl. Nor have I seen his eyes come off of the three of us.

I walk over and lean right in against the bar, between him and his friend. "Hi there. Here's the deal, no B.S. See that slut over there on the leash? I taught it how to give a very good and slutty blow job earlier. It's time for her final exam. Interested in not asking any questions, even its name, and *being* the first part of her final exam?"

His eyes about pop out of his head. Or so it looks. Total astonished disbelief on his face. He stutters for a second, and finally stammers out "you mean... like..."

I giggle, then grin. I save him. "Yeah, I mean providing the cock for her cock sucking test. You get an anonymous and slutty blow job out of it. Afterward, if you appreciate the skill I taught her, you can buy me a drink."

He stutters again before saying "Hell, Yeah..."

"They're a good group." I smile. "Love'em."

Now he laughs and eases up. "I've just never heard of a woman being so direct before. Usually..."

"Hey, I said no B.S. I just want a dick for 'question number one' on her final, and you've been eyeing us, so I figured you might be interested. Come on." I take his hand. He gets up, his drink forgotten and allows me to lead him over to the table. His buddies watch, their envious eyes locked on him. I'd bet they still think it's some sort of game I'm running.

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I get Kate's leash back from the boy holding it. I tell Sophie "now be a good slave and flirt sweetly while I give this slut question number on her test! Slut, Come." I snap the last and Kate gets to her feet.

Kate's eyes check out the guy. I'm pretty sure she's figured out what kind of a final a blow job lesson might have. And I'm pretty sure she's figured out why I've gotten this guy. She puts her hands behind her back and allows me to lead her across the dance floor, then into the little alcove beside the bar. I key in the code and open the door, leading Kate into a decently clean, but stark, storeroom. He follows us in.

I stop Kate. "Stay." I reach down and lift the hem of her tight dress up, showing him her bare bottom. I leave it rolled up at the top of her hip bones. "Slut, turn around and kneel."

Kate obediently turns around, which gives him a view of her bush, and kneels down with her knees apart and her hands behind her. She sits up straight over her heels and patiently waits.

I stand beside Kate, letting the leash droop down, but leaving it attached to her collar. "Use your hands to get his nice cock out. Put them behind you and suck it like your bottom depends on getting an A."

"Yes, Ma'am." Kate answers. I stand there as her hands come up and unzip his pants. She lets them fall down to his knees, revealing a pair of boxers shorts. Those come down as well to reveal a stiff cock. It's not a great one, but it's nice. Maybe 6" long and 1.25" thick. Which means it's not as big as the dildo she learned on. I'd picked one big enough that any real cock she got would likely be smaller and thus easier for her to service.

Kate puts her hands behind her back. A second later her lips are on the tip of his cock. On her last practice, I'd made her pretend the phallus was a guy. Like she was giving a real blow job. I wanted her to take all of the cock on every stroke, even the first. Kate stretches her mouth wide. She moves her head forward, casually but steadily, and the cock starts slipping into her mouth.

He stares. He looks down at the top of Kate's head, watching what she's doing and still not quite believing it's real. She doesn't get more than a quarter of him into her mouth before he purrs lightly for her. Kate keeps going. He watches intently, wondering how much she's going to take. When she has about 2/3 of it into her mouth I see that astonished "eyes bugging out of his head" look again and fight my urge to giggle. I know he's right at the point where he'll be feeling the tight rubberiness of the entrance of her throat resisting the tip of his cock. Kate keeps going. He suddenly moans out deep and so-sweetly. I guess he felt his cock slide into that tightness. Kate keeps going.

"Jesus!" He blurts out in a breathy moan, "her lips are on my balls!"

Kate reverses. Not like there's any more cock to swallow. She keeps moving steadily and leisurely, sucking as she releases the shaft from her lips.

I stand there both watching her performance and making a home video on my phone. I'm careful with the angle of the picture, making sure it shows plenty of Kate, just not enough of her face to be recognizable. More of a side view from a rear angle. I make sure not to get too much of him in it either, mostly his hips, cock, and the tops his hairy thighs. Although for a minute I do get him from the navel down so I can show all of Kate's body, and especially her bare bottom as she kneels on the concrete floor and sucks him.

Kate doesn't notice the video. She focuses on sucking him.

He watches Kate with as much admiration as surprise. I can imagine. How many guys ever get such a direct offer? And how many guys ever get a no-name no-strings hook up? How many get a blow job worthy of a porn star? How few get all of it at once?

He stands there, purring moans that grow louder and more eager with every stroke she takes. He squirms a little, especially his hips. He even moans out "oh that's so good!" while she's servicing him.

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He doesn't last long at all. I'd guess two minutes, certainly no more than three. He cums with a nice grunt. As he does I see his hips snap forward, thrusting crisply into her. His hips keep snapping. Kate tries hard to keep the rhythm up. She misses it a little with his crisp thrusts, but he doesn't notice. Or care. He cums, right in her mouth as his shaft keeps sliding down her throat.

Kate keeps going until he's moaning a bit louder and his twitches stop. Then she presses her tongue against the underside of his cock and slowly moves back to release it. As it slips from her mouth, she licks the last droplet of his cream from its tip.

Kate looks up at him. She licks her lips. "Thank you for allowing this worthless gutter slut to suck your huge cock, Sir. And thank you again for allowing me to swallow all of your delicious cum, Sir." I tell her to tuck him in, and Kate reaches up and fixes his pants for him.

I bring Kate up to her feet, facing him. I tell her to roll her dress back down, and he stares at her pussy while she lowers her dress to hide it. With my phone in my hand, I ask him "what you're number?" I punch it in as he rattles it off. I send the video I just made him, using an app that spoofs the number so he can't call me back. The video is the only souvenir he's getting.

I pull Kate's leash tight and lead her out of the storeroom and back to the table. I think he follows me out, but I've stopped paying attention to him. I'm done with him. As I sit I see him returning to his buddies. A minute later the bartender brings over a round of drinks and a huge order of nachos. "from your latest victim. Or fan." He tells me with a grin.

I thank him. I glance over and wave thanks to the guy. He's already watching the video on his phone, and so clearly boasting to his buddies. I'm sure it's something about Kate swallowing his cock and licking his balls while she does. Guys always talk like that. Then a minute or two later, I see him showing the video to his buddies. A minute after that I see all of their eyes eyeing us with hunger. I'm sure the

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didn't believe his story. But the video is irrefutable. I'm sure they all wondering why I picked him instead of them. Men!

The band starts playing. The boy Sophie's been flirting with asks her to dance. Sophie answers "I only dance when my Mistress tells me to. You have to ask her if I want to dance with you." He asks me.

I tell Sophie "Go dance with him. Be back in 20 minutes." then I lean over and whisper to her, "He's cute and seems sweet. Make it a very sweet dance for him, slave."

"Oh, so gladly Mistress!" Sophie beams with delight. He takes her by the hand and she follows him out to the dance floor. Soon they're dancing. Ten seconds into it I see Sophie spin around, putting her back to him, then touch her bottom to his crotch and tease it. After that, Sophie's dancing gets dirty. I can see it in the way she moves that she likes this guy.

I sip my drink, utterly ignoring Kate. Two guys come over, and I quickly blow both off. I scratch them off the list of candidates for anything else, too.

Sophie returns a minute early with her "date." She drinks about half of a glass of the lime water. Which isn't a problem, since we all have three in front of us! What can I say, people just keep buying us drinks.

I look along the bar, checking out the guys my bartender "knows." I settle on one. He's with a different group of buddies, three of them sipping beers and taking in the music. He's a hair older, or so he looks, maybe 32 or 33. not quite as tall or as firm-bodied as the first guy, but not exactly Al Bundy either.

I tell Kate to get to her feet. I lead her over there by the leash, reminding her not to speak, just to follow and obey. Like a good slut. I lean in to get his attention. "Hi." I smile at him. "Here's the deal, no B.S. Tonight I taught this skanky slut here how to give a slutty hot blow job. She needs a final exam. Interested in being the second question on her

test?"

He glances at Kate unnecessarily. He's been eyeing her all night long. I'm sure it's more to see if she's objecting to it. Kate stands silent. He says, "I'm game." He doesn't doubt the sincerity of the offer. But by now I'm confident the story of her first blow job has already made the rounds of all the available guys in here. I wouldn't be surprised if they have a pool going who'll be my next choice. Men can be like that. Figs.

I lead Kate back to the storeroom. The blow job is a repeat of the first, with the only change being I have Kate roll her own dress up to give him a look at her butt and pussy. And I have her wiggle her butt for his eyes.

He lasts a little longer, but seconds, not minutes. Maybe three minutes, maybe three and a quarter minutes. But that's all of Kate's cock sucking he can stand before he cums in her mouth.

He gets a souvenir video, too. I wonder if those are making the rounds of the bar as well. I don't have to wonder, I know, they're making the rounds of their owner's friends.

He sends over a round of drinks as well. Despite the plethora of glasses on our table, another guy tries sending us a round, too. It gets him crossed off the list. Not that he was on it in the first place, but if he was, he'd be off it.

Sophie gets another turn dancing with her "date." She's all smiles when she returns. He is too. And I can see the outline of a decent-sized stiff cock straining his jeans. I'm sure he knows what I've been having Kate do, but to his credit, he's stuck to Sophie instead of trying to get on Kate.

I give her maybe a half-hour before the final part of her test. I select one of the youngest guys in the place. He's maybe 20-ish, definitely college-age. About Emily's age, too. He's not exactly well-built, wirier, and just a hair awkward. But he's in a group of four guys and they're

getting along well. One of his friends looks a bit geeky, but the other two are kind of cute. Cute enough that even with the 2-to-1 ratio in here, they'd have a chance, at least if they're good talkers. I'm not sure why I pick him. He's not the least desirable, even in his little group. He's the cutest either. He's more overly ordinary. I'm sure he could get enough dates on his own, although I'm guessing that tonight it would be borderline for him.

I have Kate get to her feet. The leash hasn't left my hand since I got it back from Sophie's boy. I lead her over to the group and point to the guy I've selected. "Ask politely to suck his cock. Very politely. Pretend your butt depends on his accepting." The smirk on my face should tell her that her butt really does depend on it. I lead her right up to the guy. I glare at Kate.

"Excuse me, Sir..." Kate begins in a shyly quiet voice. "I just learned how to give a very slutty blow job tonight, Sir... I was wondering... please, may I please suck your cock, Sir? Please, Sir? Please allow this worthless whore to swallow your cock, Sir? Please! I promise you'll like it, Sir! Please!" It sounds like she's shamelessly begging to do it, and the look on her face says the same thing.

His friend just glare. I'm sure, like the others, they're wondering why they weren't the one I picked. And if they might get lucky later.

He accepts. I have Kate take his hand and walk him to the supply room as she thanks him for the opportunity to "demonstrate her absolute sluttiness."

She does. I have her start this time by taking her dress off to show him her nude body, then get down on her knees and service him.

He cums, and he doesn't last any longer than the other men did. I'll bet his cock is the longest yet, too, but only by about ¼ inch. Too bad it's not thicker than the rest.

He leaves the storeroom with his own souvenir video, too. I don't

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even have Kate back to the table before I see that he's showing it off. He sends us a round of drinks as well.

I give it about ten minutes, now that I've done what I came to do. To make Kate suck three total strangers, men whose names she'll never know. But she'll know they have a video of her half-naked on her knees in a storeroom sucking them like a porn star. She won't know those videos don't show enough of her face. She'll assume they're making the rounds and any day someone will mention it to her. Or worse, one of these guys will stumble on her at work or something. That's the only thing that might actually happen. Then maybe she'll find out who's cock she's sucked.

I tell Sophie it's about time for us to say goodnight to her date. I tell her to take him for one more dance, and make it a very sweet one, then "say a proper goodbye to him." I slip her the combination to the storeroom.

She's back in 20 minutes, the boy following her with a huge smile on his face. I've taught her to give a blow job, too, and she gives them far better than Kate does. But she's had a lot more instruction. I've taught her how to control it, how to keep sucking it leisurely and make him cum when she wants him to. It's a skill I've put to use many times in my playroom, having her torment some toy that way.

Sophie knows what I meant by a proper goodbye. Those last a bare minimum of five very blissful minutes. I don't have to ask to know that she took him on the dance floor, danced as dirty as she could to get him going, and took him in that storeroom. Then I'm sure he got a peek at her breasts and their stiff nipples, her silky smooth pussy, and her bare bottom. And he suffered through an agonizingly slow and even sweeter blow job until she finally allowed him to cum in her mouth. And she swallowed. His grin is all I need to know Sophie did exactly what I told her to.

He asks for her number. I say no, that my slave doesn't need a

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boyfriend to distract her from serving my whims. Then I take them both back to the apartment, Kate still on her leash.

Once we're there I have Sophie get my things back from Kate, except the collar and leash. I leave Kate leashed.

With her naked, I have her show me her pussy, and one glance is all I need to see that she's sloppy wet and about as horny as a woman can get. I get my crop and allow her to masturbate. After suffering five impossible minutes of playing with herself, I get to watch a screeching orgasm.

I have Sophie take the collar off of her and send her away, telling her that "I'll summon your skanky butt when I want my house skanked up again. Leave that cum dumpster between your legs alone, slut!"