





Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

In the month since Mark's first session with me, and Callie's first "wife lesson," I've seen them three times. All three of those sessions were somewhat similar to their first. At least in that, they came to my apartment where I amused my fickle self with Mark and gave Callie a modest lesson in elementary wife skills such as cooking and serving. She got a short lesson on the sexy side of "wife skills" too, a lesson that I know Mark has been enjoying the benefits of frequently between sessions.

After four of those lessons, I've come to realize that Callie is submissive as well, just not as subservient as Mark. I guessed that would be the case since she's quite happily allowing him to visit me and even coming along with him. It's pretty obvious to me that both of them would make fairly good, meaning amusing for me, toys in my proverbial toy box. And both wouldn't mind being in my toy box, as long as they were in it together. Kind of like... Barbie and Ken.

It's also obvious that Callie is enjoying her "wife lessons" as much as she needs them. She's quickly learning the basics of cooking. She's already learned to serve as a humble woman, and I know she's done that for Mark countless times without me standing over her. She's learning the basics of sluthood as well. Before her first session, she was mostly fumbling her way through their sex life, as most young people of both genders tend to do. Figuring things out for themselves. In the first lesson, I taught her how to give a blow job as slutty as any porn starlet could. I know Mark seriously appreciates that new skill. Just as I know Callie appreciates having the knowledge and skill to put a smile like that on his face. Even when she's blushing as Mark boasts about her skill to his friends, which I've had him do. Despite the embarrassment of it, I know Callie loves that Mark likes her skills so much he has to brag about them.

But Callie is also starting to get used to the lessons. The first time, she was edgy and nervous, shy and so unsure of herself. With each similar lesson, she's grown more comfortable with the routine now that she knows, if not what to expect, but at least what kinds of things to expect. I could say the same for Mark, although he's still just as excited to

## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

come as he was the first time. But I never want my subs to fall into a rut. It bores me, so I can only imagine that it has some degree of the same effect on them. I know they, as most subs do, love having defined expectations that they know how to meet. But I also love to have my subs "uneasy." I don't want them to be able to guess what's coming, or what they'll have to do. I want their only expectation to be that I will tell them what to do and give them directions so detailed that they'll be able to do it. I never want them to have a clue what is going to be asked of them. I love the edge it puts on them.

So for this lesson I've planned a very different kind of lesson for Callie. Mark will be getting his session as well, but that's going to be unique as well. I hope it will dispel any ideas they might have about what a future lesson might include.

This lesson comes as a surprise for them. I wait until I know Mark should be about halfway home from work, and Callie should be at home already. I call both and tell them that I wish to discuss something with them; they are to meet me immediately for coffee at a little cafe near their house. Both agree, knowing my order is just that, an order. When they arrive, I'm already seated at a table, sipping coffee, with Sophie seated at my side. It's a table for four. I cheated. I was here when I called them. They join me at the table, Callie choosing the seat at my side, which puts Mark between her and Sophie.

I don't waste any time. Not even to allow them to get a cup of coffee. Instead, I just glare into Mark's eyes across the table. "You have been a very naughty little boy toy!" I scold him firmly, keeping my voice low enough not to announce it to the entire cafe, but also loud enough that Mark is grateful no one is sitting too close to us. "You know, I actually read those emails you write to me every night. What kind of a little miscreant are you? You've been giving this girl-toy such credit to everyone for her slut skills! But nowhere I have heard you praising *me* for her slut skills. You act like it's your girlfriend sucking that miniature little thing you're passing off for a dick instead of *me* sucking it with her mouth! Which is exactly what it is. I taught her exactly how to do that for

## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

me, not for your worthless little pecker. She only does that out of the goodness of my heart. And here you are telling everyone what a slutty little girl she is as if she's actually a girl, not just another skank in my toy box!" My voice grows a little firmer as I scold him for the sin I've just made up.

I can see it on Callie's face as well. Neither of these two have thought of it like that. Callie still sees herself as Mark's girlfriend, not as another toy in my toybox, allowed to play with Mark only by my grace. But hearing me scold him, she's seeing that it's at least partly true. I have taught her everything she knows beyond lying flat on her back while Mark did as he did with her. And there's no denying that she's blossomed into a woman with that knowledge, and loved every second of it. I'd bet she's thinking of herself as my toy now, too, and wondering just how I put her in my toybox without her even knowing it. And made her love being there.

"I'm sorry, Miss Rodgers!" Mark blurts out excitedly. "Please forgive me, Ma'am... I'll never do it again!"

"Oh, you won't." I chide with a huge smirk on my face. "Certainly not after I'm done teaching you a very good lesson about who owns that body. I'll give you a clue, it's not Callie... Now, give you wallet, keys, phone, and everything else but your clothes to Callie."

I see the look of shock flash over his face for the briefest of instant as he realizes that he's going to be punished now. And here we are in a cafe, where we're far from alone. But he quickly puts his stuff on the table in front of Callie as he's told to do. Then he sits there, fidgeting just a hair as he wonders what's coming next. What I'm going to do to him here, in public, a mere four blocks from their apartment where people they know might see!

"Callie, be a good little slut-girl. Put his things in your purse so they won't get lost."

"Yes, Ma'am," Callie says quickly, relieved at the commonality of the

## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

instruction, something that hopefully won't raise any eyebrows around here. She scoops his stuff up and puts it away.

"Now hand me your purse and anything else you might have in your pockets, bitch." I hold my hand out. This time Callie moves a little more hesitantly, her eyes darting around the restaurant as she passes me her purse under the table. I take it and hand it over the table to Sophie. "Good bitch. You might as well come along and learn a lesson or ten about being a proper little slutty skank-wife. Both of you, on your feet, and follow my slave."

Both say a very muted "Yes, Ma'am," as they hop to their feet. Sophie, toting my purse along with Callie's leads them out of the cafe. And then right to Callie's car. Unlike Mark's, Callie's is a four-door. And unlike my Mazda convertible, it has a back seat. When we get to the car, Sophie hands me my purse. She tells Callie and Mark to get in the back seat and buckle up, but keep their mouths shut. Then she gets Callie's keys from Callie's purse and unlocks the doors. Once both are in, Sophie gets in the driver's seat and starts the car.

I walk the few spots down to where I'm parked and start my car. I back out and wait while Sophie gets in line behind me. She doesn't know where we're going. I'm sure by now Mark or Callie, or likely both, have tried to ask her. She can't tell them where or what's going to happen when we get there. She doesn't have a clue. She only knows that she's to follow me and if she gets separated from me, call me. I never tell her more than what she needs to know to do what I want her to do. That would be more like she was my girlfriend instead of my slave. Who confides in her slave?

I have this planned out. But I needed a little help to make it run smoothly. Luckily my friend Colette was able to help out for an hour or so. As I'm driving I text her to make sure she's ready for me. Otherwise, I'll take a long circling route to give her the time she needs. She quickly texts back that she's waiting on me. I let her know we'll be there in about ten minutes, exactly when I planned to arrive.

## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

Colette, a 42-year-old dominatrix who is a good friend of mine, is supposed to do two things for me. First, she's supposed to have Doug and Paige sitting on their sofa waiting for my arrival. Second, she's supposed to have their two-and-half-car garage vacated and their cars parked somewhere out of the way so I can use the garage. It goes without saying that she's supposed to be closely watching those two while they sit and wait, too. But she's a *domme*. She'd do that unless I demanded that she didn't. And maybe even then, only not quite as closely.

Doug is a 42-year-old lineman for AT&T. As such he's union labor, which means considerably well paid. Then again since he spends his days crawling around live high voltage power lines as he runs fiber optic cable, he should be well paid. I call it "crispy critter" pay. One misstep and he's a crispy critter, so that qualifies as a hazardous duty.

Paige is a 36-year-old department manager at Macy's in the mall. She's my toy, a toy I sort of inherited from Olive. I visited her once, and after that Olive gave her to me in an effort to cut a few toys out of her toybox to make room for some new ones she'd found. Paige had been with her a while and Olive felt she was getting into a rut having done about everything Olive enjoyed doing with her toys. Unlike me, Olive has a wide, but limited, set of interests. I prefer to experiment and try new things, so there's always a new trick in my bag. Paige seemed to really squirm under the difference of my style, and she's a rather attractive woman. Plus she's "mom-aged," meaning 30-42, which is the age range I prefer for my toys.

Doug has kind of gone along with Paige. Just as Callie has gone along with Mark. He recognizes that Paige needs domination, and if she doesn't get it, she'll never be happy. But he also wants to be involved in every aspect of her life, including that. So he's been around and never objected to playing alongside her, even when he was the toy. Olive saw that he liked it almost, if not as much, as Paige does only unlike Paige refused to admit it to himself. I can see that as well. He loves getting on his knees for me, even a hair more than he loved getting on his knees for



## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

Olive. But I'm also 19, very petite and even more shapely. Olive is 39, cute and shapely in that "soccer mom" kind of way. Not in the college sorority girl gone wild kind of way that I sometimes pull off. Then again, except for the sorority and gone-wild parts, I am a college girl. And I can get wild. I just don't let subs see that side of me. They get the strict disciplinarian side of me, mixed in with the fickle young girl.

I chose them for this lesson for a couple of reasons. First, their dynamic is the exact opposite of Mark and Callie's. She's more subservient of the pair. Second, they've been married eleven years, which means Paige has quite a lot of experience being a wife. She's been my toy close to a year, and Olive's for about five before that, so she has a lifetime of experience submitting, serving, and slutting as well. And the slut skills to prove it. And most importantly, she's the same sizes as Callie. Her things will fit Callie as well as Callie's own will. As if Callie is just a younger, firmer, and blonder version of Paige.

When we get to their house I pull into the driveway. Sophie pulls in beside me, and I point her to pull into the garage. She does, parking on the side furthest from the door to the house. I'm sure by now she knows where we are. She's been here enough. The last time was only about ten days ago when she accompanied me to teach Paige a lesson in patience. A lesson where Paige's desperate squirming had Sophie smirking even as she tickled Paige's pussy lips with a feather and Paige struggled against ropes. I'd bet she's recognized Colette's car on the street out front, too.

I walk into the garage and close the overhead door. Sophie gets out and gives me the keys to the car when I ask for them. I open the trunk and have Sophie toss Callie's purse in before I send Sophie to get Callie and Mark out of the car. I have them stand beside the trunk of her little Ford.

"Strip. Both of you. Now." I snap. I watch as the two hurry to get their clothes off as instructed. I have them toss their stuff into the trunk. When both are standing again, now fully naked, beside the trunk, I slam the trunk shut. "Slut, lift your hair off your neck." Callie knows what I

## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

want and lifts her long straight blond hair up, holding it behind her head, leaving her neck fully bare and exposed.

I hold a hand out and Sophie gets me a "training collar." I have a few of these in both blue and pink. Callie gets pink. These aren't elegant like Sophie's collar is. These are for toys to wear while they're being used, not permanently as Sophie's is. The collar is a thin strip of leather, not rough but also not the well-tanned softness of Sophie's, dyed pastel pink with a buckle that "locks" with a generic handcuff key. I say "locks" loosely since it's fairly easy to break with enough force. Also unlike Sophie's which is locked with a good and shiny padlock that would take bolt cutters to get the collar from her neck. There's no frilly lace trim on this one either. There is a shiny dog tag, but theirs reads "I am Miss Rodgers' slutty bitch. If found, please spank me!" Once I have the pink collar locked around her neck, I lock a baby blue one around Mark's.

With a big grin on my face, I tell Mark to kneel down. As soon as He's on his knees, I push his shoulders forward putting him on all fours and quickly slip my fingers under the collar to get hold of him. "Come, you naughty little boy-bitch!" I snap, already pulling him along by the collar. It's not a long crawl for him, just to the corner of the garage in front of the car. As soon as we get up there, I pull the sheet off of the dog kennel Olive has left here for me. It's a big kennel, like maybe for a rottweiler or something. And it's door is already open. "In your kennel!" I snap as I release his collar and swat him firmly on his bare bottom. He starts crawling into the cage. I swat him again, urging him to speed it up. As soon as he's in, I shut the steel-mesh door behind him and secure it with a big padlock. "Try to be a good little doggy and not play with your dick or hump a wall or something." I leave him locked in the cage.

I clip a leash to Callie's collar and tell her to come along. But I leave her on her feet. I march her into the house, Sophie coming along behind me and now toting the toy bag I keep in the trunk of my car. As we approach the door, I can see that Callie is getting more uncomfortable, more uneasy, with every step. I'm sure there are a million thoughts

## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

running through her head, mostly like whose house is this, why are they are, and especially what am I going to do to her. She looks just as shyly nervous as she did when her first foot stepped into my house.

The living room is only a few steps, and a turn, from the garage door. I step in and see Doug and Paige sitting side by side, primly, on their sofa. Colette sits on a love seat across from them, sipping a cup of coffee that tells me she's got here a bit early and helped herself to Paige's service. I just grin. I might have done the same.

Callie freezes as she sees the couple and realizes that I'm now parading her naked and leashed in front of total strangers. I ignore her. The leash tenses up hard, then I feel it slacken as the pressure on her neck gets her moving again. Her eyes dart around at warp speed checking out the room and mostly the people in it. I lead her to stand in front of the couple. "On your knees, slut." I snap firmly to make sure I have her attention. She kneels down facing them.

Doug and Paige stare at Callie. After all, it's not every day a naked woman is walked into your house. It's a first for them, despite their years of experience. Doug's eyes tell me that he's appreciating the view of Callie's pert body and blond prettiness. Paige's eyes are mostly jealous, and not in a good way. More in the way of a woman who sees the threat of a vixen coming to steal her man.

"Paige, it's no secret that you've been a rather pitiful wife for your husband. Callie, you're so... naive that you don't even rise to the level of pitiful." I say it with a smirk on my face. "I figure together the two of you might add up to a lousy wife. We'll find out. As of now, you are both Doug's wife."

I reach down and unclip the leash from Callie's collar. "Callie. Your new bedroom is in there. Go find some clothes to cover your skanky butt. Hurry. Your wives need to make your man supper. GO."

Callie tentatively gets to her feet and heads into Doug and Paige's bedroom. I was going to follow just to see the look on her face as she

## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

hunts around in Paige's thing to find some clothes. She has to feel like a burglar in there! And I'll bet she'll be surprised to find Paige's stuff fits her. But the look on Paige's face stops me. It's a mix of pure hatred for Callie and shame laced with a tinge of edginess as it dawns on her that she hasn't a clue what might happen tonight.

Callie is back in a few minutes dressed in a pair of jeans and a light yellow cotton blouse with sneakers. It looks good on her. Paige doesn't look very happy when she sees it. I've seen Paige wearing it enough to know that it's definitely one of the outfits she likes better. We can all see that she doesn't like the thought of Callie wearing it any more than she likes the idea of sharing Doug.

"Paige... I imagine Doug hasn't been home for more than an hour. How did you welcome him home? Did you have a sweet little treat for him? Did you even bother to offer him an ice-cold beer?"

"No... Ma'am..."

"See what a hideous wife you are? He's your husband! He's a man! He deserves a nice evening after working all day up those poles in the hot sun just so you can have a decent life for your useless butt! Forget it. Callie, go fetch your new man a beer."

"Yes, Ma'am," Callie says, thankful for something to do besides standing there while Doug ogles her, and Paige glares contemptuously at her. She finds plenty of cold beers, in long neck bottles, in the fridge, gets on, opens it, and brings it over. She kneels down and offers it out to him atop her upturned palms just as I've taught her to do. "Here is an ice-cold beer, Sir." She says it with a little twinkle in her eye and a flirtatious bat of her lashes. I guess she has learned something from me: guys love their women to flirt and be sweetly slutty.

Doug thanks her and takes the beer. He sips it happily, a smile on his face.

"Paige, on your worthless little feet. Get over here!" I wait for her

## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

to come to me. She stands properly, hands behind her, facing me. "Slave... take Callie to the kitchen and have her prepare a proper supper for us. Paige here can be the kitchen slave."

Sophie replies instantly with a "yes, my too-sweet Mistress," and a wide smirking grin on her face that tells me she's going to have fun with this. Like me, she has a long "evil" streak in her. She loves tormenting "mom-aged" women. Especially when it's for my amusement. Paige doesn't look happy at all. Callie looks exceptionally nervous. I figured she would be with her very limited cooking skill, and now she's cooking for a couple of complete strangers. Plus she's smart enough to know her bottom depends on Doug being satisfied with his supper. But unlike Mark, who would never criticize her in anything, she's not so sure Doug won't.

"Paige." The smirk on my face grows wider. "Show this skank that you appreciate her help take care of your husband... I think a nice long and very hot kiss will do. Now."

Callie's eyes about pop out of her head. I know she's never kissed a woman before. And I know her ultra-religious upbringing preached that anything with a woman was wrong. While I know her belief isn't nearly as firm as her parents would like it to be, I'm equally sure she never imagined herself doing anything with a woman. Not even now that she's getting her "wife lessons" from me. She trembles lightly.

Paige, I know, has some experience with women, albeit minimal. Olive usually doesn't mix her toys when she plays with them, and no domme I know would kiss, or allow a sub to do more with her. It's limited her opportunity. Although Paige firmly insists she's straight, I've suspected since the first time I saw her that she has a slight bisexuality to her, by which I mean a healthy curiosity laced with enough interest that she's likely to explore it given a chance, at least a chance no one else will ever know about.

Paige unhappily wraps her arms around Callie, pulling her close. She puts her lips to Callie's and starts kissing her. Paige makes a good

## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

effort to give Callie a real kiss, knowing that I will paddle her mercilessly for anything short of her best effort, no matter how little she wants to do it. It takes a moment for Callie to soften, but once she does she kisses Paige back and the kiss gets hot. I snap a quick picture of the two women kissing. They look like lovers in it. Perfect!

After almost a full minute Paige finally breaks the kiss and takes a good breath. Doug watched every second of it, definitely enjoying the show. Sophie takes the women to the kitchen and I hear her tell Callie to find something for the entree. Paige tries to say something, but I hear the slap to her face, a hard one, as Sophie silences her and scolds her that she wasn't told to speak.

I tell Doug to relax while his "two-bodied wife" makes supper.

I go back to the garage where I've left Mark. The garage is a little cool, maybe around 60-65 degrees. It'll get even colder tonight. Not like it's "high summer." Which might be a good thing for Mark, in south Alabama, this garage could break 120 in high summer. It's quiet as well, the only noise being the wind rustling the trees outside and the occasional car passing by. Not a hint of what's happening inside.

Mark is still on all fours in his kennel. He doesn't really have much choice. The kennel is plenty big enough for him, but it's not much bigger than he needs either. It's not tall enough for him to sit in. And the only way he'll be able to lie in it is on his side, curled up almost into a fetal position. There's enough room for him to move, just not more than a few inches in any direction. I'm sure he's already getting uncomfortable in there.

"There's my naughty little boy-bitch!" I say tauntingly as I come over and rattle the door of the cage. I look around the garage and see the typical "garage junk," meaning his tools and yard equipment, the washer, dryer, and related laundry items. I wander around for a second, looking over the stuff until I spot a paint stirrer. It's dotted with little drops of paint but looks like it's never been used to stir a can. I pick it up.

## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

I open the door of his cage, reach in and clip the leash to his collar. "Come." I snap sternly and tug on the leash. I lead him out of the cage keeping him on all fours. "We both know you've never been a man. And now you've failed miserably at even being a little bitch toy for me! Tonight we'll see if you have enough brains in that thick head of yours to be a dog!"

I use the paint stirrer to swat the insides of his thighs, silently urging him to part his knees. Even without me saying a word (why would I? Dogs don't speak English!) he figures out what I want and parts his legs as far as they'll go. For a reward, I stop swatting his thighs.

Kneeling this way, his cock hangs down straight between his legs, his loose sack hangs behind his cock, which means in front of it from my view, about halfway down his shaft. He's not rock hard, but he's definitely stiff. I use the stirrer to stroke along the side of his shaft with as light of a touch as I can manage. It gets his cock twitching and jumping around, and now it's as stiff as ever.

I swat his bottom hard with the stirrer. Hard enough that I see him flinch from it and grunt. "Bad bitch!" I scold him. "Good bitches worship their owners! You took me for granted! Forgetting that was my mouth you were bragging about!" I swat him again, a touch harder. "Actually thinking you have a girlfriend!" I swat his bottom again, this time getting a little yelp from him. "You have the gift of cohabitating with *my* girl bitch!" I swat him again, even harder, and he yelps again. "Only because I allow you the gift of my bitch!" I give him a fifth swat, the hardest I can manage, and get a pained yelp from him. "I'll teach you not to forget that's my mouth sucking your useless little pecker."

I reach my hand under him and wrap it loosely around his cock. It's rock hard. And now I feel the blood pumping through it as it throbs lightly in my hand. I stroke it, a loose, slow stroke. Then another, feeling it twitching slightly-but-very-eagerly against my hand. I release it, having felt the proof that he's liking this.

I casually slide my hand up to gently cup his balls. I squeeze them

## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

very lightly, just enough for him to know what I'm doing. With my other hand, I get my phone from pocket and click open the picture I just took of Callie's first girl kiss. I hold it under his head right in front of his eyes. There's no doubt he can't take his eyes from. Nor that he finds it hot to think of Callie making out with a woman. I'm sure the main thought running through his head, whichever one he's thinking with, likely the smaller one, is that he missed seeing it in person.

Very slowly I start squeezing his balls a little tighter. "I'll take very good care of my girl bitch tonight. That bitch managed to behave her skanky butt. You can just sit in your kennel like the bad bitch you've been and hope I remember to feed you and walk you." I laugh heartily. "You know what I hate about boy dogs? They're always trying to hump something! Don't let me catch you trying to hump something!" I give his balls a sung squeeze, just short of enough to hurt him. I release them.

With a hand on the top of his head, I push him backward. He crawls back into the cage. I shut the door, locking him inside again, only now with a nice pink bottom. And an image in his head I know he won't be able to stop thinking about.

I set the stirrer on the hood of Callie's car, where it'll be close at hand. I pace around the cage for a minute. His cock is still rock hard as it hangs between his legs, even while he kneels on the cold steel of the cage's floor. Uncomfortably. There's no way that cramped kennel could possibly be comfortable. Not that I'll ever get in it to find, though.

I leave him there and head back inside. I relax on the sofa, telling Sophie to "see to a pot of decent coffee." In a few minutes, Sophie is on her knees serving me a cup. Even though my command gave her the leeway to send one of the others, I knew she wouldn't. She loves to do just anything for me. For her, sending one of them to serve me would be a kid sending a friend to Disney World in his place. So not going to happen! I lightly run my fingers through her silky soft hair, telling her she's done good and I'm pleased with her. I dismiss her back to the



## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

kitchen.

Obediently Sophie has Callie cooking the meal. Paige has been relegated to the prep work and dishes. Paige is a much better cook than Callie. She should be, she's had far more practice. Like over a decade more. But with Sophie on top of Callie, this meal is going to be far beyond Callie's abilities. Doug won't know that it's Sophie's doing. He'll only know it's scrumptious and Callie cooked it for him. I want that. I want him to lower his estimation of Paige's abilities and sing Callie's praises. I can't think of anything that would humiliate Paige more. Which means anything that will get her more aroused, at least not tonight.

It takes Sophie about an hour to get supper ready. She allows Paige to set the table while Callie is finishing up under Sophie's demanding guidance. Stern guidance too. So says the spatula that hasn't left Sophie's hand. Whose blade has spent a great deal of time on Callie's bottom.

When Sophie tells me supper is ready I head for the table, taking Doug's usual spot at its head. I leave him the spot to my left. Sophie gets the spot to my right. I have Paige take a seat, not her customary one, beside Sophie to leave the seat beside Doug for Callie. And put the two women side by side. Callie serves the plates. I whisper to her to pay extra attention to "her man," and she openly fawns over him. Paige glares at her. Her look turns to unbridled hatred when I ask Doug if his supper is acceptable and he says it's one of the best meals he's ever had. An instant later the look on Paige's face fades to an equally intense shame.

After supper, I have Paige "feed the dog." At first, she looks to me with a totally uncomprehending look on her face. There's no dog here. They don't have one, and she hasn't seen one that I might have brought. What dog? I tell Sophie to teach her how to make dog food, then wait as Sophie has Paige portion out a plate of cool leftovers then scoop the entire plate into a blender. After a few pulses, it comes out looking like Alpo. Sophie has Paige find a cheap plastic bowl and scoop the mush into it. Then another bowl for water.

I tell Paige to get the dog's meal and follow me. Obediently she

## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

follows me into the garage where she immediately spots the naked Mark kneeling in the kennel. Her eyes widen for an instant as she realizes this is "my dog." I unlock the cage's door and tell her to feed him.

Before she puts the food in his cage, I have her pet him. She strokes his short blond hair tenderly and tells him to "be a good doggy for Miss Rodgers." I see her eyes peeking down under him taking in his rock hard cock jutting straight down. He's larger and thicker than Doug, but not by that much. Maybe an inch in length and 1/4" in thickness. Still, he does have a bigger cock. And Paige obviously likes what she sees. Although she blushes slightly at the wanton display of the unfamiliar shaft.

I'm sure she likes Mark's body, too. He's younger and leaner than Doug. Plus he has a muscular look honed from working at that shipyard, whereas Doug's body has grown less toned and a tiny bit flabby over the years. He's even getting the first hint of a beer belly. Doug's at least medium-hairy, with dark black curls. Mark is almost hairless, except for the dark blond dense jungle around his shaft. I'd deem Doug to be more of a "dad body," while Mark is definitely a "working man." It looks to me like Paige appreciates the view. It looks to me like she's wondering if she's going to get a taste of him, at least as much as Doug has gotten of Callie.

Paige sets the bowls in his cage. "Now be a good bitch and eat all your Alpo!" I teasing say to Mark. I lock him in the cage with his meal. Then I lead Paige back into the living room.

I take a seat on the love seat sending Sophie to fetch me a fresh coffee. Yeah, I admit, I'm addicted to the stuff. Sophie serves me. I ask Doug if he'd care for a cup and he says yes. I tell him to send one of the "worthless bitches claiming to be actual women" to fetch him one. He sends Callie, and she returns to serve it properly. On her knees. Earning her another of the jealous glares from Paige.

I have both women join Doug on the sofa commenting that's where a wife belongs. Besides her husband. I tell both women to "snuggle close

## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

beside your man." Callie cuddles up to him while Paige tries to get even closer. But there's not closer for her to get. It leaves Doug with a woman nestled on either side of him, a coffee in his hand, and a game on the TV. For a middle-aged man, I think that's paradise.

Both women run a hand over his chest eagerly. Both are now grinning. Doug is smiling wide. I sip my coffee and give him a few minutes to enjoy this very minor teasing.

I've taught Callie to "slut dance." I mean to dance like a stripper and to give a lap dance. So far only Mark has been the recipient of her sluttiness. But teaching her, I saw that Callie is a fairly good dancer. Obviously, she's danced a lot in her life, albeit "regular" dancing not the slutty dirty dancing or slut dancing. For now, that's all I care about. I know Paige hasn't regular danced in years. But I know she can slut dance decently. I've made sure of that, even after Olive told me that she'd taught Paige. Guys like slutty dances from women.

I whisper instructions to Paige, telling her that it's time to finally make her husband happy and put a smile on his face for once in his life. She hangs her head slightly as I whisper my criticism in her ear, the demurely acknowledges her instructions. Maybe out of obedience. Maybe because she glimpses Sophie getting my crop out of my toy bag and knows that it will make her obey.

Then I watch as Paige leans over to Callie and tries to put some real honey in her voice. She asks "Callie, will you please help me give our man a very good night?" Callie says she will, assuming that Paige is only following my instructions and thus Callie will pay dearly for not doing as she's told. Paige wraps her arms around Callie's shoulders and pulls her close giving her a long and passionate kiss. This time Callie doesn't hesitate more than a fraction of a second to return it. It has them kissing scant inches from Doug's eyes. Eyes that about bulge out of his head.

Paige breaks her kiss, taking Callie by the hand as she rises up to her feet. "Dance with me?" Paige asks Callie sweetly as Sophie puts on some EDM music with the volume low, but loud enough for the women

## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

to hear it's beat. That's all EDM is anyway, a beat to move to. Callie gets up and helps Paige move the coffee table so they have some room directly in front of Doug.

Paige puts her hands on Callie's hips and they start dancing to the beat. Doug watches intently. Then very intently as Paige moves close and gives Callie another kiss, a little shorter, but also a little hotter, as her hands slide around Callie's waist. Callie follows suit, sliding her hands around Paige's waist.

As Paige breaks the kiss she slides her hands up Callie's sides to her shoulders then over to the top button of the blouse. Paige moves her hips in a bit to touch Callie's and nudges them to wiggle their hips together as if dancing. Paige unbuttons the button. Paige's fingertips tease along Callie's bared skin as her hands move down to the second button. She unbuttons it. Letting her see the matching yellow bra underneath. Paige doesn't hurry, instead moving casually and seductively as she takes the blouse off Callie. Finally, Paige tosses it casually onto the sofa beside Doug. Doug doesn't notice, his eyes taking in Callie's pert breasts now covered only with the lacy yellow bra. One of Paige's favorite bras. One she loves to wear because Doug likes her in it. Callie couldn't have chosen better!

Callie doesn't show the shyness I know she must be feeling as Paige starts to bare her body to this new man. Paige pulls her close and kisses her again.

"Callie. Your turn. Take Paige's blouse off, and be even sweeter than she was." I say firmly, but quietly and with some honey in my voice.

Callie takes Paige's blouse off the same way. Trying to "be sweeter" as she does, she makes sure that her hands caress Paige's skin as she bares it for Doug's eyes. Paige's blouse ends up atop Callie's. Callie pulls Paige in for another kiss, and this time Callie puts everything she has into making it a hot kiss. Doug notices. I approve.

I have them dance for a minute in their bras. Then take turns

## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

kicking their sneakers off. Then socks. While dancing I make sure both women take turns flaunting their bra-covered chests to Doug, letting him see already that Callie's breasts are firmer than Paige's. But also roughly the same size.

Next, I have them take each other slacks off, Paige taking Callie's off first. A kiss, this one slightly more passionate than the last, after each pair comes off. It leaves Callie dancing before Doug in nothing but the lacy bra and a matching pair of lace panties that are low cut with small triangles in front and back, and narrow little strips of fabric tied at her sides. It also leaves Paige dancing before him in nothing but a black lace bra, with cups on very slightly more modest than Callie's, and a pair of black panties that are sexy with a lace fringe, but not quite as minimalist or sexy as the pair Callie choose.

They spend some time dancing for Doug in their underwear. By now both have grown somewhat comfortable touching each other's bare skin, although their hands avoid the others' breasts, pubes, and bottom. I haven't given them permission to touch there. They've grown used to kissing each other as well, and they kiss a lot, and hotly. All of which has Doug's interest.

Paige gets to start with the first serious tease. She turns her back to Doug and lowers her bottom to his crotch, giving him a tender lap dance as she strokes her bottom over the hard shaft of his cock. While Paige teases him, Callie is in front of her with her hands around Paige. She even kisses Paige briefly as Paige is teasing him. After a minute or so Paige rises up reluctantly, her lips locked to Callie's, and allows Callie to spin them around and trade places. Callie, still kissing Paige, lowers her firm bottom down until it's barely on his crotch and teases Doug.

After a second round of teases, it's Callie's turn to go first. She puts her silk-clad breasts right in front of Doug's eyes and lightly lies her body against his. Then slithers all the way down until her head is at his crotch. Paige presses her body snug atop Callie's, her hands caressing Doug as Callie slithers. Once Callie is all the way down to her knees she so lightly

## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

nibbles his stiffness through his pants. Doug purrs loudly. They rise up as one, Callie twisting to Kiss Paige briefly before the switch places and Paige gets to slink down Doug.

I leave them at it for around ten minutes, trading back and forth to tease Doug with their fronts and bottoms. I can see that Doug loves every minute of it.

I have them stand and tell Paige to kiss Callie. While their lips are locked together, I tell her to unclasp Callie's bra. Which she does. After they break the long kiss, I have Paige slink down to her knees and pull the bra from Callie's chest with her teeth.

I tell Paige to kiss Callie's now naked boobs. Paige plants a fleeting kiss atop a nipple. I scold her quietly, but sternly, to give those real kisses. As her lips move back to Callie's breast I tell her to lightly close her lips around Callie's light-pink hard nub, then caress around the captive nub with her tongue. She must obey. Callie moans out a long and needy purr with Paige's lips locked onto the tip of her pert mound. Paige kisses the other nipple to the same effect. Doug stares intently as his wife kisses another woman's breasts.

Instead of having Callie take Paige's bra off, I have Callie face Doug and put her breasts to his eyes. Paige is relegated to cuddling close behind Callie and caressing Doug's sides. "Doug, you have 30 seconds to do whatever you wish with those nice, young, firm mounds." Doug doesn't hesitate to kiss and suck on them, getting Callie purring sweetly. Then I have Callie slither down Doug's front until she plants another nibble on his cock while that shaft strains against his pants.

Now I have them raise back up and reverse their roles, Callie freeing Paige's breasts from the black bra. Their breasts are the same size. Almost exactly. Callie's are rounded and firm, jutting out from her chest like swollen half grapefruits topped with light pink nipples the size of pencil erasers surrounded by wide rings of light pink. And they're rock hard. Paige's breasts are softer, hanging down against her chest like water

## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

balloons, and slightly less rounded. Hers are topped with dark pink nipples, so dark of a pink that it almost has a brownish tinge to it. Her nipples are a little wider and longer than Callie's too, surrounded by dark rings the same shade, and the same size as Callie's. Callie's mounds are just the faintest shade milkier of white, too. Paige's nipples stick straight up, rock hard, even now so far untouched.

Callie moves reluctantly and hesitantly as she obediently slinks down to put her lips to Paige's nipples. She kisses the first. Paige shudders hard and moans out a deep purr. As Callie's mouth separates from the spongy mound it's covered with erotic little goosebumps. Callie kisses the other and Paige moans a hair louder.

Then it's Paige's turn to tease Doug with her boobs. He kisses them happily but lacking the hungry eagerness he had for Callie's breasts. That's a combination of their newness, as opposed to his total familiarity with Paige's body, as well as their youthful firmness. I'll bet it's been at least a decade since he's had breasts like hers in his hands and mouth. He acts like it. Men!

I have them take turns teasing Doug with both their breasts and panty-clad bottoms for a while. It gives Doug a chance to play with Callie's breasts. Paige's as well, but I can sense his eagerness is for Callie's. I'll bet Paige can sense it as well.

When I tire of watching that, which is well before Doug tires of it, I have the women stand back up. I have them spend a long minute tenderly caressing each other breasts before I have them kiss each other's mounds yet again. Then I have Callie dance as provocatively as she can manage, facing Doug, while Paige dances behind her and caresses Callie extra affectionately. And now I make sure Paige doesn't skip over Callie's breasts, having her fondle and caress them while they're in front of Doug's eyes. After a couple of minutes, I have her tease Doug by very quickly sliding Callie's panties down to flash her pubes before his eyes. Then I have her spend another minute caressing Callie while Callie flaunts her boobs to Doug. While Doug is already thinking of the dense jungle of

## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

a blonde bush he glimpsed under those panties.

Callie turns around, giving Doug a quick little tease on his stiffness with her bottom. She stands, dancing together with Paige, the women kissing very hotly as Paige slips Callie's panties down just enough to bare Callie's firm rounded globes while her hands caress over their milky white skin for a few seconds. Callie's panties come back up before Paige's lips leave Callie's. With Callie dancing while facing Doug she leans forward so her firm breasts hang in front of his eyes. She undulates her chest and shoulders enough to keep her mounds dancing in front of him. Paige very slowly starts rolling Callie's panties down her hips. Doug's eyes lock on the ample mounds dancing a couple of inches in front of them. Once about half of Callie's bush is bared, she very sweetly whispers in her most-honeyed voice "You're missing it, Sir... Don't you want to see Paige show you my pussy, Sir?" His eyes dart down with a previously unseen speed and lock on the bush Paige is torturously slowly revealing.

It takes Paige well over a minute to get Callie's panties all the way down to where there's a little space between them and the bottom of her curls. Once she does, Paige's hand moves especially slowly as it glides over Callie's flesh, moving up her thigh, around her hip, and then inching through those silky curls. Paige whispers, lacing her voice with all the sweetness she can muster, "isn't this pussy so pretty?" her hand lightly slips between Callie's thighs and strokes across her long furry lips. Callie squeals a loud girly moan of delight at Paige's tender caress. "Oh, this pussy is so hot I can feel it on its lips! And wet!" Paige tries hard to say seductively. I notice the unhappy, uncomfortable, revulsion in her voice. I'd bet Callie does, too. I'd bet anything Doug doesn't. Men!

Callie turns, letting him see Paige's hands caressing her bare bottom for a long moment. Then she lowers her bottom to his lap and gives him a very long tender tease, his harness lying nestled in the crack of her bare bottom. As she rises up, her butt still to him, Paige drops to her knees and uses her teeth to pull the panties the rest of the way down



## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

to Callie's ankles. Callie kicks them away thoughtlessly as Paige rises up.

They trade roles, this time the duo using Paige's shaven pubes and her spongy, but rounded, bottom to tease Doug. Once both of them are nude, I have them give each other a good long kiss as their hands eagerly explore the other's body, and leave Doug to watch. After that kiss, they take turns, trading roles, to tease Doug with their nude bodies. And I allow Doug to touch and caress those bodies. First chance he gets, his hand is between Callie's thighs, caressing those furry lips and feeling her hot wetness himself. Men!

After several minutes of naked teasing, the women touching each other as much as Doug, which means their hands are constantly on someone, I have them start undressing Doug. They obediently work together, splitting Doug down the middle with Callie getting his left and Paige getting his right. They undress him while he's still sitting on the sofa, his shirt first. As soon as it's off and his hairy chest is bared, the women get several minutes to tease it, Paige going first to caress his chest with her breast. Then Callie. She spins around, caressing his chest with her bottom before trading again with Paige so Paige can use her bottom. They repeat a few times, trading places and switching up what he's getting teased with.

I finally allow Doug what I know he's been waiting for. Callie first, the one he really wants. With her standing, I have her put her bottom just in front of his face, then lean over. Holding that pose, she slowly spreads her feet, giving him a better view of her pussy with every inch. Once her legs are fully spread, I have Paige stand in front of Callie, still pretending to be dancing, and lean over Callie's back. Paige spreads Callie's lips wide, letting him see every bit of her sticky wet pussy. After a fleeting view, Paige rises back up and Callie slowly closes her legs. She puts her bottom back to his crotch and gives him a tease before they trade places so Paige can show him her pussy as well. Callie opens Paige's lips so gently, almost as if she's afraid she's going to hurt her. But she gets them fully wide, letting Doug see that Paige is as wet as she's ever been.

## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

They quickly get his shoes and socks off, each foot getting a quick kiss. After another short teasing dance, they get his pants off, leaving him in only thin cotton briefs. Now the women take turns running their bodies over his again. And now his legs are bare as well. Each time they trade-off, they take a long minute to touch each other as well, teasing his eyes.

Now I have Paige go first and display her pussy to Doug. Once Callie is leaning over Paige with Paige's lips splayed wide, I have Callie touch the tip of her finger to Paige hugely swollen clit and tenderly stroke it with a slow circle for a long moment. Doug openly stares at the show. Callie looks up a few times to see the huge smile on his face but mostly focuses on doing it right. Paige moans deep and loud, her hips shuddering lightly. They trade roles, And Callie squeals loud and urgently as Paige teases her clit. Once Paige releases Callie she slowly lowers her pubes down until they're just over his crotch. She glances up at me for permission, and I nod. Callie lowers herself another half-inch, resting her furry pubes atop his rock hard shaft, only the thin cotton of his underwear separating them. She wiggles her hips, moving them forward and back across his steely shaft. Doug purrs loudly with an honest desire. As they again trade places, Paige copies Callie.

Finally, Doug's underwear comes off. Like good and obedient sluts, both women use their teeth, gripping his briefs on each side, and work together to pull them down and bare his shaft. Callie gets first tease of the now nude Doug. She slithers down his body, starting with her breasts in his face, tracing her nipples down his chest then very slowly down his hips. As her firm melons move down his cock slides between them, the bare flesh of her pertness stroking each side of it. Doug purrs loudly and his cock twitches slightly at her touch. She keeps going down, her nipples tracing onto his thighs until her mouth gets to his crotch.

With his cock lying up against his stomach, Callie puts her mouth to it, very lightly closing her teeth on the sides of his shaft just below its head. With her bite just enough to steady the shaft, she licks her tongue

## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

slowly over it. It twitches hard, trying to jump around from the stimulation. Callie keeps it still for her to lick. Releasing it, she plants a quick kiss on its head, then slithers her way back up his body. All the way up, until her breasts have passed his eyes. She turns quickly and lowers her bottom down, leaning forward so that her lips are atop the shaft. She wiggles her hips fast with a tiny back and forth motion, rubbing her silky fur and soft lips over his cock for maybe ten seconds. She makes sure that its sensitive bulbous head gets its fair share of her silky tease. Then she rises up for Paige to take her turn. As Callie rises we all see the line of honey she's left on his shaft. And the glistening little droplet of his cum that's leaked from the tip of his cock.

As Paige tries the same trick, Callie gets slutty. She Puts her breasts to Paige's mouth and nudges Paige to suck them. Paige does, mostly trying to outdo Callie's tease. But Callie isn't done. She slips a hand down to Paige's pussy and teases Paige's clit with the tip of her finger. The effect is immediate. Paige moans out deep and urgently, her hips shuddering hard. Callie holds Paige's head to her breast and teases her more. Paige's lips stroke over Doug's cock desperately.

As Paige goes to rise up, Callie leans over her back and uses her hands to guide Paige up. With her bottom in front of Doug's eyes, Paige slowly parts her legs to give him a view of her long, wide, and smooth lips. And the wetness at her deep-purple slit. Callie spreads her lips for his eyes, letting him have a second or two to take in the sopping wetness. Callie stakes the first finger of her free hand extends it straight and holds the tip of it right to the opening of Paige's pussy tunnel.. very slowly she inches her finger into Paige. Paige immediately moans out deeper than she has yet and with a newfound hunger to her moan. Callie slips all of her finger into Paige, before inching it back out of the moaning woman's shivering hips just as slowly. She holds her finger up in front of Doug's face, letting him see the thick coat of glistening honey clinging to it. She holds it up to her own face. She grins seductively and licks her lips. She sucks her finger. Then licks her lips again. "Mmm... Paige's pussy is so delicious!" she coos with unbridled honey in her voice.

## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

They switch places again, Paige obediently copying Callie. But Paige can't muster quite the sweetness in her voice for Callie's taste, even though I can see that Paige likes the taste of pussy far more than Callie did. I make a note to myself that Callie's a better porn actress. Or maybe it's just because Paige is so jealous that Callie is exciting her husband more than she is.

After a couple more rounds of teasing lap dances, I have the women work together to guide Doug up to his feet. He eagerly allows them to lead him to the bedroom. All three of them end up in the bed, Doug lying in the center on his back, one woman nestled close at either side. Both women hungrily caress his nude body, only reluctantly avoiding his cock.

I let him lie and bask in the idea that he now has two women in his bed, both very affectionately caressing him for a while. I know he's never had a three-way before. I didn't ask, but I'm sure he's always wanted one. Every man seems to!

"Paige, since Callie is so new to being a gutter slut, I thought an old whore like you could teach her a few tricks," I say it so sweetly that it's taunting. "Show her how to fuck a man."

As I continue giving very precise instructions, something I've been doing every second of their evening, Paige twists herself up to straddle Doug's hips. She lowers her bald lips down to lie atop his stiff cock, and with a little swat to her bottom starts rocking her hips over his cock stroking it under her flat mound. After a minute I have her lift her hips up enough to make room for his cock to stand straight up. Callie takes a very gentle grip on his steely shaft and parts Paige's lips as she puts the tip of him to the entrance of Paige's sopping wet tunnel.

Paige obediently lowers herself down slowly, taking all of his five inches into her pussy easily. Callie releases Paige's lips as she goes down, shifting her hand down to caress his balls with her fingertips. She does that with as light of a touch as she possibly can, which makes her tickle

## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

even more of a tease for Doug. Paige starts moving her hips up and down, slowly and rhythmically riding his cock. I make a point of showing Callie how she goes all the way down, then up until the fat head of his cock is the only thing left between her lips. Which means even that nervy head is half out of her pussy.

Doug lies there purring hard.

I give Paige a few increasingly hard swats to her bottom to remind her not to hurry. "He's bought you for the night, whore, not by the fuck. You don't need to rush this nice big cock. Let it enjoy being fucked!"

Once I have Paige spanked into a steady slowness, I take Callie by the hips and guide her to twirl up and straddle Doug's head. I have her spread her knees fully. It lowers her pussy so far that the ends of her silky hairs tickle his lips. Callie leans forward a bit, putting her lips to Paige's and kissing Paige passionately as Paige rides Doug's cock.

As soon as Callie's tongue slides past Paige's lips, Paige starts to speed up her fucking. I swat her hard across her bottom with the crop, seeing the tension in her body as she flinches from it. She quickly slows back down. Paige puts her hands to Callie. Finally, they explore Callie's nude body with a pang of true sexual hunger. Paige's hands are on everything they can possibly reach, even her breasts, tenderly caressing them. Callie's hands go down to Doug and explore his body just as eagerly.

Doug's mouth lifts up the fraction of a hair, literally a fraction of a hair, to kiss her furry lips. Paige has been shaven ever since Olive met her, so Callie's bush is a fresh treat for him, something he hasn't seen in years. His lips press firmly against her silken strands. His tongue slips into her slit, letting him have his first, and a big, taste of her sweet heat. His tongue finds her swollen clit. He licks it. Callie cries out a loud, very high-pitched and girly shriek of delight, even with her lips still to Paige's. Her hands move faster over Doug's body, taking in as much of it as she possibly can get.

## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

I give Callie a firm spank to her taut bottom. “Don’t get so skanky, slut!” Callie ignores me, her hips shivering crisply as Doug works her clit over. In a few seconds, Callie is shrieking moans so fast and desperately she’s barely able to pretend to kiss Paige.

Paige knows my rules. She knows well that sluts aren't allowed to climax until I tell them to. And that includes not just her tonight, but Callie as well. Paige lets her evil imp come out, taking the only revenge she can to sate her jealousy. Her hands go to Callie's breasts and tease her nipples as erotically as Paige can manage. After half a minute, she releases only one nipple, her hand sliding down Callie's stomach, then along the crease of her thigh. She snakes a finger around Doug's mouth and twists her hand uncomfortably, but just far enough to get that fingertip to Callie's tunnel. There's no way she can enter Callie, but she does stroke her fingertip around the sensitive flesh at the entrance doing everything she can to make Callie cum and earn herself a spanking.

Callie shrieks a little louder, and her hips squirm a little crisper. I have an evil imp in me as well. I give Callie a hard swat and scold her for being too slutty. I tell her to keep her hips still and allow Doug to “lick her skank pit” easily. She squirms, and I swat again even harder. She yelps loudly as she sucks in a breath, then resumes moaning. Her hips still despite the torturous attention she’s getting. She screams her moans.

Doug cums with a hard upward thrust and a loud grunt muffled by Callie’s pussy. He keeps thrusting upward into Paige’s pussy as he spurts again and again. When he’s finally finished I have Paige and Callie wrap their arms around each other and slowly rise up together.

As they do a huge gob of Callie’s honey rains down from her pussy and lands right on Doug’s lips, adding to the glaze already covering his mouth. Callie moans out with abject frustration, her hips shuddering. Paige moans as well, only not with quite as much agony in her frustration. Paige drips his cum, mixed liberally with her honey.

I have the women roll to lie on the same side of Doug. They end up

## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

on their sides, facing each other. They hold each other while kissing with a rapidly growing hunger. It takes Doug only a few seconds to notice the show besides him and roll to his side, rising up to one elbow, for a better view of the girl-on-girl show. Men!

I leave them kissing for a couple of short minutes before telling Callie, "now it's Paige's turn." I have Callie roll Paige to her back, still kissing her. Callie slowly kisses her way down Paige's wiggly body, pausing at each breast to lovingly lick her nipples. Callie's lips inch their way down Paige's quivering stomach and eventually onto her bare pubes.

Callie slows up her progress to where she's barely moving the last inch to Paige's lips, more kissing the same places over and over again. I swat her bottom and tell her to quit playing with that pussy and eat it! Callie cringes hard as she can no longer deny to herself that she's going to have sex with a woman. Another, firmer, swat to her bottom gets a nice yelp from her. But it also gets her lips moving down again.

In a few more seconds her lips are kissing the smooth outsides of Paige's lips. Callie obediently parts Paige's lips, revealing her deep blood red pinkness that's covered in a thick layer of clingy honey. And exposing the entrance of Paige's just-fucked pussy tunnel, still oozing his cum. I push her head firmly to put her lips to Paige's huge, swollen clit. Callie has to feel it throbbing as she obediently closes her lips around the nub that I can see pulsing. She puts the tip of her tongue alongside the nub. Paige shrieks out delightfully as her hips shudder hard. Callie starts slowly circling her tongue around the nub. Paige cries out even more desperately hungry shrieks.

Paige squirms hard, grinding her pussy against Callie's face. Her toes curl. Her hands fervently explore Callie's body. Paige shrieks even more urgently. Her head thrashes from side to side.

Doug starts caressing Paige. He focuses on her breasts gently caressing her spongy, jiggling mounds the way I've taught him she likes best. He kisses her or at least tries to kiss her as her mouth hangs wide and she pants out her shrieking moans. Doug lowers his head to look

## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

right at the place where Callie's light lips meet Paige's hot pinkness.

Paige screams on, squirming hard. I leave her to suffer it for several minutes before I finally tell Paige "go ahead and cum, whore." Paige immediately cums with a screech so loud the neighbors might have heard it. Her hips snap into overdrive, grinding her pussy hard onto Callie's mouth. She goes on for a couple of minutes. Only once Paige's orgasm starts to ebb to I allow Callie to lift her face from Paige's pussy.

She turns to face Doug, showing him the liberal glaze of Paige's honey around her mouth. She seductively licks her lips, telling him again just how delicious Paige's pussy is. "It's even sweeter so soon after a great fucking!" She kisses Doug, a long hot and very hungry kiss. "Don't you think Paige's pussy is so hot and sweet!" Callie coos softly as she breaks the kiss.

Paige is useless. She lies there, panting hard for her breath, her body trembling lightly as the last of the orgasm sweeps over her.

Doug rolls Callie onto her back and kisses her again. Callie rolls him to his back and kisses him very passionately, her hands all over his body. Callie keeps at it, teasing Doug mercilessly with her tender kisses. And a few licks to his nipples. Finally, she kisses her way down to his mostly-soft cock. She licks that, licking Paige's honey and his cum from it. "Ooh... You taste even better than she does!" Callie purrs excitedly.

Once Paige opens her eyes, I have the two of them work together again to roll Doug to his back and give him a short, maybe ten minute, two-girl slutty massage. Callie gets the "bottom" role, starting at his shoulders and working down, leaning forward to allow just the very tips of her nipples to dance over his back as she slides down, massaging him. Paige gets the top role, starting at his neck and following Callie's hands down Doug's back. Once she's far enough forward, her nipples dance over his back as well.

Then I have them roll him back over. They kiss as they lean over his head, letting him look up at their locked lips and their breasts touching



## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

each other. They kiss hotly, although Callie is more eager than Paige. The as-yet unsatisfied Callie.

I have Callie focus on Doug for a moment, kissing him while he helps himself to feel up boobs. Paige licks along the length of his cock. He was already back to semi-hardness, but Paige's licks have him back to full steely hardness as if he'd never finished. I leave her to tease his cock with her tongue for another minute or so.

I move Callie by her hips. She goes along eagerly as I roll her up to straddle Doug's hips. I almost have to hold her up to stop her from lowering her pussy to his shaft. I slowly lower her the rest of the way until her pussy is flush against his hardness. She eagerly rocks over the shaft, pressing down enough that his shaft sits in her slit and teases her clit. Which has her screeching more of her girly high moans.

With Paige already between Doug's legs, I have lie on her stomach so she can get her mouth under Callie. There I have her lick his balls while Callie's rocking her lips over his cock.

Callie rises back up. Paige reaches up from behind Callie and Spreads Callie's lips wide. Paige's aims Doug's cock, putting its tip to the entrance of Callie's pussy. I stop Callie, having her come down just a hair and wait with only the fat head of his cock inside her steamy hot pussy. While Callie waits, Paige licks his cock, inching her way up from it's root all the way to Callie's lips and their damp fur. Those get a lick as well.

Paige licks her way back down his cock. Callie impatiently follows her tongue down until she's taken all of his cock and Paige has her lips on his hairy balls. Paige takes his balls into her mouth, holds them there for a short second, and releases them. As Callie begins to rise up, Paige's mouth follows her pussy. Her lips stay against Callie's, Paige's tongue licking Callie's honey from his shaft as she follows the pussy up.

I tap Paige on her stick pussy lips with a finger. "He doesn't want to eat that skanky cum dumpster. Just stay there and maybe Callie will enjoy your slutty whore tongue." I swat Paige's bottom.

## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

I make Callie keep her pace slow and steady just as I made Paige do. Only Callie is far more eager than Paige was. It takes several hard strokes of my crop to keep her slow. Paige stays where I told her to, licking Doug's cock at the point where it disappears into Callie's golden-fur lined lips. The bright red stripes across her bottom don't seem to affect her at all. She rides his cock with unbridled desire. While Paige humbly keeps licking his cock.

Doug lies there moaning louder and more urgently than he did with Paige riding him. I figure that mostly on account of the freshness of Callie's pussy. Which I know is a touch tighter than Paige's. Plus Callie is hotter than fire and wetter than an ocean right now. But I'm sure a good part of his heightened excitement is also from Paige's tongue. I'd bet he never thought of this. I'd bet his fantasy threesome was one on his mouth and one on his cock, which he just lived out. I'd bet he's not creative enough to figure out a way for two women to tend to his cock at the same time. At least not with one fully taking him inside her.

He lasts around three minutes, which is just as long as it took him to cum with Paige on him. That's an achievement since he's just cum less than half an hour ago. Usually, it takes longer the second time. Obviously, he's rather excited by having two women.

Once Doug has finished climaxing, I have Callie rise up off of him. He rolls her onto her back and eases her legs open. I give Paige a hard swat to her bottom and tell her to get her lips up to that "just fucked skank pit" and "lick her husband's cum out the 'other woman.'" Paige gets her lips up there, spreading Callie's lips.

Paige very reluctantly puts her tongue to the edge of Callie's sloppy pussy tunnel and starts licking around it, barely touching her. I swat her again and have her put her lips wide around Callie's tunnel and suck lightly. Now she slips her tongue as far into Callie as she can reach and licks away. Paige gets almost all of his cum from Callie.

Callie tries to lie there for it. Tries hard and fails just as hard. She

## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

screeches loud and squirms wildly as Paige's tongue teases her. I nudge Doug towards Callie and he eagerly puts his lips to one of her breasts sucking on the nipple. Callie's stomach arches up. She trembles hard. I have Paige shift her mouth to Callie's clit. Callie stiffens up even more and screams with all she's got. She shudders hard. She falls onto the bed and squirms wildly as her thighs squeeze tighter than a vise around Paige's head.

I leave Callie go, struggling mightily not to climax as Paige tortures Callie's pussy with her tongue. Doug's hands roam over Callie's taut body, totally ignoring Paige. Callie squirms on. I count off the minutes of her suffering. I make her wait the same five I made Paige wait and then tell her to climax. Callie cums hard, thrashing all around the bed and bucking hard.

Once Callie finishes her orgasm, I leave the trio in bed. Doug lies on his back. I make Paige roll Callie to her side and put Callie's head on Doug's chest. Then I have Paige lie on his other side and rest her head beside Callie's. Sophie covers them up.

I leave then there, lights off, as they drift away. I leave Sophie to watch over them.

I head back to the garage wondering if Mark has heard any of the noisy moanings. He's up on all four when I come in, and his eyes tell me he's heard it. I ignore that, glancing down to see that his dog bowls are empty. They are, so tell him he's a good doggy.

I open the cage and clip the leash to his collar. Pulling him from the cage, I tell him "It's time for your walk!" I'm not sure what Mark is expecting, but the look on his face as I make him crawl over to the side door tells me this isn't it. I lead the leash "dog" out the door, into Doug's backyard. There's an 8" wooden privacy fence, so no one can see Mark crawling through the grass naked in the moonlight. Except me, and I'm more watching his stiff cock as it hangs down, swinging between his legs.

I walk him around, making sure to take him up to a couple of trees.

## Wife Lesson #2 For Callie

Both of the trees they have. I shove his head down to the dirt, scolding him for not behaving his "doggy tail." And I swat his cheeks. "now be a good doggy, sniff the ground and find a spot!" He sniffs. And now that he realizes that I really mean to walk him like a dog, he realizes that a bathroom won't be coming. After that big bowl of water I gave him, he decides he doesn't have a choice. He spreads his knees as wide as he can and squats down. It puts the tip of his sick just an inch or two over the grass. He pees. I take a picture. I walk him around a little more before I take him back to his cage. I take his bowls away and lock him back in for the night.

Just before I close the door and lock Mark in for the night, I can't resist showing him another picture. This one a close up of Callie's face as she's eating Paige's pussy. I leave him that image, a very stern warning not to "hump anything like a creepy pervert puppy" and lock him in.

I go get Sophie and we help ourselves to the guest room. I know I'll be awake long before those three will in the morning.