



Pilot Training

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It's a Friday evening and I'm just finishing supper, served by my personal slave Sophie when my phone rings. Like a good slave, Sophie instantly jumps to her feet and all but runs to the few feet to the living room to get my phone. She brings it over, kneels down beside me and holds my ringing phone out atop her upturned palms. "Here is your phone, Mistress."

I glance at the screen and see that it's Andrea calling me. Which is... not a call I would have expected, but not unusual either. Andrea is one of the ladies in what my three BFFs now call my "kinky circle." The six of us, a group that includes my mom, all share the same dominant streak and tastes for playing sexy games. At 18, I'm definitely the youngest in the group. Andrea is the next youngest at 26. Then there's Janelle (32), Olive (38), Diane/mom (42) and Colette (46).

I think they've all called me at one time or another for something. Maybe to borrow something, or maybe to ask me if I'd do them a favor. Or spank a toy for them. Any number of things. All of them know about Sophie. She's 18 as well, two months younger than I am. Colette found her, through a very byzantine path of her subs. Or rather Sophie's interest made its way to Colette through that path. Colette told us all about her at one of our coffee-gossip fests, and I decided I'd meet her. If I hadn't liked what I'd seen, I'd have let the others know what I'd found out and tell them if they wanted her, help themselves, I was done. But I liked her. Rather I like the very demure way she loves to serve my whims. So I've kept her. She's still finishing her last year of high school, so I only keep her here on non-school days. During the week I send her back to her mom. Or rather allow her mom to come to fetch her. It's a long weekend, Monday being a school holiday, so Sophie will be staying until Tuesday morning. I haven't told Sophie that, although I'm confident she can guess it. I just tell her when to come, and when it's time for her to go, I have her mom fetch her.

"Hey, girl, what's up?" I answer my phone.

Andrea immediately giggles hard. "ME! I'm up! I'm like way up... 35,000 feet up to be exact!" Andrea is a flight attendant for United. She

flies a regional jet from Mobile to Charlotte, to Chicago, and back about every third day. So it's not a surprise that she's that high. Just that while she should be serving expensive drinks and skimpy packs of peanuts, she's calling me. I know she works on a smaller aircraft, that's all that comes in and out of Mobile; I think she said 80-some passengers.

"Oh, you're at work."

"Yeah, but I'm goofing off for a few minutes." She tells me that she's sitting in the co-pilot's seat. Which considering Andrea is half-bimbo is a scary thought. She tells me about the two-man rule, that no one is ever alone on the flight deck, and the co-pilot had to run for the lav, so she had to take his seat until he gets back.

"OK, but like there is a reason I called you!" She gets around to it. "Are you by any chance interested in a 40-year-old female pilot toy arriving tonight and departing tomorrow night? I just so totally thought of you when I talked to her. You would be perfect!"

I ask her what the story is, and why she's calling me now when clearly the pilot is already on her way to Mobile. She tells me that the pilot is the new captain on this route, just promoted from first officer. She lives in Chicago, and this is only the third time Andrea has flown with her. It's no secret that Andrea is into games. She has a web page, not Facebook but an adult version of it, about her adventures. I'd wager she's kind of a legend among the pilots. More so since she's young and an attractive redhead. She tells me that this pilot, Denise, heard the rumors about Andrea, but this is the first chance she got to actually talk to Andrea privately.

Denise just asked directly if the rumors were true. Andrea asked what she'd heard, Denise said that Andrea likes to play BDSM - D/s games. Andrea said that was true. Denise asked her to keep a secret, then told her that she'd always had a desire to play, but never knew anyone and didn't dare try to find someone on-line or something for that! She asked if Andrea knew anyone in Mobile, where Denise would be laying over for the night, who might be interested in "a little fun" on a few of her layovers.

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Andrea told her yes, she knows of several local dommes and likely one of them would be interested. She asked Denise if she had anything specific that interested her, and Denise – after making Andrea swear to take the answer to her grave – told her what things she couldn't stop thinking about. Andrea gives me the list. And tells me that Denise is straight and married, but interested in a woman. Her husband would be far happier that way. "So naturally you came to mind, I mean, like, that is totally you!"

I don't know if I'd say totally me, but "me enough" that I'd play with her. I haven't told Sophie that I have toys. Then again, I haven't even told Sophie my given name. I don't tell Sophie anything, except what she is going to do for me now. But with the end of the school year fast approaching, I intend to keep Sophie around full-time. I know she'd be incredibly happy with that idea. So now I is as good of a time as any to find out if she's going to have jealousy issues should I play with a toy. Because she's my slave, not really a toy, although I play with her like I would a toy sometimes. But I'm also kind to her unless she makes me punish her when she tries her very hardest never to make do. And I can be very different with toys than I am with her.

"You know my standards, am I interested?"

"Yes, you are," Andrea tells me. She knows me well enough to know that I prefer my toys in their 30's, although 40's is fine if they don't look like they need to be in the rest home. I am very into being healthy, and I can't stand those who aren't healthy, or at least toys that don't have healthy bodies. Especially fat bodies. Extra pounds, "mom-bodies," and such are fine. Fat is gross. And I prefer my toys to be on the timid side, which most subs are anyway. Andrea well knows that, so if she says I'm interested, I will be. She knows it would just be a disaster if she sent me someone that wasn't up to par. I'd just send her away.

"Does she have a phone, too, or is that a no-no for pilots in flight?"

"She does. I'll send you her number as soon as I hang up. They're allowed in cruise above 10,000 feet. Below that, nothing but flying is allowed!" I would have thought nothing but flying should be allowed

regardless of altitude, but apparently the FAA doesn't agree with me.

A minute later Sophie is bringing me a dessert coffee, sweetened with cinnamon and topped with vanilla-infused cream she whipped herself for me. My phone's dings with a text from Andrea: *Denise 312-555-6081.*

I kick back and think for a moment. Nude, Sophie kneels and rubs my feet while I sip coffee. I compose a text: *Denise, I am Miss Rodgers, Ms. Cartwright told you about me. Before you near Mobile (I understand your ETA is 8:25, which I presume is landing or at the gate) you will have your husband text me at this number that you have his permission to 'submit yourself to me.' I DO NOT play behind a spouses' back. Once I hear from him, I will be in touch with you again.*

It's about 7:40 when I send that message. I'm not sure where that puts her, but I do know that it's only about two hours to Chicago, and with her ETA, that puts her just better than halfway. It's close to eight when my phone rings. One glance and I recognize the area code as Chicago. I hope it's not Denise being so rude as to call uninvited! I answer. It's her husband calling me. He starts by apologizing for calling instead of texting as Denise asked him to do. He says he hopes I don't mind, but he wanted to talk to me. I tell him that's fine and ask what's on his mind.

He tells me that, obviously, he has some concerns about his wife "playing around." However, he understands that she needs it, and thus will allow it. She'd told him about the flight attendant with the reputation, who by happy chance ended up on her route, and mentioned that when she got her alone she was going to ask her if her reputation was real, and if so did she know anyone for her. He hadn't expected whomever she was referred to would want his permission, but it came as a pleasant surprise to him that I would be so considerate of him. He tells me that she has his permission to do anything but have sex with another man. I tell him that's not an issue, obviously.

Since I have him on the phone I ask if he wants to know what she's doing, or not. He says he wouldn't mind knowing, but he is put-off by pain, or things that sound painful for her. I end the call with a promise to

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take good care of Denise for him and return her in the same condition I get her in. Well, maybe a little more sore in her bottom. I also tell him that since he's concerned about her, he should know that I don't allow toys phones, or much else, so don't expect to hear from her until she leaves, however, I will ensure that he's kept up to date on her. For which he thanks me.

I quickly compose another text to Denise: *Good girl, Denise. You will come to my apartment immediately after you complete your duties tonight. No stops anywhere for anything. Come straight here. Once here, you belong to me. I own you. You will have no choices. I will tell you what you are going to do. You will obey. You will remain here until it's time for you to return to work. Until then, you may not leave. I will do whatever my whimsical mind conjures up with you and your body. I will not even bother to ask what you think about it. I will use you as I fancy. You will obey me. I understand this is your first time giving yourself to anyone. I will teach you what you need to know. Once. Whatever expectations, fantasies, dreams you have, forget them now. Your reality will be whatever I want it to be. You will have no privacy here. You will have no modesty here. You belong to me. Now, whenever you read this text, respond back with two words only. "Yes" or "No" will be the first word. "Ma'am" is the second word. "Interested in being my pet toy for the layover?"*

In two minutes I get back "Yes, Ma'am."

So I wait. A few minutes before nine, Andrea calls me and says Denise has left the plane. Pilots get to leave once the aircraft is shut down. Flight attendants have to wait until it's cleaned up. Denise doesn't have anything else to do, except walk through the terminal and click-up an Uber. The terminal isn't very big, but neither is the airport. Neither is Mobile. Uber will likely be waiting at the airport. Of course, the airport is on the very western edge of town, and Uber downtown will likely take her at least 20 minutes, maybe more. So I figure I'll see her in about 45 minutes.

She arrives right as I expected. I answer the door, leaving Sophie waiting on her knees by the sofa. Denise appears as advertised, although I didn't get any specifics from Andrea. She looks to be around 40, plus or

minus a few years either way. She's about 5'5", and nicely thin. It's kind of hard to tell with her pilot's uniform on, but I'd guess definitely under 140. Maybe under 130. The blazer kind of hides her chest, but I can tell she's not big. She has short dark brown hair, just down to the bottom of her jawline, with a little reddish hue to it, and blue eyes. She has a thin, straight mouth, with equally thin lips. She'll do.

"You are Denise." I grin. "I am Miss Rodgers. Come in, and stand right over there." The front door here is basically in a corner of the living room. Directly in front of it, there's nothing, just carpeting and wall, and a picture. Several feet beyond the door, there's a coat closet that sticks out, making a corner and separating off the kitchen. I point Denise to stand against the short wall where the closet is. She walks over there, rolling her small suitcase along with her. Usually, I don't allow my toys to bring anything, but in this case, I understand that Denise has nowhere else to leave her things, and she needs them for work. So I planned for that.

"Sophie, come over here, slave."

With a quick and sweet "yes, Mistress," Sophie is on her feet and hurrying over to me.

"Denise, you will not speak unless spoken to. And then, only to answer. And then, you will answer formally, politely, and very humbly. I will tell you what to do. You will say 'yes, Ma'am,' and then do it. Do you understand that much?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Denise answers in her soft mid-western accented voice. She sounds like an Iowa farm girl or something. And I hear just the trace of a nervous edge to her voice.

"Good. Give me your phone." I hold my hand out while she reaches in her purse and pulls out a fancy Samsung phone. She puts it in my hand, and I ask her for the PIN code for it. She tells me it's a password, "Leon0917." Having talked to him, I know Leon is her husband, I guess the rest is birthday or anniversary. I just slip the phone in my pocket for now.

"Good girl. This is my slave, Sophie. You may call her Sophie.

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Hand her your purse.” Denise hands it over, and I tell Sophie to put it in the closet. Then I have Denise give Sophie her flight bag. Then her suitcase, all of which ends up in the closet.

That leaves Denise just her clothes, which she has far more of that I’d like. I tell her to give Sophie her shoes. Then her blazer. She hands both over, and when told, Sophie puts them in the closet.

“Now give Sophie your blouse.” She doesn’t hesitate to start unbuttoning it, which tells me that she expected to be undressing here. Maybe in front of me. Probably not in front of a nude girl. I’ve already seen the surprise in her eyes and on her face when she saw me. I know I’m younger than she expected, and I imagine that she’s wondering just how much experience I could possibly have. Better than 2 years, and for well over a year it’s been a few times a week I’ve played. And with probably close to 20 different toys, roughly half male and half female. She’ll never know that because I steadfastly refuse to tell my toys anything about me. And I never let them know about any other toys. Sophie is now the first I’ve allowed to see a toy. I’ll tell her that she will never speak of Denise later.

Denise holds her shirt out, and I tell her to fold it up neatly for Sophie. She does, and then Sophie takes it from her. I tell her to take off a necklace she's wearing and give that to Sophie. She obediently does.

Now that her shirt is off, I can see that she's wearing a white bra, that while lacy and cute, is rather pedestrian. Like something a woman would wear every day, not some she'd dress up in for someone . I figure that's because she didn't know Andrea would be on this flight, and didn't know she'd have a chance to talk to her, let alone that Andrea would be able to set her up for tonight. I'd guess she's a respectable 34-B in the chest. Not big, like me, but also not small. I tell her to give Sophie her bra.

She unhooks it and then pauses a second to take a deep breath. She averts her eyes, looking to the wall, and slips it off, baring her breasts to me. They're nicely rounded, topped with light pink and wide nipples. They're just a little low on her chest, and I can see that they're going to feel

a little spongy, but they're firm enough not to be sagging. She folds her bra quickly and hands it over.

I have her hand over her watch next, seeing that it's a nice one. Then again, I hear pilots make good money. I'm working from top to bottom, having her undress exactly the way a sub I'd trained would when to undress. The next highest thing on her body is the waistband of her slacks, so I tell her to give those to Sophie. As they come off I can see that her stomach is flat all the way down, and she has a nice feminine curve to her figure. While her face looks her age, her body is good enough shape to pass for a decade younger. I am definitely pleased so far. And she's wearing panties that match her bra, another plus. I require subs to wear matching sets, so I'm glad to see that she is, even though I didn't have the change to tell her to.

Her panties are next to come off. She hesitates again, takes another deep breath, which I guess is her way of building up her nerve to do it. And she's still got her eyes on the wall as much as she can manage. She slides them down, folds them very quickly and hands them to Sophie. I glance at her pubes and see that she has a very dense bush of dark brown curls, the same hue as her hair, that's neatly trimmed up, but also covers the lips of what I can see is a puffy pussy mound.

She doesn't have much left. I tell her to give Sophie the ring on her finger, her wedding ring. She hesitates to take that off, moving her hands slowly. I scold her lightly, not raising my voice, for wasting my time by dragging her feet. I tell her that it's now my ring, and now she belongs to me. She won't have anything that ties her to another. She doesn't have a husband now. She has an owner. She hands Sophie the ring. Which leaves only her socks, which come off without any hesitation.

And now she's truly naked. I instruct her that the proper way for her to be standing is with her feet parted just a little, just enough that her thighs aren't touching, hands behind her back, and eyes forward. And obviously standing up straight. She straightens up. "I don't care if you're tired. Or if that's uncomfortable for you. It's how I want to see you standing. Stand like that." As Sophie puts Denise's clothes in the closet, I

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see a little grin at the corners of her mouth as I'm telling Denise what she's going to be doing.

"First it seems we'll have to get you cleaned up. I never touch skanky toys, and you look and smell rather skanky tonight. Since you're making me clean you up, I will clean you up very thoroughly. Now stay like you are and come along.... You too, Sophie, I'm sure I can find something you can do for me."

Denise answers with a slightly more nervous "Yes, Ma'am." Sophie answers with a very enthusiastic "Oh, yes, Mistress, thank you for letting me help you, Mistress!" I guess Sophie isn't going to get jealous of my toys. I lead them into the second bedroom, the one that's set up as a playroom, but with an office desk and some chairs in the back corner.

I point Denise to one of the chairs and tell her to sit. Then I correct her posture teaching her that here she will sit "like a lady." Which means to sit up straight, eyes forward. I have her cross her bare legs right over left, then fold her hands and lay them on her lap, palms upwards. I tell her she's to sit still and not fidget around. I hand Sophie a pen and a clipboard with some papers on it and tell Sophie that she will fill out the forms for me. I will ask Denise the questions, Denise will answer, and Sophie will print those answers very neatly for me.

I ask Denise the questions on the form. It's not something I normally do, but I've done it this way. Generally, I know more about my subs before they come here. This time I know nothing more than the almost nothing Andrea told me, and what I can see. It's pretty basic at first, her full name, her husband's name, phone numbers, emails, birthdays, and such. Then it calls for her physical information, such as her height, weight and clothing sizes. Then more personal stuff, like when her period was, how long between, pregnancies, number, and gender of her sex partners, how often she has sex, what acts she's done. Once I get through that I warn her that there are no limits here. There is no safe word. I own her, and I will do whatever with her. She accepts that. I don't get any surprises from the questions, her answers are pretty much standard, middle-aged woman.

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Sitting still, even for fifteen or twenty minutes while she answered questions, hasn't been easy for Denise. I could see that she wanted to fidget around. She looks a little relieved when I have her stand up. I point her to a massage table that's pretty much in the center of the room. Mom likes massages from her toys, so she keeps one here. I do too, but I've gotten Sophie giving me the absolute sweetest massages in bed now...

I have Denise get up on the table, on her hands and knees, instructing her to get her knees and feet to the edges of the table, then to move her hands forward and out equal amounts until her back is flat. Lastly, I have her hold her head up, keeping her eyes open, to look at the wall in front of her. I watch her as she gets into position. Sophie stands demurely beside me, her eyes searching for something to do for me.

I remind Denise that she's to stay still. Then I let her hear me tell Sophie to go to the cabinet and get an enema. I tease that since I have to clean "this skank," I might as well start at the bottom. Her bottom. I stand where I can watch the look on Denise's face as she hears what's going to be done to her. About the same, a little nervousness, a little resignation.

Once Sophie gets everything laid out for me, I allow her to pull the gloves on my hands for me and put a not-too-generous dollop of lubricant on the tip of my finger. Since Sophie is being so good - and so eager to help as much as she possibly can, I allow her to spread Denise's cheeks wide and bare her deep-purple, lightly puckered ring for me. Denise squeals and shudders the instant my fingertip touches her asshole. She stills as I give her a swat on her cheek and remind her to stay still.

I rub my finger around just a little, smearing the greasy jelly over her muscle and feeling how tense it is. Then I start pressing a little hard, getting the lubricant a little further into her ring. And then a little further until finally my finger has slid into her asshole and I have all of it greased. I take my finger out.

The nozzle is about 10" long, but no thicker than my little finger. It has a rounded tip and a connector at its base for the tubing. About two

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inches above the base, there's a retainer shaped like a little egg with its tapered end forward. I grease up the tip of the tube and the tip of the egg. I put the tip against her asshole, watch as she tenses up more and flinches. Then I gently press it into her bottom, keeping it sliding steadily as it slowly slips to her depths. When the egg gets to her asshole I have to press a little hard for it to stretch her muscle that much wider. Denise makes a little strained grunt as it slides through and her asshole tenses back up around the tube behind it. The rounded end of that egg, now against the inside of her asshole, will keep the tube from popping back out.

I quickly connect the tubing to it and release the clamp on it so the fluid will flow into her.

I love this position. With her arms both forward and out, they don't interfere with my view of Denise's hanging breasts from any angle. Not from her side, nor down her chest from her under her head, and not even up from between her legs. And I love boobs when they hang. It lets me see them at their "worst." Denise's aren't bad at all. Despite their sponginess, they don't droop down, just hang there like the rounded melons they are, with her nipples poking straight down a nice ¼" or so.

I stand in beside her, crop in hand for when she squirms. It doesn't take much, maybe about six tiny ounces for Denise to start showing her discomfort. Which tells me she's a bit of a sissy. At least with her bottom. As she starts groaning soft "OOH!s" I give her a very light crop tap on her bottom and tell her to quit being a baby and stay still.

By the time she has about 12 ounces inside her, she's tearing up as she struggles to stay on her hands and knees. And all but outright crying as she squeals. I taunt her again to behave herself, it's not my fault she dared to come looking so skanky that I have to disinfect her! A slightly firmer crop stroke encourages her to stay still.

I don't give her the full bag. There's really no reason to. Anything more than about half of the liter isn't going to do anything but make her increasingly uncomfortable. It makes a very intimate punishment but won't get her any cleaner than half of it will. At the half, she's finally

starting to sob a little and still trying to hide it. I clamp off the hose and disconnect it from the nozzle.

I sternly warn her not to have an accident before I pull the tube gently from her bottom. She squeals when I do. As I make my back around to her front, Denise kneels panting hard, faces all scrunched up, and her eyes teary-wet. I stroke her cheek and tell her to remember to be a good girl.

Andrea had told me about Denise's fantasies, and I admit I am so using that against Denise now. Denise had told her, in short, that she wanted intimate humiliation, to be made to do the most degrading things. She wanted to be "toyed with," used as an object for someone else's amusement and also to feel like her owner was taking good care of her body. Enemas were on the shortlist of things, the idea of which excited her. I just peek at her pussy and see that her fine slit is already weeping honey. Even the thick fur on those lips can't hide that. "Oh, lookie!" I point to Denise's pussy, "this skank is getting all hot from having her butt pumped nice and full!" I point out the wetness to Sophie, who giggles as she sees it. She might be my slave, but she's still an 18-year-old girl, too.

I hand Sophie a pair of gloves. She's not much bigger than I am, so she gets my personal latex gloves, the ones in pastel green that mom gets just for me. She eagerly pulls them on. She's a very smart girl, so I'd bet she's figured out that if I give her a pair of my gloves, there's something gross coming, and her hands are going to be near it.

I have her get a short bucket and line it with a small garbage bag. She brings it over to me and I leave her holding it for a moment. Denise wants to be degraded? I can so do that. Of course, the more I humiliate Denise, the more overtime Sophie's tongue is going to have to work tonight, but that's fine with me. I tell Denise that she only gets one chance to follow my instructions. I don't mention the penalty for disobedience, but I'm sure the strict tone in my voice lets her know she does not want to find out what it is. I tell her that she's not going to "act like a sissy or a baby." She is going to leave her knees and feet right where they are as she straightens up and sits back on her heels.

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She groans out a deep and pained "OH!" as she moves but manages to suck it up and straighten up. I have her lean forward just a bit and put her hands on the table just in front of her knees. Like a dog would sit. But I also make sure that nothing blocks my view of her front all the way from her breasts to her pubes.

I tell Sophie to slide the bucket up under Denise's behind. Then I tell her to spread Denise's cheeks very widely so "we can all see exactly what that filthy asshole is doing. Sophie all but pulls her cheeks off she spreads them so wide. But it does offer a very uninhibited view of her asshole, clenched to a too-tight little pucker.

I tell Denise that she is going to empty her bottom now. The sternness in my voice leaves her no doubt that if she doesn't I will force her to. I'd bet the pressure inside her bottom doesn't leave her much choice either. She starts crying, averting her eyes and lets go. A powerful jet of ick shoots from her asshole like a fire hose was opened. The short, but decently sized bucket starts filling with the brown-tinged liquid. After a minute or so, Denise's mess starts coming out along with the flow. Sophie stays there, holding those cheeks wide even as droplets of the ick splatter onto her gloves.

I stand in front of Denise, forcing her to see me and know that she's she has an audience for this. I tauntingly remind her that had she not appeared so skanky I wouldn't have to clean her up. But since I do, I will clean her thoroughly. "Maybe then you'll keep yourself from getting skankier than my sewers."

It takes about fifteen minutes for Denise to get empty, the flow coming in three waves, each of which racks her gut with sharp cramps as they begin. Once there's nothing left coming out of her bottom, I have Denise get back up as she was. It offers a very nice view of her very messy bottom.

I hand Sophie a box of wet wipes and tell her to "wipe her bottom since this skank obviously isn't capable of doing it herself." Sophie is a very tender girl, and it shows as she gently cleans Denise's bottom up. She might not be doing it lovingly, as she does everything for me, but

she's definitely being sweet about it.

Once, Sophie, has her bottom cleaned up, I have her give me a small spreader. I push its metal blades into Denise's asshole and use it to stretch her muscle wide open until all the wrinkles around her ring have smooth out and I know she feels a light burn from being stretched. Its 3" long blades give me a view about 4" up inside her bottom. I make sure Denise hears me as I point out to Sophie how clean she is in there now. Which she is, I see only the blood-red membrane and thick veins lacing it. Not a bit of mess. I remove the spreader and have Sophie clean the lubricant off of Denise's bottom.

I have Sophie spread Denise's pussy lips wide for me. There's no mistaking the wetness, the thick layer of sticky honey with its full musky aroma that clings to just everything, or her nicely swollen clit as it pokes nicely up from its folds. There's no mistaking that she's seriously aroused right now, which means I'm giving her what she wants, despite the fact that her face looks like it's hell.

I have Sophie get the bucket and a douche, and rinse the "sank" from Denise's pussy. Then she gets to wash all of Denise's pussy with a soft sponge dipped in douche solution, scrubbing all of the honey off Denise's loose purple folds. Without Denise hearing me, I tell Sophie to pay special attention to Denise's clit. When she gets to it, Sophie spends a long moment massaging it with the sponge, softly, and just the way I've taught her to masturbate. Denise can't help but purr some very sultry moans while Sophie "cleans" that nub. Sophie even slips the sponge up inside Denise's narrow pussy and scrubs the honey off her walls there, too. Which gets Denise more than just purring those moans. AS Sophie takes the sponge back, Denise shivers hard and sighs out a deep frustration.

I leave Denise on her hands and knees, telling Sophie we'll just have to groom her up like a dog. Sophie gets a razor and some shaving gel and I have her carefully de-fur Denise's lips so I can see her pussy. Sophie obediently, and carefully, trims up the bottom of Denise's bush into a neat triangle as I instruct her to.

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I have Denise get up and take her bucket to the bathroom. She gets to empty it while I taunt her about how much mess is in it, and point out the "pussy skank" of her honey floating atop the watery mess. Then I have her stand beside the sink with her mouth wide open as Sophie double flosses and double brushes her teeth for her. Denise isn't allowed to do anything, just to stand there while Sophie does it all and I supervise. Then Sophie does her nails, both fingers, and toes.

Now that everything intimate -read internal - is washed, I send Denise into the shower and have her scrub her hair. Shampoo, rinse, then condition it and rinse again. Once that's done she scrubs her entire body with a plastic scrubbie and a rose-scented body wash. While she does that, I stand there and supervise, often telling her that she's missing a place. Like the soles of her feet, between her toes, her eyelids, in her ears. When I finally turn the water back on for her to rinse, the lather covers every cell of exposed skin.

As she comes out, I have her stand there with her legs wide while Sophie blow-dries her bush. Then Denise kneels down on the tiled floor while Sophie dries her hair, and brushes it out a full 100 strokes. Finally done, Denise looks fresh, instead of like she just spend several hours in a hot metal tube crammed with bodies. I very tenderly caress Sophie's bare bottom and tell her that she's been a very good slave girl tonight, and if she keeps behaving herself so well for me, I have a special reward in mind for her. Sophie grins as wide as she ever had.

I don't collar Denise. I want Sophie to know the collar is special, and this skank clearly isn't worthy of it. I take hold of one of her breasts, lightly squeezing the spongy mound in my hand, and firmly tell Denise to come along with me. I walk her back to the playroom.

It's late, after eleven, which to me is bedtime. I'd hope it was for Denise, too. If not, too bad. My house, my schedule. I walk her over to a decently small dog kennel and order her down to her knees. Then I cuff her hands behind her and open the kennel. "See bitch." I taunt her, "I have a nice bitch kennel for you!" I see Sophie smirking. She knows I have a couple of kennels, but so far I haven't made her sleep in one. I'd

bet she's guessed that I use them for girls I don't trust, as I trust her.

I make Denise scoot into the kennel on her shoulders and knees. It's small enough that she's cramped in it, and has no room to move anything more than a fraction of an inch. I even have to shove her feet in, pushing her knees further up to get the door closed. I make sure Denise hears the lock click on the cage.

If Denise thinks she's in for a quiet, albeit cramped and very uncomfortable night, she is badly mistaken. I get out two vibrators and a tube of lubricating jelly. The first vibrator is long, about 10" but fairly thin at somewhere between a half and three-quarters of an inch thick. It's bullet-shaped and hot neon pink. The second one is tiny and looks like a Tootsie pop, just a ball the size of a pinball atop a stick.

"Sophie, pay close attention now," I say and Sophie stares right at Denise's bottom, which is poked up firmly against the wire mesh of the kennel that pins it still. But it's a wide mesh, which leaves me plenty of room to play.

I start with the long vibrator, a little bit of lube on its tip. I just put it through the squares of the mesh, against Denise's asshole, and slip about $\frac{3}{4}$ of its length right into her bottom while Denise grunts. I see her try and wiggle her bottom reflexively to get away from the shaft, but the tight cage leaves her no room for even a squirm. Just to kneel there with her bottom poked up and offered up for whatever. I tease the shaft in and out of her bottom, ten strokes, before stopping with it deep inside her. Then I get the little vibrator. I barely have to slip that through the cage – her pussy is pressed right up firmly against the wire. I touch that to her slit and press it lightly against her clit. Denise screeches out urgent sweet moans. She shivers hard but stays as the cage pins her tightly in place. I hold the toy against her, which isn't hard since her pussy can't move despite her best efforts to, for a full half-minute until Denise is screeching desperate moans that tell me she's close to climax.

I take it away and hear the tortured sigh she lets go as I again give her bottom ten nice strokes with the shaft. Then I used the little one on her clit again, instantly getting her back to those sweet honeyed and

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urgent moans. This time I only give her about twenty seconds, seeing that she won't be able to stand much more than that. Then it's another ten strokes in her bottom, and this time she moans right on through those as well. Then she gets another ten seconds on her clit, which still leaves her short of that climax I can see she's aching for. Only then do I slip the toy from her bottom and set both toys on a little tray I set atop the cage.

I leave her there and go to my desk. Sophie follows me, and I send her to fetch me a fresh coffee. I compose a brief email to Leon, basically reassuring him that Denise is doing fine. I look through the recordings from the cameras in the house and find a nice picture of the freshly washed up Denise standing nude. Full frontal. I attach that to the email. And I send it to him, telling him that unless he tells me otherwise, I will email him a few more times while Denise is here, so he can be reassured that she's doing fine. I don't send it yet.

I keep looking through the recordings, and select video clips of Denise undressing, Denise getting her enema, Denise using her bucket, Denise getting her pussy washed out, Denise getting her teeth brushed for her, Denise in the shower, Denise getting her hair brushed out, and Denise in her cage getting her pussy teased. I find a few good images that show Denise: one fully dressed, and one each showing her front, back and side views, fully nude. I get a couple of her on her hands and knees as well, one showing her butt, one showing her boobs from the side, and one showing her face and her boobs from the front. Then I decide to get one more, showing the underside of her boobs from between her thighs as she kneels.

I use those images to start a private "slut-book," a scrapbook of Denise's session, on a site mom created just for this purpose. The first page just has the picture of Denise fully dressed along with her name "Denise Catherine," no last name given, her age, her bra and panties sizes, height and weight. And a big bar marking her as "Property of Miss Rodgers." But to even get that page up you need a secure password, *and* you need to be accessing it from an approved device. Anything else, and you get a garbage page about the USA Jaguars. Below the header,

there are the still pictures showing every bit of Denise, but of nothing happening to her. Beneath her pictures, there are little calendars. Well, one now, with today's date on it. Clicking that takes you to another page.

That page shows the video clips of Denise's night, each with a title such as "Denise Undresses," "Denise's First Enema," and "Denise Learns To Bathe Her Dirty Bottom." The videos play in HTML5, with DRM, just like Netflix uses, which keeps them from being downloaded. Nothing is perfect online, a viewer could still record his screen, but that would take specialized software. It only takes me about fifteen minutes to get the page ready and posted.

I return to the email and tell Leon that it's there, but assure him it's a very private and protected site. I send him the login details, and tell him that it's his personal logon, which he may use on only one device, whatever device he first uses, will forever be the only one allowed to access that page. I add a warning that it's "rather complete" in showing what Denise has been doing, that a few of the clips are tame, but a few of them show more happening to Denise. He is free to choose which, if any or all, of them he wishes to watch. That way, he gets to choose how much he knows about Denise's adventure. I send it.

Then I return to Denise's cage, now exactly thirty minutes after her teasing. She looks very uncomfortable stuffed into the tight cage, as she lies there with her head turned and her eyes closed. She's not asleep yet, and I can tell she's praying not to be left like the entire night.

I whisper to Sophie, asking her if she remembers exactly what I did last time. She tells me that she does. I tell her then she can "administer the skank's lesson on having such a slutty pussy in my house." With a grin, Sophie gets the glowing pink vibrator. I watch as she gently, but steadily, eases it into Denise's bottom and starts stroking her butt with it. Sophie gets it exactly right, and Denise screeches hot erotic moans throughout the entire teasing. When it's over, she pants hard as she calms back down from the edge of a climax she didn't get.

I take Sophie to my bedroom, leaving the lights on in the playroom and the door cracked. I have Sophie massage me for a half-hour until I

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send her to administer the next part of Denise's lesson. Denise's impassioned screams tell me Sophie does an excellent job or arousing her right back to the edge of bliss and leaving her there. Then I have Sophie scratch the itch in my pussy with her tongue.

Both Sophie and I sleep in brief naps that night. Me more than Sophie. Every half hour on the nose I send her to give Denise the next part of her lesson. And lie there and listen to Denise's slutty screeching cries. And an extra round of scratching for my itch. But I do allow Sophie to masturbate for her own relief, and she has a very intense orgasm when she does.

Come morning I let Sophie sleep. I get my shower and get dressed, giving Denise two lessons myself, before I wake Sophie and take her to the bathroom. She's been with me about three months now, and we both know full well that Sophie will wash up exactly the way I want her to, whether I stand there and watch her or not. Yet I've never allowed her to do it without full supervision, even on the toilet which includes a quick check afterward to ensure she's nice and clean inside. A quick check that I make teasingly sweet for her. I'm sure Sophie is long over any embarrassment at having me so close to her as she does her private things, but I'm equally sure she likes having me there. Even times like this where I sit on the edge of the tub beside her while she empties her bottom out, lightly stroking her should and talking to her. I even stroke on of her breasts at a very inappropriate instant, remind her that I am so pleased with her eagerly helping me teach this skank to behave and that if she keeps being such "and incredibly well behave slave girl" I will have a very special treat for her. And watch her smile as wide as ever when I remind her of that.

I send Sophie, to make our breakfast. Then I give Denise yet another lesson. Considering that her pussy is covered in a thick paste of honey, dried to various stages, which also coats the tops of her thighs and the crack of her butt, I doubt she really needs another lesson. But I don't mind. She screeches so nicely through the entire lesson.

When her lesson is over, I unlock her cage. Grabbing a big hand

full of her bush, I order her to scoot back out of the kennel, and pull her along by her pussy hairs to make her ignore the stiffness in her muscles and hurry up. Then it's up to her feet, her hands still cuffed. I unlock them with a warning that if they go anywhere near her pussy, she'll regret it.

I take her to the bathroom and have her sit on the toilet, instructing her to sit just as Sophie learned to: with her feet and knees equally spread, as wide as her knees will go, back up straight, eyes forward and on me, and then with her hands resting atop her mid-thighs palms up and relaxed. I tell her to "use it, and get both ends completely cleaned out because she doesn't want me to have to do it for her again."

Actually, she might want me to do it for her again. I saw how aroused she got suffering that enema last night. So to tease her, I stand there glaring at her while uses the toilet and asking her things while she's using it. Things like "didn't that enema fill your bottom so fully?" Yes. "Didn't it just make you get every last bit of filth out of that flabby bottom?" Yes. And "wasn't it so thoughtful of me to allow you to use a bucket so you could see just how messy you showed up here?" A very unhappy yes. A yes she knows she's expected to say, but hates saying and wishes she could say no. even though she did get very hot having to do it.

Once she's done, I give her some wet wipes to clean her bottom up but remind her not to touch her pussy. "You're just way to skanky slutty to be allowed to touch your pussy! You'd probably diddle yourself shamelessly!" With her bottom cleaned up, I ask her directly if her bladder and bowels are completely empty, and she tells me yes, they are.

I tell her to stand up and show me her pussy, teaching her that command as she moves. Once her pussy is fully displayed for me, sopping wet with her clit now visibly puling as it aches and throbs her, I pull on a pair of gloves and slip two fingers into her snug little pussy. I put my other hands flat against her pubes and feel her bladder. I'm no doctor, but practice is an excellent teacher. I can feel the firmness of a full bladder. I don't feel now. So I guess that nice gusher of pee was all she

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had to give.

I have her show me her butt. As soon as her asshole is displayed for me, I scold her for not getting it fully clean, taunting her that she can't even wipe her butt like a big girl! I get a wet wipe and clean her myself. Then I hold the used wet wipe up in front of her eyes, forcing her to see the flecks of waste on it as I again scold her for offering me a filthy little bottom. I put a little lube on the tip of my finger and press it casually into her bottom, putting all of my small finger into her until the web of my fingers is up against her ring. I wiggle my finger around inside her, making sure that while I'm wiggling it I press it down against the backside of her pussy walls and lightly massage them. I feel the heat and the little twitches in her walls. I hear her purring urgently, so I know she feels the sweetness of that massage. I scold her for being a complete gutter slut and liking it while I'm just trying to see if she managed to at least go potty like a big girl. I feel her cringe as I scold her. I slip my finger back out and trash my gloves as she gets up to her feet.

Next, I have her do her teeth, standing just like she did for Sophie to do it, only doing it herself and holding that mouth wide so I can supervise her. And check it afterward. I send her for a shower, having her start by "shaving" with hair removal cream and a plastic scraper that will leave her skin, especially her pussy lips, silky smooth for several days, unlike a razor that will have her stubbly by morning. Then it's her hair, and her skin, all while I closely supervise her. Only this time she gets two spanks to her bottom mid-shower, the first for skipping between her toes, and the second for thinking about washing her pussy, which I scold is nothing but a childish attempt to diddle herself. I make her give me the scrubbie and I wash her pussy for her, which I do very tenderly and get her moaning sweetly through. And I am very thorough, taking my time and stopping only when she's close to climax.

Once she dries herself fully, I select a nice shade of pastel pink polish and have her do her finger and toenails, polishing then and then buffing them to a glossy shine.

By the time that's done, Sophie has our breakfast ready. I take

Denise to the dining room and have her kneel beside my chair. Sophie serves me, then brings a plate for Denise which she sets on the table as I told her to. Then Sophie gets her own plate and joins me at the table. I sample the food, tell Sophie she's done well and set Denise's plate on the floor in front of her. No silverware. I tell her that she is to clean her plate now, and I expect it cleaned before I'm done with my breakfast. She gets nothing but a plate of food. Sophie and I get juice and coffee and condiments with ours, Sophie serving me as much as humanly possible to. She's so gladly cut my food and feed me if I'd allow her to. Denise kneels, looks at her plate of omelet, fried potatoes, rye toast, and fruit, and wonders just how to eat it. At least she knows better than to ask for silverware. Finally, she just uses her fingers and eats it. I can see that she likes it better than she thought she would. That Sophie is a better cook than she figured. She should be, I taught her and my cooking is called gourmet by those who eat it.

While Sophie serves me another coffee to sip and relax, Denise gets another wet wipe to clean her hands and face up.

Now it's time to really torture Denise. And amuse myself while I do. I point out the little bit of honey that she got on my floor. It's not a big deal, there's a marble tile in here that will just wipe clean, but it's enough for me to declare it "slutty misbehavior." Whatever it was, there was going to be a misbehavior, even if I had to just make one up. Any excuse will do.

I scoot my chair back and grab a hand full of Denise's hair. By her hair, I pull her a little roughly over my knees, getting one thigh right up in her waist, the other right under her hanging breasts. I send Sophie to fetch me a paddle. She scurries off for it.

Sophie is back in no time, on her knees humbly offering me the requested paddle. It's just a ping-pong paddle, but, with the edges cut off, its blade making it rectangular instead of rounded. I touch the rubber-coated blade to her taut bottom and tell her this is for "skanking up my house, like an absolute gutter slut." Then I bring the paddle up and swat it down with about half my strength. It lands with a little slapping crack,

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and Denise squeals out a strained "EE-OW!" As I lift the blade off her bottom, I can see that it's only lightly pinkened, and doesn't hurt nearly enough to justify that squeal. I'm not counting her swats, I'm just going to spank her bottom, slowly getting it more and more sore until it's glowing an angry, but moderately light, red. Reddening it up slowly will just make it a little more uncomfortable for Denise.

As I swat her, I sternly tell her that she's to lie still for her spanking, never to try to cover or protect her bottom no matter how much it hurts, and she will not say a single word. The second swat lands just the same, and Denise squeals out even louder.

By the fifth stroke, her bottom still only medium pink, Denise is crying as she lies over my knees. And now she stiffens hard and screams out with each little swat. Which I know is a serious over-acting on her part. Sophie, kneeling beside me, waiting for instructions, looking like she thinks the same. I've only had to spank Sophie once in the three months I've had her, but that's enough that she knows what a spanking feels like. I know it hurt her, but not nearly as badly as the thought that she'd disappointed me so badly hurt her. Since she's made an even bigger effort not to disappoint me again.

I ignore Denise's whining, just as I ignored Sophie's tears as she was spanked. As I ignore everyone's whines as they're spanked. I keep on swatting Denise's stinging bottom, a stroke every few seconds, watching as the pinkness deepens and she cries even harder. And flinches harder with each. And screeches louder cries of pain.

It takes her fourteen swats until I'm happy with the redness of her milky white and firmly rounded cheeks. I put the paddle back on Sophie's hands and tell her to return it to its place. I shove Denise off my lap and back onto her knees, scolding her for being so slutty. I shove her heads down, putting her lips right to the little honey spot, and tell her to clean it up, with her tongue, unless she'd like to be back over my knees first. She doesn't hesitate to lick it up.

I grab another hand full of hair and tell her to "come along, it's time to learn your lesson about being so slutty!" She has to scramble to

her feet to keep up with me instead of getting dragged along to the playroom by her hair.

There's a special chair here, and that's where I take Denise. It doesn't have much of a seat on it. More like a round toilet seat that leaves her bottom hanging out. It does have thick rough leather straps, which I fasten around her upper thighs, her lower thighs, her knees, and her ankles. Then more straps around her shoulders to hold her sitting straight up. Then two more that bind her wrists behind the chair's back, leaving her about as much wiggle room as that cage did.

I get the toys. One for her bottom and one for her pussy. I select the same one for her bottom, but a shorter and thicker one for her pussy. I don't bother warning her, I just push the toy casually into her butt, burying it almost completely and stuffing her full all the way to her very depths. Then I do the same with the one for her pussy. And I turn both vibrators on and let her sit there and feel the little vibrations teasing her. While Sophie and I watch.

I pay close attention to her body, making sure that it never pushes her to climax, just close to it. After a couple of minutes, once I have Denise moaning so urgently sweet, I tell Sophie to let me enjoy watching her kiss Denise's breasts. Phrased like that, as entertainment for me, Sophie gives those boobs the most erotic kissing they've ever had. And takes her sweet time doing it. Exactly what I wanted her to do.

Denise doesn't know about the cameras that cover this house. Sophie does because I've shown her videos of herself. But there are warning signs, which the lawyers tell mom she has to have. Denise will soon learn about them. As soon as she sees some of those videos on her new slut-page. I'm confident Leon will tell her about it and show it to her.

Denise screeches her moans and sits there, her body twitching hard as it tests the snugness of the straps. I make her sit there and feel the too-teasing vibrations until it's obvious she can't stand anymore. Then I make her scream those moans while she suffers more of it and I taunt her, asking her if she "really feels like the slut she is now?" Yes, she says she does. And if she regrets slutting up my house, which she also tells me she

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definitely does. I ask if she'd like to climax, she begs me to allow her to, and I just laugh at her telling her that orgasms are for good girls, not naughty sluts. In all I make her sit there for half an hour, Sophie teasing her three times with her extremely sensual breasts kissing, and twice by nibbling the erogenous zones along her shoulders and the base of her neck.

Once the half an hour is up, I take the toys out of Denise and watch her burst into tears as she screams from frustration. Perfect! I start by freeing her hands and immediately cuffing them. Then I unstrap her body and get her to her feet.

"Sophie, go sit on the table, please, slave."

"Yes, Mistress!" Sophie hops up on the table, still dressed in my preferred attire for her cute body: nothing. I have her lean back and brace herself with her hands on the back edge of the table and spread her legs wide. It nice bares her fully shaved pussy, with its huge puffy lips and a wide gash that lets her inner folds peek out past her silky mound.

I lightly shove Denise around to stand between Sophie's feet. "Denise... I guess you'd like to climax?" She begs me to allow her relief from her unbearable ache. "I think... not. First, you'll have to earn a climax by showing me you can behave your slutty bottom. We both know you want to eat pussy, just won't admit it. But since you've never learned to, I guess I'll have to teach you how to be a slutty slut."

I push her lips down to Sophie's mound. "Sophie, I will be borrowing your pussy for a practice dummy for this skanky slut. Just be a good girl for me." Sophie answers with the sweetest "yes, Mistress!" that's laced with eagerness. I know Sophie isn't into women, but I also know that she's seen just how intense I've taught her to pleasure me, and I imagine that Sophie is thinking of feeling a taste of that pleasure now herself. A taste she didn't think she'd ever get since she knows I'd never eat pussy - I'm not into women - and if I did, it certainly wouldn't be a mere slave's pussy. That would be reserved for a real woman, one worthy of such delights from me.

I swat Denise's bottom with my hand, getting a yelp from her, and

then tell her exactly how she's going to start this. By very tenderly licking Sophie's lips. Then the folds sticking through her gash, then slipping her tongue up under Sophie's lips and licking the undersides of them. Licking around the entrance to Sophie's tight and virgin pussy. Then finally taking Sophie's slit between her lips, sucking very lightly, and slowly swirling her tongue around the sensitive nub.

I see the look of revulsion on Denise's face. I feel her stiffen and cringe hard as I force her lips onto Sophie's pussy. A swat to her bottom is all it takes to get a good yelp and her tongue moving. At first very hesitantly. Soon Sophie is screeching squealy desperate cries as Denise gives her pleasure she never thought she'd get, and doubts she deserves. But that feels beyond wonderful. I watch Sophie's legs tense to a steely stiffness as she fights to keep them from clamping together on Denise's head. I watch Sophie's chest squirm around, her pert boobs moving with it. I pinch a nipple and hear Sophie scream out sweetly as I do.

I keep swatting Denise's bottom, demanding that she service my slave more affectionately. By the time Denise is eating pussy to my satisfaction, Sophie has screamed her way through about ten minutes of utter bliss. I pull Denise's head up, getting a good look at her honey covered lips, chin, and nose. Sophie stays there, panting hard, her pussy oozing more honey.

I order Denise onto her knees. I remind her to look at me at all times but *never* to say anything unless she's told to speak. Then I slide my phone out and dial Leon. He thanks me for my email and tells me he watched a couple of the tamer videos. He skipped the "rouger" ones, like the enema and bucket videos. It takes Denise a moment to figure out who I'm talking to, but once she does I watch her eyes get wide and look of absolute humiliation come over her face.

I turn the phone towards Denise and tell her that she's to ask her husband if she would care to watch her eat pussy, live. She is to ask very sweetly and remember her manners, since she's my toy, not his wife, now. I click the phone to video call, and in a second he does the same. It gives him a very good view of Denise kneeling naked. On cue, she asks, "Good

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Morning, Sir. Miss Rodgers is teaching me to eat pussy like the skanky slut I truly am. I'd very much like you to see me eat her slave's delicious pussy, Sir. Will you please watch me eat her pussy, Sir?"

What man would turn that down? He says, if she really wants him to watch, he'd be happy to. She thanks him. Then I tell her to get to her feet. I keep the camera image on her, not Sophie, as I nudge her over to where Sophie is waiting. When I tell her to, Denise lowers her head. I keep the image showing only Sophie's hips, waist, and shaven pussy. And a small slice of her thighs. But it shows all of Denise's head. And I make sure he gets a good image of what Denise's tongue is doing to that pussy. There'd be no masking Sophie's erotic screams even if I wanted to, which I don't. It tells him just how sweetly Denise is eating that pussy.

I make her eat if for five full minutes before telling her to "give me slave's pussy a rest before she sucks all of the honey out of it." I have Denise kneel again, while Sophie pants hard to compose herself yet again.

Still, with the camera on Denise, Leon has a great view of her honey-glazed face. I tell Denise to describe my slave to him, since he didn't get to see anything but her pussy, and then thank him for watching her obscene sluttiness. She describes Sophie as a petite and very young woman, somewhere around 18 or 19, maybe, with long honey-brown hair, very pert "reasonable" breasts, and a very nice figure. She says she's a few inches shorter than Denise, and maybe around 110 pounds. And that, while she looks teenager-young, she's very pretty. She thanks him for watching her eat "the slave's very sweet and delicious pussy, and apologizes for interrupting his morning with her disgusting sluttiness. At which I end the call. I don't know if he thought to record that or not, but I did. It'll be on her page before she's in Chicago to see it.

I have Sophie get off the table, teasing her that she's "goofed off enough" for one morning. I remind her to behave herself and she swears to me she will, in the most sugary voice I've ever heard from her.

I already know that I don't have all day with Denise. She has a 6:00 pm departure slot, which should have been 25 hours after her arrival, but her inbound was delayed. For which she'll need to be at the airport by

4:00, which calls for an Uber no later than 3:15. So my plan is to torment her until lunch, then after lunch wind things up and send her off to work on time. With that schedule in mind, I tell Sophie to go hunt through Denise's bag and find her a fresh uniform to wear, as well as appropriate and slutty undergarments for her husband to see when she returns to Chicago late tonight. I want her uniform nicely pressed for her and lightly scented with perfume.

I have one more little torture in mind for Denise before lunch. I quickly teach her how to serve on her knees, something she's seen Sophie do enough. Then I have her get down on all fours on the floor. While she kneels there, I get out the toy of my choice. It's a butt plug about 8" long and narrow at only ½" thick. I grease it with a nice film of slick jelly and touch its tip to Denise's asshole. I hear her wince at the thought of another thing violating her there, in that hole she thought would remain virginal for life. I push it very slowly into her bottom, reminding her to be very still while I "shove this up your butt."

Once it's there, I start inflating it. Yes, it inflates. It has a hard shaft with a heavy latex layer – like a balloon – over it, and a little squeeze ball to inflate it. I've tried it, and I know that it will inflate to around 1.5" across if I really pump it up. But something that thick would be very uncomfortable for Denise. So I inflate it only to about an inch across, double what it was when it entered her. Except for right where it passes through her asshole: there her muscle keeps it from inflating, so it only expands inside her. Then I turn it on, letting the hard shaft vibrate inside the balloon. The air layer dampens the vibrations, but it doesn't mute them. It just makes them take longer to tease her up to the heights of arousal.

I slip a finger slowly into her pussy, warning her not to be so slutty and just be still while I "check" that my toy is where I want it to be. Checking involves rubbing my finger over it, through the twitching nervy wall of her pussy, which makes her moan out very urgently.

Sophie returns and tells me that she's been very good. She went all through Denise's suitcase and got her uniform ready as I like it. She

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neatly repacked the bag including all of Denise's dirty laundry. However, Denise's underwear – both clean sets – is similar to what she wore here and most certainly not something “adorable” enough for me. She has everything else ready for her, except underwear and stockings, which Denise didn't bring any of, just pantyhose and Sophie knows I can't stand those. I tell Sophie she's done well.

Mom keeps a supply of undergarments here for just such emergencies. She doesn't keep every size, we're not Macy's after all, but she does keep a little bit in common sizes. And while Denise's size of 7 & 34-B might be on the smaller end of the scale, they're definitely common sizes. Thus, I think, there should be something in the office up to par for her to fly in.

I ask Sophie to go make a pot of a nice sweet and fancy coffee creation for me, but not to serve it. She's back in a few minutes telling me that it's brewing. I head for the living room, making Denise crawl on her hands and knees ahead of me, the plug sticking out of her bottom as she does. And as she moans hungrily from what that plug is doing to her. Once there I laze on the sofa and uncharacteristically invite Sophie to join me. She eagerly sits beside me, and with my permission scoots up cuddly close to me.

After a few minutes, I send Denise to the kitchen with specific directions on how to pour a cup of coffee, telling her to fetch me one while my slave enjoys a well-earned rest. Sophie, unlike Denise, has behaved herself. Denise serves it, apologizing to me for her obscene sluttiness as she does, just as I told her to. I send her for a second cup and have her serve it to Sophie, thanking her for the loan of her delicious pussy for Denise to learn how to eat pussy like a gutter slut. Sophie giggles as she takes the coffee snuggles close to me and sips it with the widest grin on her face. Which I know is because she senses that I am extremely pleased with her now, shown by the unusual privileges she's being offered. Denise gets nothing, just to stay on her knees, Shivering and sweating and purring needy moans while we watch for my amusement.

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Once the coffees are finished I have Sophie take the cups to the kitchen and make lunch. It's served the same as breakfast, the only difference being that this time Denise not only eats on the floor and on her knees but with her butt stuffed full and tormented by that toy.

After lunch, I decide Denise's plate isn't "cleaned" completely, even though there's barely a crumb left on it. I point out that Sophie's is much cleaner. I have Denise get on her hands and knees, and after Sophie fetches me a dildo I reach down and leisurely stroke Denise's pussy with the thick shaft. That, coming on top of the plug still stretching her butt full, has Denise screaming moans. While I tap her bottom with my crop, the firmness of the strokes steadily increasing as I scold her to lick her plate spotless like a good bitch. It's not easy for her to lick her plate while screeching desperate moans. But it is absolutely entertaining to watch. I've already decided that the girls are so going to get to see this clip. She shivers and shudders hard, her bottom squirming desperately as the crop reminds it to be still and behave. It takes her several pleasantly agonizing minutes before I decide her plate is clean enough.

I take both women back to the playroom. And I have Sophie get back up on the table with her legs spread and her pussy offered out for Denise to tease. And that's what I make Denise do. Eat that pussy for a full fifteen minutes, while my crop to her bottom continually encourages her to make my show ever better. Sophie screams the most desperate of squeaky hot moans she's ever made the entire time. She shivers harder than she would naked in Antarctica during winter. And her body is stiffer than any steel. Towards the end her teeth chatter. But she never begs for relief, she suffers the too-good pleasure for my entertainment.

As Sophie suffers, I tease her breasts with my fingers tips, taunting her that her boobies are obviously into women, as goosebumps cover them and her nipples see how hard they can strain to.

Finally, I ask Sophie if she would like to climax. "If... it... would... amuse... you... to... watch... me... Mistress!" She stutters out in a squeaky, breathy and truly desperate voice, between sensual cries.

I grab hold of the back of Denise's head by her hair. I jerk her head up

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suddenly. Sophie starts screaming a horrible frustration. I count off three seconds, then very firmly tell Sophie to "climax now, slave." Sophie instantly lets go and screams out even worse as her body snaps with convulsing tremors that have her thrashing all over the table, almost falling off of it twice until after almost two full minutes of that she finally goes limp and spent. Except rhythmic tremors still rack her limp body for several more minutes as her pussy runs with honey and she sucks crisp needy breaths to get air into her lungs. Finally, she falls still.

"See." I tease Denise, "that's how a good dyke slut eats pussy. Don't you see how well behaved my slave is? She came on command after you stopped touching her. No one doing anything to her, just sitting there and she still came on command. Someday you'll learn to behave like a good slut, too. Then you'll be able to sit down!" I swat her bottom lightly to remind her how badly it's stinging from the croppings and spankings she managed to earn herself.

I have Denise stand there and watch Sophie enjoy her bliss, while Denise still suffers from the toy in her bottom. It's enough that Denise has tears in her eyes by the time Sophie returns to planet earth, and when I tell her to get to her feet, she hurries up trying very hard not to fall over on her wobbly legs.

I take us all to the living room, where I have Sophie fetch me a cup of coffee as I relax on the sofa. I have Denise stand in front of me, and ask her if she "is ready to entertain me with a nice slutty orgasm." She begs me to allow her to. I ask her if she "will behave her naughty little bottom like a big slut while she climaxes." She profusely promises that she will. I already see Sophie grinning, knowing where I'm going.

I have Denise spread her feet wide and stand up straight. I lie back, getting very comfortable. I hand my crop to Sophie and tell her, "for once I can just enjoy my show." I tell her that Sophie knows how to masturbate properly, so she can supervise this gutter whore for me. I tell her to watch closely, this slut likes to try and cheat me. And not be afraid to use that crop to remind her naughty bottom that I don't tolerate cheats." Then I start Denise masturbating herself my way, with a feathery

light pressure on her clit, slow motions and little circles. While she stands still and suffers. I tell her that she's not allowed to climax until I'm ready to watch the finale of my show, I'll tell her when to. Until then she can just diddle herself and entertain me with her obscene sluttiness.

Denise starts masturbating and I release her hand. Sophie holds my crop like a treasured possession and stares at Denise. I lie back on the sofa and watch Denise suffer sweetly while I sip my coffee. Denise stiffens and trembles breathes the most sultry moans as her pussy's thick honey oozes from her lips.

Sophie, I know, cares only for my pleasure and not a rat's behind about Denise's suffering. Why should she? Sophie would eagerly endure that suffering herself to amuse me. Which makes her very strict on Denise. I figured she would be, and when I hear the lightning crack of that crop on Denise's bottom for a minor shudder of her hips and Denise's pained yelp, I know I was right. I scold Denise "She's a good slave. That's what you get for trying to cheat and wiggles those hips like a whore. Now behave, or you are going to have a problem sitting strapped into an airplane seat for a few hours." Almost as soon as I'm done scolding her, her hips shudder again, another crisp, but minor, shudder, and another loud crack rings out, followed by a pained yelp and watery eyes.

This is better than any YouTube video. Better than even porn. I just get to sit here and fully enjoy my show while Sophie is every diligent lest Denise's misbehavior detracts from my amusement. I sip the coffee slowly and draw out my show for as long as I possibly can.

Finally, once my coffee is gone, I tell Denise that she may climax. Which she does, her legs immediately slamming together even as they go out from under her and send her thrashing body to the floor. And all over my floor. And she cums with a loud scream. It's a long, and thrashing wild orgasm, which entertains me. And it looks like Sophie, too. Denise screams her way through most of before finally going limp and spent and panting on the floor.

While Denise lies there, I have Sophie deflate and remove the butt plug from Denise. Then once Denise is fully through the orgasm and

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bliss, I have her crawl back to the office and get up on the table, on her hands and knees. I tell her that she might be sated now, but she smells like the gutter she's been slutting around in, so now we have to clean her up before sending her to work. As I scold her, Sophie fetches me another enema. Which Denise only realizes she's getting when she feel the tube slipped into her bottom, and a few seconds later the cool fluid filling her. I scold her that she acted like a baby for her last enema, so this time she'd better act like a big girl, or she will have to call in too-sore-to-sit-in-her-seat to work. I guess that's like sick?

I watch as Denise struggles hard to stay still and quiet as her bottom fills up. Her face scrunches up hard and she weeps lightly, but otherwise behaves as I give her just a few more ounces than last time. Just to make this one a little more uncomfortable for her.

Then I take her to the bathroom where I have her use the toilet, douche, clean her teeth, and fully shower, except she doesn't need to shave again. She even gets s to brush her hair out again. Which I leave Sophie to watch her do while I head for the playroom and find a set of undergarments for Denise to wear. I put those with her uniform in the closet, and return before she's managed to brush her short hair the required 100 strokes. I spray her body with a floral perfume, getting it on her neck, her boobs, her pubes, and her bottom.

I take Denise to the living room, having her stand up against the wall where she undressed for me. I tell Sophie to get her clothes for her, then, acting like I'd forgotten something tell Sophie to hold off. "I forgot! Enemas get this little skank just so hot!" I look her right in the eyes, and ask "Denise, are you horny again after that nice big enema?" She tries to say something. I slap her face telling her that's a yes/no question. She says "yes." I make her show me her pussy to show me just how hot she is. It's pretty wet and her clit is at full hardness. I have her stand back up.

"Well, I guess we can't send this skank to work like that. She'll probably end up diddling herself and crashing the plane!" I tell her to masturbate, but to do so quickly this time. Rub slowly, but climax as soon as her pussy wants to. It only takes her about a minute. It's not nearly as

graphic as the one she had to wait for, but it's also a second one.

I send Sophie to fetch her clothes. I've selected a nice lavender bra/panties/garter belt set for her. It's silky and all lace, with sexy half cups and very low cut panties that tie at her hips. I have her dress from her feet up, stockings, panties, and garter. I stop her there and have Sophie bring me her phone. I take a picture of Denise standing like that, in just her garter and panties, against the plain wall. I text that to Leon with the caption: *This is what Miss Rodgers dressed me in under my uniform. Unwrap me and see for yourself when I get home, Sir.* Then I quickly send it, download an app that just locks her phone into a brick, displays a countdown timer, and when it counts down to zero, unlocks the phone and erases itself. I also download an app from one of mom's sites that's pure spyware, copying everything on her phone to a server in Russia where I can see whatever is on it. Like all good spyware, it hides well on her phone. Then I set her phone to unlock at 6:02 pm, two minutes after her scheduled departure, and wait for the lock screen to pop up. It's a pastel green screen that just has the message: *This phone locked by Miss Rodgers. It will unlock in XX:XX:XX. Press and hold the screen for ten seconds to dial 911, otherwise, behave and wait for your phone privileges to be reinstated.* Nothing will work, no matter what she does, except a firmware reset and few know how to even access the firmware on boot. I have Sophie put the phone back in Denise's purse.

I hand Denise the crisply pressed slacks to her pilot uniform. Then her ring, and watch. I check on my phone and Uber shows a two minute ETA to my building. I give Denise her bra, then her blouse. Then I give Denise her shoes and her blazer, and even her cute pilot's hat to wear.

As Sophie gets her purse, flight bag, and suitcase out of the closet, I click up the Uber, snapping a picture of Denise for the driver and adding the message that she's on her way down to the main doors now. I give her the bags and open the door, telling her "You are dismissed. Go down to the front doors, and Frank in a red Prius will be your Uber to the airport. Go now, skank."

"Yes, Miss Rodgers." Then she leaves. As soon as she's out my

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door, I see her glance at her watch to check the time. A couple of minutes later I see on my phone that her Uber is moving towards the airport.

I head to my desk and have Sophie serve me a cup of coffee while I clip out the video clips that show Denise's various humiliations and sluttiness. I update her slut-page. Then I send Leon an email telling him that Denise has left via Uber for the airport, however, I have locked her phone up until 6:02 pm, so don't expect her to call from it. Maybe someone else's phone, if she thinks of that. I tell him that her day is now available on her slut-page should he wish to see how she spent her layover. I suggest he might enjoy "Denise's Porn Star Orgasm."

A half-hour later I get an email back from him asking me if that's a real climax or if it's just a fake or something, because he's never seen Denise climax like that. She's usually rather reserved in her displays. I assure him it's real and attach an extended clip of it, in MP4 format, which he can download and keep, that shows the entire masturbation, plus Denise's lying there shivering and oozing honey afterward. I just make sure that Sophie isn't in the frame. I've kept her out of all the frames on that page. He won't get to see me or Sophie.

Around 6:30 I get a text from Denise: *Dear Miss Rodgers, thank you very much for having me this layover. I wanted you to know that it was far better than I expected it to be. If you want... I would very much like to come again on another layover. I will be in Mobile again on Thursday, Tuesday and then Saturday nights. I will come whenever it is convenient for you, Ma'am. And Leon asked me to thank you for keeping him updated as well, Miss Rodgers. I just can't describe how good that was and how totally satisfied I am now. Thank you, Ma'am.*

I make a note in my calendar of her flights, and send Andrea a message to let me know exactly what flights Denise is on, and when they land in Mobile.

She sends me back a message, "It's always UA3457 into Mobile, due 17:45 at the gate. But Chicago is a disaster, and delays out of there are about as common as politicians lying." I note that, too.