

*Unfortunate
Timing*

Nadia Saran



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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!

[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. Enjoy the story!]

Chapter I: Slut Interrupted

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My toy tonight is Melanie. She's a 37-year-old single mother of one daughter (Penelope) who recently turned 18. She's had the same job, as the office manager for a dentist, since Penny started grade school. Before that, she lived on welfare and the child support she sometimes managed to collect. As the years have ticked off, Penny's male-provider-of-DNA (I've deemed him unworthy of the title of father or parent) has gone from unreliable to downright-unreliable in his support payments. And nothing Melanie or the State of Alabama can do has encouraged him to think about attempting to consider actually paying. I would so, so, so, like to get his slimy butt in my dungeon! After that, the creep would so beg to pay Melanie what he owes her.

After coming to me through the usual roundabout, friend-of-a-friend-of-a-friend route, Melanie has been a toy in my toy box for about eight months now. I want to be clear, she's my toy. I use her, and her body, to amuse myself the same as I used my Barbie dolls a decade ago. She is not my friend. We don't hang out or swap girl gossip. Our relationship is purely D/s playtime.

That said, I know Melanie far better than her ex ever did. It wasn't hard, either. She's an open book that's easy to read. At least for me. Unlike her ex, I wasn't thinking only of how I could get in her panties tonight. I'm her Mistress. I own her and that includes what's in those panties. I'll just help myself to whatever of it I want. Of course, if I wasn't thinking of Melanie, her desires, her needs, and ensuring that she enjoyed her time over my knees as much as I enjoyed turning her over my knees, she wouldn't still be in my toy box. So I pay attention to her body, not her, and how it reacts to things.

I have no doubt why her relationship with her ex ended. The same reason as the rare boyfriends she's had since have quickly left for greener pastures. She's shy and very reserved. There's no way she's ever going to admit what she truly wants, and none of those guys has paid enough attention to her to see it for themselves. Or to take a chance and give it to her.

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On top of her modesty, Melanie is a very religious woman. Not the type that's always out trying to preach to someone, but she does deeply believe. And her congregation is on the conservative side. Too bad for her that her desires are in conflict with her values. And the values win out for her. At least they win out enough that she'll never admit to what she craves. Nor will she enthusiastically submit to her desires just because someone tells her to. She needs to be pushed hard, only she's not going to tell anyone to push her. If she did, someone just might!

I'd deem her bisexual. She seems to enjoy being with men and women about equally, at least physically. But her values will never allow her to admit she's anything but disgusted by the thought of being with a woman. Even though it arouses her as much as it disgusts her.

But all I had to do was get one look at her the first time she came to me to know, beyond a doubt, that she was hotter than she'd ever been. I'd just made her strip, which took a few strokes of my crop to motivate her to do and put her down on her knees. Fully naked. With her knees spread so that her pussy was uninhibited as she sat back over her heels. I made her kneel with her back up straight. And with her hands behind the small of her back so that she couldn't do anything to hide any of her body from me. Like her displayed breasts. Okay, it took a couple of more swats to convince her that immodestly flaunting her nakedness was better than disobedience, but so what? Her nipples were as hard as rocks. Her pussy wept honey. All I had to do was touch the outside of her furry lips to feel the fiery heat burning beyond them. And if that wasn't enough to convince me she was eagerly aroused, her breathing sounded like urgently panted muted purrs. And she quivered as I lorded over her with my crop in hand.

In her traditional values, I am everything a play partner shouldn't be. I'm a woman, not a man. I'm much younger than she is. 17 years younger, specifically. She hasn't a clue what my religious beliefs are, but I know she thinks whatever they are, they're not nearly as devout as hers. And it's obvious I have no intention of having any kind of relationship,

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beyond allowing her to amuse me occasionally, with her.

Which is why I am easily able to arouse her. She believes she's wrong for doing this. That she deserves punishment for it. That she's a lesser life form and thus should be lorded over. The more humiliating I make things for her, the more it reinforces her beliefs that she should be treated in the most degrading way possible. And then, as I shame her a little further each session, she feels as if she's in her proper place – the very bottom, where imprudent women like her belong. She relaxes as she accepts that she's in her place. She gets aroused. And more aroused as she's kept there. Until she can't stand it any longer. Then I deny her the release she's aching for. After all, a woman like her doesn't deserve pleasure. I make her earn it. Earn it by debasing herself even further. I don't make it easy for her, either. Which excites her even more. Until finally, just before she loses control and explodes, I allow her a torturous release.

And she likes to be surprised with her sessions, even though she always says she hates it. When they come as a surprise to her, she doesn't have a chance to think about what's going to happen. If she gets to thinking about it, those pesky values start rearing their head and urging her to avoid it happening. But when it's a surprise, she doesn't have a chance to do anything but submit. I think she even likes it better when the session is an inconvenience for her. As if she and her life are unimportant. As if she exists only to be toyed with.

It wasn't hard for me to figure out Penny had a date tonight, and thus wouldn't be around the house. She's 18. She has a boyfriend. Neither has much of a job. It's Friday night. $1+1+1+1$ always adds up to 4, a date, in teen-girl arithmetic. On top of that, Penny's boyfriend is a sophomore at Bishop State College, where my slave-girl Sophie is a student. Their campus isn't nearly as big as a four-year university, like USA where I attend, would be. And he had a big mouth. He's always asking his friends for advice about where to take her and things like that. It took nothing for Sophie to find out what their plans were without

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anyone catching onto her. It's enough to make me laugh as I stand in Melanie's house. Melanie doesn't know where her daughter is. Penny didn't know where he was going to take her. I do. Dinner at Mellow Mushroom, a casual pizza place beside the USA campus that's very popular with college students. For the high school senior Penny, it'll be such a thrill to be hanging out with all those college students. She'll love it. And I know how long I have to torment Melanie before Penny returns. She might have bullied her mom out of a curfew a couple of weeks ago when she turned 18, but this Mobile! There's simply no place to be after midnight unless you count places she won't get into (i.e. the hardcore bars, and the cafe's where you have to know the doorman to get in without ID). Oh, and the perpetual parties, also known as off-campus sororities.

So when Melanie answers her door, I just bullied my way right past her as I let myself in. Sophie followed me in, leading my house-slave/whore Paige on her leash. Paige followed the leash locked to the collar locked to her neck, toting the heavy bag of toys I keep in the car. Yes, my world has a distinct hierarchy to it. I'm on top. Sophie is on the very bottom of the pyramid. Paige is buried so far beneath the pyramid it would be faster for her to dig down for China than up for the surface. Melanie is even underground.

Three weeks ago, when I last played with Melanie, she's committed the mistake of not fully stripping when told to. She'd forgotten to take off a wedding ring she wears to discourage guys from hitting on her at work. When I say naked, I mean naked. As naked as the day before she was born. And I never make an exception to that rule.

Tonight, as I step into her house, I put my hand to the to of her stomach, just below her breasts, and push her backward hard. She stumbles the first step, then gets her feet under her and starts backing up as I lead my entourage into her house. I back her up to roughly the center of the room.

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"I believe the last time I allowed you in my presence, you were a naughty bitch. Something about not wanting to bare every speck of that flabby old body when it tickled my fancy for it hang out shamelessly. I never make the same mistake twice." I grin, "stand there and stay." Then I turn to Sophie and go on "slave, unleash skanky whore."

Sophie quickly unlocks the leash from Paige's collar. "Skanky whore, strip this ugly bitch. With your teeth."

Melanie's eyes snap wide. She glares at Paige, my house-slave/whore. Paige is the same age as Penny, 18. And Paige looks her age. She's thin, almost scrawny thin.

Paige snaps a very fast "Yes, Mistress." She sets my bag on the floor and hurries over to Melanie. Melanie hasn't been home from work for very long, so she's still dressed in the cheap business suit she wore to work today. It's a black skirt suit, with low heels, and a white blouse underneath the blazer. It looks like it came from Wal-Mart, which it probably did. Paige puts her hands behind her back to show me that she's not cheating and using them. She puts her wide mouth to Melanie's shoulder, gripping the blazer's lapel in her teeth and tugs it off Melanie's shoulder.

Melanie's blouse comes off almost as easily. Paige simply goes button to button, clamping her teeth around it and using her tongue to push the buttons back through the holes. Without her hands, Paige has no way to fold Melanie's things. She simply opens her mouth and drops the blouse to the floor, where it makes a messy pile atop the blazer.

Then it's time for Melanie's bra to come off. Its clasp is the trickiest part for Paige. Those are not easy to get opened with just teeth. It takes Paige three tries before the straps fall and hang along Melanie's back. Then it's just a matter of getting one strap in her teeth and pulling the bra free of Melanie.

A couple of minutes later, Melanie shirks inward as Paige takes off the last item: Melanie's panties. Paige starts in the front, circling around

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the waistband with her teeth and tugging them down slowly, one inch at a time. Like the whore I've made her into, Paige lets her lips liberally brush against Melanie's flesh as she does. Especially her pubes and bottom. When they finally fall to her ankles, Melanie is already quivering.

Melanie's around 5'6" tall. At 140 pounds, she's still an attractive woman. It's just enough weight to square off the girly curve to her waist, leaving her with straight sides. But also with a flat stomach and shapely legs. The few extra pounds she carries do nothing more than adding a fine layer of body fat. It hides her bones, even at her shoulders, giving her a slightly strong look.

She has medium brown hair that she curls. It's moderately long, hanging down far enough to cover the tops of her shoulders. She has brown eyes, that would be hidden behind a pair of wire-rimmed glasses with small oval lenses if I'd allowed her to keep the fairly geeky-looking glasses. Which I didn't. She has a strong angular nose, slightly narrow and proportionally long looking on her oval face. Then there's a narrow, almost puckering mouth with full, plump, and deep-reddish lips above a rounded chin.

And then there's a pair of 38-B cup breasts on her chest. They're slightly loose, but any woman's her age would be. Despite that, their rounded mounds swell out nicely as they hang back just enough to make a little crease where they meet her chest. Yet they still leave her nipple centered and poking straight at me. Nipples as wide as pencil erasers, only longer, standing up over ¼" from her mound with fully rounded tips atop their tube-like shafts. The deep pink nubs now flushed brightly as they've stiffened harder than most rocks. A silver-dollar sized ring of medium pink surrounds each nipple, topping off her spongy mounds.

I'm sure, with her face less than an inch away, Paige got a very good look at Melanie's shaven pubes. She definitely saw Melanie's flat pussy mound with it's plump, narrow, and longish lips, too. Lips that are narrow enough to leave a wide gash between them where the pink-purple

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folds of Melanie's inner lips can peek their heads out. And wide enough for Melanie's folds to cuddle together, even at the top, where the pinkie-wide deep-purple nub of Melanie's clit pushes them aside and peeks out. And Paige has to have seen the film of Melanie's creamy, clear, and slick honey that clings to every bit of that pinkness. Nor did Paige miss the moderate muskiness of Melanie's private scent. I know Paige caught it all. She licked her lips seductively. That tells me all I need to know. Paige can see and smell Melanie's arousal budding.

As soon as I have Melanie completely naked, I reach, not exactly gently, between the tops of her thighs and pinch one of her loose inner folds between my fingers. "Come along, bitch, let's see if you can manage to amuse me with your pitiful squirms tonight." Instead of waiting for an answer, I start leading Melanie to her bedroom. Naturally, she follows her pussy lip, which I'm still gripping and using as a leash.

Ninety minutes later Melanie lies on her bed. She doesn't have much choice about that. I have her tied to it. I have a short length of rope tied to each corner post of her bed. One rope tied to each of her wrists and ankles with three snug coils. The ropes are pulled taut. And they pull her body just as taut.

Bound only by her wrists and ankles, Melanie has enough room to squirm but isn't going anywhere. I've taken everything from her bed except for the single sheet over her mattress. Not even her pillow remains. It makes for better squirming that way.

Paige is my house-slave. She gets to do the most menial of chores around my house. And she gets to do them in the most degrading ways I can dream up in my rather creative mind. She wasn't a virgin when I found her. And obviously, she needs some intimate attention herself, to fully give everything she is to me. Together they make her the perfect house-whore as well. I freely use her body in the most intimate ways to amuse myself while playing with my slaves. I think nothing of her as I

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do. She loves it.

Paige is 18, and she looks it. She could easily pass for a year or two younger, too. And I don't hesitate to dress her up and make her look as young as I can on occasions. Tonight, however, I wanted her to look 18. So I did nothing.

She's 5'4" and 114 pounds. It's thin enough to give her a somewhat stick-like figure, with only a slight feminine curve to her waist. Otherwise, her sides are straight, her stomach taut and flat. Only a pair of 34-B cup breasts, slightly pointy with hugely wide nipples and rings of light pink color, stand out on her chest. She has brown hair that's naturally curly and hangs down to the bottom of her shoulder blades. She has brown eyes and a full, wide mouth framed with plump, light pink lips. That goes with a long oval face and a rounded chin. Her pubes are shaven, showing off her moderately puffy pussy mound with its long lips. And she has a youthfully firm, well rounded, bottom.

I allowed Paige to wear a stretchy tube dress for the trip over here. But that came off as soon as I brought her into this room, leaving her just as naked as Melanie.

Now Paige lies on the bed between Melanie's legs, with her legs hanging off the foot of it. Paige has her mouth stretched wide open, her lips pushing Melanie's narrow lips aside to plant themselves against her pinkness. For the last hour, Paige has been "munching" Melanie's pussy.

"Munch" is a command I taught Paige; it tells Paige to tease Melanie in a very specific way. And that's what Paige has been doing. She starts each tease by clamping Melanie's wide and hard clit very lightly between her teeth, just enough to hold the nub still. She sucks gently on it as she places her tongue atop its hardness. Then she slowly swirls her tongue around the little stone, caressing Melanie's ache with her tongue's delicate femineity. Then she'll move her mouth to one of Melanie's wrinkly loose inner folds and gently suck that enough to draw all of it into her mouth. She'll still that with her teeth as well, then caress it with her

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tongue, a single stroke along the top, around its edge, and then along its underside.

That's where Paige is now in her routine. She has her mouth stretched wide open to take in as much of Melanie's pinkness as possible. And she's sucking very gently. Her tongue starts by swirling a single lap, slowly, around the rim of Melanie's twitching pussy. Then Paige's tongue dives into Melanie's tight tunnel and makes another lap, this time doing its best to delicately caress as much of Melanie's meaty walls as Paige can reach. And then, Paige swirls another lap around the rim of Melanie's tunnel before moving to Melanie's other inner fold and teasing that.

It brings Paige's mouth back to Melanie's throbbing clit. Now Paige again steadies the nub with a gentle clamping of her teeth. She flicks her tongue fervently over its very tip five strokes. Then she teases her way back down to Melanie's pussy along one of Melanie's narrow outer lips.

When Paige's mouth reaches Melanie's tunnel, this time Paige goes to the top of its rim. She sucks a little harder, but still gently. It draws the rim of Melanie's tunnel and it's spongy soft flesh out a hair. Enough for Paige to steady it with a tender nibble of her teeth while she flicks the tip of her tongue over the captive pussy wall. Releasing that, Paige stretches her mouth wide to surround Melanie's pussy. She swirls her tongue once around the rim of Melanie's twitching tunnel.

Now Paige holds her lips wide as she sticks her tongue out. Very slowly Paige traces a line with the tip of her tongue. She starts at the bottom of Melanie's burning hot, and even wetter, tunnel. Paige's tongue moves steadily down, briefly caressing the fold where Melanie's inner lips wrinkle together. Then her tongue slips between the wide gash of Melanie's soft outer lips. From there it keeps going, inching its way down the pink skin. Paige's lips pucker a little as they slide into the beginnings of the valley between Melanie's cheeks. Then Paige's tongue finds Melanie's tightly clenched asshole. Paige slowly caresses Melanie's tensed muscle with a circle of her tongue. And then Paige draws her tongue

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slowly upward, leisurely retracing its path until Paige's mouth is again surrounding Melanie's pussy. Paige circles her tongue around its rim once more, only this time as her tongue moves through its slow circle, she flicks its tip quickly.

And then Paige teases her way along Melanie's other outer lip, returning her mouth to Melanie's clit. That's one tease. Paige teases endlessly, repeating the teases over and over. And it's a tease. It's a tease that has pushed Melanie to the sweetest of agony. It's pushed her close to climax. But even after well over an hour of it, it hasn't pushed Melanie to cum yet. And it's not going to. It teases with its cyclical rhythm, alternating between intense strokes the build her towards orgasm, and affectionately lazy strokes that allow her ebb back from the edge before the intensity returns and drives her right back where she was.

As Melanie hangs over the edge of orgasm, she squirms energetically and constantly. She squirms powerfully enough that I hear the wood of her bed frame creaking as she tests my ropes. Her hips thrash from side to side while bucking sharply up and down. Her toes long ago curled tight. Her hands balled to tense fists about the same time. Her wrists and ankles even have light pink rope marks on them from wiggling against the ropes.

At first, Melanie shirked inward and cringed hard at the mere thought of a woman licking her pussy. The ropes ensured Melanie would lie there, her legs splayed invitingly wide, for Paige. Melanie squirmed even before Paige's tongue began, at first trying to keep her pussy away from the pussy-endowed slave. Her eyes even teared up as she begged me to have mercy, or pity, on her and not force her to endure something so disgusting.

It took maybe a minute, maybe a little more. After that, Melanie couldn't stand the pleasure of Paige's ministrations. She forgot about her inhibitions. She still squirmed, but now her squirms were those of too-intense arousal. Squirms instinctively trying to grind her pussy against

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Paige's mouth and tongue. Not to get away from it, but to increase her arousal that tiny extra step and release the tension aching her most intimate places. She still begged me for a shred of mercy or pity. Only now the mercy she begged for wasn't to stop Paige but to relieve her tension.

As time passed her squirming became more and more energetic as the urgency pounding her pussy with its aching throb grew more urgent. And then her squirms became desperate and wild as the sweetly agonizing ache flowed out of her pussy and began to flood every bit of her body, tingling Melanie's nerves along the way with icy-hot sparks. Melanie stopped begging. She stopped forming coherent words. She cried out hungry moans that pleaded for relief just as effectively.

My entertainment! I love the way she, or any toy, thrashes around and moans like a porn star. Melanie is so lost in her torment that she hasn't even noticed that I'm videotaping her! (well digitally on my phone. Can one even buy a videotape anymore?) I have plans for the movie I'm making. Plans that Melanie will find more humiliating than anything she's imagined. I'm sure that will arouse her. Maybe even as much as she's aroused now. Which is enough that there's a saucer-sized wet spot on the mattress under her pussy.

I've stepped back a few feet to get a very good look at Melanie's breasts. I'm taking in the way her long, steely-hard nipples still rocket straight up from her mounds and seem to dance wildly around. And I watch her spongy mounds jiggle just as wildly on her chest.

That's when I hear it. A gentle click, like a door closing, followed by a rushed, but almost whispered girl's voice. "Oh, shit! Mom's home! That bitch! Shh!" There's no way Melanie hears it, and even less chance her brain would process it if she did. She's too far lost in the fog of Paige's tongue. But I hear it.

There's only one explanation. Penny has come home earlier than a teenage girl should have. Clearly, she expected Melanie to be out. And

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clearly, she's brought her boyfriend with her. In teen-girl-speak that only means one thing: whatever those two have in mind, Penny wants to be alone and totally does not want her mom to know. I grin. It's the grin Sophie calls my "Satanically evil smirk." The grin I get when a new idea strikes me suddenly with some new way to amuse myself, which almost certainly means utterly humiliating some toy.

I tell Sophie to supervise Paige for a moment. Not that Paige needs much supervision. She knows her place as my whore. She knows what's expected of her. She won't stop until I tell her to, no matter what happens around her or what Melanie does.

I slip out of Melanie's room into a darkened hallway. And I'd left the hall light on! I'm just in time to see Penny slinking down the hall with a young man in tow. She holds his hand and she leads him along the wall. She's almost made it to her room.

She catches sight of me, framed in the backlight of her mom's room. She has got to be hearing Melanie's sensual and urgent moans, too. I think neighbors might be hearing those! Penny freezes in place. Her date follows suit. Penny glares at my face for an instant, then her eyes dart nervously down to the riding crop in my hand. Her eyes lock on it.

"Just what do you think you're doing?" I say in my firm voice.

"I'm 18!" Penny blurts out, "and who the fuck are you anyway?" She looks righteously offended, too.

I lightly slap her face. It's not enough of a slap to leave a handprint or snap her head off to the side. But it does get her attention. Her eyes bulge out of their sockets, or so it seems. Her jaw drops open. Her lips work as she begins to say something.

I hold my crop up about two inches in front of her face. I snap it an inch or so with the flick of a wrist. Just enough for her to see its blinding fast crack while keeping its tip in front of her eyes. "Shut up, bitch." I snap harshly. Penny recoils, shirking back against the wall.

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"You're Pepper!" Her boyfriend blurts out, his voice shocked with true horror. "You're Sophie's friend!"

My head snaps to face him. I slap his face, this one harder. His head snaps an inch or so off to the side as the crack rings out. "I said shut up, bitch! I am Miss Rodgers, Sophie's *owner*!" He wisely doesn't say anything.

I turn my attention back to Penny. I put my hand on her chest, at the center, right above her breasts. Close enough to her breasts that I can feel her mounds, and the laciness of her bra, against the sides of my hand. I shove her backward, pushing her back hard against the wall. I hold her there a second. I use my foot to kick her feet inward until they're together. Just as when I shoved her, I'm not trying to be rough on her, but I'm not concerned with being gentle either. Just moving her. I grab her wrists, pulling her right one out of her boyfriend's hand, and put them at her sides. "Stay, bitch!" I snap.

Penny looks utterly shocked. She stands still and quiet for the few seconds it takes me to shove her boyfriend into place beside her with about two feet of bare wall between them. "You will stand there. You will not move. Not even a finger. Nor will you make a sound." I warn them in a firm, but not harsh, voice. I raise my crop. Another, harder, flick of my wrist sends its tip swinging in a wide arc before their eyes. Until I flick my wrist back, cracking the tip of it with an ear-splitting snap like a bullwhip. Both jump at the crack. Then they stand still, Penny trembling slightly.

"Sophie, come," I call out in a honeyed voice as I step back into the bedroom. Sophie hurries out. I point to the pair against the wall. Sophie smirks her evil grin. "Watch these two mischievous imps. They're to stay."

"Yes, Mistress." Sophie agrees. She takes her place casually leaning against the other wall opposite the duo. She folds her arms across her chest and locks her eyes on the couple. She lets her right hand dangle

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over her elbow, a cat-of-nine-tails still in it. And she smirks as she makes the leather strands of the whip dance and the pair's eyes lock on it nervously.



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It takes a few minutes, probably about ten, for me to get everyone to the living room. As soon as I leave Sophie on guard duty in the hallway, I return to Melanie's bedroom and have Paige stop. I put Paige against the bathroom door, her hands cuffed behind her back, and with a second pair of cuffs locking those to the doorknob. Then untie Melanie and push her to get up fast, and pull a bathrobe on. I cuff her hands behind her as well, taunting her that I can't trust her not to diddle her fiery pussy in front of everyone like a complete skank.

I lead Melanie out to the living room. As she passes the duo against the wall, I see her cringe hard. I'm sure she's wondering what they might have heard. I'll bet it dawns on her that they're seeing more than she'd care for now as well. And she's covered past her knees. I have her sit on a chair with her legs crossed, hands folded demurely on her lap, and her back up straight. I leave her with a very stern warning not to open her mouth, no matter what, unless I give her permission to speak.

Then I return for the pair. I take the boy first, having him sit on the sofa. Which has him facing Melanie. Melanie glares at him disapprovingly. HE averts his eyes. I bring Penny in and put her on the sofa beside her boyfriend, still leaving some space between them so they don't touch. Not even accidentally. Melanie glares at her, too, even more reproachfully. She glares right back with petulant defiance in her eyes.

Oh, this little bitch is going to be fun! I think to myself. Sophie takes her place at my side. These two are 18. Neither is tied up or anything. Thus both are free to stay or go. Even though I might tell them they're not. I figure if they don't like being here, they can leave. I won't stop them.

I stand in front of the couple and turn my attention to Penny. Tonight she's wearing a little cotton top, decorated with narrow colorful stripes, with spaghetti straps and nothing more above her breasts. It's paired with a denim mini skirt that's slutty-short. And with white cotton panties. I know that because her slutty skirt is short enough that every

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step she takes flashes her panties. Slutty-short.

"Just what do you think you were doing, Penelope?" I ask her in my annoyed-mother tone of voice. The look on Penny's face tells me I've gotten it right.

"Nothing." Penny insists in a somewhat muted voice. And she averts her eyes.

"Oh, so you want to add lying to your litany of disrespectful petulant inappropriateness do you, bitch?" I scold her coldly. I flash a very quick three fingers to Sophie, a cue, and hold my hand out. Sophie hurries to reach into the bag of toys I brought. She gently slaps the handle of a hard wooden paddle in my hand.

I hold the paddle up right in front of Penny's face. "Liar, liar, butt on fire..." I chant in my best impersonation of a toddler girl's voice. With a heavy note of taunting in it. This paddle looks just like the one they used in schools decades ago. It's about ½" thick, made of hardwood, maybe 18" long and 4" wide. And it has holes drilled in it to lessen the resistance as it flies through the air. That lets it swing even faster.

"In my realm, the price of a first lie is two strokes. And you've just lied to me." I smirk.

Penny's eyes bulge wide again. She freezes for a second. "Fuck you, bitch," Penny spits in a voice laced with as much fear as it is indignation. I glare at her coldly and hard. After a second she starts trembling again.

"Oh, an insolent bitch, too! That's three more. One for each inappropriate word out of your filthy mouth, you skanky bitch." I scold her sternly, "As I said, welcome to *my* realm. I've decided that since I own that skanky slut over there," I point casually in Melanie's general direction, "that I'll help myself to everything it stupidly thinks is its." Penny's eyes dart to stare at her mom. "Don't look to that slut for any help, it doesn't have the ovaries to challenge her Lady. And it knows

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better. Soon you'll know better, too, *bitch*."

Penny's eyes shift back to me nervously. She trembles a little harder, knowing she's not going to like what I have to say. "Happy bitch-day, bitch. Congratulations, your skanky behind is now 18. You're right, you don't have to mind me. You have a choice. You can get up and take your skanky butt somewhere else. There's the door." I point in the direction of the front door. "But as long as you're skanking up my realm, including this house, you'll obediently mind my rules and behave like a proper little filthy peasant bitch, bitch.

"As of now, your curfew is midnight. You will be in this house, without guests, before the clock strikes midnight. You will dress properly for a child since you're still a little school girl. You can act like a college whore when you finally get to college. You will mind that disgusting mouth of yours. You will not lie. You will not do anything, with anyone, absent my permission. Nothing whatsoever. When asked a question, you will answer. You will be very humble and polite. Whenever told to do something, whatever it is, you will do it immediately. Like it or not. It's called obedience.

"Consider it your rent. If you want to dwell in my realm, you'll follow my rules. Otherwise, go on, bitch, go make your own way in the world. You want all the privileges of being an adult, you can have the responsibilities that go with them. Like paying your bills."

I pause for a split second. I lean close, putting my nose a fraction of an inch from Penny's. I stare directly into her eyes, mine not flinching a bit. "Since you're still there, welcome to Miss Rodgers' neighborhood. We'll get to your paddling in a minute. After I'm done. That way I can blister that bottom all at once since I'm confident you'll earn yourself quite a few more strokes before you finally decide to act like a proper gutter peasant. I'm sure it would be expecting too much for you to act like an actual human being!"

Penny sulks back into her seat. She averts her eyes, refusing to look

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at me or anyone else.

I let her sulk for a moment. "You don't want to make me ask again to get the truth. Just what were you doing, bitch?"

Penny hesitates for a few seconds. "I don't know..." she answers mutely. "It's not like I had this all planned out."

I'm fairly certain she had it planned out. At least had several fantasies in her head about how it would play out. After all, how many reasons are there for her to be sneaking a boyfriend into her room when she didn't think anyone was home? I scold her for her impoliteness. She mumbles an unhappy "I'm sorry... ma'am."

I sigh heavily and ask her what she thought might happen then. She turns her eyes from mine. "You know... ma'am... I thought he might... like me... and try to kiss me or something."

I move my head back, shaking it as I go. "You were going to act like a gutter slut and give him a taste of that skank pit between your thighs, weren't you, bitch?"

"I DON'T KNOW!" Penny blurts out, her nervous tone saying I'd hit it on the head. She falls into a light sob. "Maybe... if he... you know, played his cards right... I might have... let him... do something!"

I just laugh. "If I were to look that cum dumpster would be sloppy wet right now, bitch, and we both know it."

I move quickly as I reach out and pinch Penny's nose. "Get up, bitch." I pull her to her reluctant feet.

And then I turn my attention to the boy sitting beside her. "Clearly you know my slave-girl. Who are you?"

"Uh, my name's Bryce... Ma'am... yes, I know her from campus. She's not in any of my classes, but I've seen her around, and everyone has heard about her!"

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I turn back to Penny. "See, bitch, this little sissy can behave like a good little servant boy! You should take lessons from him!"

I turn back to Bryce. "And what did you think you were doing?"

He hesitates a second, keeping his eyes on me. Or more accurately not on Penny. His voice lowers a few decibels. "I didn't know, Ma'am... but I hoped Penny liked me and we might... hook up, Ma'am."

"Good boy," I tell him sweetly. "At least you're too wimpy to admit what a horny boy you are. Or that you were trying to take advantage of my bitch without permission!"

He shirks back as I lightly scold him. I can see that he wants to object, but again thinks the better of it. He sits, fidgeting lightly and waits for me to go on.

I ask him several questions. The same kinds of questions any parent would ask a boy who wanted to date her daughter. I learn that he's employed part-time if you consider bagging groceries at Publix to be actual employment. Like most students at Bishop, he hasn't declared a major. He'll end up with an associate's degree in liberal arts, which he'll transfer to a four-year school to get an actual college degree. He loves the ocean and hopes to get his Coast Guard license and work on the cruise ships as an officer. I'm guessing an engineer, at least until he manages to qualify for bridge duty. And I'm guessing the Coast Guard is particular enough about who's on the bridges of cruise ships that it'll take him more than ten seconds to qualify. I learn that his parents are paying his way through school and he lives at home, at least for now. He can't afford more.

Then again, Penny is still in her final year of high school. Naturally, she lives at home. Melanie supports her, too. Only Penny doesn't have a job, not even a crappy one, to provide anything for herself. Despite the fact that Melanie barely makes ends meet. Plus, Penny has a whopping 3.0 GPA, so she's not exactly the best of students, either. It's good enough to get her into a college, just not a good one. I wouldn't be

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surprised to find her at Bishop next semester where she can hope to earn her associates and get into a real college. Otherwise, she'll end up with a job like Melanie's. One that barely puts food on the table. I'm sure she's figuring that she's cute enough some boy will "take care" of her, and she likely is. At least until he figures out that she intends to "have fun" while he supports her. Then it's divorce court for her! Sooner or later she'll learn how life really works. She's not exactly the Playboy Bunny kind of girl whom some guys would gladly take care of and not mind her blowing through their money on excessive partying. In other words, Penny isn't exactly a catch herself. At least not now. Maybe if she pulls her act together.

I turn to Melanie. "Mind your manners, slut." I warn her firmly. "Do you know this boy?"

"No, Ma'am," Melanie answers, her voice breaking with shame despite its muteness.

"Is he the kind of boy you'd allow Penelope to go on a date with?"

Melanie hesitates a second, then sighs, "Maybe, Ma'am..."

Penny admitted they've been "seeing each other" for all of three weeks now. Bryce seems to attach less significance to their time together. "Do you think Penny should be slutting around with this boy?"

"No, Ma'am." Now Melanie's firm in her answer.

"Then Penelope doesn't have permission to whore out that cum dumpster while living in this house?"

"No, Ma'am."

I turn suddenly back to Bryce. "And I suppose you didn't think to be respectful and bother to meet Penelope's mother, much less ask permission, before violating this naive little future gutter whore?"

"Uh.. no, ma'am... I'm sorry..." He answers.

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"Well, three strokes will teach you some proper manners." I wave the paddle in front of his face, watching the nervous edge sweep over him. I set the paddle on the coffee table.

Then I turn my full attention back to the standing Penny. I start to ask her something, then stop. I decide she needs a little visual reminder not to play any games with me. So I pick the paddle up and swing it slowly through the air a couple of times. I hold it where Penny's scared eyes can watch it. "Are you horny, too, bitch?"

Penny stutters. Badly. And she blushes a bright red. Finally, she answers in a very muted voice as if praying no one but me will hear her answer. "Kind of, Ma'am." I notice that she's rather polite now, not daring to play games with this question.

I shake my head. I know the answer is yes. I can see it on her face. And if that's not enough I can see it on her chest. In the form of hard nipples straining against her thin top like rounded half-marbles. "Well, let's see about that," I say with a taunting sweetness as I step very close to Penny again. So close that Penny can't see anything but my eyes. And so close that she can't tilt her head down to see anything either. "Are your nipples hard like little rocks right now?"

Penny blushes another shade brighter. She gasps, sucking in a shocked breath. Then she answers me in the quietest voice yet "kind of, Ma'am."

"As if there's any such thing as kind of hard!" I say in a normal voice letting everyone hear me. "Either those nipples are hard or not. Since you don't want to answer me like a proper bitch, we'll just find out. Give me your shirt and bra, now, bitch. And don't even think of dallying. Give it to me!" I hold my hand out as I step back.

"And don't you be peeking sissy." I warn Bryce, "if I want you to see those nipples, I'll show them to you."

Penny really shirks back. Her eyes are everywhere. Nervously she

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looks to her mom for some help. Instead, she sees Melanie, obviously uncomfortable with the turn events are taking, sitting silently as she cringes. From me, she sees only firmness. From Sophie, utter indifference. From Bryce, the strain of trying hard not to peek at the breasts he really would like to see.

Seeing that she's on her own, likely for the first time in her life, Penny hesitantly lifts her shirt off. She drops it in my hand. She looks away, staring at a wall as she takes her bra off and hands that over. She quickly folds her arms across her chest to cover her mounds. I scold her harshly for her "fake modesty," adding that just a few minutes ago she was dying to flaunt those very boobs as shamelessly as any whore on the stroll. I make her put her arms back at her sides and stand there.

Penny is a slightly petite girl, maybe 5'3" or 5'4" and lean. I'd guess around 120 pounds. It's not the twiggy-leanness of Paige, but it's definitely thin. She has long, straight, medium brown hair and green eyes. But she has a wide mouth, framed with the plump, red lips she inherited from Melanie. And an oval face with a chin somewhere between rounded and angular, not really either.

Now wearing just her miniskirt, Penny stands there displaying her firmly rounded, petite breasts. Mounds that rise straight off her chest like half grapefruits that take on a gentle pointiness at the very tip. Their skin is milky white, topped with wide rings of a deep pink-purple. Nipples, rounded half-marbles as I'd thought, swell up from the center of her dark rings. Nipples that are rock-hard. They're short, more like a well-rounded swelling than a protruding nub, but they're clearly defined and hard.

I touch the tip of a finger to one of her nipples, stroking the pad of it lightly over the hardness. As I do, I see goosebumps erupt all over Penny's mound. And I hear a slight, muted purring under the deep breath she sucks in. "Those nipples are as hard as rocks, bitch, aren't they?"

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"Yes, Ma'am," Penny answers very reluctantly. I make her repeat her answer, raising her voice back to a normal tone. It gets a quiver and a brightening of her blush as she thinks about everyone hearing her confess it.

"Is that skank hole down there sopping wet? As in wet enough that your skank is getting on the outside of your lips, bitch?"

"I don't know!" Penny firmly insists, dropping her voice back to its embarrassed-hushed level.

I know she's lying to me. Every woman I know of can feel it when she's getting that wet. Honey is sticky and warm on lips. And moist panties suck! "Guess you haven't learned to answer me like a good bitch yet." I sigh deeply, "so we'll all find out." My hand is back out. "Give me that skirt and panties, bitch, now." I pause only about one second. "I said now, bitch! Stop stalling! Stop pretending you're modest! You've already admitted to being a gutter slut! So act like a slut and get those panties in my hand, bitch!"

Penny blushes even brighter. And little tears well in the corners of her eyes. She hesitates, praying her mom will stop this. When Melanie stays mute, Penny hands over her skirt. It bares a very cute pair of lace-fringed bikini-cut white cotton panties. They look new, too. She puts her hands to her hips, catching the waistband of her panties, then hesitates again.

I grab her wrists and yank them downward sharply. "Bad bitch!" Her hands take her panties down with them. "You want to spread that slut-hole all over the world, you can show it off like a shameless stripper." I release her wrists as her panties drop to her ankles.

Penny hurriedly squats down as she steps out of her panties. She stands up and hands them over. She covers her pussy with her hands for an instant before my harsh glare reminds her that's not allowed. Reluctantly her hands go back to her sides.

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It lets us all, except for Bryce, see her silky, freshly shaven pubes. There's only one reason a girl shaves just before a date. She thinks someone might see her and notice. And she wants me to believe she wasn't planning on sleeping with him! *Liar, Liar, butt on fire! At least after my paddle is done with that butt!*

"Now let's see just how skanky that slut-hole is. Be a good bitch and show me, bitch."

Penny hesitates. She starts quivering again, lightly, but noticeably. Her mouth moves, but she says nothing. To me, it looks as if she's lost. As if she's unsure what I want her to do. And afraid of what I might expect.

I grab hold of her shoulders. Moving fast, I roughly spin her around so her butt is to me. Just as roughly I shove her forward, moving one hand to steady her hips as I do. It pushes her down quickly, leaning her forward. Penny's hands fly out to stop herself. I use a foot to kick her feet apart, spreading her legs a bit. Penny's hands catch herself on the edge of the sofa. It leaves her bent over at the waist, her hands and elbows on the sofa, and her legs opened.

More importantly, it leaves the moderately puffy mound of her pussy poking back at me from between those slim thighs. I see narrow, but puffy and full, outer lips, swelling just enough to be sensually rounded. Those are the lightest shade of white as if they've never seen sunlight in her life. They don't meet. They don't even come close. They leave a wide gap between their edges. The light pink-purple edges of her inner folds poke up, filling the space with all their wrinkles, while not sticking out beyond the edges of her plump lips. At the very top of her slit, the wrinkly folds flow into each other, creating a plush nest of loose flesh for her clit. A clit that's rounded head is just even with the tops of its nest. That looks like the wrinkles simply join into a single knot of tautly smooth flesh. A clit that's swollen so hard that it's pink-purpleness suddenly gives way to whiteness at its very tip. Naturally, everything is

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coated with a thick layer of clingy, almost pasty-thick, and slightly white-tinged honey. Not just her pinkness and clit, either. And not just the edges of her outer lips. Even the outside of those silky lips sparkles brightly under the light.

Most importantly, Penny is certainly fully aware that her pussy is shamelessly on display. That I can see every bit of it. As much as any lover might usually get to see. And that here mom, if she hasn't looked away, can see it all, too. I'm sure by now Penny has figured out Melanie isn't going to do anything without my blessing. Not even turn away from staring at Penny's pussy. Penny shows her discomfort with those thoughts by quivering lightly.

The room is nicely air-conditioned. Thus Penny has got to be feeling the cool air gently wafting across her pussy with its fresh, wet, coat of honey. And thus she has got to know how wet she is. She's got to be feeling the light throbbing ache in that clit, too. It's too swollen, too hard, for her not to be.

"I'll ask very directly," I say firmly. "Is that slutty clit hard? Do you feel the stiffness of it in those nervy little folds? Do you feel the sweet ache as it begs for attention, bitch?"

Penny's bottom trembles. It takes her a second to answer, and when she finally does, it's in that annoyingly muted, overly-modest, voice of hers. "I... think so... Ma'am."

I sigh with frustration. And I reach my hand straight out. Again I have to move fast so as not to give Penny a chance to react before I do what I'm planning. I do. I pinch her clit between two fingers, squeezing it gently. It lets me feel that despite its pastiness, her honey is rather slippery. Its pastiness will make it especially clingy and keep it lingering around on whatever it manages to stick to. It should make that pussy extra "fuckable."

Penny sucks in a panicked fast breath, squealing out an equally fast "AH!" As soon as she gets some air in her lungs, an equally shocked

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"OOH!" follows. Her bottom shudders crisply, more snapping than squirming. Her head snaps back, bringing her eyes up. Penny sucks in another fast breath, this time loudly purring out a very needy "OO!" that she stretches out for several seconds. Her bottom spends every bit of those seconds shivering hard.

I pinch her aching nub a tiny fraction harder.

A violent shiver racks Penny's body. She screeches a very erotic, very fast "AH-AH!... YES! Ma'am, yes, ma'am, it's hard!" Penny starts panting very erotic little "OOH-OOH-OOH!"s

"No." I snap firmly, "you want to be a little slut, you may answer me like a little gutter slut, bitch." I slowly and tenderly roll the pinched nub between my fingers. It's enough that Penny's shivers turn to trembles.

"Yes, Ma'am!" Penny blurts out urgently, her voice mixed with tones of shock, horror, embarrassment, and hunger. "my clit is as hard as a rock, Ma'am. I'm a complete skank, Ma'am. I'm being a total slut, Ma'am!"

I release her clit. Penny pants fast, but deep sighs of relief. Her pussy lips twitch twice with light tremors before her hips still.

"Is that slutty little thing sopping wet with your skank, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Penny mumbles under her breath, her voice breaking with the embarrassment of it.

"Is that slutty little hole all hot inside?"

"Yes, Ma'am." I guess Penny has realized that anything less than an honest answer will just get me touching her and finding out for myself. And Penny prefers to admit it than to be poked.

"And let me guess... as filthy as that little slut-pit is, you still want this boy to see it, or even better, touch it, don't you bitch?"

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"Yes, Ma'am." Penny sobs under breath now.

I touch the tip of my finger to the wrinkly folds of her inner lips, not pressing into the folds, just pressing atop their loose flesh. I hold my finger still. Penny shudders hard. It takes several seconds for her bottom to still, and only after she realizes that I'm not going any further for now. As she still, she still quivers slightly. I can feel the slipperiness of her honey. And I can already feel the warmth of her hungry pussy.

Once Penny has stilled, I press my finger. It slips so easily past her loose folds. Even there I can feel her heat. I don't stop. I let my finger glide right into her pussy. It slips easily into her tunnel, it's way greased by her slick honey. Her walls gently snuggle my finger with a tenderness that's as soft as it is spongy. Her heat is fiery hot.

Penny gasps a very shocked squealed "AH!" as I slip into her. Quickly she falls into panting softly purred "OOH!s". She stands still, afraid to let her bottom on my finger even the tiniest bit. She doesn't have to move. I can feel her meaty walls twitching. And I can feel the fiery electric tingles racing through those walls.

"Is this pussy a virgin or a slut, bitch?"

"I'm... a slut, Ma'am." Penny answers in squeaky blurted gasps.

I start massaging the bit of her walls under the pad of my finger. My skillful, well-practiced, motions have the effect I want.

Penny can't keep those hips still. They squirm, but lightly as she tries to keep them still. Penny moans loud "OH-UH-OOH!" chants. And she trembles a little harder. If I had any doubt that it was killing her, that's quickly erased. I feel the twitching in her soft walls grow crisper and faster. I feel the micro-twitches as icy sparks erupt randomly throughout those walls. I feel those walls tighten, snuggling my finger a little tighter inside. And I see her thick honey start clinging to her lips, the coat growing heavier.

I ask Penny who she's had sex with.

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Penny answers, her voice squeaky, her words rambled together as she cries them out over her moans.

I ask Melanie if she knows the boy Penny names. She tells me he does. I have Melanie tell me what she knows about the boy. She describes him as a pure-ghetto white boy. She tells me that he tries to act, and sound, like he's black and straight out of the Harlem or something. He tries to have nothing to do with other white people. Except for cute white girls, apparently.

I've met a few boys like him. Not too many around here, but a few. I'd guess he didn't treat Penny all that well. He just doesn't impress me as the kind who would appreciate her. I make Penny tell me all kinds of details about their relationship.

Penny squeals out that they dated for about a month. After two dates he pressured her hard into sleeping with him. It was "okay" the first time, although he was a little rough on her. After that, he wanted her doggy-style. And he wanted her performing on her knees, something she hadn't a clue how to do, and something he wasn't shy about telling her. Repeatedly. And he wanted her bottom, which she wasn't willing to give him, and always feared he'd just take while she was on her hands and knees. Then, after she was with him only five times, he took her to a party. She was the only white person there. He wanted her on her knees, in front of everyone. And he wanted her to service some of his friends. She'd thought he loved her. She made a scene and ran out. After that, he wouldn't give her the time of day, even when she begged him to take her back and swore she'd do whatever he wanted. He'd just started to speak to her again, hinting that to get back in his good graces she'd have to do a lot more than oral on whomever he said, wherever he said, whenever he said. Then Penny met another guy and decided she loved him. That only lasted two weeks, but he was white and acted like a redneck. Even though she never slept with him, it was the last straw for the other guy. He still hasn't spoken to her.

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I must be as worldly as Penny must be naive. I haven't a doubt where that guy was going to take her. He was going to pimp her out. She'd get nothing but used. The horrific look on Melanie's face tells me that she is very glad Penny got away from him when she did. I'm less sure that Melanie sees where it was going. She might. She hasn't exactly been sheltered.

I leave my finger where it is. I have to slow it down to keep Penny from cumming. While Penny cries out urgent squealing moans, I turn my attention to Melanie. I ask her if that's the kind of boy she thinks Penny ought to be seeing. Melanie answers no. I ask Melanie what she knew about his relationship with Penny, and she tells me. It's not much at all. Not even a clue that Penny was as much as thinking about sleeping with the boy. I ask Melanie if she thought Penny had made a good choice. She firmly says no. Then I ask Melanie the hard question. "Now that you know what this little tramp has been up to, do you think you've been a very good mother to her?" Melanie bursts into tears as she admits she doesn't think so.

I turn my attention back to Penny. I slip my finger out of her pussy and hold it up for everyone, especially Melanie, to see the thick layer of sticky honey clinging to every bit of it.

Penny's bottom is firm enough that simply spreading her feet was enough to gently pull her hard cheeks apart a little bit. Enough for me to see the egg-shaped dark swath of purple-brown skin just above her pussy as it disappears into the wide cleft between her globes. Its color blossoming from a faint tinge at the outer edges to a deep hue as it comes to the tight, and small, pink ring of her asshole. I touch the tip of my finger to Penny's asshole, my slender finger covering the tight ring of firm muscle. Even with Penny reflexively clenching her muscle tight, I can feel the gentle wrinkles of her flesh as they flow inward and disappear into the deep pinpoint opening.

Penny quivers nervously. And she stays very still, feeling the slight

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pressure of my finger against her last private place. The one part of her that's still unknown to anyone else. The one part she desperately wishes to keep to herself.

"If you were skanky enough to have allowed that loser to use your filthy butt, you'd never admit to being that much of a gutter whore, bitch. I *will* see for myself if you were that trashy and stupid. You *may* behave your slutty self by inviting me into your butt and it will not be uncomfortable for you. Or not. In which case I'll just shove right in any way. And I'll tell you now, I don't care if you want this to be easy or hard on you. Either way, I won't feel it. Now be a good butt slut. Take a deep breath, then push hard like you're trying to use the toilet. Push as hard as you can. That will force your reluctant little ring to relax. Keep pushing until you've swallowed all of my finger into your butt."

I wiggle the tip of my finger slightly. "now, bitch." I allow Penny about one second to follow the advice I've given her. I hear her suck in a very fearfully panicked breath. I feel her tense muscle loosen, but not fully. I allow her another second until her muscle has relaxed about half of what it could. Then I press firmly.

In a fraction of a second, I feel the dense ring of muscle begin to stretch wide as my finger pushes it inward. In another fraction of a second, I feel the muscle stop moving inward. It's hard rubberiness yields. In that instant the tip of my finger slide in. Immediately her muscle turns to a steely hardness and clamps down tight on my finger. Penny screeches a strained, "OOH!" that half sounds like she's crying.

I decide to show her a trace of mercy. I stop, holding my finger still in place. Her muscle locks around it. I scold her to relax. She trembles nervously. Then I feel her trying to relax. At first, her muscle pushes back. Then it loosens back to its former rubberiness. "Harder, bitch!" I snap firmly. I feel her ring loosen a bit more so that it feels more like a rubber band squeezing gently around me. And then, without my having to push any harder, my finger starts sliding deeper into her. Almost

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instantly I feel the pressure vanish from the tip of it as my finger slips past her muscular ring.

Penny chants "UH! UH!" over and over, her groans as panicked and nervous as they are fast. Her ring stays loose around me, though I can tell it's taking her a lot of effort to allow it.

As small as I am, I don't have too much finger to put into her. It only takes a few seconds for the web of finger to find Penny's ring. It stops moving. "In. Just breathe and relax, bitch."

Penny pants almost hyperventilates. She quivers slightly. I feel her asshole tense up around the base of my finger. For a split second, it squeezes me with all its might, then loosens to what I'd guess is its normal tightness for unwelcome situations. In another fraction of a second, I feel teeny little quivers start flowing through the muscle.

I pretend to ignore Penny. Beside her, Bryce obediently sits on the sofa. He doesn't dare turn his head. But he does keep shifting his eyes towards Penny just long enough to catch a fleeting glimpse of the naked girl. Judging by the angle of his eyes, I'm pretty sure they keep heading straight for her breasts. What a man! Okay, Penny's modest breasts hang loose and free from her chest. Okay, their pointy little tips have a sensual roundness to them with her nipples swollen so hard. Okay, her mounds are pert, and now they dance seductively as her body trembles. But still, I didn't give him permission to look at those breasts!

I pretend not to have noticed as I return my attention back to Melanie. "Do you think this skanky bottom is a virgin or a slut?" Melanie answers that she thinks it's a virgin although her voice, and the look on her face, tells me she's less sure and more hopeful that it is.

I do three things. First I smile. Second I answer, "You guessed correctly, slut." Third, I use the tip of my finger to press very gently downward. The paper-thin sausage-casing like membrane of Penny's bowel does nothing to block me from feeling the spongy softness of Penny's pussy walls. Immediately I feel the twitches sweeping along her

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walls just as sharply as I did with my finger in her pussy. And I definitely feel the heat.

Instantly Penny squeals a very nervous "YE-EEEEEE!" drawing it out for several seconds. While Penny squeals, her bottom frozen hard, and still, I use my finger to tenderly caress the backside of her pussy wall with a slight, gentle pressure. Penny's asshole clenches to steely tightness around my finger, locking it in place and crushing it with all its strength.

It takes four or five seconds for Penny's mind to accept that this isn't hurting her. Once she does, her panicked squeal fades away, only to be replaced by soft purrs of "MM!" As Penny begins purring, I feel those icy hot sparks begin erupting along her meaty walls anew.

I pretend not to notice. I start asking Melanie more questions, even as my finger slowly massages inside Penny. I ask Melanie if she thinks a good mother should teach her "little girl" about sex. Yes. If she thinks a good mother should know the boys in her girl's life. Yes. If a good mother should help her girl to chose a proper boyfriend. Yes. I repeat the questions, this time asking if Melanie has done it. She answers a very embarrassed "no" to all of them.

Now I ask Melanie if she thinks Penny is "grown-up" enough to have sex. Very reluctantly, Melanie admits that the 18-year-old Penny is. I ask Melanie if she thinks Penny's pussy is "excited" and would enjoy some "manly attention" tonight. One glance at the glistening wet pussy lips, one whiff of Penny's perfumed muskiness, one hint of the sultry purrs coming from her lips, and it's undeniable. Melanie has no choice but to admit Penny is horny. "Well, this filthy tramp has already turned itself into a cheap little whore, hasn't it. It's not like we can re-virginate it back into an actual woman with some shame, is it?" I tell Melanie in a rather taunting voice. Melanie has no choice but to concede there's no returning Penny to maidenhood.

I ask Melanie if she thinks the almost-20-year-old Bryce is aa decent boy for Penny to be dating. Melanie says she doesn't know, she's never

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heard of him before tonight. "Well, that's because you've been a negligent mommy. Otherwise, you know where your little slut is slutting around." I ask again, forcing Melanie to answer with only yes or no. She very reluctantly says "yes." From what little I've heard about him, I wouldn't let him date my whore, Paige. Then again, I have high standards. Even though Bryce isn't a bad guy, and he has realistic goals for his future by which he might actually be able to support a family.

I ask Penny if Bryce has been kind to her. Penny answers with a very throaty, "Yes, Ma'am," breathed out over her deepening moans of "MM!" I ask her to tell me all about their date tonight, in detail. I want to know everything Bryce did and said to her so I can decide for myself if he's treated her like a girl, or like the cheap whore she is. Penny's answer takes a few minutes, her voice breaking so often as she cries out a sultry moan. As she describes Bryce being sweet to her I feel Penny's asshole start twitching lightly around my finger. And I see the heavy film of honey clinging to her lips finally make it to the crease of her thighs. She quivers, too.

After Penny's done, I turn back to Melanie and ask her if she thinks Penny is horny enough that it will take a good fucking to fully satisfy her. With Penny now moaning loudly and quivering, there's only one answer for Melanie: yes.

I ask Penny "Would you like to be fucked like the skanky gutter whore you are tonight, bitch?" Yes. "Would you like Bryce to give you some dick tonight, bitch?" Yes. "Does Bryce have enough dick to satisfy you, bitch?" *I'm sure he does, Ma'am!* I ask her how much dick she wants. *All of it!* I ask her how she can be so sure Bryce has enough dick to "stuff that skank pit full and actually make it cum?" *I don't know, but I'm sure he does, Ma'am!*

I shake my head. I ask Penny if Bryce wants her skanky body. *I hope so, Ma'am!* I ask her if she's offered it to him, adding that cheap whore tend to do skanky things like that. *No... not in words, Ma'am!* I ask

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her if Bryce has seen her skanky-self naked. *No.* I ask her if she wants to show her body off to him like a gutter whore would. *Yes.* I ask her if she wants him to see how sloppy wet her pussy is with her stinky skank. *If he wants to, YES!*

I wiggle my finger just a little more. It's enough to make Penny suddenly blurt out a squealing hot moan. I keep wiggling it to keep Penny shrieking those so-hungry-for-a-fuck moans.

I turn back to Melanie and ask her if Bryce "is man enough to take care of the little slut." Melanie cringes hard and reluctantly says "yes." I ask her how she knows. She admits she doesn't. I ask her if she thinks a good mother should "know" her little girl's sexual partners. She says "yes." So I ask her what kind of a lover Bryce is. She tells me she hasn't a clue. "So you don't know if he'll take good care of your baby slut, or trick her out on the corner, do you?" Melanie shamefully admits she doesn't. So I ask her if she thinks a good mother should know these things before whoring out her little girl to just any old cock that comes along." Melanie says "yes." Then again, what else could she say, especially when I phrased it like that?

I use the backs of the fingers on my free hand to tenderly stroke along Penny's outer lips. With the gash between them, my fingers brush along the edges of her pink folds as well. And occasionally over the rock-hard nub of her clit. I make it a point not to shy from any of it. "Bitch..." I coo with my voice so sweet, "Since you want to be such a little slut tonight, I guess we should start by showing that skanky body to this boy and seeing if he's willing to touch something so gross, don't you think?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Penny cries out, her voice all-moan, and all thrilled by the prospect.

"And then... If he can stand to touch it, maybe mommy will be nice and decide if this boy is man enough for a cheap gutter tramp! Would you like mommy to decide if he's man enough for your skank pit?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Penny blurts hopefully enthusiastic.

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I slide my finger out of Penny's bottom. Penny stays still and relaxed for it without my having to tell her. As I slip from her snug ring, Penny pants fast breaths of frustration. She fidgets around even though she stays obediently bent over.

I have Penny stand up. Then I have her stand in front of Bryce, her hands at her side. As she faces him, I whisper to her. She promptly asks him, "would you please look at my naked body, Sir, and tell me if you'd like to have it for your pleasure tonight, or if I'm just too skanky for you, Sir?"

Penny smiles wide, her grin as hopeful as it is nervous. She turns slowly in a circle. Penny pauses with her bottom toward Bryce. She leans forward, bracing her hands on her knees as she pokes her butt out to him. With her legs slightly parted, it also displays her pussy to the boy. Penny gives him a slow, seductive, and fairly amateurish, wiggle of her bottom. Then she straightens up and finishes her turn.

Again facing Bryce, Penny improvises. She wiggles her chest slightly. It's enough to make her breasts dance as they stand out from her chest. "Sir, is this skanky body acceptable to you?" Penny asks very nervously.

I snap my fingers, turning to Bryce and quickly telling him "just nod or leave, sissy."

Bryce nods rather eagerly.

"Then please, Sir, will you please take this slutty body and use every last bit of for your pleasure, Sir?"

Bryce doesn't give me a chance to do anything. He's nodding vigorously long before Penny is done offering herself to him.

"Go kneel in front of your mommy, bitch." I firmly instruct Penny.



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Penny hasn't a clue what I mean for her to do when I tell her to kneel. She starts by simply getting down on her knees, her posture rather casual. I quickly scold her, my voice firm but also warm, to spread her knees and feet wide. She's already sitting back with her bottom over her heels. Opening her legs leaves nothing to hide her pussy. Then I have her straighten her back up until it's rigid and put her hands at the small of her back. It leaves her chest wantonly displayed. I have her look forward. Kneeling in front of her mom, who sits on the barstool, it has Penny staring at Melanie's knees.

"Clearly you are hideous at choosing a sex partner, bitch." I use my taunting mean-girl voice now. "Otherwise you'd still be pure. And a proper woman. But instead, you've managed to make yourself into a rather disgusting filthy little gutter whore. Too bad for you I don't need any more whores in my realm. There are plenty of vacant street corners you could work."

I sigh deeply and unhappily. "It's time for you to learn how to be an actual woman. You *will* very politely ask mommy to judge whether or not Bryce is an appropriate sex partner for you. And if not, you will definitely be diddling that skanky thing for the foreseeable future. Oh, and you *will* be *extremely* polite when you ask, bitch." I cross my arms over my chest, glare down upon Penny and tap my foot. It's my best impatient look.

Penny cringes. "Mom... will you please... let me be with Bryce?"

"Bad bitch!" I snap instantly. "Am I going to have to whip that fake humility out of you?" I sigh and then continue on, my voice now more that of a teacher than scolding. "I said ask her to determine if he's an appropriate sex partner for you. I did not say to just as if you could go on being a little slut. Haven't you ever asked humbly for anything in your short life?"

"This is what you are going to do. First, apologize to mommy for being such a little slut. Then tell mommy that your pussy is very horny."

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Then tell mommy that Bryce is willing to fuck that skanky thing. And then, ask mommy very sweetly to ensure that Bryce is man enough to satisfy your sluttiness. Now, bitch."

Penny gasps as she cringes harder. Her voice mutes to where I can barely hear her. And it takes on a slight squeakiness. Shyly, Penny begins. "Mom... I'm sorry that I'm a total slut... but I am just so horny right now! I mean like it's all I can do not to run off and... fix it... alone. Bryce... wants to help me... take care of it... would you please... please... is Bryce... a good enough guy for me?"

"Bad bitch!" I snap more sternly, still not raising my voice. I spend two entire minutes scolding Penny for her fake modesty. "You weren't so shy when you were giving that skank pit to that snake, were you? No, you just got naked and offered it up like a cheap whore. No reason to be shy now, bitch! Now ask right."

Penny's voice drops and breaks as she asks Melanie to "Decide if Bryce is man enough to take care of her "slutty itch."

I decide that's shameless enough. I turn my attention to Melanie, who already looks more uncomfortable than ever. I ask her "did you get a very good look at Penny's little skank pit?"

Melanie knows well that I won't tolerate any answer except yes or no from her. I've already warned her of that. She stutters a few times, trying to decide which to answer. How much of a look is a good look? What should she have been looking for? Knowing that she tried hard not to really look at Penny's pussy at all, Melanie finally answers "no." Smart woman. She just saved herself a spanking!

"Penelope, get up and show mommy your pussy, bitch," I say.

Penny nervously rises up onto unsteady legs. I instruct her to turn her back to Melanie and then lean over until her back is flat, her feet spread as wide as she can comfortably spread them. Once in position, I have Penny reach around the outside of her thighs, take hold of her

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cream-covered pussy lips, and pull them wide apart to display every bit of her equally wet pinkness. And I have Penny standing so that her pussy is almost over Melanie's feet, as close to Melanie's eyes as she can possibly get. I have Penny stay like that. It also, and coincidentally, has Penny facing Bryce. I have her pick her head up to look at him. Not so that Bryce can see the embarrassment on her face, but to get her head and hair out of Bryce's line of sight. The position already has Penny's arms glued to her sides; now nothing blocks his view of her dangling breasts and those cute tips pointing down with their stiff nipples. Bryce notices. His eyes fix on those rounded mounds. Men!

I tell Melanie to get a very good look at Penny's pussy. And I don't allow Melanie to cheat and simply glance at it. To ensure that Melanie is getting that good look, I first have her describe what she sees. It takes me two scoldings before Melanie finally describes it fully instead of briefly. Then I have Melanie describe Penny's clit. Melanie deems it "very eagerly hard."

I have Melanie describe Penny's tunnel. And I don't let her get away with even a trace of privacy for Penny. It takes me several pointed questions to get Melanie to say enough for me to know that she's gotten a good look at the sticky-wet opening. I ask Melanie one final question: "Now that you've actually seen that cum dumpster, how much dick will it take to satisfy that slutty pussy?"

Melanie says she hasn't a clue. And I remember why I hate reserved women as much as I love them. I ask her how wide Penny's pussy is. She stutters, then says "maybe as wide as a finger, Ma'am?" I ask her how thick of a cock it would take to stuff that sloppy pit full enough for Penny to *really* feel it. Melanie says "I'd guess about average, Ma'am?" Her voice telling me she hasn't a clue and is just taking a guess. My finger, when I had it inside that pussy, told me that a little less than average would do for Penny. Penny felt a bit tight, but not only is she inexperienced, but she's also a small woman. I let Melanie get away with that answer. I ask her what she thinks "average" width for a dick is. She

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makes a circle with her fingers that's maybe just under an inch across. I ask her about length, and she holds her hands about five inches apart and tells me she thinks that would be enough for Penny.

"Does Bryce have that much dick?" I ask Melanie.

"I don't know, Ma'am." Of course, she doesn't. She's never even heard of Bryce before Penny tried to sneak him into her bedroom tonight. How could Melanie know anything about him?

"Well, then there's only one way to know if he's able to satisfy even that skanky pussy. You'll just have to find out if he has enough dick for her or not." I don't even take a breath. I go right on telling Penny to go sit on the sofa beside Bryce, and to remember to leave a good foot of space between them. I remind her that she's naked, Bryce isn't, and it would just be way so slutty to be too close to him like that!

Penny sits. Obediently with her legs crossed and her hands folded in her lap as I instruct her to. But she sits with a very edgy and uncomfortable look on her face. A very humiliated look, too. And she fidgets from the instant her bottom touches the sofa. Her eyes flit around wildly, always trying to catch a glimpse of Bryce as they hurriedly dart away before she thinks I'll catch her.

Bryce sits uneasily as well. Not fidgeting or really nervous, as Penny is, but more lost. As if whatever is happening is far beyond his experience. As if he hasn't a clue what's going on and how he should act. He watches me with questioning eyes.

I tell Melanie to get up, and she does. Both Bryce and Penny now turn their eyes, and their attention, to Melanie. Penny looking horrified. Bryce, to me, looking more curious, albeit a cautious curiosity. Melanie, however, quivers slightly as she rises. And she looks utterly humiliated, and very nervous. I'm sure she's contemplating exactly how I'm going to make her determine if Bryce is man enough.

I don't give Melanie much chance to think about it. As soon as she

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on her fidgety feet, I snap firmly for her to drop her robe. Her face blushes instantly to a deep beet red. Her jaw drops. Just as fast her head drops as she looks downward at the floor. Her robe falls. She doesn't exactly take it off, just unties it, and lets it fall from her shoulders. It lands in an arc around her heels. It leaves her standing there, blushing, avoiding seeing anyone, and quiver. And facing Bryce fully naked.

Bryce's eyes about pop out of their sockets. He sits frozen in place, somehow managing to fidget around. He gawks openly at Melanie's nakedness, at her smallish spongy-firm breasts jutting out towards his eyes.

Penny fidgets like her butt's on fire. The look on her face is as much shocked as it is horrified. She tries not to look at her mother's naked body, but can't seem to get her eyes over to what she really wants to see: how enthusiastically Bryce is leering at Melanie. Penny definitely does not want her mom to be here.

"Slut..." I coo teasingly to Melanie, "before assessing if this boy has enough dick to give your little whore, I think we'll give him a fair chance to measure up. We'll make certain his cock is at it's best. It's stiffest. Dance for him, slut." I add the command as firmly as ever.

Melanie hesitates. After a few seconds, she starts dancing slowly and horribly. And she keeps her eyes on the floor. I'm never one to allow any of that. My sluts are shameless sluts. I crack my crop, landing its tip on Melanie's bottom. She immediately yelps a loud squealing cry. I scold her "I've taught you better, slut! Dance like the slut you are."

Melanie still looks at the floor, but her body starts moving more sinuously. I grab her hair and yank her head up so she's looking at Bryce. She's still back a few feet from him, so I know she can see Penny, too. I tap Melanie's bottom again with the crop, lightly this time, and scold her to stop "faking like you're a prude!"

Penny looks more horrified than I've seen her yet. She fidgets

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around, clearly uncomfortable watching her mother do this. And she gawks, amazed that her mother can do this.

While the couple watches, I leave them no choice in it, Melanie steadily grows more confident as she gets used to it. I've already taught her how to dance like a stripper. I teach all my toys. But so far Melanie has only done it in front of me and my slave. Never an audience. Never Penny. Never any man. It takes her a couple of minutes for the embarrassment to dull enough that she's really moving.

Once Melanie has her body flowing, I tell her to give Bryce a lap dance. As I watch, Melanie moves close to him. The humiliation of it comes back fresh and she starts hesitating. She turns her back and lowers her bottom onto his crotch. Then she starts lightly rubbing her bottom over his lap.

I see a look of curious surprise on Melanie's face. I see Penny gawking now openly impressed and equally humiliated. I hear Bryce breathe out a mute purr.

In a couple of minutes, Melanie has gotten over her reluctant shyness. I'm sure Bryce's soft purrs have helped encourage her. And I'm sure Penny silent, reluctant acceptance hasn't hurt. She turns her front to Bryce and leans close to him. With just her soft breasts against his chest, she slowly slithers down his front. She stops with her head at the sizable bulge in his jeans. She plants a fleeting kiss atop that bulge and starts working her back up.

As she lifts her chest from Bryce's to spin around again, Bryce gives in to his maleness. He reaches up and cups her breasts in his hands. I do nothing. Melanie knows better than to do anything except leave it to me. After a second without being scolded for it, Bryce gently kneads her spongy mounds.

Penny stares at the display. She squirms hard, utterly humiliated that her date is feeling up her mother. And equally upset with Bryce for

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it. I suspect she's ready to castrate him if I'd give her the chance.

It only takes a couple of seconds for Melanie to close her eyes. Then she purrs out a long, very hungry, moan as Bryce teases her nipples with his fingers. Melanie shudders slightly. She purrs again, a little more urgently this time. I guess her hour-plus of suffering Paige's tongue hasn't ebbed away yet. She purrs even more urgently as a crisp shiver racks her.

Melanie forgets everything. She keeps her chest still so Bryce's hands won't leave those mounds. She leans forward and plants her lips on his. She kisses him, and but the sensual hunger in her movements, I'd say she's more devouring him. A second later she shifts just enough to get her pubes to his crotch. She starts massaging the bulge in his pants with her pubes. Her sopping wet, honey-drenched pubes. Pubes and lips already covered with a hugely thick coat of dried honey after her time with Paige.

Bryce starts squirming happily. And he kisses her back. He pinches her nipples lightly. It's enough for Melanie to break the kiss, her mouth hanging wide open as she cries out the most erotic moan. As soon as the moan ends, her lips are back on Bryce's, kissing him with even more passion.

I let it go on a minute or two. I want Penny to get a good look at her mother. The mother that's always been Ms. reserved, Ms. proper, Ms. modest. The mother who is now acting like the loosest of sluts. And clearly loving it. And of course, I want Penny to see just how much Melanie is exciting Bryce. Bryce who should be after Penny, not Melanie.

"That should have this boy good and hard! Boys can't resist a little sluttiness!" I announce. I grab Melanie's hair again and jerk her hard. I put her down to her knees between Bryce's feet. "Hurry up, you don't want him getting soft from having to look at that old flabby body! Whip that cock out and see if this boy has enough dick to spare some for Penny."

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Melanie is not in full slut mode. Which means she's thinking with her pussy, not her head. She quickly unzips Bryce's pants. Her hands slip inside his snug undershorts. It takes her a couple of seconds. She has to pull the white briefs down with one hand. Then her other hand brings his cock out.

His shaft stands straight up. It's as hard as a rock. And it's huge. It's not the longest I've come across, but it's still well over seven inches long. Closer to eight inches I think. But it just might be the thickest I've come across. If not, it's definitely in the top three. His shaft has got to be a full two inches across, and that's not including its proportionally huge head. Plus it's circumcised, showing off its soft, deep purple, fat head. I wouldn't call this cock a missile. It's more like a silo! Too wide to be a missile.

Melanie looks rather surprised by it. I'm sure it's far bigger than anything she's seen before. More like a large dildo, something she's always thought was ridiculously inflated in their sizing. She trembles. I see a brief flash of hunger on her face, giving way to one of fear as she imagines what that huge thing might be like inside her, and just as quickly returning to a look of hunger as she thinks about finding out first hand.

Penny stares at it. Shocked. And now truly afraid. Afraid that she might actually have to feel that monster. Afraid, as small as she is, it will be too much for her.

As Melanie holds his cock in her hand, I see a minuscule glistening form on its very tip. And a couple of little twitches from that steely cock. Melanie's eyes fixate on it.

I ask Melanie if "Bryce's cock is long enough to fully fill your little girl's skanky pussy?" Melanie admits it is. It's her voice that surprises me. It's a sultry tone, deep and throaty, of desire.

I ask Melanie if "Bryce's cock is thick enough to stuff her little girl's sloppy wet pussy full enough that even a well-used gutter whore like her

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will feel it?" Melanie, her voice still sultry, admits it is. And adds that she's afraid it might be too fat for Penny.

I slap Melanie's face, reminding her that I'm asking yes/no questions. Then I ask her if she thinks Penny wants to "play at being a big girl and fuck that delicious cock." Melanie says yes, a bit of jealousy leaking into her voice.

By now the single droplet of pre-cum has the tip of his cock sparkling bright. I ask Melanie if she thinks "Bryce will be a good boy and satisfy the little tramp's slutty pussy, or if he just might be too horny to really give that skank pit a truly good fucking."

Melanie hesitates for a moment. I know she's trying to figure out whether to go with yes or no. Sure, it's horny, that's obvious. And just as surely, Bryce will cum very quickly. On the other hand, how much of that monster will Penny want? How much of it can the inexperienced girl handle before it starts to hurt? Finally, Melanie goes with yes: he's too horny to give Penny a good fuck.

I take hold of Melanie's wrist. I haven't taught her much about teasing men since she doesn't have one in her life, and I don't routinely bring one for her pleasure. But this one just fell into my realm! I start her moving her hand very slowly along his shaft. I pull her fingers to loosen her grip until her hand is flowing along his skin so lightly that the loose skin over the stiffness underneath isn't moving along with her. Instead, her hand is gliding over it. I have her stroke it fully, starting with the edge of her hand flush against the dark black curls of his pubes, and rising up until the edge of her fingers brushes lightly against the fat head. I release her wrist, telling her to keep going.

I turn my attention to the red-faced Penny. She ogles the huge cock shamelessly. And she watches the tender handjob Melanie is giving it with pure anger on her face. And jealousy. And curiosity, which has those eyes paying very close attention to the technique. And humiliation.

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"Penelope..." I use my sing-song voice, "my little bitch... do you still want to fuck that gigantic manhood?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Penny answers in a voice breaking with fear. It still has the girly high squeakiness of her moans, too. She trembles nervously as she thinks about that monster slipping into her pussy. I see goosebumps sprouting up on her bare pubes, so I guess, despite her obvious apprehension, she thinks it just might be enjoyable.

"I'm sure you'd prefer to really feel that giant pounding your skanky little pussy as it stretches you so tight around its veiny rippled length. I know you don't want to get short-changed by this eager little boy only lasting a few minutes! I'm sure you want him have to plenty of time really fuck you like a cheap whore and pound that tiny pussy!" As she hears me, Penny quivers a little more and more. Good, she's thinking about how big it is, how it's going to be so much in that tight hole of hers, and how it's going to take some time. How she's going to have to take that pounding for a while, not just a quick taste to find out what it's like.

"We'll just have to fix that over-horniness! Penelope, ask your sweet mommy to suck that cock so he won't be so fast when he fucks you with that monster!"

Penny doesn't hesitate. In a very shy and quiet little-girl voice I've never heard from her, she asks. "Mommy, would you please suck that enormous cock for me? Please, mommy, please it's too eager and horny to really give me the good fucking I need! Please, Mommy, I'm sorry for being such a slut!" Penny still trembles. And she still has that look on her face, the one that has no word to describe it.

I don't give Melanie a chance to even think about it, let alone answer. I tap the back of her head, pushing it toward Bryce's cock. "Suck cock, slut." This I've taught Melanie. I teach all of my toys to suck. Just in case a cock should randomly happen by. Like now. "And I expect a good sucking, slut."

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Another tap knocks Melanie's lips up against the tip of Bryce's cock. Now it's Melanie who looks nervous like she's a teenager again and it's her first time with a boy. She stretches her mouth wide and then strains to get it even wider until I can see the tight tendons in her neck stretched hard. She starts lowering her mouth.

Bryce stares down. Obviously, he didn't expect any of this. I figure he expected what boys usually expect from 18-year-old girls: sneaking into her room, making out, trying very hard to talk her into going further, and if he's very lucky, a quick missionary fuck lacking in slutty skill.

The tip of his cock slips between Melanie's wide stretched lips without even touching them. About half of the head follows it in before the nerve-laden purple flesh of his cock head finally snuggles against her moist lips. She keeps going, and the head vanishes between her soft lips.

She keeps going. Very slowly, as I taught her I expect. His thick shaft creeps between her full red lips.

Melanie gets about three inches of that shaft into her mouth. That's the point where I see a little strain on Bryce's face as he feels the head of his cock pressing hard against the unyielding tightness of Melanie's throat. For him, it's like his cock is being shoved against a wall.

It lasts less than a second. Melanie's head doesn't stop moving. Then Bryce cries out a deep, very shocked, and even more thrilled, groaning cry. At the same time, I see the sides of Melanie's neck being pushed out wide from the inside, at the very top where her neck meets her head. A look of shocked awe sweeps Bryce's face as his cock begins slipping into the rubbery tube of Melanie's throat. The narrow tube, with its strong muscles, tightly squeezing against his cock as he stretches it wider than he thought it could go.

Now everyone watches rapt as more cock disappears between Melanie's lips. Bryce wondering just how Melanie can do this, and if his fantasy of a woman taking all of it is about to come true. Penny curiously

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wondering how Melanie can even get it into her mouth. And wondering just how much of it Melanie can take before she chokes on it. Neither of them has noticed that the fat shaft has Melanie's throat stuffed so full that she can't get a molecule of air past it into her lungs.

Melanie keeps going, her hands unused behind her back. Steadily the thickness inches further and further into her. Steadily Bryce is treated to the sensation of more and more of his most sensitive part being squeezed tight and hard by her throat. And steadily, the shaft moves so smoothly it almost glides down Melanie's throat.

As Melanie takes more and more of it, both Bryce and Penny watch, their eyes growing wider with disbelief.

Finally, he runs out of cock for Melanie to swallow. Her lips land flush against his pubes and balls. The entire length of her neck, from shoulders to jaw, puffs outward from the thickness stretching her throat. Neither Bryce nor Penny believes their eyes.

Melanie reverses her stroke, rising up until only the head of his cock is left in her mouth. Then she repeats, treating Bryce to ever sweet sensation as her throat caresses the cock again. And again.

By the third stroke, Bryce can't sit close to still. His hips squirm energetically, growing wilder by the second. He tenses up hard. His head lolls back as he cries out a long, primal, and so-sweet groan. Then he starts shivering hard. His hips squirm more. His hands flail around for something grab hold of.

"Penelope!" I say firmly, "Just because you're not capable of being a girlfriend for this boy, doesn't mean you can't be a good whore friend for him! Hold his hand while your mother sucks his cock. Can't you see it's driving him crazy?"

Penny obediently takes his hand without a word. He grips it, squeezing it hard. He still squirms, his hips thrashing every which way. At my instruction, Penny cuddles snugly against Bryce's side and wraps

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her arms lovingly around him. She holds him close as he enjoys Melanie's blow job.

Melanie's blow job barely lasts a whole minute. That's how long it takes for me to see his hips suddenly, and sharply, thrust upward as if trying to ram his shaft down her throat. HE falls back to the sofa, his hips twitching with sharp tremors. And he cries out a deeply satisfied, loud, and long, moan.

Melanie keeps going, sucking his cock until she feels the twitches of his shaft completely fade away. Once she has every last drop of his cum, she presses her tongue firmly against the underside of his cock and milks the dregs from it as she rises up. Finally, she frees his cock from her mouth and sits up on her knees.

His cock stands straight up, it's entire length glistening with the thin film of Melanie's spit on it. Only the very tip of it show any hint of his cum. Bryce sits there, cradled in Penny's arms, panting deep and slow.

After a few seconds, Penny turns to Melanie glaring at her with utter disbelief, and just as much shock on her face. Her eyes dart back and forth between Melanie and Bryce's cock. I'm sure Penny is trying to imagine how Melanie managed to do it. How her proper and reserved mother just managed to suck an impossibly huge cock like a complete slut. It's a side of Melanie that Penny never imagined existed, let alone saw. I'm sure Penny is wondering what else she doesn't know about dear old mom. And I know Penny is wondering how to it, already thinking about how she could twist a guy around her little finger if she could do it half that slutty. I'm sure Penny is also thinking about how she's going to figure out how.

I tap Penny on the top of her head and make her thank Melanie for sucking her boy's cock for her. Which Penny does in a shamed, reluctant, voice.

"Penelope, I'm sure you'd like Bryce to have a chance to fully enjoy

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that sloppy skank pit of yours wouldn't you?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Penny answers, her voice unsure, but eager.

"Melanie, get a very good look at Penelope's slutty pussy and make sure it's not too horny!" I give Melanie a light shove on her shoulder.

Melanie turns so that she's facing Penny. I push Penny to lie back against the sofa while pushing Bryce to roll enough that he can hold her while she does. Then I pull Penny's knees wide apart to fully expose her pussy. And I firmly tell Melanie to open Penny's lips nice and wide so we can all see how slutty she's feeling.

Penny shudders at every touch from Melanie. Instead of shirking back into the sofa, she more nestles herself tighter into Bryce's arms. Penny closes her eyes.

Penny's pinkness has flushed to a bright redness. Every speck of her is covered in a thick coat of honey. Not just her pinkness, nor just her lips, but everything. Even the tops of her thighs. It's even on the bottom of her crack and over her asshole. Everything. Her tunnel weeps more of the creamy honey. Its walls twitch with small, but sharp, tremors, making the entrance of her tunnel look to be quivering. And Penny's clit throbs so hard it can be seen pulsing and straining.

Melanie admits that Penny looks "very aroused." I ask Melanie if she thinks Penny is too "eager to whore herself" that she won't be able to "behave until she satisfies this boy, instead of cumming all over the place like a gutter whore in a porn movie." Melanie answers yes, Penny might just be that horny.

I ask Melanie if, since Penny is clearly going to whore herself, after all, that's what whores do, she wants Penny to be able to enjoy the hard pounding fuck that giant cock is going to give it? Melanie hesitates. It takes her a second to accept that it's beyond her control whether Penny gets that fucking. Likely it's up to me. She reluctantly says yes, Penny should enjoy it.

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"Be a good mommy to this skanky whore, then. Ease that eager sluttiness so that sloppy pussy can enjoy having that cock rammed deep and hard into it!" Instantly my hand is on the back of Melanie's head. I shover her head down hard and fast, shoving her lips against Penny's displayed pinkness, right to Penny's clit. I do it so fast no one realizes what's happening.

Penny shrieks, her hips thrashing hard, the instant the softness of Melanie's lips touch her nub. It's a loud and ultra-girly shriek, but it's also long and primal. She shudders against Bryce's arms.

"Eat it, slut!" I snap firmly, but in a very quiet voice, my lips almost touching Melanie's ear. I doubt Penny or Bryce hear anything but Penny's needy cry.

I rise back up. A flick of my wrist sends the tip of my crop arcing down. I snap again "now." The tip of my crop cracks loudly against the crevasse of Melanie's bottom. As it does, the V-cleft of her cheeks slows the tip and absorbs some of its biting sting. But not all of it. There's enough sting left to it to make Melanie flinch hard as the tip finds her asshole.

That's all the motivation Melanie needs. It's enough that she forgets she's Penny's mother. And forgets she's a woman. Or even a person. It's enough to remind her that she's nothing but my slut. Obediently she begins to eat the sloppy, eager, pussy in her lips. I can see the sides of her cheeks draw in slightly as she sucks gently.

Penny instantly stiffens. Every muscle in her body goes from relaxed to steely hard. And she screams out, her cry pure erotic need. Penny's hips rise up, driving her shoulders back against Bryce. She begins screeching out guttural "UH!s" over and over again with everything her lungs can muster.

First Penny's hips shudder fast and hard from side to side. A second later her muscle has stiffened to the point their tension has her

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entire body trembling violently. And she cries out her chant of "UH-UH" with growing need and sweet agony.

Bryce holds her snugly as Penny loses control of her body. Even as her head beats itself back against his shoulder. His eyes, however, are locked on Penny's pussy. He watches, fully captivated by the girl-on-girl pussy eating.

Penny's hips crash down on the sofa, immediately snapping back up. Her wildly trembling legs slam together forcefully, smashing against the sides of Melanie's head. Penny continues trembling just as violently, only now with Melanie's head clamped hard in place to her pussy.

Penny doesn't last much longer than Bryce did. She cums with a single, long, ear-piercing scream. And her hips finding more speed to thrash around. As the orgasmic waves sweep over her body, her hips thrash energetically every which way. Bryce's arms hold her shoulders to him. Melanie's clamped head keeps Penny's legs from going too far.

After a couple of minutes of that, Penny finally collapses, falling spent on the sofa and against Bryce. She lies still, her body quivering as her orgasm ebbs off. Her legs release their grip on Melanie's head.

I pull Melanie's head up, putting her on her knees. It gives Bryce a good view of Melanie's face. More accurately it's the white-tinged pasty honey clinging all around Melanie's lips and on her chin that he stares at.

Penny lies spent, drifting in the sweet bliss, panting deep breaths as her pussy weeps more honey.



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I've left everyone in place for a couple of minutes until finally, I see Penny's eyes start opening. But not until she has open enough to realize that her mother just ate her pussy. Melanie, however, has had plenty of time to realize what I just managed to somehow make her do. Bryce didn't need any time. He knew all along. Even as he so happily watched Penny's mom eat Penny's pussy and bring her to a very intense orgasm.

Men, however, have no shame. At least not when it comes to sex acts that involve no more than one male. Regardless of the number of girls involved. And most men have the secret fantasy of seeing a mother with her daughter. More so if he gets to be the third in that scene. And so far, Bryce has gotten an incredible blow job. He has no intention of objecting to anything, not while more might still be on the menu. And like any man, he'll boast of his conquest to every guy he knows. Thus by breakfast Penny will have the reputation as a very kinky slut. However, every guy out there will very eagerly want to date her in the hope of getting in on the action himself. The girls, likely to hear the details before the boys do the way gossip spreads, will consider Penny a total skank. And a freaky skank at that. The price of fame...

I ask Bryce if he enjoyed watching Melanie eat "that slutty pussy." Bryce doesn't hesitate to say he liked the show. Or to say that it certainly appeared that Penny enjoyed the tonguing.

And clearly, Bryce enjoyed the show as much as he claims. His cock tells me that. It's already standing up again, almost as stiff as it was before Melanie's lips first touched it, despite having cum in Melanie's mouth less than ten minutes ago.

"We'll just give Penelope's little skank pit a few seconds to stop spasming and finish its orgasm. While I wait, this would be the perfect time for those punishments! Now no one is too horny to really feel his or her paddling!" I say excitedly.

"Let me think... I seem to recall Bryce is due two strokes, Melanie is due three, and my bitch Penelope is the big winner in the naughty

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sweepstakes. She's due five!" I point roughly in the direction of the kitchen table. Sophie hurries to grab one of the chairs and bring it over to me. As soon as Sophie has it there, I take a seat and hold my hand out. Sophie has the handle of the paddle in my hand in a blink.

"Age before... sluttiness!" I announce, "you can get spanked first, Melanie. Come, slut!"

Melanie rises to her feet. She's been paddled before, but not that often. It's still new enough that she walks over to me with nervous hesitant baby steps. I have her kneel down at my side. Then I grab her hair and pull her over my knees, bending her waist over one thigh. I spread my knees enough to slide my other thigh up under Melanie's breasts, leaving the soft mounds hanging against the outside of my skirt.

I raise the paddle up high. "Bad mommy, slut!" I scold Melanie. Then I bring the paddle down hard, using almost all of my strength. More of it than Melanie has gotten before. It lands with a crack like lightning square across the center of her soft globes, searing a bright pink stripe across their whiteness.

Melanie screeches a very pained "OW!" as her body tenses hard over my knees. Her muscles tensing enough to pull her knees up until they knock into the slats of my chair. She relaxes quickly, going limp over my knees as she pants a steady, and whiny, chant of "Ow! Ow!"

I swat her again, the stroke just as hard as the first. The width of the paddle doesn't give me a choice about where to land it. It comes down almost perfectly atop the stinging fiery stripe of the last. As it's bite lances into her flesh, Melanie screams out her "OW!" with everything she has. As she relaxes again, already resigning herself to suffer another stroke like an obedient girl, her chanted "Ow!s" take on a distinctively sobbing tone.

I swat her the third time. This time she stiffens so hard from the sting that her back arcs up as her knees knock the chair. And she screams

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another "OW!" Then she falls limp again, now openly crying as she sobs pained "Ow! Ow!s" over and over again.

I push her off my knees and onto hers. Melanie knees for a second, crying hard. "I'm sorry, Ma'am," Melanie sobs out, "for being a bad mommy to your bitch." I tell her to go sit on the sofa beside Penny. She goes, sucking in a hard breath and cringing harder as her tender bottom touches the soft cushion. She sits, tears still running from her eyes.

Now Bryce and Penny both tremble nervously as they watch the bawling Melanie take her seat. I'm sure both are wondering just how bad my paddlings are. And whether they will be able to keep their composure for theirs. Bawling like a baby will only make it even more humiliating for these two. I'm sure it did for Melanie!

"Sissy boy... you're next." I say firmly. Bryce reluctantly rises up to his feet. I haven't directly said anything. Neither has Penny or Melanie. But I think he's smart enough to have realized that somehow, I've utterly usurped this house and the girls in it. He'll only get anywhere with either of them and if he's super lucky both of them if I allow it. And if he refuses the paddling I've decided he deserves and leaves, I won't be giving him a second chance. Penny, more accurately the slutty fun of Penny, will be lost forever. Some other guy will eagerly beg me for the place Bryce has fallen into.

"Stop." I snap. I don't spank sissies with their clothes on!" Bryce hasn't done a thing with his clothes. They're mostly on, except for his zipper being open and his cock standing up from his briefs. Just the way Melanie left him. "Bitch, take your boy's clothes off! Sweetly, after all, he just held you while you enjoyed mommy's tongue! Just don't be a slut about it."

Penny undresses Bryce. This she seems to have done before. Not too much, but enough that she knows how to caress his skin with her hands as she takes stuff off. Just not enough to get the tentative amateurishness out of her motions. Bryce, apparently not exactly Mister

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Experience himself, doesn't seem to notice. He more focuses on Penny and the tenderness of her touch.

I put him over my knees the same way, like a naughty toddler. The only difference is that I make sure, as I lean him over, that I pin his cock between my thigh and his stomach. And I feel it! Its stiffness coupled with its thickness makes it impossible for me not to. It's like a baseball bat squished between us.

"Be a man for my bitch." I whisper to Bryce. Then I swat him. Exactly the same swat as I gave Melanie and just as hard. He tenses sharply as it lands. The sudden snap of his body grinds his cock against my thigh and even gets his balls to knock against the outside of my thigh. Oh, how hot that is. For me. He grunts loudly with it. And he has the same bright pink stripe as I raise the paddle. As he relaxes, the tension fading, it grinds his cock against me again, this time in the opposite direction. He takes the seconds stroke almost as well, grunting harder with more pain in it, but holding back from crying out. And tensing harder, which only strokes his cock between my thigh and his stomach a little faster and stronger.

When I put him back to his knees I can see his face scrunched up hard. I can hear him panting strained breaths. But he manages not to cry. And we can all see that his cock is now rock hard, standing out straight and proud from the dense black curls of his pubes. I send him back to his seat.

She is by far the most nervous as she comes over to me and kneels down obediently. Nervous enough that she trembles, almost losing her footing once. I pull her over my knees. Then I whisper to her softly. "I know discipline is new in your life." I affectionately caress one of her firm globes, watching as my tenderness raises goosebumps on its rounded curve. "It will hurt. It wouldn't be punishment if it didn't, would it? You will lie there and be a big bitch for it. You will keep you bottom where it is, and you will not try to shield it. You will not whine or beg for mercy,

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try to pretend you have some pride. Hopefully, you will learn your lesson. You may obey me. Or you continue being an obnoxious imp and suffer more spankings. There is no getting out of them in my realm. You have only the choice of submitting to your new queen, or leaving the realm, this house."

I raise my paddle up high. Penny is going to get the same strokes the others got, even though I haven't a doubt she's never been spanked in her life, let alone paddled. "This is for being a sassy bitch." I tell her. Then I snap the paddle down.

Penny screams her lungs out. She stiffens hard, too. It takes her a second to relax. As she does she falls into a bawling cry, chanting "OHMYGOD! It hurts! OW!" under her breath. I decide to have mercy and let her get away with that. I'll just pretend I can't hear it, as she thinks I can't. Penny's bottom squirms hard, her hips grinding against my thigh. She squirms enough to get her breasts, dangling against the outside of my thigh, knocking against my legs.

She takes the next four just as badly. Like a baby. When I finally put her beet-red bottom off my knees, she cries hard and loud, any pretense of pride long gone. I turn and glare into her eyes. "Maybe that taught you to behave. As in to obey, serve, and worship your new queen, bitch. You will hate the law of my realm. And you will obey it. No, go sit between the others. And yes, bitch, I said SIT!"

Penny goes and sits. She shrieks out a fresh squeal as her bottom touches the seat. Bryce thinks about holding her to comfort her, but the steady glare from me stops him.

I know Penny needs a few minutes to pull herself back together. Rather than waste the time, I dictate the rules of my realm to the three of them. And I make each of them repeat every rule back to me five times. Verbatim. This way, all of them know how life is going to be.

My rules are strict. They're about on par with the rules a parent

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would lay down for 13-year-old. Melanie has to know exactly where Penny is. And who Penny is with. None of them are allowed to associate with anyone I haven't met and approved of. No dating. No slutting, not even a hug or hand-holding, unless I say to. Don't bother asking. I decide who does what with those skanky pussies and the rest of those bodies. Don't ask. I'll tell you who is going to do what with you. Clean house. Proper manners. Humble submission to me. Yada, yada, yada.

Then I tell Penny that as punishment for sneaking Bryce in here tonight or rather thinking about it, she's grounded for the week. Grounded, to me, means that she may go to school only. No phone. No internet. If she needs something looked up online for school, she can ask Melanie to look it up for her. I warn her not to try her sneaky moves, like using someone else's phone at school. This is punishment, and I'm being merciful by not giving her the ten paddlings she really deserves for it.

I add a rule that neither woman may masturbate or touch her pussy except when I tell her to. And that both are to be completely naked from 10 pm to 6 am. Women sleep naked, and men like it that way. Bryce agrees that he prefers women who sleep naked. He doesn't have to add at least when they're in his bed. I explain to them that I don't care if they have to get up or out of bed. They can walk around the house naked. I won't be the least bit embarrassed.

Then I turn to Bryce and his still steely cock. I tell him that he's paid his paddlings for letting a naughty slut sneak him in her house like a cheap whore. However, if he wishes to have any chance of seeing any of my bitches again, then he'd better be a proper gentleman from now. I tell him that he has a choice to make. He may leave now. Or he may stay with the understanding that if he does, he belongs to me, too. I will tell him who is going to kiss, date, fuck, whatever, from now on. It might be Penny. It might be some 300-pound, 50-year-old slob. (it won't be, I wouldn't have a toy like that! But he doesn't know that!) He fucks, and everything else, for his queen's pleasure and amusement, not to satisfy his cock. And he comes when summoned. Here, or wherever. I add the final

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condition that since I own him and his cock, he's not to abuse that thing by masturbating it, no matter how horny it is. If I wish to be entertained by him masturbating, I'll tell him to do it, and he'll do it right then and there. "Now do you wish to pledge your horny butt to this queendom, sissy boy, or do you elect banishment?" I bat my eyelashes at him.

"I'll stay, Ma'am." He answers. I have no illusions that he's thought it out. I know he's thinking with his cock, then again, a cock that big, with a head that big, might have some brains in it! More brain than most men think with, at least. I know he's thinking only of the possibility of not just getting Penny, but also Melanie. Then dream of a mother-daughter pair, both of whom are pretty. Two girls, too. And maybe whatever other women I might have him fuck. And hopefully Penny, the girl he wants to fuck, won't kill him for fucking those other women. What a dream! And all for the price of risking a paddling, some embarrassment, so ridicule from me. To a hard cock, that's a no-brainer of a choice.

Now that Penny has stopped crying enough to answer, I make her tell me in detail about all five times she had sex with her other boyfriend. She pushes her modesty aside and tells me in decent detail. Once missionary, the first time. Four times on her hands and knees, a position in which she did nothing but kneel there and let him use her body. No wonder he thought he could pimp her, she was taking him as a whore would! She shyly confesses that she's not sure if he ever made her cum or not. I know then the answer is no. after the orgasm Melanie gave her, Penny would know it. And when I point that out, Penny admits that was a first for her.

"Sissy, this bitch is obviously so inexperienced that it might as well be a complete virgin! Do you still want to fuck that skanky thing, or would you rather a very sexy, pretty, young woman. Someone more like my slave, who can take very good care of that cock. Someone who actually has a clue what to do with a sloppy pussy?"

"May I please have Penny, Ma'am?" He asks. I wonder if his

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answer might be different if he knew what was in Melanie's bedroom. Paige. Paige who is also 18, and just as sexy-hot as Penny, and unlike Penny could not just swallow his cock as Melanie did, but lick his balls as she does. Paige, I have trained very well. She is, after all, the official whore of this queendom. And she a rock-hard, shapely, rounded bottom!

I sigh out deeply as if a hideous task awaits me. "Then I guess I'd best teach this slut who to fuck a cock, hadn't I?" I point to the kitchen table. "go lie on that table, sissy."

Bryce obediently walks over and lies on the table, fidgeting slightly. And looking eager, thinking of the sex he's expecting to come. I'd bet just a hair nervous, too, suspecting that nothing is certain when I'm involved. At least I hope he's learned that much by now.

I send Penny to go stand naked next to the table with her hands behind her. That way Bryce is treated to an unhindered view of her nakedness. A view he seems to be enjoying, at least judging by his cock. As he lies there, his cock stands almost straight up, angling only slightly towards his head, and it's as hard as steel.

Penny tries not to stare at it. It lasts a few brief seconds. Then she stares wantonly at it. She definitely likes what she sees. Even though it's obvious that Penny is also somewhat nervous as she thinks about how a shaft that big is going to feel inside her. After a few more seconds, I see Penny try stretching her mouth wide for an instant, trying to imagine sucking it. She quickly shuts her mouth and pretends she never thought about it. Her mouth never got close to wide enough to take that cock into it. I'm sure she realized that. And I'm sure she's now really wondering how Melanie did. And thinking of her mother in a very different, very slutty way. As if she never imagined that her mom might actually have sex, let alone be the kind of woman a man would die to have. It is kind of the opposite of what one would expect of Melanie. Melanie is just so prim!

I do my best impersonation of a college professor. "Since you've

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turned yourself into a gutter whore already, I figure it's past time for you to learn how to be a good, and thus slutty, gutter whore. Lesson one: cock riding. I'm sure this sissy boy won't mind volunteering his cock for your lesson." I have Penny climb up on the table and straddle Bryce's thighs, the front edge of her pubes over his balls.

Penny looks just a little bit more nervous as she climbs up. She's a petite woman. She has to rise up as high as she can, her thighs straight up and down, on her knees to get over Bryce's cock. Even then, as she inches forward to straddle the shaft, its tip brushes along her mound. I get her into place, the tip of the cock nudging into her gash and aimed perfectly for her tunnel.

The very tip of his cock, maybe ¼" of its bulbous wide head, vanishes into her slit. It isn't enough for the cock to reach her tunnel, but it is enough for an agonizing tease for Bryce. It's enough for him to feel Penny's burning wetness on just the very tip of his shaft. I see a smile on his face. I put a hand on his pubes to remind him he's going to lie there and let Penny do everything. And I see a very nervous look on Penny's face now that she can feel the hugeness of his cock against her a pussy as petite as she is.

"Do not resist, bitch." I tell Penny firmly as I take hold of her hips, "I will do everything." I move Penny slowly as I start her inching downward. Immediately the head of his cock starts to press its way between her lips, and then into the rim of her tunnel. Unlike his shaft, the head is as soft as it is wide, allowing the tightness of her pussy to squish it tightly. It takes a second or two until the steely hard shaft starts to enter Penny. Once it does, the meaty walls of her pussy can't squish it. Instead his cock stretches her muscles taut. He's thick enough that, as his shaft enters her, her mound puffs out to the sides, her plump little lips surrounding it.

Penny gasps out a deep, squealy, and girly moan that's half cry. As she sucks in another breath, her jaw hangs open. Penny shivers hard. She

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blurts out "OHMYGOD!" She sucks in another fast deep breath. So fast it's almost panicked. She cries out "it's too big!" Only her cry is more of a sensual moan than a plea for mercy. She sucks another breath, a little faster and deeper, then cries out "OHMYGOD!" Her voice turns to a shrieking squeal as she adds "it's going to tear me or something!" then Penny shudders hard. As the shudder racks her entire body, it starts her spongy pert breasts dancing. Their wiggling captivates Bryce's eyes.

I feel a light resistance from Penny. I push a little harder to keep her hips moving steadily. It keeps his cock steadily slipping into her pussy. Penny gives up crying out and breathes deep, and erotic, moans. Her pussy stretches wide, her spongy walls squeezing hard around his shaft as they're pulled tauter than ever. She might think it's too wide for her, but it's not. It's only half what her pussy would stretch for a baby. Those walls might be taut, and they might snuggle that shaft tightly, but they have more stretch in them.

Finally, I feel the resistance of his cock reaching the very depths of Penny's pussy. I stop her, there being no pussy left for the 2-plus inches of cock still waiting to slide into her. It leaves about six inches of dick inside her pussy. Her lips cradle around maybe another inch. The last inch is utterly neglected! I hold Penny there.

I wouldn't want Melanie to miss the slut show! After all, Penny got to enjoy watching her swallow his cock. It's only fair that Melanie gets to watch Penny ride it! I summon Melanie and have her sit in a chair across the table from me. It gives her an unhindered view of Bryce's hips and a shameless view of Penny's hips. Actually a good view of everything.

With my hands firmly gripping the bones of Penny's hips, I start moving her. I guide her to rise up all the way with a smooth, steady, and leisurely motion. As I move her, I can actually feel a little drag from her tight walls squeezing hard on his shaft. It doesn't hinder her motions. Her honey is so slippery that his shaft glides through the tight, pulpy channel.

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Penny moans. Her moans are loud, deep, and breathy. They're also laced with an urgent, ultra-girly, squeal. And they're heavily laced with tension. But there isn't even a hint of pain in them. I have her hands braced on Bryce's chest, her thumbs at his manly-small nipples. I can see her hands gripping his chest and the hard muscles there. And I see the goosebumps erupt in an instant, covering her pubes, her lips, most of her bottom, and even the very tops of her thighs. Just as I can see the glimmering thick coat of her honey clinging to the veiny, whiteness of his cock skin.

I bring Penny up until only the head of his cock is still inside her lips, which leaves about half of it inside her pussy. Then I smoothly reverse her stoke, bringing her back down. I brought her up enough that all of his steely hard shaft was out of her, and now he gets treated to the sweet sensations of it stretching her pussy taut as it slides back into her burning hot, sloppy wet tunnel all over again.

Penny's moans grow deeper, squeakier, and more urgent by the stroke. I hold her rhythm to the leisurely pace, keeping her casually stroking as much of his cock as she can with that snuggling tightness. By the second stroke, Penny's hips want to speed up. It's instinct. I hold her steady. As she goes on, her instincts try harder and harder to speed her hips up. I keep her steady, and her moans grow more desperate even faster than her urge to pick up the pace.

I doubt Penny will hear me. I can't imagine her hearing anything beyond her shrieking moans. "You like it slow, don't you sissy? This way you can take your time and really enjoy feeling that tight skank pit squeezing all around that cock, can't you?" I can see Penny trembling more and more. Her hands knead Bryce's chest more energetically.

"Yes!... Ma'am!" Bryce groans out in a honeyed, tense voice. His eyes are still fixed on Penny's now-wildly jiggling breasts.

I raise my voice and move my lips close to Penny's ear. I want her to hear this. "You may not cum, bitch. You made yourself a whore. You

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will be a whore. Whores make their trick cum. If somehow you manage to satisfy this cock, I will tell you to cum. You do not want to disappoint your trick by not satisfying his cock fully. Even more, you do not want to disappoint your Queen." I gently swat her glowing-red bottom with my hand. She doesn't even yelp. She's too busy moaning.

By now, maybe a whole dozen strokes into it, Penny sounds like a porn star. Only Penny isn't faking her moans. "Go on, sissy!" I tell Bryce, "a trick gets to use his whore! Go on, use all of this whore! Stop staring at those boobs and play with them if you want!" Bryce needs no more encouragement. His hands come up quickly, surrounding Penny's firm mounds and kneading them. It makes Penny moan a little louder, with a little more urgency, in her voice. If that's possible!

It goes on for a little over a minute. Then Penny's entire body tenses. She tightens up so much that I'd swear her muscles are harder than Bryce's cock. I see her teeth grit, clenching hard as she screams a long, drawn-out, "EE!" through them. Over the next several seconds, her body trembles sharper and sharper. Her hands grip Bryce's chest with all their strength, her entire fingers, not just her knuckles, turning white with the strain. Her head thrashes from side to side, tossing her silky long hair around wildly. Her eyes squish shut. A few dollops of her pasty honey fall from the back of her pussy, dripping down onto his furry balls. The squirm in her hips turns powerful, crisp, and unpredictable.

I watch Penny closely, knowing that she's already fighting hard to hold back her climax. It only takes a few seconds for me to see the tension in her body start rippling through the last her. It's enough to make the firm globes of her bottom dance as the rippling tenses and releases them. I peek at Penny's crack. I see her tiny little deep-pink asshole spasming. I would so love to ram a finger, or better yet a dildo, up that asshole right now. The only reason I don't is Penny is too inexperienced for that. Now. Maybe not later. I'm very good at training whores.

And then, less than ninety seconds into it. Penny suddenly let's go.

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In that instant, the tension is gone from her body. She screams a long, sultry, and so-sweet "AH!" An instant later her body shudders violently hard, the tension snapping back as fast as it left, only even harder now. Her head falls back, jaw open, as her scream continues. Her hips snap hard against my grip, trying to impale herself on that cock. I hold her pace steady. She shudders uncontrollably, and wildly, every part of her body thrashing every which way. And she keeps on screaming her lungs out, crying out a fast "UH!" followed by a very long "AH!" over and over again. I can see the lips of her pussy quivering as her honey drips steadily from them. Not just in the back, but all around that fat cock.

Another wave crashes over Penny. The tension pulls her head and shoulders down, curling her towards Bryce. As it flows over her, her shoulders snap back up, sending her head snapping back. She screams more moans. Her bottom fights me hard to slam down on his cock.

Her orgasm goes on for well over a minute, the waves coming fast and hard as they crash over her. I keep her pace steady as they flood through her. Finally, Penny stops screaming her moans. Her head falls limply forward. She pants deep, desperate, fast "OH-UH!s" for a few seconds as she tries to catch her breath. Penny suddenly screams out "UH-OW!" She draws the "ow" out for a second, before screaming "it hurts! I can't!" Then Penny falls limp. Really falls. As in her chest crashes down on Bryce's. With her muscles loose, the sudden motion of her falling pulls her knees back, kicking her feet out toward Bryce's. And that sends her hips down, lying her pubes against his. Her arms lie unmoving at their sides. Her head lands on Bryce's shoulder. She drifts in dreamland's bliss.

I sigh deeply. "What a slut! Can't even wait long enough to satisfy her boy before cumming all over everything!"

I taunt Melanie for a moment, scolding her for not teaching "her little girl" enough about sex that she could at least manage to please a boy. Really I'm giving Penny some time to drift back to reality. It takes her

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about two minutes before I see the first stirrings in her.

As soon as I do I have Melanie stand up. I tell her that since Penny can't take care of herself, it's Melanie's job to see to her. After all, it was Melanie who failed to teach her how to fuck a boy, wasn't it? I remind Melanie of that yet again in my most condescending voice. I have Melanie pick Penny up, lifting her off Bryce. Melanie strains hard to lift the girl. Penny purrs mutely as Bryce's stiffness slides out of her pussy. I have Melanie sit Penny in the chair. She has to hold Penny up for a moment before Penny gets herself together enough to sit on her own.

I scold Penny in my mean-girl bully voice. "Are you done being a silly little bitch now and play at being a grown-up bitch? Clearly you just a naughty little bitch! A grown-up bitch would have satisfied a sissy like him! But no, you had to be such a skanky little whore and cum all over everything! And now you've left that poor cock unsatisfied! I'll bet that cock is aching and throbbing right now! Dicks hurt when they're fucked and not finished! What kind of a bitch would do that to a boy, worse, a boy she claims to like!"

"I'm sorry, Ma'am," Penny more breathes out in a very dreamy, very honeyed-sweet voice. "Soooo much dick..."

"No bitch of mine is wasting a cock, even if it is attached to a sissy like him!" I scold her firmly. "Luckily for you, your mommy is here. Maybe if you beg her she'll save your sloppy little skank pit from more and finish that cock off for you. Ask nicely, bitch."

Her voice is just as far off and dreamy as it takes on the little girl's tone again. "Mommy, I'm sorry for being such a slut. I'm really sorry for not pleasing my boy. Please, mommy, please! Will you please finish that cock off for me, mommy? Please? Please don't make him go home like this. He'll hate me! Please, mommy?"

It's not Melanie's decision, and Melanie knows it. I don't give her a chance to answer. "Come, slut." I summon Melanie. She comes over to

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me, her eyes locked on Bryce's cock, and I'm sure her mind imagining how sweet it's going to feel as she fucks it. It is a very nice cock! If Bryce wasn't a sissy, I just might use it myself. But clearly, he is, so I won't. As Melanie comes to the side of the table, I have Bryce sit up. He grins wide as he does, I'm sure imagining getting a second crack at that mouth that can swallow more cock than even Penny's pussy.

I stop suddenly. Then I blurt out, "slave! I forgot! Melanie's favorite pussy toy is in her bedroom! Go fetch the skanky thing."

"Yes, Mistress." Sophie giggles. She hurries off, knowing what I mean. The "skanky thing" is "skanky whore," the name I made up for Paige. And Paige is a good pussy toy. She eats it well.

A second later Sophie is back, leading Paige on her leash. Paige is still fully naked. Bryce's eyes lock on the newcomer, taking in all of her youthfully pertness, and especially her pointy breasts with wide nipples a decent bit lighter shade of pink than Penny's. Paige is the same age as Penny, and also a petite girl. But Paige is leaner than Penny. And unlike Penny, Paige doesn't show a bit of hesitancy or modesty as she allows Sophie to lead her along by the leash.

I tell Paige to lie on the table. Penny glares at Paige, the dreaminess of her eyes hiding the hatred I know is there. I'm sure Penny is thinking that I'm not just going to allow Bryce to fuck Paige, but make her watch him do it. The leash tells her that Paige is far more experienced than she is, and thus Paige will satisfy him. Bryce watches eagerly, mostly just enjoying the naked woman. Melanie blushes deep and cringes as Paige's appearance reminds her of the girl-on-girl that Penny interrupted. I'm sure Melanie is thinking that sooner or later it will dawn on Penny that Melanie has been messing around with a woman. I'm sure that's the very last thing Melanie would want Penny to know. How shameful for a proper Christian woman to be doing!

Once Paige is lying on the table, I tell Melanie to straddle Paige's face, her butt facing Paige's head. Melanie moves slow and reluctantly.

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And she starts crying softly as she mounts the table and Paige's lips. I get Melanie into position, her knees spread wide, leaning forward and bracing her hands on the table just in front of her knees. It lowers her pussy fully against Paige's wide mouth.

"Skanky whore, eat that filthy pussy," I tell Paige. Unlike Melanie, Paige doesn't hesitate to obey whatever I command. In a fraction of a second, Melanie moans deeply. In a few more seconds, her moans are uninhibited and loud. Her hips squirm, grinding her pussy down against Paige's mouth.

I have Bryce beside them, and I make sure he gets a moment to enjoy a good view of the sexy-hot Paige eating Melanie's pussy shamelessly. And very skillfully. He can see that in Melanie's energetic squirming and moans. I let him watch for a couple of minutes.

Penny can see it well from her seat, too. But still basking in the afterglow of what must have been an orgasm more intense than she knew she was capable of, Penny doesn't show much. Still, she watches and doesn't avert her eyes. I can only guess what must be going through Penny's mind. Anything from now having material to torture Melanie with, to wondering how to ask me to teach her to eat a woman like that. She definitely sees how interested Bryce is, and how much watching it is arousing him. The twitches that make his cock dance around advertise his appreciation for the show.

I reach down. From behind Bryce, I slip my hand between his thighs. I gently cup his balls in my hand, not holding them, but more just letting them rest in the cup of my hand. I very tenderly stroke the backside of his sack with the pad of my thumb. "go on, sissy. You don't have to be shy! My slut has two holes and that skanky whore is only using one. That leaves one for you. Go ahead, fuck it and get your relief."

Bryce freezes, not believing what he's hearing. His eyes lock on the rounded, slightly loose, decently pink, globes of Melanie's bottom. They jiggle slightly for our entertainment as Melanie's hips squirm more and

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more eagerly on Paige's lips. He hesitates.

I stroke his sack. "What's a matter, sissy? Haven't you ever done it like that before?"

"No, Ma'am." Bryce stutters his answer, his voice mute, his words trembling and unsure.

"Don't you want to try that? I thought all boys liked it."

"Yes, Ma'am." a little firmness creeps into his voice. "but..."

"There's only one butt, sissy. Melanie's very slutty, very dirty butt! Go on. I won't ask again."

Before I have a chance to release his balls, he moves forward. It lifts his sack from my hand. As he climbs up on the table, I tell him (nicely) to straddle Paige's chest. He doesn't mind that at all.

"Since this is a first for you, sissy, I'll teach you how to do it properly." I take hold of the base of his cock. I tease the tip of his cock head along Melanie's gash, getting a nice coat of her slick, creamy honey on it. Hers is thinner than Penny's, and not quite as slippery. But definitely slippery enough. I move the bulbous head up, pressing it into the V-cleft of Melanie's crack. It pushes her cheeks aside and slides right up. I stop it with its tip centered on the small ring of Melanie's asshole. Even the rounded tip of his cock is wide enough to fully cover the ring. His shaft is so wide that it doesn't even fit in her crack without pushing her cheeks out enough that their edges take a gentle arc around it. I guide him to put a firm, steady pressure against the tightly clenched muscle, and hold it there. I take my hand from his cock. "Do not do anything, sissy. My slut will swallow your cock with her butt. You will let her do it for you, like only the skankiest of street-corner whores, and porn stars, would." Bryce stays where I put him.

"Slut, take that dick up your butt." I walk around and glare into Melanie's eyes as I give the order. Melanie's glassy eyes which have long ago forgotten that Melanie thinks she's a proper, prim, woman. The eyes

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of a slut lost in ecstasy. Melanie moans out “yes, Ma’am.”

I’ve taught Melanie this trick, too. But this is the first time she’s had to do it for a man instead of a dildo. Thankfully I use a rather generous dildo to train my sluts. That way, when an unexpectedly large cock happens into the games, it’s not a horrific surprise for her. She knows she can handle it. Like now.

Melanie takes a deep breath, sucking all the air she can into her lungs. She pushes back hard, straining to force her ring against his cock. It's the same technique I taught Penny to ease my finger into her. Only Melanie has more practice at it. Her asshole pushes back firmly. He obediently stays where I put him, his cock unyielding as the pressure grows. In an instant, her asshole surrenders. As it presses back against him, his shaft begins to stretch it wide. Its flesh pulls taut, her muscle's rubberiness first loose, then tightening as it's stretched wider and wider. The pink skin pulls ever tauter, stretching almost fully to its limit. Her muscle doesn't have much more give to it, now hard as his cock stretches it even more. Finally, Melanie grunts out a throaty, sultry, "UH!" that's strained, but not pained. His cock begins slowly slipping into the ring.

Bryce purrs a tense “OOH!” as his cock slips slowly into the taut muscle. “God, that’s so tight!” He blurts out happily. Melanie’s asshole, now stretched so wide that’s it’s normally ½” depth has stretched to a thinness, clamps tightly around his cock. As he slips further into her backside, the thin layer of smooth muscle around her bowel has to stretch wide to accommodate him. It’s nowhere near as strong as her asshole, but it still squeezes against his cock, snuggling every bit of it firmly. The coat of slippery honey greases the way, allowing his cock to slide easily into her bottom.

Bryce has a lot of cock. With about six inches of it into Melanie, the same amount Penny’s pussy could accommodate, I see Bryce’s face scrunch up, mostly in shock. He starts to say something, then stops as he looks down and sees that his cock is still slipping into Melanie just as

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steadily as before. His eyes go wide. He looks down again. HE keeps inching into her bottom. Then I see his nose wrinkle up a tiny bit. After a second it relaxes. I grin, almost giggling. He must be feeling something against the tip of his cock, and realizing what it is, as his cock shoves it out of the way to take over her butt. Melanie doesn't stop until every bit of his length is inside her bottom and her cheeks are snug against his hips. It has his balls hanging down, flush against the lips of her pussy. I see a sudden shiver sweep through his body, his eyes going wide. I know what it was. Paige's slutty tongue. While licking Melanie's clit, Paige managed to get a little tease on his balls, too. Why not, they're right there against those sticky-wet lips!

Now that his cock is fully inside her, Melanie stops forcing her asshole to relax, leaving it to his cock to hold it stretched wide. Her entire butt, not just her asshole, tenses a little, snuggling his shaft a little tighter.

I take hold of his hips. I start him moving at a casual pace, stroking his cock steadily in and out of her butt. It takes about three to four seconds for a full stroke, from fully buried in her bottom, all the way back until just the head of his cock is inside her asshole, and back to Melanie's depths. Even with the tightness of her bottom around him, his cock glides easily with the film of honey greasing its way.

As he strokes back, he glides over Paige's body as well. His balls dangle, the bottom of his hairy sack dancing along the center of Paige's chest. Then his cheeks glide across the hard nubs of Paige's nipples, pushing her pert mounds together as they slip along his inner thighs, and nestle his balls between their pertness. The first time Bryce feels those breasts under him, he gasps in delighted surprise. The second time he purrs. By the third, all he can do to show it is a shiver. By then he's moaning louder and more urgently than ever before.

I release Bryce, telling him he may go as slow, or as hard, as he wishes. "She's a total slut! Sluts love it up their butts." He's cautious, obviously not wanting to hurt Melanie. He speeds up, slowly. As his

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pace picks up, Melanie's desperate shrieking moans speed up, growing deeper and hungrier at a far faster pace. It encourages Bryce. Soon he's fucking her butt hard, eagerly pounding it with his ramming cock. And Melanie's utterly desperate and equally hot, moans keep him at it.

I have Sophie get me his phone. I quickly open it and install my spyware app. It will copy his phone, everything on it, and everything that crosses it, be it voice, data, or text, to a server in Moscow. Deleting something from his phone will only flag it on my server. And he'll never know it's there. It's not that I care too much about spying on him. I'm interested in Penny. I figure it won't be a day or two before the teenage socialite in her takes hold and she finds a way to sneak a call to him. She'll probably use a friend's phone, thinking she's smarter than me. I'll catch her. She'll suffer for it. Maybe she'll learn. Maybe not. If not, I'll just catch her again! Girls like her are just too predictable.

Then I use his camera to take a picture. I frame it vertically so it shows most of him, including his face. It shows only Melanie's bottom and a slice of her thighs. It would show Paige's face, but Melanie's thighs block it. But it does show her naked breasts sticking up against the backs of his cheeks. I take another picture, this one straight down along Melanie's crack. It shows the pink-purple ring of her asshole, held a mile wide around the shaft of his cock. It leaves no doubt where his cock. I take another one, lifting his balls up and out of the way, that shows Melanie's dripping pussy mound, her lips parting gently, and Paige's tongue licking the hard nub of Melanie's clit. It shows Paige's nose and lips, too. And at the top, clearly above the end of Melanie's pussy mound, his shaft almost fully up her butt. I know Bryce is going to brag to his friends. And I know they'll figure he's full of it. The pictures will leave no doubt that he's fucking Melanie's butt while Paige eats her pussy. They'll dispel any doubts that Paige is pretty, too. Or that she doesn't have very pretty, very perky, breasts. I'm sure they'll be seen by all of his friends by morning. Proof of his tale. And they give me a reason to have his phone, so he won't wonder what I did with it. I hand it back to

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Sophie.

While Bryce keeps pounding Melanie's bottom, I turn my attention to Penny as she sits dreamy and naked in that chair. I grab her head and turn it so she's staring at Melanie's butt. "I sure hope you appreciate this, bitch!" I tell her in a firm and condescending voice. "See how much mommy loves you? See what she's doing just so your boy doesn't have to go home horny because you couldn't satisfy him like a woman? She could be enjoying a good lesbian pussy eating! But instead, she's taking your boy's cock up her tiny little tight ass, just for you! So your boy doesn't hate you for failing to make him cum! You could have if you hadn't been such a skanky slut about it!" I release her head. She stares at Melanie's butt, her eyes seeing it, but her brain not processing it yet. She drifts through her sweet fog.

It doesn't take Bryce very long. I'd guess less than two minutes, but I'm not counting. Melanie's over-the-top slutty moans make that impossible! As does the hard shuddering to her body. And the squirming that grinds her pussy against Paige! So entertaining in its sluttiness! So distracting! But I know when Bryce cums. He grunts deep and loud with the satisfaction of release. And hips him slam hard against Melanie's bottom. Hard enough to knock her forward a bit. His thrusts turn sharper as he grunts more. After about forty-five seconds, he slows to a stillness.

"Oh, go on, slut, cum all over this whore! Show us all how much you love a good lezzy pussy munching!" I announce loudly.

Melanie shudders violently and screams loudly. Her bottom snaps back, thrusting hard and ramming Bryce's idle cock hard into the very depths of her bowels. It makes her cry out even more sultry in her moans, and it gets her bottom slamming back again just as eagerly. The rest of her thrashes around.

Bryce kneels still, letting Melanie fuck his just-sated cock with her bottom. While Melanie pounds on it, he reaches around her chest and

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cups one of her soft breasts in his hand. He kneads it. It gets a little harder of a thrust from Melanie's bottom. He pinches her nipple gently. Her body snaps, slamming back with all her might and driving his cock to a new depth. He pinches harder. Melanie keeps her bottom slamming just as desperately as she screams her moans, thrashing around and squirming uncontrollably. He pinches it hard. Melanie screeches "OW!" but slams back just as eagerly. Bryce lets up a little. "NO!" Melanie screams out, her voice almost gone it's so breathy, "HARDER!" Bryce pinches it as hard as he can. And he rolls the squished nub between his fingers.

Melanie screams "OW!" Her chest shudders hard, almost trying to pull her breast from his fingers as her bottom slams back against him. Melanie pants once, fast and hard, "HARDER!" She cries out pleadingly.

Bryce breathes out "I'll give it to you." He reaches around with his other hand and takes her other nipple in his fingers. He lets up on the first, pauses a fraction of a second, then squeezes them with all his strength. So much that I can see the muscles in his arms rippling from the exertion. And I can see the rock-hard nubs crushing flat in his fingers, their color darkening fast to deep-blood-purple. Their tips swell like balloons past his fingers.

Melanie screams, "UH-FUCK-OW!" Her body suddenly snaps hard with crisp tremors. A fraction of a second later she suddenly goes limp and falls forward, pulling Bryce with her for a second before her breasts pull free of his grip. She falls over Paige's head, lying there. Her body shudders with crisp electric jolts. Her pussy flows with a gentle rivulet of honey down onto Paige's lips, into Paige's mouth, and even onto his balls. Melanie pants hard breaths that sound like sultry moans, deep, fast, and sated.

With a nod from me, Bryce eases his softening cock from Melanie's butt. Then he gets up off of her and stands beside the table. While Melanie lies spent, Bryce takes the chance to check out Paige's naked

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body. Especially the prominent mound of her pussy and it's silky lips.

I grab Penny by one of her spongy firm breasts, squeezing it gently, but firmly, in my hand. "come along, bitch. This is for grown-up sluts. Girls who are grown up enough to please a boy should be in bed this late." I lead Penny into her bedroom. She follows on rubbery legs, her body wavering, her brain still drifting through the blissful afterglow. I doubt she cares a bit about anything beyond the sweet satisfaction in her pussy. But come morning she will. I point her to her bed. She goes and falls in it, not bothering with the lights or the covers. "Mommy will entertain your boy for you. At least she can please a cock." I shut Penny's door behind me.



Chapter 5: “Coffee Date”

Chapter 5: "Coffee Date"

With Penny gone for the night and Melanie allowed to cum, the session is quickly coming to an end. Melanie is nothing if not predictable. The more aroused she gets, the more shameless she becomes. Horny enough, there's nothing she won't do. But as her need and now her bliss ebb, the very proper, very prim, even more, reserved Christian woman will return quickly. As it does, absolutely horrified utter shame fill overtake her as it sinks in just what she's done. And this time, it's going to hit her hard. Anything lesbian always hits her hard, no matter how sweetly it satisfies her pussy. But now she'll have to deal with the taboo of knowing that she did it with her daughter. And that's a depth she could never have imagined sinking anywhere near. Yet she just did it. And worse, both of the utterly enjoyed it.

I'm sure it will shame her that she's fucked a guy she doesn't even know. Doesn't know his last name. Gave him her butt, the most intimate and private of options. Sucked him like a gutter whore. A guy that Penny chose, not for Melanie, but for herself. And their tastes in men vary widely. Shared him with Penny, too.

As soon as her bliss begins to ebb, Melanie is going to want to run off and hide. She's going to desperately pray that Bryce will slink away unseen and never return. Hopefully never speak to Penny again, either. Just be gone from her world so she doesn't have to face him, a constant reminder of the depths she went to for such pleasure.

I, however, am not that kind. I fully intend to drive home what Melanie has done. To bathe her in the humiliation of it. That should nicely remind her that she's nothing. And remind her just how fully I can control her, no matter how desperately she doesn't want to do something. She'll secretly, subconsciously, enjoy it as much as she enjoyed that orgasm. She needs the humiliation, especially afterward. As if she feels that she deserves it after what she's done.

As soon as I see Melanie start to stir, a brief moment after putting Penny up for the night, I grab her hair and pull her hard back up to her

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knees. There, still straddling Paige's face, I swat her bottom with my hand. And I keep swatting it as I scold her. "What kind of a woman are you, slut?" I use my disapproving bully tone. "You have a house guest, and here you are skanking around the table, dripping your pussy cream all over the place, and ignoring your guest while you should be playing hostess! Have you no manners at all? I know you're nothing but a gutter slut, but at least *try* to act like a woman! Get up!"

I keep hold of her hair and all but drag her off the table to her feet. Her legs wobble slightly as she stands on them. I ignore Paige. "Find this boy's clothes. I'm sure he doesn't want to be standing here naked! People like clothes! People have modesty. Hurry up." I give her another swat on her bottom. It sends her scurrying to collect his clothes and bring them to me.

I swat her bottom again. "Don't just stand there! What are you, slut, stupid? Never mind, of course, you are! Go dress your guest! And for God's sake, be sweet about it! After all, he was kind enough to pound your disgusting little asshole with that cock of his! Show some appreciation! It's not many boys who would dare fuck something so dirty as your butt! You probably messed all over his dick! That's no way to thank him, is it! Go!"

Melanie hurries to find his briefs in the pile of clothes. She kneels and holds them as he steps into them. She pulls them up, moving quickly. I use the tip of my crop to swat the backs of her hands, searing a pink welt onto each and getting a hard yelp from her. I make her pull them back down to his ankles. Then pull them back up, slowly, her hands gently caressing his legs all the way up. It takes her a few minutes to get him dressed like that. I spend the time swatting her with the crop and scolding her for imagined sins. It keeps her being especially erotic and tender with Bryce.

Once he's dressed, I have her show him to a seat on the sofa. Then I have her kneel before him. I whisper to her so Bryce can't hear the

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instructions I give Melanie.

Melanie stays on her knees, her legs spread wide, her back up straight to show off her soft breasts to him. Very humbly, in the sugariest voice, Melanie has, she offers Bryce "Sir, I'm sorry for being such a lousy hostess, Sir. Please, Sir, please forgive me for thinking with my slutty pussy, Sir. Sir, may I Please be allowed to serve you a nice cup of coffee, or whatever you enjoy? Please Sir, please, please, allow me to this for you, Sir. Please."

Her begging wins. It's a good thing for Melanie, too. I told her to be humble and polite. And I told her that if she couldn't persuade this boy to overlook her sluttiness and accept her hospitality, I would be very disappointed in her. She knows that means punishment for her. But she convinced Bryce.

Melanie goes to the kitchen to make a pot of coffee. I tell Paige to go sit beside Bryce and not to let him get lonely while he waits. She does. Bryce doesn't object at all to the naked 18-year-old, sexy girl sitting beside him. He asks her name. She tells him "skanky whore, Sir, Miss Rodgers' house slave and whore, Sir." Ah... she does so know her place.

I follow Melanie to the kitchen, crop in hand. I don't give her time to stop or to think. I keep the pressure on her. Or rather my crop does. Not more than a few seconds go by without its tip lightly tapping her somewhere to encourage her to hurry up. And to take care in making the coffee perfect.

Once she has a pot brewed, I have her pour a cup and take it to Bryce. She kneels before him, holding the cup out atop upturned palms in front of her nipples. "here is your coffee, Sir. Thank you for allowing this slut to serve you, Sir." Her voice is now sensually sweet.

I send Paige away, telling her to go kneel in Melanie's bedroom. She hurries off.

I tell Melanie to take a seat next to Bryce. While Bryce sips his

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coffee, I insist that Melanie “keeps him company like a polite slut.” I explain, for both of their benefits, this means for her to talk to him. She’s to answer every question of his fully and honestly. She’s to tell him everything. And she’s not to lower herself to asking him anything. He can tell her whatever he wishes for her to know. To ensure Melanie behaves, I stand there, crop in hand, arms crossed over my chest. I glare at her. She gets the hint.

Bryce hasn’t a clue how to handle a conversation like this. Nor does he have a clue that this is just practice for him: soon, in a week or three, Penny will be where Melanie is now. He starts very uneasily. He asks her if she often “is with girls.” Melanie confesses she’s not. She’s never done it before meeting me, and even now she only does it when I “force it on her.” He follows up by asking if she enjoys girls. Melanie blushes brightly and shamefully tells him that she doesn’t, except when I force it on her. Then her body loves it more than ever. But she hates it. “It’s just so wrong! God didn’t intend for women to be with women. He must hate me for doing it! But when Miss Rodgers forces me, I just can’t make myself not do it!”

I send Sophie to fetch me a cup of coffee. Sophie serves me just as Melanie served Bryce. Only Sophie isn’t the least bit uncomfortable doing it, unlike Melanie was.

Over the coffee, about half an hour, Melanie tells Bryce that “before Miss Rodgers,” she’d only been with her ex-husband, Penny’s father. And then she’d only had sex “the proper way,” meaning missionary. Knowing her, probably with the lights off, too. She had two boyfriends after him, but never “whored herself” by sinning with premarital sex. Neither lasted that long, under a year, before moving on to greener pastures.

She tells him that she’s never been into pain. That she is certain she doesn’t like pain during sex. She doesn’t remember demanding that he pinch her nipples as painfully as he could. But she admits they’re a touch sore now. She apologizes for being such a slut. She tells him that her butt

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was a virgin. So far she's only had "toys" in it, the ones I "shoved up there" to teach her how to be the filthiest of whores. She tells him that her bottom isn't the least bit sore. And she tells him that her mouth was a virgin, too. She's only sucked on my toys as I taught her to perform. HE was the first man I made her service. She tells him that she remembers that. His cock was huge, and it strained her throat to the point she was sure she'd choke on it. But she didn't. And yes, she tasted his cum as she swallowed it. Still has a bit of the taste in her mouth.

The sexual conversation takes up the entire cup of coffee. I tell Melanie to go get another and serve it to him. She does. He accepts it from her hands. As he sips this one a little slower, the conversation turns away from sex. He's pretty well exhausted that topic.

She tells him about herself. How active she is in her church. How strongly she believes in God. How much she wishes Penny would be as strong in her faith. She tells him about her job and her friends.

At first, it took a few good croppings to get Melanie talking. But by the time Bryce finishes his second cup, they're chatting like old friends. Except that conversation is one way. Not one-sided, just one-way. Only she is giving out anything about herself. Bryce, and his life, are still a mystery to her. I'm sure Melanie has noticed that she's only one in the room without clothes on, but she seems to have pushed that bit of embarrassment aside.

By the time Bryce finishes his second cup, they've had at least an hour to chat. And it's just after one in the morning. Silently I cue Bryce that it's time to leave. He catches the cue and says that he needs to get home.

I tell Melanie to walk him to the door and give him the proper goodbye a lover should get after fucking a slut. I have her wrap one arm around his waist and cuddle close to him as she walks him to the door. She manages that rather comfortably.

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At the door, I tell her to politely thank him. Obediently, Melanie tells him "thank you, Sir, for spending time with this filthy slut. I really enjoyed your company, Sir. I do hope this worthless skanky body was able to fully pleasure you, Sir." The sweetness, and the ring of honesty in her voice, tells me she actually means it, too. "I know you really wanted Penny, Sir. I'm so sorry I didn't teach her how to be a woman and please you, Sir. Thank you for letting me take care of you for her, Sir... even if I wasn't your first choice, I really enjoyed it, Sir. You're far too manly for a skank like me."

And then she kisses him as instructed. I told her a good kiss, a passionate one that fully conveys her satisfaction with him. She kisses him, long, over half a minute. And it's a hungry kiss, her tongue eagerly exploring his mouth. I think he kisses her back just as eagerly. I know his hands take the chance to drift down and tenderly caress her bottom. Even after they roam into the sticky-gooiness of dried honey that covers the parts closer to her pussy.

Bryce leaves, one last glance at the nude woman.

I immediately snap firmly for Melanie to hurry back to the living room and stop wasting my time. As soon as she is in place on her knees before the sofa, I take my place sitting comfortably on it and relaxing. I send Sophie to fetch me a second cup of coffee and wait in silence until Sophie has returned and served it to me.

As I sip it I very casually remind Melanie that I was not joking or playing. From now on, I own this house and everyone in it. She will follow my rules. And she will ensure Penny does as well. If Penny breaks one, no matter how small, Melanie is to call immediately and tell me.

"Women beget women," I tell her, "and sluts beget sluts. You are a slut. Thus Penelope is a slut, since you begat her!" I go on, telling Melanie that now that I've decided to accept her into my realm, there will be a few differences. Primarily now that she's nothing but a piece of property, she shouldn't expect much. She is available to me whenever,

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wherever, and for whatever, I fancy. I may pop up at three in the morning with some whim for her sluttiness to cater to. I may summon her in the middle of the day. Whatever. She's property, thus she doesn't matter. I may wish to videotape her eating pussy and put in online. I may wish her to wash my feet with her tongue. I may wish to whore her on some corner of the ghetto. I may wish to see her masturbating and dancing naked on the altar. Whatever. She's my property, so whatever I wish, it will be. With tiny tears in her eyes, she agrees. Then I tell her that it all applies to Penny as well. I even suggest that I might pass a naked Penny around one of Bryce's classrooms. The tears run down Melanie's cheeks as she accepts that, too.

I tell her not to discuss tonight's sex acts with Penny. When Penny asks about it in the morning, she's only to tell her that she's not allowed to discuss it. And that if they do, both will be paddled for it. And there will be witnesses to their paddling.

Then I send Melanie to bed, telling her I'll let myself out when I'm ready. In the morning Penny's house keys and phone will be gone. Her keys will be returned tomorrow. Her phone will be returned when she's no longer grounded. I'm using her keys to make myself a set, just in case I wish to tour this filthy little corner of my realm.]

Melanie obediently goes to bed.