

*His Mommy's
New Life: His
Slut*



Nadezhda sarankhova

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Author's Note:

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

The complete archives of all my public-version stories are available on my website.

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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Introduction:

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

My name is Pepper Rodgers. I'm a 20-year-old Domme, living downtown Mobile, Alabama. I have a decently well-stocked playroom in the second bedroom of my fourth-floor apartment (most of my neighbors are corporate types who aren't always around, giving me a lot of privacy, even in the halls and elevators). I also have a decently stocked toybox. I prefer my toys to be older than I am, around 30-42 years old. I prefer men for myself, however not for my toybox. When it comes to toys, I find women and couples to be far more amusing. Single men tend to be needier, and often too clingy. But that doesn't mean I don't have a few of them in my toybox. I do. They just don't have the same chances of getting there as couples and single women do.

I'm petite. Actually more "tiny" than petite. I'm 5' 1.75" and 91 pounds. I'm not bony, though, I've curvy, like a small-sized woman. I have blond hair down to my shoulders and blue eyes. Oh, and my chest is the only

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place I'm not small. I'm a 32-D, and I'm very pert. Which makes me popular with the boys.

I'm also slightly bisexual. I'm attracted to men, not women. I would never choose a female partner for even a date, let alone for sex. But I'm not opposed to masturbating with a female toy. Sophie happens to be my favorite sex toy to pleasure myself with. Her tongue has two big advantages over my vibrator: one, it's very delicate and tender. Two, no matter how much I use it, its batteries never die at the worst possible 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 to touch, or even see, all of me. And I never bring a toy to my bedroom. Nor do I chose a woman. I pick a man, usually one I find in a club or cafe, or wherever. I flirt, dance dirty a little and if he meets my standards, I ask if he's interested in a one-time-only, no-names-exchanged, hook-up. I've never been turned down.

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

Sophie is my 20-year-old live-in slave-girl. She's slightly petite at 5'4" and 119 pounds. She's pretty, too, with long honey-blond hair, green eyes, and a 34-B chest.

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Sophie is extremely devoted to me. So devoted, and so happy as my slave, that despite not being attracted to women, she's a virgin with men. She serves and pleasures only me, and those I give her to. And while I use her, even with my male toys, I won't allow any man to touch her pussy or penetrate her bottom. Those are mine. Only mine. I've owned her since she graduated high school, but I've known her longer. Since about two months after her 18th birthday, which was also about two months before she finished high school.

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

Paige is a rather lean girl. She stands about 5'6" tall, but weighs only 112 pounds. It gives her a slightly stickish figure, with only the gentlest of feminine curves to her waist and hips. But she does have a pair of rather perky, and slightly pointy, 34-B breasts with wide nipples. She has honey brown hair that's long and curly with green eyes.

I believe in taking good care of my slaves. Including their education. Sophie is now a sophomore at Bishop State College where she's studying to become a vet technician. Paige, a year behind her in school, is beginning her freshman year at Bishop. Before they became mine,

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both girls were mediocre students, and neither had the grades to get into a four-year university. Now they're straight-A students. I wouldn't accept anything less. Both should easily be able to transfer to USA for their last two years of college and earn degrees that would allow them to actually get a decent job. They might not need to work while they're mine, but I want them to have their education and options down the line.

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

I also have a circle of five other women friends, all of whom are Dommies as well. Andrea (28), Janelle (36), Colette (40), Diane (44), and Olive (46). 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

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meeting me, and while I will email and maybe chat with a sub online, I haven't yet met any. I won't rule it out, but meeting online is risky enough that someone would have to convince me before I'd think about it. A girl's gotta be careful!

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

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



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Sunday is my busy day. It's the day I work a 12-hour shift. Naturally, that's the day Colette sent me a message offering me a toy. The one day that I couldn't respond right away.

But I did talk to Colette that night. She told me about Carol, a 49-year-old woman in her toybox for now. She's owned Carol for a couple of years now. However, Colette is a married soccer mom, and that leaves her little time to play.

When she does have the time, she prefers couples for her toys. Until about two months ago. Carol was married. She played, her husband joining in enough to serve as a prop for Colette's fun and games. Then, one day and without much of an explanation, her husband walked out on her. That left Carol as a single toy in Colette's toybox.

Colette is straight, and thus the few single toys she has are male. Very few. She really likes couples, though. She decided that she didn't want to keep Carol because she's now a single woman. And Colette doesn't usually "mix" her toys, playing with a single man and a single woman together. Or "making" a couple out of a pair of singles.

But Colette knows that I like singles as well as couples. And, if I have a preference, it's for female toys. The single male toys tend to get clingy and demanding, and thus exiled. At least the ones without anyone else in their lives. So I might shy away from those a little.

Colette tells me that she's sure I'll like Carol. She knows the woman well, and she knows me well enough to know the kinds of things that I will do with Carol. And she knows that I love to have a middle-aged, or mom-aged, woman over my knees for a good spanking. That is just hot for me!

Plus Carol has a 20-year-old son, whom Colette barely has met. But Colette can see that he's a bit introverted and shy with girls. The kind of guy who won't have much luck picking girls up. But also the kind of guy who really cares for his mom and wouldn't mind "helping

out” with some supervision for her. That’s one thing I prefer, but don’t insist upon, for my single toys. Someone to watch over them while they’re not here, to ensure that the toy is following all of my rules.

I tell Colette that I’ll meet Carol and decide if I want to take her off Colette’s hands or not. She’s all for that, assuring me that once I meet her, I’ll want her. I’m pretty sure I will. I haven’t gotten that many of my toys from Colette, but that’s because of her limited playtime and thus the small size of her toybox. The ones I have gotten have been “quality merchandise,” though. She knows what I like, and what I look for in a toy.

I have a rule, at least a strong guideline, that I prefer my toys not bring themselves to a session, especially the first ones. It goes hand in hand with my guideline about toys having someone to look after them. Colette knows that rule, so when I ask her to send Jared, Carol’s son, a message for me, she’s not the least bit surprised. The message is short and sweet. It tells Jared that in the morning, he’s to wake Carol up, then tell her to sit in a chair, before doing anything else, so that he can take a picture of her as she is. As she got out of bed. He’s to send that picture to my number, and sooner or later he will be given further instructions by “Miss Rodgers,” from that number, and he is to follow them. He’s only to tell Carol that “Mistress Colette” has said that Carol is to meet “Mistress Pepper,” to whom Carol has been offered to.

Jared texts back that he will follow Colette’s instructions. That’s not a surprise. The couple of times that Colette has spoken to him since Carol’s husband left, he’s told her how depressed Carol has been. And how he’d like to do something to get her back to her old self. He knows that Carol likes her time with Colette, and now that her husband is gone, Carol has been clinging to those sessions, wanting them more and more. Which is something Colette doesn’t have the time to offer her. Thus offering her to me. But she almost knew that Jared would

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go along with my rules. At least for a while. Until Carol started to liven back up.

Other than sending Jared instructions, and waiting to hear back from Colette that he would agree to them, I didn't have time to worry much more about Carol Sunday night.

Monday morning I woke up around five. It took me just a few minutes to get my slaves Sophie and Paige ready for their day. And Dawn, a girl I'm looking after for a bit until her father and I get her life going. While Dawn is here, she's learning to be a proper woman. My way. Then I answered a few texts, had breakfast, and got around to checking the "t-mail," the emails from my toys.

But first I checked my texts and found the one from Jared. There's the picture I'd asked for. Below it, Jared had written, "Miss Rodgers, here's the picture Mistress Colette said to send you. This is my mom, Carol. I always have my phone, so you can text me back whenever."

I'm pretty sure that my instructions weren't followed exactly. I doubt Carol slept exactly like that. Like she did sleep in the top and panties, but I doubt she slept with her breasts hanging out of it. But Colette has told me that Carol has rather large breasts. It's an attribute that Carol thinks makes her desirable. So I'm not surprised that, given the instructions, she's trying to flaunt them as if to entice me to meet her.

Carol definitely looks better prettied up. Then again, who really looks her best fresh from bed? That's why I asked for a picture then. I wanted to see Carol at her worst.

I text Jared a rather long message. I tell him that my rules are a little different than Colette's. Actually, there's only one big difference. Colette never plays at her house because her husband and kids are always in and out. She doesn't have the privacy for it. I prefer to play at mine. It's where I have all my favorite toys. I tell him about the rule that Carol can't bring herself here. Instead, a "responsible adult" will have to bring her and pick her up.

And also that my playthings are not allowed to bring anything with them except basic clothes. That's a bra and panties, shoes and socks/stockings, and either a blouse and pants/skirt or a dress. Should he accept the role of "responsible adult" in charge of Carol, then it is *his* responsibility to not just have her here on time, but to ensure that she brings nothing more than that with her. If he's willing to be her "guardian," he may bring her here at 09:30 this morning and I will "evaluate" her.

He texts back saying he'll have her here and thanking me for agreeing to meet her. And for the clear directions to my apartment. I even included suggested places where he might actually find parking, both free and metered. I live downtown Mobile, and parking here is at a premium. At least safe parking is. Parts of downtown aren't so good. Like a good part of Mobile.

I've allowed Jared about 90 minutes to get her here. They live in Wilmer, a "no minorities need enter" redneck little enclave west of Mobile. But still in Mobile County. It should take them about 30 minutes to drive the fifteen or so miles here. That leaves him an hour or so to get Carol ready. And I have little doubt that Carol will take full advantage of every second of that time to pretty herself up as much as possible in light of the rules that so restrict what she can bring.

I didn't tell him to tie or leash Carol, two things I'm known for doing when I have a toy delivered. He's just a minute or two early, despite my instructions to be exactly on time. I'd punish a toy for even that minute, but I won't this time. I know it's Jared's doing, not hers. And I know that Jared only wants to make a good impression on me. Or rather to help Carol make one. I know she wants to be owned, and he wants her to be happy.

I send Sophie to answer my door. I almost always have her answer the door. She's my live-in slave-girl who functions primarily as my handmaiden. She's been with me longer than any of the others. Plus, she's a maiden, something Paige, my live-in house-slave and whore isn't.

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And Sophie is very responsible, on top of being good at looking after Paige and the other toys when I tell her to.

I can see the surprise on both of their faces the minute Sophie opens the door. She's 20, and she looks a little younger. Jared definitely did not expect to be seeing anyone closer to his age than his mom's. Colette is in her late 40's as well, so I'm sure he assumed that all of her friends would be close to her age. Oops, never assume! I don't know what Colette has told them about me, but now I know that's it's not too much.

Sophie greets Jared politely, utterly ignoring Carol for a moment. She opens the door fully and invites Jared in. As he starts to step in, Sophie puts her hand on Carol's shoulder. "Not you, bitch, you go stand over there." She points Carol to the usual spot. It's the stretch of empty wall just inside the door, between it and the coat closet. I keep it bare just to make a place for the toys to stand and wait. A place where there will be nothing for them.

Sophie shows Jared over to a seat on the sofa. I join Jared, sitting on a love seat at an angle to him so that we can talk. I offer him coffee, which he accepts. I send Sophie to fetch it. She's back in a minute with two cups. She sets one on the coffee table for a moment.

Then Sophie drops to her knees in front of Jared. She's not nude today, but she is wearing one of her "slave dresses." The baby blue one. They're all-lace stretchy dresses that barely cover her from her breasts down to just below the bottom curve of her behind. She has matching all-lace fingerless gloves to go with it. And she has matching high-heeled boots with sides of stiff lace that rise to just below her knees as well. It's a rather slutty look. Especially since the lace does nothing to actually hide her nakedness. It just makes you look a little harder to see through its holes. And Sophie never gets a bra or panties with these dresses.

Jared's eyes are now locked on Sophie. I don't need to watch her. I know she'll do as she should. I watch Carol out of the corner of my eye, trying to make her think that

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I'm not watching her while I do. I want to see how Carol acts when she doesn't think she's being watched.

Sophie kneels properly, with her knees and feet spread wide. That makes her already short dress ride up a bit. Just enough that as she sits back, her bottom between her heels, the puffy mound of her pussy is fully exposed beneath the dress. Sophie turns her palms upward, holding them side by side like a little tray, and resting the coffee atop her palms. She holds her hands in front of her nipples, six inches out from them. "Here is your coffee, Sir," she tells him in her sweetest voice. Then she just waits demurely until he takes it from her hands and thanks her. Only then does she serve me. Southern hospitality. I'd never dream of not serving a guest first.

It leaves Sophie on her knees in front of me, now waiting for her next instruction. She's very patient about waiting, too.

Now that the courtesies are over with, I turn to Jared. I already know that I'm going to want someone to look after Carol for a bit while she learns my rules and such. I'd like it to be Jared. I'm sure that would be nicely humiliating for Carol to suddenly be the "ward" of her son, especially given how intimately I like my toys minded. I just don't know if Jared will go for it or not. I do know that if I come right out and ask, I might well get a different answer than if I slowly ease him into the role without his realizing it.

Carol is wearing relaxed-fit jeans with a nice, cream-colored blouse. And sneakers. By Wilmer standards, I think that counts as formal wear. "Did you do as I asked and ensure that this bitch has nothing but the six pieces of clothing allowed?" I ask him nicely.

"I did," he answers. I'm pretty sure, just by his voice, that what he actually did was tell her what she was allowed and trust her to dress herself properly. It's what most people in his position would do. And it's not what I would have done. I'd have her stripped naked, checked closely, and then give her the clothes I wanted her to wear. Of course, Jared has no way of knowing that. Carol has made

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a serious effort to keep him far away from her playtime until now. And I'm sure now she's only letting him as close to it as she must.

"I'm sure you know that I want to see the bitch I'm being offered. Just as I'm sure you wouldn't buy a used car without driving it, much less seeing it. It's the same principle. In this Queendom, the utterly worthless bitches, like that one, are never allowed a say in anything. So, since you're the adult responsible for this plaything, I'll ask you. Do you mind if I have my slave strip it naked and check its worthless old body over intimately, inside and out, to make sure that it's naked for me?"

It's a simple choice. It's something that I'd hope Jared already assumed Carol would do here. Get naked. It's not like there could be too much fun with Carol dressed. The only part of it that I suspect Jared didn't expect was for him to have to make the choice for her. To decide if his mom wanted to strip in front of us.

He takes just a second or two to answer. Just long enough for me to know that he's wondering if she wants to, and what would happen if he said no. Probably how he could say yes, but add in after he's gone so that he doesn't have to see her naked. "Go ahead," he says.

I just wave in Carol's direction, still trying my hardest not to let her see me even glance at her. As if Carol is absolutely nothing to me. But I can see her out of the corner of my eye. Enough to see the corners of her mouth turn up into a faint, and quickly hidden, grin as she hears Jared decide to allow her to be stripped.

Sophie knows what I expect her to do. She gets to her feet and goes right over to Carol. There's one distinct advantage of Carol over another "fresh" toy. Carol still belongs to Colette. Colette uses the same commands as I do, and that the rest of our little circle of Domme friends use. It means that Sophie doesn't have to teach Carol anything. Carol will already know exactly what's expected of her when she's told what to do.

Sophie stands right in front of Carol, about four or five feet back from her. "Undress, bitch," is all Sophie says in her firm, all-business voice. The voice she always uses when telling my toys what to do.

"Yes... Ma'am?" Carol answers politely, but with a little uncertainty at the end. She doesn't know how to address Sophie. It tells me that if she's ever served anyone other than Colette, Carol hasn't spent much time around other slaves. Probably no time around a slave with any authority over the rest. Sort of a head slave.

"I am Miss Slave, to you, bitch," Sophie corrects her immediately.

"Yes, Miss Slave, I'm sorry, Miss Slave," Carol hurries to apologize so fast that she almost babbles.

Carol quickly reaches for her blouse and starts unbuttoning it. She works down from the top button. It's what the command told her to do. "Undress," tells her to start at the top of her head, and work her way down her body, taking off the highest item first. Not to undress in layers, as most women would do, and save her bra and panties for last.

Carol slips her shirt off her shoulders, holding it in front of her to fold it up neatly before giving it to Sophie. It lets me see a hot pink bra underneath. Given the size of her breasts, well into the ample range, it's a fairly minimalist bra. It has full cups with a heavy wire underneath each. It has to support those mounds. It has a wide lacy band around her chest. But it does have decently narrow ribbon-like straps over her shoulders. I'm sure it has three clasps in the back, too.

"Here is my shirt, Miss Slave," Carol politely holds her shirt out atop her upturned palms. Only Carol doesn't hold her hands even with her nipples. She has them even with her waistline, and as far out from her body as she can. Otherwise, Sophie, who is several inches shorter than Carol, would have to reach up to about the height of her chin to get it.

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Sophie takes the blouse and holds it in her hands. She doesn't say anything to Carol. Carol has already been told what to do. Sophie just waits for her to do it.

Carol doesn't hesitate, but I wouldn't expect her to. I'm sure this isn't new to her. And it is all girls in the room, except her son. But Jared is very obviously turning his head and trying hard not to look.

Carol reaches behind her back and unclips her bra. The wide lace bands of it fall to her sides as her hands go up to her shoulders. She slips the straps off her shoulders and lets them fall down her arms. They hang at her elbows. She uses her hands, gripping the bra by the bottom of the band under its cups, to pull the bra forward. And finally to bare her breasts.

For the first time, I can truly appreciate just how large Carol's breasts actually are. Huge. Possibly even the biggest in my toybox, if Carol can earn a place there. They're soft, like water balloons hanging on her chest. But any breasts this big would be soft. They're too heavy not to be.

Her mounds hang down against her chest with a pronounced crease at their undersides. At their fronts, her mounds have a decent roundness to them. But back as they join her chest, the roundness is pulled out a bit, giving her mounds a slight flatness to them. As if the water balloons have all their weight at the front. It's enough that her nipples are pointing slightly downward. It leaves a long and deep V of cleavage between her mounds.

Carol has wide nipples. Definitely as wide as marbles. They're a rather light shade of pink. But even that shade stands out against the milky whiteness of her mounds. They're not the longest of nipples, standing out less than ¼" from the loose tips of her mounds. But they are surrounded by exceptionally wide rings of color that start the same shade as her nipples, then fade to lightness as they cover the tips of those mounds.

Carol hands her bra over to Sophie. As soon as Sophie takes it, Carol is squatting down to get her shoes

off. Even though they're not the highest thing, it's allowed now because she can't get her jeans off with them on, and the jeans are now the next to come off. She gets those off quickly, tucks the laces into them, and gives them to Sophie.

Then Carol is standing back up and reaching for the waistband of her jeans as she does. She doesn't rush, but she's not dallying either. Her jeans slide down her legs. And reveal a rather slutty pair of panties that I'd bet anything Carol put on just for this, thinking they look sexy on her. And wanting to look sexy for me.

The panties are hot pink, matching her bra. They have a tiny glowing triangle covering her shaven pubes. It's small enough, and leaves enough of her pubes bare, for me to know that she shaves them. It covers her mound, and not too much more. Otherwise, it has nothing but spaghetti straps around her hips. And another thin strap that rides up her crack, leaving all of her cheeks bared for me.

Carol just doesn't really have the body for these panties. She's not fat. I've seen bigger in here. But her hips are on the wide side of average. I'd guess she's around a size 12. I can see the looseness in her stomach, too. It's still a flat stomach, one without any flab or hang to it, but it is a loose one. Just as her sides are more straight than curved into an hourglass. But these are panties for a woman 25 years younger and 25 pounds lighter. Still, they confirm my earlier notion that Carol is trying to look her sexiest for me. And my earlier opinion that Carol will need some "wardrobe supervision." I mean someone to monitor what she wears so that she dresses like a woman her age and size, which she has on the outside.

It leaves Carol with just her socks and those panties on. She doesn't hesitate to reach back up to her waistband. They come down quickly, baring what little is still hidden behind them. Carol has them folded quickly,

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too. "Here are my panties, Miss Slave," Carol offers them to Sophie.

It leaves Carol standing in nothing but her socks. And that gives me my first real view of her pussy. Immediately I notice just how prominent her mound is. It puffs down at least a full inch. Probably even more. Her lips look thin but long and wide. Her inner folds have got to be long, too. As far as her mound puffs down, I can still see the tips of her folds poking their edges up into her slit. Or rather more of a gash than a slit. It looks as if her folds are pushing her lips aside, leaving a good gap between the edges of her lips. And at the top, the edges of her lips seem to open with a V shape as they fade into her pubes. Carol is going to have a "big" pussy.

It only takes Carol a few more seconds to have her socks off and offer those to Sophie. It leaves Carol completely nude. As she's been taught to do, she tells Sophie "Miss Slave, I am fully naked for you now, just as you told me to do."

Sophie takes Carol's clothes in her hands.

"Get rid of those disgusting panties, slave," I tell Sophie in a sweet voice.

"Yes, Mistress," Sophie answers. And she smiles from ear to ear. She holds Carol's clothes in one hand and uses her free hand to pick the panties off the pile. She holds them out, a couple of feet over the floor.

"Butt Monkey...." Sophie coos in her sweetest voice, as if talking to a baby.

Butt Monkey is my seven-month-old puppy. He's a mixed breed, part hound, part ten other things. Last semester his entire litter, a couple of days old, was dumped and abandoned on the vet tech training program Sophie was enrolled in. She graduated. But by then, they hadn't found a home for him. I strongly suspect that Sophie made sure they didn't. She loved him from first sight. She begged, I relented, and Princess Lilly, my pit bull, adopted a baby boy!

Butt Monkey seems to have a panty fetish. He loves panties, preferably fresh off the butt. So when he sees (and sniffs) what Sophie is holding out, he comes flying. Literally. He runs at full speed, leaping off the ground well before the panties. He chomps them in his teeth, pulling them from Sophie's light grip, and speeds away with them. He finds a place to lie down in the far corner of the room and immediately starts chewing on his prize.

"The panties are gone, Mistress," Sophie tells me in a sweet, pleased voice. Carol stares at the puppy with a surprised and slightly horrified look on her face. As if she's surprised I didn't like those panties. And now realizes that when I said gone, I meant gone forever. She'll be going home without panties. Jared shows surprise on his face, but I see a faint hint of a smirk on it, too. As if he thinks the show was funny.

Sophie heads back to the playroom, where I keep a four-drawer filing cabinet for just this reason. All four drawers are now slightly ajar. Sophie tosses Carol's clothes in the top one and then pushes it shut. Sophie doesn't have a key to open it again. I have the only one. Now Carol's clothes are locked away where only I can get to them. Carol won't be getting them back until I decide to give them to her. If I decide to give them to her.

Carol stands still, her hands behind her back and her feet opened enough that the insides of her thighs leave space between them and the mound of her pussy. That way every bit of her pussy is fully displayed.

It only takes me a second of looking, without even getting up to see that Carol is lying to my slave. She is not completely nude. Her navel is pierced, and she's still wearing a piece of jewelry in it. I know that the idea of taking that off just never entered into her mind. Or Jared's. But I did give them both a very specific list of clothes allowed, and there wasn't any jewelry on that list. And I'm not going to let that go uncorrected.

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Now I'm even more confident that Jared didn't actually check her clothes. He told her the rules and trusted her to follow them.

But I half wonder if Carol did think of it. I know she's trying to look nice for me, and jewelry would be something she'd want to wear for that. Or it could be a bitch's test of a new owner. Carol's way of finding out how strict I will be with her. If I'll let her get away with little infractions like this, or if I'll enforce complete obedience. That's so something a bitch would try.

I turn my attention back to Jared. "First, this bitch was dressed like some teenager in those ridiculous panties! They make it look even fatter than it already is. And this bitch is plenty fat, to begin with." I tell him in a slightly firm, but more an all-business voice.

"Second, that navel ring was not on the list of allowed clothing. Did you actually pick those clothes for it and watch it dress, or just tell this bitch what to do and wait in the living room as it disobeyed you?"

Jared looks surprised by the question. He stutters slightly as he begins his answer. "I... uh... just told her what you wanted..."

"Well, clearly this stupid bitch can't be trusted with a task so complex as dressing itself!" I mockingly tell him. Then I turn my head and sweeten up my voice. "slave, search that fat thing, from the tips of its hair to the tips of its fat toes."

"Yes, Mistress," Sophie tells me.

I sit there and watch as Sophie starts running her fingers through Carol's hair. Then Sophie starts working downward. Carol's ears. Carol's nose. Sophie has Carol open her mouth, then uses her finger to lift Carol's tongue and poke out her cheeks to see everything. Satisfied, Sophie works down, pausing at Carol's breasts to pinch each nipple and lift the heavy mound up, stretching the crease under each fully open. Then she keeps going down until she reaches the tips of Carol's toes.

Sophie has Carol turn around. Then Sophie starts at the top of Carol's head again, working all the way down to Carol's feet. She pauses only twice. The first time at Carol's bottom to pull her cheeks wide apart, and fully expose Carol's crack. The second at Carol's feet to lift each one off the floor so that Sophie can check the sole of the foot, and then between all of her toes.

Now Sophie tells Carol to bend over and spread her feet wide. Sophie doesn't shy away from the task of stretching Carol's pussy lips wide to reveal all of Carol's pinkness. After her visual inspection, Sophie casually presses one of her fingers into Carol's tunnel, pushing all of her finger inside. Sophie wiggles her finger, probing as much of Carol's pussy as her little finger will reach. I hear Carol breathe out a faint purr as she feels Sophie's finger moving inside her.

Sophie pulls her finger from Carol's pussy. She uses one hand to spread Carol's cheeks wide, stretching her crack open and revealing Carol's asshole. Carol grunts as she feels Sophie just as casually, as if Sophie has no concern for Carol's comfort, just efficiency, push her finger into Carol's tight asshole. Sophie does the same, pushing all of her finger into Carol's bottom and probing around to feel everything she can reach. And especially to make Carol feel Sophie's finger poking around inside her. Then Sophie pulls her finger back out just as casually.

Sophie tells Carol to stand up. Sophie steps in front of Carol and takes the ring out of Carol's navel. She has Carol turn to face the wall, and stand with the tips of her toes against the baseboards. That has the tips of Carol's soft mounds flattened slightly against the wall. But that's all of Carol that's touching the wall. And she has Carol's hands behind her back.

Sophie brings me the navel ring. She kneels to offer it to me. And she tells me that she is now certain that "the stupid fat bitch is really naked now." I take the navel ring from Sophie and give it to Jared. It looks expensive enough for her, and I wouldn't want her to lose something she

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really couldn't afford to lose. I'm sure Jared will return it to her.



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Carol is now standing naked, facing the wall. It has everything and everyone behind her back. Literally. It lets her hear everything but see nothing. More importantly to me, it keeps Jared from seeing her face. That way, he can't get any clue what she's thinking. If she's getting excited by what I'm saying or not. All he gets to see are her loose, but rather shapely cheeks. The backside of her loose legs. Legs that aren't thin, but are shapely and have few, if any, extra pounds on them. But not so lean as to show the lines of her muscles. Her back, too, with her long blond hair hanging down it to the bottoms of her shoulder blades. And her hands behind her back. In other words, nothing that would give him a hint.

"I know this bitch belongs to Mistress Colette, however, when I first meet a new peasant bitch wishing to enter my Queendom, I begin by interviewing it, and then my slave will measure it, weigh it, and such. After that, it will be drug tested and fully inspected in-depth. Not just what you can see, but to the very depths of its throat, vagina, and rectum. I like to know the bitches whoring around my Queendom. Since you are this bitch's temporary guardian, do I have your permission to interview it and inspect it?"

I ask Jared. I'd do it anyway, and I'm pretty sure Carol won't mind it too much, although I'll try to make it as embarrassing as possible for her. But I want Jared to get used to making choices for Carol. That way it won't be so weird for him when, and if, he agrees to supervise her while she learns the ways of my world.

"I guess that's OK. It's kind of the normal thing, right?"

"It is. I'm sure Mistress Colette inspected it before she accepted it. No one I know would take anything sight-unseen."

"Well, since you're waiting on this bitch, I don't want you to be lonely... Lezzie, get your worthless butt out here, bitch," I raise my voice so that Dawn will hear me in the kitchen. She's in there, helping Paige with the chores.

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"Yes, Ma'am!" Dawn immediately calls out.

Dawn isn't exactly my toy. She's really no one's toy. She's a 24-year-old girl who just graduated from USA and is looking for a job in her chosen field of education. She belongs to her father, one of the stronger Doms that I know. However, he lives a good 75-100 miles away in a very rural area. A place where Dawn would have very few, likely no, options for employment. Unlike Mobile, one of the larger cities in Alabama. He's asked me to "look after" her. To take care of her and teach her the things she'll need to know to be a wife. Once he and I find a husband for her. He's also asked that I protect her virtue, meaning that she remains a virgin until after her wedding. But with that single caveat, he's given me carte blanche to use her as I see fit. And naturally, I do. Oral sex and anything with another female are allowed, too. It leaves me plenty of ways to use her.

Dawn is only a few years older than Jared. She's rather cute, too. The kind of girl who had plenty of boys asking her out. It probably helps that she has rather large breasts, too. And pretty blue eyes with a wide smile.

Dawn comes hurrying out of the kitchen and into the living room. Instantly, Jared's eyes lock on her. She's nude, as all house-slaves always are in my apartment. Paige is, too. Dawn has only two things on. A hot purple dog collar locked around her neck, with a bone-shaped tag that identifies her as my property, and a pair of police-issued leg irons around her ankles to remind her of her place as a slave. It's the same thing Paige wears, except that Paige's collar is pink.

Dawn hurries to me as fast as she can shuffle her chained feet. She drops to her knees in front of me, opening her feet and knees as wide as the chains will allow. It's plenty wide enough for her to sit her bottom back between her heels and assume a proper kneeling posture. She puts her hands behind her back. That has them out of the way, leaving her furry pubes and breasts on full display for me. And now for Jared.

Dawn says nothing. There's no reason for her to. I called, she came. She knows that when it's convenient for me, I will tell her what I've summoned her to do.

"Lezzie, be a good bitch," I sweetly instruct Dawn. "This man is my guest. Serve him whatever he wishes. Keep him company. I wish him to be amused. You will not be a total slut this time, either. Do not touch his penis. However, since it seems like he likes you, I'll expect him to be eager for your company."

"Yes, Ma'am," Dawn doesn't hesitate to answer. "I will take the best and sweetest care of your guest, my Queen."

Dawn immediately rises to her feet long enough to shift around and drop back to them facing Jared. She immediately, in her sugariest voice, and a rather hopefully eager voice, asks if she may be allowed the honor of fetching anything for him. He says no, his coffee is still half full so there's nothing he needs right now. Dawn doesn't even look disappointed. She just accepts that he needs nothing. She, her voice even sweeter, asks if she may sit with him.

I've yet to meet a 20-year-old guy who would turn down a naked, attractive young woman who asked to sit with him. Jared doesn't disappoint. I knew he wouldn't. Dawn immediately sits beside him, leaving a mere inch between them. Then she softly, her voice now decently sultry, asks his permission to touch him. Of course, he agrees to that. Dawn almost explodes. She moves fast. She slides over until her side is against his. She drapes her arm around his shoulder. She rolls slightly, turning her chest towards him until her right breast is lying flush against his chest. She puts her hand to his far shoulder and begins slowly stroking her way down his arm.

"Thank you so much, Sir," she says in her sultry voice. "You're free to touch this body as it pleases you, Sir." Dawn doesn't give him much of a chance. Now that her hand has reached his wrist, she gently lifts it and moves his hand. He definitely isn't resisting. She puts his

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hand to her left breast, lying his palm atop the side of her firm and ample mound. That should clarify to him just how fully he's invited to play with her. Fully. It's not long, maybe a nanosecond or two, before his hand is caressing Dawn's mound. And Dawn is purring softly for him.

And now, I imagine that Jared's attention is no longer on Carol. I'd be surprised if he even remembers that Carol is in the house, let alone naked and about to be inspected. Dawn definitely has his full attention. Just to make sure she does, Dawn shifts her right leg as much as the chain will allow, rolling her legs up and lying part of it across his legs. That lifts her bottom off the sofa, giving him access to her firm and rounded cheeks too. And it snuggles her furry bush against his thigh.

With Jared occupied, I wave for slave to bring me Carol. As I do I get up and step over to my desk. It's where I always do interviews. I just love to sit at it like a high-school principal with a naughty student brought in. And I like the... lowering effect it has on the bitches.

Almost as soon as Carol turns around, slave's hand on her elbow to guide her over to me, her eyes snap over to see what's happening to Jared. Sophie immediately reaches up and slaps Carol's face, scolding her to pay attention to her, nothing else. Jared can take care of himself, unlike her. Sophie leads her over to my desk while I click open the screen on my laptop.

Sophie has Carol sit on the stool at the side of my desk. It's a small wooden stool, its top a mere 12" across. It's just slightly low for an average-sized woman to sit on, too. It's more sized for a child about 12 years old. It's Amish-built, and rather sturdy, and even more plain. It's on the left side of my desk as I sit at it, which has Carol between me and the sofa where Jared is waiting.

Sophie has Carol sit properly. Legs crossed right over left. Back up straight. Eyes forward to stare at the empty wall in front of her. Hands behind her back. Still. Silent. Demure. Just the way a bitch should be sitting and waiting on her Queen.

I take my time getting ready. Mostly I dally for a moment since it's only a couple of clicks to get ready. But she doesn't know that. Then I firmly tell her what's expected of her. That I'm going to be asking her questions. I don't care if she wants to answer them. Or if they're too invasive for her. She will answer them fully, honestly, and politely. I don't tell her why I'm asking. She doesn't need to know that. She only needs to know what's expected of her. And that's the answers, no matter how embarrassed she is by those answers.

I start with the tamer questions, ones such as her full name and birthday. I ask about her previous relationships. And her lovers, including what she's done with each of them. I don't ask about Colette, or what she's done with whom at Colette's instruction. I don't need to. Colette will give me all of that if I want it, or if I take Carol as mine. Besides, it wouldn't be unusual for a plaything like Carol not to know who many of her Mistress-assigned lovers were.

Then I move into more private areas with my questions. I ask her ones like when her period is. When she last had an orgasm and how she had it. She tells me that it's been a few weeks since she's had an orgasm. The last time she did was the last time Colette had seen her. She generally only gets aroused when her Mistress is there. It makes me wonder if that's why her husband left her – he didn't like her getting hot for Colette and not him. I ask her if she got aroused for him and she says yes, but not nearly as much so. I take that to mean he could see the difference.

Then I move back to tamer, but still personal, questions. I ask about her schedule. Her finances. Her vanilla life. She tells me that she doesn't have a job. She's paying her bills with the alimony she's getting. She seems to be doing very little beyond taking care of the chores around the house. She tells me about a couple of friends she has and has actually seen lately, but it seems like she mostly stays home. And she admits that her friends know

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about Colette. At least her closer friends, the ones she's seeing regularly.

Now that I have the basic information I wanted about her, most if not all of which I could have gotten from Colette, It's time for the next part of my usual interview. I summon Sophie and tell her to "weigh and measure this bitch."

Sophie comes over to my desk. She puts a hand on Carol's shoulder and tells Carol to get to her feet and come along. Sophie keeps her hand on Carol's bare shoulder as she gets up. And then uses it to steer Carol over to the side, where along the wall Sophie has the scale waiting.

I always weigh my toys completely naked. That way I'm only weighing them, not anything else like panties. Although I don't do it this time, mostly because my time is somewhat limited today, I've been known to give a toy an enema and a catheter to fully empty it out before weighing it as well. It does make a small difference, usually a pound or two.

"This cow of a bitch weighs 152 pounds, Mistress," Sophie loudly announces. Any woman hates being weighed. We all think we could lose a few pounds. Especially women like Carol who are slightly on the heavier side of the numbers, even when they're still shapely and not a bit fat. It's even more embarrassing to have everyone know the exact number. A little more so for her to know Jared heard it. But I always have Sophie announce it loudly. Anything to embarrass the toy a little more.

Sophie moves Carol off the scale and has her stand facing me. Now Sophie will measure Carol's body far more thoroughly and intimately than any tailor ever would. Some of the measurements are just for my ShameBook. Others are in case I want to get something to dress her in. With her exact measurements, I can always order something that fits perfectly. Plus it will embarrass Carol a little more to know that I have them all.

It took me around 20 minutes to ask Carol those questions. Jared spent every second of that time on the

sofa, paying attention only to Dawn. As I glance over to Jared, I can see that he's not shy. At least not now. He got over that very quickly. Probably the moment Dawn put his hand to her breast. Now his hands are caressing all over Dawn's body. And for her part, Dawn was never shy about rubbing the more intimate parts of her body against him. I can see that she's managed to get her leg up far enough that his cock is in the crease of her thigh, along her pubes. And she's wiggling her hips. But her hands are on his chest. I guess that's her slutty version of not touching his cock. She's not touching it with her hands.

"Lezzie, bring him over here so I can speak to him," I tell Dawn.

"Yes, my Queen," Dawn answers instantly. Almost reluctantly, or so she makes it seem, she shifts off of Jared and gets to her feet. She reaches down, offering Jared her hand. He takes it and she guides him to his feet. Then she walks him the few steps over to the desk. She offers him the seat on the stool. The same stool Carol was just on.

Jared takes the offered seat. Dawn stands behind him. She stands with her body flush behind him, offering him her thighs, pubes, and stomach as a backrest. He gladly uses it and smiles wide when he discovers that it puts the undersides of Dawn's ample breasts on the tops of his shoulders. Dawn lets her hands caress over Jared's shoulders as he sits. She is definitely going to be keeping him interested. I can see his head moving as he tries to get a good, close-up view of those full and well-rounded breasts. Dawn wiggles her chest just a little, stroking the insides of her breasts against his jawline. He lets his head lie back between them.

Sophie starts by getting Carol's measurements. Bust, chest, waist, and hips. The basics. Then she moves on to the "tailor's measurements." She measures the length and circumference of both arms and legs. Not just once, but around the top at the crease of her thigh, then again above and below the knee, and finally at her ankle. She measures her neck and a few other things as well. Even

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her feet. All of it just as thoroughly, measuring it about every which way the tape measure will go along it, and usually in more than one place.

I start asking Jared what he knows about Carol. I tell him that I want his “unvarnished” opinion, based on what he’s seen and what he knows. I don’t want him worrying about Carol’s modesty or privacy, as I don’t allow my bitches any of either. Or her feelings. I don’t care how humiliated she is by his answers. However, if he doesn’t answer honestly, it could “hurt” Carol by pointing me to do something with her that she would be better off not doing. It’s not entirely true, I decide what to do with my toys based on how they react to things. But Jared won’t know that. And I want him to be motivated to answer honestly, not to worry about how his answers make Carol look in my eyes.

I start by asking him a few basic questions about Carol. My first is if he thinks 152 pounds is a little heavy for her. He reluctantly says “kind of.” He says that she still has a “decent” figure, and he guesses some of that weight is her “huge chest,” meaning her E-cup breasts. But she does have an extra pound or to on her waistline that she could lose. Not that she really needs to.

After a few more tamer questions, I ask him about Carol’s sex life. In his eyes. The eyes of a 20-year-old male. It just so happens (OK, maybe I timed it) that the question comes as Sophie is starting to get the detailed measurements of Carol’s breasts. Sophie will measure their length, and around the mounds just above the pink rings, at the center, and against her chest. All of that with Carol leaning over and her chest flat so that her mounds hang straight down, loose and freely dangling. Sophie will also use a small scale to weigh each breast individually. And Sophie will measure Carol’s nipples just as completely. That should be easy as stiff as those nubs are now.

While being measured, Carol is not allowed to make a sound. Nor is she allowed to be “looking around.” She’s to keep her eyes forward. And that has her staring at the wall

to my right, not seeing Jared. But she'll hear his answers while Sophie's petite and feminine hands are all over her breasts.

Jared tells me that he doesn't really know much about her sexuality. He assumes that like "any woman" she likes men, and "regular stuff." He tells me that he knows almost nothing about Colette and Carol's time with her. He finally tells me that he has some wild ideas, most of which I know would never happen. Colette would never allow a toy to touch her, and neither would I. More so in the ways Jared imagines that Colette has used Carol. Plus, with Colette being a "Dominatrix" he figures there was "stuff like spankings" involved.

I don't have time to explain to him my (and Colette's) philosophy of domination. To us, it's not so much about the whips and chains, although both are a constant presence. It's about stripping the toy bare, leaving it absolutely nothing. Not just clothes, but no privacy, no secrets, nothing. There won't be anything I don't know about a toy, no matter how humiliating for the toy, and how badly the toy wants to forget it. And it's about showing the toy that to us, it is nothing. Maybe a plastic Carol doll. That I don't care about it even the tiniest bit. That I will do whatever my impish whims conjure up to do with it, and I won't tolerate anything but total obedience from the toy. That it's about ownership. The toy is my property. It obeys me. It does as I want, and nothing that I don't want. Strict discipline enforces my fickle whims. Just like the toy was a doll. That's submission to me. When the toy truly gives me everything it is and trusts me to use it properly.

Instead, I just ask Jared if he thinks his mom likes girls as well as boys. He says she obviously must like girls, at least somewhat, or she wouldn't be with Colette. I do correct that a bit, by telling him that D/s isn't about sex, even though sex plays a significant role in it. It's about power. Carol giving up total power over herself to her Mistress. It wouldn't matter if there was sex or not. But sex plays into it so much because choosing our sex

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partners, and what we do with them, is a deeply personal choice for a woman, and one of the hardest ones to give to another person. Thus it requires more submission to eagerly, and willingly, do those things because someone else decided you would.

Then I tell Jared that Colette is “tired” of Carol’s body and offering to give her away for free. I’m sure Carol could guess that something was up. And I know I said a few things like that to Jared earlier. Colette would have, too. But I’m also sure that it comes as a blow to Carol to hear it. More so since Carol is being excluded from the conversation about her life. I tell him that Colette thought of me for a variety of reasons. I am stricter with my bitches than she is. I make a fuller use of them than she’s able to. I “mix my toys,” something Colette doesn’t do, playing with a “Carol Doll” and a “Ken Doll” at the same time. Or two Carols. Or two Kens. Or sometimes more than two.

I tell Jared that I also demand my toys follow my rules 24/7. There are never exceptions. And I have more rules for them than Colette does. Especially for the single toys that don't have a vanilla partner to consider.

Then, as Sophie is finishing up the last measurement of Carol, the diameter of Carol’s anus, I ask Jared the first serious question. The first question that I really care about his answer to.

“If I agree to take this bitch from Mistress Colette, then it will belong to me. I can already see that it requires further training. Not just to learn my rules, that's easy, but also to be fully reminded of its true place in the universe, which is at the very bottom of the evolutionary totem pole. My bitches behave 24/7. I don't care if it's humiliating for the bitch. This bitch clearly forgot how to be pleasing, which means eagerly obedient, or it wouldn't have lost its husband. Since you are the responsible adult who brought this bitch here and are acting as its guardian while it's here, it's your choice to make. Do you want me to take this

bitch and train it to behave like a cheap peasant whore should?"

I'm watching Carol out of the corner of an eye as I ask him. The look sweeps over her face as she hears that Jared is being given the choice. He's being asked to chose her future for her. To decide whether she'll serve me, or I'll return her to Colette for whatever Colette might do with her after that. The look is pure, unbridled fear. Along with a healthy dose of hopefulness. It tells me that Carol wants him to give her to me, but is afraid that he won't. I think she's smart enough to realize I won't offer a second time, too. Jared, however, can't see Carol from where he's sitting. And Dawn has him distracted anyway. He can't see the look on her face, much less read it.

He hesitates for a minute, considering his answer. I'm fairly sure that he figures out his answer isn't as final as I'm making out to be. Once they leave here, they could always just ignore me and call Colette. But a no would be final. I'd send them away and that would be that. "Yeah, I think she wants to... be yours." Or more likely he thinks she's less concerned with whose she is, as long as she's someone's.

"If I do that, for the bitch's training period, it will require constant supervision. 24/7. A rather invasive and personal supervision. Someone would have to be its guardian. That person would be in total charge of the bitch under my authority. He or she would do things such as making sure it was properly groomed at all times, choosing its clothes for it, and even making sure that it didn't play with itself unless it was told to.

"There are two possibilities. First, I have a spare cage I could put it in and train it here. That could be a few days, or a few months until it learned to behave its worthless flabby bottom. The other possibility is that you assume the role of its guardian. I'd only let an adult that it lived with take the role.

"If you do, then it has to obey you 24/7. It's not allowed to ask you questions or tell you what it thinks it

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wants. Just to obey you. I'd tell you what to do. You'd make sure that the bitch did it all, and did it to the best of its ability.

"Would you like me to consider this bitch for my cage, or would you be willing to be its guardian?" I ask Jared. It's a much harder question for him. I'm pretty sure that he's figured out he'll be seeing a lot more of Carol than he cares to see if he does. I doubt he has any idea what Carol would choose if she was allowed any input. Would she like to be caged? It sounds kinky, and as he's discovering Carol has a kinky side to her. Or would she prefer to live at home and mind him? Talk about a role reversal!

"I guess... if you told me what to do... I could look after her..." Jared says reluctantly. He can't see the little smile on Carol's face that I can. I doubt Carol much cared which way that choice went. I'd bet she's eager to try a cage, something Colette doesn't do since it would force her to tote around a large cage. I'll bet she's seeing how humiliating it could be to have to answer to her son, too. And I can see that the idea of being humiliated appeals to her. Or rather the idea of being forcibly bared to him, physically and emotionally. I'll bet neither knows that in a week, Jared will know his mom far better than anyone else ever could. Even a lover. They'll find out.

"I'm sure you can guess that I have a strict no drugs rule here. None of my bitches are allowed to use anything that doesn't come from Walgreens, ever. That's a no second chance rule. I don't allow them in my house, or the bitch's home, either. Even if it's your stuff in your room. Nowhere in the house, or on the property. Is that going to be a problem?"

"No, I don't, and I'm pretty sure she doesn't."

"Good. I do a mandatory drug test here. One now, during the bitch's interview. And repeats whenever the whim strikes me to. I'll do one now. Assuming the bitch passes, after that, I will inspect its vagina and rectum rather closely and in-depth. Why don't you go tell the bitch

to behave for that, and bring her over here? Then you can join Lezzie on the sofa while I see to the work."

Jared is definitely eager to get on the sofa with Dawn again. But just to encourage him, Dawn twists to the side a little. It turns her chest just enough to wiggle her breasts and bring a nipple right to Jared's lips. I'd take that as an offer of what awaits him on the sofa. "Uh... what do I say to her?" Jared stutters as he quickly asks me as if he's going to recite whatever line I give him and hurry to get on the sofa with Dawn. I offer him a vague suggestion.

Jared very reluctantly rises to his feet. Dawn shoots me a quick glance with wide, questioning eyes. I know what she's asking. She's asking if I want Jared further enticed. I nod. Dawn doesn't hesitate. She wraps her arms around him. She pulls him close, then nudges his hands down to her bare bottom. She doesn't need to nudge them to stay there. I can see him squishing her cheeks lightly. Dawn locks her lips to his, giving him a rather long and hot kiss. Which he returns just as eagerly. After about fifteen seconds, Dawn breaks her kiss and brings her lips up to Jared's ear. "I'll be waiting on the sofa, Sir... Hurry over to play with *all* of me, Sir." Dawn releases him and with a bat of her eyes, starts shuffling her feet towards the sofa.

Jared hurries over to Carol. "Mom... Miss Rodgers is going to drug test you and then inspect your vagina and rectum. I have chosen to allow it for you. You will behave for her. That means to stay still and be quiet while she does it. Now come with me." It's what I suggested that he should tell her. It tells her what he wants her to do, and little more.

Jared takes hold of Carol's elbow and steers her over to the desk. As I've told him to, he stands her in front of the stool with the backs of her legs against the seat. I told him that was all he had to do, so he leaves her there and hurries over to the sofa. Dawn greets him with a much longer and hotter kiss as his hands caress her bottom. I'd

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bet Carol is forgotten to him. And I really hope Carol realizes that, too.

I tell Carol to turn around and step back. Then to lean over. I tell her how I want her positioned. I want her feet spread wide to fully expose her pussy to me. I want her to rest her elbows and forearms on the seat of the stool. And to shuffle her feet back until her back is straight. It takes her a minute to get into the position.

I'm sure Carol knows that the puffy, huge mound of her pussy is poking out past the backs of her thighs. And that her wide-spread thighs are nowhere near her mound, leaving it fully displayed to me. Her cheeks, too. I'd bet she's wondering just how I'm going to do a drug test like this. She expected to pee in a cup. Maybe she's thinking she is still only standing like this so I can really see her peeing. That would be a mess!

I have Carol pick her head up and look at the wall on the far side of the room. She stares at it. And for the first time, she also has a view out of the side of her eyes of Jared. She can see that Dawn has every bit of his attention. As if Carol ceased to exist the minute he was on the sofa. And she can see that, while Dawn isn't actually doing anything more than kissing and fondling, she is being quite the slut with him. Maybe, as eager as Dawn is acting, Carol is wondering why I call her Lezzie. Since Dawn is clearly not a lesbian.

I send Sophie to fetch me a drug test from the playroom, telling her that I want one of my unbeatable ones. Smirking, Sophie goes to get it. She knows why I call them unbeatable. Because they're unbeatable, at least as far as I can figure out. Maybe there's a dope fiend who could figure out a way, and if there is I'd love to hear it, but I never have. And I have a part-time job at the county jail where I meet and hear all about their attempts to beat tests.

Sophie brings me the test kit. It's just a paper envelope with the supplies in it that I put together myself. The envelope saves me or Sophie from having to hunt

everything up when I want one. She opens the envelope and sets everything out on my desk. Carol sees none of what's in the kit, not with her head up and eyes forward. That's just the way I want it, too.

There's a small cup and a cheap test stick in there. It's just one I buy at the drug store, a little piece of plastic with several tiny strips hanging from its end. A standard home test kit. But there's also an empty IV bag with about four feet of clear tubing attached to it. A clamp across the tubing to shut it. And there's a catheter. A moderately large #22-French one. Far from the fattest, but not the thinnest, either. And there's a little packet of lubricating gel.

I pull on a pair of latex gloves. Then I put the fingers of one hand to Carol's long, wide lips. I push them wide apart to bare every bit of her pinkness. Immediately I can see just how tall her folds are. Maybe the tallest I've had in here. If not, close to it. I can see the hard, wide, and prominent nub of her clit standing up, too. And I can see creamy, white-tinged honey that's covering her pinkness as well as her folds and clit. Her honey isn't too thick, or pasty, more like grease and nicely slick. I'll bet it makes her pussy inviting for a cock. I get a faint whiff of her muskiness as well.

I keep spreading her folds apart, stretching them to their widest. Wide enough to stretch her pinkness gently, rounding open the entrance of her tunnel. The tunnel filled with more of that slippery fresh honey. But it also reveals the opening of her urethra, which is what I'm looking for. It pulls that slightly open, rounding it, as well.

It's a small opening, as they all are. Maybe about as wide as a q-tip is across. About half as wide as the catheter's tube. It's a common Foley catheter. A latex tube with a cone-shaped tip at one end. The other end has a Y, a thicker channel, and a much narrower one. The narrow channel is closed off with a port for a syringe. The wider one, which will run straight from her bladder, is wide

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open but pinched off with a clamp to prevent her pee from flowing before I'm ready for it to.

I put the pointy tip of the catheter to the little opening of Carol's urethra. I hear Carol suck in a very nervous breath and quiver hard as she feels it. That's the instant she realizes just how I'm going to get my pee for her drug test. She keeps quivering hard as if she's very nervous.

But I also see goosebumps erupt suddenly over the lips of her pussy and into the creases of her thighs. They're huge, pulling her skin taut. That's unusual. It's usually more a sign of arousal than impending discomfort. And no one will ever say a catheter is comfortable. "Mmmmm...." I hear Carol whine very nervously and quietly as if she just can't stop herself from whining.

I just push. I'm not really concerned about Carol's comfort. A catheter is a pretty standard medical procedure. And as a nurse, it's one I do quite often. If my patients can stand it, so can Carol. Her urethra is fairly short, as all female ones are, maybe four to six inches long. It takes me about a second to push the tip in to the point where I feel the firm resistance as the tip bumps against the entrance of her bladder.

"YE-OW!" Carol tries to mute herself, and fails, as it's pushed into her. Her cry is loud, whiny, and squealy. Far more than the discomfort warrants. I ignore it and keep the pressure on the tube. It quickly pushes past, the tip slipping right into her bladder.

Carol stops squealing and settles into a quiet mewling whine once it stops moving. She shouldn't even need to do that. She can barely even tell that it's in her now that it's still. It's not uncomfortable. I quickly connect the syringe of sterile water to the narrow channel's port and push the plunger. The water flows through the tiny channel, all the way up to the pointy tip, and fills a latex band, like a balloon, around the outside of the tip. That band, now much wider than the catheter, will hold it inside

of her and sit flush against the inside of the entrance to stop anything from leaking.

The catheter immediately fills with a bright golden pee. All the way back to the clamp pinching off the line. I connect the tubing to it, making a clear path for the pee to flow, except for the clamps pinching it off, that is. I set the bag on the stool under Carol. It has Carol's breasts dangling right over the bag, but not quite touching it. I doubt she can see it there, either.

I release both clamps and let the pee flow. It quickly becomes obvious to me that Carol needed to pee. Maybe it was the way I had her brought here that she didn't get her usual break in. I get a few hundred milliliters of pee from her, enough that she was feeling the fullness if not eager to sprint off for a toilet.

I just wait, wasting the moment it takes for her bladder to empty. Once the flow has trickled off to nothing, I put the clamp back on the catheter, but not on the tubing. Now Carol's bladder is absolutely empty. Whatever pee I drain from it from now on, will be pee that her body produced after I put that clamp on. Her pee, unadulterated by anything. Perfect for a drug test.

I wave to Sophie. Sophie goes to the kitchen and comes back with a single, 8-ounce bottle of water. With a straw in it. She goes around to Carol's head and puts the straw to her lips. Sophie even helpfully tilts the bottle so that the straw is at the lowest point of it. "Drink all of this, bitch," Sophie firmly tells Carol. Carol starts sucking the water in through the straw. And she drinks it all, gulping it down several times. Sophie tosses the empty bottle.

Now all I have to do is wait long enough for Carol's body to make that water, or the water it already had, into pee.

I'm not one for wasting time, twiddling my thumbs while I wait. Even when I'm waiting on nature. So I tell Sophie to get me an "inspection kit." Even though I have no such thing, Sophie has belonged to me long enough

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that she knows exactly what supplies I want from the playroom. She hurries off to get them.

Carol stays as she is, leaning over with the catheter still in her body, its tube flowing down to the bag on the stool. Importantly, as fidgety nervous, as she's getting, she keeps her head up and eyes forward. It would let Jared see her face if he could get his eyes off Dawn long enough.

Sophie brings the items I've asked for and neatly lines them up on the edge of my desk for me. First in the line is a clear plastic speculum. The same kind most gynecologists use. It should be, I "acquired" it as the hospital I'm doing my specialization practical internship at. Our regional trauma center.

I still have my gloves on, so I just pick that up while Sophie sets out the rest. I push Carol's lips aside again, stretching them wide enough to fully expose and start rounding out the entrance of her tunnel. I'll bet she's thinking that I'm going to take the catheter out of her now. But instead, the minute I have her lips wide open, she feels the edges of the speculum's "blades" touching the rim of her pussy. It's fully closed now, its blades flush against each other and their edges. Those blades are no more than about an inch wide and a few inches long. They sit against the entrance of her tunnel, the curved blades making a tube just slightly larger than her rim.

"OOH!" Carol squeals as she feels me start to push. It takes almost no pressure. The blades immediately stretch her tunnel the slight bit needed to slip right inside her pussy. It doesn't hurt Carol at all. It's not even uncomfortable. But I'm sure she can guess what it is by the feel of it. I'm sure she's felt this plenty of times before.

It only takes about two seconds for the short blades to push into her pussy. I'm sure Carol feels it, but it shouldn't be uncomfortable for her. The speculum has a handle, and that's what I'm holding it by. As soon as the blades are fully inside her tunnel, which I can now feel is fairly tight, I squeeze gently on the handle. It's like a pair of scissors. Squeezing the handle spreads the blades

apart. And that stretches Carol's tunnel wide open. I open it wide, too, until I can feel the resistance as her walls are pulled taut. Those walls can and will stretch rather wide. Wide enough for a baby to pass through. I don't open her nearly that wide. Maybe a little over an inch. About 3 of the 10 centimeters she could be stretched. It's not enough for her to really be uncomfortable, but I'm sure she can feel herself being stretched a little. Like she's taking a large cock.

It gives me a full view inside Carol's tunnel. I can see all the way back to her cervix. Immediately I notice that her cervix isn't rounded, like a pinpoint, but elongated. From my nursing school, I knew it should be. That's a sure sign of childbirth, and Carol's son is sitting on my sofa. I would have been very surprised and there would have been some very uncomfortable follow-up questions for Carol if it wasn't. Bitches lie. Bodies don't. But that's not why I'm opening her pussy up. I'm doing that so that I can see her pussy fully. And like this, there's nothing I can't see. Mostly I want to see her walls. The slightly lighter pink flesh around the protruding, fingertip-like nub that's the bottom of her uterus. With her fully opened I can see the light wrinkles that line her walls. I can see the thin film of very fresh, hot, and wet, honey covering everything and making those walls glisten.

With her pussy held wide open, I slip my finger through the wide-open blades of the speculum. That way I don't touch Carol's body. She won't have a clue that my finger is inside her pussy. At least not until I put the pad of my finger against her walls, between the spread blades that are holding her walls moderately taut. It lets me feel her walls.

"EEEEEE!" Carol squeals in a very needy, and too-girly high, voice as she feels my touch. I see another wave of crisp, faint shudders flow over her body. She tries hard to stay still and not show it.

I feel the fiery heat burning in her walls. I feel the softness of them, and the firm muscle just beyond. I can

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feel the slickness of her honey covering those walls. It all tells me how Carol's pussy will feel to a man. She'll snuggle around his cock, he'll feel that heat, and he'll feel the softness of her walls even as they firmly squeeze around it. Her honey will lubricate her tunnel well. Definitely well enough that a cock will glide through it easily.

But I can also feel a "snapping" in her walls. It's tiny, but there are countless little snaps. Hard twitches. They're erupting all through her walls as icy-hot sparks tingle her various nerves. And those tingles are sending the sweetest, neediest, most urgent, sensations throughout her pussy. This pussy is begging for some attention. Even more than it should be despite the long time it's had to build up its arousal since Colette supervised Carol's last orgasm.

I take my finger out and gently relax the blades. I let them close fully. And then I pull them from her pussy.

Carol breathes out a sigh of relief as they slip from her pussy. I'm pretty sure her relief comes from the idea of it being over. Not because it was uncomfortable. But, from the snapping tingle of those walls, from the realization that it's over *before* she lost control and came like this.

I set the speculum back on my desk. I don't have to reach for the next item. Sophie has it ready for me. It's an anal speculum. Sophie places it in my hand, the tips of its blades already lubricated with a fine film of gel.

There are a variety of anal speculums, all of them somewhat different. I prefer the most common variety. Unlike the vagina ones, this one is surgical steel. It has two similar blades, only these are narrower and shorter. They need to be, assholes are smaller than pussies. It doesn't really have a handle. Just, at one side of the blades, a pair of arms rising up and after a couple of inches, coming together into a hinge. There's a thumbscrew through the arms. Turning it opens the blades. It's easier for me to work. Assholes take more to stretch wide than pussies.

Carol's asshole is small and rather tight. It's like a dime-sized pink ring, the flesh around it tinged slightly brownish. A ring that's squeezed tightly shut into a tiny little pinpoint.

I put the tips of the steel blades against the outside of that ring. They're fairly narrow, no larger than a finger would be. But they still rest atop the ring of pink muscle, not the tiny opening at the center.

This, I suspect Carol hasn't felt before. It's not a "routine" procedure, meaning one a doctor would do without some reason to do it. It would only be done if her doctor suspected there might be an issue with her rectum. And thus, Carol won't have any idea what to expect it to be like.

"OOH-EE!" Carol squeals very nervously as she feels the cold blades against her asshole. And she trembles. She seems to really show her nervousness. And to get very nervous very easily. I have no doubt that Colette has used Carol's asshole before, probably only with a dildo. So Carol must know what it's like to be stretched there. But not like this. I'll bet, even as I had her pussy stretched wide, and despite Jared having told her that her pussy and bottom would be inspected, Carol never imagined that her bottom would get the very same in-depth inspection that her pussy just did.

I push gently, giving the tips of the blades a tiny wiggle as I do. Pushing puts pressure against her muscle. The wiggle shifts the blades around, letting the outsides of them bump against the edges of her asshole's opening. It doesn't take but a second for the combination to have the tips of the blades into her ring. And that has her asshole just starting to stretch open. Not wide, no more than it would be stretched for a finger.

I keep the pressure on her ring and the blades slip forward, pushing into her bottom. About an inch, maybe a hair deeper. That's as long as these blades are, although I do have some speculums with longer blades. It's plenty for this. Her asshole is a thick ring of muscle, but not nearly

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that thick. More like $\frac{1}{4}$ ". And it will thin out significantly as it's stretched and pulled taut.

Carol squeals a few more unhappy, antsy whines as the blades push into her bottom.

Once they're fully inside her asshole, I start turning the thumbscrew. I don't have to go slow. It opens the blades slow enough that her muscle has time to adjust to being opened up. I just keep twisting it, countless times, until the blades are fully opened. And thus, Carol's asshole is stretched gaping-wide-open. I'd guess it's a little over an inch between the insides of the blades.

As she's stretched open, Carol whines faster, more pleadingly nervous, "OOH-EE!s." But nothing to tell me that it's truly hurting her. It shouldn't. But it does tell me that Carol has never been stretched wide open before. She's not used to feeling the light burn in her muscle as it's pulled taut, and then tauter. As its thickness thins out, the muscle needed for diameter now, not depth.

Carol looks rather uncomfortable with her asshole so wide open. Not physically uncomfortable, although I know her asshole is burning just a tiny bit. That will fade in a few more seconds. It's the idea that has Carol so uncomfortable. The idea that someone, me, can see right into her bottom. A part of her body that even she can't see. Even if she wanted to.

And I can see. I have a full view of the inside of Carol's rectum. I can see the deep red walls of it. Those are thin and filmy, like plastic wrap, with a paper-thin layer of smooth muscle just beyond. They're loose, despite being held open. Loose enough that I can see their looseness as they puff inward. Thankfully her rectum is mostly empty and clean. I can see some waste in it, but that's deep towards the back of it. The front is empty, letting me see her unblemished walls. And the veins running along them. I can also see the edge of her asshole as it's stretched across the gap between the blades. That lightly pink flesh.

I'm sure Carol is wondering what kind of an inspection her rectum is going to get. I start by shining a penlight into it so that I can see all the way to the back of it. Then I slip my gloved finger into her bottom, between the spread blades, and taking care not to let Carol feel it. In the smaller space, it takes a little attention to not touch her body. Especially with her walls puffing inward.

Once my finger is past the taut ring of Carol's asshole, I gently lay it against the soft walls of her rectum. And they are loose and soft, despite her being held open. They could easily stretch wider before growing taut.

"AHHHHHH!" Carol shrieks out as she feels my touch. It's mostly surprise. As if she didn't expect to feel me inside her bottom, at least not without first feeling me enter it. Instead, my fingertip just suddenly appeared on her insides. I see another shiver sweep over her body, too.

I can feel as much as Carol can. Her walls are about as thin as a latex glove and do almost nothing to dampen my sensation. My finger is now against the what's the bottom of her bowels, just barely inside her asshole. It's the place where just beyond her rectum are the walls of her pussy.

And that's what I can feel. I can feel them fully relaxed now with nothing in her pussy. I can feel the firmness of her muscles. I can feel the same heat in them, too. And I can feel the twitches still erupting throughout. Carol should be able to feel my finger touching the backside of her pussy, but I doubt she realizes she feels it. She's far more concerned with the feeling of my finger probing around her stretched insides.

"UH!" Carol cries out loudly, her voice in a near panic, but now also suddenly deep and sultry. She shudders crisply and hard.

I just gave my finger a single, tiny wiggle, using only the lightest pressure. The pressure that's light enough to move her rectum with my finger, stroking the backside of her pussy with my finger and the backside of her rectum. Pussy walls have just as many nerves in the backside as

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they do on the front side. The entire walls are really nothing but a smooth muscle lined with hungry nerves. And nerves don't know or care which side of them is teased. A tease is a tease.

The wiggle is no different than stroking the inside of her pussy with my finger. Except that there's nothing in her pussy. It has the same effect. I feel her walls firm up a bit as if trying to snuggle around a cock inside her. A cock that's not there. I feel the twitches explode, instantly coming faster and sharper than before. Now it's her entire pussy twitching, too.

I also see Carol's clit. It moves only the tiniest fraction of an inch, but it seems to jump out at me. It throbs hard in time with her quickening heartbeat. And I see a little more honey at her slit below.

But mostly my attention is on Carol's bottom since that's where I'm inspecting her right now. I'm rewarded with the sight of her walls "jumping." As her pussy twitches so hard and sharply, they jiggle her rectum. And as it's happening, goosebumps erupt over her cheeks. I can't tell if any more erupt over her pussy lips, those have been covered since I put the catheter into her. And they still are. I feel plenty though. Far more than I'd need to feel to know that her pussy is not only very hot and needy but anxious for that release. It's already spasming as if an orgasm were about to sweep it. And that tells me not to tease her too much.

It tells me something else about Carol. It tells me that the intimate inspection might be new for her, but she likes it. A lot. She likes the idea of me seeing every last bit of her body. Of my knowing her more intimately than she knows herself. Despite the obvious embarrassment factor of being inspected. Or the slight discomfort of being held wide open.

I decide to tease Carol a little more while I'm here. Inside the very last place, she ever thought anyone would see her. I have Sophie hand me a collector for a stool

sample. Those are just long plastic rods, thinner than a pencil, with a football-shaped eyelet at the tip.

"Let me just get a stool sample while I'm here," I say in my business-like voice. Then I slip the tip of the collector into Carol's bottom between the open blades. The collector is longer, almost a foot long, so that it can reach the very back of a rectum. Far longer than my finger. I slip it back almost to the back of her bowels, to where there's some waste. Instead of quickly getting a sample, I use the tip to prod against her rectum, making sure she feels me so deeply inside. It has the effect I was hoping for. I get to see her walls jump again as her pussy twitches under them. Then I get my sample.

I hand it to Sophie, telling her to see to it as if I'm actually going to send it to a lab. Instead, Sophie takes it and disappears. She'll seal it in a ziplock baggie and toss it in the trash. I didn't want it. I just wanted Carol to feel me getting it.

And then I release the spreader and allow Carol's asshole to relax back to its normal size. I pull it from her bottom. It takes her asshole a few more seconds to return to its previous, pre-inspection, tight clench. That's normal.

It leaves me just one more task and that's to finish her drug test so I can move on to her slut test. And that's now easy to do. It's been about ten minutes since I drained her bladder. Not too long, but it should be long enough. I can see yellow pee again filling the catheter's tube, so I know that she has some pee for the test.

I get the plastic cup off my desk. I hold the open end of the catheter over the cup and flip the clamp loose. Pee flows into the cup. It fills the cup to the little line, but by the time it does, I can see the flow trickling off. I flip the clamp back to shut. I drop the test stick into the cup and wait the required two minutes. In total silence, ignoring Carol and sending a few texts as the time goes by.

Carol passes, but it was obvious that she would. She's not a druggie. It tends to show. She's just a slut.

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It takes me about a minute to deflate the ring around the tip of the catheter and pull it from her urethra. That gets a good shudder, and screech, from Carol. But then her inspection is done.

I tell Carol to sit on the stool while I punch everything into the laptop. I have a file that keeps track of each of my toys. I'm starting one for Carol, even though I haven't decided if I want to keep her or not. If not I'll just give the data to Colette for whomever she finds that wants Carol.



Chapter Three - Entering The Playroom

I have the playroom ready for Carol. I'd set it up before she arrived. In the center of the room, there's a portable massage table with a tubular steel frame. It's well-padded and comfortable. With that frame on it, it's also perfect for tying toys to. It's even better than a bed.

Atop the massage table, I have "Dick" lying. Dick is the name I've made up for my male, anatomically correct, full-size sex doll. Dick has a nice dick, too. It's about 6 ½" long and 1 ½" thick. Complete with fake balls. And a fake man that it's all attached to. Albeit a decently thin man, but also one with a noticeable muscular build. Dick isn't an expensive model. He looks fake. He doesn't even have any hair on his chest. But I wouldn't care. I want him to look fake. I want the toys that use him to know it's not a man, just a toy. I don't want them getting any ideas about being desired by an actual man. I'd rather they thought that Dick was the best partner they could hope for.

It's a short walk from the living room back to the playroom. I have Sophie lead the way, with Carol following close behind her. I follow behind Carol, watching her closely. I have rules for everything when it comes to playthings like Carol. Even for how they are to walk in my apartment. I've told Carol what's expected of her, and now I watch to make sure that she's doing it. She is. She walks normally, keeping pace with Sophie. And she keeps her hands relaxed behind the small of her back where they're useless to her. Even from behind, I can see the bounce in Carol's ample breasts as she walks. I'm sure she can feel them bouncing against her chest, too. I'll bet she's almost never without a bra. A good bra that offers lots of support for those big, soft mounds.

Behind me, Dawn leads Jared along by the hand. It's unnecessary. By now, Jared is so hot for Dawn that he'd follow the naked young woman anywhere. But I have my rules. "Guardians," those bringing toys here, are to be escorted at all times in the playroom. The toys are to be fully nude in there. Unless whatever amusement I've dreamed up dictates otherwise. Today it doesn't.

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One of the things Colette told me about Carol is that Carol seems to get aroused by being shamelessly used. The more degrading the acts she's made to do, the better for her. The more fully she's used, the better for her. Colette has never given Carol to another. Colette doesn't do that but rarely if that often. But she thinks Carol would like to be given away. And so far, from what I've seen, I have no reason to doubt that.

What I do know is this. The more humiliating I can make this session, the hotter Carol will get. Luckily for Carol, I excel at humiliation. I'll just imagine myself in her place and think up the things I'd least like to do. That's what Carol will end up doing. But she'll like it.

I stop Carol just outside the playroom and turn her to face me. That puts the door to the playroom to her left as she stands in the hallway. On cue, Dawn slips to the side, leaving Jared a good view, full-on frontal, of Carol's nude body.

I do have a plan, at least a general one, for this session. It's pretty simple. I'd like for Jared to be the one to supervise his mom at home. I know, I've already asked him, and he said he would. But in truth, Jared has no real idea what he's getting himself into. He's going to be doing far more than he's thinking he will. I've seen the reluctance on his face since he arrived. And that tells me that if I'm going to get Jared to do it, I need to push him. And push him slowly, with baby steps, to do what I want him to do. I think he'll go along with it. I think after the initial shock wears off, instead of grossing him out, he'll start to have a little fun with it, too. I think. I don't know Jared, so it's impossible for me to know for sure.

But it's time for Jared to take the first step. This is one of the reasons that I've had Dawn being so sweet on him. I think, right now, Jared would do about anything Dawn wanted him to do. And before Jared arrived, I gave Dawn some general instructions. Instructions such as that she's to be very excited for Jared to do whatever I suggest

that he does. That should motivate Jared to do about anything. And I'm about to find out.

I remind Jared that as "this bitch's guardian," it's his duty to *fully* inspect its body twice a day, morning and evening, for hygiene, grooming, and everything else. Plus Carol is to be inspected when leaving her house, and immediately upon returning. I impose that rule to remind my toys that they have nothing. Not even their bodies. They belong to someone else. Even their clothes are his and he decides what, and if, they wear something. He decides how he wants that body to appear, too, and makes sure it's up to his standards. I tell him that I have the same rule here for the playroom. Bitches are fully inspected upon entering and leaving it.

And then I "suggest" that now would be a perfect time for Jared to practice. He should inspect her now instead of me having Sophie do it. That way, when he's alone with Carol, he'll have the confidence of knowing exactly what to do. And knowing that he can do it.

Jared looks surprised, and more than a tiny bit reluctant. He must be smart enough to realize that I'm going to make him touch his naked mother. And sure that doing so doesn't interest him. Less sure what Carol thinks about it. He hesitates for just a second.

And that's all the time Dawn gives him before glancing to me for permission. I nod. Dawn, her voice rather enthused, softly tells Jared that she thinks it's a great idea. She offers to fetch him a pair of gloves.

It's an offer Jared can't refuse. I knew he'd never say no to Dawn now. So he accepts, and Dawn hurries to bring him a pair of the latex gloves that are sitting out in the playroom. When she returns, she very politely, in her sugariest voice, asks Jared if he'll allow her to put the gloves on his hands for him. Of course, Jared accepts her offer.

I tell Jared what to do. I do work part-time at the county jail, where I've seen any number of strip searches and cavity searches. But unlike the guards there, I'm not

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so concerned with violating Carol's rights. She has no rights here to violate. I am far more thorough than they are. And I never find any "hidden contraband." I find some grooming violations, but that's all I've found so far. I if were to find something real, it would spell doom, as in exile, for the toy. Some rules I just don't play games with. My searches are far more thorough.

I have Jared start at the top of Carol's head. First, he's to run his fingers through her long hair and his fingertips over her scalp. Then he's to lift her eyelids and peek under those. In her ears. Behind her ears. Into her nostrils. It's the very same detailed inspection Sophie just gave Carol when she arrived, so I know there's nothing for him to find.

Now he's down to her mouth. He has to tell her to open that, and I suggest a line. He parrots it back, omitting the enthusiasm for it. "Open that mouth as wide as it will go."

Carol stands still as he starts his search. I can see the faint hint of a smile at the corners of her mouth, though. More so I notice that Carol is perfectly calm, even though she's still quivering. It tells me that she completely trusts Jared. Probably with far more than he thinks. And it tells me that she doesn't mind him touching her. Or seeing her.

Carol opens her mouth wide and holds it open. Jared follows my instructions and glances inside. Then he uses one of his gloved fingers to push out each cheek so that he can see between her gums and cheeks. He uses a finger to lift her tongue up and see under that as well. Although I doubt he's paying too much attention to what he's seeing.

He tells Carol to close her mouth. Then he goes down, looking over her neck and shoulders. It's time for him to check her arms now, so I have him pick one arm and tell Carol to hold it straight up. He goes with her right. I show him to run his finger along her underarm to check for razor stubble. After all, this is a grooming inspection. And stubble is gross. Then to look over her arm. To take

hold of it and bring it out in front of her, spreading her fingers, and checking her hand. While still holding onto her wrist, to have her raise her left hand up high. Then to release her right and let her return it to its place behind her back. And to repeat the inspection on her left arm.

Now I see a touch of the hesitancy creeping back into Jared as he works down, glancing over Carol's chest. As he gets closer and closer to her loose breasts.

He gets to them quickly, since there isn't much to checking a chest. I can see that Carol's nipples are still rock hard. I'm sure Jared can see it, too, but I doubt he really notices it. I have him look over her mounds as they lie against her chest. Then I have him use his thumb and first finger to pinch one nipple firmly, but not so hard, and lift her mound high by her nipple. High enough to lift it and open the crease under it so that every bit of its underside is exposed to his eyes.

Carol stays quiet, standing and quivering faintly as she allows him to inspect her. But the instant he pinches her nipple, I see the goosebumps erupt over her mound. And a slight glassiness sweeps onto her eyes. I just wait as Jared very quickly checks her breast, and then have him repeat with her other mound.

Now Jared works down her stomach. Carol is thin enough that aren't any creases in her stomach, even though it's somewhat loose. That makes for less work for Jared. He just has to eye her body over. I do make him hesitate for a moment to get a careful look at her navel, reminding him that it's not just jewelry he's looking for. This is a hygiene inspection, so even a single fiber of lint isn't allowed. She's to be very clean.

And then he's going down again. His eyes quickly get down to Carol's pubes. I have him stop there for a moment to run the pads of his fingers over the soft flesh of her pubes to check that for stubble as well. Since Carol's pubes are shaven, they're to be fully shaven. Not a single hair anywhere to be found. Or even the hint of a stubble of a hair. I have him go all the way down to the bottom of her

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rather puffy mound, running a finger over the front of her mound and lips as well. Then it's down her legs to her feet.

I don't know if Jared thinks this is the end or not. I hope he's smart enough to know that there are two sides to Carol's body, and he's only seen one of them. I tell him to have her turn around. He repeats the line I give him, and Carol turns around without moving anything more than her feet. And she stands the same. Her hands never move from their place behind her back.

I have Jared start over again at the top by running his finger very diligently through Carol's hair. And then working his way down her back, eyeing everything, until he gets to her hands. This time Carol isn't to move her hands. She's to stand relaxed, her hands and arms loose, while Jared moves them for her. He lifts them off of her back, separates them, spreads her fingers, and ensures she has nothing in them before replacing them against the small of her back.

And then he's down to her bottom. I spend a moment there telling Jared to look over her loose, but rounded and fairly well-shaped globes closely. I make him eye her crack just as completely. And then I have Jared use his hands to pull her globes apart, stretching her crack as wide open as it can stretch. That gives him a very full view of the valley of her crack and her tight asshole. He rather reluctantly runs his eyes down her crack.

Next his eyes are going down her legs, all the way to the bottom where her heels meet the floor. I have him tell Carol to lift one foot, bending only her knee, so that he can see even the sole of it. While it's up, I have Jared take it in his hand and use his finger to spread her toes for a good look between them as well. Then she can put that foot down and give him the other for its inspection.

I'm sure now Jared is almost certain that he's done. He almost groans when I tell him he has a little more to do. I tell him what instructions to give Carol and he recites the line verbatim. "On the wall, bitch."

It's a command Carol should already know. And she does. She says "Yes, Sir," and immediately spreads her feet as wide as she can. In this case, it has the sides of her feet against the baseboards of my hall. Then Carol leans forward, stretching her hands out in front of her. Straight out from her shoulders, her arms close beside her head, as if "reaching for the sky" but while bent over. Carol braces her hands against the wall in front of her, just beside the closed door of my bedroom. She leans over far enough to have her back flat with the floor. And that has Carol's overly ample breasts dangling straight down from her chest.

I tell Jared to kneel behind her. And then look to look up, under her chest, and take another quick peek at the underside of her breasts as they dangle freely now. He barely glances. But there's not much to see, except the rarely seen milky white flesh of their undersides that is normally flush against her chest. And her nipples poking down with their steely hardness, which I doubt Jared pays much attention to.

Now I tell him that "bitches are as sneaky as dope whores. Then again, they're a lower life form, so what would you expect?" I tell him that he needs to inspect Carol's pussy just as fully as everything else. I tell him to use his fingers to grip the edges of her long, wide, thin lips and stretch them as far open as he possibly can.

Jared very hesitantly does. I suspect, if he didn't have gloves on, he wouldn't have done it. But he does, averting his eyes to the tops of her thighs instead of her pinkness. I point out Carol's rather swollen clit. It's hard enough that it's clearly visible. And almost visibly throbbing already. I have him use his thumbs to nudge her inner folds apart so that he can see both sides of those as well. And then, to tease Jared a bit, I let him release her lips.

And the instant his fingers are off of them, I give him the bad news. He's seen every bit of her mound now. But he still hasn't checked inside her pussy, and that's a

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common hiding place for the trashiest of whores. It's also a place where he's very likely to find her skanky, which isn't allowed under the grooming code. Not that there's anything Carol can do to keep from getting wet there when she's aroused. And I know she's hot now. I know her pussy is full of honey, too. I just looked closely.

I have Jared extend his first finger out. And put the tip of it to the top of Carol's slit. Then I have him push his finger fully into Carol's tunnel. I have to nudge him a little. I do it by having Dawn take his wrist and urge it forward. It goes in easily and quickly that way. Once his gloved finger is inside Carol, I tease him by asking him how hot it feels to him. He says, a good hint of disgust in his voice, that it is definitely hot. So I ask him if he can feel the slipperiness of her wetness as well, and he tells me that he can feel it, like grease, covering her insides. His voice sounds even more grossed out as he does.

So I tell Jared that this is an inspection, and he must check every bit of that "filthy old vagina." Dawn slithers up behind Jared and leans in a bit to get her bare breasts against his head. She whispers in her ear that he should check "the filthy bitch" very carefully for her Queen.

I have Jared wiggle his finger around inside her, telling him not to worry about her. He won't hurt her. Her pussy is plenty big enough for a little finger. He should probe everywhere that his finger can reach. He starts doing it very quickly, but Dawn, with a wave from me to cue her, suggests he slow down so he can be very thorough for the Queen. Jared instantly slows down. He spends about fifteen seconds with his finger in her pussy. That's plenty of time to have probed everywhere a couple of times. And that's what I really want. Carol to feel him touching every bit of her pussy. Inside.

And then I allow him to pull his finger from her pussy. But that's about all I allow him to do. I make him hold his finger up and point out the nice layer of honey it picked up inside Carol.

I watch Jared's face grimace hard as I tell him that there's one place left he must check. He should have known it was coming. It's just too obvious. Carol's bottom has to be inspected just as fully as the rest of her body.

With another wave from me to cue her, Dawn doesn't give Jared much time to think. She just whispers into his ear that she'll be very proud of him if he gives Carol the best "butt check" he possibly can. It's enough for Jared to get the message. Dawn isn't jealous, she wants him to do it. I wonder if he's thinking maybe Dawn likes watching it. I doubt that very much, though. I know Dawn. She hates having her bottom inspected, so I doubt she wants to watch anyone else. Of course, that doesn't spare Dawn any inspections around here. My rules are firm, and I don't much care how invasive, demeaning, uncomfortable, or insulting a bitch finds it. I have every one of my rules for a reason. I just don't explain those reasons to anyone. Especially not bitches.

But it's enough to motivate Jared. With a little sigh, he brings his hands up. Bending over, Carol's globes are already pulled taut enough that they've separated and now her crack is about halfway wide open, especially at the bottom near her asshole. Enough so that the dark ring of her asshole is clearly visible. And just as clearly tightly clenched shut.

Jared is still a little hesitant, but I think that's more because he's never touched an asshole before. He has no clue what to expect. Or what to do. His face shows enough discomfort for me to know that he doesn't care for the sight of his mom's asshole, either, but also that he's rather anxious to please Dawn, so he'll do this well.

I tell Dawn to help him out. She smoothly slips her hand around Jared's wrist and pulls it forward. It doesn't take but a fraction of a second for his finger to overcome the resistance of her asshole. Then Carol's asshole is stretching slightly, its firm rubberiness squeezing around the sides of his finger, as it slips easily into her bowels.

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Carol's honey greases its way as well as any lubricant would.

Dawn really doesn't have to nudge him once his finger has pushed through the resistance. It slides with so little drag and resistance that Jared keeps it going right into Carol's bottom. I have him put all of his finger into her, reaching as deeply as he can. And that really isn't so deep. A finger is only three to four inches long. A rectum is around eight inches deep. It leaves him only able to inspect the bottom half of her rectum. But no one could do more.

And this will do the job. All it has to do is let Carol feel his finger invading this last possible part of her body. And let her feel him inspecting it just as fully as everything else. Then she'll know that Jared has as good of knowledge of her body as anyone. More than she does. As much as her doctor does. Probably more than her husband did.

I tell Jared to start by moving, not just wiggling, his finger around. There's more room inside her rectum I explain, due to the looseness of its walls. So he shouldn't be shy about probing a little firmly. Then I watch as I see his finger moving, and twisting slightly, to explore her depths fully. And I see the mountain-sized goosebumps erupting in her crack and flowing out at warp speed to cover her cheeks. I can even see the light pink-brown flesh of her asshole squeezing around his finger. When he's done that, I have Jared curl his finger inside her so that the tip of it can feel the backside of her asshole. The muscle that's loosely, but firmly, squeezing his finger.

And then, I tell Jared that it's time to finish this inspection. I have him straighten his finger out. I'll bet he's sure that I'm going to have him pull it out now. Instead, I have him press downward gently. I tell him to push lightly, just until he can feel something a bit firmer and spongy-hard under his finger. He tells me that he feels it, but like any boy, he's clueless. He has no idea what his finger is feeling.

I tell him to count "five chimpanzees" while very slowly, and as gently as he can, wiggling his finger over that spongy mass that he can feel. I tell him that he's to pay attention to what he feels stroking it. He's feeling for snapping twitches in that "organ." Whether he feels them or not, he should stroke it for the full five seconds. And I assure him that it won't hurt Carol.

"OOH-EEE!" Carol squeals out, her entire body snapping hard as a tremor sweeps over it. I barely saw Jared's finger start moving before she cries out. "UH!" Carol starts panting some very fast, deep, sultry, and needy breaths. Each one growing faster, and more panicked, than the last. "UH!.... Oh, UH!...ooh-UH!" She shudders a few more times.

Jared counts off the last chimp and instantly stops his finger from moving. I doubt he, or anyone else, could have mistaken Carol's groans as cries of discomfort. They were too needy. Too throaty for that. Once Jared's finger is still, Carol pants fast breaths, trying to still her body.

I tell Jared that he was feeling the backside of her pussy, the side that a cock wouldn't have any way to touch. Or to tease. At least not without going through her rectum to do it. Then I ask Jared if he felt "any mess" inside Carol's rectum. He tells me no, he "doesn't feel any turds." I ask him if he felt anything other than her loose, wiggly walls and he says no. then I ask him if he felt the twitches in her pussy. He says yes, they almost instantly turned too sharp to miss.

I tell him that's another sure sign that Carol has been neglecting her pussy. It clearly needs an orgasm. And just as clearly, Carol wouldn't mind if her orgasm came anally. In fact, it looks as if she would enjoy that. And then I allow him to pull his finger from Carol's bottom.

Dawn hurries to get the gloves off his hands for him. Once he does, I have him tell Carol to stand back up and face him. She does that quickly.

I tell Jared that this is how a bitch is to look after grooming itself. I remind him of the no-nos, like razor

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stubble. Or dirt. Or lint. Or stray hairs. Or a “messy bottom,” which means any waste inside that he can feel. Or a “slutty vagina,” which means one full of skank, with a hard clit and, or, twitching during either a vaginal or rectal exam.

“She sure failed that last part,” Jared admits, some disgust in his voice, but not as much as there has been. Then again, now Dawn is snuggling beside him again, so he’s in a much better mood.

I tell him that now Carol is allowed into the playroom. I have him take her by her shoulder and guide her through the door.

Just inside the door, there's a simple wooden bench. It's just long enough for two women of average size to sit on comfortably, or three if they're all squished together. It's a very plain bench. Its top, the seat, is 2”x12” and varnished. The varnish keeps honey from soaking into the wood. And it has a couple of legs to support it.

I have Jared sit Carol on the bench. And tell Carol to sit properly, watching as she crosses her legs and straightens her back up. There’s plenty of room behind her, between the bench and the wall, for her hands to stay behind her back.

This time I whisper to Jared, telling him what to say to Carol. “Bitch, wait here until Miss Rodgers is ready to see what a total slut you are,” Jared repeats the line.

“Yes, Sir,” Carol politely answers him in a very soft voice. As if she’s perfectly content with this.



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His Mommy's New Life: His Slut

I leave Carol sitting demurely on the bench for a few minutes. But I'm not just standing there and wasting my time. I use that time to explain to Jared what he's about to watch.

I tell Jared that this is Carol's "sluttiness inspection." the purpose of it is to see what her experience and skills are at being a trashy, cheap slut. The kind of woman that guys love to date, and boast about, but would never consider a serious relationship with. The kind who "goes all the way on the first date." But also the kind of woman a guy loves to marry if she can act properly outside of their bedroom. I've found that guys prefer their women as trashy as possible behind closed doors. In public it's a different story. Some like trashy, some like prim, but few care for trashy and slutty. Later, Carol will be trained to act like an actual woman in public. A rather polite, demure, proper woman.

And I take the chance to remind Jared that the biggest part of this exercise is to reinforce the idea to Carol that she's to be utterly shameless. She's not to think about her privacy, her modesty, or even her desires. She's to focus on one thing only. Serving and pleasing her man. She's to do whatever it takes to do that. And she's to do it shamelessly as if it doesn't bother her one iota. Willingly and very enthusiastically, too.

I know that Carol is listening to every word I'm telling Jared. I suspect she's heard it all before from Colette. And I suspect it arouses her to have to hear it again. To have to sit there, demure, and hear how her son is about to see with his own two eyes what complete slut she likes to be. That should be humiliating for her to think about.

And I want Jared prepared for what he's about to see. It helps that Dawn is with him. I'm sure he's already thinking about how easily, and eagerly, Dawn is giving her body to him, a guy she's never met before. How Dawn isn't showing even a hint of shyness. I'd bet this is the first time he's thought enough about Dawn to wonder who she is. Her name. How old she is. If she's a student or if she

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has a job. What she does. If she's just my "whore," dependent on me for her needs, or not. Probably why Dawn, or any woman, would want to be what she seems to be. And maybe why Carol would want to be the same thing.

"First thing, this bitch will need a name," I tell Jared. I like to give my playthings "pet" names. Demeaning ones. Colette usually doesn't bother and didn't with Carol. She just uses bitch, slut, skank, whore, and such, interchangeably for them. Although I do reuse the names, I like to have something specific for each one. Especially when I'm mixing my toys up. "Bitch" could be any of them. But there's only one "Lezzie Bitch," Dawn. I could have a line of toys and if I said "Lezzie Bitch," they'd all still know who I was talking to. Or at least that it wasn't meant for them, just one particular toy.

I turn my head towards Carol and run my eyes over her body. Mostly I'm just making sure that Carol sees me looking her over closely as I ponder naming her. "Well, there's not much I can do with it. Too little to work with. It's not like any actual men could want that thing. I guess I'll just name it what it truly is," I say with a heavy sigh in my voice. "Bitch, from now on, your name is Cum Dumpster. You will answer to that, and nothing but. Is that clear, cum dumpster?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Carol answers in a voice that's as excited as it is ashamed.

"Good, the come over here, cum dumpster, and let's see if you can actually use that slop pit to please a man," I firmly tell Carol.

Carol gets to her feet, keeping her hands behind her, and crosses over to where I'm standing beside the massage table. Then she waits for her next instruction.

I point to Dick, the latex person-sized male doll on the table. "This is Dick, cum dumpster. I know he's a step up from anything that's actually touched you before. Get up there, straddle him, and fuck him like you like him.

"Yes, Ma'am," Carol answers in her shamed, but eager, voice. Her eyes are on Dick's fake cock. I'm sure it's larger than most, if not all, that she's had before. It's definitely on the plus side of average, but still short of the giant mark. I would bet she's had dildos bigger before, though. Colette, like me, prefers her dildos on the equine side of the average mark. I know that Carol will be seeing larger dildos before she leaves here, too. I have a good collection of those.

Carol finally moves her arms. She has to use them to steady herself as she crawls up on the table. She positions herself straddling Dick's slightly narrow body, her knees beside his chest and her bottom over his cock. She reaches down, taking the lifeless cock in her hand, and brings the tip of it up to her slit. Then she gently lowers her hips a bit more, taking all of the cock into her pussy. She puts her hands on her thighs to steady and braces herself.

Then Carol starts raising her hips, using her thighs, and stroking Dick's cock with her pussy. She starts fairly slowly, as if she's getting used to the feel of it, but quickly starts to pick up speed.

I let her pick up some speed, quickly realizing that Carol equates speed with enthusiasm. It doesn't take more than about two seconds for her to start moaning. Her moans are throaty and deep. They're even more sultry and hungry. They're loud "UH's" that are unmistakable in their urgency. Steadily, and quickly, those moans pick up pace in time with her thrusts.

Jared is definitely not watching very closely. If he's watching at all. To me, it looks as if his eyes are on the wall behind and past Carol as if he's trying hard to pretend to look while not seeing much of anything. But I am watching closely. And I can see the shiny coating of Carol's honey covering Dick's fake cock. It takes about ten or fifteen seconds for the honey to creep down and start covering his balls, too. It tells me that Carol's pussy is

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even wetter than it was a few seconds ago. And it's steadily getting even wetter.

I see the muscles in Carol's jaw tense up first as she grits her teeth. It does little, more like nothing, to mute those moans. Then I see her hands gripping her thighs hard, her knuckles turning white. Next, it's her toes curling up tight. That takes another ten seconds or so. After that I see the crisp shivers start flowing over her chest and shoulders.

Carol knows that she's not allowed to climax. Never. Not unless she's specifically told to, in which case, she's expected to climax immediately. But only once. Even though she's to keep going, doing whatever she's doing, just as if she wasn't climaxing until she's told to stop. And yes, I have left my toys going, not telling them to stop, and building them back to the cusp of a second climax. I usually give it to them, though. Usually. I make it a point to never always do anything.

One look at Carol is all it would take for anyone to know that her pussy is aching badly for the relief of a climax. Carol could cum right this instant if she was allowed to. She definitely wants to. And she's definitely fighting hard to hold her orgasm back as she waits for permission.

It doesn't take long for the shudders to grow sharp enough that her long hair is tossing around from side to side as she rides Dick's cock. Her moans grow louder and needier she works. And the cock collects a thicker and thicker coating of honey. As do the balls. And Carol's mound, which is already covered with her honey.

I nudge Jared to move around until he's standing near Dick's shoulder. And I wave for Dawn to gently turn his head so that he's looking straight at Carol. Then to nudge it down, whispering very sugary encouragements to him as she does, until Jared has a full view of Carol's pussy from the front side.

It gives him a much better view. Not just of the cock, but of Carol as well. From here he can see all of her

smooth pubes. Especially with Carol's legs opened wide as they are. And as they're supposed to be. From this angle, he can see her slit and lips, too. He can see her long, and sparkling-wet pink folds as they wrap around the side of the fake cock. He can see the honey covering everything. He can see the shaft as it emerges from between her long lips, pulling her folds gently down to stretch them along its sides. And he can see the shaft plunging back into her sloppy pussy.

But that's not what I really want him to see. He can see the mask on Carol's face too. The tightness as she struggles to hold back the powerful orgasm. The way she's grunting hard, but erotic moans without even opening her mouth. The way her eyes want to close, but don't. Carol knows that's never allowed.

Except that I'm more concerned with Carol than Jared. It's not that I want Jared to see the display. I want Carol to know that he's seeing it. So I make sure that Carol can see him looking right at her body, the more intimate parts of it, as she does this, what should be a very private act. Only Carol is doing it on full display for all four of us.

And I ask Jared a few specific questions about what he's seeing. I ask if he can see the cock slipping into her pussy. If he can see the honey covering everything. If Carol's pussy mound looks sloppy wet, like some cheap gutter whore's. He tells me he can see it all. Then I point out Carol's visage. The mask of sweet agony on her face and ask him about that. I make sure that Carol hears every word of it, too.

Now I put my hands to Carol's hips. "Slow down, whore! It's a cock, not a bronco bull!" I scold her in a mocking voice. I tighten my grip up on Carol's hip bones, using it to get control of her pace. I force her to slow back down. A lot. Until a full stroke, up and down, takes close to three seconds. Once I get her slowed, I hold on to her, keeping the pace steady.

As soon as Carol starts slowing down, her jaw drops open and hangs gaping-wide. Her moans double in

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urgency, now sounding desperate. The shudders racking her body seem to double as well. Slowing down has the effect on her that it always has. It makes her feel the sensations of that cock stroking her taut pussy walls for longer, but just as fully, on each stroke. The sensations that are driving her to a near-painful need to climax.

I give Carol a firm, but light, swat on her pubes just above her mound. I don't want to get my hand messy with her slippery honey. It's rather clingy, too. I scold her for still trying to speed up when she's being shown the proper way to fuck a cock. It helps, but I still feel the stiffness in her legs as her muscles want to overrule her brain and speed up. Her body doesn't care what her brain is telling it. Her body just wants to cum as quickly as it possibly can. It knows that it needs to. It makes it even harder for Carol to hold her climax back.

I make Carol keep going for another minute or so. After about thirty seconds, I release her hips, firmly warning her not to speed up again. I can see that she's struggling hard not to. And struggling is making her even needier. It's the effect I wanted.

I wanted Carol to get unbelievably horny. I want her so horny that she can't stand the pounding ache, not just in her pussy, but her entire body. I want her where she can't resist her urge to cum. That's when bitches are so eager to do just anything to cum. That's when they forget everything else. Like decorum and morals. When they're only thinking about their orgasm. I'm pretty sure that Carol is either that or right on the edge of being there. Of course, the instant she stops riding Dick, her agony will begin slowly fading, so I'll have to move quickly. I'll only have a couple of minutes before she starts thinking of other things again.

I have Sophie bring me "number eight." It's an eight-inch long dildo. It's thick as well, just over 1½" across. It's latex, stiff but bendable. It's shaped and made to look exactly like a real penis. It even has fake veins lining the

length of its shaft. It's even circumcised, showing off a bulbous, somewhat spongy softer head.

I have no doubt that Colette has used one the same size, or bigger, with Carol. Like me, Colette trains her toys in the slutty skills with the larger toys. That way, when they're finally with a real man, his cock isn't as big. It's easier for them to handle. That makes the bitch perform even better.

I don't know how Carol will respond to the next test. Oral sex. Like any of my playthings/sluts, I will insist that Carol take the entire shaft into her throat. So far that, were it real, her lips would be on his balls. I'll make her do it smoothly, fighting through her gag reflex without showing much of it. It will be the type of blow job that most guys only dream of. Deep. Leisurely. Very slutty. And I'll demand that Carol does all of it without any consideration of what she's feeling. Even if it's uncomfortable for her to have something so thick in her throat. She'll do it eagerly, too, as if she wants it as much as he would.

What I don't know is what effect it will have on Carol. Some women hate it and find it a turn-off to have to do it that way. Other women, the best whores, and playthings find it incredibly arousing to be, or appear to be, thought so little of that he doesn't care if she chokes to death, as long as she performs well. As if she's nothing but a hole to be used. Something with no feelings. Something with no needs to worry about either. And most women are somewhere on the spectrum, in between the two polar opposites. It's time for me to see how Carol reacts to it.

I have Sophie strap number eight on over her dress. Then, once Sophie is standing there like an eager man with a "horse cock," I tell Carol to stop riding the cock and hurry down to her knees.

A few firm sharply snapped commands, and some pointing is all it takes to get Carol in the proper position. The proper position being on her knees with her legs wide open, her hands behind her, and her lips just in front of the

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phallus. It's a position where any woman would know what was wanted of her. I'm sure Carol knows what's next too.

As she kneels, the tremors still sweep over her body. They're powerful enough that, even with her trying to be still and wait, they're jiggling her soft, hanging breasts. And that hungry look is still on her face, too.

"Suck it, cum dumpster. Properly., this time, not like some cock-starved skank," I command Carol.

She answers with the required humble "Yes, Ma'am." It lets me hear just how throaty her voice is. How hungry, but also muted.

Carol immediately moves her lips forward, quickly stretching her mouth wide open. She puts her lips to the tip of the shaft and starts slowly taking it into her mouth. Her lips glide steadily down its long length.

Jared is looking almost straight down at Carol now. Like any man, he's anxious to see what Carol can do with such a huge cock. I'm pretty sure that, by now, he's expecting a rather slutty show, too. But from where he's standing beside Sophie, his view is mostly just the top of her head. Her long, slightly grayed blond hair flowing around the sides of her face and covering most of it from his sightline. He can see her lips, but those aren't so identifiable, and the cock stretching them wide around it. He can see her huge breasts below her head, too. But not much of her actual face. Little enough that he can pretend that it's someone other than his mother he's watching.

Carol keeps moving steadily, the cock pressing deeper into her mouth until, about two or three inches into her stroke, it has her mouth stuffed full. Then Carol has to crane her head forward, tilting her neck and straightening out the bend at the back of her mouth. It's the same trick sword swallows use. It allows the cock a mostly straight path through her mouth and to her throat. She does it smoothly, not hesitating in her stroke. And that tells me plenty. Mostly that Colette has well-trained Carol in the art of swallowing a cock. That Carol has the skills to give a

fully slutty blow job. I won't have to teach her anything. And I was so looking forward to that.

Carol keeps going. Now the spongy firm head of the cock is pressing into the funneling between her mouth and the tube of her throat. She's still smooth. I keep watching. Jared does, too, undoubtedly by now wondering just how much of this monster cock his mom will be able to swallow.

Carol gets about half of it into her mouth. That's when I see the slightest fraction of a second of hesitation. It's so fleeting that I doubt anyone else, like Jared, notices it. It's not Carol hesitating to keep going. Now that spongy head is pressing firmly against the flap that closes off her windpipe and the tight tube of her throat. For that instant of hesitation, the rubbery hard wall is starting to push inward, offering some resistance. Then it yields. And the cock is moving again, steadily pushing deeper into the tube of Carol's throat.

Her throat is tight. It's not nearly as wide as her pussy, or even her asshole. But it is rather rubbery. It stretches around the wide shaft. It also squeezes firmly around it. Tighter than a pussy does. But not so tightly that the cock drags. Her saliva will lubricate it nicely.

I see Jared's eyes going wider as more of the shaft slides into her mouth. And wider again as even more of it pushes into her throat. I doubt Jared has any idea how deeply it is into her, though. From his viewpoint, he can't see the sides of her neck pushed out slightly, and noticeably, by the thick shaft. It's enough that I can watch the progress of the shaft into her throat by watching the puff at the sides of her neck. At least until the very last inch of it. By then the entire length of her neck is pushed out and there's nothing more to see.

But then I see Jared's eyes are about popping out of his head as Carol's lips are around the very end of the shaft. Flush against the leather base of it atop Sophie's dress. If she were a man, those lips would be flush against his pubes and balls. Carol has every bit of the shaft into her mouth and throat.

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Jared isn't going to notice the finer details. But I do. I can see the corners of her mouth straining as she holds it wide. And I can see that she has her mouth wide enough to keep her teeth off the dildo. And off a cock. I'm sure the shaft is resting atop her tongue, too. It almost has to be. And has to be pushing her tongue firmly downward.

Carol smoothly reverses her stroke, now letting the cock out of her mouth at the same leisurely pace she took it in. As if she doesn't have a care in the world beyond sucking it well.

I just watch as Carol keeps going, casually sucking the dildo as if it were a cock. It takes about four or five strokes for me to see the shivering shudders that are flowing over her start sharpening up again. Several more strokes until I see her hips start squirming a tiny bit. As if trying to grind her pussy against something. There's nothing there for it to grind against, though. Her pussy mound is standing down in the empty space between her spread thighs. And it's not close enough to rub against anything. But it does make for a slutty show as her squirms grow more and more hungry.

It takes close to a minute. But finally, I see the first drop of honey fall from Carol's mound and land on the floor. And that tells me all that I need to know. Carol is loving this. It's probably not just the thought of her being used like this, shamelessly, with no concern for how uncomfortable the huge cock is for her. I'm confident that a good part of the arousal for Carol is the certain knowledge that her son is watching her do this. Watching her swallow a giant cock like the trashiest of cheapest whores. That she's showing him, and he probably now thinks, that she's a trashy whore of a woman.

I leave Carol going. For a few more moments I watch as she keeps sucking the cock. It lets me see a couple of more droplets of honey rain down from her pussy enough that it's no coincidence. Her honey is flowing too liberally for her folds to hold it all inside.



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Now that I've seen Carol's slut abilities, it's time to move along to the next part of her interview. Although, this part is going to be as much of an interview for Jared as it will be for Carol. He just won't know it. I'd never send a playtoy off with someone I hadn't gotten to know at least somewhat. Even her son, whom I know Carol trusts completely. And who obviously wants to help her get back to being happy after getting dumped.

I stop Carol. Then I turn her so that she's facing Jared, even though she's a step or so back from him. She's still on her knees. Her hands are still behind her back, leaving her nakedness fully displayed to him. And her face is at the level of his crotch.

I ask Jared if he thinks Carol can give a "decent" blow job. One that a man, such as himself, would be "not unhappy" to get. I'd never say anything, or suggest, that Carol could actually please a man. But Jared says, rather firmly and confidently, that Carol could "take care of any man." Something in his voice says it's as much of an insult as it's a compliment. As if he thinks her blow job is beyond slutty. And as if he thinks she's able to accommodate far more cock in her mouth than an actual man would have to give her.

I nod to Dawn, making sure that Jared's attention is elsewhere. I'm not sure how intuitive he is, so I don't know if he'll pick up on where I'm heading or not. But I do know that he's very taken with Dawn, and since I essentially own her, I plan to make good use of her.

Dawn slithers very snugly against his backside, wrapping her hands around his waist and pressing her breasts against his back. She wiggles slightly to let him feel her firm mounds against his back.

I ask Jared if he's ever had a blow job like the one cum dumpster just demonstrated. He says no, not even close to that "trashy." But when he says it, there's a hint of a smile on his lips. A lustful smile, as if now that he knows a woman is capable of swallowing an entire cock, it

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will be his life's mission to find a woman who not only can but is willing to swallow his.

Jared isn't the manliest of men, but he's far from the geekiest, too. He's more average, but I've already noticed that he's slightly socially awkward. As if talking to girls is just a little uneasy for him. As if he needs to warm up and see that she's interested before he can actually hold up his end of a conversation. I suspect that makes it harder for him to meet girls. I suspect that he has a few friends, probably close ones, but not so many.

Dawn's hand gingerly slips into the waistband of Jared's pants. A look of surprise erupts on Jared's face, but it's not an unpleasantly surprised look. A tiny nod from Dawn tells me what I want to know. Jared's cock is hard. Fully hard. Exactly the way I told Dawn that I wanted it. I guess she's done her job well.

Just as I know that Dawn will do what I've told her I want to be done. I don't have to see it. But I can. I can see the outline of her hand moving under the crotch of Jared's pants. So I know that Dawn is now teasing Jared's cock with her hand. But if I didn't, the soft purr from Jared would be a good clue.

I ask Jared if his cock is ready for a "trashy blow job," such as Carol just demonstrated. His voice still has that purr in it as he tells me yes, he'd love one. His eyes tell me that he'd love anything Dawn would give him.

On cue, Dawn very sweetly asks Jared if she may "free" his cock. Jared just mutters a breathy "uh, huh," and Dawn uses her other hand to undo his pants. She drops them to his ankles, and a second later his briefs are following them down.

And that leaves his cock standing straight out at its full rock hardness. Or it would if Dawn's hand wasn't wrapped around its shaft, lightly and slowly stroking along its length.

Jared is definitely not the best-endowed man to come through here. I don't measure his cock, but I'd guess it's only about four inches long. His shaft is about as long as

Dawn's hand is wide. Nor is it the thickest. I'd guess it's no thicker than an inch across. But it is circumcised, so I can see its light pink, bell-shaped, and spongy soft head sticking out atop his stiffness. And I can see a fairly average pair of balls hanging just below that cock. I can see a light, but obvious, fur around it and over his balls, too. I suspect, that as Jared goes through life, a woman or two will be disappointed when she sees this cock. But I'm not going to tell Jared that. I don't want to shatter his self-confidence.

I am all but certain that Jared still hasn't realized one thing. Now, with his pants down, his stiff cock is pointing right at Carol's face. And Carol is on her knees in front of it, albeit about a foot and a half back from the tip of it.

Carol obediently does as she was taught she must. She stays put, on her knees, demure. And silent. She keeps her eyes open and looks straight ahead, whether she wants to or not. And that makes her stare at her son's cock. His very eager and stiff cock. I'll bet this is the first time she's seen it. Especially so closely. And so ready. I'd bet she didn't know how short it was before now, either. But, with five inches being the average mark, I guess half of the guys out there can't measure up to it.

Dawn keeps slowly stroking Jared's cock. And that keeps his attention fully focused. On Dawn and what she's doing for him. Carol is completely forgotten to him.

I whisper instructions to Carol. It makes it a little hard for me to see her face, but I see enough of it to watch the look of horror and disgust bloom on it as she hears what I tell her to do. I use a rather stern tone with her, hopefully letting her know that I'm not asking. I am telling her what she is going to do. And she is going to do it. Not just willingly, but eagerly as well.

As I straighten up, I watch as Carol takes a deep breath, stalling as she builds up her courage. She reluctantly shuffles forward until her face is about an inch or two from Jared's cock. Jared doesn't pay her any

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attention. He's too busy lost in dreamland, enjoying the feel of Dawn's silky, feminine skin stroking his hungry cock.

"Uh... Sir..." Carol stammers as she starts. Her voice is well muted and shamed, but loud enough for Jared to hear her. "I apologize for being such a trashy slut, Sir..."

"Uh, huh..." Jared just mutters along with his purrs. He's still not paying Carol any attention. Just Dawn.

"Sir... since you're now my guardian, you have to know just how filthy of a slut I am, Sir, so that you can look after me properly. May I please be allowed to suck your wonderful cock so you'll know what a good whore I can be for you, Sir?"

Dawn takes a slightly faster stroke on his cock, diverting his attention as it hits him what his mom just asked him to allow. Now that is a question that he definitely never thought he'd hear from her. His face looks even more shocked and horrified than Carol's did as I told her what she was going to do. Jared hesitates.

Carol only allows him a slight fraction of a second. That's because I told her that she was going to suck his cock. I didn't care how much begging it took her. The only question was how much time she'd spend over my knees before she begged him enough. "Please, Sir! Please! May I please suck that huge cock, Sir? Please! Oh, please, Sir, let me suck it! Please!"

With every word, Carol's voice grows more pleading and more eager. Until it sounds as if Carol wants nothing more in life than his cock in her mouth. She keeps begging. With the instructions I've given her, she won't stop until he agrees.

I don't think she's having to fake the eagerness either. I can see the quivering of her body is growing more powerful as she pleads, not fading. And I can see that the mask of disgust has faded from her face, too. Now her face looks hungry for that cock.

"Go on, Sir..." Dawn coos very sweetly in his ear. "Say yes, let that bitch suck this cock since I'm not allowed

to. Please, Sir, let her have it?" I see her hand is doing its very best to interest his cock as well.

"Okay..." Jared says mostly under his breath, telling me that he's definitely not thinking. He barely, if at all, realizes what he's agreed to. It's more as if he's just dumbly agreeing with Dawn, saying yes to whatever she wants him to say yes to.

But "yes" is all Carol needs to hear. That's another of my rules, that no bitch may touch anyone unless specifically told to, or given permission. I'd whip Carol good if she touched his cock before he gave her permission.

Carol immediately says "thank you so much, Sir." And the instant the words are out, her mouth is opened wide. Not quite as gaping wide as it was for the dildo, but the dildo is significantly thicker. Her teeth are opened plenty for his cock to get past them.

And then her lips are on the tip of it. Dawn leaves her hand on his cock, but keeps it off the head, leaving that to Carol. Carol starts moving at the same leisurely pace that she did with the dildo. And just as steadily the pink head of his cock vanishes between her pink lips.

As Carol takes the entire head into her mouth, her lips are snugly closed around the shaft. And I can see her cheeks drawing in slightly, telling me that she's sucking on it. I have no doubt that the underside of it is lying along her wet tongue, sliding over it.

Now that Carol has the head in her mouth, she starts taking the shaft into her mouth. As she does, Dawn smoothly shifts her hand back bit by bit to allow about a half-inch of bare shaft between her hand and Carol's lips.

Jared purrs loudly now, closing his eyes. I guess he likes the feel of Carol's mouth on his cock. And I'm pretty sure he's purposely forgetting that it's Carol's mouth.

In about two seconds, Dawn's hand is off his cock. And Carol's lips are flush against his pubes and balls. By the look of utter delight on Jared's face, I'm sure he knows that every bit of it is in Carol's mouth. I'm not sure, and

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there's no way to tell with his size being so close, but I'd guess the head of his cock is in her throat, but not his shaft. If his shaft is, it's not much more than ½" or so of it.

Carol doesn't hesitate. And she doesn't want to. I can already see her hips squirming again, trying to grind her pussy mound against something where there's nothing. As I thought, the humiliation of having her son's cock in her mouth has proven to be rather arousing to Carol. I'm sure that's because of the taboo of it. Because it's thought of as disgusting, as something no woman would do, and yet here she is doing it.

Carol starts stroking his cock with her mouth. It only takes a stroke or two for me to see that Carol has to hold herself back. She wants to speed up and devour his cock as she rushes it to orgasm. But she also knows I'd never tolerate that. I said he gets a leisurely blow job. No hurry. Not a care in the world. All the time it takes. Just a good, constant, enjoyable blow job for him.

It doesn't take much longer for Jared to be groaning deep, manly, and very urgent moans. He's clearly enjoying it.

Now it's time to make him think about what he's doing. And see if he still likes it as much. Or at all. I suspect he will. They say hard dicks have no consciences. Or much else. They seem to be pretty... one-track-minded.

"Jared, do you see now how filthy your mom's slutty mouth is?"

"YES!" Jared blurts out.

"Does that trashy mouth take good care of your cock?"

"FUCK YES!" Jared again blurts out, his voice deep and more of a moan than anything else. I can see that his cock is still as stiff as ever. And now it's twitching lightly, knocking against her lips as it does.

But Carol isn't any less slutty. Or less aroused. I can see her pussy starting to drip another droplet of honey. And now those shivering shudders sweeping over her have

grown strong. She's aroused. She's needy. She's hungry for that cock.

"That slutty mouth belongs to me. But, as this bitch's guardian, you are in charge of it. Cum dumpster will do this to any cock you tell it to, but no cocks you don't tell it to suck. Can you handle that responsibility? Remember, it can't tell you if it wants to suck any cock. It's too slutty. It would want to swallow everyone it could get."

"Yes..." Jared says.

"You'll also be in charge of its pussy. Cum dumpster will fuck whatever cock you tell it to, wherever, however, in whatever position, you say. Cum dumpster won't care. After all, it's nothing but a cum dumpster, and dumpsters are meant to be dumped in. Can you handle that, too?"

"Yes..."

"Good. If you're going to be in charge of that sloppy, hot, wet skank pit, I think you should know what you're in charge of. Don't you?"

"Yes..." Jared mindlessly agrees. I can tell that he doesn't know where I'm going with this. He's not thinking much beyond the wonderful, very unexpected, and fully trashy blow job he's getting. Mostly how great it feels.

"Oh, good," I blurt out, lacing a hefty dose of feigned enthusiasm into my voice. Then I cue Dawn with another nod.

I reach down and grab hold of Carol's hair, close to her scalp, lacing the silky strands through my fingers. A glance over is all I need to see the twitches of Jared's cock steadily sharpening up, telling me that he's getting too close to cumming. Definitely, time to stop him. I have a little more of an "introduction" to Carol planned for him before he does that.

I wait until Carol has reversed her stroke and is at the top of it. Swirling her tongue around the tip of his cock, inside her mouth, and ready to reverse again. Ready to start taking the cock back into her mouth. As I feel the tension of her hair against my hand change, I know she's

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shifting. I keep the tension on her hair, stopping her from taking any more of his cock. Then I pull a little harder, keeping her head moving at the same pace it's been going. And now the last of his cock slips from between her lips.

I don't waste even a fraction of a second. I just start pulling Carol up to her feet even before I give her the command to get up.

The most anguished look sweeps over Jared's face, too. A look that tells me he's wondering what's happening. Why I stopped him before he was able to finish. A look that tells me he was definitely hoping to finish it, too.

I bring Carol all the way up to her feet. I don't hesitate. I keep Carol moving fluidly, spinning her around so that she's facing the massage table. That puts her back to Jared. I keep her a little ways back from the table, and that keeps her bottom fairly close to Jared. Then I pull Carol's head down, leaning her over the table.

As Carol is bending over the table, and then spreading her feet a bit, Dawn reaches around and takes hold of Jared's cock in her hand again. She strokes it, but very slowly. As slowly as she possibly can. But even that's enough to keep it at full readiness, and that's Dawn's job now. To ensure that Jared's cock stays very ready and even more eager.

"cum dumpster..." I coo tauntingly. "Does my sloppy fuck hole there want some cock in it?"

"YES, MA'AM!" Carol answers very hopefully and eagerly. Her voice is hungry, as if she needs, not just wants, to get fucked.

"Beg," I say the one word, firmly, but also teasingly.

Carol starts shamelessly begging Jared to fuck her. "Please, Sir, please! Let me have that cock, Sir! Fuck me like the cheap, useless, skanky, filthy cum dumpster I am, Sir. Please, Sir, fuck me like a cheap whore, Sir..."

Dawn snuggles her body firmly to Jared's backside and nudges him gently forward. She keeps teasing his cock as she does.

Jared doesn't seem to be really thinking much. Instead, he dumbly follows his cock. And Dawn leads him along by it.

Carol's pussy is a slutty mess by now. I'm sure Dick is responsible for some of it, but some of the honey I see is just too fresh for it to be from anything other than sucking Jared's cock.

Dawn keeps Jared going, putting the soft, pink tip of his steely hard cock to Carol's slit. In a fraction of a second, his cock head is pushing Carol's long lips aside and slipping into the space between her prominent pink folds. The thick coat of honey greases its way, allowing it to push into her effortlessly.

"Ooh..." Jared purrs out, fairly loudly and very eagerly, as his cock starts slipping into Carol's pussy. As he feels the fiery heat burning in her pussy around his cock. As he feels the sloppy wetness of it. As he feels the gentle squeeze of her firm, spongy-soft walls around his cock, snuggling it so invitingly.

Dawn takes her hand from his cock the minute its head has slipped far enough into Carol's slit that it's now in her tunnel, stretching that tightness around his shaft. She puts her hands to his hips and keeps him going, nudging him forward. In another second or two, his cock is fully buried in Carol's pussy.

I don't need to tell Jared anything. Instinct takes over. Like a dog's would. His cock starts thrusting, moderately fast at first. Dawn takes her hands from his hips, letting him set his own pace. Like most guys left to their own, his pace starts steadily quickening.

"UH!" Carol grunts hard, her voice throaty deep, and just as sultry as it is hungry. Her head snaps back, leaving her looking forward at the wall, as another, sharper shudder sweeps over her. Her mouth hangs wide as she grunts more and more urgently pleading "UH!s" with each thrust.

Jared, to me, it seems is pretending that it's not his mom that he's fucking. And doing a good job of it. Maybe

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it's easier for him to do so with Carol bending over. Where he can't see her face. Just her butt. His hands move to her hips, guided by his male instinct, to steady her bottom. And then his thrusts start quickly picking up their pace, and their power, until he's pounding her fairly hard.

Carol seems to be enjoying it. She shivers crisply and grunts out the hungriest of moans as he builds up to the point where he's ramming into her with all his power. "YES!" Carol blurts out with her grunt, "FUCK ME HARD!"

I focus on Jared's waistline and the top of his cock. That way I can watch for those first sharp twitches that tell me an orgasm is imminent. I still don't want him to go quite that far. And I know that it won't be long until he's there. I know that I don't have much time to tease him.

I ask Jared if "cum dumpster's slop pit" is "not-repulsive" enough that he'd consider cumming in it. He grunts out that he would. The grunt tells me not only that he wants to, but that he's starting to get close to it.

"I know that sloppy skank pit is completely worn out, but do you think you could convince some very lonely man, you know, like maybe someone on death row or something, to pay a whole dollar to fuck it?"

"Yes!" Is all Jared grunts out. I'm sure he's not thinking that if someone actually paid to fuck her, she would be a whore by every definition of the word. Or that I might sell Carol. And I would gladly sell her pussy. But only to someone I knew well and knew was safe to sell her to. Of course, Carol wouldn't know that. She'd only know that I'd sold her body. And that I expected her to accept that and eagerly take care of the buyer.

And then I surprise Jared. With him still pounding his cock into Carol's pussy, I ask Jared if he's ever tried anal sex. He quickly grunts out no.

I don't ask him if he wants to. Most guys do. Some more secretly than others, but most do. Most guys also know that few women will do it. Just as few women know how much they can enjoy it.

I don't know how much anal experience Carol has. I'm sure that Colette has used a dildo on her there. Colette likes doing that. She likes to see her toys walking around with large ones protruding from between their cheeks. I do, too. After Carol's rectal exam, I'm confident that Carol will enjoy it. I'm pretty confident that she's done it enough to know exactly how to do it. To know the tricks to ease it so it isn't uncomfortable for her, too.

I nod to Dawn. She tenderly slips her hand from Jared's hip down, along his pubes, until she can get to the base of his cock. She takes care not to get in the way of his strokes, too. This way, with every deep thrust, Jared's hip sandwiches Dawn's flat hand between him and Carol's globe. Dawn ignores that.

As Carol stands, her feet are opened enough that the crack of her bottom has spread a little. Not so much, but enough that it's open like a deep, narrow V. Not with the inside edges of her cheeks flush against each other. Just enough that it's easy to locate her asshole, without really having a good view of it.

At the shallow point of his stroke, Dawn urges him back a little more. She watches as the head of his cock starts to emerge from Carol's slit. Then, once enough of it is exposed, sparkling with the shiny, fresh, wet, and slick coating of Carol's honey on it, Dawn slips her fingers around his creamy-covered shaft.

Dawn doesn't hesitate. She nudges his cock up, watching as it slips from Carol's slit. Immediately the greased cock head starts sliding easily up between her cheeks, nudging them slightly wider apart around it. Dawn stops with the tip of his cock flush against the outside of Carol's asshole. She holds his cock there, keeping a firm, light pressure against Carol's ring.

Dawn stands close behind Jared. She snuggles her body firmly up behind him. It takes her a little pressure, Jared surely feeling her firm breasts pushing against his back, to get Jared to inch forward.

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But he does start inching forward. His steely hard cock, standing out straight and guided by Dawn's hand, has nowhere to go. It presses even harder against Carol's asshole. Jared feels the tightness of her muscle, the rubbery, but hard, wall that his cock is pressing against.

"You expect me to--" Jared blurts out, his voice shocked, horrified, and almost panicked as he realizes what his cock is pressing against.

Carol, feeling the pressure, knows what's going to happen. And she knows what to do. Carol pushes back as if she's trying to use the toilet. She pushes hard. That makes her asshole push back against the head of his cock and the rock-hard shaft behind it. It also makes her asshole start to open on its own. As it does, her muscle starts to turn from hard and firmly resisting to rubbery. Pushing back against the unyielding cock also forces her asshole to start stretching around his cock.

That's all the horrified protest Jared gets out. He stops suddenly at the same instant Carol's asshole yields. His cock starts slipping into her forbidden depths. As it does, her tight, rubbery, asshole snuggles around the side of his shaft.

"UGH!" Carol grunts out with a faint hint of strain in her voice. "OH, FUCK.... YES! GIVE ME THAT DICK!" She screeches as Jared's cock steadily slips forward.

Dawn takes her hand from his cock. Now that his head and the first bit of his shaft are into her bottom, there's no need for her hand to guide it. The tunnel of her rectum does that for her. Her hand would just be in the way.

"GIVE IT TO ME!" Carol screeches out as Jared starts to slow down as if maybe he thinks that will be easier for Carol to handle. "RAM THAT COCK UP MY BUTT! FUCK ME LIKE THE DISGUSTING WHORE I AM!"

I can see the shock on Jared's face. He definitely never expected to hear that from his mom. I imagine he never envisioned that she might so much as willingly submit to anal sex, much less want it. But her throaty and

urgent words are enough to get him pushing it into her a bit faster.

With Dawn still snugly against his backside, and using her body to move him forward, Jared doesn't have a choice other than to fully bury his short length into Carol's bottom. Dawn doesn't stop urging him on until Jared's hips are flush against Carol's cheeks, squishing them flat with his weight. And his balls are lying flush against the creamy-wet mound of Carol's pussy.

Dawn wraps her hands around Jared's waist. She starts guiding him back, showing him the rhythm and stroke that she knows I want to be used. The same one that I use with dildos. It's something that Jared, new to anal sex, wouldn't know.

"Oohhhh!" Carol purrs erotically, and reluctantly, as she feels the cock pulling from her bottom.

Dawn keeps Jared going back until only the head of his cock, and just enough of his shaft to keep her ring stretched wide, is left inside Carol. Then she reverses her stroke, pushing his cock back to Carol's depths a little faster and more powerfully.

"UGH!" Carol grunts loudly, "FUCK MY BUTT! GIVE ME THAT DICK!"

Dawn ignores Carol, something she knows I'd demand.

Carol can't ignore anything, especially the steely shaft gliding along inside her rectum, pushing firmly against and stroking over the backside of her pussy walls. The shaft teasing her nerves with billions of unbearably sweet tingles. She stands, shuddering hard, almost wildly. Even her head shudders, tossing her hair about. If he could see her front, he'd be able to see her breasts bouncing every which way, too. I'm sure he can see the long line of mountainous goosebumps that now run along Carol's spine. And cover her globes. Probably her pussy, too, but that's too hard to see.

Dawn guides him to steadily pick up his pace. In a few more seconds, Jared is pounding her bottom with every

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bit of power he can manage. It rams his cock hard into her bottom.

“CUM!” Carol screams out at the top of her lungs. “I WANT YOUR CUM IN MY BUTT! GIVE IT TO ME! RAM THAT DICK UP MY BUTT, SIR! FUCK THIS FAT OLD WHORE! GIVE ME THAT DICK BEFORE I LOSE MY MIND BEGGING FOR IT!”

Jared looks a little surprised to hear such a trashy plea from Carol. But it does nothing to slow his strokes. He keeps pounding her full force, ramming his cock hard and deep into her bottom.

Carol keeps grunting. There’s no question that her grunted moans are erotic need, not discomfort. It’s plain to the world that Carol loves a cock in her bottom. And she wants more of it. Now.

I keep my eyes on Jared’s pubes. I don’t care if he cums now, but I don’t want him to cum into Carol’s rectum. I don’t want Carol to get what she so lustfully desires. I don’t want her to feel the hotness of his gooey cum as it spurts hard against the loose walls of her bowels and clings to them. She wants it. Worse for her, she’s let us all know that she wants it. Loves it. So I won’t allow her to get it. Instead, I’ll let him cum somewhere else. That way Carol can feel worthless. As if despite knowing her needs, no one cared about her even so little enough to let her have that tiny, slutty, treat. As if she was used in the most taboo of ways, her own son fucking her in the bottom, and still without any concern for her or her needs.

It doesn’t take long for me to see those twitches. I keep my eyes on Jared’s waistline, watching as they strengthen. As they do, I know Carol can feel his cock twitching inside her bottom, snapping harder and harder against the inside of her rectum. And I’m sure she knows that’s a sign of imminent cum.

When I see Jared tensing, I know it’s the last moment. I wave a hand to Dawn. She still has her arms around Jared and her chest flush against his back. It gives her full control of Jared, even if he doesn’t realize it. She starts

nudging him back as his cock reaches the shallow point of his stroke.

Before Jared realizes what Dawn is doing, the head of his cock pops from Carol's asshole.

"NO!" Carol screams out desperately begging, "GIVE IT BACK! FUCK MY BUTT!" As she goes on, a faint sobbing plea creeps into her voice. As if she realizes that it's not going to happen, no matter how much she begs for it.

Jared's cock drops a little once it's back from her body enough that it's no longer touching her. It drops just enough that it's under the level of her pubes. Jared's still not used to the idea of letting Dawn guide his stoke. He's still lost in the hard pounding rhythm. His hips snap, thrusting his cock sharply forward.

To his surprise, Dawn offers no resistance. His cock jumps forward. It bumps Carol below her slit, sliding up and along her silky bare pubes.

Jared grunts a deep "AH!" as the head of his cock is about halfway along Carol's pubes. That's when the orgasm hits him. I see his cock snap, knocking hard against Carol's pubes, as it twitches. It spurts his cum. His cum doesn't go far. It hit Carol's pubes just above her slit. It clings to her body. A few drops of it fall, but most of it sticks to her body. Wasted. Clinging to nothing but her pubes.

"NOOOOO!!!!" Carol screams out her voice horrified. "OH, PLEASE NO! I WANT THAT CUM UP MY BUTT! DON'T DO THIS TO ME! PLEASE, SIR, PLEASE, LET ME HAVE IT ALL THE WAY UP MY DISGUSTING BUTT! PLEASE, SIR, I'LL DO ANYTHING FOR IT! LET ME HAVE THAT CUM, SIR!" Then, as the next spurt of cum hits the very top of Carol's slit, covering her outside with its gooey heat, Carol starts crying hard. "give me that cum!" she sobs.

Jared thrusts a few more times, not even bothering to fight Dawn to get his cock back to Carol's pussy or bottom. He just keeps going, letting Carol's silky pubes stroke the top of his cock, and spurting his cum onto her skin.

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Once he's done, Dawn nudges him backward. She uses a tissue to clean his cock off for him and fixes his pants. While she's doing that, I have Carol rise up from leaning over and turn to show everyone the white, gooey cum now running down her body and onto her slit. The cum that's starting to cover the protruding tips of her long folds, but not really flowing into her pussy.



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Dawn holds Jared snugly, standing behind him, her arms wrapped around him. And it looks like Jared needs the hug. He stands, Dawn having fixed his pants for him, rather relaxed now. Almost wobbly on his feet. As if the effort of "trying out" all of Carol's body tired him out. He breathes deep, slow breaths, and still purrs a few rather satisfied moans under those breaths.

Carol is still on her feet, too. Only now she's standing properly, hands behind her back as Jared's cum still runs down her pubes, onto her slit and protruding folds, before a fair bit of it drips to the floor. That has got to be the sluttiest feeling for Carol. That cum has got to be a powerful reminder of what she just did. I just hope she really remembers the depths she so eagerly sank to.

I'm not going to waste any time. I never do. Instead, I tell Sophie to fetch me a toy that I call "Vlad." Since the cabinets with the toys in them are behind Carol, she won't be able to see what it is. I named the toy Vlad after Vlad the Impaler, a sadistic noble from the middle ages who was the inspiration for Dracula. Vlad is just a dildo. It's long, though, about 14" long. It has a shape like a lava lamp, rounded at the tip, where it's a mere ½" thick or so, and gently tapering down too. Just above the base, it's a full 2" thick. Then it's rounded again, like a bowl, before a short, narrower, stem attaches it to its wide, flat base.

Sophie brings Vlad over to me after smearing a tiny bit of lubricating gel on the rounded tip of it. As thick as it grows to be, it will need a little something to grease its way. Before Sophie gets over to me, I casually shift to the side a bit so Carol won't see what I'm getting.

"On your knees, cum dumpster," I snap a bit firmly to Carol.

"Yes, Ma'am," Carol answers in a voice that's strained with throaty urgency. Her hands stay behind her back. Her slightly dull, rather glassy eyes stay forward, which has her seeing Jared and Dawn. She lowers herself to her knees. She spreads her knees wide, keeping her feet in line with her knees. Then she sits back, lowering

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her bottom into the space between her heels. I like my toys to kneel this way. It gives me unhindered access to everything I'd care about. Only the backs of her legs, squished against each other, and the tops of her feet aren't readily accessible, but I'm not so interested in that. Her bottom, her asshole, her pussy, her breasts, those are all fully exposed.

I kneel down at Carol's side, keeping Vlad behind her so she doesn't see it. It looks evil. Far too long and wide to fit anywhere. As if it would be very unpleasant for Carol. It's better if she doesn't see it.

I put my left hand to Carol's left cheek and grab a firm squeeze on it. I don't tell Carol anything, not even what to do. But my lifting up on her cheek is enough for her to raise her bottom a little. And she keeps her back straight as she does. I bring her up until her bottom is far enough above the floor that I can slide Vlad under her, but not much more.

And that's what I do, slide Vlad up underneath Carol's bottom. I position it with its smaller, well-rounded tip about $\frac{1}{2}$ " or so beneath the tight ring of her asshole. And that has its slippery tip just touching the edge of her crack, ready to push her globes aside. I make sure that its base is flat and firmly against the floor under her.

Then I stand up. Once I'm on my feet, I slip around behind Carol and put my hands to her shoulders, leaving them there. I still don't say anything to Carol. I just dally for a few seconds, letting Carol wonder what's under her and what's going to happen. Then I push down on her shoulders.

Carol gets the message. Sit back, or be shoved down. She starts moving back. The rounded tip almost immediately presses against her tight little asshole. I feel a brief hesitation from Carol, but it doesn't last. It can't with me pushing steadily down on her body. After a fraction of a second, she starts moving again. Only now the rounded tip is pushing into her tight, and very freshly used asshole. I doubt it takes more than the briefest

instant for Carol to realize that the tip is tapered. I'm sure she can feel how it's not only pushing deeper into her bottom but forcing her asshole to stretch wider as it does. But I doubt she realizes how long it is. She could, she should have a good guess how far off the ground her bottom is.

I just keep Carol moving steadily, sitting back and impaling her bottom on Vlad. Vlad keeps pushing deeper into her rectum, stretching her asshole as it goes.

"UHM!" Carol grunts out with enough strain in her voice for it to be noticeable. She's about halfway back now. That has about four or five inches of the toy into her. It has her asshole stretched somewhere around 1¼ to 1½ inches wide now, too. It's the point where Carol is really starting to feel it. To feel the light burning in her asshole as it's stretched wider than she's used to, its ring of muscle pulled tauter. It's the point where she can feel the tip of it getting deep inside her body, around the deepest a cock would go. And it's the point where there's enough of it inside her that now the part of it inside her is getting wide enough to begin stretching her rectum out, too.

Carol grunts again, a decent bit more of a strain in her voice. I ignore it and keep forcing her to sit back at the steady pace. "UGH-OW!" Carol grunts out loudly as she finally sits all the way back.

It has her in the same position that she was in to start with. That has her bottom about four inches or so above the floor. Maybe another inch through her crack to her asshole. It leaves around nine inches or so of Vlad inside Carol's rectum. That's not too much, but it's very close to it. It's enough that the rounded tip is pushing firmly against the very back of her rectum, pulling her walls taut as it stretches them longer. At the same time, the width of the toy is stretching them wider, which wants to pull them shorter. It has her walls rather taut. It has her bowels rather stuffed with the unyielding latex-covered plastic, too. And it has her asshole stretched to around 1

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¾" across, which is likely the widest it's ever gone. Few cocks are that wide.

From behind, I have a very good view of Carol's asshole and the toy. Or rather the protruding end of it. I can see the light pink-brown flesh of her ring stretched rather taut and snug around it. I can see the way it has her cheeks pushed far apart to make room for it as well.

I already know that Carol's bottom is so full and stretched that she can feel the toy pushing against the backside of her pussy. And probably everything else inside her body near it. The toy is just too big not to.

That's how I leave Carol. She's already mewling deep, but still sugary and throaty, grunts as she kneels. I can see her face scrunched up a bit, but not as tightly as it could be. In a second or two, I hear her breaths take on a very measured tone as if she's trying to control herself. To cope with the discomfort of being so stuffed back there. But she does keep her eyes open and stares dumbly forward. Right at Jared's crotch. But now, there's no bulge there to be seen. Maybe Carol knows that she fixed that problem for him.

Since I know that Carol gets aroused by being degraded - I've already seen it in action - this is the perfect opportunity to humiliate her even more. And it's a good time to see if Jared is going to go along with everything. Or if I should decide if I need a slut sitter for Carol or if I'll just return her to Colette.

On cue, Dawn gently nudges Jared to stand beside me as I move into place in front of the kneeling Carol. I'm rather petite, but even I loom over her with Carol on her knees. As I look down upon her, I can see a bit of strain on Carol's face. She must be feeling Vlad stuffing her bottom full and stretching not just her bottom, but also her asshole, wider than ever. Still, she obediently stays as I put her, not trying to raise up even a bit and ease the "stuffing" she's getting like this. I can see that her rounded nipples are still as hard as rocks, too. So I'm guessing that she's as aroused as she is uncomfortable.

I start by telling Carol that my "worthless playthings and gutter whores," a group that includes her, have a strict routine for their daily lives, more so while they're "in training." Carol will begin her day at 05:00 when she will be woken. She will immediately make her bed, then she will use the toilet before washing and grooming her filthy body to my exacting standards. Her guardian, Jared, will be supervising every bit of that, very closely and without regard for Carol's modesty or privacy. Following her morning shower, her guardian will inspect her body, inside and out, and if it's clean, he might just allow her to dry off. And he might decide to choose some clothes for her to wear. Or not. It doesn't matter, Carol will wear whatever she's given if she's given anything. And she'll give it back, stripping nude, when she's told to.

I turn my attention to Jared for a moment and ask if he understands all of that. I remind him that Carol will be sleeping nude, and bound to her bed. He'll have to untie her when he wakes her, then stand there and watch as she makes her bed perfectly. Not just watch her use the toilet, but ensure that she empties her bladder and her bottom. Then he'll have to watch her shower, and afterward, inspect her naked, dripping-wet body just as fully as he did when she entered the playroom. Her clothes are completely his choice. If she gets them or not. And if she does, what she gets. It could be anything, from just sandals to a full outfit. Or sexy lingerie. Or nothing. Whatever he decides, Carol wears it.

Jared tells me he understands, and he'll do it for his mom.

I turn my attention back to Carol and ask her if she understands what I've told her so far. The extent of how much Jared will be supervising her morning. That she will not be able to get out of bed when she wants. She'll lie there until he deigns to come to get her up. I point out that it's clearly an imposition on Jared, too. That she should be ashamed of herself for being so trashy that she

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requires that much supervision, and for being so worthless that no one but her son is willing to do it for her.

"Yes, my Queen," Carol answers. It lets me hear the hard note of strain in her voice as she sits on Vlad. It lets me hear a rather hungry sultriness to her voice, too. A fairly deep, throatiness. She shifts her eyes up to Jared, and politely tells him "thank you for agreeing to take care of me, Sir."

Then I start reminding Carol of the basic rules. That she must be polite and humble to everyone at all times. Jared is no longer her son, he's her guardian and deserves proper respect as such. Her behavior will be a reflection on him, and on me. Anything less than fully subservient demureness will not be tolerated. I don't care if she's in her house, or in the middle of the store. She'll behave like a proper slave-whore.

I go on to remind her that whores do not ask for anything. They take what they're given and thank whoever gave it to them. They eat what they're given to eat. And, as whores, they act like whores. That means they parade around naked when they're told to. They suck a cock when they're told to, and I don't care whose cock it is. I only care that it gets her very best sucking, just as she gave Jared. When told to fuck, she will fuck. Whoever she's told to, whether it's a male, a female, or a room full of people. She'll do it, however the other person wants it. And she'll make certain that they love it. The same applies to anal. Her body belongs to me. I decide who does what with it. Her role in humanity is just to make very sure whoever I give her body to, loves the present I've given them. And most certainly not to do anything so disgusting as to cum while she's being used.

Since I won't be standing over her 24/7, Jared will stand in my place. He will tell her who she is to do what with. Her place is to make sure that whoever Jared has given her body to, loves it. And that includes Jared. As her guardian, he has unlimited use of her body for his pleasure. Whether that means using her asshole, her pussy, her

mouth, or using her body for a floor mat to walk upon. Or as a slave to serve him drinks. Or serve his friends. Or fuck his friends. Whatever Jared wants, she does.

Carol's only relief will be by supervised masturbation. Whenever Jared decides her pussy is just too sloppy wet to be used without relief, and that it's convenient for him to supervise her as she diddles her skank pit. She will not so much as hint that she wishes to masturbate. She is to just do nothing and wait until Jared tells her to masturbate. Then she masturbates and waits to see if Jared tells her to stop, or tells her to climax. If he tells her to cum, she's expected to cum immediately. If not, too bad for her.

Jared agrees to those rules a little less eagerly than before. But he agrees.

Carol agrees as well. Her voice carries a stronger hint of the strain now, but also a far deeper throatiness and sultriness. I can see light goosebumps covering her breasts and bottom now, too. And I can see her hips wiggling slightly, barely enough for me to see it. But even that tiny bit is plenty to have Vlad stroking over the backside of her pussy walls.

I go on to tell Carol and Jared the nighttime routine I demand. Bedtime is 22:00, which means that Carol is to be in bed, her hands and ankles bound to the bed, covered up if Jared wishes her to have to covers at 22:00, not a second after. To help Carol get a night of good and restful sleep, there is to be nothing electronic in her room. And no clocks. Curtains are to be drawn. There are to be no lights at all. Just a silent and dark room for her to sleep in.

I suggest that Jared starts well before 22:00, maybe as early as 21:00 until they're used to the routine and he has a better idea of how long it will take him to get Carol settled in. The first thing he's to do is tell Carol to return any clothing she still has. Then he's to take her to the bathroom and supervise her as she uses the toilet. She is to fully empty both her bottom and bladder this time, too. Then Carol is to take a quick shower, simply washing her body. After which Jared is to fully inspect her before she

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dries. As soon as she dries off, he's to take her to her bed. He's to watch as she strips the covers off of it and tells her how she's to lie on it. Then he's to tie her wrists and ankles to the corners of the bed. He may cover her if the room is cold or otherwise warrants such kindness. He is to kiss her goodnight. Then he's to turn the lights off and shut the door. Carol isn't to be disturbed until it's time to wake her.

Both agree to those rules. Carol's arousal seems to grow at roughly the same pace as Jared's hesitancy to accept the rules, too. But now, looking down on her, despite the grimace on her face from Vlad, there's no mistaking that she's close to climaxing.

So I lay out the daytime rules. Rules such as that Carol may not ask (or even hint that she wants) to use the toilet. She may, or may not, be offered up to three "pee breaks" during the day. She'll get those whenever Jared decides it's convenient for him to take her potty. When taken, she'll pee and fully empty her bladder. She'll do that standing so that it's easier for Jared to see what she's doing. There will be firm consequences for not peeing or pooping when she's told to. Jared will closely supervise every second of it.

Carol is not allowed to leave the house unescorted. That means not even the tip of a toe may touch as much as her porch. Jared decides when, with whom, and if she leaves. If he allows her to leave, Carol will be strip-searched and given fresh clothes right at the front door. She'll be leashed as well. And she'll behave.

Carol may be allowed to "roam" around Jared's house freely, so long as she remains in full sight of Jared, or whoever he's left to slut-sit her. If she's out of a guardian's sight, even for two seconds, she must be bound wrists and ankles until it's convenient for her guardian to watch her again.

And there will be some "dildo training exercises" which Carol must complete daily. Naturally, Jared will be required to supervise those very closely. There will be a

total of six sessions per day, each one fifteen minutes long, and no less than ten minutes between them. Three are oral training sessions. Two are pussy training sessions. One is an anal training session. It's up to Jared how those are done. As long as Carol eagerly performs on the dildo as if it were a real man. I will loan Jared an appropriate dildo of his choice for Carol to use. He must watch as Carol does everything. Or he may have Carol in some position of his choice while he's kind enough to work the dildo for her. Or whatever he thinks up, as long as the dildo is thrusting in and out of her steadily and she's making it good.

There are a number of other rules, too. But in the end, both Jared and Carol both agree to all of them. Once they have, I tell Jared, not Carol, that I will be easing the rules once this "worthless whore" learns to behave like the "gutter filth" it is. And earns some trust from me. Unlike Colette, I don't keep my toys tucked away to play with at my convenience. I expect them to always be my toys and behave as such.

Jared has about reached the limit of what he'd accept. I can see it on him. If there were many more rules, he would start questioning it. But there aren't.

Carol has about reached the limit of her arousal by the end of the rules. She's probably already imagining her son supervising her so intimately and fully. What it's going to be like to only be able to masturbate, to poop, to eat, when he tells her to. And while he closely watches her do it. What it will be like to have him deciding how the most intimate part of her body will be used. Whether Jared will again make use of them himself, or if he'll give her to someone he knows, or leave her to keep doing without. I'll bet she's running through the boys that she knows Jared hangs out with, wondering which of them he might give her to. And what that boy will be like. And I know that will be driving Carol insanely hot.



Chapter Seven - Displaying The Bitch's Sluttiness

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Now that Carol has accepted her new life, along with its near-draconian rules, there are really only two things left for me to do with her. And with her on her knees, it's the perfect time for the first of those. It's time for Carol to get the relief she's been literally crying for.

It's time for Carol to masturbate under strict supervision. But more importantly, it's time for Jared to learn just what that means. And how to supervise Carol while she masturbates. I'm sure he doesn't really have a clue what he's agreed to do, other than what he's heard from the rules. Carol does, though. Colette and I supervise our playthings while they masturbate the same way. We demand the same level of detachment and obedience from them as we do, too.

Vlad, still stuffing Carol's bottom nearly to its limit, will be just a bit of an extra tease for Carol. I'm sure Carol will love it as much as her bottom hates it.

I have Sophie bring me my favorite crop. It's the one my mom gave me for my 18th birthday. It's pastel green and trimmed with frilly white lace. It's as girly as it is evil. I love it.

I know, without asking, that Jared doesn't own any kind of a paddle. Few people who aren't into D/s or BDSM do anymore. It's like decades ago when some parents had paddles. And most schools did. I've already decided which kind to loan Jared. If he's going to stick to it, and if Carol wants him, which I suspect she will, he'll eventually have to get his own. But for now, I'll loan him one of the ones that I have several of.

The paddle I pick for him is more of a stick. It's about 30" long, but only ½" wide. It's also thin, around ¼" thick. Obviously, it's made of wood. Aircraft spruce to be specific. It's a very lightweight wood, almost like balsa, but also a rather strong wood. It's a paddle that's capable of doing some serious damage to a bottom, like a cane would, or just barely tickling it. It's really all in the paddler, not the paddle.

I picked it for several reasons, but mostly because it will be a very easy paddle for him to use while supervising Carol's masturbation. It's long, and that's what he'll need with her on her knees. He should be able to swat her bottom, or any other part of her, without bending over.

I'm standing beside Carol, mostly to her shoulder at her side, but also slightly to the front. Just enough so that I look down and see her loose breasts hanging back along her chest. Even with her ample mounds sagging slightly, it's impossible to miss her stone-like hard nipples.

I cue Dawn to nudge Jared over to Carol. Close to her, so that he's standing over her, looking down upon her nude body as she kneels demurely. Then I hand him the stick. He takes it, but reluctantly as if it's a serpent or something.

I tell him what to do. This first time, we will both be supervising Carol. I'm on one side of her, and he's on the other. He's not to assume, or delay, and wait for me to correct Carol. If he sees her "being slutty or naughty," he's to correct her immediately. I'll be handling whatever he misses.

I tell him that Carol is expected to stay still as she diddles her pussy. Nothing is to be moving other than the hand that she's using to rub herself. She's to keep to a slow, leisurely pace. She's not to rush to climax like some eager gutter whore. I tell him to watch for a squirm in her hips. And to watch for one in her shoulders, which he'll likely see as "those floppy breasts jiggling around." Neither is allowed. Nor is Carol allowed to move her head and look around. She's to keep looking forward, eyes open, and diddle.

Then I tell him that Carol isn't allowed to "act like a porn star." That, I explain, means she's not to be moaning out loudly, screeching, or acting like a whore. She's to be quiet. And most definitely, she's never to speak a single word.

"It's just like a plastic Barbie doll," I explain. "It does what you do with it, and nothing more. If you put your

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doll's arm up, you wouldn't want it to fall back down, you'd want it to stay where you put it. Cum dumpster is just a plastic fuck doll, to be used the same way. Masturbation isn't for its enjoyment. It's to relieve that built-up tension in its pussy nerves so that its pussy won't be so sloppy wet, fiery hot, and twitchy next time you wish to allow it to be used. That way, cum dumpster will be less focused on its slutty skank pit and more focused on pleasing whoever you've given that skank pit to. And that's a plaything's role in the universe. To be used, without care for it, for the pleasure of others."

I tell him that he will most definitely be correcting her while she diddles. Carol is just too trashy cheap of a whore to manage to behave, even for this simple task. It's his duty to remind her that she must obey him. And, despite what he might think, that's what Carol truly wants, and so obviously needs, in life.

I tell Jared the commands he should be using, like "masturbate," "stop," and "climax." I tell him what each tells Carol to do. I don't have to explain them to Carol, Colette did that long ago. Carol knows exactly what to do when she's given each command. And now Jared knows what he'll be telling her to do.

"Uh..." Jared says hesitantly. "Cum dumpster, masturbate."

"Yes, Sir," Carol immediately answers without moving. Then, the instant she's done answering, her right hand moves. That's all she moves. She brings it around to her front. She extends a single finger. She puts the pad of that finger lightly to her slit, where it's just resting atop her throbbing clit. And she starts moving her finger in small, slow circles. The pad of her finger glides over the tip of her pounding and hard nub, teasing it mercilessly.

It doesn't take but a couple of seconds for me to see the goosebumps shooting up Carol's spine. I can see the faint, but sharp, shivers of the icy erotic chills that go with them as they sweep over her entire body, too. A second

later I can hear breathing start to quickly deepen, as if she's measuring it, trying to control herself and stay still.

A second after that I can see her muscles starting to pull tight. At first, it's her jaw that I see, clenching her teeth as she measures deepening breaths. Then it's her toes curling as her legs tense up. Behind her back, her unused left hand balls into a tight fist. And now, the muscles of her right arm turn steely hard she forces herself to keep rubbing her clit steadily.

And it doesn't take long for me to see the goosebumps erupting over those loose breasts, too. I'm sure, by then, they've sprung up on her pussy mound and in the crack of her butt, too. From what I've seen, as Carol gets close to a climax, they start there. Especially with Vlad still tormenting her bottom so sweetly.

While I can't see exactly what Vlad is doing to her, I can see a lot from my perch over her. I can see the faint squirms of her bottom. Or at least I can see the angle of the toy shifting slightly as her hips try to move. As it shifts, it has to be firmly stroking against her insides. Her pussy will definitely be feeling those teases.

I can also see the grimace on her face tightening up with her discomfort every time she moves the tiniest bit. That's no surprise to me, either. I know that as big as Vlad is, it has Carol stuffed full enough that any movement will uncomfortably press against something. No movement, as well. But moving shifts what it's pressing against, and that sends a sudden sensation, like a hard pressure against something tender, into her.

It only takes about ten seconds, maybe one more, for Carol to really feel the teases. At first, it's just a faint shivering that flows over her body again and again. But it only takes a few seconds for those shivers to start blossoming into full-blown shudders. I watch her jaw clench ever tighter. As she struggles to measure her deep breaths, I hear the sultry throatiness creeping into them.

Then the inevitable happens. Carol never really had much of a chance. I'm sure she knew that, too. The

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shudders grow strong enough that she can't hide them. It's a light shuddering at her shoulders. But with her breasts being so big and soft, it's enough to get them jiggling. Not a lot, but with their length, the movement is decently noticeable at her nipples.

Jared is watching Carol, but not nearly as closely as I am. I'm not sure if he sees her nipples wiggling around, but he should. His eyes are down so his gaze should have them. I'm sure he's wondering, thinking, right now where the line is. At what point Carol should be corrected for her misbehavior, and exactly how she should be corrected.

I decide to just show him. A tiny flick of my wrist sends the tip of my crop soaring through the air. It lands squarely atop the dancing nipple closer to me. It lands with a loud crack, too. But it's not too hard of a swat. It's enough to snap the stiff leather against the steely hard nub of her nipple. It's enough to leave a light pink splotch on the tip of her soft breast. A splotch that's just deep enough to be seen through the pinkness of the ring around her nipple.

"EE-OW!" Carol yelps out as the swat lands. There's some true pain in her yelp, but nothing too bad. At the same time, it sends a much sharper shudder flowing over her body that has her entire mounds jiggling hard. Her mouth drops open as she yelps. Then Carol sucks in a very fast, squealy, deep breath. She pants a couple of more breaths, then her jaw is clenching hard again.

"Like that," I tell Jared. I want him to understand how to correct her. "If you see it move, swat it. You want to swat it hard enough to get its attention, but not so hard that it bruises. Swat whatever part of that ugly body moves. That way the dumb bitch will know what it's doing wrong."

"Uh, OK..." Jared says hesitantly as if he's still unsure about it.

His first test comes about two seconds later. I knew it would. Carol is just too needy and aroused to behave

now. More so with Vlad tormenting her bottom. And her pussy. Sweetly.

Carol shudders again, a little stronger than the first time. It gets her breasts jiggling a little more, and her nipples waving around a bit more. Enough more that there's no doubt it's a worse infraction than the one I just swatted her for.

Jared still hesitates. At least for the split second, I allow him. Then I reach over Carol and take hold of his wrist. I move it for him. This way it will show him the proper amount of force and speed to put into the stick, something it took me a minute to figure out through practice. He doesn't really resist me, but I do end up moving more than just his wrist.

It works out fine. The stick snaps against Carol's other nipple almost exactly the same as my stroke did. It leaves a narrower stripe of pink across her ring than the wider leather tip of my crop did. But it's no darker of a stripe. It's just that the wood of his stick isn't as wide.

Carol yelps out about the same. Only this time, while her head stays forward, I see her eyes dart quickly to the side, to see Jared standing there with the stick in his hand, and down as if trying to see the stripe across it. Even as she's yelping, it's almost as if she doesn't quite believe that Jared just caned her naked breast to punish her for wiggling.

"UHHHHHHHHH!" Carol moans out in a very throaty, and desperately needy, deep breath as soon as her yelp is out. Her head tilts back just a bit, her mouth gaping, as she moans out. At the same time, a near-violent crisp shudder racks her body. Then Carol pants several desperate breaths.

A single droplet of honey falls from her pussy. I see it. But I doubt Jared is watching her pussy that closely, if at all. I have Sophie fetch a small mirror and put it on the floor, sliding it up under Carol's pussy. That offers me a good view of her pussy mound. I can see her finger in her slit, the edges of her lips moving around as her finger

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strokes over her clit. And I can see the liberal coating of her creamy honey clinging to everything, covering her entire mound and into the creases of her thighs, with its sparkly wetness. Enough of it is fresh, especially along her slit and protruding pink folds, that I'd bet the realization that Jared had punished her made her almost cum that instant.

A tiny fraction of a second later, I know I'm right. I see Carol's hips move. They rock back and forth. It's a small motion, but that toy in her bottom is going to keep her from rocking those hips too much. Even that short movement is plenty to have Vlad's tip, and widening length, pressing firmly against the backside of her pussy, stroking hard over those walls and their hungry nerves.

Even that little movement has to be moderately uncomfortable for Carol's bottom. But that does nothing to still her. If anything it has her motions sharpening, taking on a greater urgency to them. That has the inevitable effect on Carol. It pushes her arousal even closer to an irresistible orgasm.

I see a couple more droplets of her honey fall. A couple land on the exposed part of Vlad's shaft and run down it. One hits the floor. Carol's arm tenses up even harder as she fights to keep her pace leisurely when her clit has got to be aching her unbearably to let go and climax. I don't want to think about how much her clit has to be throbbing. How powerfully it must be. How unbearable the ache must be.

Carol's jaw starts chattering as it clenches even tighter. I don't know how much of it Jared sees, but the look on his face tells me that he sees enough of it to know that Carol is getting hotter as this goes along.

He must see her hips moving, too. I just point to Carol's bottom, and Jared snaps the stick. It lands just a hair harder than I would have, but not that much so. Not enough that it matters. It does leave a nice, and rather noticeable, pink stripe along her globe. But her globes are milky white, making the stripe look worse than it is. It's

light enough that the pink will quickly fade. By tomorrow, her bottom will look just as virgin as it did when she arrived here. But enough that it lands with a good crack ringing through the room. Enough that I can see the stick pushing her loose flesh inward around its narrow width.

And enough of a shock that it definitely gets Carol's attention. I see her back arch forward as if thrusting her breasts out, as her head snaps back. Her jaw flies open as she squeals the oddest mixture of sounds. It's a deep, very throaty "UHH!" with a girly, near-shrieking "OW!" laced through it. It's enough to signal that the stroke to her bottom hurt.

And it tells me one more thing about Carol. The sterner the punishments she gets, the hotter she gets. And that, almost always, signals that she craves steely, unyielding, stern discipline. Thus, it follows that the draconian rules I've laid down here will keep Carol very needy while she's under Jared's supervision. And that's what I want it to do. I want Carol to spend the next week or two with her pussy aching for relief every second, no matter how much it's relieved or how.

Suddenly, Carol trembles violently hard. "UH-MMMMMM" she moans out at full volume, her entire body shuddering. Enough so that now her globes jiggle very slightly as well, but those aren't nearly as loose or ample as her breasts.

I nod to Jared. "Stay still... cum dumpster," Jared tells Carol with a hint of disgust in his voice. Carol doesn't still. She couldn't if she tried to. After a second or so, Jared snaps his stick again, caning a matching stripe onto her other cheek.

This time Carol doesn't show the stroke. Or the pain. She goes right on moaning and trembling. But the pink stripe leaves no doubt that she felt it. I wave for Jared, motioning for him to scold her as he swats her again.

"Stop moving, cum dumpster," he tells her a little more firmly this time as if his confidence is growing. He

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snaps his stick again, too, searing another welt line across a cheek.

But it does have an effect on Carol. The instant the cane snaps against her bare bottom, she cries out another too-needy moan. And she trembles just as powerfully, her hips still rocking back and forth to stroke her pussy with the toy. If she notices the discomfort in her bottom, she doesn't seem to show it. Or mind it. She definitely has only one thought in her mind now.

"UH-MM!!!!!! I'M CUMMING!!!!!" Carol screams out suddenly.

I just vigorously shake my head at Jared. And I point to Carol. To a spot on her bare pubes.

I see Jared's eyes go wide as he sees where I'm pointing. But then Carol goes on screeching. Jared snaps his stick. Maybe it's his slight revulsion at doing this, he's not hiding it from me. He clearly thinks Carol should not be getting so hot right now. And just as clearly sees that she is. He puts a touch more power in his stroke.

It lands right where I pointed, searing a light red welt onto Carol's bare pubes just above the top of her slit. It's a place that looks hideous to swat her but doesn't feel that bad. There aren't any more nerves there than the rest of her body. But it is rather close to her pussy, and that's very nervy. "You...SLUT!" Jared snaps. This time there's some real feeling in his voice, too. "Behave yourself, cum dumpster!"

"I'M TRYING, SIR!" Carol shrieks out with utter strain in her voice.

"Talking?" Jared tells her, "didn't Mistress tell you to keep your mouth shut? Now you can wait longer."

"UGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Carol cries out pitifully. As she does, her bottom is still squirming back and forth, stroking her pussy with Vlad. Not that Carol has a prayer of stopping herself. At least she didn't speak again, but her miserable cry tells us all how hideous she finds the punishment. I'm proud of Jared for coming up with that

one on his own. It's what I would have done for such sluttiness.

And now I see a tiny tear run from the corner of Carol's eye and down her cheek. Even with her face scrunched up hard into a full grimace, it doesn't look as if she's unhappy now. Quite the opposite. It looks as if she's in the sweetest, but most intense, agony as she waits to cum.

Carol's hips still wiggle. Just as strongly as ever. And that earns her another swat from Jared. This time on her bottom. "You're being such a slut!" Jared scolds her reproachfully. Mostly because she is, and he doesn't want to be watching it. It earns Carol another swat on her bottom. Maybe Jared caught my glance earlier, but he doesn't put any more power into this stroke. And that's good, I would have said something if he did. The light red welts he's leaving, which should be gone by morning, are as much as I'd inflict. I don't bruise playthings, even those that don't mind. I keep my toys pristine.

The swats really do nothing to still the shivering, shuddering, quivering Carol. Or to stop her from moaning out the hottest, neediest moans. Constantly. They have the opposite effect. They constantly remind her just how closely she's being supervised. That this most intimate act is being seen fully. And more so, that she's expected to behave as she does it. To do what Jared wishes her to do, no matter how much her body pleads for more.

By the five-minute mark, the swats are coming rather quickly. Not quite one on top of the other, but close enough to it that it has Carol's bottom glowing a bright, but still light, red. Her entire bottom now. She's covered with a fine layer of sweat, even as she shivers. Right over the goosebumps. Her skin is starting to flush a light pink, too.

She screeches constantly, too. The same long, so-needy hot moans laced with a fresh jolt of pain she won't really feel until the agony of her throbbing clit fades. But the rest of us can hear it quite clearly.

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Carol's hips haven't even slowed down. Now their motions are sharper, but otherwise just the same. Not really any more, just sharper. But that's going to have Vlad grinding against the backside of her pussy a bit more energetically, too.

And Jared is scolding her almost constantly for being such a slut. It seems like every time he does, I can hear a little more distaste laced into his voice. As if he's seeing Carol go lower and lower when she's already far beneath how he could have ever pictured her.

Combined, it has Carol's pussy steadily dripping honey as she struggles to keep the leisurely pace with her hand. And it lets us see just how desperately Carol needs to cum.

I point to my watch, signaling Jared that Carol has lasted the five minutes that are absolutely required of her. Then I cue him to tell her that and remind her of her punishment for talking earlier. I try to tell him with hand signals so that Carol won't hear what I'd do now. That way, if he catches them, Carol will think it's all his idea, not mine. And that should make her even hotter. It will definitely make her kneel there, suffering so intensely, of just how intimately her son is punishing her. I'm confident that thought will be as unbearably arousing as it is degrading to her.

"Hey, cum dumpster! If you weren't such a slut you'd be allowed to cum now," Jared scornfully scolds her. "Bet you wish you'd behaved now, cum dumpster. Remember I said you have extra time for being so disgusting? This is it. Apologize 20 times while you wait to cum, and don't stop."

"UGH!" Carol cries out. She sobs a couple of times as if the punishment is just too unbearable for her. Her finger doesn't stop moving. Nor does the rest of her body. Nor does Jared's stick as he corrects her.

"I'M SORRY, SIR! I'M SORRY I AM BEING SUCH A DISGUSTING WHORE, SIR! ONE, SIR!" Carol shrieks out, trembling hard, in a very desperate voice. She counts the

apology off as she does, something Colette has taught her to do. If Carol hadn't, I would have corrected her for it. I nod to Jared to let him know her apology will suffice.

Carol shrieks out another, and then another apology. Each one takes her a few seconds to get out, and she doesn't hesitate between them. She's definitely hurrying to get her apologies done and hopefully get to cum.

By the fourth or the fifth apology, Carol is all but cumming as she masturbates. She's dangling right on the very edge of losing control. I can see it, and I hope she manages to hang on. The punishment for an unapproved orgasm would have to be harsh. And that would have Carol needing another one.

Jared just stands there, mutely counting off the apologies and swatting her for squirming around. And shaking his head in disbelief, but Carol can't see that. She can just feel the strokes of his light cane disciplining her for being a slut. And the reproach in his voice as he reminds her what a slut she's being.

She reaches 20 and stops apologizing. I hold up my hand to stop Jared from what I know he's about to do. He's going to tell her to cum. Even a blind man could see that Carol wants, and needs, nothing more right now. And see that Jared doesn't want to watch her suffering, even so sweetly.

I slowly count off about five or ten seconds. That is just long enough for Carol to feel as if Jared isn't concerned about her desperate need. That something else, probably Dawn, has his interest for the moment despite her obnoxious shrieking. As if she's not only not the most important thing to him, but barely worth mentioning.

Then I nod to Jared.

"Oh, go on, cum dumpster, climax."

Carol grits her teeth harder than ever. "Yes, Sir. This bitch will climax right now for your entertainment, Sir." It's a line Colette has undoubtedly taught her. She holds herself back as she does. That's probably the hardest part

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of it for her, waiting now that she knows she just has to get those few words out before the relief she craves.

"UH-MMMMMMMMMMMMMmmmmmm!" Carol moans out loudly as she lets go. Carol cums the very instant she lets go. Her body tenses up, quivering violently as it does. Her hips snap up, raising her bottom enough that Vlad's base is an inch or two off the floor for a second.

Then the first wave of the orgasm flows over her. The tension vanishes in an instant. It's immediately replaced by a sharp shuddering. And a hard snap that brings her bottom back down. It's hard enough that Vlad's base not only returns to the floor but her bottom slams down on it, pushing it a hair deeper into her. She'll feel that. At the very back of her rectum as the pressure of driving it deeper sends little cramps shooting through her insides just behind her pubes. And her asshole will feel it as the widening base stretches her ring a hair further. Very quickly, which should have her asshole feeling as if it was a toe hit by a hammer.

But the best part of the climax, the most amusing to me and my inner imp, is Carol's breasts. They're just too loose and big. As her body slams down so forcefully, her breasts flop the other way. Up. They flop up hard, too, driven by the too-sharp motion of her body. Just enough that the tips of her water-balloon mounds bounce off the bottom of her jaw.

Carol doesn't show any of it. By then the next wave of the orgasm is racing towards her and her body is tensing back up again. Her pussy is dripping. Her body shuddering. Her mouth screeching a long, drawn-out "AH!"

It crashes over her. Her body snaps hard as if hit by a few thousand volts or something. She pounds her bottom down again, impaling herself on Vlad yet again. She cries out another satisfied, relieved moan.

And it all happens over again. And again. And again. Carol's orgasm seems to go on for an eternity. It's really about a minute and a half before I see it starting to ebb.

I point, gesturing to Jared, what I'm looking at. I point out how her breasts, which had been jiggling too wildly, are starting to slow down. Her bottom isn't slamming down as forcefully anymore. Even her purred moans have lost their sharp edge. He nods to me.

"That's enough, cum dumpster. Stop now," he firmly tells Carol.

"Yes, Sir," Carol replies in a very soft, breathy, and blissful voice. "This bitch will stop playing with its pussy now, Sir." Only then, the command acknowledged, does Carol's hand move away from her pussy. It lets Jared see the thick layer of honey clinging to her hand.

Carol's body falls loose and spent. Somehow she manages to stay on her knees, but that's about all. Even her head lolls forward. She breathes deeply, panting to catch her breath with throaty, raspy, breaths. Her hand doesn't make it behind her. It ends up hanging loose at her side for a moment, where her other hand falls as well. Now it's clear that there isn't a drop of tension left in her body.

Now Carol kneels, panting, and drifting through clouds of bliss. She's so clearly fully satisfied after what Jared has done for her.



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Now it's time to end this lesson, what's become a dual lesson. I'm both teaching Carol what's expected of her, and at the same time, teaching Jared how to rule over her. For now, for this first class, I think we've covered enough material. I'll bring them both back later in the week, a few days from now, and push them a little further along the path. After I see what Jared has done with her in the interim.

Carol is still on her knees, Vlad stuffing her bottom, her body loose and wobbly, as she catches her breath. But now her orgasm is over. She's had about a minute after the last waves of it to pull herself together. Not that she's been trying to. She's been cheating by basking in the afterglow.

I'm not one to let a plaything get away with too much cheating. Or too much basking. That's something a lover would permit, and want. But Carol isn't anyone's lover. She's a plaything, to be used, and more importantly, to be made to know she's only being used as if she were an inanimate toy.

I reach my hand down and quickly grab hold of Carol's hair. "Stop being such a whore, bitch! Your son didn't tell you to like it! Just to cum. It's bad enough you came all over my floor, now you want to kneel there like some skank whore and like it? On your useless feet, bitch!" I scold her in my most distasteful, scornful voice.

And I yank up hard on Carol's hair. I don't give her the chance to get up slowly. She has to scramble, more so with her wobbly legs, to keep up with me. I yank her most of the way to her feet. As far up as I can. I'm a few inches shorter than she is, and my arm only stretches so high.

Carol gets up and stands on unsteady feet. She has to open her feet a hair wider to steady herself. As wobbly as she looks for those first few seconds, I think she might just fall over if she didn't. But she does get her hands behind her back again. And she stares forward with her glassy, half-closed eyes.

As Carol scrambles to her feet, she moves her legs fast. She also tenses, at least somewhat, the muscles in her upper body. But by then, her bottom is far enough up that Vlad's base is no longer against the floor. Her asshole squeezes around the tapered shaft, slowly pushing the toy out of her bottom. About when I release her hair, Vlad falls from her bottom to the floor. I leave it lie there.

I tell Jared "I think this fuck toy has had enough for the moment. Let's take it back to the living room where my slave can serve us coffee and the grown-ups can talk for a minute, shall we?"

"Uh, sure," Jared agrees.

Then I remind Jared of my rule that all whores must be fully inspected on their way into and out of the playroom. It's a rule I don't always enforce, but I will today. Not because I think he'll find anything. Because it will let him see Carol's body at her "worst." Her pussy will be beyond fiery and sloppy wet. If he works fast enough, her asshole will still be loose and rubbery, maybe even gaping a tiny bit after being stretched over-wide by Vlad. She'll be sweaty and he should even be able to smell that. She'll be loose and wobbly as well. Probably she'll be more cooperative, but far unsteadier as she tries to comply with her instructions. It should be a good trial for Jared.

He rather reluctantly says he'll inspect her. I have Jared take her by the hand and tenderly walk her over to the door. There, he stands her just inside the open door. And he inspects her body just as fully as he did on her way in. The only difference is that this time Carol purrs a bit softer as he checks the depths of her pussy. And squeals a slightly strained grunt as his finger pushes through her asshole. It must be a little tender after Vlad. She shudders slightly as he enters her, but stays still and submissively allows herself to be prodded yet again.

Once Jared has that done, I have him take her by the hand again and lead her out to the living room. I "suggest" that Carol can stand along the wall and wait on "the adults." He walks her over to a place of his choice. I have

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him turn Carol around so that she's facing the wall. That way, while Carol will still be able to hear us talking about her, she won't be able to see anything.

Then I show Jared to a seat on the sofa. I send Sophie to fetch us refreshments. I know I need a cup of coffee after all that work. Jared seems to gratefully accept one, too. Maybe because I have the nude Dawn offer to serve it to him. He definitely still has eyes for her, despite his cock appearing to be fully sated by Carol's mouth, pussy, and bottom. I have no doubt that now Jared is wondering if the much younger, and not-his-mom, Dawn could perform anywhere close to as sluttishly as Carol did. And wondering if I'll ever give Dawn to him, or if she's just a tease.

"cum dumpster has been acting rather trashy today, hasn't it?" I ask Jared, unable to keep a hint of a teasing from my voice. I just have to hope that he doesn't catch it. If he did, he might know that I have something up my sleeve. Or if he knew me and my inner imp, he'd know I always have something up my sleeve.

"Uh, yeah..." Jared answers casually, but with enough in his voice for me to hear that he really believes it. I hope Carol hears that, too. There's no reason she should be teased up again.

"I'm sure it came as a total shock to you that cum dumpster is... well, nothing but a cum dumpster."

"You can say that again," Jared almost blurts out. There's no question that he was deeply shocked to see it. "I can't believe the way she was moaning like that while I... fucked her. I thought it would - it should - like disgust her to be fucked by me. I mean, I'm her son!... fuck, I still can't believe that I did it! What was I thinking?"

He wasn't thinking. His cock was doing the thinking, and like any especially hard cock, it was thinking of only one thing. I smirk just a little. "You were thinking like a guy. Her body isn't any different from Lezzie's (Dawn) body. Her vagina feels just like Lezzie's would. As do her mouth and anus. The only real difference is that cum

dumpster's dump holes are readily available to you. You're free to make use of them, however, whenever, you wish. Cum dumpster doesn't mind one bit. In fact, it likes it when you use it."

"Yeah, I noticed," Jared blurts out again. "It was hard to miss those slutty moans."

"But I suppose that you would have preferred to know that cum dumpster was a fuck toy before you agreed to bring it here and had to find out the hard way, before seeing the extent of her shameless sluttiness on full display?"

"Yeah, it would have been nice if she's said something... I don't know, like 'I'm a slut and I really want to be fucked, and I don't care who does what to me... Oh, and I don't mean just screwing me every which way, I mean like treating me like crap, too.' At least then I'd have had some warning."

"Oh, I completely agree!" I almost blurt out with a touch of enthusiasm in my voice. "That's why I have this rule for bitches in training. They're *never* allowed to contact me. I still require the daily email updates from them. I demand that of all my things. Every morning, *before* six am, I expect an email at mistress@nadya-2000.ru that tells me everything they've done in the past 24 hours. However, when a bitch is in training or otherwise has a guardian, I expect the guardian to email me in the bitch's place.

"That's you. To write that email, cum dumpster will have to tell you everything. You'll know what it's done. But you won't know what aroused it and how much. How it felt doing those things. I'd suggest that when you write it, you sit cum dumpster in a chair next to you, but where it can't see the screen, and have it tell you while you're writing. You can also add in your thoughts and comments about it, or anything else if you care to. I don't always reply unless I have something to say, but I do always read every one of them."

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"So, like, if I let her masturbate, she's to tell me how it felt to play with herself while I stood there spanking her to behave, and how much hotter that made her?"

"Bingo!" I tell Jared. "It's also to tell you anything else you wish to know, whenever you ask. You ask, it answers, fully, honestly, and openly. That means no shyness or modesty. I don't even allow them to blush or cringe as they answer. It just tells you whatever you want to know. No matter how personal, private, or intimate the question. And I don't allow them to... obscure the language they use either. For example, if you were to ask it now how its bottom feels after that toy, it should tell you something like 'this bitch's anus is a bit tender after being stretched so far, Sir.' Not something with even a touch of modesty in it, such as 'my bottom is a bit sore' or worse, 'I'm a little sore.' Fully and without any modesty at all."

Jared groans slightly, knowing that Carol has heard me and will answer him as I've told her to. He'll have to listen to her openly talking about her body. Her pussy and butt, too.

Jared and I talk a little more while I tell him about my dress code and grooming standards, reminding him that while her grooming and clothes are his choices, he's still expected to keep her properly groomed. He can pick anything, as much or as little as nothing, for her to wear, though. He should pick clothes that, in his opinion, are "fitting" for a cum dumpster to wear for whatever the setting. More if he takes her out, less or nothing if she stays around the house.

Then I move along. I tell Jared that Carol needs a good reminder to be open and honest with him. She needs to "grasp" the idea that anything less than shamelessness will not be permitted. I summon Carol to me, pointing her to a spot at the side of my knee as I tell her to kneel.

I sternly scold Carol for hiding her true self from her son. "I won't tolerate some filthy gutter whore acting like it's an actual lady or something! You're a gutter whore, act like it." I grab Carol's hair again.

I yank her firmly, pulling her head forward. It pulls Carol up a little as I yank her head across my knees. She doesn't fight it. She allows me to turn her over my knees. It doesn't take me but a couple of seconds to shift into position, her bottom now offered up for another spanking.

Then I hesitate for a brief moment with Carol lying over my knees, staring down at the floor so that her face isn't visible to Jared at my side. Her bottom is just slightly red now, most of the redness from earlier having faded. After a long (for me) pause, maybe ten seconds, I turn to Jared and ask him "do you think cum dumpster misbehaved by not telling you who it is, and what it wants when you were asked to bring it here?"

"Yeah... It would have been nice to know... what to expect..." Jared tells me.

"Is that worthy of punishment in your eyes?"

I feel Carol shudder lightly, but crisply, as she hears me ask. She's thinking that I've chosen to let Jared decide her fate. That he'll decide if she's spanked or not. The shudder tells me she finds that thought arousing.

"Yeah..." Jared sighs out softly. I can't tell if he actually thinks so, or just thinks that I do and that I want him to say that it does. I feel another, slightly crisper and more erotic, shudder flow over Carol as she hears her son decide that she'll be spanked.

But I don't spank her. I tell Jared "then punish this bitch like it deserves to be punished." I feel a very crisp shudder flow over Carol as she listens to me tell Jared to spank her himself. It's enough that if I checked her pussy, I'll bet that I'd feel a few little twitches already, despite the climax she was just allowed.

I push Carol off my knees and back onto hers. I point to Jared. "Go get your spanking, cum dumpster."

"Yes, Ma'am," Carol answers with a tiny tremble in her voice. She doesn't rise to her feet. She walks the short bit around my knees to Jared's on her knees. She kneels properly in the same place, in front of his knee, and

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off to the side from where it will be easy for Jared to turn her over his knees.

Jared just stares at her for a couple of seconds. I can see the puzzlement on his face. He's never had anyone over his knees before and isn't sure what to do. I get up to my feet.

I grab hold of Carol's hair again. It makes a good leash for this. She'll follow her hair. I step around her to Jared's other side. Then I use her hair to pull her head forward and across Jared's legs. "Over you go, bitch," I tauntingly tell Carol. "It's time for your son to spank your naughty bottom nice and sore." I sound enthused with the idea. I know Carol is, too.

I lie Carol over Jared's legs. As her stomach is coming down on them, I use my foot to nudge Jared's feet apart a little. That way, with his legs opened, his thighs further apart, Carol will have more support.

Once I have Carol lying over his knees, I start with her chest and nudge Jared to open his thighs just a hair more. I tell him that he wants the undersides of her pendulous breasts lying flush against the outside of his thigh. That has his thigh under her rib cage, where it can easily offer her chest some support. And it leaves her breasts dangling, but not exactly freely, against the outside of his legs. Where he can feel them. And more so where Carol can feel his leg against their undersides.

Then I wiggle Carol's hips a little, getting the bend of her waist firmly over Jared's other knee. It has her waist bent a full 90 degrees. And, unlike me, Jared is tall enough, his legs long enough, that Carol's thighs are now hanging straight down with her knees off the floor. I have her knees bent as well, and her ankles crossed, with the tops of her feet lying on the floor. And I have her hands up along the small of her back.

I'm sure this is yet another scene Jared could never have envisioned. He's fully dressed in jeans and a long sleeve shirt. His mother is absolutely naked, lying over his denim-clad thighs, demurely waiting for him to spank her

bare bottom. To me, it's the way things should be. The plaything nude, the person dressed. It reminds the plaything that the nudity isn't an intimacy between lovers, it's a show of power. He has the power to expose her body and deny her modesty, and she has no right to ask the same of him.

I have Jared lie his hand flat against the taut cheeks of Carol's bottom and hold it there. Still and in place, as if he had just delivered the first swat. "cum dumpster, this is for not being honest with me when I told you that I would bring you here." I have Jared tell Carol exactly why she's being punished. That's something I always do, even if I'm just making up a reason because I want to spank the toy.

Now Jared is looking up to me with a huge question on his face. As if he's wondering how hard to spank her. How much to spank her. And pretty much everything else.

I shift around so I'm behind Carol where the lightly quivering woman won't see me cue Jared. But where he can easily see me. I motion for him to swat her bottom.

Jared's hand starts to rise up off Carol's globes. I keep motioning for him to lift it higher until it's almost all the way up. Then I motion for him to swat her. Hopefully, he can see that I want his strength in it, too. Jared's not the biggest or strongest of men. Even so, his swat will be harder than mine would be. Of course, I'd use a paddle, not my hand. But this is for Carol, and she's going to love the feel of his hand spanking her bottom.

Jared swings. The flat of his hand lands square atop one of Carol's cheeks. It's almost perfectly center on the cheek further out from Jared's body. That's the easier one to swat. It lands with a loud crack, especially for a hand. He has enough power in it that I can see a slight grimace on Jared's face as he feels the sting in his hand.

"OW!" Carol squeals out. She squirms a little, but not much, as her bottom starts to turn pink where he swatted her. I'm sure she can feel the sting in her muscle and the light burn in her skin from it, too. But not that bad. Enough that it's clear to her she's being spanked. That her

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son is punishing her for what he perceives as her misbehavior. And that it's a real punishment, not just a parody of it for her benefit. It's going to hurt before it's over. As a punishment should.

Carol lies over his knees, squirming slightly and fussing a bit. "One, Sir," Carol counts off her stroke. It's something that Colette and I always make a toy do. "Thank you for spanking my naughty bare bottom, Sir. I'm sorry for being a fake bitch to you, Sir. Will you please spank me again, Sir?" It's pretty much the standard line we both insist that our playtoys use. Count, thank, apologize and ask for more.

With a nod from me, Jared swats her again, this time landing his hand across her crack, getting parts of both of her cheeks under his hand. It's just as hard of a swat. And it widens the pink spot on her bottom.

"OW!" Carol yelps out again, a little louder this time. She wiggles and fusses a hair more, too. And when she counts off her stroke, there's a tiny bit more strain to her voice.

I keep nodding to Jared, watching as he swats Carol's bottom, again and again, pausing between strokes only long enough for her to count them off and ask for the next.

It doesn't take that long. After maybe three minutes, Carol has gotten the tenth swat. That's enough for her entire bottom to be lightly glowing a bright pink. Enough that her muscles, now pulled taut as she's bent over, should be stinging as if she were sitting on some bees. And for her flesh to be burning fairly hot. Enough for her to feel the soreness in her bottom. Enough that she's not going to want to sit on it for a little while, maybe half an hour or so. And enough that I can hear the whine creeping into her voice as she starts to really feel the pain of it.

It's also enough that I can see the light quivering of her body. And I can see that her squirms are as much a blossoming neediness as they are discomfort. I'd bet Carol can feel the heat and wetness blooming in her freshly-diddled pussy by now, too.

And I can see the deepening grimace on Jared's face that tells me that he's feeling the same sting in his hand. That's good, for a novice. It will keep him from spanking her bottom too much. He'll be willing to withstand the sting in his hand as long as Carol can stand it in her bottom. He'll have to stop before going too far.

I hold up five fingers, encouraging Jared to give her five more strokes. I would guess that's going to be close to the limit of what he'll allow his hand to endure. And I'm hoping enough for Carol to feel honestly punished by the spanking.

Jared reluctantly nods. Then he swats Carol's bottom again.

"OW! Oh, OW!" Carol yelps out, her voice laced with a good bit of pain. And now, the first hint of a sniffling sob, too. And that is what I was hoping for. That Jared would spank her enough that she couldn't help but cry from it. She should from a real punishment. And this should be a real one.

It takes Carol a second or three to catch her breath and stop sobbing lightly. Then she counts the stroke off, her voice still broadcasting her discomfort. As soon as she gets the words out, she pants a few fast, nervous breaths.

Jared swats her again.

"EE-OW!" Carol squeals out a loud yelp. And this one is enough to push her to really squirm from it. I see her feet finally kick up for a second to block another stroke from hitting her bottom. I see her hands gripping each other as hard as she can. And there's enough squirm to her chest that now her loose hanging breasts are pulling over his jeans, stroking their undersides over the denim. And through the jeans his thigh. I know both of them are feeling that.

Carol counts off the 12th stroke. Jared raises his hand and snaps it down just as hard as ever, grimacing as it lands.

Carol yelps out a bit louder. Her bottom squirms, her feet kick up several times, and the undersides of her

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breasts are all over his thigh. Her head snaps back as she cries out, tossing her long blond hair around too.

Now Carol is sobbing lightly, but constantly and rather noticeably as she counts off the stroke and asks for another. Jared, hearing the sobbing in her voice, glances up to me as if to ask if he should go on. I'm still holding up two fingers as I nod to him.

Jared swats her bottom yet again.

"EE-OW!" Carol shrieks out loudly. This time it's an honestly pained shriek, not just a little or exaggerated one. "OH!" Carol's hips wiggle around powerfully enough that it has her globes jiggling slightly as if trying to shake the sting off of them. It has her feet kicking up almost wildly, bending at the knees, too. And her head thrashes around.

There's a good bit of sob in her voice now as she counts off the 14th stroke. Enough that it really sounds like she's crying. And I can see a touch of wetness to her eyes, too. But Carol does as she's supposed to and counts it off. And asks for another.

Jared glances up at me again. I nod, holding up the single remaining finger. Then I motion for him to give this one all he has. He looks surprised and reluctant. But he swats those pink globes again, and it's a good one.

"EE-OW!" Carol's shriek is almost a scream this time. "Oh, EE-OW!" She snaps into full thrashing squirm again, too. It takes her several long seconds to stop squealing and finally count off the stroke.

Carol counts it, not knowing that it's her final stroke. She asks for another, as she should. Now her voice is starting to fade into a bawling cry as she goes on. And her bottom is glowing a very bright, quickly deepening, hot shade of pinkness.

As soon as Carol gets the words out, she lies over Jared's legs, fidgeting uncomfortably, and waiting for another swat on her bottom.

Jared looks up at me. I shake my head, telling him that Carol has now had enough. I don't tell him that's because she's crying. It's not. Although I did want her to

cry from the spanking. I judge the end by how bright the pink glow on her cheeks is. That tells me how much stinging and burning she's truly enduring.

I lean close to Jared's ear and whisper instructions to him. He blanches slightly, then nods his head to let me know he'll do it. "Are you sorry now, cum dumpster?" He loudly asks Carol, raising his voice enough to ensure that she hears him over her moderate bawling.

"Yes, Sir," Carol sobs out.

"Are you going to be open with me now, cum dumpster?"

"Yes, Sir, I swear I will, Sir!" Carol sobs out firmly and pleadingly as if trying to convince him of her sincerity. Maybe as if trying to convince herself as well.

"Are you being a total whore now, cum dumpster?"

"No, Sir! I'm being good for my spanking, Sir! Please, believe me, Sir! I'm being good, Sir!"

Her almost desperate insistence in her still-bawling voice is all I need to hear. I know she's being a slut. I wonder if Jared knows it too. I wonder if Jared can hear the desperate plea in her voice. The false tone to it.

"So if I look at... your clitoris, it's not going to be throbbing and hard, right cum dumpster?"

"Uh... mmmm...." Carol mumbles before exploding into a full-blow bawling cry as she lies over Jared's legs. She cries hard for a couple of seconds. "I'm sorry, Sir! I can't help it! I'm really sorry, Sir! I'm trying! I'm sorry that I'm a total slut, Sir! I don't want it to be hard, Sir! Please believe me, Sir!" Carol starts begging him.

"Is your clitoris hard and throbbing, cum dumpster?"

"Yes, Sir," Carol sobs out. I can barely make out her words over her crying.

"Are you being a total gutter slut while I spank you, cum dumpster?"

"Yes, Sir...." Carol sobs out her confession.

"So you lied to me earlier when you said you were being a good... girl, didn't you, cum dumpster?"

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"Yes, Sir... I'm so sorry, Sir! I want to be good, Sir! I'm trying! I can't help it, I'm just too slutty, Sir!"

I gesture to Jared, silently cueing him what to do about it. I motion for him to grab her hair and yank her hard off his knees and onto hers. Then I point to the corner. The one corner over by the coat closet that doubles as my time-out room. It's the only corner in here that's completely empty of everything. I motion for her to stand there. I signal him to harshly scold her as he walks her over there. I hope he catches it that she needs to be scolded in harsh language, not just firmly. Then I wave for him to do it. If he doesn't scold her sternly enough, I'll take over.

Jared grabs her hair. "Get up, cum dumpster," he snaps, his voice hard and icy. I can hear some true disapproval in it, too. I'm sure he actually feels that. And some disgust with the thought of Carol getting too hot while he spanked her.

He's taller than her. I'd guess he's just short of six feet tall. So he can keep hold of her hair and use it for a leash as he leads her over to the corner. I urge him to hurry, and he does. He almost drags her along. Enough that Carol's head is leaning forward as she scrambles her feet to keep up with him.

He takes her to the corner. "Your filthy butt can stand in this corner until you're really sorry, cum dumpster. When I come back for you, that clitoris had better not be hard. Stop being so disgusting and at least act like a cheap whore instead of a complete slut, cum dumpster."

"Yes, Sir," Carol is still sobbing hard as she accepts.

I show Jared how to have Carol stand, although Carol already knows. I have him position her with just the tips of her toes touching the baseboards. That has her close enough to the corner that the tips of her rather ample breasts and nipples are touching the walls. With their size, there's no stopping that. Her shoulders aren't touching anything. Nothing but her toes and breasts are. Her face is about two inches back from the wall. It leaves her a

view of nothing but a bare white wall. No matter how she tries to shift her eyes. She keeps her hands together at the small of her back, too.

I have Jared leave her there. We return to the sofa where Dawn serves him another cup of coffee. As we sip it, I cover a few more of the rules and such with him. I start with my corner rules. Carol may not move. Not even to scratch an itch. Carol may not make a sound, at least not once she stops crying. Carol may not look around. She must stare at the empty wall. Carol may not close her eyes. I suggest that he watch her body, especially her long, flowing hair and the cheeks of her bottom, for any signs of movement. If Carol moves, her corner time starts over.

And I tell him that "standard corner time" is one minute for every year old the bitch is. Since Carol is 49, that means she stands there for 49 minutes. During which, she's not to be offered any clue how long she's been there, or how long she has left. Not even incidentally as he asks me something. He nods to that, glancing again at his watch.

We chat away, our conversation about Carol and what she's expected to do at home. It includes a healthy reminder to Jared that he can't tolerate even a slight infraction from Carol, here or at home. Even the tiniest one demands that he punish Carol sternly for it. I know Carol hears it all, even Jared assuring me that he won't let her get away with anything.

I know that she'll test him the first chance she gets, too. Bitches, like pets, always do. They want to be certain of the limits of what they can get away with. And can't. That test will set the tempo for everything. If Jared listens to me and sternly punishes her for it, she'll behave. If not, she'll be testing him every minute she can. And both will be rather unhappy if she is.

Fifty minutes later, when Carol's corner time is served, I have Jared walk over to her. As he nears, I see a very faint trembling flood Carol's body. She senses him

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nearing her. Jared gently puts his hand on Carol's shoulder. "cum dumpster, are you still acting like a complete gutter slut?" He recites the line I whispered to him.

Carol bursts into tears again as she very hesitantly confesses "yes, Sir..."

I have Jared make her show him her clit. That's a command Carol knows well. When she's told to show her pussy, she bends over, getting her back as flat as she can without losing her balance, and reaches around the outside of her hips to pull her pussy lips wide open and bare every last speck of her pinkness. As we expected, as Carol said, we can both see her clit is swollen up hard and pounding slightly, but visibly, in time with her heart. Carol must be aching badly to masturbate yet again. As I suspected, the humiliation of being sent to the corner like a naughty toddler was enough to keep her fully aroused.

I tell Jared to scold her for it but otherwise do nothing. He scolds her with no small bit of disgust in his voice as he tells her that she's going to be suffering the horniness for quite a while. He's not in the mood to supervise another masturbation now.

I have Sophie fetch Carol's clothes. She does. Jared returns them, piece by piece, watching her put each piece on her body before offering her the next. And this time, she gets neither a bra nor panties to wear home. Just her pants and blouse. And it's a blouse that's light enough for the outlines of her stiff nipples and the shapes of her ample mounds to be plainly visible through it. Along with the fact that she's not wearing a bra. As she walks, those breasts aren't going to jiggle, they're going to be bouncing around.

I offer Jared a black sash. He uses that to bind her wrists. I offer him a choker chain collar and leash, which he puts on Carol. And I remind Jared that as of now, all of the new rules are in effect for Carol.

"So I have to strip and search her at the door, then find her something to put on?" He asks in a voice that tells me he already knows the answer.

“Yes, and since she’s being a trashy gutter slut, you might want to consider giving her slutty clothes if any at all.”

An hour later he sends me a picture of the outfit he picked for Carol. Or rather Carol wearing it. It’s a braless pink tube top that covers little more than her bouncy breasts and a very short denim skirt, worn pantyless. He has her sitting in a chair, her legs open to show me that she’s not wearing panties. And show me her pussy, which to me looks like it might still be wet on the outside of her mound. I think I see that glimmering to it in the picture.

The Next Few Days	
	09 August 2021
	Guardian's Comments:
	I thought I'd show you the outfit I picked to put cum dumpster in for the rest of the day. I hope you agree it's slutty enough for her.
	10 August 2021
	Guardian's Comments:
	Since we have nothing to do today that involves going out, I thought cum dumpster could run around the house in this today. Slutty enough for her?

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11 August 2021

Guardian's Comments:

I have a friend coming over today, so I picked this for cum dumpster to wear. It both covers her, and makes her look like a complete slut. I hope that's what you want. Now, how to explain it to my friend why my mom is running around the house like a slut.



12 August 2021

Guardian's Comments:

Mom hates these shorts. You can guess why. I picked them for her to wear back over to your place today. Without panties. You did say to bring her looking like "a cheap gutter whore out of a no-star movie."

*The Queen's Rules For Strict
Supervision Of Utterly
Worthless Gutter Filth*

General Rules:

1. The bitch will wake at 05:00, precisely.
2. The bitch will immediately make its bed properly and very neatly. Before doing anything else whatsoever.
3. The bitch will then use the potty. Peeing and pooping are mandatory.
4. The bitch will then groom itself properly, with full supervision.
5. The bitch may not ask for anything, ever, whatsoever.
6. The bitch will politely thank everyone for anything it is given or allowed.
7. The bitch will be polite and humble at all times, in public and private, to everyone. No one may be addressed by given name, only as "Mr. or Ms."
8. The bitch may speak only when spoken to, and whenever it opens its mouth, "Sir or Ma'am" will come out of it.
9. The bitch is not entitled to clothing. It will wear whatever it is given, when and if it is given anything. It will return all clothing immediately when told to.
10. The bitch is not permitted any questions, ever.
11. The bitch is not permitted to refuse any instruction. Whenever told to do anything, no matter what, the bitch is to do it immediately, wherever it is, and eagerly.
12. The bitch is, and always will be the property of the Queen. As is its body.
13. The bitch may not be out of the direct sight of a responsible person at any time, for even a single second. Its minder may allow another responsible party to supervise it.
14. The bitch must be bound, wrists and ankles, whenever not in the direct sight of a responsible person, even when sleeping.

The Queen's Rules For Strict Supervision Of Utterly Worthless Gutter Filth

15. The bitch may not leave the house unless under the direct control of its minder. Direct control includes wrists bound and leashed.
16. The bitch may not have responsibility for anything. All bills and other household tasks are the minder's. All housework and chores are the bitch's.
17. The bitch may not have any form of money.
18. All choices, even intimate ones such as pubic hair style, belong to the minder. The bitch is not allowed any input.
19. The bitch exists only for the pleasure of its Queen, and through its Queen, of its minder.
20. Any infraction, either of a rule or an instruction it's given, must be met with proper and swift discipline.
21. When there is no use for the bitch, it is to be sat in a chair to wait until a use for its worthless body is available.
22. Whenever leaving the house, the bitch is to be taken to the front door fully nude. There, her body is to be fully inspected, including mouth, breasts, vagina, and rectum. Once the minder is assured that the bitch has nothing, it is to be given fresh clothing and will dress there. Immediately after dressing it is to be bound and leashed. It may not leave the front door.
23. Upon returning to the house, the bitch will be stripped and fully inspected as above. Once the minder is assured that the bitch has nothing, it is to be given fresh clothes, if it pleases its minder to dress it, and taken from the door. The bitch may not touch the clothes it wore outside of the home. They will go directly to the wash.
24. 22:30 is "bedtime." At 22:30 the bitch is to be taken potty. Peeing and pooping are mandatory.
25. Immediately following, the bitch will wash the filth off its filthy body while its minder watches.

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26. Immediately thereafter, the bitch will be taken to a bed and bound to it for the night.
 27. The bitch's bedroom may not have any electronic devices, or a clock, in it. The lights must be out and the door shut.
 28. The bitch is not permitted in its bedroom unescorted or during the day, unless necessary for a chore.
 29. The bitch is not permitted any alcohol or drugs.
 30. Any prescription medications are to be placed in the bitch's mouth by its minder.
 31. The minder will email the Queen daily no later than 06:00 with an update on the bitch's training. Detail is expected.
 32. The bitch may not use any computer, tablet, or phone.
 33. If the bitch needs to get/make a call, the minder must do it for it.
 34. The bitch is not permitted any visitors. The minder may allow whoever he chooses to visit him. If the minder has a guest over, no special considerations are to be made for the bitch.
 35. The bitch is not permitted any modesty or privacy.
 36. The bitch must fully, honestly, and immediately answer any question it is asked by anyone unless told not to by its minder.
 37. The bitch must immediately fully show anyone any part of its body whenever told to by anyone unless told not to by its minder.
 38. The bitch may be bound at the discretion of its minder. It must be bound whenever out of the direct sight of its minder.
 39. In bed, the bitch must be bound by both wrists and ankles, arms and legs spread, on its back or stomach. It may not be allowed a pillow or any covers. It may be blindfolded at the discretion of its minder.

The Queen's Rules For Strict Supervision Of Utterly Worthless Gutter Filth

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40. If the minder wishes to leave the house, either the bitch must be taken with (searched, bound, and leashed) or a slut sitter is required. Ellie 251-862-XXXX and Emily 251-265-XXXX are generally available and trained to slut-sit properly.

Smoker's Rules:

1. No tobacco products may be brought into my building or apartment.
2. The bitch may not ask for a smoke.
3. The bitch may, if and only if it has not been punished during the previous hour, be given a smoke at the pleasure of its minder
4. The bitch maybe not be allowed more than 15 smokes a day. No two smokes may be allowed within any 45 minute period.
5. The cigarette must be lit for the bitch and placed in her lips for her.
6. The bitch must be watched as she sits still and silent in a chair to smoke it.
7. At the minder's discretion, the cigarette will be taken from the bitch's lips and put out.
8. The bitch must keep her hands on her knees.
9. No more than once per day, the bitch may be allowed to touch her smoke and smoke during another activity.

Grooming Rules:

1. The bitch will remain in full sight of its minder at all times.
2. The bitch will shave, shampoo ALL hair remaining on its body, condition, and then wash with soap.
3. The bitch will be fully inspected immediately after completing its shower. Its labia are to be fully opened for inspection. No skank is permitted. Its

anus is to be fully checked for any specks of mess. Its rectum is to be checked for emptiness.

4. The bitch may, if it passes, dry off. Then it will blow dry its hair, brush it 100 strokes, and brush its teeth. Mouthwash is mandatory as well.
5. The bitch's nails are to be stripped, filed if needed, and polished whatever color if any, the minder chooses.

Potty rules:

1. The minder must have one hand on the bitch at all times, beginning prior to the bitch setting a toe in the bathroom.
2. The bitch will sit up straight with its feet and knees fully opened. There must be a couple of inches between the bitch's back and the toilet lid. The bowl must be visible both in front and behind the bitch. Hands are on its knees and must remain there until the bitch is allowed to stand.
3. The bitch will do nothing until told to.
4. The bitch will be told to pee. The bitch will then pee.
5. In the morning and at night, the bitch will be told to poop. The bitch will poop.
6. The bitch is allowed 90 seconds to pee, and 3 minutes to poop. When the allotted time is up, the bitch will be told to stop and will stop.
7. Following toilet use, the bitch will stand. It may be allowed to wipe its filthy vagina/bottom, but must do so standing and with its body in full view of its minder.
8. The bitch will then be walked out of the bathroom, or to the shower, before the minder's hand comes off the bitch.
9. If told to pee, and the bitch does not, the bitch may not pee for 12 hours.

The Queen's Rules For Strict Supervision Of Utterly Worthless Gutter Filth

10. If told to poop and the bitch does not, the bitch is to be given a laxative suppository and will then wait until the next assigned pooping time.
11. The bitch is allowed up to three "pee breaks" at the discretion and convenience of its minder, however, it may not ask for one, and if offered one must pee when told to.
12. For "pee breaks" the bitch must remain standing. All other potty rules apply.

Vagina Rules:

1. The bitch may never touch its vagina, unless specifically told to, for any reason whatsoever.
2. The bitch's vagina will be inspected throughout the day. Inspection includes opening its labia and looking for skank as well as checking its clitoris by eye and touch for stiffness.
3. The bitch will be told when to masturbate.
4. The bitch will remove all clothing, if it has any, and fold it neatly before giving it to its minder.
5. The bitch will kneel properly.
6. A mirror should be placed under the bitch's vagina for better visibility.
7. The bitch will be told to start.
8. The bitch will masturbate until told to stop.
9. The bitch will not climax, nor ask to climax. The bitch will wait.
10. After a minimum of five minutes, at the minder's discretion, the bitch may be told to climax.
11. When told to climax, the bitch is expected to do so immediately.
12. The bitch will be told when to stop masturbating, after its climax ebbs.
13. The bitch will be told to stand.
14. The bitch's clothes may or may not be returned at the discretion of the minder.

Dildo Training Rules:

1. All training sessions are fifteen minutes long and separated by at least ten minutes.
2. The bitch will have three oral training sessions per day. Two vaginal sessions. One anal session.
3. The minder will insert the dildo into the orifice FULLY.
4. The bitch will then resume its prior activity, however, the dildo will remain in place.
5. The minder will remove the dildo when deemed appropriate
6. The bitch will thank the minder for training its whatever.
7. Use of any of the bitch's orifices by a penis does not count as training.
8. All of the bitch's body and orifices are available for use by any penis the minder wishes, including his own, so long as protection is used.
9. If/when used, the bitch will humbly thank its user for using such a filthy whore as it.

Punishment:

1. ANY infraction, no matter how minor, warrants immediate punishment, regardless of where the bitch is or who may see it punished. If the bitch is stupid enough to misbehave there, it should be punished for it there.
2. Punishment is the sole discretion of the minder.
3. Suggested punishments include spankings (1-20 strokes), paddlings (1-10 strokes), and belt whippings (1-5 strokes). The bitch will behave for its spanking, meaning stay still, quiet, and keep its bottom offered up for it, or the spanking will start over until the bitch accepts its punishment.

The Queen's Rules For Strict Supervision Of Utterly Worthless Gutter Filth

4. Corner time. One minute per year old. Toes on the baseboards, standing up straight, no moving or making a sound.
5. Time out: blindfolded, in a closed room, hands bound to something well over its head. 5 minutes per year old.

*The Queen's Dress Code And
Grooming Standards For
Filthy Bitches*

The Queen's Dress Code And Grooming Standards For Filthy Bitches

Miss Rodgers' Dress Code For Bitches

41. NO PANTYHOSE ALLOWED. Only thigh-high stockings may be worn with a garter belt.
42. Sneakers may be worn with slacks or shorts. If worn, light-colored socks must be worn with them.
43. Sandals may be worn with dresses, skirts, and shorts. No socks or stockings are allowed with sandals.
44. All other shoes must have heels at least three inches high and must be worn with stockings.
45. All blouses must button up the front and be short-sleeved. They must be loose-fitting but not baggy. All buttons above the level of the nipples may not be buttoned.
46. Slacks are allowed but must be loose-fitting and not baggy.
47. Jeans are allowed but must be slightly snug-fitting, which means snug, but loose enough to easily be slid down.
48. Skirts may be worn but must have a hem-line no lower than $\frac{1}{2}$ way between the lowest point of a butt cheek and the crease at the back of the knees when standing. Skirts must have a zipper at the back.
49. Casual/sundresses are allowed but must have short sleeves, no zippers or such, and a hem-line as a skirt does.
50. Evening dresses are allowed in the evenings, but must not have anything more than 1" above the breasts, a hem-line no lower than $\frac{1}{4}$ of the distance between the lowest point of a butt cheek and the crease of the knee, when standing, and must fit snugly and have a zipper in the rear.
51. Bras and panties must be worn regardless of the outer garments. Both must be a matching set.

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52. Panties may not cover any of the thighs. They must be silky with lace trim, or all lace.
 53. Bras must be a matched set with panties. They may not cover more than $\frac{3}{4}$ of the breasts and: sizes A and smaller must fasten in the front. Size B may fasten in the front or back. Sizes C and D must have a sling clip in the back. Sizes DD and above may have a wider strap with multiple clips in the back.
 54. Sports bras or any bra without a clip is never allowed regardless of cup size.
 55. If stockings are worn, the garter must be part of a matching set with the bra and panties. A set, not just matching or similar.
 56. No other undergarments are allowed.
 57. Jackets are allowed only when the temperature is or is forecast to be, under 50 degrees. All jackets must match the outfit.
 58. Regardless of temperature, blazers must be worn with skirt- and pants- suits.
 59. Watches are allowed.
 60. Metal bracelets are allowed. Those of any other material are not.
 61. Only wedding and engagement rings are allowed.
 62. Only one pair of earrings are allowed, and those must not have anything that dangles more than 1"
 63. Only one necklace is allowed.
 64. No exceptions are ever permitted for undergarments.
 65. Any bitch required to wear a uniform to work may wear the company-mandated outer garments from 30 minutes before leaving for work, until 30 minutes after arriving home from work.
 66. Belts are allowed and are required with skirts and slacks. They must be narrow, less than 1" wide, leather, and feminine in appearance.

The Queen's Dress Code And Grooming Standards For Filthy Bitches

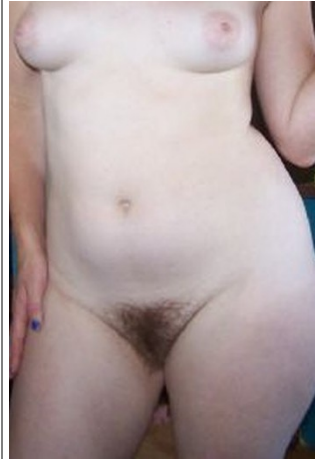
67. Light make-up and perfume are allowed for work, dates, and child-related functions.
68. Menstruating bitches (from 24 hours after anticipated beginning to 24 hours after completion) must wear a super or super-plus tampon, which must be changed every three hours.
69. Bitches with hair past their shoulders must wear a single accessory to contain it so that their ears are visible.
70. A single purse is allowed. No other accessories of any kind.

Miss Rodger's Grooming Standard's For Bitches


6. No razor stubble is ever permitted anywhere.
7. Underarms are to be fully shaven.
8. Legs, ankles, and feet are to be fully shaven all the way from the tips of toes to the crease of the thigh.
9. The inside edges of the butt cheeks, and the crack, are to be fully shaven. No hair of any kind is permitted near the anus or further than the labia.
10. Pubes are to be groomed in one of three styles. The choice of style (like every other choice) belongs to the bitch's guardian or me.

1.

"Full Bush:" trimmed neatly inside the crease of the thighs, with sharp, straight lines. Labia are to be furry, but nothing beyond the labia. Pubes furry trimmed with straight lines sloping up and out from the crease of the thighs to meet the top line. The top line is to be straight, even with the bottom of the hip bones. No hair may be longer than 1". the edges of the labia are to be trimmed so that the slit is fully visible and accessible.



The Queen’s Dress Code And Grooming Standards For
Filthy Bitches

2.	"Half Bush:" A full bush that ends with a rounded curved point at the bottom, the lowest point of the curve 1/8th inch above the highest point of the slit and labia. Labia shaved smooth.	
3.	"Fully Shaven:" No pubic hair anywhere.	

- Without the Queen's permission, all virgins are to be fully shaven. All unmarried bitches are to have "half bushes." All married bitches are to have "full bushes." Permission will only be given to accommodate the bitch's guardian's tastes, not the bitch's desires.
- Toenails are to be filed daily. They are to be smooth and slightly rounded at the tips. No toenail will extend beyond the length of its toe.

His Mommy's New Life: His Slut

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- Fingernails are to be filed daily. Tips are to be smooth and rounded. Fingernails are to extend no less than ½" and no more than 1" beyond the tip of their finger. The Queen will grant exceptions only for bitches gainfully employed outside the home whose jobs warrant exceptions.
 - Finger and toenails are to be stripped and painted daily. The color choice belongs to the bitch's guardian.
 - The bitch's vagina will be douched following each menstruation, and as needed to ensure that it is free of semen and any odor.
 - The bitch's anus will be kept clean and odor-free at all times. Absolutely nothing should be detectable but flesh.
 - Hair is to be shampooed and conditioned daily. That means every single hair on the bitch's body, not just its head. Pubes, eyebrows, and eyelashes count, too.
 - Navels are to be kept clean, free of anything such as dirt, hairs, or lint, at all times.
 - Any crease under larger breasts must be kept clean and odor-free at all times.
 - No hairs, or even peach fuzz, may be anywhere on a breast, lips, or chin of a bitch.
 - Ear and nose hair is to be kept trimmed to where it is not seen.
 - Ears are to be cleaned out daily.
 - Teeth are to be brushed three times a day, at a minimum. This includes tongues, gums, lips, and roofs of mouths, all the way back. Teeth are to be flossed no less than twice per day. Mouthwash is to be used after each. There should never be any "dirt" visible inside a bitch's mouth.
 - A bitch's skin is to be washed no less than twice per day. This includes every cell of skin that can be washed. Soles of feet, between toes, eyelids,

The Queen's Dress Code And Grooming Standards For Filthy Bitches

everything. Labia should also be washed. Butt cracks should be stretched wide, most if not all of the wrinkles around the anus pulled smooth, and the anus scrubbed as well. Washed means scrubbed with a soapy rag, not just rinsed.

- Eyelashes and eyebrows are to be kept trimmed, neat, and plucked.
- Hair is to be blown dry and brushed 100 strokes after each shower.
- Hairstyle is the guardian's choice, and the bitch will take care to keep her hair as told.

THE “USUAL SUSPECTS”

My friends, family, and slaves who appear in this story and numerous others. Only those in this story are shown.



Slave-girl (“Sophie”)

Age	Height	Weight
20	5’4”	121
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Blond	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-B	26	34

Debuts In: “Seducing Sophie”



Slave-whore (“Paige”)

Age	Height	Weight
20	5’7”	118
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-B	29	34

Debuts In: “Paige: From College Girl To Slave-Whore”



Lezzie Slut (“Dawn”)

Age	Height	Weight
24	5’5”	125
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-A	30	35
Debuts In: “The Dorm.”		



Prince Butt Monkey

Age	Height	Weight
7 Mo.	2’3”	50
Hair	Eyes	
Brown, Tan, White	Puppy Dog	



Mistress Colette

Age	Height	Weight
41	5'5"	
Hair	Eyes	
Black	Brown	