

The Nurse And Her Naughty Boyfriend



Nadezhda Sarankhova

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Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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

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Prologue:

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

My name is Pepper Rodgers. I'm a 20-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 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

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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 20-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.

Paige is my 19-year-old house-slave and slave-whore. It's a role she definitely loves. She lives with me, too. In a kennel, in the playroom. Like Sophie, she came to me during her final year of high school, just after her 18th birthday. Paige does most of the chores around the house, which leaves Sophie free to cater more closely to me. Paige is also my whore. Whenever I need a female body to torment one of my toys, it's Paige's body I use. And Paige definitely doesn't mind it.

Paige is rather lean girl. She stands about 5'6" tall, but weighs

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only 112 pounds. It gives her a slightly stickish figure, with only the gentlest of feminine curves to her waist and hips. But she does have a pair of rather perky, and slightly pointy, 34-B breasts with wide nipples. She has honey brown hair that's long and curly with green eyes.

I believe in taking good care of my slaves. Including their education. Sophie is now a sophomore at Bishop State College where she's studying to become a vet technician. Paige, a year behind her in school, is beginning her freshman year at Bishop. Before they became mine, both girls were mediocre students, and neither had the grades to get into a four-year university. Now they're straight-A students. I wouldn't accept anything less. Both should easily be able to transfer to USA for their last two years of college and earn degrees that would allow them to actually get a decent job. They might not need to work while they're mine, but I want them to have their education and options down the line.

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 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

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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!

Most of my stories are from the months I spend in Mobile. I very seldom publish any of the few stories from my time in Russia. That's because Putin's Russia isn't as enlightened as America. Homosexuality is a crime there. And the courts there would deem anything between two women to qualify. However, it's a crime that's not so often prosecuted. Usually no one really cares if it's kept discrete. So while I have been known to play there as well, I've very care who I'll play with. Only those toys that come to me with the most trusted of referrals are considered. And I keep the stories private. I'm definitely not going to advertise what I've done there.

I have dual citizenship. That's a benefit the Russian government bestowed upon me because my father was a junior diplomat at the time. Sophie goes with me to Russia. She, obviously, is an American citizen. She only speaks about five words of Russian, too. But she never leaves my side. And she does wear her collar, much to the dismay of the TSA screeners. That shiny padlock holding it around her neck is not a friend to their scanners. Paige, however, doesn't get to take the trips. I usually leave her with my mom, who enjoys the free house maid she uses Paige as. And, as a Domme, my mom is well versed in the proper care that Paige might need.



Chapter 01: A Favor

Chapter 01: A Favor

"Ahh!" I purr softly as I put my feet up on the coffee table in the nurses' lounge at USA Medical Center. I've basically been on my feet for two days straight now. I'm a second-year nursing student at USA in Mobile. By the end of the year, I'll have my LPN, then my RN, then my BSN after two more years of college. And then, if I'm as lucky as I am good, I'll get to essentially start over and earn my MD.

This semester I've won a nursing internship at USA's teaching hospital. I get to pretend I'm a real nurse while doing all the especially crappy (and I mean that literally in some cases) jobs. It is a teaching hospital, so you kind of have to expect student interns. But even that doesn't overrule the state licensing laws. I'm fairly limited in what I can actually do. Little more, but some more, than a CNA can do. And naturally, the nurses are taking full advantage of the interns on their wards. For that, I can't blame them. In a couple of years, I will so be doing the very same thing!

When I applied for this internship they said it was two days a week, evening shift so that it won't interfere with classes. And that it pays a "so-fair" wage of the minimum wage. The money I don't care about. I make enough from my online businesses to support myself and my live-in slave-girl, Sophie, and my house-slave/whore Paige. Not that I mind earning enough extra every week to cover a trip to Whole Foods. And that's about what it covers after the tax man gets through with me. What they didn't tell me was that the two days were Monday and Tuesday. Back-to-back. With classes those mornings.

I'd have taken it anyway. I want to get my BSN and then get into a real medical school. Not some medical school in some island country no one even knows is on the map, much less can find. One here, in the good ol' US of A. When it comes to medical schools, experience counts. A lot. And if nothing else, this is experience. It proves that I can go 72 hours without any sleep and keep my eyes open. I'm not sure what else I'm proving, though. When's the last time you've seen a doctor change a bedpan? Isn't student life so glamorous?

But at least I'm allowed to use the nurses' lounge. It's the only

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perk I get, but it's something. It has free coffee. I think. They tell me the thick dark sludge in the pot is coffee. Knowing nurses' sense of humor... I grabbed a cup from the vending machine. I doubt it's any better. But it's hotter. It even tastes like coffee-flavored water. That's almost like tasting like coffee!

"Hey, Pepper, do you have a minute?" Annie asks me as she drops onto the sofa beside me. I open my eyes and see Heather, another nurse, slipping out the door. It leaves Annie and me alone in here.

I just met Annie when I started here. She's been nice, but everyone has been. She's a little older than I am, I'd guess in her mid-to-late 20s. I know she got her RN three years ago, and never went for her BSN. She didn't care about the four-year degree, just the nursing license. I probably wouldn't care as much about the degree either, if I wasn't hoping for med school. They insist on a Bachelor's degree. But if I wanted to be a nurse for a career, the degree isn't worth much. It's the license that matters. LPN (Licensed Practical Nurse) guarantees you a job. RN (Registered Nurse) guarantees you a good-paying job. But for a nurse, BSN only guarantees you an RN's job and a fancy piece of paper to hang on the wall.

"Sure," I answer. "What's up girl?"

"I hate to pry... and I know it's none of my business, but some of the girls are talking about you... they say you're into some... stuff?"

I laugh. "Are they saying I own two slaves, both cute girls?"

"Yeah."

"WOW!" I blurt out with some excitement in my voice. "They actually got it right!" It slightly shocks Annie. And I love shocking people. So I reach into my purse and pull out a picture of my slaves. Both are fully naked, except for their collars. "This is slave. She's my handmaiden." I point to Sophie. "And that's skanky, she's my house-slave and rather skanky whore."

Annie barely glances at the picture. "Do you... play with guys, too?"

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"Oh, yeah. Guys, girls, couples. Sometimes groups I assemble for a purpose. Whatever amuses me at the moment. Now, what's up, girl?" I don't know Annie that well, but I know her well enough to know that she's not just asking like this out of curiosity. There's a reason why she's asking.

Then she asks me if I will promise her confidentiality. I tell her that I never talk about my slave or the toys I play with. Never. Ever.

"OK, then I'm just going to say it, and hope I don't offend you. It's about my guy, Simon..." I already know a little about Simon. It's not like I haven't heard a little girl talk over the shifts we've worked. She calls him her "sorta boyfriend." I've taken it to mean that they're dating, but not so seriously. As in they're dating, but keeping the rest of their lives fairly separate. I don't know if they're dating exclusively or not, but Annie hasn't mentioned dating anyone else. So I'd bet they are. I know he's a firefighter that she met here, pulling a shift in the ER. There are always extra shifts there. Always, it seems.

She tells me that she loves to play around, as in play games in bed with him. But "light" games, such as dressing up or a little fun spanking, and things like that. When it comes to the "more intense" stuff, she's never gone there and isn't so sure she wants to. She says she could just never imagine herself doing anything that might hurt Simon, even if he wanted her to.

Simon has never gone there either. But he's interested. Like most people in his situation, he loves to watch D/s videos and reading stories about it online. Both of which, according to her, get him "so hot." According to her, Simon gets the hottest from the scenes in which a guy is "taken" by a "hot girl" and used shamelessly, even when he's used with another guy.

I ask her if Simon is bi. She says he's never been with a guy. Nor does the sight of a cock arouse him. But he is interested in "trying it to see what it's like." Very preferably in a scenario where a girl takes him and makes him do it. According to her, he will never "just go find a guy and try it."

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I've met Simon. Once. For about three seconds. He delivered us all supper one night when we were too busy to elect someone to go pick it up ourselves. He delivered it in a fire truck. I guess he was on his way back to the station or something when Annie called and asked him to pick it up for us. I barely remember him. But seem to recall he's cute. He should be. Annie is definitely cute.

Annie is also a single mother with five-year-old twins at home. It doesn't leave her much time for a social life. And with two nosy boys in the house, not much time, or space, to have fun with Simon. That requires a babysitter. And more. He has a roommate, so either the roommate has to vanish, or her kids have to go somewhere with a babysitter. Now that, I get. I was raised by a single mom. I could see how much time I got, and how little it left her for fun. It also explains why she's working the evening shift. No seniority (or creative shift-swap deals) is required and it pays better.

She comes right out and asks if I'd be willing to "arrange a surprise" for Simon. I am not going to let her off that easy. I tell her she's going to have to be specific. "I should have seen that coming..." She sighs.

Then Annie tells me that Simon seems to "just love" the scenes where a "hot girl" takes a man. Spanks him, usually hard with a belt or a paddle, or a whip. She makes him do things. Usually one or two of those things with a guy. She shows him off like he's a hunk of meat. And she doesn't let him "finish" until the very end. It doesn't seem to matter much to him what the guy is made to do, as long as it's not "the cheesy porn stuff." By that, Annie means the stuff like licking her shoes. And he definitely prefers the scenes with "regular women" in them, not the scenes where she's wearing some "Halloween costume."

"And where are you in this scene?" I ask Annie, "are you somewhere else, are you sitting on the sidelines watching it, are you lightly joining in, or are you holding a whip of your own?" I grin wide and add "I have plenty of extras..." even though by now I'm confident she won't be asking to borrow one.

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"I haven't thought about it. I just assumed that... a Dominatrix wouldn't want me anywhere around."

"Well, think about it. I've done countless scenes where the spouse has watched. And just as many where I've had the spouse join in. I have a few couples where the wife wants to see it all, and then be the one who finally gets to relieve him. I have a few couples where the wife wants to be... it's more like guided and controlled sex between them. You name it, over the last few years, I've likely done it. At least as far as the spouse's role. It would be about what you both wanted. How would you feel seeing Simon over my knees with his pants pulled down and my paddle on his butt?"

"Do you... do rules?"

"I don't allow my subs to have any rules. Slaves belong to their Mistress, and she gets to use them at her pleasure, not theirs. My subs either give me all of themselves, or none. That said, I always pay attention to my subs, and I never do anything with them that they're not secretly loving. If I start down a road, and the sub isn't getting hot enough fast enough, I take a hard right turn. But I do accept limits for spouses. Such as no touching. No taking clothes off. Or I'll finish him with my mouth, but that's as far as I'll go with anyone else in the room. And the ever common, I'll only touch him. That's not to say that I don't offer a spouse a chance to go beyond those limits, I just never push too hard for it."

"Oh, so if I was sitting there, and I was only going to watch..."

"I might tell him that he has his choice. He may beg you for oral sex, or he will get it from the big hairy guy standing there. Pretty much any guy would very shamelessly beg you to do it for him. But it would be your choice. I wouldn't push you to do it. You could give him the treat he wants. Or you could tell him he hasn't been good enough of a boy for that. Or you could just leave the room. Obviously, the latter two would condemn him to the hairy guy. Did I ever mention that I find excessively hairy guys to be a serious turnoff?"

Annie giggles. "You ain't the only one! Yuck! I mean, OK, look

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like a man, but not a gorilla!"

She has some pictures of him, including one of him in nothing but boxers. He's definitely cute enough for me. And he's not a gorilla. There could be a tiny nook in my toy box for him. Maybe. I can think of a few uses for a firefighter.

I ask her why, if she's not so interested herself, is she trying to set something up for Simon. She tells me that she wants to make him happy. And she does love her little games. Perhaps, she might just love "sending him off for a lesson, when he's a bad boy." But she's definitely willing to find out just how much, and what, Simon really likes, and how far she's willing, or eager, to go.

I'm not that interested in Simon. Willing guys are easy enough to come by. And I especially don't want to complicate my internship here. But Annie has been nice to me. And she seems genuine in her request. That she actually wants to do it, not that it's just a... whim. And I always do favors for my friends.

I ask Annie to think about it carefully. She might see something she'd rather not. Something like Simon yelping while he's spanked. Or wearing panties. Or skanky teasing him at my direction. That, I explain, is the role of a slave-whore. She's there to do be used for the things I don't want to do, but want to be done with the sub. "And skanky is very skilled at whoring." I consider that a warning that Simon might well find Paige's skill level far above Annie's. "Plus, skanky will very eagerly do anything I tell her to with anyone I tell her to."

I tell Annie that I'm willing to "see if Simon will get on his knees for real or not." I'll hold Sunday, a day none of us are working, open for him. If she agrees not to tell him anything, not even as they're knocking at my door. She can just tell him that she wants him to meet a friend of hers from the hospital, and they're coming over for tea. I'll handle the rest. Even if he is so dense that he doesn't figure anything out when he sees my slave-girl.

I tell Annie that if she brings him, she has to accept that there are no rules for Simon. I will do whatever with him. Anything. All I can

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promise her is that Simon will be very aroused by it. If not, It wouldn't be any fun for me to do. Guys, especially, so show how aroused they are! They get so... eager and insistent to use that cock!

I tell Annie that since she's bringing him for this surprise session, that she may leave him with me at any point. If she does, I'll call her to come and fetch him when I tire of him. If she stays, I will "play it by ear." I mean that I may, and will, suggest that Annie do something. But I won't compel her to do anything. She's free to refuse. But she might expect to be "prodded" to do things.

And I tell her that "Sunday stays on Sunday." Neither of us will ever speak of it again, except privately if she wants to. Otherwise, it never happened. It can be our little secret, no matter what happens. That, she eagerly agrees to. I give her my address and ask her to "think about it, and think about what she wants her role to be." then to text me Saturday and let me know, one way or the other, if they're coming or if I should make other plans for my amusement.

She says she'll let me know.

I get her text before lunch Saturday. She says only that she and Simon are coming for tea tomorrow, and thanks for the invite. It's a very nondescript text. It makes me wonder if she thinks that Simon might peek at her texts. Guys are so into that! Mistresses, too.



Chapter 02: The Price Of Ogling A slave-girl

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I really didn't discuss any details of what I had in mind for Simon with Annie. She doesn't really know enough about the kind of things that usually happen to offer much input anyway. And somehow, I doubt she's had the long conversation with Simon to know what he's truly interested in. Snooping is far easier. And it has the bonus of being so much more fun. Besides, with no experience, I doubt Simon would know himself exactly. Just in general, the kinds of things that excite him.

I know it has Annie anxiously wondering what is going to happen. If, for all she knows, we're just going to sip tea and talk. I'd hope she's smarter than that. I decide to do something I don't usually do. Answer my own door when the knock comes. But I do have Sophie, who is the usual door-slave (that's like a doorman) close behind me.

I open the door and Annie greets me warmly. As she does, Simon's eyes check me out quickly, and then almost immediately shift to Sophie. Today, like almost every day, I have Sophie dressed in one of what I call her slave dresses. They're all the same except for the color. They're all-lace stretchy dresses that start at her breasts and run down an entire inch below the bottom curve of her shapely behind. They have a fringe of frilly white lace. But the lace doesn't do much to hide anything. It just makes Simon look a little harder to see through its little holes. And to see that Sophie doesn't have any underwear on. She does have matching fingerless gloves. And boots with spiked heels and sides of a stiff lace that rise to her knees. A big, fabric, plush horseshoe clip to hold her honey-blond hair out of her face, too. Today's dress is the lavender one. As are the gloves, boots, and hairband.

Sophie is 19. She's also rather pretty. She's 5'4" and about 120 pounds. She has some pert 34-B cup breasts with wide pink nipples. And she has a puffy pussy mound. I'm pretty sure that silky-soft and smooth mound is what Simon's eyes are straining to see, too. Men.

I greet Annie warmly, with a quick hug. Then I immediately turn my attention to Simon. I watch as his eyes snap back to me when he realizes that I'm talking to him. As if he's trying to cover up the fact that he was ogling my slave! I just wonder if he even noticed the pastel green

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soft leather collar with its fringe of white ruffled lace locked around her neck. Or the bright, shiny brass padlock that's keeping there. Or if he just noticed that if he peeked hard enough he could get to see her "goodies."

"I hear you've been a very naughty boy, Simon," I say firmly, with just a hint of teasing in my voice. As I say it, I reach my hand out to his waist and grab hold of the waistband of his cargo slacks. Those are a dark blue. I'd bet they're MFD issue. I get a good, full grip on them at the button.

I pull him forward. He isn't expecting it. The surprise shows as he half stumbles the first step into my apartment. And that's as far as I needed him to come in. Another little shove by his pants and he reflexively takes a step to his side, twisting to stay facing me as he goes. It's not a sure-footed step, either. And then one more step backward has his back against the wall. And that's definitely where I want him.

It takes him by surprise. I wanted it to. I guess Annie really had him thinking they were coming for tea. I almost laugh, thinking how he must have been dreading tea with one of her girlfriends.

"And now I catch you..." I sharpen up my voice a little so he knows I'm scolding him. And so that he can hear the disapproval in my voice. He has been naughty. "Ogling my slave girl like some creepy pervert!" I let go of his waistband. And very quickly I grab a hold of his crotch, right through his pants, and hold it snugly with a firm grip. Enough of a grip that I see his eyes go wide. He definitely feels the grip I have on his cock and balls now.

I'd bet he's wondering not only what's going on, but what Annie is about to do. Who would expect his "sorta girlfriend" to bring him to see a Domme? Well, other than me. Annie isn't the first.

"Maybe a good, hard spanking will teach you to behave your creepy butt!" I tighten my grip just a hair. But he feels it.

I turn my head to Annie. I can see that she's just a tiny bit surprised. But it's as if she expected to sit and chat for a few minutes

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first. That I might *offer* Simon a lesson. "Annie, you don't mind if I spank this creepy boy for leering at my slave like some weirdo lecher, do you?"

Annie looks a little more surprised. "Uh... sure, go ahead." She tells me. I think it's just that Annie thought she'd be offered the chance to leave before anything happened. Technically she has the chance. The door is still open. She could leave him here.

I turn back to Simon, now with an evil grin on my face. In my scolding voice, I very firmly tell him "Since my friend doesn't mind, come along, creepy, and learn your lesson like a big boy!"

I take a step back. I don't ease up on my grip. Simon, kind of dumb-struck by the suddenness of everything, and how unexpected it all is, follows his balls. He takes a step forward, his feet slightly unsteady. Then he follows me another step over to where I have a chair waiting. It's just one of the arm-less chairs from my dinette a couple of more steps away.

I use his balls to nudge him around to the side of the chair. Then I release his balls. It's a distraction for him. He's so relieved that for an instant he thinks of nothing else. And that's the instant it takes me to have his pants unbuttoned and unzipped.

Simon is a decently tall man, about 6'1" and I'd guess close to 190 pounds, give or take a little. It makes him a full foot taller than I am. And likely double my 92 pounds, again, give or take a few. Unfortunately for me, Simon also has almost no hair. It's just a full buzz cut that leaves about ½" of hair. And that's far too short for me to get a grip of. Maybe with tweezers! He does have a nice, full head of the near-stubble, though. It looks dark, maybe dark brown or black.

But he does have shoulders. I put my hand to one, feeling the strong, well-developed, and toned muscles there. I'll bet Annie enjoys feeling those. And I have a foot. It might be a small foot, but it's plenty big enough to tap the back of his knee and buckle it for an instant. It just happens to be the instant when I give his shoulder a hard jerk forward. It sends him dropping down to his knees.

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I keep going, in a single, smooth fluid motion. As Simon drops onto his knees, his mouth opening to finally say something, I drop my bottom into the chair. And as I do, I pull his shoulder down and forward. It sends his chest forward, leaning over my still-opening thighs. It has Simon just slightly off-balance, and that brings the bend of his waist snugly against my thigh. His arms don't flail, like so many women tend to do. But they do come up reflexively to block his fall. And that has them falling at my left side. My left thigh catches his chest around the level of his nipples. It leaves him firmly over my knees.

I don't give Simon a chance to say anything. I figure that in about two seconds he's going to try and get back up. So I hurry. With his pants unfastened, it's a simple thing. I just grab the waistband of them, in the center of his back, and shove hard. It pulls his pants roughly, and quickly, over his bottom. As I'm doing it, I let my thumb slip under the waistband of his undershorts. It takes those down with pants.

And that leaves a rather hard bottom nicely bare over my thigh. It's a bottom with strong, and thankfully almost hairless, cheeks. Cheeks that have a fair, but gentle, rounding to them. Cheeks that are hard enough to have a defined curve at the bottom from the toned muscles. And almost no fat on them. Oh, these cheeks are going to spank so well!

"slave, my paddle," I call out in my sweet voice. Sophie already knew what I was going to ask for. The paddle is just a few steps away, out of sight, on the dining table. She has its handle in my hand in a few seconds.

The paddle I selected is an old-fashioned schoolhouse paddle. It's about 18" long and 5" wide. It's made of a solid hard wood with holes drilled in it to speed its swing up. It looks like it would hurt. And it does. Then again, Simon has been such a naughty boy! I lie the blade of the paddle against his tight cheeks.

Now it hits Simon just what his position is. He's over my knees. And his bottom is bare. The light panic takes hold. He uses his hands and strong arm to start pushing himself up, trying to rise off my knees.

I'm prepared for it. It's just so predictable. All it takes is a firm

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push between his shoulder blades as my foot knocks against one of his wrists and bumps it forward. The bump takes it away from him, keeping it from lifting any of his weight. The shove downward puts his chest back flat over my legs.

"Three strokes out teach you not to ogle my pretty little slave-girl!" I harshly scold him. I lift my paddle up high, raising it off his globes for a second.

Simon's head comes up, turning fast from side to side. He scrambles with his hands, trying to get them back in place braced against the floor to lift his body up. His eyes very anxiously look about for Annie. I haven't been watching Annie. I don't need to. She already knew or should have known, that I'd spank Simon. She's the one who told me he was "intrigued" by spankings. He won't be in a few more seconds. He'll be familiar with spankings. But as I was sitting I could see the look on Annie's face. It was a mixture of light surprise, at the speed of things, and a smirking grin. I'd bet it's the smirking grin that Simon will see now. If he finds her fast enough.

I snap the paddle down hard, putting about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the power I could into the stroke. The paddle lands squarely across the center of both cheeks. And it lands with a loud, splitting crack.

"UH!" Simon grunts hard as the paddle swats the bare flesh of his cheeks. I feel his body tense up as he lies over my knees, stiffening, but not snapping. It takes about half of a second before I feel him start to relax, the tension flowing from those strong muscles. At the same time, I hear him breathing out a heavy breath.

And then, the paddle cracks down, ringing out just as loud, as the second swat lands on his already pink cheeks. I am not going to give him any time to think. Not now. Not when this is still a surprise for him. He only gets time to be spanked. The slow stuff will come once he accepts that I am above him. And he will obey me.

"UH!" Simon grunts out again, this time with a little more pain in it. He tenses up just as quickly and tightly. And now I feel him wiggle his hips gently.

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He's not in my favorite position for spanking guys. I prefer, actually love, to turn them over my knees and pin their cocks between their pubes and my thighs. I can feel Simon's cock hanging against the outside of my thigh. It feels like it's a nice cock, too. And now, it feels something that it didn't when he went over my knees. It feels like it's as hard as steel. I've felt that against my thigh far too much to mistake it.

I am pretty sure that Annie is roughly behind me. It's more of a sense. That and a slight whiff of her favorite perfume. I use my hand to point at cock, making a quick, sharp jerking point with my thumb as the paddle is rising up for the last stroke.

The paddle snaps down for the third stroke. It lands just as powerfully, tensing him up instantly. It gets another grunted "UH!" from him, too. By the strain in that grunt, I'd guess one or two more strokes might bring a squeal from him. He is definitely trying to "take it like a man." But I can tell the strokes are hard enough that they hurt.

I hear Simon grunt at the same time I hear a tiny giggle from Annie. I guess she must have looked to see what I was pointing at. And saw it. That's the thing about guys. It's so easy to tell when they're liking something!

It takes him a full second to relax after that third stroke. It leaves his bottom a very angry shade of light red. A shade that is definitely stinging him like a zillion needles. And burning like fire. A shade that tells me he is going to be suffering that sore bottom for an hour or two. But by morning, there won't a sign of the paddling left to be seen.

"On your knees!" I snap firmly, in a very crisp and stern voice. But I don't raise my voice to him. I keep it to my normal softness. I don't wait for him to decide if he wants to get on his knees, either. I grab his shoulder and yank hard to pull him up. He's much heavier than a woman. It takes most of my strength to pull him, sliding his chest over my thigh, and drop him onto his knees.

For a split second, he looks up at me with slightly moist eyes. Eyes that I can see a pang of hunger in. Excited eyes. Then he makes his next mistake. He starts to speak!

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I very quickly slap his face. It's a pure "bitch slap." it's a hard one, too. It sears a nice pink handprint onto his cheek. And he has enough cheek for my little hand to have some untarnished flesh around the handprint it leaves. It's enough, and it takes him by surprise, to slightly toss his head to the side.

"I didn't tell you to speak to me, *bitch!*" I scold him harshly. And I still don't raise my voice to him. "I said get on your knees! Now shut up and kneel, *bitch.*"

He stays put. But his eyes are all over the room, darting back and forth in his head until he finds Annie. And he sees Annie standing there, smirking wide, and almost giggling as she looks down on him. Maybe that's all he needs. Maybe he's smart enough then to figure out that this was a setup. Annie is making at least a part of his little fantasies come true. Right now.

As he kneels, his pants are stretched around the middles of his thighs. It's far enough down that his cock is standing out straight, its tip just above his pants. And it is as hard as a rock. But it lets me see that Simon's cock is definitely on the good side of average. I'd say it's about 6 ½" long and about 1 ¼" across. Plus it's circumcised, which lets me see every bit of the spongy soft light-pink head atop the steely shaft. And I can see enough to tell that he has dense black curls on those pubes. But not running up onto his stomach. And that the tops of his thighs have a light fur of black hairs. Definitely not a gorilla. Those thighs look fairly well-toned with some strong, prominent muscles to them, too. I'd hope so. He is a firefighter, and those guys work hard. They kind of have a rather hunky reputation, too. I admit I like hunks. I like his cock, too. It's not the biggest, but it's enough for me to have some fun with.

I stand over him, close in front of him, and now somewhat able to look down upon him. I stare right into his eyes. They quickly stop darting around the room and focus on me. "Aren't you just the little freak-oid!" I say with a teasing, almost giggling note in my voice. "You are just such a creep that you can't even behave while you're being spanked. But, no, you have to go and have naughty little horny boy

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thoughts. Don't bother lying about it! That stiff little dick is answering for you! Obviously, you need to learn a good lesson in behaving when you're surrounded by pretty girls. Especially pretty little virgins like my slave girl. Don't you know it's just so rude to be ogling girls with a hard-on like that? Oh, well. Luckily I have plenty of time to teach you a lesson you'll never forget while I have my tea with my friend."

I let my evil grin creep onto my face. If he doesn't recognize it yet, he will soon enough. It's a warning that he's in for it. "Here is what you are going to do, creepy. You will stand up. You will take all of your clothes off. You will put them in the bag my slave will put at your feet. You will strip absolutely, completely naked. You will not try to cover anything, especially that too-eager little dick of yours. Once all your clothes are in the bag, you will *very politely* ask Ms. Deavers to hold your clothes for you. Otherwise, you will not speak. You will strip. You really don't want to misbehave anymore. Otherwise, you're going to have some explaining to do tomorrow in that locker room. Like telling all those strong, manly firefighters why your bottom is so bruised from my paddle. Is that clear, creepy?"

"Uh... yeah..." Simon starts to answer.

It earns him another hard slap to his face. This one on his other cheek. Now they match. Both have cute little Pepper handprints on them. "That's for being such a rude bitch, creepy! Didn't your mommy teach you any manners?"

"I'm sorry. Yes, Ma'am," He says quickly, a light trace of excitement in his voice that he's clearly trying to hide.

"Good boy. Now get on those feet, face us girls, and strip like a worthless creep, creepy."

"Yes, Ma'am." Simon starts rising up to his feet.

Sophie opens a paper grocery bag and sets it about two feet out from his toes.

I take a couple of steps back. It has me standing next to Annie. All three of us are now watching Simon. "This shouldn't take long. You

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didn't tell me he was such a horny little boy!" I sweetly say to Annie, my voice like a girl gossiping with her girlfriend. "We can have our tea while creepy here learns what horny is."

"OK..." Annie agrees. I can hear the faint giggle in her voice. But I doubt Simon does. Men just don't tend to pick up on little hints like that. It tells me that so far, Annie is pleased with the scene. I actually think she noticed Simon eyeing Sophie over. What woman wouldn't want her guy spanked for eyeing another woman? He totally deserves it!

Simon doesn't pay too much attention to us girls. Maybe just one ear to listen to us with. And one eye to keep on me, lest I might decide he deserves another spanking.



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I didn't tell Simon to take his clothes off in any specific order. I usually do. I have commands just for that. But I don't know if Simon is going to be a one-off or not. I don't even know, for certain, if Simon will want to come back. And even if he does, his relationship with Annie complicates things. I wouldn't let him come back without her permission. So for today, I'm just going to let him take them off, however. As long as they come off.

He starts where most would. His boots. To me, they look like Army-grade work boots. Maybe those are MFD issue, too. Men really have no concept of proper footwear. Unlike ladies. I think most men could live with a single pair of shoes!

He squats down to get his boots off. But he doesn't try to fix his pants. He leaves those where they are, hung around the middle of his thighs. I guess he realizes there's no reason to bother. Those are coming off soon, too. But it leaves us all to see his cock. And that goes right on jutting out straight and hard from those dark pubes.

He half-tosses his boots in the bag. I don't know if that's eagerness, or if just that he doesn't care about them. Or if he's just that kind of guy, the kind whose clothes tend to be in piles. I decide I'm going to deal with that later. I watch as his socks quickly follow his boots into the bag. Just as un-neatly.

Simon stands back up. He slips his pants and underwear down together. Maybe he thinks they're the next logical thing. After all, they're not covering anything anymore. They're more about to fall to his ankles anyway. And then, finally, his shirt follow the rest into the bag.

Simon stands up straight. Then he just stands there.

Simon has a slightly oval face with defined, but not harsh, lines to it. It's a strong and manly face. He has that very short hair. But he also has some bright, brilliant blue eyes. He has a fairly average nose. But he has a wide mouth, framed with a pair of medium-pink full lips.

He has a toned, flat chest and stomach. I can see the lines of the muscles in his arms and legs. Not so much his abs, but I can see enough

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to know that under the skin those muscles are going to be hard. They're just not developed to the point where they're rippled out. It's the body of a strong man, but one who actually uses his strength, not a weightlifter or a bodybuilder. Those, I've found, are more show bodies. They look great, but the strength just doesn't last. Simon, I think, has the build for endurance, not that quick sprint. I hope his cock is built for endurance, too. Or he's going to wish it was!

He has straight sides, and slightly narrow, but powerful, hips. Between those hips, he has flat pubes. I can see the dense jungle of dark black curls on those pubes, trimmed up neatly. Otherwise, I can see a light fur on his legs and a single little line of dark hairs running up his stomach and chest.

I can see a pair of quarter-sized rings of moderately deep purple on his chest. And I can see a pair of narrow nipples, rising just barely, off the centers of those rings.

I can see his cock, too. It's still standing out straight and ready. That lets me see a pretty good-sized pair of balls hanging down in their sack. A slightly loose sack that lets them dangle just below the rest of his body. A sack that's lined with the same dark curls.

I pick up the bag of his clothes and dump it out on the floor. Then I set the bag back down. "Pig!" I scold him in my most disapproving voice. Instantly Annie bursts out laughing. And that tells me something. Simon is the kind of guy who leaves his clothes in piles, and Annie is endlessly after him about it. "I'm sure you've noticed, you've stepped into 'girl world.' It's all girls here. And girls aren't pigs like you are. We fold our things up neatly. We take care of our things. I am Queen of this girl Queendom. While you're in my Queendom, you'll act like a proper peasant stable boy, even if I have to castrate you to teach you the finer points of neatness. Now fix that bag before you give it to Ms. Deavers."

"Yes, Ma'am," Simon answers very quickly. He drops down to one knee. He tosses his boots in the bag.

"Pig!" I snap disapprovingly. I scold him to straighten his boots up and tuck the laces in. Then he can put them in the bag neatly. He does.

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He takes the time to carefully fold the rest of things and make it look like they just came out of his dresser. I'd bet it's the way Annie puts them for him if she ever does his laundry.

Once he gets his clothes in the bag neatly, he stands up with the bag in his hands. He holds it out towards Annie. "Annie---" He begins.

I instantly slap his face again, and this is a good hard slap. I see a look of surprise on his face as I scold him yet again. "You rude little pig boy! A peasant stable boy like you, creepy, will show some manners when speaking to a lady in my home! That's *Ms. Deavers* to you, creepy."

"Yes, Ma'am, I'm sorry, Ma'am," Simon almost blurts out, his voice a pure humble apology. He blurts it nervously as he sees Sophie putting the handle of my favorite crop in my hand. It's a regular riding crop, fit for whipping a horse over the finish line. But it's made of a soft leather dyed pastel green and trimmed with a delicate white lace. It looks extremely girly. And it hurts. I love it.

Simon holds the bag out again. "Miss Deavers, will you please hold my clothes for me while... your friend... teaches me my lesson, Ma'am?"

I grin. That's much better.

Annie almost laughs again. I can see she's fighting to hold her laugh back. I guess she's never heard Simon be so formally polite to her. Then again, who is so polite to his girlfriend? "Sure... *creepy*." I see that Annie has picked up on the impromptu pet name I've given Simon. And she's going to make full use of it. She takes the bag from his hands.

"Thank you, Miss Deavers," Simon promptly says.

Sophie rushes over to Annie, drops to her knees, and very politely offers to set the bag somewhere so she doesn't have to be burdened by actually holding it. Annie thanks her and hands it over. Sophie hurries off to lock his clothes in the file cabinet that I keep for toy's clothes. The cabinet that only I have a key to. Simon won't be getting those clothes back until I give them to him. And that won't be soon. The rock hard cock twitching slightly in front of me tells me that Simon needs to learn

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a good lesson first.

I pull a collar out of my back pocket. It's been there all along, but I doubt Simon noticed it. It's one of my training collars, identical to the one Paige has except for the color. This one is baby blue. For boy. It's just an inch-wide dog collar that I bought at PetsMart. It's leather, with a shiny buckle. I put the collar around his neck, leaving it loose enough to get a couple of fingers between the leather and his skin. Then I thread the hasp of a padlock through a couple of the holes in the collar and the buckle. He might, stress on might, get it unbuckled, but there's no way he's getting that lock off without breaking it. He could, it's a little lock like you'd use on luggage, but it would take some work for him to break it.

I step around behind Simon. I make sure he stays looking forward at Annie, too. Now that he can't see, I slip a pair of police-issue handcuffs out of my back pocket. I grab one of his wrists and quickly slap the cold, hard steel cuff around it. "I never trust horny little boys..." I teasing tell him, already reaching for his other wrist. With both wrists in my hands, I bring his hands up to his neck. "They just can't keep their hands off their dicks and behave!" I slip the cuff under his collar, threading their chain under it, and slap it around his other wrist. It has his elbows bent, his hands at the back of his neck. And now, those hands are going to stay there. Where they will be absolutely useless to him, unable to touch anything but his neck.

As I step back around him, I casually reach down and cup my hand under his defenseless balls. I see the little twitch in his arms, as his instincts want his hands to go down and protect those tender little eggs. His hands go nowhere. They just lightly rattle their chain. I squeeze his balls just enough for him to feel my snug grip. I hold them firmly in my grasp.

"Come along, creep, we'll put these aching balls in a vise to make sure you behave for your lesson." I don't wait for anything. I just start walking towards the playroom. And I keep my snug grip on his balls. He immediately hurries to follow me, his feet moving fast enough to ensure

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that my arm never gets close to straight. It's like he knows that I will just keep walking, dragging him along by his balls if I get the chance!"

Annie giggles. It's light and girly. "You have no idea how many times I've wanted to do that!" She must be talking about leading him around by the balls. It's not many guys who would routinely allow anyone but their Mistress to do that.

Simon readily follows his balls, and thus me, into the playroom. Then, the instant he steps foot into the room, he freezes in place. I don't. I keep walking. The freeze lasts for just the split second it takes for him to feel the pull on his balls. Then he hurries to follow me again.

I hear Annie miss a step as well. I know why. Both of them thought I was joking when I said I was going to put his balls in a vise. Only now, Simon is staring at the vise. I feel a little twitch as his cock jumps atop my hand.

The vise is just a regular, ordinary vise. I bought it at Harbor Freight, so it's a cheap one, too. Why pay more, vises aren't exactly supercomputers. I did have a couple of friendly frat boys modify it for me. They unscrewed the thin metal plate on the jaws and replaced them with plates shaped like half of an egg. That way, when the vise is closed, its jaws flush against each other, a thin metal egg extends down from the jaws all the way to the long bolt that tightens the jaws. Those cups are lined with a thin, dense foam. Like memory foam. Then they mounted the vise atop a 4x4 post and anchored the post to a three-foot-wide base of plywood.

As we near the vise, I can feel Simon's legs moving more and more reluctantly. As if I almost have to drag him the last step up to the wide-open jaws of the vise. I pull him forward until his legs are straddling the vise. He starts to take another step forward, but I hold his balls steady so he can't.

I have to kick his ankles to get him to spread his feet. He doesn't have to spread them too wide, either, maybe only a foot and a half or so. But it lowers his hips when he does. And that lowers his balls. I release them as they start to hang down, between the open jaws of the vise and

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into those egg-shaped cups. By the time I'm done spreading Simon's feet, the top of one jaw is flush against his body, atop the narrow strip of flesh between his balls and asshole.

I reach down and start closing the jaws of the vise. It's easy, just turn the handle and they close right up. That also closes the half-egg cups. The jaws are thin, no more than ½" from top to bottom, and about 4" across. His balls aren't nearly 4" across. But they do hang down more than ¼" beneath his body. It has the jaws closing, and soon pinching, the top of his sack just beneath his cock. I close the jaws fully, but not tightly. I stop when they're squeezing snugly against the skin at the top of his sack, pinching it, holding it, but not cutting into it yet.

And I watch Simon's eyes go wide as I close the jaws. And a very nervous quiver sweep over his body. It has his balls dangling in their sack just below the bottom edge of the jaws, into the foam-lined half-egg cups. And it has those cups closing snugly around his balls. When the jaws stop moving, the cups have closed to the point where the foam is starting to squish to make room for his balls. That lets him feel the tightness all around those tender balls.

Simon is also going to learn one more thing very quickly. His balls are almost completely filling the widest part of the egg. If they move, even a hair, and no matter which direction they move, the space begins to narrow rapidly. And that will increase the pressure on his balls. A pressure that now is snug and tight. And slightly uncomfortable. Mostly just uncomfortable enough for him to feel the pressure surrounding them and know that his balls are being squeezed.

It leaves his eager cock, still twitching lightly, standing out, the bottom of it, at the very base, lying on the top of the steel jaw. "If I were you, I'd stand very still," I tell him with a good, taunting laugh in my voice. "Very still."

I see Annie. She's close beside me, but only so that she could peek closely at the vise and see what I'm doing to Simon. The very nervous and strained look on Simon's face tells her that he's mildly uncomfortable.

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"And now this little boy is going to learn about being a horny boy!" I have a lot of sweetness, and a lot of excitement in my taunting voice. "slave... I don't think I want to bother with such a tiny dick... go find me some skanky whore."

"Yes, Mistress," Sophie happily answers. There's a screen in one corner of the playroom. It starts at the floor and rises up about five feet. It screens off the corner from sight. Behind that screen is just two large dog kennels. One of which is skanky's bedroom. Sophie slips around the screen. I'm confident that Annie has figured out what I sent Sophie for. When I showed her that picture of my slaves, I did tell her Paige was named skanky.

But Simon won't have a clue. Just as Annie doesn't have a clue that Paige lives in a dog kennel. Or that the kennel is behind that screen. Both of them only know that they can't see any heads rising above the screen, and nor have they heard a sound from behind it. And Simon can only see the screen out of the corner of his eyes.

In under a minute Sophie is leading a leashed Paige out from behind the screen. Annie sees her first. And even though she's seen a picture of Paige nude, the sight before her sends her eyes wide and her jaw nearly dropping. Paige is dressed as she always is. Nude, except for two things. The hot pink dog collar locked around her neck, and the police-issue legs irons locked around her ankles. Unless it's the hot pink leash clipped to Paige's collar, I'm guessing it's the rattling chain of the leg irons that catch Annie's attention.

But I'm pretty sure the chains aren't what catch Simon's eyes. Paige is the tallest of us. She stands 5'7", but she only weighs 118 pounds. It gives her a narrow figure, almost stick-like, with the gentlest of feminine curves at her waist and hips. It gives her lean arms and legs, too. And a flat stomach and chest.

But I'd bet that it's Paige's 34-B cup breasts that first catch his eyes. They're rather perky and firm, with wide light pink nipples that stand up prominently. They're firm enough that they look slightly point as if thrusting their wide nipples out to him. But an instant later I can

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see his eyes drifting down to check out the puffy mound of her pussy swelling down between her narrow thighs. And her silky smooth pubes. And maybe her firm round bottom. I'm pretty confident that he completely skips right over her long, curly, honey-light brown hair and bright green eyes.

Paige looks close to her age, maybe a year or so younger. She's a freshman at Bishop State College, a two-year school that's going to be a stepping stone to a real college for her. But she could easily pass for a high school student of 17 or 18 if she wanted to. It's her face. It's fairly oval and slightly long, with a wide mouth, but it just has that look of youth to it. Unlike Annie, who looks to be close to a decade older. Or Simon, who I'd guess is close to Annie's age. He looks it. And I've seen all he has to show now.

Sophie brings Paige over to me. It also puts Paige standing naked right in front of Simon. And for some reason, that has his cock twitching just a hair more energetically. Sophie puts the handle of Paige's leash in my hand. And then Sophie holds back a giggle as she tells me, "Here you go, Mistress, I scraped this skanky whore from a filthy gutter just for you, Mistress."

Paige stands mute, but I can see the tinges of a grin on her face. Paige is heterosexual, meaning that she's attracted to guys and not girls. But she's obviously not opposed to being with a woman. And has long since, and eagerly, accepted that as my whore, she won't have a choice in what she does or with whom. But that doesn't mean that she's not thinking Simon is very handsome, with a nice cock, and hoping that I'm going to let her do something with that cock. She does like cock. A lot.

I snap my fingers. "Lick that cock, skanky."

"Yes, my Queen," Paige promptly answers. Her voice is sweet, and throaty deep with a heavy whiskey note. It's her normal voice. And it's a very sultry voice.

Paige immediately drops to her knees. I told her to lick Simon's cock. It's a specific command for her, telling her exactly what I want her to do with the cock. And that's what she's going to do. She opens her

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mouth wide, putting her long pink lips just in front of the tip of his light pink cock head. She holds her mouth wide. That way we can all see it as she sticks her tongue out and lies the tip of it against the underside of his cock head.

Instantly his cock twitches crisply, making his cock jump up off her delicate, moist tongue. But it's back on that hot tongue just as quickly. His eyes are now locked down. Annie and I are forgotten. His attention is fully on Paige and her mouth.

Paige swirls the tip of her tongue softly around the top of her bulbous cock head.

"OH!" Simon purrs out sweetly at the tender caress.

Paige lets her tongue start licking around the side of his cock. She keeps her tongue against his cock, moving it up and down, along the length of his steely hardness. And up onto his cock head. She licks that especially sensitive sponginess, too. And swirls her tongue around it. And Paige just keeps going. She's not going to stop until I tell her to.

Simon manages to stand there, his cock sticking out in the air, free to jump and dance around, while Paige caresses it with her hot tongue, for about twenty seconds. He purrs sweetly for every one of those seconds, too.

And then a little shudder hits him. That urge to squirm. That urge to get a little more stimulation instead of this too-sweet teasing, and get to where he can cum. The shudder lightly wiggles his hips. That pulls on his balls, pulling them into the narrow taper of the egg cradling them too snugly. They don't really move more than the width of a hair. But that's enough for them to feel the squish on them tightening rapidly. "UH!" Simon cries out nervous, and uncomfortably, and very quickly manages to still his hips.

Annie bursts out laughing. It's a long hearty laugh, "Oh, WOW!" I guess Annie has just figured out what the vise is all about. It forces Simon to either hold his pubes and thus his cock, perfectly still for Paige to torture with her tongue. Or to crush his own balls in the jaws of the

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vise. Since no man is going to crush his balls, Simon is going to have to stand still.

Simon figures that out, too. I know it because the nervous look on his face vanishes. And is instantly replaced by a look of absolute panic. "OOH!" He's purring out again as Paige's tongue is swirling around the head of his cock again.

I point to a pair of chairs, comfortable director's chairs, just behind us. They have a little table between them. And they have a perfect, front row seat, of Simon. I take a seat. It puts Simon's cock right about the level of my eyes. Annie accepts the seat next to me.

"Slave, fetch us some tea. I'll have the new raspberry pekoe with a bit of honey and lemon."

"Yes, Mistress, immediately!" Sophie answers. Then, as I've taught her I expect, she drops to her knees in front of Annie. "Ms. Danvers, may I please be allowed to fetch your choice of refreshment for you while you enjoy the show, Ma'am?"

Annie says she'll have what I'm having.

Sophie goes to fetch.

Annie and I start chatting. It's idle girl chat and nurse chat. Nurse chat being about the funny things patients have done lately, a gossip topic that always has fresh material. While watching Simon, we pretend that we're not. And when Sophie returns, we sip our tea leisurely.

Simon, on the other hand, very quickly grows very stressed. Stressed because he's figured out that Paige isn't going to do anything but lick his cock. That she's going to tease it endlessly, but never push him to where he'll get the relief he's already aching for. Stressed because he has no clue how long I'm going to leave him here. And very stressed because he's realized that he's not going to be staying too still while Paige teases him. He's already crushing his balls with growing frequency as more and more squirms hit him.

"Do you think that will teach him what horny really is?" I ask Annie

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in a rather sweet, and teasing, voice.

With a giggle in her voice, Annie tells me, "I think it will definitely teach him what horny is! Oh, he's got to be aching to cum by now! And she's not going to make him, is she?"

"Only if and when I tell her to." I grin.



Chapter 04: Time For A Skanky Blow Job

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While Annie and I leisurely sip our tea, Simon spends twenty minutes learning what horny is. Paige's tongue teases his stiff cock endlessly. It keeps him moaning sweetly. It keeps him squealing, too. He can't stand close to still while Paige teases him, and that has the vise squishing his balls firmly with every little twitch.

I suspect Simon is about ready to cry from the utter frustration. The frustration of being licked so sweetly, and yet not allowed to cum. The frustration of constantly torturing his balls with every little twitch. Twitches he can't stop himself from... twitching.

I find Simon's little show rather amusing. Apparently, Annie does as well. She's made a few comments about how badly Simon has to be suffering. I know she doesn't want to see him hurt, but it looks like she doesn't have any problems seeing him tortured sweetly. Even if it is by Paige's tongue.

"Doesn't he sound like he's just so horny now?" I ask Annie.

"Oh, yeah!" Annie says with a little giggle in her voice, "this has got to be killing him!" And with a smile on her face. I think this is just another sex game for Annie, watching him teased mercilessly.

"I guess we should find out, shouldn't we? Too bad boys always lie! They'll say whatever they think will get that little dick of theirs permission to cum. There's only one way to know... a thorough prostate exam will tell the truth!" I giggle. "Oh, salve..." I call out in a very sweet and teasing voice, "glove." I hold my hand out, spread my fingers, and wiggle them.

Simon definitely hears me. But he doesn't really show much. He's too busy trying to crush his balls as he squirms from Paige's tongue. And moaning sweetly.

Sophie quickly pulls a latex glove on my hand. I hold up my first finger, and Sophie puts a tiny dollop of lubricating jelly on the tip of it.

Annie, knowing exactly what I'm about to do, just watches with a little amusement on her face. As if she knows that Simon won't like this. Men never do.

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I kneel down right behind Simon, my eyes about at the level of his tight cheeks. Simon has no choice but to stand up straight. The vise won't allow him to move. So he stands there as I use my left hand to push her toned cheeks wide apart.

It spreads his crack, letting me see the dark ring of brown flesh around his asshole. Brown flesh that's lined with faint wrinkle lines. His is barely funnel-shaped, curving in just a hair before the tensed ring of muscle. The wrinkle lines all flow right over the hard ring of muscle, into a tiny little rounded point of blackness. A very light fur surrounds his ring, parting around it, and leaving the flesh close to the muscle smooth.

His ring clenches tightly. This isn't the easiest position for me to get to his asshole, either. There's only about an inch of space between the jaw of the vise, flush against his body, and his asshole. Plus there's the angle. His asshole isn't aimed straight back, but slightly downward, towards the jaws of the vise beneath.

I put the tip of my finger to his tensed ring and feel it tighten up instantly, and fully, cinching shut to resist the invasion. I want it to be slightly uncomfortable for Simon. I think he'll react the best to it that way. It will nicely remind him that I can do whatever I wish with him. So I don't give him any advice on how to ease it.

I just push. Not hard or roughly, but with enough pressure that my finger starts pushing its way into the small dot of darkness at the center of that muscle. As it does, it stretches his resisting muscle, slipping into the space between the walls of his ring.

Simon flinches hard at the first hint of pressure. "OW!" He squeals as the vise holds his balls against the flinch. He stills. But his asshole doesn't relax. It resists the invasion of my finger. Simon, held perfectly still by the vise, grunts a hard "UGH!" as the tip of my slender finger begins entering his bottom.

I can feel the tightness of his muscle as it squeezes around my finger. My finger, its way eased by the film of lubricant, slips steadily into his tensed ring. It feels as if his ring manages to find a bit more strength to clench around my finger. But it doesn't slow me down. My

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finger slides forward.

There's a reason doctors normally have you bend at the waist for a rectal exam. It straightens out the angle of the bowel. As Simon stands up straight, just past his asshole his bowel bends to rise up. My finger doesn't bend. About at the point where my first knuckle is disappearing into the tight brown ring, I feel the tip of my finger bump against the rubbery soft wall of his rectum.

I keep my finger moving, pressing it against that rubbery wall, pushing it out against the rest of his insides. Simon grunts again, even harder, and keeps grunting as he feels the pressure inside his bowel. I let my finger bend slightly inside, curving the pad of my finger down while it arches up. It stretches the inside of his rectum a little more. I can see little tremors as his body wants to move forward, off my finger, but the vise keeps him standing still.

It puts the pad of my finger against his rectum, just inside of the thick ring of muscle that's his asshole. It lets me feel the hard gland of his prostate, like a little nut, now trapped between my finger above, the vise's jaw below. It's not "swollen up." Prostates don't swell in response to arousal. Only illness. So there's really nothing to feel.

I stroke the pad of my finger along the top of the gland, only the thin film of his rectum and the paper-thin wall of muscle around his rectum between them. Prostates might now show his arousal, but they do have plenty of nerves in them. Nerves that my finger is now stroke softly.

"OOH!" Annie squeals. "Do you see that dick jumping around?"

It's hard to miss. His cock is twitching hard. The last twitch bumped the head of his cock against Paige's widely stretched lips. "It does seem to like getting poked up his butt, doesn't it?" I teasingly add.

Simon purrs out a loud, and eager, "MM!" as I tease his prostate with my finger. I can feel his asshole squeezing around the base of my finger with all its might. As Simon purrs, his cock twitches away. Paige just keeps her tongue along the shaft, licking it softly and teasing him

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that much more. Finally, after about half of a minute, I pull my finger from his bottom. He grunts again, as much relieved to have it gone as he is frustrated to have the added stimulation gone.

"That prostate is swollen up like a balloon!" I tease. I'm sure Annie knows I'm making it up. Simon, if he knows, doesn't show it. He just pants more of those needy moans.

I ask Annie if she'd like to see for herself. She declines.

I stand up and walk around to see Simon's face. His eyes are still watching Paige as if hoping to glimpse her breasts as the kneeling woman licks his cock. Too bad for him that Paige's flowing hair mostly blocks his sight of her body. I wait a second until Paige's tongue is at the tip of his cock, and then put my finger lightly atop his hard shaft. I stroke it, very lightly, and with a very short stroke. Just enough for me to feel the ribbed hardness right under his skin.

"Oh, that dick is just so hard, isn't it?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Simon blurts out eagerly, his voice almost exploding from his lips along with a deep breath of air.

"I think it's blow job time. Do you think it's time for a blow job, creepy?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Simon blurts out very eagerly, his voice full of relief and hope.

I glance over to Annie. She must notice the grin on my face. My evil grin. I see a faint grin creep onto her face as if she's figured out that I have something in store for Simon. That Simon has a good surprise coming. That the blow job is not going to be what he thinks it will be. I'm sure he's thinking that I'm going to tell Paige, and her skilled tongue, to suck him.

I give Sophie a little hand signal. She knows what I want her to do. She quickly slips back behind the screen again, staying out of Simon's sight as she does.

A minute later she emerges from behind the screen and very

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quickly slides over to the wall behind Simon. It never leaves him a hope of seeing her. Or of seeing what she has with her.

But Annie sees it. It's Zach. He's one of my lesser-used toys. He's 18 and stands about 5'8" He's wiry and lean, almost scrawny looking. He has shaggy, but not too long, black hair. And he has glasses with thick black plastic frames. It makes him look geeky, even by the standards of the computer science department where "geeky" is the norm.

But, despite his nerdy look and scrawny build, Zach has one very manly attribute. His cock is 7 ½" long and 1 ½" thick. Which makes it noticeably larger than Simon's.

Sophie leads him out by his leash, a chain leash attached to a collar that matches Simon's. His hands are cuffed behind his back. And he wears leg irons on his ankles. He had them on when I put him in the spare kennel a few minutes before Annie and Simon arrived. Sophie doesn't have the key to take them off. She stands him, chained up, with his back against the wall.

I face Simon. "skanky, suck." I tell Paige.

Paige immediately puts her lips to the tip of his cock. She starts sliding them forward at a steady, but very leisurely pace, letting Simon's hard cock glide along atop her tongue. And I know she's caressing the underside of his cock with that tongue as it inches ever deeper into her mouth.

"OH!" Simon cries out loudly, about half of his shaft into Paige's mouth. It's a very sweet and surprised cry. It comes as Paige cranes her neck, straightening up the angle at the back of her mouth to allow his cock to begin slipping past her mouth.

A couple of seconds later, Simon cries out again, a very surprised and pleased, "OOH!" That would be the point where he feels the spongy tip of his cock begins to press into the very tight, rubbery tube of Paige's throat. Her throat snuggles tightly around the cock that keeps slipping even deeper into it. I'd bet this is deeper than anyone has ever taken his cock into her mouth before.

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Simon can't stand still. The instant Paige's rubbery tight throat is squeezing against the sides of his cock, his cock slipping even further into her, Simon begins to squirm hard. Immediately he cries out a pained "OW!" as the vise crushes his balls. And he keeps crying out those "OW!"s unable to hold his hips still as Paige swallows his shaft.

Paige swallows every bit of it, her top lip flush against Simon's pubes, her bottom lip flush against the vise hold his balls. Not even a sliver of his shaft is visible. Just Paige's lips against his pubes.

Annie gawks wide-eyed. Like most "housewives," and pretty much most women, she's wondering how Paige is able to do it. Simon has plenty of cock. Enough that Paige should have been choking long ago. I'm sure Annie hasn't managed to take half of his length before gagging herself and stopping. Deep throat is a skill.

Paige reverses her stroke, steadily and slowly releasing the cock from her mouth. Simon purrs very eagerly as she strokes the cock with her mouth. I wait until Paige's lips are almost all the way up his shaft, to where just the soft head of his cock would be left in her mouth. That's when Paige will reverse her stroke again and swallow the cock. But just before Paige reverses, I snap my fingers and wave for her to release the cock from her mouth. She does, leaving Simon only the single fantasy stroke of her mouth.

Simon groans out his deep frustration.

I reach down to the handle of the vise and pause with my hand on it. "Well, obviously your not man enough to stand there while a skanky whore sucks your cock." I mockingly tell Simon. "You'll rip your balls off long before you cum. And it sounds like you'll cum in about five seconds. We can't have you ripping those balls off! Someday, someone might actually lower herself far enough to consider having a kid with you!"

I start opening the vise, easing up the snug pressure on his balls. He sighs out in relief. "Now be a good boy, creepy, it's time for a good blow job!" I tell him, but I doubt he notices the tease in my voice.

As soon as the vise is loose enough to free his balls, I grab hold of

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his cock, holding the steely hard shaft in my hand. And I hold it tightly. I use his cock for a leash. I nudge him back one step. He very readily follows his cock, letting me lead him around by it. And he doesn't bother looking over to Annie, where he might see the curious, and slightly smirking, look on her face. That might be a warning to him. He's too busy gawking down at Paige, especially now that he can see her chest and pubes as she kneels.

I quickly spin him around, using his cock as a leash. It puts him facing the standing Zach. Instantly a look so shock appears on his face. I'll bet that's just the surprise of seeing another naked man in here, one he hadn't a clue was in the room. I'll bet Simon is wondering how much of the scene this chained guy saw.

I move as fast as I can, pulling down hard on Simon's cock and tapping the back of his knees with my foot. It catches him off guard again and drops Simon down to his knees. I release his cock as he drops. My hand on his shoulder keeps him going down, sitting him back to put his bottom between his heels.

It has Simon's eyes staring at Zach's rather hard and larger cock, his eyes less than a foot from the deep purple head of Zach's cock. Now Simon's eyes go wide. He must realize how quickly the positions have changed. Now Simon is the one on his knees, just as Paige was, and there's a cock in his face. Just like there was in Paige's face. Only now Paige is behind him.

I grab hold of Simon's jaw, using my fingers to pinch the corners of it hard and force his mouth to stretch fully open. I put my other hand to the back of Simon's head, gripping it firmly, as I hold his mouth open. I push Simon's head forward.

In about two seconds the soft tip of Zach's spongy cock head is slipping between Simon's lips. And lying atop Simon's tongue. Zach's cock is thick enough that, even with his mouth stretched, Simon's lips are snug along the sides of his shaft. I keep Simon's head moving forward, pushing more and more of Zach's cock into his mouth.

Almost immediately the cock stuffs Simon's mouth fully. I ignore

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Simon. I keep forcing his head to go forward, inching Zach's cock steadily, and slowly, deeper into his mouth. It doesn't take long. Simon has about three inches of the cock into his mouth when I feel the muscles of his back and neck sharply tense up to snap his head back off the cock.

It takes me some strength, but I make him keep going, even as feel the soft head of Zach's cock squishing hard into the back of Simon's mouth. The very same squishing that just had Simon purring in delight when Paige endured for him. It's easy for me to shift the angle of his head. It lets the soft head of Zach's cock push past the slight bend and into the narrowing back of Simon's mouth. And it gets Simon gagging hard on the cock. The gagging does nothing but makes Simon very uncomfortable. Zach's cock has his mouth stuffed too full.

I hear a faint giggle from Annie. I glance at her very quickly and see that she's watching, interested, and wondering just how much of this bigger cock I'm going to force Simon to swallow.

I keep Simon's head moving steadily, inching the head of Zach's cock deeper into him. It only takes a few short seconds for me to feel the hard resistance of Zach's fat cock pressing hard against the rubberiness of the entrance of Simon's throat. It's like pushing against a rubber wall. Until suddenly it gives.

Immediately Simon chokes hard. He chokes with a sharp heave, his stomach muscles snapping violently as his reflexes try to push the cock back out of his throat. Just as quickly, Zach purrs deeply as he feels the tight cuddle of Simon's throat squishing around the head of his cock. The heaving choking does nothing but gets Simon's bottom snapping up with each heave.

I keep Simon's head moving, forcing Zach's cock even deeper into Simon's throat. And deeper. It gets more and more of the rubbery tightness of Simon's throat snuggling around his cock, tighter than any pussy. It gets Zach purring so eagerly. It keeps Simon choking hard.

I keep Simon going until he's swallowed all of Zach's cock. Until Simon's lips are flush against Zach's pubes. Simon's bottom lip flush

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against the top of Zach's big, loose sack. And Zach's balls are lying against Simon's chin. I hold Simon's head there, still. The thick shaft stuffs his throat so fully that Simon can't even breathe. But after a few seconds, the choking begins to ease.

"Now this is what I call a blow job!" I squeal excitedly. "I love watching a creepy whore swallow a huge cock!" I turn to Annie. "Doesn't this nerd boy have such a nice cock?"

"Oh, yeah," Annie says honestly, her voice now with a slightly teasing tone to it. "It's bigger than creepy's!"

I start Simon's head moving again, slowly letting him release the cock. I bring his head all the way back up, past the point where his gagging fades away until only the head of Zach's cock is left in his mouth. "Swirl your useless tongue around that cock head, slowly, just once," I tell Simon in a very firm and demanding voice.

Zach purrs loudly. "Oh, OOH!" it tells me that Simon doesn't need a spanking. He's done what he was told to.

I start Simon's head moving again, forcing him to take more and more of Zach's cock back into his mouth. It's not long before Simon is gagging, and then choking on it again. I ignore all of it, forcing Simon to swallow every bit of Zach's cock again. Only now I reverse his stroke smoothly instead of holding his lips flush against Zach. It lets Zach's balls more knock against and bounce off of Simon's chin. No matter, Simon still feels them, and that makes it very hard for him to pretend that he's doing anything but what he is. Sucking another man's cock.

I keep Simon's head moving. I maintain the same leisurely, steady pace. It has Simon's mouth stroking every bit of Zach's steely hard, fat cock.

It takes several strokes before Simon's gagging and choking starts to ease up. Then, with every forced stroke, Simon chokes a little less. And a little less. He gets used to having the thick shaft shoved into his tight, resisting throat.

After about two minutes of it, Simon is barely gagging anymore.

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It's the point where I feel comfortable releasing Simon. Now that I'm confident his coking won't have him biting Zach's cock. I release Simon's head and give him a hard swat on the back of his head. "Suck it until I say you can stop, creepy!" Then I give him another swat. And step back just a hair.

Simon goes on, obediently sucking the cock that's stuffed down his throat. I'm sure, and I definitely hope, that he feels like he has no choice about it. That if he doesn't, I'll simply force him to and then punish him. I suspect that's the feeling that arouses him.

And I know I'm right. It takes me one glance down to know. I see Simon's cock, still as hard as ever, twitching light between his thighs. Only now the tip of Simon's cock glistens from a single droplet of cum that's oozed out of its tip.

Zach is an experienced toy of mine. He knows that he's not allowed to cum, unless I tell him to. Simon doesn't know that. Zach is already eager to cum by the time I release Simon. But he obediently holds himself in check, stalling off his climax as long as he possibly can, praying that I give him permission before he misbehaves by cumming anyway.

"Isn't creepy just such a trashy cock sucker?" I ask Annie.

"Better than me!" Annie giggles, "no way could I swallow that monster dick." After a second, Annie raises her voice slightly, "Hey, creepy, don't think I'm going to choke myself on your dick! Oh, no. Swallow all the dick you want, but don't you dare expect me to choke!"

Then, Annie whispers to me. "I have no clue how he can do that. Or how skanky can! I thought only porn whores could do stuff like that!"

I ponder it for a second, and then I let a wide-eyed, smirking grin creep onto my face. "I've got it!" I squeal. I pull my phone out of my pocket, and in a couple of seconds, I'm standing close to Simon, making a video of him swallowing the huge cock. And I make sure that his eyes see the camera. "Problem solved. Now that Simon has made a movie of his cock sucking, he qualifies as a porno whore!"

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Annie laughs. "I have got to have that video! Send it to me!"

"Nope." I teasingly tell Annie. "Make your own!"

Annie is on her feet, her phone coming out as she steps up. She makes her own. And it's a good one, showing Simon's full face as the cock vanishes into his lips. She films it from about every angle imaginable. And even gets shot of Zach's loosely dangling balls bouncing off Simon's chin. I can only imagine the hell she's going to give Simon with that video.

After about five minutes, when we can all see that it's killing Zach, I just simply nod to him. It's all the cue he needs. As I grab hold of Simon's head again to steady it and keep it moving smoothly, Zach cries out a loud "UMM!... OH!" His hips snap, trying to reflexively thrust his cock hard into Simon's mouth. I don't move Simon's head, letting him feel the sensation of Zach's thick cock ramming powerfully into his throat.

I keep Simon's head moving, forcing him to go on stroking and sucking Zach's cock as if he hadn't just come, while Zach spurts stream after stream of his hot, sticky cum into Simon's mouth. With Zach's cock deep in Simon's throat, Simon won't taste the cum. But there are plenty of spurts where Zach's cock isn't so deep. Spurts that have the cum hitting the inside of Simon's mouth where he will taste it fully.

I keep Simon going until Zach has finish spurting every last drop of cum. Then I stop Simon with Zach's cock fully into his throat. I tell Simon to suck hard, using his lips to squeegee the last drops of cum off Zach's cock. And to press his tongue up firmly, drawing it along the length of the cock, pressing against the thick tube there and pushing the dregs of the cum out of Zach's cock. I move Simon's head even slower, giving him plenty of time to suck every drop of the cum off.

As soon as the cock slips from Simon's mouth, he starts to sputter as if he's gagging on the taste of the cum and is going to spit it out. I push his jaw closed and hold it firmly as I pinch his nose off. In a few seconds, the lack of air makes Simon swallow. Swallow the cum that's in his mouth. I let go so he can breathe.

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Then I grab him by the shoulder and firmly tell him to face "Ms. Danvers" as I'm pulling him around. And my hand keeps him on his knees. Once he's facing her, I stand in front of him, besides where Annie is sitting. "Now I hope you fully appreciate what Ms. Danvers does just to give you far more pleasure than a creep like you deserves. Open your mouth, creepy, show her the cum you swallowed."

Simon opens his mouth. There's not much left, but there is enough that we can both see them creamy whitish cum clinging to the inside of his mouth. And on his tongue. He is definitely tasting it. That hot, gooey, and salty taste of a man's cum. It's unmistakable. I'm sure it's his first taste. And I'm just as sure that Simon will never forget the taste.

Whatever Simon thinks of it, his cock definitely likes it. It's just as stiff as ever and twitching rather eagerly. It must want some attention!



Chapter 05: Worshiping A Lady

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While Simon stays there, on his knees, swallowing to try and get the taste of cum out of his mouth, a hopeless idea, I have a quick whispered conversation with Annie. "I have one more lesson for creepy there. Proper pussy eating. Skanky would be rather pleased to volunteer her pussy as his practice dummy. Or, if you'd care to volunteer yours, I can assure you that I will teach creepy to take very good care of it. I said I wouldn't force you, and I won't. But I'd love to see you volunteer..."

"You want me to get naked, too, and let him eat my pussy while everyone watches?"

"You could put it like that. The other choice is it's skanky's pussy. I'm just afraid creepy might enjoy the unfamiliar, young, and rather sweet pussy, a little more than he deserves..."

"Oh, he would love to eat her. It would be like a hall pass for him to be with another woman." Annie thinks on it for a minute. "You're never going to tell anyone, right? And... just creepy, right?"

"Yes to both. I won't tell anyone, and only creepy gets to service your pussy."

Annie sighs. "What do you want me to do?"

"Stand in front of creepy and make him watch you take your clothes off. Then go lie on that nice massage table and I'll see to everything."

"Fine..." Annie says. She gets to her feet. She stands in front of Simon. And Simon's eyes are now fully on Annie. There's a lot of question on his face, too, as if he's wondering if she's going to help me torment him, or relieve him, or walk off and leave him to me.

Annie is a pretty woman. She's about 5'6" tall, just slightly shorter than Paige. She's lean, too, although there is a trace of widening to her hips. I'm sure that's a souvenir from the twins. She has a long, oval face. It looks like her hair is black, but it's been dyed mostly blond with only a few dark streaks left in it. She has pretty green eyes over a slightly long, and defined nose. And she has a wide mouth framed with a pair of

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plump, lush, light-pink lips. She has a slightly long jawline, but it has soft and rounded features.

Today Annie is wearing a close-fitting white blouse. It has an all-lace top to it, the lace beginning just above her breasts and rising over her shoulders. The lace lets me see the straps of a black bra through it. With it, she has a pair of snug-fitting jeans cut low on her hips. And a pair of UGGs on her feet.

I haven't given her any specific instructions. She slips her boots off, picks them up, and sets them in her chair. A pair of socks soon follow. Then she rises back up and pulls her blouse over her head. It bares a black bra with full cups that are foam-lined. The cups have a narrow band around her back and a narrower strip of ribbon where they join together.

Simon's eyes are now almost captivated as he watches Annie take her clothes off. He definitely wasn't expecting it. She slips her jeans down, revealing a spankable offense. A white pair of panties that doesn't come close to matching her bra! She should be glad that she's not here to play! But they are fairly sexy panties. They're like a wide band of stretchy lace around her hips. It's cut low, and its bottom is cut high. It leaves a triangle of white silk under the lace visible as it covers her pubes, and flows down below the bottom of the lace to do it.

Now Annie takes her bra off. It bares a pair of soft and small breasts. But breasts that are still fully rounded. They lie back against her chest, making a small crease. They're also very slightly lopsided, her right breast appearing to be a millimeter or so higher on her chest. Her mounds are topped with a pair of very wide, and very light, purple-tinged pink rings. From the center of each ring, a wide, but short, nipple that's a hair deep in color, swells its rounded head up.

And then Annie slips her panties down. It reveals her fully shaven pubes. Maybe she expected Simon to see her after their time here. Whatever, her pubes are definitely freshly shaven. And that lets me see the long, narrow lips of her decently puffy pussy. It even lets me see the ridgeline of lightly pink inner folds that rises into her wide slit. And it

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lets me see that her legs are slender. Even with her feet close together, I can see every bit of her mound. I can see a flat stomach. A very gentle curve to her waist, and then a more prominent curve to her hips. Hips that show me the tops of her bones despite their slight wideness.

Annie turns her back to Simon as if she's going to walk away. She stops, then wiggles her bottom at his face. It's a cute bottom, with very fully rounded cheeks that have only the slightest of softness to them. Barely enough softness to allow them to jiggle slightly in front of Simon's eyes. Annie goes over to the table.

I clip a leash to Simon's collar and snap for him to come with me. Annie lies on her back, her hands at her sides. She puts her feet up on the table, bending her knees, offering access to her pussy. Simon eagerly watches her get into a missionary position, and I'm certain that he's praying I might let him have her. After all, she is sort of his girlfriend. I'm fairly confident that means they're intimate. Otherwise, I doubt Annie would be on that table.

I lead Simon over to stand at the foot of the table, between where Annie's feet are resting. Annie looks only slightly uncomfortable, and it's not the table. She sighs deeply. "This had better be good." It's a very mute voice, one that's not nervous at all, but still, one that's unsure. She raises her voice and firms it up a bit as she adds "and you'd better not screw with me!" I interpret that to mean I'm only invited to do what we discussed, not to whip her or anything. But I never thought she'd care to be whipped.

I gently ease her lips aside with my fingers. For Annie, I use a rather detached and professional touch, as if I was doing this on a patient, not a lover. It shows the long ridge of her inner folds. They're a light shade of pink. They're long and loose, beginning at the top of her slit as a single ridgeline, then rolling into a wide, hard knot as they separate into loose, soft folds. From that hard knot, which is little more than a couple of strips of thin, taut pink flesh, I can see the marble-wide tip of her clit poking its head up. Clearly, Annie is ready for some attention of her own. She must have been enjoying "the Simon show!" I

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can see a nice layer of her honey coating all of her pinkness. It's a fairly clear honey, thicker than oil, but not so thick that it would be creamy. More like the gooiness of a man's cum. And I can sniff her slightly sweet and light muskiness.

I point to the hard nub of her clit. I swat Simon on his sore bottom with my hand. "I know you're just a stupid stable boy, so listen to your betters. That is this very kind lady's clitoris. That is what you are going to pay attention to. Is that clear, creepy?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Simon answers me.

I hold my hand out behind Simon, and Sophie fetches me a pair of panties. I told her to peek at Simon's sizes as she put his clothes up. And to subtract one so that they'll be tight on him. The panties are pastel pink. They're high cut on the hips, leaving a steep V of silk in the front fringed with plenty of pink lace. Except in the back. There, it's a T-back, with a narrow strip of lace that pulls tightly into Simon's crack, opening to a small V above as it fades into the waistband. I let Sophie pull them up and put them on Simon. They're as tight on him as I'd hoped. And in front, they're nowhere near big enough to cover the shaft of his cock. Instead, they pull the shaft snug against his pubes, leaving the top of it rising above the waistband. And letting him feel the feminine silkiness against it.

I tell Simon to put his lips to Annie's pinkness, stretching his mouth wide enough that his lips surround her nub without touching it. I hold her lips apart as he lowers his face. With his hands still locked to the back of his neck, he's not going to be spreading those lips himself. But once his mouth is there, I release her lips, letting them close gently around his.

"Now put your tongue to the underside of that nub. Softly. Barely touch it." I pause for several seconds, giving him plenty of time to do it. "now suck, gently... a hair more..." I watch as the sides of his cheeks pull inward as he starts sucking. "Good creep! Now very slowly move that filthy tongue of yours. Circle it around the nub. Don't lick over it, around it. Keep it touching the nub, but lightly. And go very

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slowly. Don't flick it, just swirl it slowly."

I don't have to guess when Simon starts doing that. Annie tells me. Her mouth opens wide and she purrs out a loud, and hungry, "UMMM!"

I leave Simon at it. But I stand right over him with my crop in hand, just in case I see some sign that he's getting too eager.

It doesn't take Annie long to start feeling it. Seriously feeling it. She purrs her moans louder, and more urgently, with every swirl. She doesn't lie too still either, fidgeting and squirming about. As her squirms begin to get energetic, Annie realizes what I'm doing. "MM! It's so good! You're going to make this take forever, aren't you?"

I giggle. "Creepy needs lots of practice! Just relax and let him lick you."

Annie doesn't argue. She purrs as her hips squirm, lifting up slightly as if grinding her pussy against his mouth. It forces me to keep a close eye on Simon to ensure that he keeps his mouth wide enough open that Annie doesn't have anything to grin that pussy against.

After a couple of more minutes, with Annie now moaning loud and urgently, I see her fists pound hard against the table. I can see her head rolling from side to side now, too. I would bet that Annie's pussy is aching badly, and very sweetly, to cum by now. I know that ache. It's the pounding ache with the hot sparks shooting through it that drives me crazy.

I summon Sophie. I did assure Annie that only Simon would touch her pussy. I never said anything about the rest of her. I tell Sophie to gently massage Annie's shoulders as she lies there. Sophie begins, giving Annie as tender of a massage as Sophie would give me.

Sophie gets a single knead of those muscles in. Instantly the tension begins to ebb from Annie's body. She relaxes. Simon swirls his tongue around her clit. And now that she's relaxing, Annie feels the sensations more powerfully. As if the hot sparks erupting in her clit are hotter and sharper. As if they burn hotter as they shoot along her nerve

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lines. It gets her aroused even more. And that gets her moaning out needier cries.

Little shivering shudders flow over Annie's body. From head to toe. They're enough to get her soft breasts jiggling slightly atop her chest as her nipples strain to grow harder and stand up further.

"Ooh..." I coo softly. I'm not sure if Annie hears me or not. She's moaning rather loudly and I'm being fairly quiet. "those boobs look like they need some attention, too!" I wave for Paige to come over. I point her to Annie's breasts and tell her to lick them.

Paige doesn't hesitate. She puts her tongue to Annie's hard nipple and swirls it around the shallow, stiff nub just as Simon is swirling his tongue around Annie's clit. Paige's hands go to Annie's soft mound. They very gently squish it, her fingertips stroking the tender flesh.

Annie cries out a very deep, and hungry, urgent "OH! SO GOOD!" Were she to think about it, she'd realize that there are four hands and two tongues teasing her naked body. Obviously, that means more than just Simon. He currently has one tongue and no hands. "MM... YES!"

I hold the giggle back from my voice. It's no secret what a girl wants. At least not to another girl. We know what feels good where. Paige starts to stretch her mouth wide. She very softly sucks Annie's entire, small mound into her mouth as she keeps her tongue teasing Annie's nipple. "Just relax and enjoy it, girl!" I soft tell Annie. She doesn't hear me, she's busy crying out a desperately needy, and loud, "OH, SO GOOD!" The faint shivering shudders flowing along her body start to sharpen a bit, too.

Paige goes on, teasing Annie's breasts. She switches up, alternating between them. Sophie goes on kneading Annie's shoulders, forcing her muscles to stay relaxed even as Annie's pussy sends fiery sparks along her nerves that scream for those muscles to tense. And Simon obediently goes on licking Annie's clit.

I see the goosebumps start to erupt on Annie's breasts and the lips of her pussy. And I see the squirms of her hips growing sharper,

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harder, more urgent. It tells me that Annie is getting close to the orgasm she's been so slowly building to. It gives me a choice. To let her have or to back Simon off for a few seconds to let her ebb back. If it were Simon, I'd back off. Creeps don't deserve to cum. But I know Annie wants to.

Then again, it has now been at least fifteen minutes, maybe even closer to twenty. I'm certain that it's the longest Annie has ever suffered the budding arousal as she inched toward orgasm. I decide to just do nothing.

It takes a minute, maybe two more. I see Annie's body stiffen up, her hips rising up slightly off the table and hanging there for a moment. I casually put the stiff tip of my crop up between Simon's legs. I lie it against his bare balls. And they are bare. The narrow lace of the panties pulls tightly, cutting into his sack, and squishing one ball to either side of it. I feel the tension race through him as he feels the smooth leather against those very sensitive balls. "I'll tell you when to stop, creep. Don't you dare do anything before you're told." I wiggle the tip of my crop against his furry balls. "You don't want to disappoint your Queen, creepy peasant boy."

About then, Annie screams out a very loud, and breathy "MM!.. OH!... YES!" and the tension vanishes from her body. She falls onto the table. But the energy isn't gone. Her fists beat mercilessly on the table beside her. Her hips thrash every which way, almost wildly. Her shoulders thrash, too. It does nothing to dislodge my slaves. It might dislodge Simon if Annie's thighs hadn't clamped so powerfully onto the sides of his head. Now, her thighs hold his head there, dragging him along with her pussy as she thrashes.

Annie screeches out some very satisfied moans. And she squirms hard, shivering just as hard as she does. Her light white skin slowly flushes to a bright pink, a thin film of sweat forming on it as it does. Her nipples stay rock hard under Paige's skilled tongue.

"I'M DONE!" Annie almost screams out. Her body squirms just as wildly as ever. After a second or so, her hips start to snap, bucking with

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all her strength. Luckily, her thighs stay locked around Simon's head. "OH!!!" Annie screams, her voice breathy and mousy, "I'M TOO SENSITIVE NOW!"

I ignore it. I know her clit is now over-sensitive. That it's feeling every tiny motion against it, Simon's hot tongue, about three times as powerfully as it did before. So powerfully that the intensity almost makes the hot sparks painful and unbearable. But at the same time, those sparks push her hard, holding her arousal high as she flies back to the cusp of a second climax.

"OH, FUCK, NO!" Annie screams out. And she thrashes more energetically than ever. I wiggle a finger at Paige. Paige uses her teeth to lightly nibble the shallow nub of a nipple, holding it firmly captive in her teeth as she flicks the tip of her tongue over it. It's just different than what Annie has been feeling.

"OH!!! FUCK ME! NO!!!!!! NOT AGAIN!" Annie cries out desperately. Then the first wave of a second orgasm hit her like a tsunami. Instantly she's thrashing so hard that her body is flopping all over the top of the table. And she's screaming out very sultry, deep, almost squeaky moans of ecstasy.

I watch as her hips snap up and down, their motion growing more and more violent. Finally, as she screams away, her thighs fall wide apart. With her knees still bent, her legs start snapping open and shut, trembling hard as they do. It almost looks like her entire body is trembling. It's just too hard to tell with all that flopping! I swear a fish out of water would be jealous of Annie's flopping. Not a single cell of her body isn't tossing itself around.

I tell Simon to stand up. I notice that most of his face, from about the top of his nose down, is glazed with a heavy coat of her shiny, sparkling honey.

It takes Annie several long seconds, no one touching her now, for her body to fall spent and loose on the table. Slowly the tension ebbs, her fists opening, her toes uncurling. She pants very deep and fast breaths.

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I give Simon a light tap on his sore bottom with my crop and scold him for “gawking at a lady far too grand for a mere peasant boy to even lay eyes upon.” I make him turn around. It leaves him nothing to see except for Zach standing there with his huge hard cock jutting out.

“You bitch!” Annie finally says. It comes out in a soft, very breathy tone. But I think I see a hint of a smile on her face. I know I can see the satisfaction of that orgasm on every bit of her body.

“You didn’t like creepy’s new trick?”

“No... how am I ever going to make him do that when you’re not standing there!”

I giggle. I see her problem.



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It takes Annie a few long minutes to get off the table. Despite her wobbly legs, she dresses fairly quickly. Behind Simon's back. HE doesn't get the treat of looking at her body.

And then, Annie and I walk around to stand in front of Simon. It's the first sight Annie has had of him in the panties. And despite the wait, his cock is still as eager as ever. Only now there are several drops of his cum dried to its tip. He must have enjoyed eating Annie's pussy. And wearing his panties.

Annie giggles at the panties. She points at them. "Oh, those are so cute!" She giggles more. I see the faintest blush on Simon's face. It deepens quickly when Annie asks me if she can have a picture of him in his panties. I tell her she can. She takes one that shows his face, too. Simon is so going to get teased with these pictures. I can just imagine Annie privately asking him what his firefighter buddies would think of him in his panties.

I pull the waistband of his panties down. Immediately his cock falls down so that it's jutting straight out from his pubes. Stiff and hungry. "It looks like this dirty little cock is horny now!"

"Oh, I'm sure it is..." Annie teasingly adds.

"But what shall I do about it? It's not like I'd ever allow such a perverted little cock to touch one of my slaves." I slowly draw the tip of a finger along the length of his cock. It gets his shaft twitching eagerly, jumping hard. "And I'm certainly not touching it! It's nowhere near big enough to satisfy me."

I tease it with my fingertip for another second or two. I turn to Annie, "I assume you don't relieve this cock, do you? I mean, I just can't imagine you're the kind of lady who would lower herself and get on her knees for a creep like this."

"No, thanks... I am so done!" The breathiness of Annie's voice tells me what she's really saying is that her pussy is fully satisfied.

I start walking, using the waistband of the tight panties to bring Simon along with me. Annie catches it and stays with us. I start toward

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Zach. Then I stop. "Nah, this cock isn't even enough to satisfy that queer behind of nerd boy's," I say it teasingly.

Annie giggles. "It would be kind of cute to see..."

"Nah... if anything I'd let Nerd-boy fuck the creep. At least nerd-boy has a dick!" My mocking reply gets another laugh from Annie.

"Oh, I have something!" I squeal so excitedly. We've wandered over to the wall, just beside the closet where I keep the extra stands I'm not using. There is no one too close to us now. I watch as Annie's eyes scan the room. She sees nothing but Sophie and Paige looking this way with smirks on their faces. It's enough for Annie to know that those slaves know something she doesn't.

"You'll love it! It's the perfect thing for a creep to fuck!" I add excitedly. Annie looks around, still not seeing it. I'm sure she's thinking a person, not a thing. And none of my slaves are moving.

I give Simon a hard shove, pushing his face up to the wall just right of the closet. Annie looks down and sees the hole just as I announce "Creep can fuck a hole in the wall!"

Annie bursts out laughing hard. "Oh, Jeepers, you're serious, aren't you?... this I have got to see!" Like most girls I know, our girl talk has often jokingly remarked that this guy or that guy is so horny that he'd fuck a hole in the wall. But like almost every woman, Annie has never actually seen a guy fuck a hole in a wall. Then again, how many guys have ever done it?

"Would you like to pull creep's panties down for him?" I offer Annie.

She pulls them down, giggling the entire time. She leaves them around the middle of his thighs. I suggest that Annie help him out since Simon can't use his hands. She readily takes hold of his steely hard cock and guides the tip of it to the hole in the wall.

The hole is just that. It's a 2" diameter hole in the drywall next to the framing for the closet. Maybe a foot over from the door. But inside

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the wall, I've had a piece of 3" PVC pipe glued to the inside of both pieces of drywall. Inside that pipe, there's a layer of dense, soft, and porous foam that leaves a mere 1" hole at its center. There's a small pump just inside the closet that will pump a steady supply of lubricating gel into the dense foam, where it will slowly ooze through it to coat his cock. And, just inside the wall, there are a pair of latex flaps, like wide pussy lips, that cover everything. That way, even if Simon could look into the hole, he wouldn't be able to see what he's sticking his cock into. Then, on the far side of the wall, there's a ½" long ring of the 3" pipe. To that ring, I have a clear baggie opened around it and held in place with a stiff rubber band.

Annie puts the tip of Simon's cock against those latex flaps. Then she takes her hand away.

I give Simon a firm crack on his bottom with my crop. It makes him jump forward reflexively, and that pushes his cock into the hole. I put a hand to the small of his back and push him forward, pushing his cock the rest of the way into the hole. And pushing him forward until his toes, hips, shoulders, face, and chest are flush against the wall. I keep my hand there, pinning him against the wall.

"Now you be a good creep! Fuck the hole in my wall. It's far more than you deserve!" I let the pressure off his back.

Simon obediently starts thrusting with his hips. It pounds his cock into the hole with short, hard strokes. After about two strokes, Simon is groaning out the neediest, and very pleasurable, groaning "UGH!s" It sounds like he's having sex.

I just point for Annie to look inside the closet. She peeks. And she sees what I want her to. She laughs. The wall is just a standard wall. 2X4 studs with ½" drywall on both sides. It makes the wall about 4 ½" thick. Five inches if you count the ring glued to the outside of it. And that is about 1 ½" shorter than the cock that's being pounded into the hole. It leaves the entire cock head, and a little of his shaft, thrusting out past the end of the ring, into empty air, and surrounded by the open baggie.

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The hole feels good to Simon. It should. That foam is soft and spongy, like a pussy. And the warm lubricant makes it slippery, as a pussy should be. I doubt Simon cares that it's not even human, at least not right now. He pounds it hard, his eagerness to cum taking hold.

Annie stays where she is, watching the tip of his cock thrusting out, over and over again, into the open baggie. Annie, who seems to be as impish as me, gets her camera out. She only glances at me, and when I nod, she makes two videos. One shows his cock head thrusting out of the wall. The other shows Simon, his body almost flush against the wall, thrusting his hips to pound his cock into the hole.

Simon barely lasts a minute. He cries out a very satisfied, and loud, intense groan. And he rams his cock into the hole hard.

Annie giggles. From her view, she can see everything. She can see the head of his cock as it spurts his cum. And she can see the cum squirt against the inside of the baggie that Simon hasn't a clue is there. She can see the cum start to pool in the baggie. I'd bet she makes a video of that, too.

Just before Simon has finished, as his thrusts begin ebbing, I grab his balls, reaching up from behind between his thighs. I use them to pull him back from the hole. Then I shove him down to his knees.

Annie turns to face him. We both look down and watch as his still-twitching hard cock slowly leaks the last cum of the orgasm he almost got to finish.

Simon kneels, panting lightly. His breaths show a tinge of the frustration of having the very end of his release cut off. But also of the satisfaction of the scene.

"Ah..." I sigh. "Be thankful that you aren't my slave boy, creepy. You look so cute in those panties, I might just make you into a girl. Then you could be the whore you want to be. Guys with actual dicks might even want to fuck that tight virgin bottom of yours!"

I send Sophie to retrieve his clothes. I give them to Annie, not to Simon. I unlock his hands and take the lock off his collar, but I leave the

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collar around his neck. I clip the chain leash to it. Then I hand the leash to Annie. "I'm done with the creepy thing today. You may dress it, or not, as you please. Maybe it can serve you as we have more tea? If it somehow behaves itself and pleases you, in a couple of weeks you may bring it back for another lesson. I'll teach this creep to fully appreciate a lady, then!"

Annie giggles. I have Sophie return Zach and Paige to the kennels, then to fetch a silver platter with the tea service on it. Annie leads Simon, by his leash, out to the living room.

We have tea and chat. Sophie serves me, humbly and on her knees. I scold Simon into a proper posture as he serves Annie just as humbly. On his knees, too. His now soft cock dangling between his widely opened thighs.

Tea lasts close to an hour as Annie and I gossip away about everything, including a few of my toys. I tell Annie that tomorrow I have one coming over for a little time in the chair of truth. She hasn't a clue what that is, but suggests that she wouldn't mind seeing Simon sitting in it.

When she finally goes to get Simon dressed to leave, she decides that he looks so cute in his panties. She asks if he can wear them home. I tell her only if she agrees to leave them on Simon until bedtime tonight. She assures me he will. I remind Simon that if I find out he disobeys her, I will whip him for it. And I'm the kind of girl who might just show up at the firehouse and spank him in front of everyone. That gets a good cringe from him as she very profusely assures me that he will mind "Lady Deavers" for the rest of the night.

The next day, Monday, Annie brings the panties back to me, washed and sealed in a manila envelope so that no one else will know what's in it. She tells me that Simon spent his entire evening thanking her profusely for introducing him to "her very strong friend." He's already wondering if she'll allow him to return for the next lesson. He's even said that he thinks he needs to learn to "better appreciate a proper lady," the theme of the promised lesson.

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I tell Annie that I'd be glad to see Simon again. If she asks me to. Simon isn't allowed to contact me. Only Annie may. If he wishes a session, he just has to depend on Annie to arrange it for him, if it pleases her to do so.

Annie, I know, is going to give Simon hell. He'll get his session, but she's going to exact a price before he does. Then, just to tease Simon, she sends him a quick text "remember this?" and attaches a picture of him with Zach's cock down his throat. Simon gets the picture while he's at work, in the fire station, surrounded by his friends. He texts back "She made me!"

I grab Annie's phone and text back, "Stop whining, creep. It amused me to watch his balls bounce off your chin. Your Queen, Miss Rodgers."

He texts back, "Yes, Ma'am, thank you, Ma'am!"