

Hurt Me

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Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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

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Prologue:

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

My name is Pepper Rodgers. I'm a 19-year-old Domme, living downtown Mobile, Alabama. I have a decently well-stocked playroom in the second bedroom of my fourth-floor apartment (most of my neighbors are corporate types who aren't always around, giving me a lot of privacy, even in the halls and elevators). I also have a decently stocked toybox. I prefer my toys to be older than I am, around 30-42 years old. I prefer men for myself, however not for my toybox. When it comes to toys, I find women and couples to be far more amusing. Single men tend to be needier, and often too clingy. But that doesn't mean I don't have a few of them in my toybox. I do. They just don't have the same chances of getting there as couples and single women do.

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

I'm also slightly bisexual. I'm attracted to men, not women. I would never choose a female partner for even a date, let alone for sex. But I'm not opposed to masturbating with a female toy. Sophie happens to be my favorite sex toy to pleasure myself with. Her tongue has two big

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advantages over my vibrator: one, it's very delicate and tender. Two, no matter how much I use it, its batteries never die at the worst possible moment! It's better than fresh bunny batteries, it just keeps going until I want it to stop. And I don't even have to hold it in place!

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

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

Sophie is my 19-year-old live-in slave-girl. She's slightly petite at 5'4" and 119 pounds. She's pretty, too, with long honey-blond hair, green eyes, and a 34-B chest. Sophie is extremely devoted to me. So devoted, and so happy as my slave, that despite not being attracted to women, she's a virgin with men. She serves and pleasures only me, and those I give her to. And while I use her, even with my male toys, I won't allow any man to touch her pussy or penetrate her bottom. Those are mine. Only mine. I've owned her since she graduated high school, but I've known her longer. Since about two months after her 18th birthday, which was also about two months before she finished high school.

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

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put on a show on their account.

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

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

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Put simply, Christine is a bitch. That's how everyone around her sees her. She's short with them. She's fairly aloof, even snobbish to some extent. She comes across as cold and demanding. She tends to show little sympathy. And she doesn't put up with anything. It's her way or no way.

Despite her attitude, she does have a boyfriend. Their relationship is pure vanilla. And I have no doubt that Christine is the boss in their lives. And would be in their home, if their relationship had progressed to the point where they shared a home. I guess he likes it that way. They've been together, or at least dating, for about a year now. Then again, after a year together, a lot of couples would be sharing that house.

But what Christine truly craves is to be on her knees. Light-to-moderate pain arouses her. Seriously arouses her. It seems as if the more uncomfortable she is, the hotter she gets. At least to the point of the pain getting too intense, but that's a line I prefer not to cross either, so who knows how it affects Christine. I won't do anything that might injure a sub. And I doubt that she wants to go that far either.

Only one thing seems to arouse Christine faster, and further than pain. Humiliation. I don't mean the "porno clip" kinds of humiliation. I mean true humiliation. The more degrading, the more disgusting, the more repulsive of things she's made to do, the quicker she gets so aroused she can't stand it. And if those things are done in an especially embarrassing way, or better yet publicly where strangers can see her shame... It takes handcuffs to stop her from touching herself right there. She gets that hot.

The main impediment to Christine's satisfaction is her attitude. Her "inner bitch" doesn't need to come out. It's already out. And it firmly resists any attempts to demean the proud woman. Or to make her do anything else that a respectable and proud woman shouldn't do. To me, it's as if a sub lives deep inside a fairly prim, stuck-up, bossy woman.

It's my place to knock that bitch out of the way and drag that

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inner sub out. Christine wants me to, even though she'll never admit it to anyone. Seriously. If she didn't, she would keep visiting me, would she? She knows what arouses her. Pretty much every woman knows what excites her. Just as Christine knows she'll never willingly do any of those things.

Her attitude serves her well at work. She's a parole officer. It's a badly paid job I'd never want. But I'm sure I'd be good at it. I can be bossy. And I can so be a bitch! I'm confident those traits serve her well with her parolees. I've heard, through my friend Olive who is a court clerk, that Christine has a reputation as the PO that no one wants to get. And thus, they tend to give her the parolees that they want. The ones they want to put back in prison that is. Apparently, that's how the system works in Alabama. They might have to parole some felon, but that doesn't mean his new PO can't ride his butt for a few weeks until she catches him being a bad felon and send him right back. Southern Justice. It's pretty good if you're not a criminal. Otherwise... I'd move. Far away. Quickly.

She came to me about six months ago, obliquely through my friend and fellow Domme, Janelle. Janelle is a sheriff's deputy in the next county. She told me that a friend of hers had a friend who had a friend that wanted to meet someone but wasn't going to admit it. She asked if I'd talk to Christine's friend, and she asked nothing more than that. As a favor to Janelle, I met with the woman for coffee.

She told me that she was absolutely certain Christine wanted to play. And just as certain that Christine would never admit it. She'd known Christine for over a decade now, and too many of the little things she's said over the years add up to only one thing. Then, a couple of months ago, the pair of them had accidentally stumbled on a porn clip while surfing YouTube for videos. It was a clip of a woman being paddled. Harshly. Christine didn't turn it off very quickly. And when she did, she excused herself and came back a few minutes later, looking as if she'd just cum. Tammy, Christine's friend, had no doubts about what Christine had gone and done. Couldn't wait to go do.

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Tammy mentioned that her friend had a friend who was into that sort of thing. Christine told her it was disgusting. But since, Christine had taken every opportunity, and invented many more, to ask about Janelle, and what kind of play she might have gotten up to recently. Tammy offered to introduce Christine to Janelle, but Christine steadfastly refused.

Now Tammy has tired of Christine nagging her for little tidbits she's picked up. She asked, directly, if I'd meet Christine. She didn't ask if I'd play with her. Just meet her. Maybe, Tammy said, she might be wrong about her friend.

I agreed, and Tammy brought Christine for coffee. I immediately picked up that Christine hadn't been told anything. Didn't expect to meet with anyone but Tammy. I didn't tell Christine that I'm a Domme. I could sense that if I did, she'd close down quickly. I just chatted with her. And I told her that I knew Janelle as well. I think Christine thought I was the friend between Tammy and Janelle, and I didn't dispel that idea. Neither did Tammy. It took her about twenty minutes to get around to asking me what Janelle had been up to lately.

I started telling her a story. A true story I'd picked up at my last Domme-gossip-fest with Janelle. In vivid detail. In a couple of minutes, I could see Christine fidgeting in her seat. It wasn't an uncomfortable kind of fidget. It was more of a grinding her pussy against the chair kind of fidget. She listened closely. She balked at the story, and everything in it, telling us how disgusting it was that someone would let someone else do anything like that. Which she never would. But we both could see Christine eating up the details.

I kept the story vivid. Ten minutes later the moment of truth came. Christine excused herself, saying she had to pee. We were in a coffee shop, so the ladies' room was really the only place she had to get even some privacy. I just looked her directly in her eyes as she started to rise up. "No. You must think I'm blind and stupid, and I am neither. Do you think I haven't seen you sitting there rubbing that slutty pussy of yours against the chair? You are not going to run off to the ladies' room

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and masturbate. You are going to sit there and behave your slutty self, bitch. I am not asking. You are going to. Or else... there is a very noticeable wet spot in the crotch of those jeans. You do not want to make me punish you here. Now sit and behave, bitch.”

Christine froze, her bottom maybe two inches off her seat. She stared at me for several seconds. Then I saw the faint hint of a blush bloom in her cheeks. A couple of seconds later, she sat back down. Then she glared at Tammy with the coldest glare I’ve ever seen.

Then I pretended nothing had happened and went on with the vivid story. Christine heard every word of it. Despite the angry glare on her face. Too bad she was so busy pretending that she hated it. She didn’t notice me. Under the table, I slipped my phone out and pointed it at Christine. Then I just let it record some video.

I embellished the story, adding some extra details to make it even more “disgusting” for Christine. And I told them very graphically. It went on for about ten minutes. Then I set my phone on the table and replayed the video.

It took Christine about two seconds to turn green. She didn’t have a clue the camera had been pointed at her. I said nothing. It happened three minutes into the video. Christine’s hand went to the crotch of her jeans. Her finger tried rubbing her pussy. Then, maybe two minutes later, (about the time of the juiciest part of my story) Christine’s hand slipped into the waistband of her jeans. All the way to the wrist.

Tammy smirked, but she couldn’t hide the surprise on her face. She hadn’t a clue what Christine had been doing. I did. I could see it on her face. Then again, I’ve seen something I doubt Tammy ever has: a woman masturbating. I know that look.

“Christine. It seems you’ve been very slutty and naughty. And apparently, you have no shame, since we all can see that you’ve been diddling your pussy while you sit here in a coffee shop. Just imagine if all these people weren’t so blind. You’d have been the slut show!

“You will be punished for your skanky sluttiness. You have your

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choice." I slid a napkin with my address on it over to Christine. "You may come to my place tonight at seven. If you're not there at 7:01, I will post this video on my rather popular YouTube channel, along with your name. How does this sound for a title: Slut Caught Masturbating In Coffee Shop. I'm sure that would be awesome clickbait!

"And before you go getting all cop on me, think about the law. I made a recording – in public. Just like those TV news crews do. I didn't hide a camera in the ladies' room. I sat here, in a dining room, having coffee and my camera recorded what it recorded. So legal! And since I made it, I have every right to post it. You should really be more careful where you diddle yourself, *slut*. Face it, I have all the power here. You have none. You may come and *maybe* convince me to delete my prized video, or not. But if I'm not convinced, it's posted. You are shamed. I'll bet the very first parolee you go to hassle will have watched it! If I were him, I'd have it playing on my TV when you came in. And so begins your life, *slut*.

"Now, go to the ladies' room and diddle that sloppy thing, *slut*."

Christine glared at me, the coldest, angriest glare. After a few seconds, she slowly rose and headed for the ladies' room. By the time she got there, she was practically jogging. Tammy and I giggled. We both knew she wasn't going in there to pee. When Christine returned, both Tammy and I were gone. My message was delivered.

Christine came over that evening. I let her think I deleted the video. By then, at the end of her evening in my apartment, I had much better videos of her. Including one of her sitting naked, clamps on her nipples, beside my desk. And beside the little sign that warns everyone, there are "security cameras" in all areas of my apartment, anything may be recorded, and all videos are my sole property. I doubt she was paying any attention to the sign, but the law says if there is a sign, she read it and accepted it, whether she bothered to read it or not. With the sign in the frame, she won't be convincing any court it wasn't there.

And so began Christine's very reluctant, and even more satisfying, sessions with me. It's gotten to the point where she'll willingly come,

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but once she's here, she'll resist me. I expect she always will. She's the type who wants to be forced to submit. And she couldn't be forced if she was willing, could she? Besides, I think being forced allows her to live with contradictions between the prim bitch she is, and the fucktoy her pussy is.

Since that first night, I haven't directly blackmailed Christine to come. But there will always be an unspoken element of blackmail for Christine. I know her secret. I could even prove it. No one else does, not even Tammy. I've kept myself "mysterious" enough to keep Christine uncertain. I haven't told her anything about me. She hasn't a clue what I might do should she refuse to come. In truth, I'd just exile her and wash my hands of her. I don't want a sub who doesn't want to be here. But I don't care if the sub needs that element of "personal risk" to get past her modesty and show up. And I wouldn't tell a sub much about myself anyway. It's none of the sub's business. I own her, and that's all she (or he) needs to know.

I never made any threats tonight. Never mentioned any consequences to Christine if she didn't show. I never do. I actually detest threatening a sub. I prefer not even to mention consequences. I like to tell them what they will do, and nothing more. It leaves them to wonder what punishment they might endure if they displease me before they finally end up submitting and pleasing me anyway. An hour ago I simply sent Christine a text telling her that she was to "present herself" at my apartment at 5:30. Just that, a plain summons with no hint of consequences or what I might wish her for.

In her second session here, Christine asserted a measure of control by appearing five minutes late. Her bottom paid dearly for her tardiness, as did her pussy later. Tonight, as she has been since, Christine is exactly on time. As I've told her I expect. A sub does not keep her owner waiting. The sub waits, very patiently, on her owner. It's the way of things.

"I'm here," Christine says as Sophie answers the door.

Most vanillas think that the Domme controls the scene. But that's

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not exactly true. The sub has a great deal of the power to steer a session however she wants. Just a Christine just did. She knows full well that I won't tolerate her speaking, let alone speaking to my valued slave, like that. And she knows just as well that she will be harshly punished for it. Yet she did it anyway. It's her way of saying "OK, I'm here. We both know I want pain. I want you to force me to submit. Get on with it."

I give her what she wants. I don't tolerate her rudeness. I rise up and quickly walk over to the door that Sophie, my 19-year-old live-in slave-girl is holding open. Christine is just about to step through the door.

I slap her face, hard. Before she comes in. While she's still standing in the hall of my building. The public hall. Christine doesn't know that the tenants on this floor aren't likely to be in the hall. As far as she knows, anyone might have seen that slap. And it was a good slap. It leaves a bright pink handprint on her cheek. It knocks her head to the side slightly.

Christine doesn't cry out. I've come to think she's used to being slapped, and maybe punched. I think it's an occupational hazard. I'm sure POs get hit in the line of duty. They do on TV, anyway.

I don't give her time to do much of anything. I grab hold of the waistband of her jeans and yank hard, pulling her into the apartment. She starts to stumble once but quickly gets her footing and steps in. Sophie knows enough to shut the door behind her.

"You nasty rude bitch!" I scold Christine sternly. Then I slap her face again, searing a matching handprint on her other cheek. "You are so going to be sorry for disrespecting my slave, bitch."

Christine has straight, dark blond hair that hangs close to her head with almost no puff or body to it. I grab hold of those fine locks and yank. Hard. It pulls her forward and down at the same time. And it makes her stumble as she yelps out "OW!" As Christine stumbles, I yank again, even hard, to the side. It makes her try to turn her shoulders to save her from having her hair pulled out. Twisting like that makes her

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unsteady on her feet. And that's all I need. Another sharp jerk downward and slightly back is all it takes for Christine to drop to her knees.

I keep hold of her hair and slap her face once more. Then, as she's still reeling from the slap, I shove her backward and to her right. It sends her to the floor on her right side. I am on her immediately, pulling her hands up behind her back. And cuffing them there. I'm not the best fighter, and I'm pretty sure that Christine has the training to fight back more effectively than she does. I think she fights me just enough to make me rough with her.

She kicks her feet. As if she's trying to kick me with their heels. I knew she'd try that, so I stay out of the way. Sophie pounces on Christine's ankles and holds them down by sitting on them. Even though Sophie isn't a big girl, Christine doesn't have a chance of getting her off of her ankles. Especially not with me straddling her back.

Sophie starts pulling off Christine's shoes and socks. I reach up under the thrashing/squirming woman to unbutton and unzip her pants. Then, once Sophie has her shoes out of the way, I shove the waistband of those jeans down, taking Christine's panties along for the ride. I can shove Christine's clothes down about to her knees. But from there, Sophie can easily pull them off the rest of the way, leaving Christine naked from the waist down.

Now comes the tricky part. I know Christine is waiting for the opening. And I'm not going to give it to her. But her pullover shirt isn't coming off with those cuffs on her wrists. That's what she's waiting for. Now her thrashing is mostly for show. Like a game.

I have to pull and yank hard as I bring the shirt up over her head and slide it down her arms to her wrists. This is one of the tougher shirts to get off that she's worn. But I doubt she'd dare to wear one that I can't pull off. I hope she thinks I might just cut it off of her. Her bra isn't hard to unclip and then pull over her head and down her arms.

I'm prepared. I have a second set of cuffs in my back pocket. I slap them around Christine's arms, higher up than her wrists, before I

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take the cuffs off of her wrists. And I don't double lock them. Once her wrists are freed, I pull the clothes off her hands. Then I slide the cuffs down and double lock them so that they won't tighten around her wrists.

Now that all of her clothes are off, I take a minute to take off everything else Christine has on. A necklace, a ring, and her watch. It leaves Christine with skin, hair, and nothing else. Now that she's naked, Sophie takes all of Christine's things and locks them away in the filing cabinet.

I grab a tight hold of Christine's hair again. "Come along, bitch. Time to learn some respect for my sweet little slave-girl." I don't wait on Christine. With her still lying on her stomach, I start walking. It forces Christine to scramble up to her knees and then her feet as I start dragging her by her hair. And she scrambles. Which isn't easy to do without being able to use her hands.

I keep my hand, the one gripping her hair, down at my waist. And I walk quickly once Christine is almost on her feet. It makes her stay bent over at the waist as she shuffles her feet quickly to keep up with me. Luckily for Christine, it's a short walk to the playroom.

But that's not where I'm taking her. I make a stop in the dining room. It's between the living room and the little hall that leads to the playroom. Right on the way. I already have a chair turned around, its back to the table. And I have my favorite paddle waiting on the table. I already knew that Christine wouldn't make it this far without giving me an excuse to spank her. She wants it. She just doesn't want anyone to think she wants it.

I drop into the seat, and in a single, smooth movement bring Christine over to my side. Still holding her by the hair, it's not too much work to pull her right over my knees. And then I let go of her hair.

I need that hand. I put it to the small of her back, right at the top of her crack. I already know that Christine wants to struggle now. So I don't give her much chance to. I hook my leg around, over the backs of her knees, and pin her thighs against the chair. It also effectively keeps

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her fully bent at the waist. And that pokes her bottom up nicely for me.

I grab my paddle. It's the one that's about 18" long and 4" wide, but barely even ¼" thick. It's made of two layers of soft rubber, like rubber bands, with a paper-thin layer of spring steel between them. The flexible steel is just there to stiffen the paddle up enough for it to hold its shape. Unlike leather, rubber doesn't easily bruise flesh. But it does sting worse than leather. To me, that's a perfect combination. All the pain of the punishment, and it doesn't bruise her bottom. I never leave bruises, and if that's what a sub is after, bruises or injuries, or blood, I'm not the Domme for her.

I snap the paddle hard, landing a strike with almost all of my strength on Christine's small, taut, and firm, globes. It cracks loud, like lightning. And it turns her milky-white cheeks a bright shade of pink.

"FUCK NO!" Christine screeches out, "YOU ARE NOT GOING TO SPANK ME!"

I snap the paddle again. This time Christine grunts out loudly through clenched teeth as her body stiffens with the sting. "I SAID NO! DO NOT SPANK ME! NO!" Christine starts to thrash, to buck her bottom up and off my knees. I'd known that was coming. This isn't the first time we've danced to this tune.

I snap the paddle again. Christine grunts louder, with far more pain in it. She bucks harder, too. And now her hips thrash from side to side, trying to get up. Her feet kick, too, trying to get up and cover her bottom. They come up and kind of stay there, but it's not easy for her to keep them still like that. Her hands struggle to get down to her bottom, but the combination of the cuffs and my hand firmly on her back, keep them away. "NO!" Christine screams out. "I SAID NO! STOP! I WON'T BE SPANKED! NO!"

I swat her bottom again, and this one moves the shade of those tight globes nicely into "angry red." It tells me that her cheeks are on fire, stinging as if a billion needles were constantly stabbing into them.

Christine feels it, too. She finally cries out a pained "OW!" as the

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blow lands. I know she'd been trying not to. She's too prim, too proud, to let me know that I'm hurting her. She doesn't want me to know that I'm winning. "I SAID NO! NO! STOP! DON'T SPANK ME! STOP!"

It gets Christine another swat of the paddle.

And that gets me a loud, pained, and honest, screech from Christine. It also throws her thrashing into desperate-high gear. "YOU'RE HURTING ME. STOP! I DON'T WANT TO BE SPANKED! IT HURTS! STOP!"

I swat her again. She screams out as she stiffens hard over my knees. Then as her stiffness begins to ebb, she starts sobbing lightly, trying to hide it.

I don't give her a chance to complain again. I just swat her bottom again. Now she thrashes hard. And sobs harder. "Please, stop! Please, I'll apologize to your slave, just stop!" Christine sobs out.

I just swat her bottom again, turning it a very bright, fire engine red. Now that has got to sting! I know it gets a truly pained yelp from Christine. As she again thrashes hard. Now her kicking feet really try to protect her bottom. To the point, they're getting in the way of paddling it! "Please, it hurts too much! I'm sorry, OK, just stop! Please, It's too much! It hurts! Stop!"

I swat her again, and she screams with it. Then she thrashes desperately, almost in a panic, as she sobs loudly.

"You owe me three strokes for disrespecting my slave-girl, just tell me when you're ready to take them like a big bitch!" I tell her firmly. She knows what I mean. Subs are required to lie still and not speak a word during their spankings. No matter how much the spanking hurts. Break that rule, and I start counting over. So none of the swats she's gotten so far will count.

Nor does this one. She hasn't told me she'll behave yet. It's just a bonus stroke. One that gets another loud scream from Christine. And plenty of hard thrashing as she tries to get up. But after a couple of seconds of that, as she bawls like a baby, Christine falls loose and still

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over my knees. "I'm sorry for disrespecting your slave-girl, Miss Rodgers. Will you please spank me for being a bad bitch, now, Ma'am?" Christine sobs it out tearfully, and desperately. I know she doesn't quite mean it yet. But she knows what's expected of her. The spanking won't stop until she does what she has to do, so she does it. But I can still hear that pride in her voice. And that tells me she's only trying to end her spanking.

I swat her bottom. She screams but otherwise lies still for it. "One, Miss Rodgers, thank you for spanking me, Ma'am, I'm sorry for being rude to your slave-girl, Ma'am. May I please have a second stroke now, Ma'am?"

I swat her bottom. She screams, loudly. As red as her bottom is, it has to be seriously hurting her by now. She counts this one off and lies still as she does. Leaving her bottom offered up over my knees for the final stroke.

I swat her bottom. She screams. "Thank you for spanking my naughty bottom, Miss Rodgers," Christine sobs out, her voice pitiful. It's hard to make out the words over those loud sobs, too. "I'm sorry for being rude to your slave-girl, Ma'am."

I grab her shoulder and roughly shove her off of my knees and onto hers at my side. Then I grab her hair again. "I doubt that you're sorry, bitch. You just are too rude! Come along, I have a very good lesson for you to learn!" I yank.

Christine stumbles up to her feet and scurries to follow me as I half drag her into the playroom.



Chapter 02: A Bitch's Lesson

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Christine looks her 35 years old. She's modestly tall at 5'7", but also rather lean, and slightly athletic looking, at 130 pounds. It gives her a fairly lean figure, but a curvy lean one. With long-looking and slender legs, too.

She has a slightly oval face, but with well-rounded features and a soft jawline. It's framed with hair that's either a very light brown or a dark blond. Hair that's fine and hugs close to her face as it reaches down just far enough to tickle her shoulders. I'd vote she's a blond, but only because her eyebrows match the shade of her hair, and those are almost always black, except on blonds and redheads. She has bright blue eyes. Those have a few wrinkle lines around them, which give her face that middle-aged look. Nothing pronounced, just the typical inevitable signs of aging that no one has yet to figure out how to defy. Then she has a slightly wide and prominent nose. That too has soft features to it. In fact, there isn't a harsh angle or line on her face. A straight, and wide, mouth framed with a pair of light-pink, plump and full, lips tops off her face.

Then she has rather lean shoulders. Even standing relaxed they clearly show her collar bones. And just as plainly show a light tan line that says Christine often wears V-neck shirts that leave a good slice of her chest bared. All the way down to her cleavage. But none of her cleavage or breasts. Just like the shirt that I ripped off her earlier.

Her breasts sit just slightly low on her chest, a hair beneath the centerline between her shoulders and her navel. They're not the biggest breasts, but they are proportional for a woman as slender as she is. She's a 34-B, a common bra size. Her mounds are still firm and pert, too. They rise off her chest with no hang at all, and no crease under them. Just a gently rounded, slightly straight-sloping underside. Hers are some of the "pointier" breasts I've seen. Or so they look. They actually have a fair rounding to them. But at their tips, they have long nipples. Add that with the sloping to their tops and bottoms, and they look like triangles with curving, bulging sides. Those are light pink nipples that are wide, like marbles, and rise over ¼" out from the tips of her mounds. They have a gentle rounding to their tips, and sides that are close to

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perfectly straight as they rise, like rods. They're surrounded by moderate and proportional rings of the same light pinkness.

Then Christine has a flat stomach, its skin elastic and taut. And milky white. She has a small, deep-looking navel. And just above that a tiny little flat mole spot. She also has a decent feminine curve to her waist.

She has slightly bony hips. I can make out the lines of her hip bones at the top of them. They have the slightest, gentlest of rounding to them as they curve outward. Her skin is milky here, too. She doesn't spend any time sunning herself, just what sun she gets daily as she goes about her job. Her pubes sport a fairly unruly bush of long black curls that tangle together. Its top line doesn't look to be trimmed. But she has trimmed the sides, shaving away the hairs from the crease of her thighs. I can understand that. Those can get annoying with some panties that tightly hug those lines.

I think Christine keeps her bush full to hide the puffy mound of her pussy. It really doesn't work too well, though. I can still see her meaty, plump lips. They're long and wide as well as furry. And they don't come close to meeting each other, leaving a wide gash of slit between them. I can easily make out the light pink folds that rise into and fill her gash, too. It's a prominent mound. And she's the kind of woman to be shy about that.

From behind, Christine has a very cute bottom. A very small one, too, but it is shapely. At the top, it's almost as if she doesn't have any cheeks at all. They're almost perfectly flat with her back. As if suddenly her back just parts to begin a crack. Their sides also have a very gentle rounding to them. But at the bottom, those cheeks have a pronounced little curve across their underside as they stand out from her rather slim thighs. Thighs that are too slim to meet each other and leave enough space for her mound to swell down into and remain fully visible with its fur. With her height and slim build, it makes her crack look slightly short. Of course, now those cheeks aren't milky white. They're glowing a very deep and angry red.

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I have a few surprises, of the humiliating type, in store for Christine tonight. But first I want to get her in the proper mood. Slutty.

I don't even hesitate at the door. I keep moving purposely. I drag Christine over to a waiting stand.

It's one of the simpler stands that I have had my friendly frat boys make for me, but it will do the job nicely for Christine. It has a long, 34" long, and 1" diameter wooden rod that's held up by braces at both sides. At the other end, it has an identical bar.

I shove Christine firmly against the first bar. Then I pull her hair downward sharply, bending her waist over the bar. It puts the second bar right under her shoulders. I have a rope ready for her. Since she doesn't have a collar on, I have a noose tied in the rope. I slip that over her head and pull it until there's only a little space left between it and her long neck. Nowhere near enough space for it to get over her jaw without being opened, and in handcuffs, Christine won't be doing that. Then I tie the other end of the rope to an eyelet on the base of this stand. I leave enough slack in the rope for her to be able to squirm and wiggle a little. If she uses all of that slack and lets the noose tighten snugly on her neck, she might get her shoulders up somewhere between an inch and two inches off that bar.

I have two more ropes ready. Both also have nooses tied in one end. I slip one noose over each of her feet. These I pull snug around her ankles. Ankles don't choke. Not tight, just snug. I pull those ropes moderately taut, taking all of the slack out of them before tying them off to eyelets at the sides of the base. It pulls her feet wide apart, and just a hair forward. It will ensure that her waist remains fully bent over that bar that's now snug against her waist. A bar that just high enough, that with her feet stretched out and maybe three inches forward of what would have her legs vertical, the very tips of her toes struggle hard to reach the floor. And they barely graze it, offering her no support for her weight. It has all of her weight on the bars.

It doesn't stop her from struggling and squirming around. Mostly it's her feet, looking to get to the floor, and never getting more than the

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most glancing kiss from it. But her hips wiggle, too. And her shoulders, but not yet enough to tighten the noose around her neck. When that happens, her shoulders will still. Instinct will see to that for her.

Now that Christine is bound over the stand, there's no reason for me or Sophie to hold her. She's not going anywhere. Whether she wants to or not.

It also, obviously, has her breasts dangling straight down off her chest. With their wide nipples already especially hard. I have something for those nipples. Little weights that are attached to strong clamps by elastic cords about a foot long.

Christine winces hard, sucking deep and pained breaths in as I slowly close each clamp around the sides of her nipples. It lets the weights dangle down below her breasts, pulling the slack out of the cords. And pulling down on her nipples as the clamps pinch them tightly. It's uncomfortable enough to keep a slight wince on her face and a little strain in her breaths. But her prim bitch demeanor is coming back, and that won't let her show the pain if she can hold it back.

The fairly minimalist bars and ropes leave almost every bit of Christine's nude body easily accessible to me. It leaves me so many choices of what to do with her. Pleasure or pain? Either will arouse Christine. But that doesn't seem to be necessary. It doesn't even take me one look at her pussy to see that. Her fur is wet. Sopping wet. So the pussy under that fur must be equally drenched. She fights those spankings, but they never fail to get her pussy hot and wet.

I pull on a latex glove. I roughly shove two fingers into Christine's pussy, not bothering to open her lips first. I just shove. I want it to be as rough as possible on her. Christine grunts a hard squeal through her clenched teeth, still trying hard not to let me see the pain she feels. I feel the spongy walls of her pussy stretched taut as they squeeze against my invading fingers. I feel the fiery heat I knew would be burning in there. I feel light twitches snapping her muscles against my fingers. And I feel enough of her honey that it's like my fingers are underwater.

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Christine tries to hide it. She keeps her teeth tightly clenched. Her muscles are fairly stiff. It doesn't stop her groan from quickly sounding more like a hot purr. And I'm barely wiggling my fingers. I pull them back out.

"Oh, you are just so skanky of slut tonight, you filthy bitch! How dare you come over to my apartment so skanky!" I scold her as if I mean it.

I spank her too-sore bottom again, this time with my hand. It's a much lighter swat, but a paddle will always trump a hand. But it does what I want it to do.

Christine grunts hard. She stiffens up as the swat cracks on her stinging globe. That's all it takes, that little, crisp, twitch in her shoulders. It's enough to get a wiggle out of those perky breasts. And that gets the weights hanging from her nipples to dance. To rise as they, and then drop back down, snapping on their elastic cords. And that tugs sharply on her nipples, pulling hard on the clamps biting into the nubs. That gets a good grunt from Christine. And it starts the goosebumps erupting along her spine as icy hot tingles race along her nerves.

I start with pleasure. I have Sophie get a feather. Then I pull Christine's cheeks wide apart, quickly and sharply, opening them. It nicely bares the light purple-pink dime-sized ring of Christine's asshole. Hers is tight. That's not a surprise for me. She steadfastly refuses to allow anything to penetrate that little ring. She claims it hurts and she hates it. Her pussy doesn't hate it though. And she knows that I know it. A rough penetration here will arouse her quickly.

Her ring is flush with the flesh around it. It's just a medium-deep swath of flesh, full of little wrinkles that all run right to a very short, and squished, squiggly little line at the center of her ring.

Sophie puts the tip of her feather very lightly against those wrinkles. She starts stroking it softly, and very slowly, around the center of her asshole, teasing the rim of Christine's ring with it.

Christine so feels it. It tickles. But it's far more sensual than

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tickling for her. Every movement of every strand of the feather's fur raises a fresh icy spark in the nervy, hungry, flesh over that tensed muscle. A spark that shoots right along the line of its nerve, sending crisp chills through Christine that have her shiver even more crisply. They make her muscle snap and tense even tighter for a split second, too.

Every tingle forces Christine to the one thing she most hates. Show it. She can't help but to squeal a muted purr as the tingles burn along her nerve. Then she grunts a sharp, pained, yelp through her clenched teeth as the shiver makes her body shudder slightly. And that makes those weights dangling from her sensitive nipples bounce around. Tugging hard on her long nubs as they drop down, snapping back up on the elastic cords just to bounce again and tug hard on her nipples. The icy sparks have her shuddering fast enough to keep those weights dancing without any respite for Christine.

And that keeps her grunt and squealing. It encourages the goosebumps to keep erupting too. Now they cover most of her back, along the insides of her cheeks through her crack, and even her breasts.

As she suffers, those weights bouncing energetically, her nipples slowly get sore from the constant tugging on them by the harsh clamps. That only makes each tug hurt that much more. And that arouses her that much more.

I don't have to look. Christine's pussy is just like the rest of her. Prissy prim and proper. Most of the time. But once it starts getting hot, and now it's burning hot enough to make fire seem cold, it flows with her honey. A honey that's clear and the consistency of the honey it's nicknamed after. It doesn't take long for her honey to have her fur fully soaked. That's when I see the first drop of it rain from her furry mound and land on my tile floor. By coincidence, it happens just as Christine finally cries out a pained, loud, yelp of "AH-OW!" from the biting tug of those clamps.

I can see her trying to hold her shoulders still, at least for a minute to give her nipples a short break from the painful tugs. She doesn't have

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a prayer of it. She can't stop the shivers from shooting through her body at full force. And she can't stop those from making her body shudder involuntarily. So her shoulders shudder with the rest of her. And the weights bounce around, snapping more and more tugs on nipples that are getting more and more tender.

The end result is predictable. Christine's yelps steadily grow more pained. That makes her squirms grow more energetic. Which makes the weights bounce harder. Her control steadily slips away.

In a few minutes, maybe all of five minutes, of that, and I have Christine where I want her. Little tears weep from the corners of her eyes. But she's too busy yelping loud, plaintive "OW!s" to sob. Just to squirm more and yelp more. And drip honey from her pussy faster. Now she looks like what she truly is. A sub enduring a too-sweet agony.

Unlike some subs, Christine wants it to be intimate, invasive, and rough. Some subs I have to coddle, to gently push through everything it seems. Not Christine. She wants me to force her, and not to be gentle or kind when I do. I can do rough. I just save the roughness for the subs who want it. Especially those like Christine who want to believe they don't want it, but deep down know they need it. They always react so... vividly! And that amuses me.

Christine screams. Loudly. It's a pained scream. And it makes her wiggle around energetically. And that makes the weights bounce hard, tugging even harder on her nipples as they do.

She screams as I shove both of my thumbs roughly into the tiny, and very tensed, ring of her asshole. I have my thumbs together, their backs against each other, so it's like one huge, fat, thumb being shoved into a much smaller, and unwilling, ring of muscle.

A ring that hasn't a chance of blocking the intrusion. But that doesn't stop it from trying. It holds fully tensed up, trying to resist. That only makes it throb painfully, just like a finger does when it's hit with a hammer, as my thumbs harshly stretch the tight muscle. They push right through it. As they do I can feel the hardness of her muscle squeezing tightly around my thumbs, squishing against them, making them feel so

unwelcome.

I push them most of the way into her asshole. I don't want to go all the way. It's easier for me if I stop short of that deep. I lightly bend the tips of thumbs, crooking them outward toward Christine's hips, once they've passed beyond the ring of her asshole and into her rectum. Her rectum is wider than the ring of muscle closing its end off. It's far looser, too. It's just a sausage-casing-like filmy membrane surrounded by a paper-thin wall of smooth muscle that's really useless for resisting anything. The added width allows my thumbs to cradle the entire thickness of her asshole.

I pull my thumbs apart. An asshole doesn't have near the strength of a thumb, much less an arm. So it's easy for me to pull my thumbs apart. As they spread, they pull Christine's asshole, stretching her muscle tauter and wider. And that makes the throbbing ring start to burn with the strain. Soon it's burning as hot as her pussy.

And it has her asshole gaping wide open as I hold it wide. It's not a view I particularly care for. It's a view that lets me see right through her asshole and up into her rectum. And I haven't given her an enema to clean her rectum out. So I don't look.

I let Sophie handle the work. She gets to look. She has to in order to put the tip of the feather where I want it. Right atop the sensitive flesh over Christine's ring of muscle. All of it, the full thickness of her ring, not just the rim of it. Sophie uses the edge of the feather to stroke over that flesh, where it's stretched tightly between my thumbs.

Christine shrieks with sensual delight. It makes her shudder harder and crisper than ever. Which makes those weights bounce harder too. Which makes Christine scream. So she moans as she screams and shudders.

Sophie doesn't care about Christine's suffering. She just deftly strokes away, teasing her asshole endlessly as Christine screams her moans.

Christine's pussy drips away.

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It doesn't take long for me to see how energetically Christine's hands are fighting against their cuffs. Not even so much to get free, but to get to her pussy. They try to push down, to her crack and beyond. And to the sides, to get around her hips. But they don't. They stay useless at her back as Christine screams from the erotic teasing.



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I move quickly as I free Christine from the ropes that hold her over the stand. By now she's suffered a good fifteen minute of Sophie's anal feather teasing. That's plenty.

And it shows just how much Christine has had. As I pull her up to her feet, she's panting sultry moans. And still fidgeting as she tries to get her hands to her pussy. It doesn't take her long to figure out that's not going to happen. It doesn't stop her from trying. But it does get her trying to squish her thighs together and grind them on her pussy.

That doesn't help much either. But it's hard to do much as I drag the stumbling woman over to the next treat I have for her. It's only one step for me. About three for her.

This stand is built almost like a weight bench. The main difference is where the legs that hold its bench up are. This one has one set of legs at the feet, and the second just short of where Christine's shoulders are. It also slants about 30 degrees downward, but in the "wrong" direction. It has her head lower than her feet. And it's not padded for comfort. Its bench is just a length of 2x12 lumber.

I shove Christine down on the bench, letting her legs dangle off the foot end from her bent knees down. It has her rather uncomfortably lying on her cuffed wrists.

I opt for a quick job of binding her down. She's not going to be here that long. And I don't want her to ebb back from her full squirminess before she goes insane! I use shrink wrap. The same cellophane type wrap they use on pallets of goods for shipping them. This stuff is great. It's impossible to rip or break. And it's clear. And very easy to use. As I do now. I start at Christine's shoulders and just wind the 8" long roll around her body and the board under in. I keep the wrap taut as I go, and it clings, pulling Christine snugly against the board. When I get to her waist, I put a little block of styrofoam between the bottoms of her thighs, just above her knees. It will keep her thighs open enough that she can't squish them snug against her pussy. Then I wrap all the way down to her knees at the end of the board.

It makes Christine into a mummy. A mummy wrapped in see-

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through plastic, but still mostly a mummy. I think she realizes that she's in trouble now. Her shins and feet start kicking and squirming already. As does her head. Which is all that Christine can manage to move. The pallet wrap holds the rest of her too snugly pinned to the board.

Christine hasn't been on this board yet. Never. This is new for her. I always try to have a few new things for a sub on each session. I love the variety. They do too. Like now. I can see the nervousness flooding Christine's face as she wonders what horror I have in store for her. I'm sure she knows that "Christine" is going to absolutely hate it. Despise it. Find it utterly disgusting or overly painful. Just as somewhere deep inside, she knows that it will make her pussy burn with an unbearable fire. Her mind just wonders what she's going to have to endure. Her body and her pussy.

I pull a thin black cotton cloth over her entire head. It's not quite thick enough to blindfold her, but it is enough to block her sight. She can see the light, and shadows, through it, but not the details. I see her body start squirming a little more anxiously against the clear bindings. But I don't see it move any more than it has been, which is far less than an inch in any direction.

"This is for being rude to my devout slave-girl, you nasty bitch!" I tell Christine in a rather sweet voice. A too-sweet voice. And she catches it. It tells her that this is going to be bad. She struggles against the bonds with everything she has. "Please, Miss Rodgers! I'll apologize!" She desperately blurts out with a near-panic in her voice.

I laugh. Sophie knows what I have planned. She slides an old-fashioned washtub under the bench and positions it with Christine's head over the center of it. Christine doesn't see any of it.

Instead, she just sees a dark, looming shadow eclipse her head as it moves to straddle Christine's head.

The shadow she sees is Sophie. Sophie straddles Christine's head, standing with her pussy only several inches above Christine's chin. I'm standing behind Christine's head, and Sophie stands facing me. She slowly rolls her dress up to her waist, teasingly baring her pussy and her

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bare pubes to my eyes as she does. As always, Sophie is perfectly shaven just because that's how I like to see her pussy.

I nod. Sophie pees. I made sure Sophie drank an extra cup of tea earlier, and I haven't sent her potty since. And now it shows. A powerful jet of deep-golden pee shoots down and lands on the cloth covering Christine's face. It lands over Christine's mouth, flooding over that and running up into her nose. And with Christine's head lower than her feet, the angle of her body allows Sophie's hot, fresh-from-her-pussy pee to run into Christine's nose as well as her mouth.

It's what our government calls waterboarding. Only I'm using steamy fresh pee instead of plain water. The pee is much warmer. And saltier. And it has such a distinctive aroma! I think pee is far more persuasive than water. Maybe I should send the video of this session to the CIA. If pee is appropriate for naughty subs, surely they can use it at Guantanamo Bay. They might even get more answers to their questions my way!

Christine gags and sputters hard. Her body snaps into a panic-driven overdrive as she struggles against the plastic wrap. The plastic doesn't even strain. It holds her in place, Sophie's pee flooding her mouth and nose. It keeps Christine gagging and choking and sputtering hard. It also makes it impossible for her to say anything. She can't even beg for mercy! She just chokes away.

And Sophie pees away. That extra cup of tea has clearly done its job and made her bladder was nicely full. And now all of that pee is gagging Christine. And washing over her face, leaving every bit of it wet with the unique feel and aroma of pee. Since it's flooding her mouth, she's tasting it, too. But that's not the worst of it. The wet cloth is the worst part. That keeps her from spitting the pee back out of her mouth. Her reflexes, the ones that think she's literally drowning in the pee, make her get it out of her mouth so, hopefully, she can breathe. The only way it's getting out of her mouth now is for her to swallow it. She's doing it before she realizes it. Those pesky reflexes! And she still thinks, her brain certain, that's she drowning in pee.

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Sophie just pees right on. I've told her to. I've told her to completely empty her bladder. To pee on Christine's face as much as she possibly can. Such a rude bitch deserves to choke on pee!

I know Christine is scared. The fear is part of a waterboarding, at least according to the Human Rights Defense League. There's no way Christine doesn't know what's filling her mouth and nose. That she's being pee not on, but in, as well. And that she's swallowing it. I know that has to be utterly disgusting Christine. And I know what disgust does to her pussy. The lower I make her feel, the hotter she gets.

I call this punishment "pee-boarding." I don't use it too often. It would be too much for some subs. But I think Christine will be aroused by it. It is definitely one of the things that will make a person feel exceptionally low. To be used for a toilet. Especially like this, where she ends up with the pee in every orifice her face has, and covering her head. Even in her hair. There it will serve as a constant reminder of what was done to her. The CIA really needs to consider this version of waterboarding.

Finally, Sophie runs out of pee. I can see it coming as her stream starts to wane. But Christine doesn't notice it. She goes right on struggling desperately, gagging, choking, and sputtering. But the only parts of Christine that can really move are her lower legs and feet. And those kick wildly.

Even after Sophie has run dry, Christine keeps on sputtering and gagging for close to half a minute. It takes her that long to get the pee out of her sinuses. But not the taste and smell of it. That's going to linger for hours. Forever in her brain.

"Please, Miss Rodgers!" Christine blurts out in a begging panic, "I'm sorry, Ma'am! I'm sorry Miss Slave! Please, I will never be rude to anyone ever again, Ma'am!" She coughs and sputters again for several seconds, "PLEASE! Just don't do that to me anymore! Oh my G-d, that was the most disgusting thing! I had to swallow it!" She chokes, probably from the thought of it. "Please, I'll be a good filthy bitch, Ma'am! I'll do whatever you want me to! Anything! Just please, don't do

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that to me again, Ma'am. Please!"

"Oh, you're ready to behave now, are you bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am! I swear, Ma'am, I'll be so good! I'll do anything you want! Anything at all, Ma'am! Just please, don't drown me in pee again!"

I get a knife and start slitting the shrink wrap binding Christine to the bench. I start at her knees. Before I get all the way to her pussy, I see what a mess it is. A wet, sloppy mess. She's so wet that the raw wood under her mound is wet with honey soaking into it. I just blow a puff of air on her pussy mound and a hard shudder racks her bound body. That pussy is dying for a touch! Even the tiniest little touch.

I stop slitting the plastic when I get up to her navel. It leaves her bound snugly from her shoulders to her navel. And that's plenty to keep her in place. But it will let her wiggle her hips and thrash her legs.

Now I get a pair of chastity panties. These are fairly modest panties, but they have to be. They're just like those boxer briefs for guys. Except they're pastel pink, a color I don't see too many guys wearing. They have plastic straps laced through the hem at the bottom of each leg hole. And they have a fine, but sturdy, chain laced through the hem at the waistband. And they have one more addition that panties don't. They have a plastic cup in the crotch of them. It's about the same size, and shape, as a feminine pad. It's bowled down, too, so that it only touches the woman wearing it at the creases of her thighs, her bottom, and her pubes. It leaves every bit of her mound standing down into the open bowl.

I pull them on Christine. I pull both of the leg straps snug around her thighs. They're like zip ties, once I tighten them, they're only coming off if they're cut. I make sure they're too snug for Christine to get anything under them. Then I do the same with the chain at her waist. Once I have that snug around her body, I use a little padlock to hold it secure.

Now Christine's true suffering begins. With her pussy in that bowl, there's no way for her to get anything to it. Nor for her to grind it

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against anything. Nothing, not even her thighs, will be touching any part of her mound. It's just going to puff there in mid-air. No matter how badly she wants to touch it. She won't be able to do anything to it until I unlock these panties and allow her to.

Now I cut the rest of the plastic wrap. I help her to sit up by grabbing her hair and yanking hard. As soon as she's on her bottom, she probably feels the foam-lined edge of the cup under her pussy. Maybe she realizes what it means. Maybe not. I don't give her a chance to think about it. I snap for her to start behaving and get up to her feet.

I unlock her hands, reminding her to keep them behind her back. I'm sure that's a hard struggle for her. She's already starting to squeeze her thighs together and try to squirm and rub her mound with them. I hear the sudden frustration in her breaths as she realizes what the cup is doing there.

The public Christine is as conservative as she prim and reserved. Very. So I have an outfit for her. I start by handing her the skirt. It's a black silky, stretchy skirt that snugly hugs her body. It accents all of the curves and features of her body beneath it. And it is very short. It doesn't even cover her halfway from her bottom to her knees. Just her bottom and little more. She doesn't get anything under it. No stockings. No garter. Just the chastity panties that are only there to keep her from her pussy. Then I give her the top. It's a black and white flower print top. It's snug on her body, too, and silky. And just as minimalist. It covers a small swath of her skin, maybe beginning halfway between her navel and her breasts, then rising up to her breasts. It has little triangles shaped pieces rising up to cover most of her breasts. Then it has spaghetti straps. It leaves all of her bare from the breasts up. And most of her stomach bared as well. Then she gets a pair of black leather slip-on shoes with five-inched spiked heels. Bare feet go in them. Bare, slender legs rise from them.

It is a rather sexy, and slutty, outfit. It is something Christine would not want to be seen in. Ever. If I were to ask her, she'd tell me she's dressed like some gutter whore, not a woman. Thus it's the

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perfect outfit for lesson two tonight. She stands there, still trying to squish and squirm her pussy.



Chapter 04: Gutter Slut

Chapter 04: Gutter Slut

One of the things I love about living downtown is how close I am to most of the good clubs. And the little cafes. The best of them are on Dauphin Street just below my apartment, or at least with an easy walk. Unfortunately for Christine, this is a nice night. We're walking.

As we walk down the street, Sophie follows behind me holding Christine by the hand as if she were a child. I can see that it's very embarrassing for Christine, but she won't object. She knows I have a collar and leash in my purse. She knows me well enough to know that at the first complaint from her, she'll be on that leash. In public or not. Walking her by the hand is already a concession to her pride. With me, concessions are gifts and can be easily lost.

The walk is short, only a block plus a few steps. I lead us to one of the tamer cafes. It does have a band, but it's a local one. It has food, slightly more of a menu than "bar food." Sandwiches are food, right? It's quiet enough to talk easily. But busy enough that I had the manager/bartender save me a table. He's always willing to hold one for me. I'm good for business. I usually bring a show better than his band.

I lead us in and spot my table immediately. It's one of the bigger ones. But it has to be. There are already three ladies waiting there. Tammy, and two other women Christine knows and calls friends. Tammy assures me that these two shared her suspicions about Christine. And since Tammy introduced Christine to me, the three of them have shared more than one giggle behind Christine's back about it. Too bad for them Christine has refused to talk about it with Tammy. It's left Tammy with all speculation and no honest gossip for them!

Until tonight. I called Tammy earlier and invited her. With the understanding that this was private, and the three of them could never speak of it to anyone else. Just themselves and Christine. They all agreed. Apparently. I've only spoken to Tammy. I don't know the others. But I'll trust Tammy. So they're in for an adventure tonight.

Christine sees her friends, too. She freezes instantly. Then she squirms in Sophie's grasp, trying to run. Sophie shoves her along. As we near the table the ladies rise. I turn to Christine and very firmly tell her

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"remember slut, you promised to behave. You don't want to disappoint me, do you? My slave so loves to drink the tea here..." I think that's enough of a coy hint for Christine to catch. It's either suffer this lasting public humiliation or get pee-boarded again. Maybe several times. She knows I have a slave-whore, Paige, whom I wouldn't hesitate to turn loose on her, too. I'll bet she thinks I might just invite the entire cafe back to pee on and in her.

Tammy quickly introduces the other ladies, Katie and Mandy, to me. She starts to introduce me, but I do that myself. "I'm Pepper, this slut's owner." I jab a thumb at Christine. Who blushes as she makes herself stand there and not run away. Mandy says a hello to Christine.

Christine says nothing. She knows better. But I can see it in the blush on her face that it's killing her to just stand here. So I make it worse! More humiliating. "Answer, slut! You know better than to be rude when you're spoken to."

"Yes, Ma'am..." Christine says. Then she says a very humble hello to her friend. The hello of a slave, not a friend.

I point to the middle of the three open chairs. "Sit, slut." Everyone watches as Christine sits, crosses her legs, and folds her hands in her lap like a good slut. Sophie and I take the chairs on either side of her.

Everyone notices the sucking breath of a wince as Christine sits. Mandy, whom I've already decided is a bimbo, doesn't think. She just asks Christine if she's all right since it looked like she's hurt when she sat.

Christine blushes the deepest shade of red. She knows she has no choice. She either behaves or I will so make this even more humiliating for her. And in her opinion, this is too humiliating already. "Yes, Ma'am..." Christine answers her friend, "Miss Rodgers spanked me earlier and my butt is still very sore from it, Ma'am."

Mandy's eyes go wide. She giggles. "I never thought I hear you say that! Wow, like you of all people! Spanked! You naughty girl!" And

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she giggles even more as Christine shirks back into her chair. But Mandy doesn't seem to notice how Christine is fidget as she already tries to grind her pussy on the seat. She's going to be doing that all night. And those chastity panties are going to let that pussy get even a tease!

We chat. Well, four of us do. Sophie and Christine remain demurely silent while us actual people talk. It goes without saying that the three vanillas, Tammy, Katie, and Mandy, have countless thousands of questions. Equally, it goes without saying that the topic of all those questions is D/s and BDSM. Or as they seem to call it "whips and chains." It's hard to argue that name for it since I whipped Christine earlier and as we're sitting here, Paige (my live-in slave-whore) is back at the apartment with chains on her ankles and in a kennel.

All three of them are intensely interested in what Christine has been doing. I'm certain they're curious. And more certain that these three ladies are interested in fishing for juicy gossip. I hope Tammy keeps her word and they keep Christine's secret. But so far Tammy hasn't let it out, and she's known all along. So I think Christine is safe. Plus, while a "lively" sex life might be embarrassing for her, it's not illegal in this country. The worst Christine could face is some public humiliation. And her pussy wouldn't mind that, even if she does.

We're not there long. Maybe five minutes or a few more. That's how long it takes for the first single guy to come over to the table. It's inevitable. A table full of girls in a club is a magnet for single guys. The first guy is somewhere around 30. He introduces himself to all of us, but his eyes are clearly on Christine. Or more accurately on her long, slender, and very bare, legs. With his eyes on those legs, but trying not to look like he's gawking at them, he asks if any of us would care to dance.

His choice is obvious. I think he considers Sophie and me to be too young for him, as in we wouldn't be interested in a man his age. Katie, at least by his eyes, would be his second choice. Her body shape is similar to Christine's, but she's dark where Christine is blond. Mandy is slightly heavy. Tammy, the bimbo, is as cute as Christine, but she might

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talk his ear off, too.

I decide to embarrass Christine. So I speak up before one of the others does. I point to Christine "That is my bitch, slut. Would you care to dance with slut?"

It takes him by surprise. He definitely didn't expect that! He stutters for about half a second, then decides that her being named "slut" might be a good sign. He eagerly says he'd love to. Men!

"Slut, go dance. And dance sweetly."

"Yes, Ma'am," Christine answers, blushing as she does, and getting to her feet. She offers him her hand. He takes it and leads her off to the dance floor.

"Chrissy doesn't get any say in it?" Katie asks.

"Nope." I smile. "She belongs to me. I decide who she dances with. And everything else..."

"Yikes! That is so... dehumanizing! And Chrissy goes for it?"

"Obviously," Tammy jumps in. "You didn't hear her say no, did you? It's not like there's a gun to her head or anything! And, you know, it's been like six months now she's been going to see Pepper, so... Well, she keeps going back, doesn't she?"

I just point to the dance floor. Christine is doing exactly what I told her to go do. By now it's sunk in that there's nothing she can do to get to her unbearably aching pussy. It's at my mercy. And that's driving her crazy. She's going to do her best to hurry things along. She knows, at the end of her suffering that ache, there will be a very sweet relief for her.

She's dancing close with him, pressing her lithe body snug against his. Her hands are gently caressing his back. And he is definitely loving it.

It takes him a while to bring her back to the table. If she wasn't clearly starting to tire, I think he'd have kept her all night. But he's a

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man. He's never tried to dance in spiky heels. Sure they make our legs look great for the guys, but... ouch, they are not exactly comfortable on the feet!

He thanks me for allowing her to dance with him. Whatever they talked about out there, it sounds like Christine behaved herself. And remembered that I own her. More like remembered that I have the key to those panties, and I can be cruel about taking my time to let her get to that pussy when she acts up.

He tells me that "slut" is a very attractive woman.

It gives me the opening I've been wanting. An opening to humiliate Christine right her, in public, and in front of her closest friends. It will so arouse her!

Christine is sitting in the worst seat at the table. I put her there purposely. She's mostly facing the band, but not much else. And her friends are across the table from her, so they're facing her. It means there's really no one with a sightline of Christine who is going to make a scene. And that's what I wanted.

"Show him your tits, slut." I say it firmly, leaving Christine no doubt that it's a command, not a request. That I expect unquestioning obedience from her. Now, not five seconds in the future. I glare at her to reinforce that.

Across from Christine, her friends look completely shocked. They just gawk, wide-eyed at her, wondering for a split second if Christine is going to actually allow this to go so far. The split second is all the time they have to wonder.

"Yes, Ma'am," Christine answers in a shamed, quiet, voice as she blushes. And as her hands begin lifting the bottom hem of her top. It doesn't take her long to have the top up to her shoulders. Her bare breasts standing out pert from her chest, their pointy tips jutting towards her friends. And their nipples jutting out proudly as hard as rocks. She sits, holding her top up, and averting her eyes upward so she's not seeing her friends.

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The girls gawk dumbfounded.

The guy stares eagerly at her pert mounds. It takes him twenty or thirty seconds. Finally, he stutters out that Christine's breasts are very pretty, and "eager." I guess he's noticed how hard those nipples are, too.

"Go on, get a good feel of them if you like them."

He does hesitate to reach down and give one a long gentle squeeze. He takes as long as he thinks he can get away with.

Christine purrs softly. And I see her grinding her pussy against the seat under again, too. It's a reflex for her. She knows well that the panties aren't going to let her do it. But she can't help but to try.

"Anyone else want to feel them?" I offer, my eyes turning to Christine's friends. All of whom quickly decline to play with their friend's breasts. Such... modest ladies! "slave, show this boy how girls like those played with."

"Yes, Mistress," Sophie answers in a voice that's pure southern honey. She just reaches a hand over and tenderly caresses Christine's breast and nipple for a few seconds. That's all it takes.

Almost as soon as Sophie touches Christine's mound, goosebumps begin erupting along the lines Sophie's delicate fingers trace. Christine purrs urgently, her voice rising up to where everyone can hear her purr. Then she shudders. And then, Sophie's hand gets to Christine's nipple and gives it a hard pinch. Christine moans a very hungry moan.

I end the show before someone notices. I've done what I wanted to do. The vanilla ladies just watched Christine obediently allow a strange man to feel her breasts up. And a woman. I'm slowly making my point. I own Christine. There are no limits to what she will do simply because I say for her to.

I brush the guy off, getting rid of him. He quickly sends a round of drinks over to the table. I'm sure it's less of a thank you and more of a wish for an invitation back over. But I don't invite him. I'm done with

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him. Christine has shown her friends this aspect of her subservience. This humiliation is complete. On to the next.

As the night goes on, I pick a couple of more dance partners for Christine. And each time I remind her to dance very sweetly for the guy. I'd pick a woman for her to dance with, that would be humiliating for her, but there doesn't appear to be any women here who would be interested in dancing closely with another woman. It's not known as that kind of place. "That" place is a couple of more blocks down. But I doubt Christine's friends would stay long if we went there. They don't seem to be the open-minded type who could be comfortable there. Unlike me. I'm known there, too. The food is better.

We've been here for about two hours when I pick a very young man for Christine. He's got to be 18, 19 at the most. He's not geeky, but he does still have that awkwardness of a growing body. When he comes over, I just come right out and ask if he'd like a lap dance from "slut" and point to Christine. Being male, it takes one look at her lithe legs and he says he would. Men are just so predictable!

Two minutes later, he is in Christine's chair, and she is giving him a very slutty lap dance. But with her clothes on. This place might let me get away with a lot, really anything, but if she got naked in here, someone would complain. There's always one who hates it when someone has too much fun.

Her friends gawk wide-eyed again as she teasingly caresses his chest with her nipples, poking out hard against the thin fabric of her top. And as she turns around to massage his crotch with her bottom. Too bad, for Christine, that the chastity panties stop her from using her pussy to massage that. Or she'd be cumming on him. His hands rove all over her body, especially her stinging-tender bottom. She barely even show her discomfort from the spanking when he plays with it.

Nor does she show any discomfort at being given to such a younger boy. Plenty of humiliation, though. I've given her to a boy who would get the time of day from her otherwise. She'd see him as a child. He's got to be better than fifteen years younger than she is. Not that

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the 18-year-old cares. Only her face looks her age. Her body is too athletic and slim for that. Too firm.

It's a half-hour later when the evening is starting to get to the point of ending. We've been here long enough. There's not much humiliation left that her friends haven't seen. It's time for my finale.

We don't have a check to pay. All of our drinks, even the fries four of us munched on, were paid for by various guys. It's the benefit of a table full of cute girls in a club. I wait until I can catch the bartender's eye. Then I just wink. It's my cue to him. It says, "have any good friends here tonight?"

A couple of minutes later the guy I was hoping for walks over to the table. He brings me a glass of white wine. I know him. He's a regular here, too. He's somewhere in his forties. He looks and is dressed, almost like a biker. With a bushy beard. Plenty of tattoos. Worn jeans. A t-shirt from a metal band. But no leather vest or bike club patches. That's because he's not the burly biker he looks like. He's a former Army Ranger. He lives in Pascagoula, MS., now. He's a bounty hunter and repo man. From the way, he talks a pretty good one, too. At least he makes a lot of money at it. But he doesn't look like a cop. He looks exactly like the kind of guy who should be on Christine's caseload. And with him being from Mississippi, Christine won't have a clue who, or what, he is. She'll size up as what he looks like. So perfect!

"Hey blondie," he greets me, "got a new bitch?"

"Yes, this is slut." I smile at him.

He holds out a \$20 dollar bill to me. "I got \$20 if she'll live up to that name."

I snatch the bill. "come, slut." I get up.

Christine very hesitantly gets up to her feet. She hasn't a clue what I just took \$20 for, at least not specifically, but she can guess that she's about to somehow live up to the name slut. He grabs her hand, just a little roughly, and leads her to follow me. As I rose from my seat, I flashed Sophie two fingers behind my back to tell her what I want her to

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do.

We go to the men's room. It's a small one, only two stalls, and two urinals. And like any men's room in a bar, it's not the cleanest place in the club. Decently clean, but clearly showing some disorder from the heavy use. He stands against the wall, beside a urinal, and leans.

I point to the floor in front of him. "On your knees, slut. Earn my money, bitch. Swallow that cock." Christine blanches and freezes. It hits her full force what I've done. I've turned her out. I've sold her body. I'm making her into a whore! A real whore. I just collected \$20 for her to give him a blow job. And I expect her to do it here, in this filthy men's room like a cheap gutter whore. "Now," I snap firmly to remind her of her place.

She tentatively kneels in front of him. Her hands move a little slowly to his jeans. But soon she has a six-inch-long cock standing out from his jeans. As she kneels on the dirty floor, seeing his cock and the very dirty urinal next to him, she puts the tip of his cock to her lips. She hesitates just a fraction of a second, giving me a chance to stop it. Then she starts taking the cock into her mouth.

As she's doing that, Sophie does her job. She gets Christine's friends and brings them back. Then with a smile from Sophie, the bartender puts a sign up that the bathrooms are closed for cleaning.

Christine's friends freeze as the door is opened and they see Christine, on her knees in this public bathroom, the head of his cock in her mouth. If a little less was visible it could be a stereotypical scene out of any movie. Only in that movie, Christine would be the kind of cheap whore who worked some street corner hustling tricks from passing cars.

But no movie, except the XXX ones, would show what they can see now. Christine's lips leisurely sliding along the sides of his cock as it vanishes into her mouth.

"Oh, my G-d!" It's Mandy who blurts it out first, "there is no way I would ever do that! Not like... that! I mean, really, on my knees in a men's room? Like a whore!"

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"Well, my Mistress did charge him \$20, so..." Sophie teasingly adds. In a voice loud enough for Christine to hear it, too.

"EW!" Katie blurts out, "She's right, Pepper just... sold Chrissy! And look at Chrissy, she's going for it! What a slut!"

Now that's what I call humiliation. Christine knows that I've actually whored her out. I've sold her mouth to a guy and I never asked even his name. And I'm making her do it in the trashiest way possible. And now she knows that I'm letting her friends see, not just know, exactly what she'll do. I'm sure she knows they'll never forget this image of her!

I just glance. The trio might be saying how tawdry the show is, but they're all watching it. I can hear Mandy, very quietly, wondering aloud "how does she do that..." I know she's referring to the way Christine is taking every bit of his cock into her mouth and throat. It's a trick I taught her. Unpleasantly. And now she's putting it to good use. She goes all the way down until her lips are flush against his pubes and balls, then reverses her stroke rising up until only the head of his cock is left in her mouth. And she does it with every unhurried stroke.

"It must be some whore trick... it looks like Chrissy has certainly had plenty of practice!" Tammy suggests.

"Yeah, in men's rooms across the county!" Katie adds with a giggle.

It makes clear what her friends think of Christine's display. Too trashy. Definitely unexpected.

But it isn't too long of a show. Greg, the guy, doesn't take too long to finish. I'd guess about five minutes, but I'm not timing it. He moans out with satisfaction, loud and guttural, as his first spurt shoots into Christine's mouth.

Then he grabs Christine's hair and pulls her head back a little. He holds her hair as his cock shoots a second spurt of cum. It lands on her cheek, just beside her nose, and runs down her face. A third spurt hits her high on the nose, almost in an eye.

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I didn't tell him to do that. He's "played" a game with me before, so he knows that I don't care. It's his choice where he cums. He's gone with "both." His first, and biggest, spurt went into her mouth where Christine had to swallow it. The rest went on her face. I loved it. It let everyone see the effect of her blow job. It leaves no doubt that she was giving a real one, not just pretending, or going through the motions. She was sucking it.

When his cock is dry, Christine licks the dregs of his cum from it and softly tucks it back into his pants for him. She looks up to him, still on her knees, his cum still covering her face, drying to stickiness. "Thank you for allowing this slutty bitch to earn my owner \$20 by sucking your dick, Sir."

With her three friends stunned and gawking, I have Christine get up to her feet. I walk her back to the table with the cum still clinging to her face as she walks through the club. She gets plenty of stares. Everyone knows what's covering most of her face, and how it likely got there. I can see the disapproval in the face of every woman who sees her. The men mostly grin.

As I'm getting Christine to her feet, and she's distracted trying not to show all of her face to her friends, I pass Greg back his \$20. I don't take money for anything, especially sex. Greg knows that. I give my toys, like Christine, to whomever I wish, but I never sell them.

Christine doesn't see me return the money. I make sure she doesn't. A scene is all about appearances. I wanted Christine to feel whored out. She needed to see him pay for her body. It left her no doubt. She'll never know that it was a setup. I knew the bartender would have one of his buddies handy to provide the cock. Just as Greg knew he'd get his money back. It was a show, not a trick. Except to Christine. She believes she really was turned out. I'm not sure if the others saw me return the money or not. Katie could well have.

I order a round of five drinks. They come without a bill. I'd bet Greg bought them as a thanks for Christine's blow job. Christine is the one who doesn't get a drink. I just tell her "Oh you don't want a drink,

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slut! It would wash that yummy taste of his cum out of your mouth!"

We chat a little longer. The ladies now have a fresh topic to discuss. Namely how cheap and trashy it was to give a blow job on "the filthy floor of a men's room." Christine sits mute, cum dried all over her face and listens.

Then it's time for the final humiliation of this night out. "slut... are you horny now?" I teasing ask. As if I can't see the endless grinding she's doing on that seat.

"Yes, Ma'am... I'm hornier than I've ever been, Ma'am!"

"Tell your friends how hot you are, slut. Be honest."

"Yes, Ma'am," Christine very shyly answers. Then she turns to her friends. Addressing them politely by their last names, she tells them. "I am so horny that I can't stand it! All I can think about is the pounding ache in my pussy. And how it's burning me it's so hot. It's driving me completely insane!"

"Would you like to diddle that skanky pussy, slut?"

"Oh, yes, Ma'am!" Christine answers eagerly, "If it wasn't for these hideous chastity panties you made me wear, I'd have diddled myself about twenty times already, Ma'am, and I wouldn't have cared if I had to do it right here at the table! Please, Ma'am, please, I can't stand the ache!"

Her friends just gawk yet again. I don't think they believed Tammy when she told them the story of the coffee we'd had all those months ago. I'm almost certain that she's told that story several times by now.

"Do you know what a slut need to diddle her pussy?" I muse aloud in my most taunting voice. I see Sophie smirking so wide. She catches the note in my voice. I'm going to let my inner evil imp out for a second. "An audience!" I eagerly blurt out. "Go on, slut, beg your friends to be your audience, and come back to watch you diddle your pussy. Convince them and you'll get the chance before I shove you in a kennel for the

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night."

"Yes, Ma'am!" Christine answers in a completely humiliated, mute voice that's laced with excitement.

She turns to her friends. "Please, please, please! I'm sorry! I can't help it! Miss Rodgers always does this to me! I just can't take it! Please, don't make me suffer all night long! Please! Please! Come watch me diddle my skanky pussy! I want you to see what a slut I am! I don't care! I have to! Please! I can't take this ache! I have to cum! Please this is torture! Please come watch me diddle my pussy so I can cum! Please! I'll make it up to you! I'll do anything! All I want is for you to watch me diddle my pussy so I can cum! Please, please help me! I can't take another second of this ache! OH FUCK! It's getting worse! Please, help me! Please just watch me diddle my pussy so I don't go insane!"

The ladies look shocked. Stunned. I guess they didn't believe Christine would beg shamelessly as if she truly wanted and needed them to watch her do that. Right up until she begged.

"And if I don't?" Katie asks me.

"Then those chastity panties stay on until she gets out of her kennel in the morning. Her pussy will just have to ache that much longer. See, I don't care if her pussy aches. All I care about is an amusing show tonight. If there's no show, then there's no reason for me to let her diddle herself. So I won't. She's just a peasant slave slut. That's nothing. It doesn't matter how badly her pussy aches *her*."

The ladies have a quick, whispered conversation. I can see Tammy and Mandy giggling, so I think those two are willing. Eager to have the shameless detail for their gossip, not so eager to watch their friend masturbate. But hey, eager is eager in my book. It looks like Katie is the only one reluctant, and put off by the thought. From the bits I pick up, I think Katie is mostly concerned that Christine should have privacy for it. And that she is uncomfortable seeing such a private and intimate act. In the end, all three accept and agree to return to my apartment for the "slut show" as I've called it.

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We leave, walking to my place. Christine walks with cum still dried on her face, and that gets her countless looks on the street.



Chapter 05: The Depths Of A Bitch's Sluttiness

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As soon as we're in my apartment I have Sophie show the audience to their seats. I stand Christine in front of them, facing them, and tell her "give me my clothes, slut."

"Yes, Ma'am," Christine answers. She quickly pulls her top off, baring her pointy breasts and their overly-hard nipples shamelessly. But she's had time to prepare herself for this. She knew that she'd be getting naked in front of her friends. I'd never let her masturbate any other way.

Her friends, despite having just as much time to consider it, apparently aren't quite ready for it. More likely they're not ready for the shameless way Christine exposes herself to them. As if she doesn't have a shy bone in her body. And they all knew how shy she really is. Yet now they're glaring at her naked breasts on lewd display.

Her skirt and shoes are off just as quickly. Then Christine stands there, her hands behind her back, wearing nothing but the chastity panties. Those, her friends are gawking at. And openly commenting on. None of them really had any idea what chastity panties were. But now it's obvious. The straps locked around her thighs. The chain and padlock at her waist. The bulge of the cup under her pussy. She can't take them off. They've noted that, too.

I don't. I wait while Sophie brings me a short length of a fairly heavy chain and two locks. I wrap one end of the chain around Christine's neck and lock it. Then I bring her hands up, cuff them in front of her, and lock them to the other end of the chain. It holds her hands up high. And stops her from reaching anything lower than her breasts. Like her pussy.

Only then do I unlock the panties and pull them down. It bares her full bush to her friends' eyes. None of them really look at it. I'd bet none of them knew if she shaved or not. I know they don't care. I have Christine turn around slowly to show them her "freshly disciplined bottom." It's still pink, but not nearly as red as it was earlier. By morning, the pink will be gone. Not the sting, just the pink.

I hand Christine the panties. The chain makes her hold them up in

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front of her stomach, where they won't cover her pubes. I send her to show each of her friends the panties, to let them get a good look at the cup that's tormented her by keeping her from her pussy all night. She goes around. The looks are very quick. There's no missing the little puddle of honey in the bottom of that cup. It's still wet. And musky.

I'm nothing if not a gracious southern hostess. I offer my guests a cup of freshly brewed hot coffee to top off our evening out. When they accept I send Sophie to make it. I send Christine, too, tell her that she will serve my guests like a proper peasant bitch. It's her chance to start showing me how badly she'd like to masturbate.

When the coffee is made, Sophie comes out to serve me. Christine follows right behind. Both walk the same way, with their palms upturned and flat, even with their nipples and out from them. A cup of coffee is balanced atop each set of palms. Christine goes to Tammy first. She kneels properly in front of Tammy. She looks Tammy in her eyes. "Here is your coffee, Ma'am, please accept it with Miss Rodgers compliments, Ma'am." Then she demurely waits as Tammy hesitantly takes the cup from her naked and kneeling friend's hands. Christine rises to hurry and fetch the next cup.

"Well, that's definitely demeaning!" Katie comments.

"Obviously Chrissy doesn't mind." Mandy adds, "or she wouldn't keep coming back for more!"

Once everyone has her cup, we sit and chat lightly. I have Christine kneeling nude, facing everyone, as we do. But Christine isn't allowed to speak or move unless told to. And if told, she's to immediately obey, regardless of who tells her to do what. She knows all of that already, I only tell her for the benefit of the others. To let them know if they want anything, just send "slut" to fetch. Bitches are so good at fetching! Almost as good as dogs!

When we've had our coffee, I have Christine fetch iced teas and popcorn. I have her offer each of her friends a bowl of popcorn to munch on as they "watch me demonstrate the unending depths of my sluttiness." They accept the popcorn. But we're all in a munchie mood.

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With Christine back on her knees, on display, I ask her friends what's the one thing they would absolutely never expect Christine to do. I suggest a few options, like eating pussy, eating a butt, or anal sex. It doesn't take them long at all to agree. All of the above. All had thought Christine was devoutly heterosexual, and seriously disgusted by girl-on-girl, but now they wonder if that's just "fake, an act" like so much of what they thought, too. They'd thought, and everything Christine has done before me has been vanilla.

"Since she was a rude bitch earlier, now she'll have to earn the privilege of diddling that sloppy pussy. I think... we'll just see how disgusted she is about eating some skanky whore's pussy. Slave, go find me a skanky whore."

"Yes, Mistress." Sophie giggles as she springs to her feet. She knows I want Paige. Paige's name is "skanky whore!" But the others don't know Paige exists. So they gawk with wary eyes as Sophie scurries off.

And then they gawk more as Sophie returns leading Paige in by a leash. Paige isn't ever allowed clothes inside the apartment. Only if I allow her to leave, and then she has to dress and undress right at the door. Under supervision. All she has on is the hot pink collar locked around her neck. And a heavy chain locked around her ankles that rattles as she follows Sophie into the living room.

Paige is 18. She'll be 19 this November. She's 5'4" and 120 pounds. It gives her a slightly stick-ish figure, with only the gentlest of a curve to her lean sides. She's pretty, with wavy honey-brown hair and green eyes, and a nice wide mouth. Her pubes are kept shaven silky smooth. And she has a pair of very pert breasts with wide, light pink nipples. All of which is on display to Christine's friends now. And Paige doesn't show even the faintest hint of shyness about it. She just obediently follows Sophie out with her hands behind her. And a smile.

"Oh, skanky!" I blurt out excitedly. "Get on the floor and offer that pussy out. These nice ladies don't believe that this useless bitch will eat pussy!"

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"Yes, my Queen," Paige answers very politely, and without a trace of shyness or reluctance in her voice. She quickly lies on the floor and spreads her legs wide, knees up and bent, to fully offer up her pussy. No reluctance at all to have these ladies – ladies she hasn't a clue who they are – watch her have lesbian sex.

"Slut, show your friends how much you love eating a skanky pussy. Show me how much you want to diddle that thing."

"Yes, Ma'am," Christine answers. Only her voice is utterly shamed and breaks with the humiliation of what she knows she's about to do. But that ache in her pussy leaves her no choice. And just in case she was thinking of anything else, that ache pounds harder as she looks down on Paige's naked pussy.

Christine turns to face Paige. She leans all the way down, shifting onto her knees and elbows as she does. She uses her hands to gently open Paige's long lips, showing everyone Paige's pinkness. Then she puts her mouth to Paige's clit. Christine's lips surround the hard nub, closing softly around it. She puts her tongue to the side of Paige's stiffness and slowly begins swirling her tongue around Paige's eager clit.

It doesn't take but a few seconds of that for Paige to start screeching very needy moans. Or to start squirming around. And only a few more seconds for Paige's slender legs the clamp tightly around Christine's head and firmly lock into her pussy.

Then Paige just lies there, squirming energetically, and moaning loudly with the sweetest of moans. Moans that steadily grow in their urgency.

Christine's friends stare. It's as if they've never seen a woman eat pussy before! I know they didn't expect to ever see Christine do it. A few hours ago they would have bet everything that Christine would never do it, much less so shamelessly and publicly. I think they decide Christine must have done this before. Which she has. It looks to me like they think it's a regular part of her sessions, which is a little of an overstatement. But from Paige's hungry moans and squirms, it's clear that Christine is good at it. That she knows exactly how to pleasure a

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woman.

I have Christine open her lips to give the ladies a very good view of how she's doing it. A brief view. It's not easy to see with Paige's legs squeezed tightly and her wiggling around so much. But enough of one for them to take notes if they want to.

I make Paige endure a full five minutes of it. Then I give Paige a rare treat. But I treat Paige for the benefit of my audience. I tell her to go ahead and cum on Christine's face. "It's not like it's not already covered with cum, anyway."

Paige doesn't give me a chance to change my mind. She immediately cums. And like all of her orgasms here, it's graphic. She thrashes hard, her bottom dancing around the floor as her fists pound against it and she screams honeyed cries.

When Christine lifts her face from Paige's pussy, on my command, I have her turn to face her audience and show them her face. A face covered now with the dried cum from earlier, and from her nose down, a fresh, wet, coat of Paige's glistening musky honey. Proof that Paige did exactly what I said: she came all over Christine's face.

I have Christine go to each of her friends in turn. She goes to Tammy, the safest choice, first. "Thank you for watching me eat skanky's deliciously sweet pussy, Ma'am. I hope you enjoyed the show, Ma'am. This slut would be very happy to eat your pussy, too, if you wish, Ma'am, I promise you a very satisfying orgasm." Christine humiliates herself by offering herself to her friend.

Tammy quickly declines the offer. I'm pretty sure the quickness is because she's unwilling to become the second act of a show. Maybe less so, but still a good part, that she doesn't want to have sex with her friend. The others decline just as quickly.

Now it's time for act two of the slut show. I order Paige onto her rubber feet. She always gets that way after cumming. I have her bend over and spread her cheeks wide to bare her tiny little tight asshole. She stands, as instructed to, mostly with her side to the audience, but with

her back turned enough for them to all see her asshole.

I tell Christine to get on her knees behind Paige, and she doesn't hesitate to. Then I have a second thought. I send Christine to kneel before each of her friends and ask them to "watch me eat skanky's filthy asshole out." She also tells them "I'm going to put my tongue so deep up that dirty hole that she screams!" It's a very immodest and lewd invitation. Then I send Christine back to kneel behind Paige.

I tell Christine to eat Paige's asshole. She doesn't hesitate to put her lips to Paige's tight ring, her lips just wide enough to cover the ring of muscle. Then she puts her tongue to it and starts swirling her tongue around the rim of it, caressing Paige's tender nerves with her soft, feminine tongue.

Paige shrieks. It's a hot, sultry, erotic cry. She shivers hard for a few seconds. Then her shivers have sharpened up to shudders. Her hands tightly grip her globes, her knuckles turning white as she cries out shrieking moans that grow steadily more urgent.

With each lap around Paige's tightly clenched ring, Christine's tongue presses just a little deeper into Paige's asshole, caressing a little slice of fresh flesh. It drives Paige wild. And Paige shows it with her shuddering wiggles and screeches.

The audience watches this, too. Only now I can see a tiny bit of curiosity on all of their faces. It tells me that none of them have ever done it before. Not in Christine's place or Paige's. But I suspect they are wondering if it's really as sweet and intense as Paige is making it out to be. I can see it on their faces. All wonder about that.

The show goes on for the full five screeching minutes I intended it to. By then I can tell my guests' ears are getting tired of Paige's now-desperate shrieks. Mine aren't. I love those sweetly-suffering cries. But these women aren't used to hearing them. I'll bet none of the three have ever heard a woman moaning erotically before, other than herself that is.

I send Christine to offer herself again, going from woman to

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woman one at time. She again goes to Tammy first. And this time I've given her a slightly different instruction. I give it only because of the whispers I might have overheard between the ladies. I heard "you do it!" in there more than once.

"Thank you so much for being so kind as to watch me eat skanky's filthy asshole, Ma'am. I appreciate you allowing me the chance to show you that I am a completely skanky, filthy, gutter slut unworthy of being your friend, Ma'am. I would really appreciate it, Ma'am, if you would use me for the gutter slut I am and allow me to show you just how enjoyable it is to have your asshole tongued, Ma'am. I would be so pleased to do it right now, Ma'am, but if you're uncomfortable with that, I'll gladly do it whenever and wherever you wish, Ma'am. Miss Rodgers assures me that she won't make a show out of you, Ma'am. May I please have the pleasure of tonguing your asshole now, Ma'am?"

Tammy hesitates for a second. Then another. But she declines. Christine doesn't show how relieved she is. I'd whip her for that, and she knows it. She moves along to Katie who blushes as she declines. Then she asks Mandy. "Fuck it," Mandy giggles, "I have to know!" She turns to me and asks, "You won't... like embarrass me?"

"Nope, nothing you don't have to do, anyway. How about you just lie on the other sofa, on your stomach."

"I guess..." Mandy starts sounding a little nervous, but still curiously excited. Everyone gawks at her. Christine fights hard to hold back a sob. Mandy goes and lies on the sofa.

Mandy is wearing a little sundress that comes down about halfway between her knees and ankles. I have Christine life the bottom hem of it up and lie it along Mandy's waist. Then I have Christine gently ease Mandy's panties down to her thighs, baring her bottom. But that's necessary.

I know Christine has never seen this sight before. Mandy's slightly heavy. Not really fat, but it wouldn't matter. She's not my play toy. She's just part of the audience. Her cheeks are plump and loose, but not fat. I have Christine spread them wide for Mandy. It bares Mandy's

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small-ish, dime-sized deep-purple ring. Christine holds Mandy's cheeks wide.

She hesitates, but only a fraction of a second. The pounding ache in her pussy won't let her resist the instruction. The only way she'll get her relief. She puts her lips to her friend's asshole.

A second later Mandy screams out a sensual cry, her body snapping hard as the first crisp shiver shoot along her nerve lines. She never stills. She squirms hard, her hips thrashing all over the place, bucking hard up and down. Her hand grip the cushions and squeeze with all her strength. She buries her head in a throw pillow and I'm sure bites into it. It doesn't help to muffle her cries much.

The show doesn't last a minute. Mandy screeches out "STOP!" I immediately tell Christine to stop. She lifts her head up, releases Mandy's cheeks, and quickly pulls Mandy's panties back up. Then she waits for further instructions, blushing deep red and trying hard not to look at her friends.

Mandy just pants and lies there for a few seconds as her hips slowly still. Then she lies there a few more seconds. She rolls and sits up. I can see the teeth marks on my pillow, but I decide not to point them out. "Oh, fuck!" Mandy breathes out in a very deep and sultry voice. "I... Oh, fuck! That was too fucking intense!" She slowly gets up and returns to her friends.

As I'm summoning Christine for act three of her slut show, I hear the frantic whispered conversation. I figure it out. All wanted to know just what that felt like. None really wanted to make their friend do that. All think it must be disgusting to do. Mandy was the designated victim. The one they elected to try it and report back. I know Tammy is married. The look in her eyes tells me her husband is about to try it from Christine's perspective. Women are usually pretty good at getting men to do sexual things to them when they want to.

The flush, it's not a blush but a hot flush, on Mandy's face is all the encouragement they need. Plus Mandy's show. That I doubt Mandy realizes that she put on. Yet. Now they all know it was good for Paige.

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I have Sophie fetch me a small strap-on dildo. By small I mean one with an average-sized cock on it. A cock about 5 ½" long and just over 1" thick. I have Paige put it on.

Then I have Christine go tell her friends, one by one, that she really, secretly, likes "getting rammed up the butt," and beg them to watch her closely and see for themselves.

Once Christine has done that, I have her get on her elbows and knees, in front of her friends, giving them a mostly side-on view, but also slightly angled from the back. I have Paige kneel behind Christine. Then I tell Paige to narrate for the audience.

She announces that she is spreading Christine's "firm cheeks" wide. Then she comments on how tightly clenched Christine's little asshole is.

Paige tells them that she's putting the tip of her cock to Christine's little ring now. She adds that she's not going to use any lubricant. It would be a waste. Christine's crack is already covered with slippery honey from her sopping wet pussy.

Paige tells them that she's going to thrust her cock into Christine's bottom. Then she thrusts her hips forward, fairly sharply. It's how I told her to do it. Roughly.

Christine grunts hard through clenched teeth. She stiffens but stays put.

Paige starts fucking Christine's bottom with the shaft, thrusting hard into Christine's bottom until Paige's hips are bouncing off Christine's globes and the shaft is fully buried in Christine's bottom.

For about two seconds, Christine grunts hard, her voice betraying her discomfort. Five seconds after that, she is screaming out the hottest, most sultry moans. Her body shudders hard with every thrust by Paige. It takes about ten more seconds. Then Christine's pussy starts to drip.

I am shameless. I point out to the audience how Christine's pussy

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is dripping now. Clearly, Christine loves this.

Paige pounds away, putting all of her energy into ramming that little cock into Christine's bottom.

Christine screeches out moans that somehow manage to keep growing in urgency and sensualness.

The audience watches the show with utter disbelief on their faces. I don't know, I can't tell if any of them have tried anal sex before. In my experience about half of middle-aged women have tried it once. But I can see that they didn't expect it to have this effect on Christine. Then again, they haven't believed anything they've seen tonight.

Christine kneels with her elbows on the floor. Her chained hands lie useless under her head. She shudders. Goosebumps cover her flushed and sweaty skin. She cries out the hottest moans. Not even her face shows any pain from the pounding she's taking.

I let it go on for five minutes. By then I have a decent sized little puddle of honey on my floor under Christine's pussy. I just wave for Paige to pull the cock out of Christine's bottom. I know it's been torture for Christine. This cock was too little to make her cum, yet big enough to drive her insane.

As soon as Paige is standing I order Christine to her knees. Then I tell her clean my dildo off. Her friends stare, gawking wide-eyed, as Christine scrambles to so eagerly swallow every bit of that hard shaft. The shaft that's fresh from her bottom and "just has" to taste of it. Yet Christine gobbles the cock as if she's starving for it.



Chapter 06: The Climax

Chapter 06: The Climax

I have Sophie fetch me a real dildo. Not a strap-on, but a "regular" one. By a "real one" I mean a big one. This one is about ten inches long and close to two inches thick. It's realistic looking. It's black, which I wanted to contrast so nicely with Christine's white cheeks.

I have Christine kneel in front of me. I ask her again if she wants to diddle her pussy. She instantly begs, utterly shamelessly, for me to let her diddle herself. She offers to do absolutely anything I want. She offers to "eat everyone's asshole and lick every bit of filth out of it," if I'd just let her cum now. She begs how unbearable the burning ache in her pussy is. She begs how she can feel herself dripping her skank all over the place. She doesn't care. That ache pounds her entire body, and she will do literally anything if I will just free her hands so she can diddle her pussy.

I have to tell her to stop begging. She clearly has no intention of stopping. She's going to beg until I allow her to masturbate. I just silence her and tell her to give me her hands. She holds them out flat as if serving me something.

I set the dildo on her hands. "You'll diddle yourself with this up your slutty butt, slut," I tell her firmly. "Now go and see if you can convince one of your friends to put it there for you. I'm certainly not. So if I were you, I'd be very convincing if you hope for any relief tonight. Go, slut."

Christine picks Tammy to begin with. It's Tammy or Katie, they're at the ends of the line. Mandy is in the middle of them. She goes over and kneels in front of Tammy. I wonder if Tammy is the closer of these friends. I think so.

"Will you please help me, Ma'am?" Christine begs with a slight sobbing and utter desperation in her voice. "I am so sorry, Ma'am. Putting on that slut show has gotten me even hotter, Ma'am. You can't imagine how badly my pussy is burning and aching me now, Ma'am. I couldn't handle the ache before. I give up! It aches me far too badly. Please, Ma'am, please, don't leave me like this! Please just shove this cock up my butt for me. Please! You have to! I can't wait! It's too much

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for me to bear! And if you don't help me, Miss Rodgers really won't let me cum! I know I'm a complete gutter slut! I don't care! I don't care what I have to do! Please, help me! Please, shove this cock up my butt for me, Ma'am, please! Please!"

Tammy doesn't look happy about it. She looks to the shaft and thinks about the sight of Paige's asshole, likely the only asshole she's ever gotten a good look at. I can see it on her face. She trying to figure out how a hole so small is going to take such a big shaft in it.

"I don't know... how..."

"Please!" Christine blurts out with panic in her voice, "Oh, Please! Ma'am, please, just shove it right into my asshole, Ma'am. You don't have to be gentle, or anything. I don't care! I want it there! I need it up my butt! I am begging you, Ma'am, please! Hate me tomorrow, just shove that up my butt now! Put it to my asshole, and shove hard. Ram every bit of that huge shaft straight up my butt! PLEASE!" Christine sobs as she begs.

Tammy very reluctantly takes the dildo off of Christine's hands. "THANK YOU, MA'AM! THANK YOU SO MUCH, MA'AM!" Christine blurts out with true happiness in her voice.

Christine rise to her feet. She turns her back to Tammy, leans over, and pulls her cheeks wide apart. It displays Christine's asshole a foot or so in front of Tammy's eyes. Just as it was for Paige, Christine's bottom is well covered with a thick coat of her honey. "Here is my anus, Ma'am. Thank you again, Ma'am, for helping me. Thank you so much for shoving it up my butt, Ma'am." She stands still, eagerly waiting for the shaft.

Tammy very tentatively puts the tip of the fat shaft to Christine's asshole. Just the rounded tip of it is enough to fully eclipse Christine's ring, and some of the dark flesh around it. Tammy wiggles it, trying to guess how to do it.

I spare Tammy. I tell her to aim the tip of it for Christine's navel, and then just shove hard. It will go.

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Tammy aims it. Then she hesitates. One second, then another. It's perfect, letting Christine feel it there, but not in her yet. Tammy takes a deep breath and looks away. Then she shoves. Not that hard, but hard enough.

Christine grunts loud and hard with the pain as the fat toy pushes through her tense ring, stretching it wide to its limit. Wide enough to make her muscle throb and burn painfully. But it doesn't slow the shaft. Tammy, still not looking, keeps pushing for the second or so it takes. As soon as Tammy feels her hand touch Christine's globes, she quickly pulls her hand back, leaving the shaft where it is.

Christine stands up, groaning loudly. She turns and kneels before Tammy. Then she humbly thanks Tammy again for "stuffing her butt full with the cock." Christine rises and comes over to me.

I have her hold her hands out, as far as the chains will allow her. I unlock her hands, ordering her very firmly to immediately put them behind her neck and leave them there until we are all ready to watch her diddle herself. She very reluctantly obeys.

I send Sophie to fetch me a whip. A cat-of-nine-tails. It's not a whip I use often. It can cut flesh if used too hard. But it's so stereotypical that I know my guests are expecting something like it. Christine will love it. It hurts.

Just to demonstrate that I snap it. All of its little strands crack against Christine's bottom, searing little red lines that will probably fade by morning onto her pink globes.

Christine grunts loudly, clenching her teeth. She flinches hard from the stroke. Her face scrunches up in pain. Her pussy drips twice. Otherwise, she stands there, waiting for me to do whatever I am going to do to her body.

I have her turn in a slow circle. It lets everyone have a good look at the toy in her bottom. Or rather the inch of it that's sticking out from her crack, pushing her globes aside as it does.

There's only one thing left for me to do. Humiliate Christine.

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Deeply. I tell her to go to her friends and apologize to each for lying to them for all these years and pretending she was a proper lady instead of a skanky gutter slut. I hand Christine three pictures. Sophie just printed them out. They show Christine on her knees, sucking that cock in the dirty bathroom. I tell her to give a picture to each of her friends. And ask them to keep it. That way, whenever Christine starts to act like a prissy bitch again, they should show her the picture and remind her that she's a gutter whore.

Christine doesn't hesitate. She goes and gives them the pictures. Her pussy drips a few times as she does. I guess it's the thought of being humiliated later if, rather when, someone brings one out.

I have Sophie go get Christine's keys out of her purse and bring them to me. I give those to Christine and tell her what to do.

She picks Tammy. She takes her keys to Tammy and tells her what I said. "I am just too skanky to be allowed to roam free tonight, Ma'am. Way to skanky! Miss Rodgers has decided that I will have to spend the night in a kennel where a bitch like me belongs, Ma'am." She asks Tammy to take her keys and go to her apartment and find her clothes to wear for work tomorrow. To take all of her things with her, and bring her fresh clothes at 7:30 in the morning. She begs. But she doesn't have to beg long. Tammy agrees to the modest chore. She asks what Christine wants to wear. Christine tells her "I'm not allowed to say, Ma'am. I am a worthless peasant bitch, Ma'am. I wear whatever is given to me, Ma'am. Just go through my things and pick what you want me to wear tomorrow, and whatever it is, I will gladly wear it to work tomorrow, Ma'am."

Chore done, Christine returns to stand in front of her friends, facing them. I tell her to masturbate. It's a command she already knows well.

Christine puts one finger to clit, leaving her other hand up behind her neck. Her clit has to be aching her so badly! She cries out a very erotic and needy squealing shriek just from that slight touch. She starts moving her finger in a very slow, small circle.

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She screams her moans. She shudders hard as her pussy drips a single drop.

I snap her bottom with the whip. "Stop acting like a slut, slut."

Christine screams another moan. She flinches hard from the stroke, but there's just nothing left for her to scream from it. It gets her attention, though. Her body stiffens up hard, like steel, except for the single finger that's eagerly massaging her clit.

She's now so tense that her body quivers from the strain in her muscles. Her toes even curl under her feet. She keeps rubbing herself, screaming out her desperate, sultry, hot moans. Her face scrunches tightly, as if in a mask of pain, but her agony is the sweetest kind. I see the muscles in her arm straining hard just to keep her finger moving.

Now her pussy doesn't drip. It almost runs. The drips fall like rain from her furry mound. I usually make a sub masturbate for at least five minutes before giving her permission to cum. But I don't think Christine is going to last anywhere close to that long.

I make her go for two minutes. Her friends stare at her the entire time, unable to take their eyes from the intense display. About once every twenty seconds I see Christine's hips snap forward, thrusting her pussy towards her audience. I swat her bottom hard with the whip each time and scold her to stand still. She does. It doesn't last long. She gets another stroke.

After the two minutes, I just tell Christine, "Oh, go on and cum, slut."

Christine screams, loud and long. At the top of her lungs. Her body hangs tensed for a long moment, maybe several seconds. Then her pussy squirts a huge dollop of honey straight down with enough force that it lands with a splat. Christine trembles violently hard for a second or two. Then her scream stops. And she just falls.

Christine lies on the floor, on her side. She doesn't move. She just lies there, twitching, barely breathing. She faces her audience. She's on her right side. Her left leg has gone back a little, and that leaves her

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pussy visible to the group. It's the only part of her that shows much in the way of signs of life. Her honey steadily weeps, almost flows, from her puffy mound. Her fur has long since been soaked fully, so now her honey just flows onto her leg and clings to more and more if it by the second.

Otherwise, Christine just twitches sharply as she lies there.

"Whew!" Katie finally exclaims after they've gawked at Christine for a long moment. "Chrissy looks so..."

"Done!" Mandy blurts out. "Like gone, done!" It gets a good giggle from the rest of the ladies.

We sit and chat. I don't tell them anything about Christine that they haven't seen. But about the only thing they don't know is how the grosser things are, the hotter they get her. I don't mention pee-boarding her, either. I'm sure Christine will forever wonder if they know about that little adventure.

It's around fifteen minutes before Christine begins to stir. As soon as she does, rolling a little to get comfortable as if she's going to go to sleep, I march her into the playroom. I leave Sophie to entertain the guests, figuring they'll quickly be gone.

I use Christine's hair as a leash and make her crawl to the playroom, and the kennel. I know her friends watch her crawling out, half dragged by her hair, but I doubt Christine will remember it.

I lock her hands back to the chain still around her neck, then I make her crawl into the spare kennel. I lock her in. The kennel isn't big, it has her on her knees and elbows. Her knees pulled up snug under her, almost to her shoulders. And even then it has her bottom pressed hard against the back mesh of the cage. Her pussy, too.



Chapter 07: Go Away

Chapter 07: Go Away

Christine's morning begins at 5:30. Whether she wants it to or not. She's still asleep, scrunched up in her kennel when I go in. It's the first time I've kept her overnight, so as I go to wake her I'm wondering if she's going to still be subservient from last night, or if I'm going to have to break her again. I really don't have time to break her. Just to humiliate her before Tammy gets back for her.

I wake her up by swatting her bare, and now white, bottom through the mesh of the kennel with my crop. The first stroke does it. She squeals a loud, and shocked yelp, as her eyes pop open. "Oh, goodie, slut, you're awake!" I unlock her cage and order her to crawl out. Then to stand. I make her wait as I let Paige out of the kennel beside her. I don't have to wake Paige. But I never do. She's used to getting up at this time.

While I afford Sophie a lot of special privileges because she's my personal slave-girl, I don't afford her that many. Mostly she gets what all the slaves, subs, toys, pets, and bitches get here. One thing she definitely does not get is privacy. I never allow a sub any of that. Never so much as a shred. I want them to know that they have nothing to themselves. It's all on display. All mine.

I walk Christine into the bathroom. Sophie is already there. She's a petite girl with honey-blond hair down to her shoulder blades. And pert breasts. She's nude and sitting on the toilet. Using it. I have Christine and Paige line up and wait. And I put Christine at the back of the line.

When it's her turn, I have her sit on the toilet with her knees wide open, her hands resting on her thighs, and her back up straight. I tell her to pee. She does. Sophie and Paige are standing on the wall opposite the toilet, so they're facing her and watching her as she pees. I see Christine cringe a little as she sees all the eyes on her, but she doesn't dare to disobey.

Then I tell her poop. Her jaw drops. Her eyes dart nervously around, seeing that everyone is still watching her. They're not really watching. No one wants to see it. They're just obediently keeping their

eyes forward. It makes it look, to Christine, as if she's being watched.

She doesn't object. She just blushes a deep beet red and cringes hard. Then she makes herself obey the command.

Next up is their morning shower. I send all three of the girls into the shower together and tell Sophie since she's in there, to make sure Christine grooms herself like a bitch, not a shaggy dog.

The shower is just a standard tub and shower combination that could be found in almost any home. It's designed for one. Two can use it easily enough if they're intimately close. Three is just plain cramped. It has them bumping and rubbing their naked bodies against each other as they try to do anything.

Sophie supervises Christine well. Ten minutes later three naked women are lining up, dripping wet, for inspection. Sophie first, then Paige, and Christine in the rear. By the time Christine gets up to the front of the line, she's freezing and shivering hard. But she passes, her body acceptably groomed, and gets to use the towel.

I lock chains around Christine's ankles, just as Paige already has on hers. They allow her short steps of about a foot long. They rattle as she walks. Paige has the chore of cooking breakfast, so she heads nude to the kitchen. I give Sophie some school clothes for the day and tell her that she may put them on. Christine stays nude, too.

I make a point of reminding Christine that she doesn't have any clothes or anything else here. Not a single stitch. After she came all over the house last night, and I put her in the kennel, I gave all of what she had to Tammy, with instructions not to bring back anything Christine wouldn't need for work today. She should just hope that her friend is still her friend after last night's slutty show and that Tammy gets back in time with clothes for her.

Tammy arrives right on time. Christine is eating her breakfast, so I stand over Christine and send Sophie to get the door. I have Christine down on her elbows and knees eating like a bitch. Like a dog. Naked. Tammy sees it immediately when Sophie lets her in. It's why I stay over

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Christine with a whip in my hand.

Christine freezes as she sees Tammy's feet come in and realizes what new humiliation Tammy is being treated to the sight of Christine willingly enduring. A firm swat to Christine's bottom gets her attention and she resumes her meal. I wouldn't want to send her to work hungry!

Then it's time for the final little tease. It's a tease that I know will leave Christine with a hand between her legs the instant she's out of sight. Just a little more humiliation.

I have Christine stand facing Tammy. Then I take the chains off of her. I tell Christine that she is to dress in whatever Tammy brought her. Properly.

Then I tell Tammy that she may give only clothes to Christine. One piece of clothing at a time. Tammy digs in the plastic grocery store bag of stuff she has and pulls out a pair of Christine's panties. They're a fairly modest, everyday kind. I have Tammy hold them out to Christine.

"May I please have those panties you have kindly chosen for me to wear today, Miss Yancey? I promise to wear them all day, Ma'am."

Tammy nods. She's clearly uneasy with the humiliating display I'm making Christine put on. But she goes along with it. Before she left she told me that she, and the others, really didn't understand it, but clearly it "did the trick" for Christine, so they're OK with that. They all promised to only gossip with each other about it. And torment Christine. I wondered if they knew what tormenting her is going to do to her.

Christine takes the panties. "May this bitch please be allowed to put these panties on its slutty bottom, Ma'am?"

Tammy just nods again. Christine takes that as a yes and pulls the panties on quickly, some relief obvious on her face that she's finally getting some clothes.

The process repeats until Christine is fully dressed. Tammy has chosen her a modest bra and panty set in white. Jeans and a pullover shirt, similar to what she was wearing go with it. As do sneakers and

socks.

Now that Christine is dressed, it's time to send her on her way. She does have about twenty minutes to get to work. I tell Tammy the rule that I don't allow my bitches to walk free in the building. There's a leash requirement in the lease.

I tell Tammy that she will have to take Christine by the hand and walk her out of the building without letting go of Christine's hand.

Christine just resigns herself to it and offers Tammy her hand.

Tammy takes it, slightly reluctantly, and walks Christine out of the apartment.