



The Neighbors

Nadia Saran

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Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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

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Prologue:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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put on a show on their account.

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

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

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I don't really know Beth and her husband Dan too well. Beth is, however, BFFs with my friend Janelle. Janelle is a deputy sheriff in Baldwin County where I grew up, and Beth is one of the dispatchers there. I know Beth, just not that well. She's come along when Janelle and I have done some vanilla things together. We've gotten along well.

Beth is what I call a "lookie-loo." She insists that she has no interest in playing any of what she calls Janelle's "whip-me games." And less interest in being humiliated or turned into a sex toy. But the fact that she doesn't want to be a toy, doesn't mean it doesn't interest her. It does. She's eager to hear every one of our stories. I know she's read every single one I've put online, both on popular sites and on my website. She's read one or two of the private stories I don't put out anywhere, too. She's hinted for as long as I've known her that she wouldn't object to actually seeing something, too. The eagerness in her voice says not only wouldn't she object, she'd likely sacrifice an arm for the chance. I've had her in the back of my mind for a while now. I figured, next time I'm humiliating a sub and I need an audience, Beth would so eagerly volunteer to watch the show. Heck, she'd probably pay me for the chance!

It's very early Sunday afternoon. I'm Jewish, so Sunday is just the first day of the week to me, but most of my friends are Christian, at least nominally. Including Janelle. Especially Beth. I know that Dan is a Deacon in their church, so it's no guess that their religion is important to them. They're having some church-friends over this evening, after services. A few other friends, too. Including some neighbors. Both Janelle and I have been invited, too. I know Janelle is coming, she knows a few others that have been invited, too. I'm not so sure if I'll be here or not. I know Beth is making an effort to get closer to me, I'm just wondering if it's not because I'm a Domme and nothing else.

None of which stops me from being my usual self. My evil, impish self. I do so have this huge playful streak in me. So I offered to come over early this afternoon, several hours before the social would begin, and assist with the housework. Not personally assist. Assist by bringing over my house-slave Paige to do all the work while Beth and I sip coffee.

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As I thought she would, Beth eagerly jumped at the chance to make use of my house-slave. It will give her a little thrill. A little bit of a show. A tease of a tease. Then again, I don't recall ever telling Beth that my house-slave is also my slave-whore. Beth might not know even know that! Not that it matters, my plans for Paige are just what I offered Beth. Free housework.

Paige is an eighteen-year-old girl just finishing her final year of high school. She's 5'4" tall and rather lean at 118 pounds. She has longish, curly, honey-brown hair that hangs down against the tops of her shoulder blades. She has pretty green eyes. She has a wide mouth with pink lips. She has a slightly stickish figure, but with her leanness that's foregone. It leaves her with only a gentle feminine curve to her waist and hips. She isn't wide enough for much more than that. It doesn't stop her from having a nicely rounded and firm bottom. Nor does it stop her from having a nice pair of slightly pointy, 34-B cup, very pert breasts.

At my apartment, Paige is never allowed clothes. No matter what. She's nude, period. The only time she's allowed clothes is when she's leaving the apartment, and even then she has to dress and undress right at the front door on her way through it. Otherwise, she only wears a hot pink dog collar I have locked around her neck and chains around her ankles. The collar never comes off. Not even for school. She just has to endure the teases that come from the collar, and it's so blatant broadcasting that Paige is my property.

Today I've decided to flaunt Paige just a little. I don't want to offend Beth, so I haven't dressed Paige like a cheap whore or anything. But I do have her slutted up a little. I gave her a denim skirt that hugs her body tightly down to an inch or three above her knees, which is as far down as the skirt goes. It's plenty long enough that Paige doesn't need panties under it, it will cover her pubes and bottom, so I didn't give her any. I did give her a pair of white leather pumps with four-inch heels to go with the skirt. And I've given her a slightly immodest white satin blouse to wear over the skirt. I say immodest because it leaves a slice of her stomach bared at the bottom, as well as a decent slice of her cleavage. Enough to see that she has a very lacy, strapless white bra on

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under it.

This isn't the first time I've loaned Paige out to do housework for someone else. It's probably not even the hundredth. Nor is close to the first time I've loaned her out to a vanilla to do chores. Sophie's parents borrow Paige fairly regularly. They both have full-time jobs and a house full of kids to clean up after. They welcome Paige's unpaid work.

But it is definitely the first time Beth has ever seen an actual slave. The instant she opens her door, her eyes go wide. She tries to cover up her gawking, but I catch it. I'm there. And I have Sophie, my slave-girl and handmaiden as well as Paige on their leashes. I don't hide what I am, so my slaves don't have a prayer of not being flaunted for what they are. Neither girl minds being walked on her leash. I think they like it! I know Sophie does, especially down the street where everyone can see it.

Beth invites us all in. We chat for a few seconds, a long moment before I ask where she'd care for "skanky," the name I've given Paige, as in "skanky whore," to begin. She tells me that she just has so much to get done. She was just about to start on the bathroom.

"Oh, don't worry about it!" I sweetly tell Beth, "skanky will get everything done! Where is the cleaning stuff?" Beth hesitates a second and says most everything Paige will need is under the sink in the bathroom. So I turn to Paige, "go scrub the bathroom, skanky, and don't waste my time. You have a lot more work to do today."

"Yes, my Queen," Paige answers in a very humble and polite voice. She immediately goes to the bathroom. We both hear the sounds of the cabinets opening and water running.

Beth offers coffee, telling me that she's just made a fresh pot. She expects Dan home from church soon. He had something to do there, after services, so she came home to get started on the chores. I suggest we take a seat on the sofa and relax. I send Sophie to fetch two cups of the coffee.

Sophie's dressed as what she is today. A college freshman. A 19-

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year-old girl. I decided to skip the usual wardrobe of slutty dresses for Sophie, just in case we stayed. Sophie would be seen. Paige would be hidden away. Who'd invite a skanky whore to hang out with actual people?

Sophie brings one cup over to us. She drops to her knees in front of Beth, sitting back with her bottom between her spread feet. She holds her hands flat, six inches out from, and even with her nipples. Atop her upturned palms rests a cup of coffee. She looks Beth in her eyes. "Here is your coffee, Ma'am," Sophie offers sweetly.

Beth beams. Clearly, she never expected to see this much. To be served by an actual slave. I'm sure it's the highlight of her week and one that she'll never tell her vanilla friends about. She politely offers "thank you... slave?" as if she's unsure how to address Sophie. It's not like I've introduced them, or even mentioned their names. I've just called Sophie "slave" and Paige "skanky." The same things I always call them.

"It's my pleasure to serve to you, Ma'am," Sophie replies. "Thank you for allowing this slave to serve you, Ma'am." Sophie is always very polite. With perfect, formal manners when she's speaking to people. She knows I insist on that. And Sophie lives to please me, something she's rather good at doing. Now that Beth has been served (Sophie knows I expect her to always serve a person first when we're in that person's home), Sophie hurries to fetch me a perfect cup. And serve it to me just as politely.

Sophie waits demurely on her knees beside me as Beth and I sip our coffee. The conversation is exactly what I knew it would be, at least once we get past the obligatory small talk. Beth is fishing for a good story or three. Something to feed her kinky curiosity with. I have plenty of those.

Once we finish our coffee I can see that Beth is a bit anxious about leaving the housework in Paige's hands. She's probably never done that before, trusted someone else to do her chores while she relaxed. And she's definitely never known a slave's devotion before. I suggest we "peek in" on Paige.

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Beth eagerly follows me quietly to the bathroom. We peek. Paige is on her hands and knees. Her bottom, barely, but fully, covered by the skirt is pointed to us. Her hands move fast as she scrubs the seam where the toilet meets the floor. She's scrubbing it with a toothbrush and scouring powder. Scrubbing it very thoroughly, too. Scrubbing it hard enough that her hair is flapping around as she works. The rest of the toilet is already spotless. As is the counter around the sink. Paige has been busy.

Beth smiles at the sight. I'm sure it's both the sight of the especially clean bathroom as well as the sight of a slave on her hands and knees scrubbing it. I think that's when she decides that the house just might look spectacular for her get together tonight. On time, too. Beth gawks again at the shameless way Paige works.

Just to tease Beth a little, I lean over slightly and give Paige a gentle spank on her bottom through her skirt. It's enough to ring out with a little slap, but not enough to hurt Paige. Paige just keeps working, never even missing a beat. "Don't disappoint me, skanky. Spotless."

"Yes, my Queen, I'd never disappoint you, Ma'am!" Paige answers. She doesn't mention the little spank she just got. That was just a tease and she knows it. If I was unhappy with her, her bottom would so know it.

Beth now gawks wide-eyed. She actually got to see someone spanked! Considering how reserved I figure her sex life is, I'm sure that tiny tease was a huge thrill for her. "Go on, if you want. Spank this bitch all you want." I sweetly offer. Beth blushes a very deep beet red. But she doesn't reach for Paige's bottom. Paige must sense it. I see her wiggle her tight bottom in an invitation, as if to say "go on, spank me all you want. I don't mind." I'm pretty sure Beth doesn't notice the wiggle. She's too busy blushing.

I just wonder what Beth is thinking. Is she imagining herself spanking Paige and just too reserved to actually try it? Or is she imagining herself in Paige's place? That I know she'd never admit to.

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Not to anyone. Or is she just wondering about watching it, like a live porno movie? Maybe that's what arouses Beth, watching.

I decide to flaunt a little more. To see if I can guess what Beth is thinking. I reach to the bottom hem of Paige's skirt. I hesitate for a second once the denim is in my hand. I glance up and see that Beth is still blushing every bit as deeply, but also that her eyes have locked on my hand. I casually pull the snug fabric up to bare Paige's bottom.

I glance up again. Beth is still watching, her eyes fixed on my hand which is just above Paige's taut cheeks now. She's still blushing. And she's fidgeting. As if she thinks she definitely should not be seeing this, yet can't take her eyes off the unwelcome sight. I swat Paige's bare cheek. The slap rings out a little louder without the denim to cushion it. It leaves a faint pink handprint on the milky white flesh of Paige's bottom. But Paige doesn't show it. She just accepts that I've chosen to spank her bottom. She goes on with her chore.

This time Beth flinches lightly at the muted crack of my hand against skin. Her eyes don't flinch. They watch the show. I pull Paige's skirt down. "There, now skanky knows what awaits her if she disappoints me, don't you, skanky?"

"Yes, my Queen," Paige answers in a very sweet voice. "This peasant bitch would hope you'd be kind enough to take a cane to my naughty bottom and whip the skin off of it if I ever disappoint you, my Queen!" Her answer takes Beth by surprise.

I can see this is getting to be a little too intense for Beth's comfort, at least for the moment. Beth looks as if she needs a minute or two to process what she's seen so far. To get used to the idea that Paige would welcome a spanking, even if she did deserve it for what Paige clearly considers an unforgivable misstep.

We return to the sofa and I have Sophie serve another round of coffee.

We're there only a couple of minutes before there's a knock at Beth's door. Beth tells me that she's not expecting anyone. I don't

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doubt that. She definitely doesn't want anyone to know about her interest in D/s. She knew I was bringing a house-slave to scrub her house for her. There's no way she would have invited anyone. I assume it's a close friend of hers, one who would feel comfortable just dropping by. One who might not be getting the warm reception she's expecting.

Beth goes to answer the door. I quietly tell Sophie to sit on the sofa for a minute, just in case it's someone Beth can't brush off and invites in. Now there won't be anything for the guest to see.

I quickly figure out that it's the neighbors across the street. I know they're joining the party tonight, but I also know there's no way Beth was expecting them beforehand. Especially not this early. I hear Beth sputtering slightly as she talks to them.

I can be so evil. I walk around to where I can be seen. The couple's eyes almost lock on me. Beth sees it and her head snaps around to see what's caught their eyes. I see a huge wave of relief sweep Beth's face when she sees that there's no spectacle to be seen, just me in my business suit minus its blazer. "This is Pepper..." She introduces me, "my author friend..."

"Oh, right!" The woman gushes. I know Beth has just made a serious mistake. And I can see that Beth doesn't realize it yet. She's introduced me as an author. I only write one kind of story. If they ask or Google me, they're going to find out what I write. D/s erotic stories. And there's no doubt that the stories are not works of fiction. Thus, they'll know what I am. Which isn't anything Google probably won't tell them anyway.

"Uh, Pepper, this is Sabrina and her husband Erik..." Beth sounds reluctant to introduce us. I suspect it's more reluctance for them to know what's going on. She's invited us both this evening, so we'd meet then anyway. If I stay, which I may not.

My evil imp commands me to greet them warmly as if they're not interrupting anything. I can see it makes Beth a little uneasy. More so when Sabrina tells Beth that she saw her company arriving and doesn't want to intrude. She just wanted to ask about something she's bringing

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over for tonight. I don't pay much attention to her question. It's stupid. It doesn't take a genius to know that it's not a question. It's a pretext to come over here. I mean, seriously, she'd bring her husband to ask about cookies for a get-together tonight? And if that's why she's here, her eyes wouldn't be all over the place, as if eagerly searching for something.

I know what's going on, even if Beth doesn't. I've seen it too much not to know it. I see it every time I walk Sophie down the street on her leash. There are always people who just have to stop and gawk, to talk, to get a vicarious thrill out of just being around the leashed girl. Or to get some good fodder for their gossip mill. Leashed girls are always good gossip fodder. She'll be the hit of the water cooler for a month with that story.

I'm starting to feel as if I'm the entertainment today, the ring mistress, not a guest! But I never pass up a chance to have a little fun. So maybe I will be the ring mistress for a little while. "We were just having a cup of coffee, won't you join us?" I ask. I can see the horrified look on Beth's face as I do. Just as I can see the eager look on Sabrina's. Sabrina accepts as she's already almost barging past Beth and coming in.

A minute later we all seated. Again, to Beth's horror, I've sent Sophie to fetch the new guests a cup of coffee. Beth knows what's coming. She's blushing already. And I can almost see the gears spinning in her head as she tries to figure out how she's going to explain it away. It's all I can do not to laugh. I'm pretty sure Beth is the only one in the room who doesn't realize that Sabrina came over hoping to see exactly what she's about to see.

I pause for a fraction of a second to time it perfectly. As Sophie begins to drop to her knees and serves Erik his coffee, I say "what you meant to say, Sabrina, is that you saw me walking my slaves in on their leashes a little while ago." Beth pales vividly. Sabrina blushes just slightly. Erik watches Sophie as she settles onto her knees. "The leashes make it fairly obvious exactly what my girls are. Slaves. You came over here hoping to catch a glimpse of my slaves being slaves. So here you

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are. Enjoy."

"Here is your coffee, handsome Sir." Sophie offers it with a gallon of honey in her southern-accented voice. Erik is a good looking man. I'd guess he's somewhere in his mid-thirties. And well-built. Not like a linebacker or a weightlifter, but like a man who gets lots of exercise and uses those muscles G-d gave him. No wonder Sophie served him first. She likes cute guys.

Both Erik and Sabrina are watching Sophie rather intently. Sabrina blushes just slightly, and she looks very ill-at-ease. Both are paying close attention to Sophie. Not just gawking. I can see it in their eyes, they're taking notes. They're noting her posture, her words, everything they possibly can. And Sabrina seems to be admiring Sophie's elaborate collar. It's a very soft and plush leather in pastel green that's fringed with frilly white lace and secured with a freshly polished brass padlock. It has a little bone-shaped dog tag on it, too, that identifies Sophie as my property.

"Beth here is worried that you are going to gossip about this afternoon. She'd be very embarrassed if anyone knew that she has a friend who owns slaves, let alone that I brought my slaves over and one of them is polishing the house for tonight." I say once Sophie has brought Sabrina her coffee. "But we both know that you aren't going to tell anyone anything." I look directly into Sabrina's eyes, and I use a slightly firm, and knowing voice.

"I can see the way you're looking at this slave-girl..." I let my words trail off to give Sabrina a chance to speak up. She doesn't. She fidgets just slightly on the sofa. "And I know why," I add firmly.

Sabrina blushes just a little brighter, but she says nothing.

"Now we can do one of two things. One, we can sit here and sip coffee while we chat and dance around. You can pretend to be here for whatever reason you want, and the rest of us can pretend we don't know the truth. Then you can go home and try to remember every last detail you could pick up while trying to make it look like you weren't studying this adorable slave-girl.

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"Or two, we can just cut to the chase and you'll know what you really want to know. Which will it be?" I grin as I glare out at Sabrina.

Sabrina sputters a hundred times worse than Beth ever has. At least worse than I've ever heard. Sabrina immediately averts her eyes. Erik glares at Sabrina, a very questioning look on his face. Beth sits frozen, except for her cheeks which are trying to blush to a shade that would make a rose jealous of their redness. No one says anything for a long moment.

"Fine, I'll choose." I bat my eyes at Sabrina. "I pick... oh... number.. two!"



Chapter 02: Made To Strip

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Oh, am I going to have fun! I would bet my left arm that no one, except for Sophie, has any clue what's coming! "The first thing you have to know is this. The Queen rules the realm. The Queen says. The peasants obey. Immediately. Without question. In case you have any doubts, I am the Queen.

"Sabrina, stand up," I say firmly. Then I just glare at Sabrina with hard eyes.

Sabrina sits there. A stunned look sweeps over her face. Her mouth moves without a sound coming out for a second. Then she sputters badly. "Me? Here? Now? You want me to stand up? Why?" Her voice is pure nervousness. So much so that it breaks.

Beth's sofas are arranged in the common L shape, with a sofa against one wall and a love seat at a right angle to it. I'm on the love seat with Sophie beside me. Sabrina happens to be the closest to me on the sofa, which puts her about two feet from me. I'm guessing that's not the coincidence Sabrina wants me to think it is.

But it makes it easy for me. I can easily reach my hand over and put it under Sabrina's jaw. I push her jaw up. She slowly allows me to push her up to her feet, moving almost as if she's in a trance. Slowly. Dumbly. Just allowing herself to be pushed up to her feet. I have to rise to my feet to reach high enough to get her all the way up. But I do. If I stop, she'd freeze in place.

Erik watches, partly amazed, but more enthralled. Beth watches as well, looking completely astonished. And especially uneasy. But also eager. To me, it's confirmation of what I'd already deduced. Sabrina wants to play. Erik knows it and wants to see it. Maybe he even wants to join in. But I doubt he wants to play too hard. Beth wants to gawk. Which only leaves the question mark next to Dan's name. I know he'll be home soon. I wonder if he wants to gawk, too. Or more. Or if he's going to be very angry. Probably not too angry. He did know I was bringing my house-slave over to slave for them and he didn't mind that. We're about to find out.

"See, that wasn't so hard, peasant," I tell Sabrina in a mockingly

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sweet voice.

I can already see that Sabrina is a pretty woman. Otherwise, I know nothing about her. Fifteen minutes ago I didn't even know she existed. What can I say? The perfect opportunity to have some fun just fell into my lap. I'd never forgive myself for not enjoying it!

She stands about 5'6". She's thin, but I doubt bony thin. I'd say she's around 130 pounds, give or take a few. She has a fairly oval face, with defined features, especially at her jawline. But not quite harsh features, just ones that aren't soft either. Defined. She has long jet black hair that hangs straight down to the bottoms of her shoulder blades. She has brown eyes topped with narrow, well teased, eyebrows. She has a slightly long but narrow nose with lines that aren't sharp but aren't too rounded either. And she has a moderately wide mouth that's framed with a pair of the plumpest, plush, full lips I've seen. I can see that her skin has a slight olive tone to it as if she might be of Mediterranean descent or similar. Maybe even with some middle eastern mixed in.

I don't even know how old she is. I know Beth is 37. I'd guess Sabrina is close to 35, give or take a few years. At least that what she looks like. Erik looks to be in that same bracket. But really, the first thing I noticed was her glasses. They're white plastic ones. But they're so old-fashioned, like something that belongs in the 1920s (if they'd had plastic back then anyway). They also hide the lines around her eyes, if there are any. Those are usually a good place to look for clues to a woman's age.

She's wearing a cute little blue and white checked sundress today. It's sleeveless with nothing more than spaghetti straps that tie behind her neck. It's fairly backless, too, at least down about midway. It's fairly short, ending just above her knees. It's not the most modest dress, but it is casual and definitely appropriate for visiting neighbors. Or about anything else. Especially if she wants to show off those longish, slender legs. She is definitely trying to look good. I just wonder if she changed after she saw my slaves on their leashes. I can see that her makeup is

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fresh. Not like put on earlier. Like it was put on just before she walked over here. She is definitely trying to look good.

I'm looking Sabrina squarely in her eyes. "Give my slave that dress, peasant," I say it firmly, my voice loud enough for everyone to hear the command, but also softly. I hope I've made it clear that I expect her dress to come off. That I don't expect any argument from her.

Sabrina just stands there for close to a full second. She suddenly trembles. "No..." She says it very weakly, very quietly, and shyly. "I can't! Not here... with everyone watching me..." She's almost sobbing by now. "You can't expect me to take it off here. In Beth's house!"

It is definitely time to teach Sabrina her first lesson. Her place. And her place is to obey. I move fairly quickly. I can see it takes Sabrina by surprise. I don't know what else she would have been expecting. Last time she hesitated, I just made her do it. Maybe she thinks now I'll take the dress off for her?

I grab hold of her hair tightly. I keep my tight grip on it. I do two things at once. I drop down, helping myself to a seat on the end of Beth's coffee table. And I use my foot to tap the back of Sabrina's knee. It's a light tap, but it's enough to buckle her knee for just a second. As soon as I feel her shoulder dipping as her knee bends, I firmly yank downward on her hair. It does what it always does. It drops her clumsily to her knees.

Sabrina squeals as I yank on her hair. She squeals again as she lands on her knees. I see her eyes going wide. It's the last I see of Sabrina's face. I use her hair again, pulling it hard, to bring Sabrina's head down, bending her chest over my thighs while I'm still spreading my thighs to support her weight. I pull her hard.

It pulls her across my legs. It has her waist bend almost a full 90 degrees. It has her thighs hanging straight down at my side, her knees grazing the carpeting. Her calves lie on the floor. My left thigh rests under her chest, just beneath her breasts. It has her smallish mounds lying flush against the outside of my thigh. It has her head flopping around in empty air. And it has her hands flailing around as they try to

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find the floor and brace.

I have to let go of her hair. I need that hand. I put it at the small of her back and push down. It effectively pins her down on my lap.

I use my free hand to grab the bottom hem of Sabrina's dress. I toss it up, lying her dress across the very bottom of her back. It bares a slightly modest, and simple, pair of panties. Panties that are as sexy as they are simple. They're silky. They cover most of her bottom, leaving narrow slices of her globes bared at the edges. They're low cut, covering nothing but her cheeks. I like them. I doubt they're everyday wear, either. They're too silky for that. Hmm... did she wonder if she might be seen in these? They're probably not her sexiest, but they are definitely something a woman would wear if she thought she might be seen in them and wanted to look good.

I use my hand to quickly push those panties down to her thighs. It bares a pair of taut, firm cheeks. Cheeks that are fully toned. And well rounded without that "bubble butt" look. Small cheeks, but ones that are just as shapely. Cheeks that just barely meet to close off the center of her crack. At the top, her hard cheeks separate, her crack opening into a V shape that fades into her back. It leaves those cheeks with a gentle rounding at their tops as well as their bottoms and sides. And it lets me see the wisps of a long black fur poking out from between the tops of her thighs.

"Bad peasant bitch!" I scold her firmly without raising my voice. I quickly spank her bottom, using my hand. It's a hard spank, as hard as I can manage with my bare hand. It's one that sears a light pink handprint onto her olive-toned globe.

"OW!" Sabrina squeals, yelping out with as much surprise in her voice as pain. Or maybe more surprise. Her hands shift into high gear, flailing around. Her hips do too. They squirm around on my thigh, almost trying to get up. My hand on her back keeps her bottom from rising up.

I give her a few more fast spanks, alternating between her cheeks. I'm not counting the spanks. I'm just spanking her cheeks to a bright

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pink-redness. Steadily, but reasonably slowly.

Sabrina lies there and squeals a loud "OW!" with every swat. Each one gets her struggling a little more urgently, too.

It's about number eight or nine that I finally feel her body starting to stiffen up with each spank. Her feet are thrashing around, too, rising up behind her bottom. Her hands give up on bracing against the floor, leaving my legs to hold her weight up. Now her hands are fighting to get back to her bottom and protect it from another swat. Her head is thrashing too, but that's more because it's unsupported and she has nothing to do with it.

I keep on spanking her bottom. It's not red enough for me yet. "Bad peasant bitch!" I scold her again. I think by now she's ready to listen and understand what she's done to deserve a spanking. "I said to give that dress to my slave. You disobedient little bitch! When I say, you obey! Now lie there and take the punishment you deserve, bitch."

Sabrina does not lie there. She stays pinned there. Her bottom steadily gets redder as I keep right on spanking it, too. She keeps on yelping out loud squealy "OW!s" that are starting to show the strain of the spanking. Her hands and feet squirm wildly, always trying to get in the way of the next stroke. And never succeeding. Not even when she gets her feet up in front of her cheeks, a mere inch or two out from them. I just swat around them. Her hands take a little more work to avoid. Her hips grow more energetic in their wiggles with each swat, too. Her back keeps trying to raise up off my lap, but it's not going anywhere. With me holding it down, Sabrina can't even arch it up.

Despite the energetic nature of her struggling, it's obvious that she's fighting to protect her bottom from another spank. And not really trying to run away. If she really wanted to, it wouldn't take her that much to get up. One good thrust of her legs would do it. She doesn't try. She lies there, being spanked, thrashing around wildly.

Finally, after maybe twenty strokes, Sabrina starts sobbing lightly as she cries out her "OW!s" And her bottom is glowing a nice bright red. It's a shade that will take a little while to fade. The stinging will take

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longer to fade. She's not going to want to sit for the next few hours.

I ease up, making the spansks more like light slaps on her sharply stinging globes. "Are you ready to behave now, bitch?"

"Yes!" Sabrina blurts out in a voice that's as much of a sob as it is a desperate plea.

I ease up a little more on her spanking. I slow down a little, too. Now I'm just trying to keep her bottom fully stinging her for a moment. "Bad bitch! A peasant bitch should be very polite and humble before her Queen. Especially when she's over her Queen's knees for a spanking! Now, are you ready to behave, bitch?"

"Yes!... Ma'am... please, I'll behave!"

I stop spanking her. I don't give her any rest. I quickly pull her panties back up to fully cover her glowing bottom. And I casually brush her dress back down. Then I take my hand from her back and move it to her shoulder. I lift her shoulder up, pushing her back a little and dropping her onto her knees. "Stand, peasant."

Sabrina, sobbing lightly, gets to her feet.

"Now, give my slave that dress, peasant," I say softly, but with an unyielding firmness in my voice. Hopefully, Sabrina gets the message. Take it off, or go right back over my knees.

Sabrina stands frozen again for a long second. She starts blushing. Then she starts trembling again. Erik watches her, a mixture of eagerness and curiosity on his face. He does not look like he's about to object. Beth openly gawks at Sabrina, the look on Beth's face being one of absolute shock and disbelief. Beth fidgets just slightly, showing me that she's uneasy seeing this. I know she's wondering if Sabrina is going to do it.

Sabrina shirks back until her calves are flush against the sofa. It leaves her nowhere else to go. She hugs herself tightly. Her eyes avert to the side, they catch sight of Beth gawking and instantly snap to avert to the other side. There they catch sight of Erik watching her. Then snap

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to look downward where they'll see nothing but her feet. Her hands tremble hard as they very slowly rise up to the back of her neck. They fumble just as badly to untie the strap. It must take close to a minute before it falls down her front. She has to move her unsteady hands to her sides, halfway down to her hips, to get a good grip on her dress. It's not that snug on her. It would slide down easily. Sabrina grips it overly-tight in her hands. So tightly that I can see her knuckles turning white. She moves even slower. And she holds the dress up, not letting it fall freely, as she reluctantly slips it down. She takes forever to get it off.

She refuses to lift her eyes. She stands there in her bra and panties. She just holds the dress out in the direction of Sophie.

"Not like that, peasant! Take care of your husband's things! Fold that dress up neatly and present it to my slave. Now."

Sabrina fumbles badly as she tries to hold the dress in front of her body, covering herself, and fold it at the same time. It takes a minute for her to get it badly folded into a decently wrinkled square. She holds it out to Sophie again. "Here..." She squeaks out in a mousy, muted voice.

I scold her for being so rude to my obedient slave-girl. I know this is new to Sabrina, so I tell her what to say. And how to hold that dress. She holds it out atop her upturned palm. "Here is my dress, Miss Slave. Will you please hold it for me and please don't give it back to me, no matter what I say, until Miss Rodgers wishes me to have it back."

Sophie takes the dress. She immediately unfolds it and refolds it. Sophie folds it neatly. She sets it on the coffee table, starting a pile.

Sabrina keeps her eyes downcast. She quivers as she stands. She keeps her arms hugged tightly against her body, trying to cover her bra with them.

We all hear the door from the garage to the house open and shut. Sabrina jump. Her feet, still in their sandals, leave the floor she jumps so badly. She hugs her arms to herself tighter. She sobs a little heavier.

Dan walks in. It doesn't take him but a fraction of a second to notice his neighbor standing there, obviously humiliated and

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embarrassed to death, in her underwear. Nor does it take him any time at all to see Erik and Beth gawking at the shameless show Sabrina is.

"Hey," I greet Dan. I've met him enough times that he knows who I am. I'm sure he knows what I am, too. He knew I was bringing Paige. "Sabrina was just showing us all what a slutty peasant bitch she is. Grab a seat and see for yourself." I gesture to a seat next to Beth. Beth who is stuttering, not really saying anything, as obviously as she is gawking.

Dan looks around the room, taking the display in again. He slowly inches into the seat beside Beth. He keeps his eyes on Erik and Sabrina. Erik who so overtly is not minding Sabrina being humiliated like this. And Sabrina, who despite her blushing and quivering embarrassment, is standing there taking it instead of running away. She's not even complaining. Just shirking inward. It tells me that he knows of Beth's fascination with D/s. He knows she's been eating up the stories. And that's she's been wanting to see something. Yet he never thought this would happen!

"Peasant, give my slave your bra," I tell Sabrina casually as if Dan hadn't just joined the audience. It sends a hard, shuddering, tremor through Sabrina. She hesitates. I'm sure she's considering objecting. And remembering the spanking she just got for the last objection she made. Her bottom has to be stinging her like an entire box of needles stabbing into her hard flesh.

Sabrina moves even slower. She keeps one arm hugged snugly against her breasts, covering the small mounds and the cups of her bra. Her other hand fumbles badly at the clasp behind her back. It takes her so long to get it undone that I'm wondering if she's going to manage it one-handed. Or how long she'll try to before she gives up and uses the hand that's hiding her breasts. But finally, I see the straps fall to her sides.

Sabrina keeps her arm press so tightly against her chest. Her arms are slender, as is the rest of her. But it's enough to block most of her mound, letting me see a tiny sliver of the top of it and nothing more. She fumbles badly, clumsily folding her bra before offering it to Sophie.

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Her voice is even more quiet this time, and I hear more squeak in it.

Sophie glances at me as if to ask if she should accept this messy bra. I nod and Sophie quickly has it refolded and on top of Sabrina's dress.

Sabrina doesn't waste a second. As soon as her hand isn't needed, she has it pressed against her chest, folded with her other arm, and now fully covering her little mounds. Her body is tense. And it's "tight," her legs firmly squeezed together as she shirks inward. I'd never allow that.

I scold Sabrina to stand like a proper peasant bitch before her Queen. I tell her to part her feet a little way. I have to scold her, the firmness in my voice growing each time until she gets them about six inches apart. It's just wide enough that her thighs are opened enough to fully bare the crotch of her panties between them.

I scold Sabrina to get her hands behind the small of her back.

As soon as I do, she sobs out once, loudly, and pitifully. A tear rolls down her cheek. She stands frozen. I've seen that it takes her a moment to get past her shyness and obey, so I give her a few seconds. When she still hasn't moved, I snap rather firmly, but without raising the volume of my voice, for her to move those hands.

Sabrina's hands move very slowly. Creeping along slow enough that I can barely see them moving. But they move, slowly, and rather teasingly, baring her mounds. Once they're away from her breasts, they pick up speed getting behind her back. I guess she doesn't care where they are if they're not covering her breasts anymore. I love shy bitches. They are just so easy to humiliate!

I scold Sabrina again, this time to pick her head up. I have to scold her twice, but I get her head up to where she should be looking forward. She tries hard to keep her eyes downcast, seeing nothing. I scold her for that, too, and she very hesitantly raises them to look forward. It forces her to see everyone staring at her. Especially Beth and now Dan, both of whom are openly gawking at her shameless undressing. Beth is still shocked with the absolute disbelief. Dan is just as shocked, but with that

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tinge of excitement on his face that men always get when they see a woman shedding clothes. Erik, whom I presume has seen these breasts countless times, watches with unconcealed excitement on his face. Enough that I know he's liking the display. He's enjoying seeing Sabrina degraded before their friends and neighbors. I am going to have fun!

"Are you feeling shy, peasant?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Sabrina urgently squeaks out.

"Oh, well... you shouldn't be. You are a worthless peasant bitch. That means you are nothing. And nothing clearly has nothing to be shy about! Those aren't your breasts. You'd have to be a person to have something like breasts. You belong to your Queen. Which means those are my breasts. If anyone should feel shy about showing off such little breasts, it should be me. They're mine! You are mine. Got it, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Sabrina answers, her voice unchanged. It tells me she heard me, but nothing is going to convince her those aren't her breasts. I didn't think it would. I just wanted to remind her of her place. It'll take her some time to get used to it and accept that she's absolutely nothing. Then she won't be shy. Well... there's no time like the present to start learning a lesson.

Sabrina's breasts are small. I can clearly see that now. But they're still very nice breasts. They swell off her chest like firm half-oranges. They're fully rounded. They're just as firm and pert. And they're topped with a pair of wide, deep-purple nipples. Nipples with flat tips that rise almost a full ¼" off the tops of her curved mounds. It's enough of a rise to give them a rod-shape with sides. Nipples that are surrounded by light, but fairly wide, rings of a faintly-purple tinged brownness. Nipples that are standing up hard now.

"Come show me my breasts, bitch." I say it firmly, crooking a finger for her to close the single step to me. She crosses it with about five baby steps, each one more hesitant than the last. But finally, she's standing where I'm pointing her to, right in front of me. I tell her what to do next.

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Very slowly, Sabrina leans down to put her breasts close in front of my eyes. I don't need the close-up view. I can already see the tight and tiny wrinkles around her nipples that broadcast how hard her nipples are straining to. I just want Sabrina to offer her breasts up to my eyes. The very same breasts she was desperately trying to hide a few moments ago. "Here are this peasant's breasts, my Queen. Will you please look at my breasts and touch them as much as you can stand to, my Queen?"

I give her a moment to feel, and see, my eyes taking her mounds in. Then I use a finger, drawing it very slowly along the olive-tinged skin of her mound. Little goosebumps sprout up alongside my finger, marking its path along her mound. It takes me a minute or so to get to her nipple. As soon as my finger so much as grazes along the side of it, Sabrina shivers crisply and breathes out a deep, and especially squeaky "OOH!" I swirl my finger around the edge of her nipple, along the rim at its tip. Sabrina shivers crisply the entire time it takes me for that slow swirl. I use two fingers to very lightly pinch her nipple. It's as hard as steel. Sabrina purrs out a very breathy, very deep, and squeaky, "AHH!" it's along, sweet purr, that she draws out the entire time I'm pinching her nub. Then I give her tiny mound a little squish, just enough for me to feel the slight sponginess to her firm breast.

"Now go show my breasts to Mrs. Robles," I tell her firmly, using a voice as if I'm just stating a fact. Casual. As if I'd said to wave hello or something else ordinary.

Sabrina flinches hard. And blushes a fresh brightness. She looks to me for an instant, sees nothing on my face, and starts to slowly rise up. Beth is about three feet from me. It takes Sabrina over a minute to cross that distance. And then I watch as she very slowly leans over. Finally, she has her pert mounds in front of Beth's eyes. "Miss Robles, here are this peasant's breasts, Ma'am... My Queen wishes you to have these breasts, Ma'am. Will you please look at them and touch them as much as you can stand to, Ma'am?"

Now Beth looks horrified. And, judging by the beet red blush on

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her face, embarrassed. She sits there, not doing anything for a long moment as she considers it. As she tries to decide what to do. And worries about what everyone is going to think of her if she touches them. Or if she doesn't. I'm sure she's trying to guess what Sabrina wants her to do, too.

I pay attention to my audience, too. I can see that now both Dan and Erik are watching very intently. And both have a bit of hopeful eagerness on their face. Especially Dan, who looks to me like's about to drool just thinking about it. I guess he might want to see a little girl-on-girl, even if it is just some tame breast fondling.

Beth is a very light-skinned white woman. She glances at her husband. She must see the look on his face, too. She very hesitantly puts her hand up, letting her fingertips touch the side of Sabrina's mound. She strokes it softly, her fingers barely touching it. It lasts about a second.

Sabrina shudders sharply and purrs out another "OH!" as she feels Beth's teasing stroke. Beth yanks her hand back, utterly horrified that Sabrina so clearly liked it. She looks at her hand for a second, as if it's alien. She sees the smile on her husband's face. She quickly closes her eyes, puts her hand to the gentle rise of Sabrina's firm mound, and gives it the fastest little squeeze. She yanks her hand back just as quickly and tells me "I'm done." Her voice tells me she'll be happy when those breasts are out of her face.

I tell Sabrina to go offer her breasts to Dan. Now I see some surprise on everyone's face. I can't imagine why. Obviously, they should have known I don't play favorites. Everyone is going to get to check these breasts out. Beth is the one with the clearly horrified look on her face. I guess she'd rather touch them herself than allow her husband to touch them. Dan, however, looks eagerly at the unfamiliar breasts Sabrina is flaunting before his eyes. Erik looks surprised, but he doesn't seem to mind this little bit of sharing.

Unlike Beth, who barely touched Sabrina's breasts, Dan takes a long moment to fondle them. Sabrina sweetly purrs her way through it.

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Until the end when Dan copies me and pinches her nipple. Then Sabrina purrs out a very hungry "AH!" that's just too sweet for Beth. I see Beth cringe slightly.

I send Sabrina to show her breasts to her husband. Erik takes his time feeling them up, too. But they're familiar to him, and his touch is familiar to Sabrina. It doesn't have quite the effect on her that showing them to her neighbors did.

I send Sabrina to show her breasts to Sophie. Sophie isn't shy about touching them. She only wants to please me, and she knows that I want her to get a good look at Sabrina's breasts. If I didn't, I would have had Sabrina show them to her. Sophie squishes them lightly, caresses them, and teases them fully. As she's touching them, everyone, even Beth, is watching her closely. The guys are especially enjoying the show. At the end, Sophie moves quickly and puts her lips to Sabrina's nipple.

Sophie closes her lips gently around the rock hard nub. I know that she's going to swirl her tongue around it the same way she would a finger. I just can't see it with Sophie's light pink lips engulfing Sabrina's deep purple nub. But everyone hears the very loud, deep, and hungry purred "UH!" that escapes from Sabrina's lips as her body shivers endlessly and sharply. I doubt anyone misses the goosebumps that suddenly cover every bit of Sabrina's mound, either. Nor do I think anyone misses the way Sabrina's head snaps back and her jaw hangs open as she purrs out her moan. Finally, Sophie lets the glistening wet nipple slip from her soft lips.

I have Sabrina again stand and face me. "There, now everyone has seen my new breasts, so I don't have any reason to hide them anymore! Now, be a good peasant bitch. Give those panties to my slave."

Sabrina suddenly blushes, cringes, and sobs again. She moves as slowly as ever, which I expected her to do. I decide to push her along. I snap, rather sternly, for her "to quit wasting my time by pretending she's a prissy proper lady instead of the nothing that a peasant bitch is." I harshly scold her to get those panties off, and not to even think about trying to hide "that slutty pussy" as she folds them. I want those panties

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in Sophie's hand, now, and this time I want them neat.

The sternness of the scold shocks Sabrina. She freezes in place. She sobs once. Then her hands almost fly as she pulls her panties down. She stands up quickly and folds them. When she offers them to Sophie, they're neat and crisply folded without a wrinkle to be seen. Clearly, she's learning.

"That's a good bitch. Now come over here and show me that pussy." I tell Sabrina that means for her to walk over to me quickly. To turn her bottom to my eyes. To spread her feet as wide as she possibly can. Then to lean over and get her back flat with the floor. Once she's done that, she's to reach around the outside of her hips and pull her lips as wide open as she can stretch them.

Sabrina moves a little faster. About at a normal pace, which comparatively is racing-fast for her. As soon as her panties came down, I could see that Sabrina has a very neatly trimmed bush. It has sharp lines, all neatly well inside the creases of her thighs. It's trimmed for a fairly immodest bikini. But I don't see any tan lines on her. I do see that her fir is long, and well woven together, making it look fairly dense on her pubes.

Once she bends over, I have a full view of her flat mound. I can see two long and wide lips, lined with fur that's been cut to a neat shortness and trimmed to cover nothing but her lips. Lips that are thin. Lips that almost fully meet, leaving a narrow slit between them.

Her mound is flat, not puffing out even to the backs of her thighs, much less beyond them. And now, as she leans forward, her glowing-red cheeks pull apart, opening her crack wide to display the tiny and especially dark purple ring of her asshole. I can see the swath of purple so deep that it's almost a black. Then, at its very center, a pencil-wide ring of pink. Unlike many assholes, hers isn't wrinkly. The pink flesh looks to be loose, it would have to be for her ring to be able to open. Otherwise, it's almost smooth. It doesn't pucker out or funnel in. The pinkness just ends with a dark pinpoint at its very center.

Then Sabrina opens her lips, stretching them wide. "Here is this

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peasant bitch's pussy, my Queen. If I am not so skanky that I disgust you, my Queen, will you please look at your new pussy and do whatever you want with it, my Queen?"

With her lips spread fully I can see that Sabrina has a tiny pussy. Her inner folds have the same deep purple-black tinge to their edges that surrounds her asshole. But only to their edges. Even though her folds don't rise much, they have plenty of room to turn, rather suddenly, into a very light pink. The same light pink of her pussy and everything else inside those folds. The darkness to them doesn't go quite all the way along the edges. It leaves her folds light and pink at the very top, as they join together and surround her clit. The knot there is tiny, too. Nothing more than two folds merging into one that vanishes, and another little flap of pink lying over it. But I can see the pea-sized head of a very hard clit standing up from between those folds. And beyond those folds, I see a tunnel that's snug. It gapes open so little I doubt I could get a pencil into it without it cuddling around it. It's the same light shade of pink. And all of that pinkness is flushed brightly. It's covered with a thin film of watery, and musky, honey. As much honey as can cling to that pinkness.

I take my time looking at her tunnel. I put the pad of my finger against Sabrina's clit. As I knew she would, she shudders hard and purrs out a very deep "UH!" that's pure honey. And that's at the very first touch. I haven't done anything yet. I would never pass up a chance to show off how hot a woman is. So I lightly pinch the hard pea of her clit.

Sabrina screams a very erotic, and very hungry squeaking "EE!" As she screams it out, almost too loudly for my ears, her entire body shudders sharp and fast. And it keeps shuddering. And she keeps crying out until, a few seconds later, I release her clit. Then she just stands and pants like a dog, her breaths laced with sultry desire and relief that the tease is over.

I slip a finger into Sabrina's tunnel. She shudders and screams just as sensually the entire time my finger is inside her. Whether it's moving or not. When my finger slips back out, it's covered with her thin honey

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clinging to it. And Sabrina is panting again.

I send her to show "my pussy" to everyone again. Beth refuses to touch it. Dan doesn't refuse, but the leering glare he gets from Beth makes his touch rather fast. Faster than he'd like. It makes Sabrina scream out and shudder again. As does Erik's touch. And Sophie's.

As hot as her pussy felt around my finger, I have no doubt Sabrina is aching for an orgasm already. And all I've done so far is make her undress in front of her neighbors.



Chapter 03: The Bottom

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Now that I have Sabrina naked, it's time to teach her what subservience is all about. At least the remedial class for today. I've already figured out two things. Sabrina hasn't a clue. And so far, it's arousing her. Judging by the bulge in his jeans, I'm pretty confident that Erik is enjoying it, too.

I can see that Sabrina needs to be eased slowly to her knees. Either that or just shoved down there and made to stay. Both would get there. I'm pretty sure both would excite her. But I think she needs a few moments to get used to being on her knees. And on her knees is the perfect way to teach her.

I send her to fetch Dan a cup of coffee. I tell her to "serve it properly, as a humble peasant bitch should be serving actual humans." The embarrassed look on her face tells me she knows exactly what I mean for her to do. To serve it just as Sophie served us all earlier. Dan, however, is the only one who missed Sophie's service. Sabrina's naked service will be the first time he's ever seen it.

I have Sophie fetch my crop. I actually have a couple, but this one is my favorite. It was my first, too. It was a present from my mom. It's made of pastel green leather and fringed with white lace. I had to order Sophie's collar to match it. I really love this crop. Despite it's over girliness, it still looks evil. As in painful to get whipped with. I hold it up and let Sabrina see it while I'm telling her what to do. Her wide and nervous eyes tell me she's gotten my hint. Serve humbly, or taste my whip.

She hurries to the kitchen. I just wave a hand at Sophie and nod. Sophie hurries into the kitchen as well. She goes straight to Sabrina and very quietly starts telling her exactly what's expected of her. Once Sabrina has his coffee poured, I see Sophie take hold of Sabrina's hands and position them for her. Then Sophie sets the cup atop Sabrina's upturned palms.

Sabrina walks very slowly as she carries the cup over to Dan. It's not that she's stalling, it's that she's completely unaccustomed to walking and carrying a cup as she is. Then it's time for her to get on her

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knees. She moves very slowly, and clumsily, as she gets down. She goes down with her feet together, which gives her a little more balance. Then she opens her knees as wide as she can stretch them. For a few seconds, it gives Dan a good view of her flat pussy mound between the tops of her thighs. Then she sits back to put her bottom between her heels. That's the easiest movement she's made yet. She looks up at Dan, into his eyes. I know Sophie told her I'd whip her if she tried to look away from him.

"Here is your coffee, Mr. Robles, thank you for allowing this peasant bitch to serve you, Sir." Sabrina offers him the coffee. Her voice is soft and full of honey. She blushes only slightly. She waits, mostly still, until Dan reaches down and takes the cup off her hands.

I tell Sabrina that everyone else would probably like a refill, too. She's to fetch everyone a cup, serving them humbly, one by one. Sabrina starts getting coffee. Sophie kneels back down beside me, her task done. Sabrina knows what to do. She's just done it. Now, if Sabrina gets whipped, it will truly be her own fault.

I have Sabrina serve me last. I do that for one reason. It leaves her on her knees before me once everyone has been served. I take my coffee and sip it. After a couple of sips, I tell Sophie to fetch me a training collar. I keep one in my "goodie bag," the large duffle bag I keep in the trunk of my car just in case I might need something while I'm out. Like now. I'd only planned for Paige to be slaving away. But now Sabrina has dived right into my lap. I see no reason not to see how far she wants to go. She's a rather attractive woman, and might, someday, once she's learned to behave herself, make a nice addition to my toybox.

I have Sabrina lift her long hair up and hold it behind her head. It bares her entire neck for me. I buckle the hot pink dog collar around her neck. I use a shiny brass padlock like you'd find on a suitcase, to lock it around her neck. She doesn't even shirk back from it. Nor does she seem to mind when I clip a leash to the collar.

I hand the leash to Sophie. She takes it eagerly, even though she doesn't have a clue what I'm going to tell her to do with Sabrina.

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"Peasant..." I say teasingly sweet. "Show me that butt." I go on to tell Sabrina that I mean for her to pose as she did to show me her pussy, except now I want her to spread her cheeks wide and bare her asshole instead of opening her lips to show me her pussy.

A brief nervousness flashes across Sabrina's face. It's as if she's wondering why I want to see her asshole, and worse, wondering what I might plan to do with it. I've already seen how tiny and tight hers is. It's one that clearly has not seen much use. And that tells me that if Sabrina likes it there, she doesn't know it.

She doesn't really hesitate much to get into position. At least now until the very end. It's right when her hands are on her globes that she freezes for a couple of seconds. I see her hands tighten up as they grip her bottom. Then, slowly, her cheeks begin to part. A few seconds later they're wide, and that tight pink ring in the middle of that swath of dark flesh is fully bared, nothing hindering my sight of it. Or my access to it.

I reach in my pocket and pull out a latex glove and a little packet of lubricating gel. "Oh, that butt looks so tight!" I coo in my best teasing voice. I can see the grin on Sophie's face that tells me she knows where I'm going. The others just watch. They don't have a clue. But I want Sabrina to know. Even if just for half a minute, I want her to stand there and think about what she's about to allow me to do to her. Her body has already told me it's not something she's going to be eager for. "I think I'll find out for myself just how tight that little hole is. Stand still while I shove my finger all the way up there and feel it."

I see the hard flinch run through Sabrina's body. I pull my glove on, snapping it loudly. Sabrina flinches again, almost jumping off her feet. I see her hands gripping her cheeks even tighter now, too. And out of the corner of my eye, I see Beth watching with as much eagerness as horror on her face. I take my time to squeeze a little droplet of the slick gel onto the tip of my first finger.

I put the tip of my finger against Sabrina's tensed ring. Instantly I feel it cinch down even tighter, squeezing shut with all its might. Yep, it

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definitely doesn't want anything entering this exit. I softly wiggle my finger, just a little, to smear a fine film of the gel over her ring. I hold my finger straight, balling up the rest of my hand into a fist. It makes for the best visual. With her small and firm cheeks, the audience can almost see all the way to the tip of my finger, to where it's pressing against Sabrina's ring.

I press gently. It doesn't take much pressure to push into a butt. Even when the butt's owner is resisting, as Sabrina is. It doesn't even take a second. At first, her muscle is rock hard against my finger. But then it starts to soften. As it turns to rubber, my finger begins stretching it. And then my finger starts slipping very slowly forward, pressing into her, sliding through her ring. Her muscle cuddles snugly around my finger, but not too tightly, as I slip into her.

"UH!" Sabrina grunts out loudly as I start entering her backdoor. She tenses up. Not just her asshole. But her entire body. I hear her breathing turn noise, a slight strain in her breaths. It tells me that it's uncomfortable for her. Yet she's obediently standing there while I slip into her.

It doesn't take me long to slide my finger all the way into her. It doesn't have long fingers. Slender ones, but also short ones. Sabrina should be glad about that! I don't stop until the web of my finger is flush against the outside of her ring.

Once I stop, Sabrina doesn't show it. She stays just as tense, and breaths those raspy, noisy breaths as she stands. Her asshole cinches a little tighter around my finger now that it has stopped moving. Otherwise, she just waits.

I leave my finger right where it is. I keep it still. I turn to Erik and ask him, "Oh, this is so tight! This peasant bitch has been very stingy with my new anus, hasn't it?"

Erik stutters for a second. I think he's trying to decipher the question. He must figure out that I'm asking if she lets him play with her butt. "Uh... yes, ma'am... she hates it when I do anything with her butt..."

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It does not escape me that he answered, or at tried to answer, humbly and politely. Despite the fact that I've never done anything with him. I don't count having Sabrina flaunt her body to him. I'd wondered, and suspected, that Erik might be willing to play, too. What I haven't figured out yet is how far he might want to go.

I turn to Beth and ask her "isn't this bitch such a fake little priss? See how she pretends that she hates it up her butt?"

"Yes... she definitely looks like it's unpleasant for her..." Beth answers in a very muted voice. Her eyes are locked on Sabrina's bottom. Her face is pure... amazed eagerness. It says she's getting exactly what she wants. She's getting to see a real woman submit. I'm pretty sure that's all Beth wants. To see a show.

"She's just pretending she's not a total slut! She really likes it up her butt. She just doesn't want anyone to know what a slut she is! I'll prove it."

I curve my finger downward just slightly. It lets me feel the thin membrane of her rectum and the paper-thin wall of smooth muscle that surrounds it. And beyond that, it lets me feel the spongy hot walls of her pussy.

Sabrina grunts softly as she feels the faint pressure. She's exaggerating. She barely feels the pressure. She just wants to make everyone think I'm hurting her.

I start wiggling my finger with tiny little motions. So little that my finger is barely moving. And barely pressing. But it's enough that my finger is tenderly massaging the backside of her pussy walls.

Sabrina grunts hard. Then she tenses up. She lasts all of one second. Then she cries out a very throaty-deep, and squeaky, "AH!" as her body shudders hard. Her jaw falls open. Her breaths deepen.

I feel the walls of her pussy snap to their full tension, squeezing hard against a cock that's not there. They stay tensed up for a second. Then as Sabrina cries out, they loosen back up. That's when I feel the first sharp twitches begin erupting around randomly in those walls. A

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few seconds later, I feel those little twitches turn crisp. They're not pinpoint twitches anymore, either. They start that way, but then that pinpoint shoots along a nerve and the entire nerve line snaps with its own twitch. I feel her pussy seeming to get hotter, too. As in fiery hot.

"AHH!" Sabrina cries out loudly. There's no hiding the sensual urgency flooding into her voice. "AH! YES! YES! AH-YES!!!" Sabrina screams out. As she does, I feel the twitches in her suddenly turn into powerful tremors. Now I know Sabrina is about to climax. And she doesn't know the rule. The rule that she's not allowed to cum unless I say she can.

I stop. Sabrina trembles for a second, just from the tension still in her muscles. Then it begins to ebb. She cries out a very strained groan of frustration. "Your slutty butt wasn't thinking of cumming on my finger, was it, bitch?"

"I'm sorry, Ma'am!" Sabrina breathes out in a raspy voice, no longer thinking to mute herself. "I am so close, Ma'am!"

"Oh, you want me to finger your slutty butt and let you cum, do you?"

"Yes, my Queen!" Sabrina eagerly blurts out, "Please, Ma'am, will you please finger-fuck my butt and let me cum!"

"Of course not!" I say it teasingly and very sternly. "Why would a Queen bother to make some peasant bitch cum? What in the world makes you think you'd be worthy of such a treat?"

"I'm sorry, my Queen!" Sabrina pleads. "I'm not worthy of it! I just want it so badly, Ma'am! Please Ma'am, please will you finger-fuck my butt for me and just let me cum this once!"

I yank my finger out of Sabrina's bottom rather quickly and sharply. She cries out a little as it pulls from her tensed muscle. Then, once she realizes it's gone, and her chance of that orgasm with it, she cries out a very deep sigh of frustration.

"Slave, fetch me a number 6 plug." I use my sweet voice for

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Sophie. And just as sweetly, with a little giggle in her voice, Sophie says she will and hurries over to the bag. She's back in well under a minute. But the bag was only about three feet from her.

I don't number my butt plugs. A number 6 is just the one that's six inches long. It's shaped kind of like a bullet, except that at the base bend it has a shallow groove for her asshole to rest in. That keeps it from slipping out accidentally. A wider plate-shaped ring at the base keeps it from entering her all the way. This plug is 1 ¼" thick. That makes it roughly the size of an average man's cock.

My finger has been out of Sabrina's bottom for around a minute now. And I'm sure that she's beginning to wonder why I've left her standing there with her cheeks pulled wide open. I don't know what Sabrina knows about sex toys, what experience she has. But I'd think she'd know what a butt plug is. Even if she's never actually laid eyes on one. The name kind of says it all. Then again, she's still rather busy panting those frustrated groans, so maybe she's not paying too much attention to what I'm doing yet.

I don't bother with any lubricant. There's no need for it. Her asshole is already covered with a thin, but wide-ranging, coating of it from my finger. More than enough to ease the toy's way. I just put the pointy-rounded tip of it against her ring.

It completely eclipses her tiny ring and a good part of the dark flesh around it. "OH! NOOO!" Sabrina squeals in a near panic as she feels the pressure of the toy against her ring. "It's too big!"

I hold out my hand. Sophie knows what I want. She very quickly puts the handle of my crop in my hand. Then I just flick my wrist, casually sending the tip of the crop soaring through the air and arcing right for Sabrina's bottom. It lands almost in the center of her left cheek, barely missing Sabrina's hand, with a loud sharp crack. Sabrina jumps and screeches out a loud "EE-OW!" the crop leaves its print, a deep red welt the shape of a square with a triangle on top of it, on Sabrina's olive flesh.

"That's for whining, peasant. Now stand still while I shove this

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huge toy up *my* butt."

Sabrina stands there. But not still. She trembles too much for me to call her still. I just wiggle the tip of it against her ring and she squeals again. But this time she doesn't say anything. I guess the crop taught her a lesson about that!

I push firmly, but not that hard. At first, the toy pushes against her tensed ring and the flesh around it. But then the pointy tip starts to push her muscle aside and stretch it. That lets it start to slip into Sabrina's bottom. The tapering does the rest. The more it slips in, the wider it stretches Sabrina's asshole.

"mm-OH!" Sabrina squeals again as she feels her muscle stretching far wider than ever before. "UH!... OW!" and then it has her opened wide enough for the shaft to slide through her ring. Sabrina pants a few more strained "OW!s" as she feels the throbbing and light burning in her asshole. That's just from it being forced to stretch wide while resisting.

Even as she quivers and pants her wines, Sabrina stays put and allows me to slowly press the toy into her bottom. It doesn't take too long for me to have all of it buried inside her, filling her bottom. Her asshole clamps around the indent on the shaft and holds it still. That leaves the wider disk outside her asshole, covering her pink ring where it's now-taut flesh hugs the white shaft of the toy. And a little more of the shaft that sticks out an inch or so past the disk.

I tell Sabrina to let go of her globes. She does. I tell her to stand up very slowly. She starts and almost immediately blurts out a very loud, and deep, "OOH!" I told her to go slow because I knew this was new to her. She wasn't expecting what she just started to feel. As she moves, the geometry of her bowels changes. That pushes and pulls against the toy inside her. And that pressure she's feeling. She'll get used to it.

It takes her a minute to stand. But when she does, I'm treated to a very cute sight. It lets her cheeks relax enough for her crack to close. Except that now the last little bit of that toy sticks out enough to poke up from her crack. And hold those cheeks slightly apart around it.

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The audience stares at Sabrina. Erik now has that look of utter disbelief on his face. Sabrina hasn't let him anywhere near her bottom. And now he's seeing her beg me to finger it to orgasm, and seeing a toy that's likely the size of his cock in her bottom. And not seeing Sabrina screaming or crying about it. Dan looks... enticed by the sight. Beth looks like she wants to say "you slut!" to Sabrina. No one can doubt what's in Sabrina's bottom, all of them had a great view of it going in. I think Beth is more wondering how Sabrina can possibly not be screaming.

Naturally, I make Sabrina go around and give everyone a close view of her bottom. And the toy sticking out between her firm cheeks. Her first step is the funny one. She squeals a loud "OOH!" as she starts moving, hesitates a second, and finally starts moving with tiny baby steps. But as she goes, she gets accustomed to the toy shifting around inside her. Slowly her steps turn to normal ones.



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Now that everyone has gotten a good look at Sabrina's bottom, I have her on her knees before me. With the toy still sticking out of her bottom. The guys seemed to enjoy the view. Especially Erik. I could the wheels spinning in his head. He was making plans. Plans that I know involve his cock and Sabrina's bottom. Men think like that. Beth, on the other hand, seemed to find the display as engrossing as she did repulsive. As if she wanted to see it, but also thought so much less of Sabrina for doing it. Of course, Beth took a good look.

I ask Sabrina rather directly if she'd like to earn an orgasm. "Yes, my Queen!" Sabrina instantly answers, may I please earn an orgasm, Ma'am?" Pretty please, Ma'am?" Her voice is rather eager and hopeful. And if that's not enough of a sign, I can see the short fur between her thighs is now soaked with her thin honey.

"Being such a slutty peasant bitch, I'd imagine you can suck a cock, can't you?"

"Yes, my Queen," Sabrina answers. She sounds confident as if she's on familiar ground now. I'm sure she's done that more than a few times in the twenty or so years she's been with men. I'm even more sure she hasn't a clue what's coming.

"Can you suck one well, like a slutty peasant bitch servicing a man for her Queen should? When I give a man a blow job, even with your worthless mouth, I want my man well pleased. Can you do that, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Sabrina answers, "I've never had any complaints, my Queen." As if a man would actually complain! The men I know would be too grateful they were getting to complain, no matter how amateurish it was.

"Show me, peasant."

Sabrina blushes slightly. She hesitates. "Yes, my Queen... here? Now?" Her eyes dart to Erik, searching his face from some cue. As if she thinks Erik will assume he's the intended recipient and she's wondering if he's okay with her doing it in front of their neighbors.

"Yes, bitch," I tell her firmly, "right here, right now. And next time

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you open that dirty little mouth of yours, there had better be a cock going in it. I don't care whose cock. Any cock will do. Just suck one." I shift to a firmer voice and add "now, peasant."

She walks sideways on her knees for the single-step over to Erik. She turns to face him. She looks up to him with questioning eyes. But she doesn't dare to speak. Not even to ask him if she can suck him. I think everyone knew she'd pick her husband over Beth's husband to suck. Even if it wasn't for the fact of their marriages, she'd take the familiar cock. The one she knows well. The one she knows she will satisfy with her mouth.

Erik sees her wide eyes and raised eyebrow. He nods to her. His way of telling her she may.

Sabrina reaches for his pants. She unbuttons and unzips them. She's not dallying now, either. I see a flash of dark blue boxers under his pants. And then those are pushed down as well. Erik is already hard. As soon as his boxers are out of the way, his cock pops straight up. His is just slightly above the average mark. Maybe a hair less than six inches long and another hair over an inch wide. About the same size as that plug in Sabrina's bottom. That's a fact I doubt Erik missed. His cock is circumcised, which I prefer. It allows the medium-purple head of it to swell up fully above and out from the shaft of his cock. I can see plenty of long, curly, and wiry hairs around its base, too. A bunch of those hairs now rising up alongside his shaft, almost half its length.

Sabrina opens her mouth. She leans over, putting her lips to the top of his shaft. She starts going down. I see her cheeks pulling inward slightly as she sucks. I watch her as she goes down, her long black hair flowing over his hips to her side. It leaves us all a view of Erik's shaft vanishing between Sabrina's plump lips. Soft lips. I'll bet Erik loves the feel of those on his cock.

She wraps her hand around the base of his cock. As her head goes down, she starts stroking his shaft with her hand as well. She goes down until about half of his length is inside her mouth. And then she reverses her stroke, letting her hand slide up along his spit-slickened shaft right

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behind her receding lips.

I watch her take three strokes on his cock. Erik lies back and closes his eyes. He purrs softly to let Sabrina know he's enjoying it. I'm sure, with his eyes closed, he's telling himself there's no audience. That he's not putting on a live sex show.

I grab Sabrina's hair and sharply snap it, yanking her head up. She gasps a startled yelp as her head is pulled off Erik's cock. I see his eyes open wide, too. He watches Sabrina, wondering why I've yanked her off of him. Probably more hoping that I will have Sabrina finish what she just started.

"You call that a blow job, bitch?" I scold her mockingly. "Seriously? A virgin could do better than on her first attempt ever! I thought you said you could suck a cock and actually please a man."

"I'm sorry, my Queen!" Sabrina blurts out, the panic back in her voice. "He's always liked it before, my Queen! I've always done it like this, Ma'am!"

I slap her face lightly. It doesn't leave a handprint, but it does get her full attention. I sigh deeply as if there's a huge burden on my shoulders. "I didn't say to babble on, bitch."

I turn to Sophie. "I think we need a little skank over here to make this blow job bearable."

"Oh, yes, Mistress!" Sophie springs up to her feet and scurries off. She knows that I mean for her to get Paige. I did name Paige "Skanky Whore." What else would I want when I want skank but a skanky whore? Sophie is back in about fifteen seconds, leading Paige along by her leash.

Erik's eyes go wide. As do Sabrina's. Neither has seen Paige up close. I think they saw her walking in, but I'd bet they've forgotten about her once the scene started. Paige has been scrubbing away out of sight. Out of mind.

I don't even wait for Paige to get all the way to me. I just snap my fingers and point at the floor in front of Erik. "Suck that cock, skanky."

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Paige quickly drops to her knees. Sabrina is still in front of Erik, almost between his knees, so it makes Paige kneel beside him. "Gladly, as you wish, my Queen," Paige answers very sweetly. She looks down at Erik's cock for a second. She turns her head up to look at him and licks her lips seductively. Then she turns back to his cock.

I grab hold of Sabrina's head and turn it so her eyes are not just looking straight at Erik's cock, but also rather close to it so she's not seeing much other than his shaft. I firmly hold her head in place.

Paige doesn't hesitate. She stretches her mouth as wide as it will open. Then she slowly starts lowering her mouth over Erik's waiting cock. She goes slow, first letting the tip of her tongue touch the tip of his cock, and then letting the sensitive head slide along her tongue. Once all of that head is into her mouth, she lightly closes her lips around his shaft. Her lips aren't as plump as Sabrina's. They're a little lighter shade of pink, too.

Paige's lips slide slowly down his cock. I can see that's she's sucking lightly as she takes it, too. I know that her tongue is gliding along over the underside of that shaft, too. Her lips keep going. And keep going.

I see Sabrina's eyes starting to widen as Paige passes the halfway point. The place where Sabrina reversed her stroke. Paige keeps going at the same slow, steady pace. I glance for a fraction of a second to see both Beth and especially Dan eagerly watching Paige.

Paige nears the $\frac{3}{4}$ mark. She hasn't choked or gagged on it yet. She just keeps going, letting the cock inch its way into her hot and wet mouth. Paige also keeps her hands behind her back, not using them for anything. Not even for her balance. And definitely not to touch his cock.

Sabrina now gawks wide-eyed as Paige's lips reach the very base of Erik's cock. Dan gawks with even wider, and lecherous, eyes. Beth shows more of the disbelief on her face. It tells me that Beth can't suck any better than Sabrina can. And now both of them are wonder just how Paige has managed to swallow every bit of Erik's length.

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Paige squeezes the tip of her tongue between her teeth and his cock. She gets enough of it, less than half an inch, but enough, that its rounded tip can touch his furry balls. She quickly flicks the tip of her tongue over his sack, making sure that Erik feels it.

Erik groans out loudly. He about jumps out of his seat, too. Beth and Dan both stare. Sabrina gasps with shock. Paige pulls her tongue back in and starts on the reverse of her stroke. She'll go all the way back up until only the head of his cock is left in her mouth, and then she'll reverse again. And take every speck of cock into her mouth. She'll never use her hands, or anything else, to pleasure it. I told her to suck it, and that's what she's going to do. Pleasure it with her mouth.

Erik does not sit still. It might be Paige's first stroke, but he's already squirming eagerly in his seat and gripping the cushion under him with his hands. He purrs loud and hungry manly moans, too.

"See, bitch? That's how a peasant sucks a cock. Like an utterly shameless gutter whore! Hear those sweet moans? This is what men really want. I'll prove it."

By now, Paige has managed all of three strokes. "Skanky, double up," I say sweetly. I don't need to be firm. Paige will obey very eagerly. She doesn't answer. She can't. She has a cock down her throat that's blocking her from breathing, let alone answering.

I wait until Paige is at the apex of her stroke. When she has just the head of his cock left in her mouth. I push Sabrina's head forward, putting her full lips to the side of Erik's cock flush against Paige's lips. Paige reverses and begins swallowing the cock again. As her lips move down his shaft, I move Sabrina's as well. "Lick it, bitch!" I tell her firmly.

Erik moans out a little louder. I guess that's his way of telling me that he feels Sabrina's tongue as well as Paige's blow job. Sabrina's hands flail around, searching for something to brace herself against. She settles on the bottom of the sofa. Paige keeps going all the way down. As she reaches the base of his shaft, I keep Sabrina moving until her lips are on his balls. Sabrina's tongue flicks over his sack. Paige's tongue comes out to tease his balls. Their tongues dance together over

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his sack for just an instant. Then Paige is moving back up. I move Sabrina's head, keeping her lips flush against Paige's as she rises up.

This time Paige goes all the way up. As the last of Erik's cock starts to slip from Paige's lips, Paige shifts her head to the side. As she does I move Sabrina's head for her, moving it up to the tip of the cock. Then I start Sabrina moving down. As she goes down, Paige's lips stay flush against hers. I tell Sabrina to use her tongue to tease the underside of his cock softly. Erik purrs a rather eager moan, but not quite as sweet of a moan as Paige was able to get from his lips.

I keep Sabrina moving down. She takes about half of his cock. Then I feel her tensing up hard, resisting me as I guide her head further down. It looks to me to be the point where the tip of his cock has reached the back of Sabrina's mouth. I'll bet Sabrina is still wondering how Paige managed to go any further down. I keep the pressure on Sabrina's head, keeping her moving at the same pace. She tenses up, even more, resisting hard. It does her no good.

I make Sabrina's head keep going down. She takes about another quarter inch of his cock and starts to gag. I can feel her muscles snapping as she does, trying to jerk her head up. I quickly shift my hands, moving one under her jaw. I use that hand to pinch the corners of her jaw hard, forcing her mouth wide open. The other hand goes to the back of her head. That one just keeps shoving her head down. She tries to resist it, to stop her head from going down. She doesn't. I just adjust the power of my shoving to keep the pace steady.

Sabrina gags hard. I feel the resistance as if Erik's cock has hit a wall. I know Erik has felt the hard rubbery wall before. It's the point where the fat head of his cock is pressing firmly against the narrow tube of Sabrina's throat. I keep pushing. Sabrina keeps gagging. Her head keeps moving, too. It doesn't take a fraction of a second for his cock to force it's way into the rubbery tube of Sabrina's throat, stretching it wide as it stuffs it full. Erik lets out a very sensual and loud moan.

Sabrina chokes hard. Her muscles contract with enough power that she heaves. I see the panic set in her eyes. I know that her throat is

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squeezing against his shaft hard. He likes that. She feels more like she's swallowed an entire apple or something. Like it's way too big in her throat. And now it's going deeper into her throat, stuffing it too-full even further down. It must be now that Sabrina realizes that she can't breathe. Her throat is too full. There's no room for air to get past his cock. The cock that still diving deeper into her throat.

There's nothing Sabrina can do. I have control. She can't close her mouth. I'm holding her jaw open. Her neck muscles aren't strong enough to stop me from moving her down. To stop me from forcing the cock deeper into her throat. Her head is mine now, not hers. And I'm using it.

I take her head all the way down until Sabrina's full lips are flush against Erik's balls. I doubt she could get her tongue out if I told her to. Not now. Not yet. She's still panicking and choking. So I reverse her stroke, bringing her head back up just as slowly as I took it down. All I have to do is ease up the pressure a little and let her muscles lift it for me. I keep pressure only to stop her from coming up as fast as she wants to instead of slowly as I want.

I allow Sabrina to bring her head all the way up, letting the cock slip out of her lips. As soon as she's able to, Sabrina is sputtering. There's no break for her. I roll her head back to the side and Paige follows suit. Now it's Paige taking the cock into her mouth and Sabrina licking her way down its side.

It's my version of a two-slut blow job. Every stroke the sluts will trade places. Erik gets one stroke in Paige's mouth, then one in Sabrina's. I keep a firm hold of Sabrina's head to make sure she does it right. My way. Swallowing all of his cock and ignore it as she chokes herself.

Erik purrs the loudest and most eager of moans as the girls work on his cock. He squirms hard in his seat, unable to sit still while they take turns swallowing every bit of his length. It's just as fluid as if one woman was giving it. There's no hesitation or misstep as they trade places. It's that smooth. The only difference he might feel is the difference in their

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throats. With me moving Sabrina's head for her, skill isn't much of an issue. It's more like I'm masturbating his cock with her mouth than it is like she's sucking it.

It does not take long. Erik lasts about two minutes. Then he cries out a very erotic, and deep, groans as his hips snap up, thrusting his cock hard into Paige's mouth. It's nothing new for Paige. She's had countless men cum in her mouth before. She's able to keep going as if nothing were happening. I think Sabrina noticed his thrust. I can see it in her eyes.

Not a drop of cum leaks from Paige's mouth. Most of it never even sees her mouth, going straight down her throat instead. But what does hit her mouth, Paige quickly swallows. As Erik cums, one thing changes. The girls stop trading places. Paige stays put, sucking him solo, as he spurts all of his cum into her. It relegates his wife to licking the side of his cock as Paige swallows him.

It takes Erik almost as long to cum as it took him to reach orgasm. Or so it seems anyway. He spends the minute or so thrusting his hips up. It doesn't do him any good. Paige moves with him, maintaining the rhythm of her blow job. She goes on as if he hasn't cum. And she keeps going on. She won't stop until I tell her to.

I wait until I'm sure Paige has the very last drops of his cum. "Stop being such a slut, skanky!" I tell her in a teasing voice. Paige immediately lifts her head off his cock. I move Sabrina's head at the same time, keeping them close together. Paige stays on her knees. I nod.

Paige leans over and puts her lips to Sabrina's. She kisses Sabrina softly. A real kiss. Paige's tongue eagerly exploring Sabrina's mouth. I have to hold Sabrina's head. As soon as she feels Paige's feminine kiss she tries to pull back from it. I stop her. Paige kisses her, letting Sabrina taste Erik's cum. I tap Sabrina on her bottom, lightly, with my crop, and tell her to kiss Paige back. She does. I can tell by the muscles in her neck. They show the movements of her tongue. A tongue that's now getting a good taste of Erik in Paige's mouth.

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If Sabrina minds tasting her husband in another woman's mouth, she doesn't show it. It takes her a few seconds, but she starts quickly melting into the kiss. When Paige finally breaks it, whatever traces of Erik that were left in her mouth have been even divided up. I send Paige back to work. I wouldn't want Beth's house not to be ready just because Paige was too busy slutting around!

I tell Sabrina to go kneel in front of Beth. I want until she's there to tell her why. Sabrina doesn't hesitate to follow her instructions. She very politely offers to "help" Beth give Dan the same treat.

The offer stuns Beth. She sits, fidgeting. She stutters. And she blushes a very beet red. After several seconds she glances at Dan. The look on his face is the definition of mixed emotions. As if he doesn't want to pressure Beth. But the hopeful eagerness is there, too. What man wouldn't want a blow job from two ladies at once?

Beth stutters even more. It goes on long enough that I wonder what she's thinking, what she's going to do. If she'll give Dan this treat, or if she's too reserved to try. I decide to egg her along a little. "You get to keep your clothes on if you want, Beth. And I won't make you learn like I did this bitch..." Now the question is down to whether she's willing to double up with Sabrina and do it in front of Erik and me.

"Beth... I wouldn't mind... if you want to play along..." Dan softly tells his wife. I almost laugh at the way he says it. His face screams that he wants her to do it. Men!

Beth declines. She finally manages to stutter out that she just can't do it. Not with an audience. Dan looks rather disappointed.



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"Hmm..." I hum, "It feels like we're just so neglecting Dan. And in his own house." Beth doesn't seem to notice the tease in my voice. But Dan does. He looks to me with every bit of the eagerness that had fallen from his face with Beth's refusal back on it. And a little bit of question, too. I'm sure he's wondering less what treat I might be thinking up and more whether Beth will go along with it.

"Peasant, free Mr. Robles cock, let me see if it's as neglected as he looks."

"Yes, my Queen," Sabrina answers with a trace of uneasiness in her voice. She doesn't hesitate, though. She puts her hands on Dan's pants and begins unfastening them at his belt.

I watch the others. Beth continues blushing a very deep red. She's keeping her head forward, but her eyes have shifted to the side. She's watching Sabrina. But not objecting. Erik, still well sated from the blow job, is watching, too. And he's not objecting either. I'll bet he's thinking that Dan is about to get a blow job from Sabrina.

Dan's cock is just a little bigger than Erik's. I'd guess Dan is just a hair over the six-inch mark. And maybe 1 ¼" thick. He too is circumcised. And now his shaft is standing up stiff with that light pink-purple head swelling at its top.

"See?" I look at Beth as I say it. "See how neglected that cock looks? I can't leave a cock aching like that one must be!" I bat my eyelashes. Dan sees it. He's watching me. Beth has to see it, too. But she's more interested in figuring out what I'm going to do.

"Peasant, show us all what a gutter slut you are. Straddle that hard cock."

Sabrina trembles lightly. She blushes a little. Beth shirks back hard, almost falling off her chair as she does. Her mouth hangs as wide as her eyes pop. She starts to stutter something. Dan looks surprised, too. Erik as well.

Sabrina starts to rise slowly. "Yes, my Queen," she answers. It takes her several seconds to get up on the sofa, her legs straddling

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Dan's.

Dan is sitting close beside Beth. So close that now Sabrina's bare legs are lying snug against Beth's denim-clad side.

It looks like Sabrina has tried this position before. She doesn't have any trouble positioning herself, aiming his cock right for her narrow tunnel. She has the tip of his shaft inside her lips and folds, right where it's about to slip into her tight tunnel. She hesitates for a second. Then she starts lowering her hips. Dan's cock easily slips right into her snug, and sopping wet, pussy. To steady herself, Sabrina puts her hands on Dan's shoulders.

As soon as his thickness starts to fill her narrow tunnel, Sabrina screams out the loudest and most erotic, deep, and squeaky moan. She draws her moan out for the entire time it takes her to settle onto his cock. Once she's down, she shudders. Then she pants sensual "OOHs"

Beth glares at the pair. But her eyes are locked on Sabrina's hips as if she doesn't believe what her eyes are seeing.

"Oh, my G-d..." Sabrina says under her breath.

I take hold of Sabrina's hips, gripping them firmly, and start her moving. What I don't do is let her instincts take control. I keep control. I guide her hips to move slowly, lifting up with long, full strokes that leave only the head of Dan's cock in her pussy before reversing and taking all of his eager shaft back into her hot tunnel.

Sabrina screams out more moans. Endlessly as she rides his cock. Her hands grip his shoulders tightly. Her head hangs back, her mouth gaping wide. Her head thrashes from side to side, too.

Dan sits. He's not too still either. He squirms in his seat. His hands search the seat for something to grip. It's not long before one of those hands finds Beth's hand and grabs hold of hers. His eyes don't close. They lock on Sabrina's lithe and naked body, watching her firm breasts as she rides his cock.

Sabrina shudders as she rides the cock. I have to use a hard, firm

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grip on her hips to keep her pace under control. She is constantly fighting me to speed it up.

I doubt Sabrina knows why this is driving her crazy. It's because of that plug in her bottom. It pushes against the backside of her pussy. The pussy that's now stuffed full of Dan's cock. It has those walls of hers sandwiched between the hard toy and the hard cock. On top of that, as Sabrina moves with each stroke, the angle of the bend to her waist is changing slightly. But it's enough to get the angle of her bowel shifting. Her bowel which is stuffed full of the immovable shaft. It moves the aft along with her insides, stroking the hardness over the backside of her walls. While Dan's cock is stroking them from the front side.

Erik is watching closely now, too. I can see the wonder on his face. That looks that tells me he's not used to seeing Sabrina screeching out and shuddering around so wildly. I'm almost certain that I see his eyes checking out Dan's cock as Sabrina reaches the apex of a stroke. I doubt Erik is interested in the cock. More that he's wondering if Dan is hung like a horse or something. He's clearly driving Erik's wife crazier than Erik does.

It's only a few seconds before Dan's free hand finally lifts up. It goes where he's wanted it to go all along. To Sabrina's breast. He starts kneading it. Call it the arousal he's feeling, his fingers are a little rough on her small mound. But Sabrina doesn't seem to mind that.

I wonder if Dan will outlast Sabrina. She's clearly growing very close to her climax. And I haven't had the chance to teach her that she has to hold her relief back yet. I never allow my toys to climax without permission. I insist they satisfy everyone else fully and first. Only then will I consider allowing them relief.

Sabrina is definitely wet. I can see her honey covering Dan's cock. It's run down into his hair, soaking those as well. Sabrina's fur has long since been soaked. There's no missing the glistening coat on his shaft every time she rises. Everyone sees it.

Beth glares and gawks. It's obvious that she's uneasy seeing her husband having sex with their neighbor. And worse for her is how

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obviously Dan is enjoying Sabrina's pussy. But she can't help herself. She's drawn to watch the show. Maybe it's Sabrina's porn star quality screeching moans. Maybe it's Dan's eager squirming. Maybe it's the sight of the submissive way Sabrina isn't fucking him, she's allowing me to fuck him with her pussy. And it's driving her insane.

Dan cums first. We all hear his deep groan and see the sharp upward thrust of his hips as he does. He pants a few more deep moans as his spurts go on.

I keep Sabrina moving just as if he hadn't. His cum seeps out of her pussy, flowing down his shaft to his hair and onto his balls. I keep Sabrina riding him. He cums quickly, finishing in about half a minute.

Only then to keep Sabrina's hips rising until the tip of his cock slips from between the dark edges of her folds. His shaft falls against his stomach, leaving a cum stain on his shirt, before bouncing back to stand up.

Sabrina screams out the deep groans of frustration as the cock slips from her. I don't allow her any rest. As soon as the cock is out of her pussy, I start pulling her by the hips and scolding her to get on her knees like a proper slut. She stumbles and moves clumsily, her legs rubbery, even with my tight grip on her hips. But she doesn't fall. She kneels right in front of Dan, his just-fucked cock covered in their mixed cum, glistening in front of her eyes.

Dan is lost. He's too busy basking in the afterglow of the sex to worry about what I'm doing with Sabrina. Only Beth and Erik are watching that. Erik has the best view of Sabrina's bottom. And the best view of Dan's cum still dripping from Sabrina's pussy.

I shove Sabrina's head forward. "Suck the cum off his cock like a good whore." I tell her firmly.

Sabrina doesn't hesitate. She puts her lips to Dan's cock and starts slowly taking his length into her mouth. She gets about half of it before she gags slightly from Dan's extra width. But the gagging is light enough that it doesn't stop her or slow her down much. She's able to

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keep going, to keep slipping his length into her very tight throat.

Dan feels that. He cries out a very loud, and slightly girly, shrieking moan. A sweet moan, but one that's also surprised.

Sabrina goes all the way down, taking the slight extra length and width without much trouble. She stops only when her lips are flush with his pubes. Then she starts rising up, her lips snug against the sides of his cock. She sucks all of their cum off of his cock, leaving only a thin film of her spit on him as she goes.

She releases his now-cleaned cock from her mouth. I shove her head down to his balls and tell her to lick those clean, too. The instant her tongue touches his hairy sack, Dan shrieks and jumps up off the sofa. He doesn't settle. He keeps jumping around in his seat, shrieking hot moans, as Sabrina licks all of the cream from his balls.

When she's done and rises up to her knees, I peek. I want to make sure that there's no cum left on him. That She's obediently licked all of the mess off of him. She has.

"Thank you, Mr. Robles," Sabrina says, following my instructions, "for letting this worthless peasant bitch ride your huge cock for my Queen's entertainment, Sir." By now, Sabrina's pussy has got to be throbbing and aching her so badly that she's not going to think about anything. She's just going to do as she's told and pray for her relief.

I have her scoot back a little. Then I shove her head all the way down to the floor, putting her lips to the few droplets of cum that have rained down to Beth's floor. I make her lick them up. Then I send her to Beth.

"Thank you, Mrs. Robles, for allowing this worthless peasant bitch to show everyone what a complete whore I am, Ma'am. I am so sorry for dripping my skank all over your floor, Ma'am."

I take my crop and give Sabrina a very light tap on her bottom as I give her the next instruction.

Sabrina shudders. And she blushes. "Mrs. Robles, my Queen does

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not wish you to be the only one not treated this afternoon, Ma'am. Would you please allow this peasant bitch to give you a treat from my Queen and eat your pussy, Ma'am?"

Beth turns redder than ever. She fidgets almost wildly in her seat. And she shirks back firmly against the backrest, putting as much space as she can between herself and Sabrina. "No..." She says quietly, but firmly, "I don't go that way."

I snap my fingers. "Skanky!" I call out. Paige comes running and drops to her knees before me. She stays quiet, waiting for me to tell her why I've summoned her. "This bitch needs a pussy to eat. Sit on the edge of the table and offer yours up."

"Oh, yes, my Queen!" Paige says very sweetly. She moves just as quickly to get her bottom on the edge of the coffee table. She lifts her skirt up to her waist, showing everyone that she doesn't have panties on underneath it. She spreads her knees wide and leans back, bracing herself with her hands on the back edge of the table. It fully exposes her puffy, and smoothly-shaven, mound to everyone.

I just grab a stunned Sabrina by her hair and pull her around to face Paige. Then I shove her mouth to Paige's mound, stopping her with her lips a fraction of an inch from Paige's already wet mound. "Peasant, have you ever eaten a pussy before?"

"No, my Queen," Sabrina answers rather nervously. She tries very hard to avert her eyes from the silky mound in front of them, too.

I tell her to put her hands to Paige's thick, puffy lips and spread them fully to open her up. Sabrina moves, her hands going tentatively to Paige's lips. She pushes them open, baring Paige's hot pinkness. And the thick coating of her honey that's clinging to everything. It bares the hard nub of Paige's eager clit, too.

I tell Sabrina to put her lips wide around Paige's clit, encircling the nub. Once she's done that, I tell her to close those lips softly. Then to close her teeth even softer, just enough to steady Paige's nub without clamping it.

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Everyone is staring at Sabrina. Even Beth is avidly watching the show. The guys... what guy doesn't want to see two women together? Especially two rather attractive ones. Beth looks so disgusted that she's going to be sick, yet she can't take her eyes from the show. It gives me the suspicion that she might actually want to try it but knows her morality is never going to allow her to.

I tell Sabrina to lie her tongue gently against Paige's nub. If I know Paige, by now her nub is throbbing hard enough for Sabrina to feel it. Paige loves these treats. I tell Sabrina to move very slowly and circle her tongue around Paige's clit. Slowly and steadily.

A second later I hear Paige purr out a very sultry and deep, throaty moan of ecstasy. She keeps purring her moans. A second or two later her legs begin to quiver. They want to close, to clamp Sabrina's head in place, but Paige is fighting them to keep them open as I want. Paige lets her head go loose and drift from side to side as she moans out.

Sabrina keeps on caressing Paige's clit with her tongue. It seems like every circle around Paige's nub gets Paige's moans sounding a little needier. And eager. And sensual. It doesn't take but about a quarter of a minute for Sabrina's lips to start glistening with the heavy coating of Paige's honey clinging to them.

Despite having a good view of Sabrina's taut bottom now, Beth is not paying any attention to the toy sticking out between those shapely globes. Beth's eyes are fixed on Sabrina's lips. And Paige's young pussy.

By now, no one can miss the effect it's having on Paige. She's shrieking away. She squirming hard on the table while trying not to. She's not even holding her pussy really still for Sabrina. She is definitely liking Sabrina's tongue. The growing coat of Paige's honey around Sabrina's lips, and now her nose, is proof of that.

Paige knows she isn't allowed to cum. She has to control herself. I demand it. I want Sabrina to practice eating pussy. I don't care how badly Paige's pussy aches from it. It's not a whore's place to care about her pleasure, just pleasing her owner and whomever she's been given to.

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It allows Sabrina to lick away at Paige's clit. It gives Sabrina the practice she needs. I've decided that Sabrina will get five long minutes of practice. That should be enough of a show for the guys. And the guys are definitely loving the show they're getting.

Once the five minutes are over, I yank Sabrina's head back. Paige pants, her breaths pure frustration. I snap for Paige to stop being such a slut and go back to work. Paige almost jumps to her feet. It's a mistake. Her legs are rubbery from the pleasure. She wobbles. Then she sorts of hurries, moving as fast as she dares on those legs, back to her assigned cleaning. She doesn't even bother to fix her skirt first. She does that as she goes, flashing the guys a good look at her firm bottom, too.

I pull Sabrina back up to her knees and leave her there. This time I offer Sabrina's mouth to Beth. I tell Beth that Sabrina has learned how to eat a pussy now, and will make it very good for her. "And unlike that skanky whore, you can cum if you want to!" I teasingly add that the "boys" would really love to see it.

Beth is a pretty woman, too. But she's also a rather modest woman. She declines. She's not going to join in any show. I make a note to try again when there isn't an audience. I'm sure Dan would love a video of it! Just not quite as much as seeing it first hand.



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Now that everyone has been taken care of, except for Beth who refuses to put on a show, it's time for Sabrina's relief.

I turn to Dan first and ask him if he's ever seen a woman masturbate. He tells me kind of. He's seen Beth touching herself, but never fully masturbating. Erik says the same thing. Beth says she's never even really seen a pussy before today, not close up. She's never even thought about watching a woman masturbate.

Sabrina, I think, guesses that she's about to put on a show for the guys. But she doesn't object. She stays demurely on her knees, waiting for her instructions, and fidgeting just slightly. If wiggling her hips counts as fidgeting. It's not an anxious squirm, it's a needy one. That pussy of hers is dying for some attention!

I tell Sabrina to stand up. She does, facing everyone. I have her open her feet as wide as she can stretch them. That offers us all a very good view of her flat pussy mound, at least from the front. Enough of one to see what she's doing. I have her stand with her hands behind her neck, lacing her fingers together.

"Do you want to play with your sloppy wet pussy now, peasant?"

"YES! My Queen!" Sabrina blurts out very eagerly.

"If I allow you to masturbate, will you behave your slutty butt and diddle that sloppy skank pit the way I wish to watch it diddled?"

"Yes, my Queen!" Sabrina insists. "I'll do it however you want me to, my Queen!"

"And you will control your whorish desires and not cum until I tell you?"

"Yes, my Queen..." Now Sabrina sounds a little nervous as she promises to behave. I'd bet she was already thinking this was going to be a very short show. That she'd cum almost as soon as I allowed her to touch herself. Now she's wondering how long I'm going to force her to torment herself before I allow her that release.

"You don't mind if your neighbors watch my show, do you,

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peasant?"

"Whatever you wish, my Queen!" Sabrina isn't fazed by that question, she'd already known that she was going to be a show.

"Ask them. Go kneel before each of them, and ask them to watch you masturbate."

Sabrina goes to Erik first. "Sir, my Queen wishes to put on a show for you. Will you please watch this worthless peasant bitch masturbate, Sir? I promise you a very good show, Sir, I'm so eager to cum, but I'm not allowed to until She gives me permission... it's going to be a very intense show, Sir, will you please watch me?" Sabrina sounds slightly nervous as she asks. Nervous that she might end up in trouble, that is.

Erik agrees to watch her. She goes to Dan next. The guys are the safer choices. Dan agrees to watch her as well, but what guy wouldn't want to see the show? Then she goes to Beth. Beth very reluctantly says she'll watch. I have Sabrina resume her position facing everyone.

I hold out my crop, letting Sabrina see it. She's tasted it once already, so she knows how sharply it will sting her. I give her a few very long seconds to stare at the little green whip. "You are going to stand still while you diddle that sloppy thing, bitch. I don't want to see you squirming on your feet like the gutter slut we both know you really are. Got it?"

"Yes, my Queen..." Sabrina sounds very nervous now. Her eyes are locked on the whip. I'm sure she's already thinking of how many strokes she's going to have to endure. "Whip me if I act like a slut, my Queen. I don't care, just please let me masturbate and cum my Queen."

"Give me your right hand, bitch."

Sabrina holds her hand out to me. Despite the edginess in her eyes as she wonders what I'm going to do with her hand, she doesn't hesitate to give it to me. I take hold of it and ball her fist up, leaving only her first finger extended. I keep a firm hold on her wrist and hand. I move her hand down to her pussy, putting the pad of her finger to her sloppy slit. I press lightly, just hard enough for her finger to push

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between her cum-slickened folds and come to rest atop her throbbing clit. I start moving her finger for her. I move it in a very slow circle, massaging her aching nub with it. There's so much cum covering everything, hers and Dan's, that her finger isn't really touching her clit. It's gliding over the tip of it on the film of cream.

Sabrina shrieks out a very needy and urgent moan. She shivers lightly. I keep her finger moving. Her teeth chatter as she cries out more and more moans, each one hungrier than the last for the orgasm she's dying for. I guide her hand through about five rhythmic swirls over her clit. Then I release her hand, leaving her on her own. As I let go I firmly tell her not to speed up or slow down. And not to change up the way she's touching herself. I expect her to keep going just as I've shown her to. I will tell her when to stop or cum. And I remind her again to behave.

She lasts above five seconds before her hips shudder hard, snapping from side to side. I crack my crop against her bottom. She cries out a pained yelp of "OW!" as it lands, but otherwise doesn't react to the fresh welt on her bottom. She goes on masturbating. I scold her for letting her hips squirm like a whore. She still them.

No sooner does she get her hips still than I'm snapping my crop against her bottom again. This time I'm scolding her for going faster. She slows down. She moans out even more urgently as she does.

I swat her bottom again, searing a third bright welt onto her globes. I scold her for letting those hips squirm again.

It hasn't even been a minute yet and already Sabrina's moans are taking on a rather desperate tone. And it's obvious to everyone that she's struggling hard to keep control of her hips. I can see the tiny snaps as they try to squirm and she catches them. Most of the time. She has gotten two swats for those hips already.

It's obvious that Sabrina is suffering. She's ready to cum. Beyond ready.

"Slave... this peasant will need something to wear for the party

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tonight... go get her keys from her purse, go to her bedroom and fetch her something. Try to find something better than the usual rags peasants wear."

Sophie hurries to get the keys out of Sabrina's purse. She asks Erik which house is theirs. He tells her that they live across the street. It looks as if Sabrina wants to say something, but her chattering teeth and urgent moans keep her from saying anything coherent. It's a blessing in disguise for her. If she'd managed to tell Sophie what to get her, I'd just tell Sophie anything but what Sabrina asked for. Peasants don't get to pick. I do, and I'm delegating Sabrina's wardrobe to Sophie's choice. Sophie has a great fashion sense.

I turn back to Sabrina. "I wouldn't want my slave to miss your orgasm. You'll just have to wait until she's back. Now, keep playing with that pussy. It seems like the guys are enjoying your sluttiness."

A wave of horror sweeps over Sabrina's face. I can see her doing the math, adding up how long Sophie might take to get back. And mostly wondering how she's going to last nearly that long.

"You are going to wear whatever rags my slave picks for you, peasant."

"Yes, my Queen! I'll wear a paper bag if that's what you want, Ma'am! Just please, let me cum NOW."

I just giggle. "You seem to keep forgetting your place, peasant... When does a peasant bitch cum?"

"Whenever my Queen tells me to!" She screeches out. This time she wisely omits the plea for an orgasm. It's almost hard to understand her, as she tries to screech out her answer while still moaning. It must break her concentration. Her hips wiggle, bucking forward. She cries out another yelp as my crop swats her bottom.

"I think you need a reminder of your place..." I grin wide. I pause for a second, then go on. "And I have just the thing to remind you of your place. Which is at the very bottom."

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"That plug in your bottom should serve nicely to remind you that you are at the bottom. You may not take it out. You will wear it all night long. Your husband may take it out for you once you get home. If I were you, I'd ask him very sweetly. That way, all through this little soiree tonight, you'll have that plug up your bottom. Every time you move even a fraction of an inch, you'll feel it in there, rubbing against the back of your pussy. Too bad all your friends and neighbors will be here. You won't be able to act like a slut! You'll just have to let that toy tease your butt and pretend you're a lady!"

Sabrina's eyes go wide in horror. I have no doubt that she's thinking there's no way she'll be able to not show some reaction to the plug. Thinking that everyone she knows is going to notice something. Thinking of how she could possibly explain it. I wonder if she's thinking of the possibility that Sophie will choose a snug outfit for her. One that will show some outline of the toy poking out of her cheeks. Or if she's realized that she's going to be doing a lot of standing tonight. She could sit on that plug, but doing so would push it a little deeper into her bottom. She'd feel that. And have to hide it. I guarantee she won't try to sit more than once tonight.

It takes Sophie about ten minutes to come back. She's a bit of a snoop, so I know she thoroughly rooted through Sabrina's drawers and closets just to see what was in them. And to pick something perfect for tonight.

By the time Sophie's back, Sabrina is a mess. As in her upper thighs are covered with a sticky coat of glistening honey. As in her entire body is trembling. As in she's screeching some very desperate moans. And her bottom looks to be very sore. There are about ten nice crop-print welts on those cheeks now. Each one stinging its reminder of some infraction of my rules.

As soon as Sabrina sees Sophie back, a look of hope springs up on her face. She keeps masturbating, but she's so eagerly watching me, waiting for me to give her the permission she's desperate for.

I turn to Beth. "Do you mind if this skanky slut of a peasant bitch

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cums all over your living room? She'll lick her mess up afterward."

The question isn't much of a surprise for Beth. By now she's figured out we're all going to watch Sabrina cum. I'm pretty sure Beth has figured out that Dan is anxious to see that show, too. She tells me that it's fine with her, to let Sabrina cum.

"Fine, then cum, bitch," I say to Sabrina.

Sabrina stiffens up, every muscle in her body tensing to steel. Her screams fade to silence as her lungs use up the last of their air. She stands, the tension in her muscles making her entire body quiver. Or more vibrate, it's that fast. She hangs like that for a long time, about ten seconds.

Sabrina suddenly goes limp and loose. She sucks in a fast breath. She drops almost straight down to the floor, first to her knees, then to her bottom, and then lying on her back. She screams out, loud and throaty. Then her body starts snapping hard as twitching tremors sweep over it. Tremors powerful enough to have her feet kicking and her bottom bucking up off the floor. But she stays loose, too.

Sabrina just lies there, twitching, but otherwise limp. Her thighs are parted just a little, but it's plenty. We can all see the honey weeping from her mound. And we can see the pee shooting out of her pussy. That I didn't expect. Now I feel bad for Beth's carpet! It's why my playroom is tiled!

I can see by the look of surprise on Erik's face that he didn't expect to see it either. I'm sure he's seen enough of Sabrina's orgasms. This one must be different for her. Because that look on his face says he's never seen her lose control of her bladder and pee during an orgasm before. Oh, well. It will be a memorable orgasm now. That's for certain.

Everyone just stares at her. Sabrina doesn't even know it. Her eyes are closed, and I suspect her brain is unplugged. She lies there, drifting in the fog of bliss.

I send Sophie to fetch us another cup of coffee. It looks like

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Sabrina is going to be a minute.

It's more like fifteen minutes before Sabrina opens her eyes again. And when she does, her voice is still dreamy.

I immediately start scolding her for being a complete gutter slut. I point out that she peed herself during her orgasm, and that she treated everyone to the sight of watching her do it. I scold her for leaving Beth's floor wet and tell her to get up and get something to clean her pee up.

Sabrina tries to scramble. But after that orgasm, her arms and legs won't cooperate. They're loose and rubbery. She ends up crawling a few steps before she finally gets up to her feet and finds some cleaning supplies.

I am not going to let her take an easy way out of it. As soon as she's back with the cleaning supply, I have her on her hands and knees, scrubbing her pee off of Beth's carpet. And everyone watches her work. They're treated to the sight of a naked Sabrina, on her hands and knees, with the shaft of the toy poking up from between her cheeks. And Sabrina scrubbing furiously as she blushes a very deep red. She looks like she's so embarrassed that she's about to cry. And she probably is.

It takes her about fifteen minutes to get the carpet scrubbed clean. I'll bet after today Sabrina is going to go to great lengths to avoid Dan and Beth for a while. I'd bet she'd run off now if I'd let her. Once she's done, I make her kneel and apologize to Beth and Dan for peeing on their carpet. Her voice breaks so badly as she does that she barely gets the words out.

And then, with an hour until the party is due to begin, I allow Sabrina to get dressed. My way. I have Sabrina stand in front of everyone. Sophie hands me a very sexy, lacy, and low cut pair of pink panties. I hold them out and give them to Sabrina.

Sabrina, following my instructions, hold her panties up for everyone to see. Then she asks "My Queen, may this peasant please be allowed to put these panties on her slutty bottom, Ma'am?"

I allow it, and Sabrina hurries to pull her panties on. Next, it's a

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pink lace garter belt. Then stockings and white leather pumps. Then it's a matching strapless bra. And last it's a deep, crimson red sleeveless evening gown in satin. Now Sabrina looks ready for a soiree. Maybe she's a little overdressed, but she looks good in it. And the dress is loose enough on her bottom that the toy won't show.

I pronounce Sabrina ready for the party. I take the collar off her neck and tell her that she's to help Beth until the guests arrive. After all, Sabrina has a lot to make up for with Beth. Like "peeing all over her living room like the cheapest of sluts!" I hope Sabrina knows I am never going to let her forget that. I suspect Beth isn't, either.