

Patience Through Enema

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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It started about three weeks ago. My BFF#1, Izzy, came to me and told me that another girl in her class had been asking about me. Everyday. She clearly wanted to talk to me, but she definitely did not want to tell Izzy why. Izzy knows me as well as I know myself. We're that close and have been since the day Izzy was born. Izzy assumed that the girl wanted to play.

I was less sure. Then again, Izzy doesn't play at all, so she doesn't really know how to read subs. Usually, when a girl wants to play, she asks about meeting with me, not simply talking to me. But there are no hard rules. And it's amazingly hard to guess and read someone I've never laid eyes on.

I told Izzy that I wasn't interested in talking to her, not unless she'd tell Izzy what she wanted to talk about. If she wouldn't go that far, then I wasn't interested. I asked Izzy to tell her that directly. And Izzy did.

I know. Izzy called me two minutes after she told the girl. The girl spent five long minutes swearing Izzy to secrecy and begging Izzy to never tell anyone. Ever. Then she told Izzy that it wasn't her that wanted to "talk" to me so much. It was more about her mom. Her mom had seen one of the flyers for my "dominatrix supervised study sessions" that have gotten somewhat infamous around town. Famous for the good grades students get, infamous for my methods. Methods that are ten times as much embellishment as fact.

Her mom inferred that I was a Domme. Like, duh. And she remembered her daughter mentioning that she knew someone who knew me really well. Her mom spent a couple of weeks constantly dropping hints. She's always wanted to meet a "real-life" Domme. She never has. But she wants to. She just doesn't want her husband, the girl's step-father to know anything about it.

Her daughter must be a good daughter. She started pestering Izzy. Now, she tells Izzy only that it's her mom who's dying to meet me. She says she doesn't know what her mom wants and don't demand to know

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because there's no way her mom is going to tell her any specifics. Which is fine by her. She'd prefer not to hear those specifics.

Izzy passes it all along to me. I think about it for a few days. Mostly because I already know, whatever happens, this woman will be a short-lived toy. I imagine her fulfilling some of those fantasies, and then moving on. I know I have no interest in her. But the girl has helped Izzy a lot in her classes. And Izzy likes to repay favors. There's not much I wouldn't do for Izzy, either.

I decide why not? I'll just have a little fun with this woman and see where it goes. I ask Izzy what she knows about their schedules, and come up with Wednesday morning. I don't have any classes. The girl doesn't have any before noon, and since I'm doing this "for" the girl, I want her to know it happens. I figure her husband as left for work by nine, so at nine Izzy calls the girl and delivers my message. "Your mom is allowed to call Miss Rodgers for the next five minutes. If she's late, she shouldn't bother." I can imagine Izzy giggling as she delivers it.

It must get to the girl's mother very quickly. The woman calls me at three minutes past nine. When Sophie, my live-in slave-girl answers my phone, the woman introduces herself as "Patty" and tells Sophie that "she was told she was allowed to call me now." Sophie makes her hold a minute or two while she freshens up my morning coffee.

I sigh. "Patricia, Why do I think you are hiding in your room behind a closed door? Are you ashamed of me?"

"No... I just wanted a little privacy...." She answers.

"Bad girl!" I snap. "Don't you know your place? Have you no manners at all? Next time you're so rude, I'll hang up on you!" I don't raise my voice, just change my tone to a hard and firm one. A tone that leaves no doubt I'm in charge and I'm giving orders, not requests. "A polite little bitch would answer 'no, Ma'am.' Are you a polite little bitch?"

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"Yes, Ma'am." Patricia answers.

"Good bitch," I tell her in a sweet voice. "Now stop hiding. Go sit in the living room. In fact, since you're not ashamed of me, you will introduce me to your daughter. Let me say hello to her. Now."

Nothing like a little embarrassment to start things off. Patricia got the message and my number from her daughter two minutes ago. Her daughter is a smart girl. She doesn't have to ask to know who her mom is talking to. And Patricia knows that. But silently knowing it one thing. Having to come out and openly tell her daughter is quite another. It ensures that she can't pretend the girl doesn't know.

It takes her a minute to find the girl. Then, in a rather hushed, and slightly squeaky voice, I hear her say "Jenna... Miss Rodgers would like to say hello to you..." I imagine her hold the phone out.

"Hey, ya." Jenna greets me.

"Hey, girl." I greet her very politely. "I hope I'm not interrupting. I just wanted to thank you. You know Izzy is my BFF, and I know you've been a lot of help to her in Economics."

"No prob. I like Izzy, too. Thanks for talking to my mom..."

"My pleasure." It's enough to let Jenna know I'm doing it because she's Izzy's friend. "Would you mind doing something for your mom? It's going to make her a little more uncomfortable, which is what she needs. I want her to sit still, with her legs crossed and her hands in her lap. She has to stay like that. No moving at all. Sit with her, and tell her to *politely* answer your questions."

"Uh, sure." Jenna doesn't sound thrilled, but she doesn't sound like she minds it too much, either. In fact, she sounds like a petulant teenager asked to do something by a parent. Except Jenna isn't a teenager. She's 21, or so Izzy told me. I hear her give her mom the message. A moment later Jenna tells me "OK, Mom's sitting like you wanted."

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"Great. Let's start with a simple question. Ask her how old she is. I know you already know the answer, but ask her." Women hate telling others our age, especially the older they get. But it will be easy for Patricia to answer. She knows Jenna already knows. "And if you don't mind, call her Patricia, not Patty, and especially not mom."

"Patricia, how old are you?" Jenna asks with plenty of that obnoxious petulance in her voice.

"48..." I can dimly hear Patty answer Jenna. A second later I hear Jenna tell me "she's 48."

"And very rude!" I giggle. "Scold her. Tell her that's a rude answer. A polite answer would be 'I'm 48 years old, Ma'am.' or 'I'm 48 years old, Miss Tyler.' Ask her again and tell her to answer you politely. After all, you are doing this for her, a little respect isn't too much, is it?"

"Patricia. That's like so totally rude of you!" I hear Jenna tell her. Now Jenna has equal amounts of that petulance and a giggle in her voice. I guess she likes the idea of scolding her mom. A moment later, after Jenna's instructions, I hear Patty answer again. "I am 48 years old, Miss Tyler." And I can hear a little more of the hushed squeak in Patty's voice.

The next question I have Jenna ask her is "What do you wear in bed, or do you sleep naked like a proper slutty bitch?" Jenna sounds a touch embarrassed herself as she asks. I hear Patty politely answer "I wear a nightgown and panties to bed, Miss Tyler." Then, as I have Jenna tell her "prissy bitch," I hear Jenna giggling.

I have Jenna ask her how many lovers she's had. Patty, a lot of shyness and embarrassment in her voice, tells Jenna: eight. The follow-up question tells Jenna all eight were male.

I have Jenna ask when was the last time Patty's "naughty bottom" had a good spanking. Patty tells her never. At least not since she was a little girl, and that was so long ago she doesn't remember it.

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Now that I've properly embarrassed Patty, I ask Jenna about her. I ask if Patty has been bothering her for an introduction. Jenna tells me that not a day goes by that Patty doesn't have some question about me, something she "wonders" if Jenna has heard. Mostly it's about my toys. Do I have female toys? Do I have "older" toys? Has she heard any stories about what I've done with a toy? Jenna has told her what she's heard, adding that it's all rumor and likely wrong. She knows I have female toys. Everyone has heard of Sophie, my live-in slave-girl. She's heard about male toys and heard that I "hang" with a lot of frat boys. She's guessed I'm bi. She's heard, no closer than fourth-hand, that I have older toys.

I tell Jenna to scold Patty for "pestering" her. Jenna giggles prolifically as she does, following my suggested wording almost exactly. "Patricia, you've been a very naughty little bitch by bugging me so much about Miss Rodgers. That was very inconsiderate of you."

"I'm sorry, Miss Tyler," Patty tells her, her voice hushed and squeaky with embarrassment. "I won't do it again."

"No, you won't!" Jenna giggles so hard that it's difficult to make out her words. "Miss Rodgers says you deserve to be punished for being a nagging bitch. You know better!"

"Yes, Miss Tyler," Patty answers, her voice utter embarrassment. "May I please ask what my punishment is?"

"Miss Rodgers hasn't decided yet. Your punishment will be appropriate for that slutty butt of yours. Are you ready to go to Miss Rodgers' house and get your punishment, bitch?"

"Yes, Miss Tyler," Patty answers in a very hushed and shamed voice that says more than her words. It says she's excited to come over. And humiliated to think about Jenna knowing what she's about to do. And desperate enough that she's unwilling to take even a chance of losing out on the chance to come here.

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I ask Jenna if she's willing to "do her mom a favor" and bring her over here for her punishment. Jenna reluctantly says she'll do it. Her tone adds that she's doing it out of equal parts of kindness for her mom and curiosity about me.

So I give Jenna some specific instructions. She's not to allow Patty to do anything. If Patty does anything, no matter how little, that's not on my instruction list, then she's not to bring Patty here. First, she's to ask Patty to describe her underwear. Both her bra and panties. A general description, even just "lacy white" is fine. Just enough so that I know Patty hasn't changed them. Then she's to have Patty take off everything except her bra, panties, blouses, slacks, socks, and shoes. And she's to have Patty wash her makeup off. Next Jenna is to tie Patty's hands behind her. Then she's to walk Patty to my door. She's never to take her eyes off of Patty, not even for a second. She may warn Patty that Patty will pay dearly if she doesn't follow Jenna's instructions exactly, too.

Jenna gets my address. Following my instructions, Jenna asks Patty "If I take you to get the punishment that slutty butt deserves, are you going to be a very good bitch for me, Patricia?"

"Yes, Miss Tyler," Patty says in her squeaky, embarrassed voice.

"Promise me." Jenna giggles. I'd asked her to say it firmly, but she can't seem to manage it.

"I promise to be a very good bitch if you'll take me to get my punishment, Miss Tyler."

Jenna hangs up, telling me she's about fifteen minutes away, so she should be over in 30 to 45 minutes. I immediately call Izzy and tell her that Jenna is bringing her mom over for a quick lesson. I ask if Izzy is interested in joining me for coffee and an apology from Patty. After all, it was Patty's pestering Jenna that had Jenna pestering Izzy.

"O-M-G, Pepper!" Izzy squeals, "You and your toys! I'll be there in 20." And Izzy laughs. Izzy has seen plenty here. Both male and female

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toys. She could have answered all of Jenna's questions instead of leaving Jenna to rely on gossip. But Izzy wouldn't. She'll never tell anyone anything she sees here. So she's always welcome to join me for a little entertainment. And I know she loves to watch a toy's first time here. She loves seeing them strip down for the first time, not having a clue what I'm going to do to their naked bodies, yet willing submitting to it. Sometimes she even manages not to laugh at them.

Forty minutes later, Izzy and I are sitting on my sofa sipping coffee. Sophie is on her knees serving us. Paige, my house-slave/whore (she's only 18!) is still in high school. I've already dropped her off for her day. Jenna is knocking on my door.

I send Sophie to answer the door. Usually, I have Sophie dressed in a rather slutty sexy dress. As a slave-girl should be. But not this morning. Sophie has classes this afternoon as well. She's dressed in jeans and a colorful blouse that I like on her. It makes her look like a young college girl, which is what she is. Izzy is wearing knee-length cargo shorts and a blouse. She looks like a college girl, too. I'm wearing a very expensive skirt-suit. That's only because I have a business meeting this afternoon. It gives me the look of a too-young professional businesswoman. Which, in a way, I am.

Sophie lets them in. She points them to the love seat opposite the sofa Izzy and I are on. Jenna, as I've asked her to do, keeps a hand on Patty's arm and walks her over to the sofa. Patty sits, quickly crossing her legs. I guess the woman has learned some already! Jenna takes a seat beside Patty. Sophie rushes over to Jenna, kneels demurely before her, and asks if she can offer Jenna some coffee. Jenna accepts. No one offers Patty anything. Sophie hurries off to fetch a cup for Jenna.

"Patricia!" I scold her without raising my voice. "Sit up straight, like a lady, not like some sloth!"

Patty's back almost snaps to an impossibly hard straightness. "I'm sorry, Ma'am!" Patty blurts out with a trace of nervousness in her voice. I

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haven't heard that yet. I attribute it to the sudden realization that this is real. It's actually happening. She's going to be punished. And she hasn't a clue what her punishment is going to be. Only that, obviously, it's going to be unpleasant for her. It wouldn't be much of a punishment if it wasn't, would it?

It takes Patty a fraction of a second. Then her eyes dart anxiously back and forth between Izzy and Sophie. I'm sure she can guess who Sophie is. The pastel-green soft leather collar locked around her neck is a pretty big clue that she's owned. The look on Patty's face tells me that she's never met, Izzy. The anxiousness tells me that now Patty is considering that I might be planning an audience for her punishment. That's something she obviously never considered. That not only would... things be done to her, some of them unpleasant, some of them hopefully very pleasant but that others might be allowed to watch them done. That Patty would be turned into a sideshow for the amusement of strangers. A very degrading sideshow, too.

After a minute, no more, Sophie is back on her knees in front of Jenna. She kneels with her knees and feet wide apart and sitting back over her heels. She holds her hands out six inches in front of her nipples, even with them, and with her palms upturned and flat. Atop her palms rests an elegant cup, filled to a fingers width beneath the rim with coffee, atop a saucer. There are packets of sweetener and creamer atop the saucer as well. And a plastic stirring stick. "Here is your coffee, Miss Tyler." Sophie says in a demure, soft, and polite voice. "Thank you for allowing this slave to serve you, Ma'am." Isn't Sophie such a good girl?

Jenna takes the cup off Sophie's hands. She smiles a little but also has a tiny bit of uncomfortableness on her face. I write that off to the fact that Jenna has never even imagined being served so humbly. "Thank you... slave?" Clearly, she doesn't know how to address Sophie either. I'd bet Jenna knows or at least has heard that her name is Sophie. But no one here has called her anything except "slave."

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"You're so very welcome, Miss Tyler!" Sophie says sweetly. She stays put, exactly as she was.

I can see that Jenna is lost, wondering what she was supposed to say to Sophie. I tell her. Jenna parrots "you're dismissed, slave." Sophie promptly says "Yes, Ma'am" and rises to her feet. She returns to kneel beside Izzy and me.

After a moment I turn to Jenna, both ignoring Patty and keeping an eye on her at the same time to make sure she does as I've told her to do. Patty is to sit still and silent. No matter what, she's to stay still and silent. "While the people talk."

"I've considered punishing this naughty bitch. It certainly deserves a very good punishment. I just can't get over how naughty it's been! Nagging you to nag your friend just because her pussy is so horny! But this bitch clearly needs to be taught a lesson in patience, too. Since time is short - you do have a class today - I just can't decide whether I should just punish it and send it on its way, or if I should teach it that lesson in patience. Since you know this naughty bitch better than anyone, why don't you decide? Punishment, or a very good lesson for this bitch?"

Jenna suddenly looks uncomfortable. Very uncomfortable. She also clearly understands. While her mom sits mute, not allowed to even offer Jenna a clue what Patty might really want, Jenna is being asked to choose what will happen to Patty. What Jenna doesn't know is that this is what Patty wants. She wants to experience the powerlessness of having her most intimate choices made for her. I'm just throwing it in Patty's face. I'm making Patty watch as Jenna struggles with the choice.

After a long moment of serious thought, Jenna finally makes her choice. "She deserves to learn a lesson." Jenna's face is a mask of pure uneasy concern. Except for the traces of a grin at her mouth.

Beside me, I can see Izzy smirking shamelessly, too. Izzy, unlike Jenna, has a pretty good idea of what Jenna just condemned Patty to.

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"Then tell this bitch that she's going to be taught a lesson in patience, and tell her why she deserves to learn it, in your words, and your opinion."

Jenna sighs faintly. "Patricia, ever since you first heard about Miss Rodgers, you've been bugging the crap out of me about her and nagging me to annoy my friends with questions for you. You know I hate it when you nag me! So now Miss Rodgers is going to teach you a lesson that you will never forget about having some patience." I think I see a slight smile on Jenna's face. I know I can hear the ring of honesty and sincerity in her voice.



Chapter 02: Mom's First Enema

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"I have just the lesson for this naughty bitch!" I squeal with a little excitement in my voice. "Since this bitch 'bugged the crap out of you' I think a nice huge enema will not only teach it some patience but get all that crap out of it, too! Isn't it so fitting?"

Beside Jenna, I see Patty shirk inward. Hard. And I can see the nervousness sweep over her face like a tidal wave. "Since this bitch doesn't have an owner, I guess you are its guardian for now," I tell Jenna. "Has this bitch annoyed you sufficiently to deserve an enema?"

"I guess..." Jenna says with some nervousness in her voice, too. As if this was un contemplated, and now she's not sure what she should choose. Does Patty want her to object, or allow it? Patty obediently stays quiet, even as she hears Jenna give her approval for Patty to be given what is certainly going to be a horrible enema. I tell Jenna to look Patty in the eyes and tell her what's going to be done to her.

Jenna moves a little hesitantly. As I've told her to do, she turns to face Patty. Then she puts her hand to the bottom of Patty's jaw and turns Patty's head. She looks Patty right in her eyes, seeing the edgy orbs darting around wildly. "Patricia, you will be given a very big enema. That will teach you some patience. You will be on your very best behavior for Miss Rodgers while she so kindly gives you the enema. Is that clear, Patricia?"

"Yes, Miss Tyler." Patty barely squeaks it out, her voice mute and breaking with nervousness. But Patty sits demurely still and waiting for it, too. If the thought of it was that repugnant to her, surely she'd object, or run away. Or, like me, slap me silly for suggesting it!

I have Sophie whisper some instructions in Jenna's ear so that Patty won't hear them. Sophie is good at giving instructions or at least passing them on in abundant detail. A moment later, Jenna tells Patty: "You will do everything you possibly can to make it very easy for Miss Rodgers to give you your enema. First, we'll get those clothes out of her way so she has complete and unhindered access to your bottom. You can be naked.

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It's not like you deserve clothes anyway. Stand up."

"Yes... Miss... Tyler." Patty barely manages to squeak out. She slowly rises to her feet. Then she stands quivering slightly, her eyes flying around the room. Even her face is already scrunched up just a little. It's plain that Patty is scared to death. Yet staying put.

"Since her hands are bound, go ahead and undress your bitch." I tell Jenna.

Jenna looks to me with utter shock on her face. As if she'd never imagined that she'd be asked to do anything. After a second, Jenna kneels down and starts taking Patty's sneakers off. She unties one, stretches it open, and lifts Patty's foot to slip it off. Then, while she's holding Patty's foot up, she slips off a delicate pink sock. Jenna just discards both beside her. Then she does Patty's other foot.

I tell Patty that she's to behave herself and be polite. And properly thankful. I have her thank Jenna. She recites her line. "Thank you for taking my shoes and socks off for me, Miss Tyler."

Jenna asks me if she can untie Patty's hands. She can't get Patty's shirt off with her hands bound. I tell her that she can, but if she does, Patty will have to keep her hands at the small of her back, and it's Jenna's job to make sure she does. Jenna faces Patty and tells her, surprisingly rather firmly, as if Jenna fears that she might be punished should Patty move her hands, to keep her hands where they are and "just let me strip you." Patty says she will. Jenna unties Patty's hands. Patty keeps them where they are.

Jenna unbuttons Patty's blouse. She doesn't drag her feet doing it, either. Maybe because it's not her bra that's about to be exposed to the audience. And Patty, despite quivering and shirking, isn't objecting, either. She pulls the blouse from the waistband of Patty's loose-fitting jeans and slips it off Patty's shoulders. It lets me see what Patty meant when she said she was wearing a "beige everyday bra." It's a very simple,

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plain, one that could have come from anywhere. It's definitely not something she'd want to be seen in.

Next Jenna slips Patty's jeans down to her ankles. She kneels again to lift Patty's feet out of them. Patty cringes a hair, clearly struggling with herself to allow Jenna to do everything for her instead of taking them off herself. It shows off a matching pair of panties. Patty wouldn't have wanted to be seen in these, either. They're simple, sheer, briefs with only a minimal lace trim around the hemlines. They're modest, too, covering all of her pubes, her hips, and her bottom.

Jenna stands. She hesitates for a moment as she realizes that now, whatever she takes off, is going to bare some very private parts of Patty to all of us. Parts that Jenna undoubtedly would prefer not to see. There's a trace of embarrassment on Jenna's face. More than a trace of uncertainty. Plenty of reluctance, too. But after a few seconds, her hands go to Patty's back and unclasp Patty's bra. Its straps fall free at Patty's sides, the shoulder straps holding it up. Jenna puts her hands to Patty's shoulders and slips the straps off, taking care that she only touches the outside of Patty's arms as she slides it down. The bra slips from Patty's breasts, baring them to the world.

Jenna takes a deep breath as she squats down at Patty's side. She turns her eyes to stare at the sofa behind Patty, ensuring that she sees none of Patty. She keeps her hands at the center of Patty's hips. Gripping the waistband of the panties, Jenna quickly slides them down, her hands firmly avoiding touching anything they don't have to. The instant the panties are far enough down Patty's legs that there's room to, Jenna pulls her hands out a little so that she's not touching Patty. Just the panties. She drops them to Patty's ankles. She looks down, seeing nothing but Patty's bare feet, as she lifts Patty's feet out of the panties. She tosses them on the pile beside her and quickly stands up with her eyes firmly shut.

Jenna turns to face me, taking a tiny step forward to put Patty

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behind her before opening her eyes. "Okay, she's naked," Jenna tells me.

I grin. I motion for Jenna to follow me. She steps around Patty, taking extra care not to see Patty's nude body. I leave Patty standing there, her body on display for Izzy and Sophie. Patty waits obediently, her anxiousness growing by the second.

I tell Jenna that she has some choices to make. After all, she's Patty's guardian for this session. I tell her that I won't make her see anything. She's free to leave and return when Patty has learned her lesson. She's free to wait in the living room. And, if she's willing, she's free to remain with Patty, where she could offer Patty some reassurance just by her presence. After all, Patty clearly knows that Jenna won't allow her to be injured. She's free to be as close, or as far, from anything as she wishes. I even tell her that if she were to ask, Patty would tell her to leave, but would secretly want her to stay. But Patty would never admit it. I tell her that Patty is as scared as she's ever been, but it's only because she's so far beyond her experience and into the realm of fantasy. I tell her she has a moment to make up her mind, then lead her back to the living room.

I send Sophie to fetch my crop. Sophie quickly has it's handle in my hand. I tell Sophie that I think I'll use a number 18 syringe with the yellow enema for this bitch. I send Sophie to set up for me.

Patty stands a bit on the tall side, around 5'8". She's a lean woman, too. I'd guess somewhere around 145 pounds. Maybe 150, but that's tops.

She has a fairly ovalish face, but it's an oval with soft features to it and a slightly rounded jawline. She has short hair, dark brown with light brown highlights. It's cut over her ears, but with a tiny bit of body added to the top, leaving only the ends hugging close to her face. She has bright, glowing. Blue eyes. She has a small and slightly wide nose above a narrow mouth with fine, light pink, lips.

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She has a lean neck. Then equally lean shoulders, the faint outline of their bones showing along them. Her stomach isn't quite flat. Her skin has lost too much of its elasticity over the years. Now it's moderately loose. At the bottom, just about her waistline, there's a slight paunch, rising no more than an inch and probably not that much. But it makes her stomach look loose. The navel in the center of that stomach looks almost flat, as if something has gently pressed it out a bit from the inside, yet not enough for the wrinkly folds to quite rise up to her stomach.

She has a pair of huge breasts. I'm guessing She must wear like a 38-DD bra. But they're loose and soft, hanging down on her chest like water balloons, and angling outward. It leaves the insides of her mounds forming a cleavage that's a long, deep V, her breasts meeting at the top, then flowing towards her sides. Despite the droopiness to them, from the front, they have a definite rounded appearance. Her mounds are topped with nipples that are just slightly on the wide side, maybe $\frac{1}{4}$ " across. They're a medium-dark shade of pink with a faint purple tinge to them. Rings of the same shade, widely surround those nipples. And now, those nipples stick up hard, rising almost their width above the gently rounded tops of her mounds. Even with her breasts hanging and loose enough that her nipples are almost to her sides, her nipples are pointing straight out.

She has a narrow waist and hips, both with a defined girly curve to them. No boniness to her hips, but no fat either. Along her waistline, there's a very small fold, more like a soft wrinkle at the center. It has to be from the looseness of her skin. Beneath that, her pubes are shaven smooth and silky-soft.

Patty's pussy is prominent and obvious, even as she just stands. Her mound is slightly narrow but puffs down enough that it seems to stand out from her body between her thighs. Her lips are very long, but narrow. They seem to meet fully, at least where they appear to rise up the front of her mound and into her pubes. But at the very bottom, the lowest point of her mound, I can see her lips seem to widen just a hair as a

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wrinkly knot of pink flesh fills the gap, almost like a third, middle, lip, that rises a scant fraction of an inch above the other two pale-white lips. I can see the creases of her thighs flowing alongside her mound.

Her bottom is so going to get spanked! I'm a little surprised when I see it. It's the firmest part of her body. Her cheeks hang only a fraction of an inch, just enough for their bottom edge to make a tiny crease where they join her thigh. Her globes are smooth. They have a moderate flatness to the tops of her globes, but still enough roundness that they look like cheeks. They're nicely rounded at the inside, where the just barely touch together as they make a deep crack. It's a slightly short crack, the rounded edges curving outward to make the tops and bottom of her globes. But it's a very nice crack.

Her arms and legs are lean. But her body shows her age. Then again, no one has yet to beat aging. Her skin is lightly tanned, except for the skin on her breasts, bottom, and pubes. The tan lines are too faint to be noticeable. But her skin has lost enough of its elasticity to appear slightly loose on her. And her face shows tiny, faint, wrinkle lines at the corners of her eyes, along her upper lip, and beside her nose. And the skin of her neck is loose enough for it to show.

Despite the signs of her age, she is 48, she's still an attractive woman. Clearly an older woman, in the back half of her middle age, but still attractive. Definitely not ready for retirement yet! A hair older-looking that I like my toys to be, but not enough so that I'd pass on it. Not yet.

I take a moment to get a very close look at Patty's body. And another moment to make sure that Patty knows I'm appraising her body. That makes any woman rather uncomfortable. Patty proves to be no exception. I'm sure she's wondering what I think of her body. Is it attractive enough that I'm willing to "take care" it? Or am I repulsed by its obvious signs of age and will I toss her aside now? Do her breasts sag too much for me? I'll bet she's most concerned about that tiny wrinkle-line of

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a fold at her waistline. She'll think that makes her look fat. The one thing no woman wants to look.

After getting a close view of everything, especially the so prominent mound of her pussy, I turn my attention back to Jenna. With a single raised eyebrow, I silently ask for her decision.

Jenna is a very slightly chubby girl. I'd guess she stands about 5'4" and might weight around 140. But maybe less. Most of her width is on her hips, and even that doesn't make them look that wide. She has black hair, pulled back off her face. And unlike her mother, fairly small breasts. I'd guess she's around a 36-B. She wears glasses with black frames and rectangular lenses. Those give her a slightly brainy look.

Jenna cringes as she sighs very deeply. Finally, she reaches behind Patty, her hand carefully avoiding touching Patty, except to take Patty's hand. "Come on, Patricia, I'll take you to get your enema now." Her voice betrays her, letting Patty know that Jenna would prefer to be doing anything but. It's perfect, in my opinion. Anything that makes Patty feel even a hair lower is better!

Jenna holds Patty's hand firmly as she leads her back to the playroom. It's only a few steps, less than ten. With every step, Patty tries to walk a little slower. She quivers a little more. And she grips Jenna's hand a little firmer.

Jenna leads her into the playroom. Sophie's ready for me there. She has a towel laid out on the massage table at the center of the room. And beside that, she has a rolling tray with the enema, a box of latex gloves, a tube of lubricating jelly, and a couple of antiseptic alcohol wipes.

The instant Patty turns into the room her eyes catch sight of the enema waiting for her. The water-bottle-sized syringe already filled with a light yellow colored liquid. The plunger sticking out of the end of it pulled all the way back. The very long (10 inches), pencil-thin, and clear tube attached to the top of the syringe like a needle. It's stiff but flexible.

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And it has a rounded tip. Now an orange plastic cover sheathes that tip.

Patty freezes, her feet failing her as she sees just how big it is. Her eyes lock onto it. She trembles.

Jenna tugs on Patty's hand, trying to get her moving. Patty stays frozen, her deathly-scared eyes locked on the enema as she imagines all of it, that ocean of fluid, filling her bottom.

I give Patty a firm, but light, tap on her bottom with my crop. It lands with a crack like hands slapping together and sears a faint pink crop print onto the center of Patty's cheek. Patty yelps out a squeaky "YE-OW!" from the surprise of it. She stumbles forward a tiny step, the gets her feet moving. Now they move with tiny baby steps, taking as long as she possibly can to allow Jenna to walk her to the table. As if someone, certainly Jenna if anyone, will change her mind, take pity on Patty, and spare her this.

No one does. Three minutes later Jenna has helped a very scared and more reluctant Patty up onto the table. She's guided Patty to lie on her right side with her knees pulled up almost all the way to her ample breasts. It leaves Patty's feet lying more in front of her, a few inches down from her bottom, and at least a foot out from her body. Jenna has slipped a pillow Sophie offered her, a very dense foam round one, under Patty's head to prop it up for her. And she has Patty's hands in front of her, Patty's elbows bent, her hands in front of her face.

It offers me a good view of Patty's bottom as she lies on her side. In this position, I also have a good view of Patty's thighs, their muscles and skin pulled taut as the rise in front of her chest. It's pulled her bottom tight, stretching her cheeks as they round over her muscles. It has pulled most of the flatness out of those globes. And it has stretched the crease line at the bottom, where her cheeks rolled into her thigh, taut and invisible. Now her cheeks just flow straight and turn into the top of her thigh.

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Patty's thighs are lean enough that I can see the top of her pussy mound poking out between the backs of them, its top almost flush with the backs of her legs. Her thighs, only slightly loose, seem to part just where that ridge of a "third lip" being, baring the back half of her mound as her thighs give way her cheeks. Her bottom cheek lies with its inside edge flat. Her top cheek gently lies down atop it, allowing her crack to lie fully closed. But the roundness at the bottom of that loose cheek bares most of her mound, where her outer lips flow back together and the inner ridge fades to a narrow strip of pink wrinkles. Then those puffy white lips merge together, making a brief stretch of bare flesh before vanishing into her crack without allowing me even a glimpse of her asshole.

Even with the light pink-purple ridge between her lips, I can't see a bit of her pinkness. Just that edge of her inner folds. I would open those lips just to peek inside and see all of her. But I don't have to. I can see enough already. A thick layer of pasty white honey slings to that ridge of wrinkles. I can see it glistening against the light. And I can smell its moderately musky aroma. Patty's private scent. It is proof that Patty wants to be right where she is, no matter what her brain is telling her. Her pussy is overruling that brain.

I use one hand to gently lift Patty's right cheek up high. I lift it as far as it will stretch, leaving her left cheeks lying free and loose on the table. Lifting one cheek is enough to spread her crack wide open and bare her asshole for my eyes. It's also enough to moderately stretch the flesh around Patty's tight ring, pulling a few of the wrinkles out of the light pink flesh around her opening. And the huge swath of very faintly pinkened flesh outside of that.

But it also lifts that cheek off Patty's mound and pulls the flesh beside her mound taut. At the very back, closes to her asshole, her lips instantly part to show me that the ridge between them is really two folds nestled snugly together. I can see that now as those folds part widely. Except at the very top, likely the part I could see from the front beneath her pubes. There, the folds roll together into a huge knot that now sticks

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out well past those plump lips. Her folds part so much that now I can see her pinkness. And I can the entrance of her tunnel beyond. It looks fairly small with its walls touching together instead of gaping open. I can just barely see the beginnings of their meatiness. But I can also see a thick coat of her pasty honey covering everything. And I can get a much better whiff of her modestly-strong, but richly-scented, muskiness. Her honey looks thick, but by the way, it sparkles, I'd bet it's very slippery.

I focus my attention on Patty's tightly cinched asshole. It's no bigger than a nickel, and that's counting the thick ring of muscle around it. Mostly what I can see are the gentle lines of folded wrinkles flowing inward to a single opening, tight and small, but also a little straight, more line an oddly-shaped line that a pinpoint hole.

Patty's asshole isn't anything I haven't seen before. I've lost count of how many I've seen. It's well into three digits, some in my nursing classes, but more of them here. In fact, Patty's is fairly unremarkable. With the pastel-green latex gloves on my hands, I have Sophie open one of the alcohol wipes for me. "Jenna, Patricia's anus is very dirty. It's obvious that she's not wiping herself very well after her bowel movements. As her guardian, I'll leave it up to you to explain the importance of proper hygiene to your ward." It's no dirtier than anyone's would be. But Patty doesn't know that. Instead, she just lies there and listens to me tell her daughter that she can't wipe her butt properly. I'm sure that was nice for her. Nice and humiliating that is.

I take the wipe and slowly clean around Patty's asshole. I take a moment to wipe around completely, making sure I smooth out the wrinkles flowing into her ring as I do. When I'm done, there's a light, but easily noticeable, smattering of little brown flecks on the wipe. I hold the wipe up for Jenna to see. "See what I mean?"

"Gross!" Jenna blurts out. I couldn't have hoped for better! Jenna sounds truly disgusted. Then again, she probably is considering what she's looking at. But it has a huge effect on Patty just to hear Jenna.

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Because Patty trusts Jenna. She knows Jenna isn't making it up or embellishing just to embarrass her. She knows her asshole truly was dirty. I feel Patty's entire body flinch in time with Jenna's squeal.

"Oh, don't worry, Jenna," I say in my teasingly sweet voice. "This will leave her sparkly clean all the way from her anus up to the very depths of her colon!" Again it gets me a hard flinch from Patty. I'm sure Patty is thinking about being filled up that completely.

I touch the tip of the clear tube to Patty's asshole. She reflexively cinches it even tighter. The tube is plastic. It's semi-rigid. Stiff enough to easily press in, yet flexible enough to curve and follow her rectum around. I use only a light pressure. That's all it takes for the greased tube to slip into her tight muscle and start sliding through. I press it slowly into Patty. That way she'll have time to feel the stiff tube gliding over the flesh atop her unwelcoming muscle. And she'll be able to feel it slipping along the inside of her rectum, going deeper and deeper into her bowels.

I barely have the tip of the tube through Patty's asshole when I feel Patty start trembling. She starts panting hard, too. Almost hyperventilating. "Jenna, Patty is starting to panic..." I tell her.

Jenna takes Patty's hands and holds them. Then she puts her other hand to Patty's face and lightly strokes her cheek. I'd suggest the technique as a way to keep Patty calm. I just didn't think we'd need it so soon. "Shh... Patricia... listen to me... this doesn't hurt..."

Patty calms down a little, but I can still see how nervous she is. I've never slowed up the tube. It's still slowly inching its way into Patty's rectum, slipping around whatever is already in there, heading for the very back of her bowels.

I put about eight inches of the tube into Patty's bottom. That's about as much as I think Patty has room for. Any more and I'll soon be bumping against the back of her rectum, and that's unpleasant. I stop it just short of that. Deep enough that it will fill Patty's rectum from the

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back, but not enough for it hurt her even a little. I release Patty's cheek, letting lie free with the front of the syringe holding them apart.

Patty is still breathing fast and quivering. It looks like she's got a "death-grip" on Jenna's hand, too. But I know better. All she's feeling is the presence of the tube inside her. It doesn't hurt, not even a tiny bit. It's just there. Feeling like it's there, but doesn't belong there. Patty has a few seconds to compose herself. By the looks of her body, she wastes them all.

Gripping the syringe to hold it still, I begin slowly pressing the plunger. It immediately begins pushing the fluid, a mineral oil, into Patty's bottom. Pushing slowly fills her just as slowly.

Patty lies there. First, she just feels the coldness of the oil as it begins to flow into her bottom. Soon she feels the liquid as it starts to fill her insides up. And then, as the fluid continues flowing into her "full" bottom, she feels it begin to grow uncomfortable as the fluid stretches her rectum, forcing it to accept more and more of the oil.

Patty hasn't quite gotten four ounces of the liquid. Four of eighteen ounces. She suddenly cries out, loud, urgent, and immodestly screeching, "STOP! PLEASE! OH MY GOD, STOP! IT'S TOO MUCH, I HAVE TO GO, NOW!"

"No." I snap firmly, but still without raising my voice to her. "Patricia, you do not have a choice. Jenna is your guardian now. She has made her choice. You will be given the full enema. You will lie still for it, or it will just be worse for you. It's for your own good, Patricia. Now behave your naughty bottom."

Patricia cries out a squeaking, shamed, and very reluctant "Yes, Ma'am." She doesn't move. She hasn't moved. She tightens her grip on Jenna's hands. By now she's past the four-ounce mark. Her eyes begin to water.

Jenna takes another piece of the advice I'd given her. She takes her hand and tenderly caresses along Patty's side, over her hip and along the

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outside of her thigh. She takes extra care while stroking Patty's side not touch Patty's breast, too. I figured she would. "Patricia LeighAnne..." Jenna says softly, "You're still being so impatient. See why you need a lesson in patience? Remember you promised me you'd be a good girl, so now you have to hold up your end and behave while Miss Rodgers teaches you a lesson. OK, Patricia?"

Patty pants loud and squealing "OOH!s" I can see her toes curling up and legs tensed hard. After a second, she answers in a hushed and shamed voice, "yes, Miss Tyler, I'll behave."

Around the halfway point, with about nine ounces into her bottom, Patty cries out a pained yelp. Her eyes had been squished closed, but they snap wide open. She pants a couple of squealing breaths. "Miss Tyler, please! The enema is just too much for me! My tummy is cramping! Please let me stop, Miss Tyler! Please!"

Jenna glances at me. I shake my head. I'm sure Patty is beginning to feel some light cramps behind her pubes, right where her colon meets her rectum. It's from the oil filling her rectum to its limit and finally beginning to seep back into her colon. It's far from as bad as Patty's making it out to be. "No, Patricia. You will have the full enema you earned by being naughty. Behave, like you promised."

"I can't!" Patty squeals. "Please, Miss Tyler, you can't imagine how much it hurts. How bad I have to go! Please, let me go!"

"No." Jenna stands firm. It helps that Patty isn't moving. She might be begging for permission to move, but she's also lying there letting herself be filled.

Around the sixteen-ounce mark, Patty's body tenses up to steel. She lies there, but now she trembles violently from the tension. And she cries softly, sobbing "it's too much! Please stop!" over and over again.

Jenna leans over Patty's shoulders and cradles her head, holding her as the last couple of ounces flow into her bottom. Patty keeps sobbing

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her pleas for relief. I keep filling Patty up.

And then Patty has the entire enema inside her. The plunger reaches the bottom. So I start inching the tube backward, slowly drawing it out of Patty's bottom. It takes a few seconds for the length to slip out of Patty's tightly cinched ring. But it comes out easily. And Patty doesn't lose a drop.

Patty definitely feels the tip slip from her bottom. "May I please be allowed to go now, Miss Tyler? I took my whole enema like a good girl, Ma'am!" Patty desperately begs as Jenna still holds her snugly.

"Don't be a stupid bitch, too!" I scold Patty. "You're still being impatient. You will go to the potty when I deign to allow you to. Whenever that may be. Is that clear, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Patty sobs out in a shamed voice.

"Yes, what, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I can go potty when you decide to allow me to, and not before, Ma'am." Patty sobs her answer, only now her voice sounds like a little girl's.

"And what are you going to do until then?"

"Until you let me go potty, I am going to cry and be patient, Miss Rodgers," the little girl's voice answers again.



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I have Jenna get Patty up off the table. It takes her a few minutes to do it. Patty squeals and cries out with even the tiniest of movements. But finally, the sharp cramps behind Patty's pubes overcome, Jenna gets Patty to her feet.

Patty stands stiffly rigid, her entire body tensed and vibrating. She cries hard. She squeezes Jenna's hand even harder. She walks what should be two long steps with the tiniest of baby steps, keeping her legs squished tightly together. Even her cheeks are cinched hard against each other.

Sophie already had a chair waiting for Patty. It's one that I keep in here for toys. So it's not a comfortable one. It's very plain and wooden. And it's hard. It's back is straight and just has hard. No armrests.

Jenna walks Patty to the chair, following my instructions. She helps Patty to sit down. Patty cries out twice as she tries to, each time as a fresh cramp hits her from the changing geometry of her bowel. Her bowel that's now stretched fully and flooded into hardness.

Then Patty's bottom is in the chair. Patty cries out, shamelessly loud and pleadingly. At first, her cry is a drawn-out "UH!" but after a few seconds it segues into an "OH!" that's drawn out for several more seconds before segueing into an "AH!" None of them sound sweet. They all sound desperate and anguished. And, as now the enema strains Patty's asshole hard, trying to burst forth, Patty discovers that sitting is worse than standing or lying. Her body feels like it's on a toilet. Her rectum is aligned for easy emptying. Her asshole begs to let go. And she has to sit there and fight herself. The pressure seems to grow by the second.

I firmly tell Patty that I don't care if her bottom is full. I don't care how uncomfortable she is. I do, however, care about manners. And now she's in my realm where I am Queen. She will sit like a proper lady. It is not a choice. It's the law here. It takes her a long, and squealing, moment to get her legs crossed, her back flat against the chair, and her hands on

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her lap. It's clear her hands are the worst of it for her. I demand that she lie them on her lap, their edges against her bare pubes, palms up and fully opened. And I demand she sits still. Just to make it a little worse for her, I make her uncurl her toes, too.

Patty sits still. But quivering hard enough that she might as well be vibrating. She pants fast, sucking, and noisy breaths. And she cries. But she sits there, as still as she can manage, obediently waiting for permission to relieve her agony.

Sophie doesn't hurry as she sets three chairs facing Patty. One directly in front of her for me. It's close enough that there's only about a foot of space between Patty's foot and me. Perfect! One more chair goes on either side of me, angled to face Patty as well. One for Jenna and one for Izzy. I'd never leave my friend out of the fun!

And now that we're all seated, facing the still-sobbing matronly woman, it's time for her to really learn patience! And humility. And openness, which I imagine is going to come as the hardest lesson for her.

Before I begin Patty's lesson I tell her to "stop snorting like a piggy bitch." I tell her to breathe slowly, steadily, and deeply. She struggles. Slowly she gets it under control. It will ease the unbearable urgency just a little for her.

"Jenna, would you say there is a lot you don't know about this bitch? Things you're just now discovering?"

"DUH." Jenna says flatly, "you mean like how she'll let you pump her butt full? Never saw that one coming!"

"Well, no more. Patricia can tell us all whatever we want to ask her." I grin as I turn to Patty. "You will sit very still and be quiet! Speak only to answer an actual person. Whatever you are asked, you will answer. You will answer immediately. Honestly. And fully. Anything less and you will regret it. You can go on pretending you're a prissy modest woman if you want. Or you can be the utterly shameless bitch we

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all already know you are. Either way, we will all *sit here* until I'm satisfied that you've gotten past your modesty and shyness and just answered our questions fully. Is that clear, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Patty blushes bright red as her little girl's voice answers.

I wave to Jenna, cuing her to ask the first question. I figure Jenna has a ton of questions. "Patricia, how does that enema feel?" She hesitantly asks.

Patty takes a deep breath. She shudders hard. "My enema is awful, Miss Tyler. My bottom is way too full, and it feels like I'm going to explode if I don't get to a potty right this very second. I'm so full that I feel it in front, too, behind my... where I would have hair. It's like I'm swollen up inside. And if I move, even the tiniest little bit, I feel sharp cramps there. Those really hurt, Miss Tyler. I just know I'm going to have an accident any second now! There's so much pressure on my poo-poo hole that I can't keep it shut, Miss Tyler!"

Jenna looks horrified.

Izzy saves her, jumping in with the next question. "Your boobs are huge. What size bra do you wear?"

"I wear a size 36-DDD bra, Miss Whalen."

"No wonder they're so floppy!" Izzy can't help but add.

"Forget your bottom for a second," I tell Patty. "How do you feel sitting there right this second?"

Patty's breaths start taking on a slight sucking tone to them. Her voice rises an octave, the little girl in it getting a little younger. Maybe like she's two years old now. "I feel very ashamed, Ma'am. I can't believe that I just let you put all of that up my bottom. I really can't believe that I let everyone see you do it. I've never been so ashamed of myself in my whole life, Miss Rodgers. And all I want to do is go potty! But I know I

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was a bad girl so I have to sit here and wait because you haven't said I'm allowed to go potty yet. I hate myself for being bad. I love you all for caring enough about me to take the time to teach me to be good. And I really love Miss Tyler for holding me when it got really bad, Ma'am."

I stare into Patty's moist eyes. "You forgot something, you modest little priss. How does your little pussy feel?"

The tears flow, running like tiny rivers down Patty's cheeks. She sobs once, almost choking on it, as she stalls for time. She locks her eyes on me, refusing to look at Jenna. "My pussy is burning me, Miss Rodgers. And it is twitching really hard. I can feel like little sparks all through it. I really feel them, too. My bottom is so full and hard that I can feel my inside pressing on my pussy, squishing it together, and making me feel it... when one side twitches, it rubs the other side, and that feels so good, Ma'am."

Jenna suddenly blushes beet red. At the same time, she looks like she's about to puke. Without thinking, Jenna blurts out "are you that hot that you want to play with yourself *now*?"

"Yes, Miss Tyler..." Patty's little girl's voice answers, "If I wouldn't get in such big trouble for it, I would be touching my pussy right now."

Jenna gags, her beet red blush turning slightly green. Under her breath, she mutters "what possessed me to ask *that*?"

"That's just so naughty! Little girls shouldn't be diddling themselves! When's the last time you played with slutty pussy, bitch?"

"I played with my slutty pussy just this morning, Miss Rodgers."

"Did you manage to make it cum?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers."

"How often have you been playing with that slutty pussy?"

"I play with my slutty pussy almost every day, Miss Rodgers. I

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know it's naughty! I just can't stop myself! Please don't be mad at me, Miss Rodgers!"

"Doesn't your husband have sex with you?" Izzy asks.

"He does, Miss Whalen."

"How often?"

"About three times a week, Miss Whalen."

"Does he make you cum, too?"

"Sometimes, Miss Whalen."

"Sometimes?" Jenna blurts.

"Yes, Miss Tyler... maybe about half of them time..."

"What a pig." Jenna can't help but add. "I knew I didn't like him!"

"Now tell Miss Tyler how it made you feel to have her bring you over for your lesson, bitch."

"Yes, Miss Rodgers." Patty answers, "Miss Tyler, having you bring me over here for my enema and lesson is the by a mile the second most humiliating thing I've ever done. It was far more humiliating than I have ever imagined anything could be, Miss Tyler... It was also the scariest thing I've ever done! But one thing was far more humiliating for me, Miss Tyler, and that was telling you just how excited I am right now. I'm really hoping you'll get that, Miss Tyler."

"Why was it so scary for you? Did you think the enema would be that bad?"

"No, Miss Tyler... the enema is a million times worse than I thought it would be... I am so scared that now that you know this about me, you'll hate me, Miss Tyler!"

"Now that she knows what exactly, bitch?" I ask.

"I didn't want Miss Tyler to know... that being embarrassed

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badly... especially about my body... excites me. And that... being made to obey someone... that excites me more than even dreaming about it does, Ma'am."

"Are you saying this is the horniest you've ever been?" Jenna balks with disbelief.

"Yes, Miss Tyler... I'm sorry! I've never even been half this excited before!"

"Tell me how you diddle that slutty pussy, bitch. In detail."

"Yes, Miss Rodgers," Patty answers, her voice pure little girl. "I like to lie in bed, but I have to be by myself. Then I put a couple of fingers to my pussy and just rub it until I finish, Miss Rodgers."

I sigh. "I said in detail, bitch. Try again."

"I'm sorry, Miss Rodgers!" Patty blurts out nervously, her girly voice laced with shame. "I lie on my back, Miss Rodgers. Then I put my fingers, usually tow of them, on my little button. I rub myself a little faster than a man would rub me. I do it just up and down. And then, after a minute or so my legs want to close on their own and I just sort of speed up a little. And then I finish, Miss Rodgers, and the ache is gone. For a little while anyway."

I shake my head. "Clearly you haven't a clue what to do with that pussy! You're diddling it like some dumb first-timer! Obviously, you can't be allowed to keep abusing your pussy like that. You'll have to be closely supervised from now so that you learn to diddle yourself properly."

I'm about to show Patty some mercy when Izzy jumps back in and asks Patty if she's ever tried anal sex. Patty very quickly answers "No, Miss Whalen. I've never done that. I just can't stand having anything up my bottom, not even a little finger! I couldn't imagine anything bigger in there!"

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"Yes, it might feel like someone shoved a can of soda up there." Jenna snidely comments. "Wait, it seems you *like* that!"

Patty shirks and blushes brightly, redder than a fire truck. But she says nothing as her daughter scorns her.

"Do you think you've learned some patience now, bitch?" I ask Patty. She's been sitting here answering embarrassing questions for ten minutes now. Counting how long it took her to get to the chair, I'd guess it's been fifteen minutes since I slipped that nozzle from her bottom.

"Oh, yes, Miss Rodgers! I swear I've learned some patience!"

"Prove it, bitch." I say it very sternly, but still not raising my voice. "Show us all that you've learned to stop thinking only of that fat body and learned to be patient and think about the things you should be worried about. Like actual people instead of the fuck toy you are.

"Here is what you will do to prove it to me. You will stand up and walk over to that counter. On it is a very nice old-fashioned wooden hairbrush. You will bring it over to me. Then you will kneel like a humble bitch and offer it to me to spank your bottom with. The punishment for having me pestered is ten good hard strokes. What you will *not* do is act like some whiny little bitch. I don't care how full your bottom is. Your bottom doesn't matter because you don't matter. You're nothing, just some fat and ugly fuck toy I have no use for. We, on the other hand, are actual people, so we matter. I matter. And I want you properly punished for your misbehavior.

"You will walk normally, just as you walked out of your house this morning. No matter how unbearable that urge gets, you will ignore it. You will not hesitate one bit. You will double over, you will stay up straight. You will walk just like your bottom was empty and you were eager for your bottom to get blistered. And walk with normal steps, not those ridiculous baby steps you've been using.

"Are you still ready to prove you've learned some patience?"

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"Yes, Miss Rodgers." Patty's voice rings with utter fear now. I'm sure she's afraid that she'll fail and it will be messy. I'm confident she won't.

I tell her to get on with it then.

Patty takes a very deep breath. She stands, moving almost as fast as normal. As she does, she cries out a loud "UH!" and grits her teeth hard. On her feet she shakes so much that her breasts jiggle on her chest, making her nipples dance. She walks, her strides not quite regular, but pretty close to it. She cries out with every little movement but keeps going, her clenched teeth somewhat muting her whines. She finds the hairbrush and picks it up, then walks back across the room. While she was gone, Sophie removed her chair.

Patty kneels down in front of me, trying to copy the posture that she saw Sophie use earlier. She gets it half right. As she sits back over her spread feet, the posture stretches her bottom. And stretches her asshole while leaving it to hang fully exposed between slightly taut cheeks. It makes the pressure against her asshole come back with a vengeance that has Patty quiver hard. She cries out "OH! NO!" She quivers for another half of a second, then groans a long "UM!" before getting herself back under control. I tell her how to position her hands. She glances down to make sure they're even with her nipples.

"Here is your hairbrush, Miss Rodgers. I'm sorry for being naughty and annoying you. May I please have the ten strokes I deserve for being a bad girl, Miss Rodgers?"

I put a hand atop Patty's head, letting my fingers run through the silky strands of her short hair. After a second I take the paddle from her hands with my other hand. As I do, I get a good grip on a handful of Patty's hair, pulling it tightly. "Come on, bitch, let's blister that naughty bottom."

I pull Patty around, forcing her to move faster than she thought she

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could. But not that fast. She groans out a long breath, as I pull her around to my side and put her on her knees. I don't know what Patty expected. How she thought she was going to be spanked. I see utter shock and horror on her face as I use her hair to pull her forward, turning her over my knees as if she were a naughty toddler.

I prefer to spank like this. Especially older women. It never fails. They always feel twice the shame. Then again, I do have a 48-year-old woman turned over my 20-year-old knees. The same way that Patty might have turned a two-year-old over her knees so many years ago. I'll bet it hits her hard. I'll bet she immediately tries to remember, and can't, the last time she was over anyone's knees. It would have certainly been her mother's knees. But that would have been around 45 years ago. When she outgrew, or so she thought, this kind of punishment.

Patty groans very loudly and desperately as her stomach has to take her weight. Her already too-full stomach that so does not want to be touched, let alone have her weight on it. She shudders as I nudge her into a proper position, her waist bent fully, her thighs hanging down at my side. I have my other leg spread to better support her, her breasts hanging flush against the outside of my thigh. Her hands instinctively brace against the floor.

I let her lie like that. It lets me see her cheeks straining tightly together. Patty lets her hang down. I tell her the rules. Keep her bottom still. No talking, except to count her stroke properly. No trying to cover or protect her bottom. She's to do nothing except lie there, allow her bottom to get the full spanking without interruption, and count her strokes.

I lift the hairbrush up high. Jenna sees it rise, then shifts her eyes away as it starts its downward stroke. It lands with a loud crack on Patty's cheek, searing a bright pink splotch onto the loose white flesh atop her hard muscle. Patty cries out a very shocked "EE-OW!" as it lands. And as she learns that it hurts more than she thought it would. She pants

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a couple of breaths, her exhales groans.

“One, Miss Rodgers,” Patty counts out in her little girl’s voice, already breaking with light sobs. “I’m sorry that I annoyed you, Miss Rodgers. Will you please spank me again, Miss Rodgers?”

I do, landing an identical swat on her other cheek. Despite knowing now exactly what to expect, Patty yelps just as loudly. Then she counts it.

I give her the rest of her strokes. She yelps a little louder with each. They leave her bottom glowing a bright and stinging shade of pink. It’s one I know will fade away to nothing in a couple of hours. The hairbrush doesn’t bruise. It just hurts. But it does leave Patty sobbing hard, tears running down her cheeks.

She obediently kneels in front of me, holding her hands out for the hairbrush as I tell her to. “I really am sorry for being so annoying, Miss Rodgers. Thank you very much for spanking me, Ma’am.” She apologizes. I set the hairbrush back in her hands.

I know Patty is expecting me to send her to return the hairbrush. I can see on her face. Her jaw drops as I tell her “now go ask Miss Tyler to spank you for bugging the crap out of her. Be convincing, bitch.” She starts crying even harder. Her face blushes the reddest it’s ever been, and it’s been pretty red already today.

Patty moves and kneels down in front of Jenna. Jenna is already shirking back. I can see her working the puzzle in her head. Can she decline to spank her mother? Will Patty suffer worse if she does? And if she does it, how hard should she spank Patty? No more than necessary to appease me. But how hard is that?

“Miss Tyler, I really am sorry for bugging the crap out you. I know I was wrong to... I’ve been a really bad little girl, Miss Tyler! Bad girls need to be spanked. Please, Miss Tyler, will you please spank me, Ma’am?”

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Jenna groans. After a moment she takes the hairbrush and mutters "fine. I guess... over my knees... Patricia LeighAnne."

"Yes, Miss Tyler." Patty sobs out. Then she lies herself over her daughter's knees just as she was over mine a moment ago. Only now her bottom is already burning hot pink and stinging her. "Thank you for spanking this bad girl, Miss Tyler... Will you please give me a very hard spanking, Ma'am? Please, Ma'am? I've been so bad! I deserve a super hard spanking!" That was unexpected. I wonder if Patty really wants a good one, or if she's just worried Jenna will go easy on her and disappoint me.

Whatever Patty's reasons, Jenna gives it to her. She swats Patty's bottom with all her strength. It lands with a crack just as loud as the strokes I gave Patty.

Patty cries out another of her squealy yelps, her body shuddering hard on Jenna's legs. And then it takes her a few pants to get herself under control. Only now she pants "OW!s" instead of breaths. "One, Miss Tyler. I am really so sorry for bugging you, Ma'am. Will you please spank me again, nice and hard, Miss Tyler?"

Jenna spans her. Jenna's fifth stroke, the third on one cheek, gets Patty bawling. But even that doesn't stop Patty from encouraging Jenna to spank her hard. Jenna's ten swats leave Patty's bottom fire-engine red.

Patty kneels in front of Jenna, takes the paddle back, and apologizes rather immodestly. I tell Patty to go ask Izzy to spank her too. After all, she did put Izzy in the middle of "her sluttiness."

I'm not sure if Izzy will spank her or not. Izzy doesn't usually do anything, just ask questions, and watch. I know she doesn't like to play. But she agrees to spank Patty. She takes the hairbrush and tells Patty, "You should be ashamed of yourself for acting like some bitch in heat, Patricia LeighAnne. Over my knees."

Izzy gives her some good swats, too. Swats that have Patty

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bucking lightly as her body tenses from the pain. Then again, this does make thirty swats she's gotten. Patty cries like a baby through all of them. But she counts them off and apologizes to Izzy. They leave Patty's bottom a very bright and angry red.

I send her to return the paddle. And I can see the relief on her face. Now, despite crying out even louder with the pangs in her bowels, she moves normally.

When Patty returns and kneels in front of me, I nonchalantly tell her "I'm not ready to take you potty yet, bitch." I laugh at her. Patty kneels and grimaces. "Go fetch us all a cup of coffee. Slave, make sure they're right." Patty very unhappily goes to make our coffee. Sophie giggles as she follows her to the kitchen. Sophie has her serve us one by one, returning to the kitchen between. That much more walking.

I allow Patty to stand in the corner while we sip our coffee and talk about what a skank Patty is.



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I take my time sipping my coffee, too. The conversation is all about Patty. While Patty stands silent in her corner. I know she's listening to every bit of it. I know she's dying to say a lot of things. But she doesn't. She stands obediently silent.

Finally, I call Patty to come back over and kneel in front of me. Once she's there, I ask her: "I guess you've been patient... do you *need* to be taken to the potty before I teach you how to diddle that pussy?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers!" Patty blurts out with pure hope and eagerness in her voice. I knew she'd say that.

"Hmmm..." I hum softly. "I didn't give you that big of an enema. You're not being impatient again, are you?"

"No, Miss Rodgers, I swear!"

"Then prove it. Go over to the table and fetch me a glove and one of those packets of lubricant. Don't dally, either, bitch."

"Yes, Miss Rodgers," Patty says, the hope still in her voice. I can tell it hasn't dawned on her how she's about to prove how full her bowels are yet. Too bad. For her. Patty walks about normally over to the table and collects the items.

Then she returns and holds them out atop her flat palms for me. When I tell her what to say, she cringes worse than ever. The eagerness vanishes from her voice, and the little girl's tone is back in full force. "Miss Rodgers, would you please do me a huge favor, Ma'am. Will you please stick your finger all the way up my butt and see just how full I am back there, Ma'am?..." I told her to forget her modesty and honestly ask me to do it. And to tell me why she wants me to do it. I want Jenna to hear her. "I really want to play with my pussy right this instant, Miss Rodgers. It has never burned me so badly, and my little button aches so badly I can't stand not touching myself. But I'm scared to because it feels like my bottom is just too full and if I do I'll have an accident. I trust you, Miss Rodgers, will you please check as far up my butt as you can and tell

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me if I can make myself wait to go potty while you teach me how to play with myself? I can't wait to learn, Miss Rodgers. I know my pussy is really going to love it, Ma'am. Please, Miss Rodgers, will you please stick your finger up my butt for me, Ma'am?"

Patty sounds like she truly wants me to do it. Enough so that I see the shock on Jenna's face. Jenna believes her. And I don't have to. I already know Patty honestly wants me to, she just doesn't want to ask for it.

I hold my hand out to Patty with my fingers splayed. "Put the glove on my hand, bitch."

"Yes, Ma'am." Some of the eagerness is already back in Patty's voice, but it's still pure little girl. I've noticed that whenever Patty has to say something demeaning, that little girl comes out. She quickly pulls the glove neatly on my hand.

"Now put a tiny drop of lubricant on it. You aren't worth too much grease."

"Yes, Ma'am." Patty rips open the packet and squirts a single modest drop on the very tip of my finger. It's enough to fully lubricate her, but it doesn't look like it's enough for a mouse. Patty's eyes tell me she doesn't think it's enough to ease the entry for her but isn't going to add to it.

"Now get on your hands and knees with your bottom close to me."

Patty turns her back and gets on all fours. She spreads her legs, groaning as she does, and backs up until her bottom is in easy reach for me. She leans forward, resting her elbows and forearms on the floor. She stares down at the floor.

I lean forward just a little and put the tip of my finger to Patty's bottom. My finger presses between her checks, leaving a film of grease in her crack, and lands atop her very tightly cinched asshole. I hold it there,

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still. "Keep that naughty bottom still until I say otherwise, bitch."

"Yes, Miss Rodgers," Patty says.

I press against Patty's tight ring. She can't loosen herself up for it, not without having that accident. So she has no choice but to stay tensed and resist my finger. It takes a little pressure. But her asshole is no match for my arm. It happens suddenly, my finger pushing hard into her tight ring. Her muscle stays tense, squeezing powerfully around my finger. It adds a bit of drag to it, but the grease is enough to slicken the way. My finger slides into her bottom.

Patty grunts out a deep "UH!" as I push into her, stretching her muscle against its resistance. She grunts another, drawing it out as a very sultry purr creeps into it. She draws it out until my finger is fully inside her bowels, the web of my fingers flush against her tight ring.

Normally a rectum is loose, but closed, its walls gently lying against each other and slowly spreading to accommodate whatever the colon sends its way. But not Patty's. At least not now with the enema filling her. Her rectum is stretched to its widest, leaving my finger the feeling of hanging out in the center of a fat pipe, touching nothing except the muscle squeezing hard around its base. All I feel is the warmth of the oil I'm in, her body long ago having warmed it to body temperature.

I curve my finger downward, very quickly finding the wall of her rectum. It's a very thin membrane, like a sausage casing, lined with thick veins that I can feel, too. A fine wall of muscle, used to empty that bowel, surrounds the membrane. I can feel that, too, the muscle stretched tautly. Angled down, I can feel what's beyond that thin wall of her rectum, too. I can feel the backside of the walls of her pussy. Those are burning hot, just as Patty said. And they're twitching away as sparks erupt just everywhere throughout those meaty walls.

I stroke my finger very tenderly over the wall of her rectum, massaging the walls of her pussy through it.

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It doesn't even take a single sweet stroke. Patty cries out a desperate and pleading "OH MY GOD! Miss Rodgers, please stop! Get it out!" Patty entire body shudders hard. "GET IT OUT OF ME NOW! BEFORE I CUM!" Patty tenses, her body stiffening to steel, "Please don't make me cum now, Miss Rodgers! Please teach me to diddle myself properly first! Please! I want to learn so much!"

I was never going to make Patty cum like that. I never make a sub cum. I can when she's about to. I mean right on the verge of an orgasm. She's close, but she's not quite there yet. Another violent shudder racks her body. She screams out "PLEASE MISS RODGERS! PLEASE! Please teach me to diddle my slutty pussy! I want to learn more than I've ever wanted anything! PLEASE! PLEASE! Teach me! I'll do anything you want, Ma'am! Please teach me to diddle my slutty pussy!" She draws out the "E" at the end of pussy, and starts shuddering hard again.

The advantage of a full rectum is that as soon as I lift my finger, it's not touching anything but liquid. Patty can't feel it. She screams a very needy and pleading "OW!" that lasts a few seconds. Then she clams down and blurts out "Oh my god, I can't stand it! My pussy aches a million times more than it ever has!" I see her hands flinching as they want to go to her pussy and relieve that ache. "I can't do this! Teach me now! I have to cum! It hurts so bad!"

I slip my finger out of her tight muscle. "You are being such an impatient bitch! Your bottom isn't that full. You can wait until your masturbation lesson is over for someone to take you potty. And you can definitely wait to cum."

I sigh. I have Patty get back up on her knees and take my glove off. Then I have her take it to the trash. When she returns, I tell her to go get another glove and packet of lubricant for me. She returns again, kneeling in front of me with the glove. I sweetly stroke Patty's cheek. As I do, I tell her "now go ask Miss Tyler to see for herself how full your bottom is."

Patty cringes. The cringe fades as fast as it hit her. Then she

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blushes as red as a tomato. I wonder what's in her head. If she horrified that she has to go ask Jenna to finger her butt, or if she's worried that Jenna's finger in her butt might make her cum. "And be convincing," I tell her firmly.

Patty doesn't hesitate. I guess that ache in her pussy has dulled her modesty. But she does keep on blushing as she kneels in front of her daughter. "Miss Tyler, I want Miss Rodgers to teach me how to diddle my slutty pussy worse than I've ever wanted anything but you, Ma'am. I know I'm just being a baby, Miss Tyler, but I am incredibly scared that my enema has my butt so full that I'll have an accident if I cum.

"I know you don't want to. I know you have to think I'm some kind of hideous freak for even asking you, Ma'am. But right now, I don't care! All I can think of is that pounding ache in my pussy, and I just have to know. Please, Miss Tyler. Will you please put your finger up my butt and see if I'm too full, or if I can wait and learn how to diddle myself first. Please, Miss Tyler, I don't trust myself right now. Please, Miss Tyler. I'll hold my bottom still and do everything I can to make it easy for you, Ma'am. I really hate having to ask you, but I just have to know for sure. Will you please check my butt for me, Miss Tyler?"

Patty would probably go right on begging Jenna. Jenna stops the begging by groaning out, "whatever." and snatching the glove out of Patty's hand. Jenna pulls her own glove on and squirts plenty of lubricant on the top of her finger. Then she kind of wiggles her finger, spreading the grease around on it. Unnecessary. Patty's tight asshole will do that just fine.

Patty turns her back and gets on all fours just as she did for me. She makes sure her bottom is close, within easy reach, for Jenna. She surprises me by lowering her shoulders to the floor, poking her bottom up a little more shamelessly. And then Patty reaches around her thighs, grabs hold of her cheeks, and pulls them wide apart to completely bare her asshole to Jenna.

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"Yuck." Jenna groans softly at just the sight of it. She hesitates for just an instant and turns to me. "How do you stand looking at assholes so much? I hope mine isn't as gross as this one!" She sighs hard. Finally, Jenna puts the tip of her finger against the hard ring of muscle. She turns to me again, her finger pressed against, but not yet into, Patty's asshole. "Is this going to be really gross?"

"You won't feel much. Just aim your finger for that bitch's navel, and push. Keep it straight." Jenna takes a deep breath and does as I instructed. She pushes hard, sending her finger thrusting into Patty's bottom. It makes Patty grunt hard. But she keeps her bottom still.

"You're right." Jenna finally tells me, "I don't really feel much of anything."

"That's the enema. It has her bottom filled up, her rectum stretched out. Your finger is in the fluid now. The way to tell if she's too full is to feel the muscle around her rectum. To do that, you'll have slowly, and very lightly, move the tip of your finger downward. It won't be far. At first, you'll just feel the membrane there and the huge veins lining it."

"OK." Jenna says with a little disgust in her voice, "I feel them, like wavy little sticks or something, right?"

"Yeah, that's them. Just under that is a very thin layer of muscle. It's usually rather soft, but as her rectum fills it gets harder. Hers is going to feel like a stiff rubber band. As long as it has some give to it, she's fine. The best way to tell if it has enough give in it is to see if you can feel what's behind it. Where your finger is, that's her pussy. Her pussy will feel like a soft wet sponge. You might feel the heat, too. And if she's exceptionally aroused, you might feel some sharp twitches in it.

"As you just saw, she will react when you feel her pussy. Just ignore her completely. Take about five or six strokes with your finger and make sure you really feel her pussy. She'll just have to bear it for a minute. Go slow. It will only take a tiny bit more pressure for you to feel

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it. OK?"

"Ugh!" Jenna says. She hesitates for a fraction of a second before loudly, and rather firmly, announcing: "Patricia LeighAnne, don't you dare act like a whore! Behave while I do this!"

"Yes, Miss Tyler," Patty answers in her little girl's voice.

Jenna glances at me. A second later she tells me "Yeah, I feel it..." then she must be stroking her finger over Patty's insides. It's pretty obvious when Patty suddenly screeches out a very urgent, and erotic, moan. Jenna blushes and her face wrinkles up in disgust.

Patty shudders. Then she shudders again. She screeches her sensual cry the entire time. She lasts about three seconds before she shrieks out "HURRY UP! Please Hurry up, Miss Tyler, I'm going to be a whore! Oh, God, I'm going to act like such a whore! HURRY UP!"

Jenna doesn't hurry. But she definitely isn't wasting any time either. In fact, she's doing it exactly as I want her to. With professional detachment. She's just feeling what there is to be felt. And mostly ignoring Patty's hard shuddering trembles and squeaky loud pleas for relief.

Five strokes aren't that much. And it doesn't take Jenna long. Not quite ten seconds. I know she's done because Patty stops screeching moans. Jenna turns back to me and says "OK, I felt it. And yeah, I felt the warmth and the twitches. That is so gross, by the way! I could have gone my entire life without feeling any of this! Happily!"

"Then I wouldn't suggest nursing." I giggle as I add, "you have no idea how many rectums I've had to feel in class!"

"I'm strictly a computer science kind of girl. My future is game design. No butts there." She laughs and adds, "but plenty of assholes!" then, almost as an afterthought, she pulls her finger from Patty's bottom.

"OK," Jenna says to me, ignoring Patty, "I felt her pussy, so she

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can wait, right?"

"Right," I tell Jenna. Then I firm up my voice and tell Patty to kneel, facing both me and Jenna. I wait while Patty hurries up and turns.

"Here's what we're going to do," I say to Jenna, looking at her and ignoring Patty. "I think you can agree, and if you're not sure you will be in a few minutes, that Patricia can't masturbate properly. So when she does, she'll need intense supervision. Otherwise, she'll just go on doing what she's been doing and leaving that pussy badly neglected. I'm sure she can't even decide for herself when to masturbate.

"So, for the first week or two, we're going to have to check Patricia ourselves and tell her when she should masturbate. Then supervise her while she does. I think if she's checked every twelve hours that would be perfect for her. Unfortunately, Patricia is a rather old, fat, and ugly woman. She doesn't really amuse me that much. Certainly not enough to justify my rearranging my schedule and putting off other toys just to check her flabby butt and supervise her masturbation. She just doesn't have anything to offer me for the inconvenience.

"I'll check her now and show you how to do it. Then, Patricia can ask you to check her. It's up to you if you want to bother with this skanky bitch or not. But, if you do, and she manages to behave perfectly for ten days, I'll find the time to teach her the next lesson a bitch should learn." Obviously, Patty is hearing every word of it. Knowing that the reward is a trip back here, I'm certain that Patty is going to beg, plead, cajole, and bribe until she gets Jenna to check her. Of course, that's my goal. I'll bet neither of them realizes that this session shifted long ago, and now I'm playing with Jenna even more than I am with Patty.

"What's a good time for you? Something that won't interfere with everything else because she's got to rigidly keep to it."

"How about eight? Her asshole will be gone for work by then."

"Will eight in the evening be a problem?"

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"Well, he'll be home... But he usually watches stupid stuff on TV in the evenings..."

"Eight it is, then."

"If you are going to do it for her, and I'll leave that up to you. You and Patricia can work that out later. But *if* you do it, then it is Patricia's responsibility to come and find you at eight. Tardiness is a big no-no. At eight, she is to be in front of you and have already asked you to check her body. Every minute she's late, or any fraction of a minute, is ten minutes in your corner. And it doesn't matter what her husband wants if he needs her or whatever. From the moment she begins, she's your bitch. She does what you tell her until you're done with her. Period.

"The first thing you do is tell her to strip. She's to do that facing you, and she's not to try to cover any of her body. Just strip off her clothes and put them wherever you tell her to. Everything. She doesn't get to keep even a hairpin. She's to follow the rules the entire time she's in your presence. Be humble and polite. And especially obedient.

"Once she's naked, you can ask her about what she's been doing since her last check-up. I'll email you a list of suggested questions, but feel free to ad-lib a few if you want. Once you have her answers, check her body thoroughly. It has to be clean and properly groomed like a lady."

"Patricia, go get four gloves and a packet of lubricant."

"Yes, Miss Rodgers." Patty gets it, and she doesn't waste any time going for it. When she returns I take two of the gloves and put them on. Jenna reluctantly puts on the other two.

I have Patricia stand with her hands behind her neck, her fingers laced together. And with her feet wide apart. I tell Jenna that first, we're just going to look over Patty's body and make sure that Patty "has the decency to offer you a clean body." Jenna follows me. I make sure that Jenna looks over Patty closely. Front and back. I even have Patty lift her

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feet, one at a time, and show us the soles of her feet. I tell Jenna that no "dirt or filth" is allowed. It's not like Patty doesn't have to take care of that body for Jenna and me. I even have Patty open her mouth so that we can see that her teeth are well brushed.

"Now we'll check Patricia's breasts. Patricia, you will stand still and looks straight ahead. Don't worry about your breasts or us people." I put both of my hands to Patty's left breast, cupping them around her soft mound, as I tell Jenna to do the same with Patty's right mound. I use one hand to heft her huge mound up high, pushing it up and stretching it's underside out until the skin there is taut. I tell Jenna to check "the fold where Patty's breast sags against her chest" and makes sure that's clean, too. And especially that there's no disgusting aroma, like of sweat, there.

Then I hold my palm flat, the tips of my fingers flush against Patty's chest at the crease under her mound. I lie her soft mound atop my hand, letting it lie loose and free. Her nipple hangs over the edge of my palm at my wrist. But I have really small hands! I show Jenna to causally stroke the tips of her fingers along the top of Patty's mound, where the flesh seems to sag and droop into her mound a little. As out fingers run along Patty's mound, firm goosebumps sprout up all over the mound.

When our fingers reach Patty's nipple, I show Jenna to draw her finger around the sides of the stiff nub in a slow circle. It erupts more goosebumps, these rising up in the dark flesh around her nipple and pulling her skin there tighter, almost wrinkling it up with the tautness. Then we give the nipple a little pinch to "gauge its hardness" which Jenna terms "like a rock."

Finally, I point out the stretch marks along the underside of Patty's mounds, at their bases. Normally the sag of her breasts would almost fully hide these marks. They're faint, little irregular lines of a very light pink-purple. Most are only an inch or so long. "Those are where her breast stretched when her glands swelled up with too much milk." I have Jenna run her fingers over them, feeling that they're smooth. Patty gets to

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feel that the nerves under those marks are perfectly intact. And likely under-stimulated these last decades. She shivers from the tender touches. And she purrs a slow, muted "OOH!"

I have lean forward and rest her hands on her knees so that we can see her pussy. I spread her lips wide, feeling just how plump they are for the first time. It bares her pinkness to my eyes. Her inner folds follow her lips, opening wide and fully baring her tunnel to me. Now it gapes, maybe as wide as a finger is thick. It lets me see the pulpy, meaty pink walls of her pussy. And it lets me clear back to its very depths. With Patty standing still enough, I can even glimpse her cervix at the very back of it. Her tunnel is wet, a creamy-thick layer of her honey clinging to everything, everywhere. And if I watch closely, I can see a few of those little twitches erupting. It's like the soft walls of her pussy just suddenly jump. Not the whole wall, just a little pinpoint on it.

Above Patty's tunnel, where those pink inner folds run together, I can see a hard little stone about the size of a pea. It's not sticking out. Instead, it's still covered up in its nest amid the knot of loose flesh. But it is so hard that I can see it straining against the folds, it's hardness showing through the thin flesh. And I can see more honey covering everything outside her tunnel, too.

"First, we'll check her pussy and see just how aroused that is," I tell Jenna. I slip my finger into Patty's tunnel, her walls gently lying around my finger as I slide in slowly. Patty purrs a very hungry moan as she feels my finger entering her. Without doing anything more, I can feel a couple of those twitches against my finger. I press tenderly against the spongy soft walls of her pussy and stroke my finger over her nervy flesh. Patty Suddenly pants very squealy, very fast, "AH!s" over and over again. It's plain they're erotic cries, her hunger evident in them. And she shivers crisply. In only a few seconds I'm slipping my finger back out of her pussy. Then I hold it up and let Jenna see the gooey honey clinging to my finger.

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I tell Jenna to do the same. She grimaces. Then, hesitantly, she inches her finger into Patty's pussy. Patty moans and pants her squeals as eagerly as she did for me. The overt sexuality of Patty's cries only makes Jenna's face wrinkle up even more. When she pulls her finger from Patty's pussy, it has its own coat of honey on it. Thank G-d for gloves!"

"Now we have to her clitoris." I point to the bump in her folds, the only taut flesh to been seen. "It's the hard nub just under that little fold of pink wrinkles." I take hold of Jenna's hand and put the pad of her finger against the nub. Patty sucks in a squeaky, exceptionally loud, breath. "What do you feel, Jenna?"

"A rock," Jenna tells me.

I giggle. I draw the pad of Jenna's finger very lightly over the top of Patty's flesh atop that rock. Patty screeches out "OOH!", drawing her girly cry out. Patty's hips shudder hard, dancing crisply from side to side. I see her tunnel twitching a couple of times with tremors that seem to rack the entire length of her pussy. "Now what did you feel?"

"A rock," Jenna answers. "It just stayed there while you moved my finger over it. But I could feel her heart beating, too. It was like that rock pounded against my finger with every beat. So gross!"

I release Patty's lips, letting them close and cover her sloppy-wet pussy. Now that we've all seen every intimate detail of it. "Only thing left to check is her bottom," I tell Jenna with a smirk on my face. "First thing you want to do is spread her flabby cheeks wide. Don't just expose her anus, but pull those cheeks wide. It'll stretch the skin around her anus just a little so you can better see it."

Jenna groans under her breath, but this isn't the first time this morning she's been here. She just pulls Patty's cheeks wide, baring the tight pink ring of her asshole. I show Jenna how to get an even better look at the skin around Patty's muscle by stroking her fingertip, preferable her fingernail, very slowly around the hard ring. It pushes the wrinkles,

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briefly stretching the out one by one, and letting us see the skin that would normally be hidden in those wrinkles. And it shows Jenna just how sensitive that flesh is. Goosebumps instantly erupt throughout Patty's crack, flowing up onto the edges of her cheeks. Patty moans out a girly "OOH!" drawing it out as her body shivers endlessly. As Jenna takes her finger away, Patty pants a few erotically desperate "OOH!s" She pants them fast.

Finally, I tell Patty to stand back up and face Jenna. "Forget about her anus this time only. I know it's a little gooey with the leftover grease on it. If her body isn't absolutely clean, she doesn't get to go any further now. I'll leave the consequences of a disgustingly filthy body up to you, just as long as there's a real consequence to it. Were it me, I'd spank her two strokes for every speck of dirt. Then I'd have her get dressed, and I'd give her fifteen minutes to go clean her skanky butt up, and return, fully dressed, to strip and start over. But in your house, it's your rules." I grin.

I turn to Patty. "Ask her if you are clean enough for your lesson."

"Miss Tyler, is my ugly body clean enough for Miss Rodgers to teach me how to diddle my slutty pussy like a big girl, Ma'am?"

Jenna just nods. I have Patty ask Jenna if she can masturbate.

"Miss Tyler, does my slutty pussy need to be diddled now, or should I wait longer for it to be ready?"

I tell Jenna "you're looking for a few things. First, do her breasts react to stimulation? Second, is her pussy wet and hot? And third, how hard is her clitoris? You don't want her to masturbate too early. You want to wait for all three. The harder her clitoris is, the more sensitive her nipples are, the better. Her pussy will get wetter and hotter the hornier she gets. Don't be afraid to make her wait until it's good and sloppy. You can also pay attention to her reactions to your touches. Like the way, she screeched that slutty moan when you touched her clitoris. She can't hide that, and she can't fake it worth a hoot. The more urgent her cry is, the

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hotter she is. She's too hot right now. Just use your judgment. And remember that bitches only masturbate to release the need in their pussies, not to enjoy themselves. And this bitch has clearly been abusing its pussy. We'll have to change that. Tell the bitch that she may."

"You may diddle your sloppy pussy, Patricia," Jenna says in a disgusted voice.

I take hold of Patty's right hand and bring it down. I fold her fingers into her palm, except for the first finger. That one I leave straight. I put the pad of that finger to Patty's pussy, gently pressing it into her slit until the pad of her finger rests very lightly atop the hard nub of her clit. I start the finger moving in a very slow, and tiny, circle. It draws her finger over the rounded tip of her nub so lightly that the skin over her nub barely even moves. Instead, her finger more glides over the nub on a film of slippery honey. I hold Patty's hand firmly, controlling its motion, keeping the pace steady and the circle unchanging.

Patty screeches out a desperately urgent "UH-AH!" as she feels the stimulation of her finger. In about two seconds her body starts shivering. After another second her shivers have sharpened into trembles. Her toes curl up under her feet. Her face scrunches up hard, her teeth clenching. And she moans out another cry, this one the girliest and squeakiest yet. She keeps crying her moans, their urgency growing with everyone.

I wiggle some fingers at Sophie. Then I hold up two fingers to her. Sophie hurries over to bring me two paint stirrers. They make excellent little, light, paddles, and Home Depot just gives them away! I take one and have Sophie give the other one to Jenna. Jenna takes it but looks at it as if it were a viper in her hand. I guess she can guess what it's for.

After a few seconds, I use my strictest voice to tell Patty "You will rub yourself exactly like that. Do not speed up or slow down. Do not change a thing. And do not allow your slutty whore's pussy to cum. When you just can't stand not cumming another second, you may ask Miss Tyler, *one time only* to tell you when you should cum. When she tells

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you, you will cum right then." I release Patty's hand.

It takes less than a second for her urgent need to win out. Her finger starts speeding up. I snap my stick upwards, landing it squarely atop the back of her hand as she rubs herself. "Bad girl!" I scold her sternly, "don't you dare speed up like some gutter whore."

She slows her hand. It lasts a second. Then I'm swatting it and scolding her again. That doesn't last too long either. Her pussy wants to cum, and it doesn't want to suffer the stimulation any longer than it has to before it cums.

I nudge Jenna and tell her to watch Patty's hand closely and not let Patty get away with anything whatsoever. "It really is for her own good. You'll see."

Jenna watches, both trying to see enough to monitor Patty and trying at the same time not to see a thing. As if she's willing to supervise but still uncomfortable seeing her mom intimately. She catches Patty speeding up, but that's easy to do. She snaps her stick against Patty's hand. Patty yelps, moaning at the same time. If this keeps up, Patty's hand is going to be sore!

It doesn't even take a minute. Patty, her entire body almost vibrating with the trembles constantly flowing through it, her teeth chattering, asks. "Miss Tyler, My pussy aches more than it ever has before. It's ready to cum right this instant. Will you please tell me when I should cum, Miss Tyler?" It's the little girl's voice again. And it stutters under the strain of talking over her sultry moans.

Jenna turns to me. "She needs to do that for five full minutes. After that, whenever you want to allow her." I lean over to Jenna's ear and whisper to her "it's only been 52 seconds... now." Jenna very quickly glances at her watch. I see her doing the math.

Patty's trembles steadily, but slowly, grow more intense. Along with them, her moans steadily turn faster, until she's panting girly-

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squeaky "OOH!s" so fast she's almost hyperventilating. Her head slowly lays back, until it's hanging back and she's staring up at the ceiling. I point out to Jenna how thick Patty's honey is, and how despite its pastiness it has somehow managed to flow out of her pussy and coat her hand, the creases of her thighs, and every bit of her mound. It makes Patty's hairless mound sparkle in the light.

I bring Jenna around to Patty's side, mostly behind Patty, but enough at her side that we can still see Patty's very sore hand. I have Jenna pull Patty's cheeks wide apart for a minute. The first thing Jenna notices is how hard her cheeks are, how they resist being spread. Then, once they're held apart, I point out how Patty's asshole is spasming lightly. Loosening just a bit, and then snapping back to full tension. I tell her how Patty isn't even aware that's happening, it just something her body is doing as it struggles to hold her orgasm in.

Patty might not know she's doing it, but the very instant Jenna stretches her cheeks apart, Patty cries out "NO! I'll be naughty!" It's a very desperate plea. Patty's hips suddenly thrash wildly, pulling her bottom from side to side. Jenna releases Patty's cheeks, asshole seen.

I have Jenna swat Patty's rosy red bottom hard with her stick and scold Patty for "wiggling her hips like a whore." then I have Jenna swat Patty on her face, on her cheek, and scold her for speaking without permission. Patty doesn't react to either swat, even though both leave a red stripe on her skin. I know Patty feels them. She's just too busy crying out slutty moans to yelp.

Patty flushes a bright red. And she sweats lightly as she stands, trembling and squealing wildly. She manages to last the full five minutes, too. For the last half-minute, I see Jenna with an eye glued to her watch, the seconds ticking off too slowly for Jenna. In those thirty seconds, Patty gets two more swats on her hand for speeding up.

"Patricia," Jenna says, raising her voice to make sure she has Patty's attention, "cum now."

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Patty doesn't acknowledge her. Maybe all of two seconds later, Patty screams out a long, high-pitched, endless cry. Her body shudders hard. Hard enough that her knees give out and Patty drops on them. A single, thick, drop of honey falls from Patty's pussy down to the floor. Patty goes right on screaming out, her head thrashing wildly from side to side, her jaw now hanging wide open.

Eventually, Patty's lungs run out of air. She sucks in a desperately fast breath, then screams out again. She falls forward, catching herself with one hand, her right hand still at her pussy. From behind, I have Jenna watch Patty's pussy. It's not long before we both see another thick drop of pasty honey suddenly just appear from the top of her slit. It clings to her lips for a second and then falls. "See that?" I tell Jenna softly, "that's from her pussy snapping so hard from those twitches."

"Yuck!" is all Jenna says. The look on Jenna's face tells me she's wondering if she "squirts" her honey like that, too. As if any boy would ever comment on that. At least none with the brains of a turnip would.

After a couple of minutes, Patty's orgasm ebbs. It leaves Patty hot and sweaty, on her knees and one hand, panting like a dog. Her head hanging down limp. Her body loose and sated.

I give Patty about half a minute to pant away. Then I suggest that Jenna takes Patty by the hand and we return to the living room.



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Jenna takes care as she gets Patty up to her feet. And she takes Patty by the left hand, the hand that wasn't on her pussy. Jenna quickly discovers just how rubbery Patty's legs are. Her entire body is, really. Patty can barely walk out to the living room. While Jenna is taking care of Patty I whisper a few instructions to Sophie.

Once we're on the sofa, I send Sophie to fetch me a coffee. She serves Jenna one, too. Patty remains ignored, which seems to be fine by Patty. She sits, loose and spent, her eyes dreamy, and just waits. More just drifts through the sweetness of her afterglow and hopes we won't want her too soon.

Once the coffees are served, Sophie kneeling before Jenna offers to take Patty to the potty, if Jenna would like her to, and if Patty asks her to.

Jenna, knowing how badly Patty wants to get rid of the enema, tells Patty "You may ask Miss Slave to take you potty unless you want your butt full." the last part comes over rather snidely, which I'm sure was Jenna's intent.

"Miss Slave," Patty asks. Her little girl's voice is back as strong as ever, now laced with a dreamy note to it. "Will you please take this naughty little girl potty, Ma'am?"

Sophie knows what I want her to do. She says she will. Then she takes Patty by the hand and walks her back to the bathroom. Sophie leaves the bathroom door wide open. That's a rule here, only people may close a door behind them, not subs, toys, bitches, whores, or slaves. Only people. Sophie takes Patty to the toilet and has her sit on it with her knees spread wide apart and her hands resting atop her thighs, palms up.

Sophie watches Patty closely as Patty empties her bowels. I'm sure that's a new, and unexpected, experience for Patty, too. And a very humiliating one. I can't imagine that anyone has "taken" her potty in at least 45 years. But I know it will arouse her. That "little girl's voice" is always a give-away that the subs want to be treated like a little girl. A

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firmly disciplined, closely supervised, little girl with a big girl's body.

Once Patty has finished, Sophie allows her to clean herself up. And then Sophie has Patty stand up and hold her cheeks wide apart, displaying her asshole for Sophie to inspect. Sophie decides it's not clean enough and has Patty clean in more, Only this time while standing up and keeping her cheeks spread so that Sophie can watch her doing it. Satisfied that Patty's asshole is as clean as it can possibly be, Sophie, brings a naked Patty back out to the living room, holding her by the hand, and takes her to sit again beside her "guardian," Jenna.

By eight every morning and evening, Patty is to find Jenna and politely ask her to check her skanky pussy and body for her. By eight, I tell Patty, means that when the clock strikes eight, Jenna should have already been asked. Once Patty asks, she belongs to Jenna and will behave like a good girl for Jenna. Jenna will check her body thoroughly and tell her what to do. When Jenna is satisfied that Patty has not only done as she was told, but behaved well, Jenna will tell her that "she is dismissed."

I call those times with Jenna "supervision sessions." During those sessions, all of my rules apply. Whatever Jenna tells her to do, she must do. She must be humble and polite. She may not speak without permission. Jenna may do whatever she pleases with Patty then. Patty will answer all of Jenna's questions just as she did earlier. If Patty misbehaves, even the slightest, Jenna will punish her for it.

Whatever happens in her sessions stays in those sessions. Outside of those times, there is to be no discussion of me or anything that's happened in a session. Or that should be in a session. Patty may only speak to Jenna about normal "family-type" stuff. Anything but her sexuality is fine.

From this moment on, Patty may not touch her pussy unless Jenna tells her to. However, her husband may use her pussy, however, and whenever, he wishes. She may never deny him.

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And I warn Patty that she should keep her body very clean and properly groomed. She won't know when, or even if, Jenna is going to bring her to me. And she definitely does not want me to see her body at less than it's cleanest.

Patty readily accepts the new rules. Jenna already knew they were coming. She accepts them too, just less enthusiastically.

While Patty has been sitting there and listening to her new rules, she's discovered something else about my yellow enemas. They "come back." She had thought she was done on the toilet. She felt empty. But as she sat here, the fullness, the extreme urge to run for the ladies' room, has slowly crept back up. It's not quite as powerful as it was, but it is definitely very strong and uncomfortable for her. But, not allowed to speak, she can't tell anyone. She doesn't need to. Even if I didn't know it would happen, I can see the strain on her face and the tension in her body. The mineral oil enemas tend to do that. Once they have her rectum full, the fluid flows backward into her colon. Then, once her rectum is emptied, it only takes a few minutes for that liquid to flow back into her rectum, stretching it again and returning her to discomfort.

I ask Jenna if she's ever taken anyone potty. She says no, she hasn't. She doesn't have any kids that needed to be toilet trained. I jokingly congratulate her. I tell her that once she gets Patty home, she should take her potty before dismissing her. Then I tell Jenna what to do. To watch Patty very closely. To inspect her asshole afterward to ensure it's fully cleaned up. Jenna groans.

I tell Patty that she's going to learn so manners, too. Today, before her session with Jenna tonight, she's to hand-write a polite thank you letter to me and a separate one to Jenna. I ask Jenna to email me mine once she has it from Patty. Patty can deliver them at her session. Jenna says she will.

So I tell Jenna that since she's Patty's guardian, she needs to see that Patty is dressed, and her hands bound, for the trip home. I'm done

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with Patty's lesson. She did learn two lessons on her first day in "slutgarten." Kindergarten for sluts. At least that gets a laugh from Jenna.

Jenna allows Patty to dress herself. Then she binds Patty's hands and walks her out.

That evening I get the first email from Jenna. She tells me that "the pig," Patty's husband, didn't even notice Patty was gone this evening. She tells me that she decided that since Patty seemed to like doing things as embarrassingly as possible, she made Patty strip before asking Patty the questions. She copied my list of questions, pasting them into her email, and adding Patty's answers.

1. Are you menstruating now?

No.

2. Have you had any kind of sex with anyone since your last session with me?

No.

3. Have you masturbated since your last session with me?

No.

4. Have you thought about masturbating?

Yes.

5. What slutty thoughts have you had?

I can't stop thinking about my session with Miss Rodgers.

6. Have those thoughts been arousing you?

Hell Yes.

7. Am I going to find that skanky pussy horny?

Probably.

Jenna adds that she did find Patty's pussy to be rather wet, but not quite so bad that Patty needed to masturbate again. She "guesses that

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Patty will need to soon, maybe in the morning. And then, she attaches my thank you letter.

Dear Miss Rodgers;

I wanted to thank you from the bottom of my heart for taking such good care of me this morning.

You were right, Ma'am. The enema did teach me some patience. I've wanted to ask Miss Tyler a thousand times to arrange another visit for me, but every time I thought about that, I thought about that enema. About how it made me more uncomfortable than I've ever been. And I haven't said a word!

And You'll never know how much I appreciate you teaching me to diddle myself. I never would have thought to do it like that. And it felt so good. That was the best orgasm of my life! But if you and Miss Tyler weren't supervising me, I never would have been able to do it like that. The urge to hurry along and climax was just too strong. I needed you to make me behave.

Which brings me to what I want to say. I admit I didn't know what to expect. But my time with you was everything I wanted it to be, and more than I'd dreamed of. I will never know how you seemed to know exactly what I truly needed and when. How you knew that, despite it being far more humiliating for me than I could have imagined, that I needed to be taken care of like a little girl.

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I felt like you both truly cared about me. And I felt honored that you did since I also felt like I was nothing. Just a little girl that needed constant attention from the grown-ups.

So thank you for that, Ma'am. I promise to be on my best behavior for Miss Tyler. But know I will be dreaming about my time with you. There are two thoughts I can't get out of my head. Lying there on the table while you first put the enema thingy into my behind, knowing it was going to be awful, and knowing for certain that I had no choice but to get my enema. I just knew you'd never let me get up. The other is lying over your, and Miss Tyler's, knees and being spanked. I'd thought I might be spanked, but I'd imagined bending over or something like that for it. I never imagined that you'd turn me over your knees like a little girl! Not only was that incredibly humiliating, but the spanking hurt a lot! Despite that, it made me feel like you cared about me. Because I was spanked just like a little girl. A girl spanked for her own good, to make her behave as I should have behaved.

When we got home, Miss Tyler took me to my bathroom. She had me undress fully so she could see me. Then she watched me like a hawk! When I was done, she made me sit there for a few more minutes so I wouldn't have to come back. In silence, while she watched me. Then she allowed me to dress again. She made me follow her to the living room and sit on the sofa. She only made me wait for about two minutes. She told me that I had to come "report" to her by eight so she could "inspect my

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skankiness.” And then she dismissed me. She didn’t even let me ask any questions! She just told me what to do and dismissed me. Dismissed, I wasn’t allowed to ask her anything! I know you taught her to do that.

Thank you again, Miss Rodgers. I can’t wait to see you again.

Patricia