

Slut: Exposed

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Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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

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Prologue:

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

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

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

I'm also slightly bisexual. I'm attracted to men, not women. I would never choose a female partner for even a date, let alone for sex. But I'm not opposed to masturbating with a female toy. Sophie happens to be my favorite sex toy to pleasure myself with. Her tongue has two big advantages over my vibrator: one, it's very delicate and tender. Two, no matter how much I use it, its batteries never die at the worst possible

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moment! It's better than fresh bunny batteries, it just keeps going until I want it to stop. And I don't even have to hold it in place!

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

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

Sophie is my 20-year-old live-in slave-girl. She's slightly petite at 5'4" and 119 pounds. She's pretty, too, with long honey-blond hair, green eyes, and a 34-B chest. Sophie is extremely devoted to me. So devoted, and so happy as my slave, that despite not being attracted to women, she's a virgin with men. She serves and pleasures only me, and those I give her to. And while I use her, even with my male toys, I won't allow any man to touch her pussy or penetrate her bottom. Those are mine. Only mine. I've owned her since she graduated high school, but I've known her longer. Since about two months after her 18th birthday, which was also about two months before she finished high school.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I get all of my toys through networking. It's almost always either one of the women in our circle who has a toy she doesn't want and offers to point it at another who is interested. Or sometimes one of my toys tells someone, who tells someone, and so on until someone asks my toy to introduce someone to me. Rarely it's someone I don't play with, but who knows what I'm into, who asks me to meet someone. I get

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

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

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



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It seems like every time I add another story to my website, I get several more people contacting me. All seem to have enjoyed something in the scene, and wonder if I might be willing to consider playing with him or her as well. So far, I haven't.

I know that the stories featuring college students are fodder for the rumor mill around campus, too. There's always someone reading one and trying to guess who the sub featured in it is. And yeah, those who know me often try to get it out of me. Only my three BFFs might have a clue. I tend to change a lot of the identifying details, sometimes even which college the sub attends.

I'm sure the fewer stories I have that feature an 18-year-old high school student make similar rounds at the local high schools. Paige is only a few months out of high school. Most of the students at her school still remember her. Vividly. Or at least remember that I sent her to school with her bright pink collar on. But unlike my subs, since Paige is a live-in full-time slave, I don't make any secret of her identity. The others, the 18-year-olds I've played with, I always cover their true identities, making them ripe fodder for the guessing gossip mill.

It's not unusual for a student, either college or high school, to contact me on my site and ask to play. I figure I get about one a month from the schools within a county or two of here – those close enough to easily drive to me. All of those are 18, which isn't so unusual around here. About 2/3 of the senior class will be 18 before they graduate. It's the way of Alabama.

I also tend to politely brush those inquiries aside. It's not often that one of them manages to attract my attention. To me, most come across as less of a true slave and more as party girl or guy looking to have some kinky fun. Or to experiment. And in the case of some of the guys, just to get laid. But I do read the emails I get. And I try to respond to all of them unless they're creepy weird.

It's less common that I get an email like the one Brittney sent me. She told me about her mom. Apparently, her mom has been eagerly reading my stories as fast as Sophie gets them up on my website. And,

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in Brittney's words, while reading them her mom "has been doing, you know, like private things!" I'm fairly sure I know what she means. And equally sure that her mom doesn't know Brittney has spied what she's up to.

"And I thought, like OMG, I so know her!" Brittney said she thought when she realized whose stories her mom was reading. She's "way so" overstating it, too. I think I've met Brittney maybe three times. She was in a couple of Paige's classes last year, and she knew Paige since before Paige belonged to me. They were definitely friendly, more like casual school friends, not BFFs. But I do recall Brittney introducing herself to me at a few of Paige's school functions. I attended them as her parent/guardian, even though Paige was 18 and didn't need a parent for anything anymore. I feel, since I own Paige, she's just as much my responsibility as a child would be. And a good Mistress should definitely be involved in her slaves' lives.

Mostly I remember Brittney as being a bimbo, more than slightly flighty, and definitely one of the girls who wanted to be able to say she knew me just for the "status" it would afford her. The status of knowing a college girl whom they say as a "freaky fun party type girl." At least that's how Paige told me most of the girls she knew thought of me. Maybe I shouldn't have published the stories of a couple of parties I hosted?

I've never met Brittney's mom. Or if I did, I don't remember her. And Brittney isn't the best source of information about much of anything. At least not according to Paige, who knows her. Paige deems Brittney as a "gossip girl." I'd already guessed as much. The kind of girl who thinks school is for socializing and education comes second.

Brittney told me that her mom is single. She dates, "rarely," in the words of a girl who likely has two dates a week. Or more. That her mom hasn't had a boyfriend in "ages," however long that might mean. But at least Brittney is smart enough to tell me which stories her mom keeps reading over and over again. Her favorites.

That tells me something. The stories she names all have a single

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common theme to them. That, I will assume, is what has the woman's interest. At least now I know what the woman wants.



Brittney describes her mom as 5'6" tall, and "thin," with huge boobs. She adds that her mom is "really cute." None of which really tells me much of anything about her mom. But Brittney also attaches a nice picture that shows her face. And that's about all it shows.

I do have some physical standards. But they're most that my subs are healthy and have a healthy body shape. I don't much care about the more superficial aspects of a sub's appearance. Nor do I care about her breast size. But the picture says far more than Brittney does. It tells me that her mom has a good shape to her body. And it leaves me little doubt where Brittney inherited her bimbo streak from. Her mom looks like she considers shopping to be a sport. Then again, looks are very deceiving, so there's really no telling. There's no telling much about the woman at all from a picture. Nothing more than that a male sub wouldn't mind if I gave her to him.

Brittney asks, rather nicely, if I would consider meeting her mom. She says "meeting," nothing more. But I still have little doubt that she actually means would I consider playing with her mom.

I wonder why her mom hasn't tried to contact me herself. So now that I have her mom's email address, I look back through the notes I got on the site lately. And I find a few from her. I reread them all, and notice that in addition to the usual comments on the stories, she's included a few thinly veiled pleas to come play. Comments such as "I think I'd die of embarrassment if that were me, but it was clearly so hot, too!" And one where she says "I'm in Mobile, too, and I'm wondering who the lucky slave woman is!"

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The common thread in those stories is two-fold. The sub was very publicly humiliated. And the sub didn't have a clue that the humiliation was coming. But none of those stories were of a sub's first session, either. By then, I knew the sub well and knew what I could do. What would get the sub unbearably hot, but also protect her privacy well enough that others, like Brittney's mom, couldn't guess who the sub is.

But it does give me an idea. Saturday the Jag's are playing an away game. That's the USA Jaguars, my "home campus" team, and thus the team I fully support. I'm not sure, but I think it's a felony on campus not to support them. They certainly need the support. We're just praying for an even season, and not very hopeful we'll get it. But they're slowly building. Maybe someday they'll be good enough to hold their own with my other beloved team, Alabama!

I'm planning to have some friends over to watch the game. I'm not planning a big party, just a few friends, nachos, and my slaves. I have a decent-sized apartment. My living room is big enough that I can add a few more guests to the list without it getting cramped. And that's what I do.

After I email Brittney back. She helped Paige out a little last year, so I play it off as if I appreciate that and am returning the favor. That's mostly true. But favor or not, I wouldn't meet her mom if she didn't at least hold out some hope of interesting me. And she might. I love publicly humiliating slaves. And slave who get aroused by being dominated in public, and I don't mean in front of other toys but in actual public before strangers, aren't the most common toy in my toy box. Or anyone else's. There's a serious element of risk to that. If I spank a woman in her home, I know and control who gets to watch it. Almost any slave will love that. But spank a woman at a frat party, and I won't even know for sure who is watching. It could be anyone, even the sub's coworkers or worse. A number of slaves would go for that, but fewer will get unbearably aroused by it. At least not until they were confident that no one who knows them in their daily lives was going to see it.

I invite Brittney to my Jag's party, making it clear to her that the

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invite is just for her. No dates allowed. Not for her anyway, but I don't tell her that. I also tell Brittney about my plan. I want to surprise her mom. I don't want her mom to suspect anything. I want Brittney only to tell her that she's going to a party, no details, not even whose house it's at. Then, once the game is over, she'll call her mom and ask her mom to come to pick her up. She can make an excuse, such as she doesn't feel comfortable driving.

Brittney readily accepts the invite. She tells me that her mom "will so totally buy" that excuse. I'm not surprised. Brittney impresses me as the kind of girl who has made that call before. Or at least should have. As in, now that she's turned 18, Brittney is making the most of her adulthood to party it up.

The party is great. The game isn't. The Jags lose. I think we all feared that they would. Maybe expected it. But, as fans, we were always hopeful!

Brittney makes the call. Her mom readily agrees to come fetch her. I'm standing right next to Brittney when she makes the call, and I can hear every word of it. Her mom seems almost glad that Brittney made the call. She doesn't ask too many questions. Only where to come get her. So Brittney gives her the address but doesn't mention whose place it is. Or who is here. She gets off the phone quickly.

"OK, everyone!" I announce to the crowd. I've invited my BFFs #1, Izzy, and #3, Ellie. BFF #2, Reagan, is in Tallahassee where she goes to FSU (a school that Sophie, who is from Florida, assures me that no sentient being dares to attend. Only those with brains smaller than goldfish go anywhere but UF). Both of them have brought dates. Well, Izzy did. She brought her boyfriend, but he's a regular fixture around my place. And he knows that he's to keep quiet about my fun. Ellie brought a friend, but she assures me that she briefed him that the fun after the party was "classified top secret, never to be spoken of under penalty of castration with a dull, rusty spoon." Ouch. I've also invited Emma, a girl I know from my nursing classes, and her boyfriend Carlos. They've both been here before, and this won't be the first scene for either of them.

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But I didn't want the scene to be all college students, so I also invited a couple I know named David and Kim. Both are in their forties. They're friends of Sophie's family. They've been married for a long time, and knowing about Sophie's life, they've asked me, more than once, to include them in a scene that might add some spice to their sex life. It's not the first time I've invited them to attend. They'll keep the secret, but I can never be sure how much they'll join in. Or if they'll just watch. But today, either is fine.

My Domme friend Janelle is here as well. She brought one of her toys, a man in his early 30s, to serve her. He'll make a fine addition to the audience. And Janelle has offered me full use of him, should I wish.

The last of my guests is my neighbor, Mike. He's 30, kind of nicely built, and has a good job at Airbus, which has him coming and going from here, like most of my neighbors. He's single. He's fairly vanilla, I think, but he's also been after me to invite him. I think he just wants the thrill of seeing a kinky scene. But I didn't want him to be lonely, so I summoned a girl named Joey to be his escort for the afternoon. He's not from Mobile and spends little enough time at home that he doesn't know many women here. So my evil inner imp told Joey, a toy of mine, to be a "very sweet date" for him. She knows what I mean. She's to be "all over him" teasing, touching, and kissing. But no more unless I tell her to. Joey is a fairly petite girl who turns 19 next month. She's rather cute, too. She's sitting on Mike's lap now, her arm draped snugly around him. And Mike is smiling. I'm very sure that Mike has figured out that Joey is a toy of mine, too. Thus, he must assume that she's been told to be nice to him. But he travels a lot, and Joey wants to, so they should have plenty to talk about.

"The surprised guest of amusement will be here in about fifteen minutes." I've already filled everyone in. I'd never invite someone to a scene without making sure they knew what I was planning, and what their role would be. I've told them that she won't know a thing. That not only will this be the first time she's met me, but everything will be a very public surprise for her. She may not stay for it. Or she may. Brittney assures me that she's "deadly certain for real" that her mom will

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stay and enjoy it. On that, I'm less sure. But willing to find out. And I've told all of the guests that it might be a short session. Who knows if I'll find this woman amusing or not? I've also told Janelle, that should I lose interest in the woman, and Janelle wishes, she's welcome to take the woman.

Brittney wanders back to the playroom, making herself scarce for an instant. I don't want her mom to see her the instant the door is answered.

The knock comes. I send Sophie to answer the door. Then I watch from the playroom door, more peeking, as Sophie greets her politely. As always, Sophie is wearing one of the "slave dresses" I bought for her. Today it's the yellow one. They're all identical, except for the color. They're stretchy dresses, made of all-lace, that snugly hug her body from her breasts down to an inch below the bottom curve of her behind. They're fringed with a frilly white lace. But the lace hides nothing. It just makes you look a little closer to see through it. Sophie doesn't get underwear, nor a bra, to wear with it. Just matching fingerless lace gloves. A plush horseshoe clip to hold her long honey-blond hair back from her eyes. And a pair of knee-high boots with sides of a stiff lace and spiked heels that match the dress. And naturally, the frilly collar that never comes off her neck.

Sophie invites her to step inside while she "tries to find Miss Brittney" for her. The woman steps in, a little hesitantly. I'm guessing that's from Sophie's very sexy, and equally slutty, outfit. Everyone else in here is dressed like "regular folks" Jeans and t-shirts are a popular outfit. And no one is paying her any attention. They're all chatting away, munching on the delicious, meatless, kosher nachos Paige made. And watching the after game show on TV.

The woman's eyes scan the room, taking in all the sights. In the living room, there's little for her to notice. It's a vanilla living room. She can't see into the kitchen where Paige slaves away. Paige is in her usual attire, too. She's wearing her pink dog collar, a less fancy one that Sophie has to remind her of her lesser status here. And she's wearing

her leg irons. She always wears those in the house. I actually think she'd be disappointed if I didn't have her chained. But otherwise, Paige is nude. She always is. I don't allow her to wear any clothes in the house, no matter what. Only when she leaves, and then she dresses and undresses right at the door. Now that would give something away.

But it's my cue. I can't leave her to wait too long, or she'll start wondering where Brittney is and why she's stalling. So I walk out and straight up to the woman. "You must be Rita, Brittney's mom," I greet her. "I'm Miss Rodgers. I hear that you're a big fan of my little stories."

Rita blushes to a very deep beet red. "I... Uh... You're... HER? I... Uh..." Rita stutters as she tries to say something.

I reach a hand up behind my back and wiggle a signal for Brittney to make her entrance. I'm not worried about Brittney missing it. I told Sophie to watch for it and make sure Brittney came on cue. "My slave, 'Sophie' in my stories, has gone to fetch your daughter. I do appreciate the comments you've sent me on my stories."

Rita blushes even more. And she starts fidgeting very lightly. It's as if she's utterly embarrassed that all of these people, many of whom have been at least tangentially in those stories, are hearing that she's a fan. As if she didn't want anyone to know.

"I figured, since it's clear from your emails that you so obviously wanted to meet me, I'd introduce myself." I'm grinning widely.

Brittney walks up behind me. "Hi, mom..." She greets Rita less than enthusiastically.

I ignore Brittney for a second. I reach out and take hold of Rita's hand. She doesn't stop me. Her arm is limp and loose as if she's stunned. But I can also feel the slightest little quiver in it. "Come with me, Rita," I tell her. I start walking, slowly leading Rita by the hand. Her feet begin to move, more shuffling over the floor than walking, as she dumbly follows.

"B... But... Brit..." Rita stutters again.

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"Hush," I tell her in a rather firm voice. But I don't raise my voice. I don't even scold her yet. I'm just firm. "Don't you worry about a thing!" I tell her just as firmly.

I glance over to Brittney. "I think skanky has more nachos in the kitchen if you want. Mom will be a minute."

"Uh, like, okay..." Brittney answers, feigning surprise. It's not exactly an academy award-winning act, either. I'd bet Rita is the only one in the room who doesn't catch on. But right now, Rita is too stunned to notice much.

I have a little place ready for her. Sophie set it up a few minutes ago, once we knew Rita was on her way. It's not big, maybe just six feet square. But it's at the front of the room, just beside the TV. It's a place where all attention will be on Rita. As I lead her over there, the conversation continues as if, so far, no one is paying any attention to Rita.

I'm giving Rita an unspoken choice. No one is stopping her from leaving. But I'm not suggesting she might want to, either. I'm simply telling her what to do and leading her along. And so far, Rita is submissively allowing me to lead her along.

I bring Rita up to the front of the room. Brittney vanishes to the kitchen. I figured that Brittney's presence, at least the first moments, would jolt Rita to think about her. And that might send Rita running. Brittney didn't argue, either. She might want to help her mom out and get me to see her, but she's not so eager to actually see it. I haven't told her what she's going to see. But if she doesn't leave very soon, she's going to see something if Rita doesn't run. And Rita's not running so far.

I stand Rita in the middle of the little empty place. Then I quickly turn and face her, not giving Rita any time to think about anything. "Do you know what the best thing about writers is? We're great at reading between the lines. Even on emails. See, I know that you've been a very naughty girl. You've been playing with yourself while you read my stories! And you didn't even bother to ask me if you could diddle yourself to my stories. That clearly deserves a spanking!"

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I see an obvious tremor sweep over Rita. She fidgets harder now, too. And her face scrunches up slightly as if she's about to cry.

"I..." Rita begins to stutter something else.

"Hush!" I tell her again in my firm voice. "There's nothing for you to say. You deserve a spanking. And now, you're going to get it. Take your clothes off."

"Here?" Rita manages to blurt out a coherent word. "Now? Everyone is watching me!" Her voice is muted and shy. She blushes as red as ever. And she trembles lightly on her feet.

"If you can't do the spanking, don't do the naughtiness." I teasingly tell her. Unlike Rita, I'm not quieting my voice. The room can hear what I'm saying.

"Please, Miss Rodgers!" Rita blurts out with a very humiliated panic in her voice. "Please, don't make undress in front of everyone! I'll take my spanking, just please, not like this! Please, not in front of everyone!"

"Hush!" I scold her firmly. "You don't want to be spanked more for not taking your spanking like a big slut, do you? Do not make me tell you again. Do not speak. Take your clothes off. Now." I glare at Rita with cold, firm eyes.

Rita stands mute. She stands frozen for a few seconds. I see her eyes moisten up. And then, her hands trembling badly, Rita kicks her shoes off. She leaves them where they fall, on the floor.

"Rita. You know better than that. Pick those shoes up and hand them over politely. You'll take care of your things here, not leave them in a heap like some slob."

"I'm sorry, Ma'am..." Rita says, her voice muted almost to silence and breaking with a light sob. She also squats down and grabs her shoes. Then, her trembling fingers drop them, making her pick them up again. This time she manages to stand up with them. She holds them in one hand. A hand that's trembling so badly that her shoes are shaking.

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She says nothing. "You've read this countless times, Rita. Do it right."

Rita fumbles badly. It's not the easiest thing to get something up atop upturned and flat palms. Her unsteady hands just make that much harder for her. She finally gets them up. She holds her hands out in front of her chest. It's very close to where those hands should be. Six inches out, and even with, the tips of her nipples. "Here are my shoes, Ma'am." Rita offers them to me in her hushed, embarrassed, voice.

It tells me something. Rita has definitely read my stories. And she's paid close attention to them. She knows, without my telling her, what I expect her to do and say. It's the same thing a number of subs have done in those stories.

I wiggle a finger. Sophie slips up beside me and takes the shoes from Rita. Sophie steps back and starts a pile of Rita's things on a little folding table. They won't be there for long, but Rita doesn't know that.

Rita squats back down and awkwardly pushes her socks off her feet with fumbling hands. She picks them up, folds their tops together, and offers them to me. I have Sophie get them.

Rita must know that I expect her to take everything off. I always do. She starts fumbling to take her jewelry off. It's just her little stall. A way to put off the moment where she's going to have to start showing more of her body. Her fumbling fingers slow her down.

Finally, Rita runs out of clothes to stall with. Her outfit today is a pair of slightly-snug-fitting jeans that are a very light shade of pink. Above that, I can see a black and white print pull-over blouse with long sleeves. I'll assume that she has underwear on as well. It's a rather casual, everyday outfit. I bet, if she had the slightest clue where Brittney was, she would have changed before she came here.

I see the first tear run down her cheek. I bet her blush would deepen as well if it wasn't already so deep. Her fingers fumble with the bottom hem of her blouse. They refuse to grip it. They lose their grip three times, and none of those times does she get it more than a

fraction of an inch up.

Finally, she gets it up, pulling the blouse over her head. She tries to be sneaky, holding her blouse out in front of her as she turns it back right-side-out, straightens it, and folds it up. She holds it where it just miraculously manages to be in the sightline from the sofas to her bra. Isn't that so shyly creative? I let her get away with that.

It bares a rather cute hot pink bra. It's a lace-trimmed bra with $\frac{3}{4}$ cups that leave a fair slice of her ample cleavage exposed. It has a fine strap between the cups, decorated with a cute ribbon bow. But like most larger-sized bras, it has a fairly wide strap around her back with three clips. It's a fairly sexy bra, too. Its cups are like triangles that taper as they flow up into lace straps over her shoulders. It looks good on her.

Everyone is trying their best to act nonchalant. As if they're barely noticing the woman stripping in front of them. The guys aren't doing as well at it as the girls are. I can see their eyes flashing up frequently to glimpse Rita's chest, even with the cute bra still covering her breasts.

Rita reaches for the waistband of her pants, putting off baring her breasts for another moment. The command I gave her was to take her clothes off. It's a command I don't give often. It tells a sub to get those clothes off but I don't care in what order they come off. I used it now because I didn't know how closely Rita paid attention to my stories. Whether she knew the commands I use or not. With this command, it won't matter what she takes off when. She'll still be following the right order. And she won't get scolded. One look at her nervous, shaky body is all I need to know that Rita does not need anything that would lessen her self-confidence now. It's taking all she has just to undress.

Rita slips her pants down. She folds them the same way, fumbling and stalling as she uses them to block the sightline of her body. It reveals a matching pair of lacy panties. They're not the most modest of panties either. They're high cut, with a long V in front that rises up to a narrow waistband that circles over her hips. In the back, they cover about half of her bottom. A bottom I can already see is going to be fairly

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shapely. They're hot pink as well, matching her bra.

I've noticed that her wardrobe today is up to my dress code. The dress code that I insist my toys follow. It's mention in some stories, and the full version of it is on my website. It could very easily be a coincidence. Or it could be something Rita has looked at and decided that she'd follow on her own. It's not that demanding. The only thing I'm sure about is that she didn't know she'd be coming here or meeting me today.

Her hands reach up slowly behind her back. They fumble badly with the clasp of her bra. Another tear rolls down her cheek. "Please, Miss Rodgers, I'm begging you! Please, I'll strip, just please, may I please at least be allowed to turn around? Please! You can still me, Ma'am!" Rita's voice is pure pleading, sobbing, begging, and muted to almost silence.

"That's one more stroke," I tell her firmly, my eyes hard as they stay locked on her.

Rita sobs, once, and loudly. Then I see the strap of her bra fall to her sides. I see her arms trembling hard, and unsteadily, as her hands slip the lacy straps from her shoulders. And then her bra is off. She tries hard to cover her breasts and block the sight of them for as long as she can, as she folds her bra up. But she doesn't actually cover them. Just hinders the sight of them.

Rita stands about 5'6", as Brittney told me she does. She's also fairly lean. I'd guess she's somewhere around 140 pounds. It's enough weight that I don't see any of the lines of her bones at her shoulders. But no more than it takes to round her body out. It leaves her with a decent curve at her waist. It gives her hips enough roundness that it hides her hip bones but leaves the sides of her hips with a slight straightness to them and only the gentlest of curves. It gives her a flat stomach. And it leaves her with legs that are just full enough to have a nice shape to them while still looking slim and lean.

Rita's face is decently oval in shape with a defined jawline that has rounded, soft features to it. She has fine, platinum blond hair, but I can

make out a bit of darkness close at the roots, too. I'd bet on the blond being out of a bottle. Her hair is fairly short, and straight, hanging down onto the tops of her shoulder blades. It has little body, staying close to her head and hanging straight. She has some bright green eyes to go with it. Her nose is slightly on the short side, its well-rounded features giving it a look of being a bit wide. A long, wide, mouth framed with a pair of light pink, decently fine, and soft lips round out her face.

I'd guess that the bra she just handed to Sophie is a size 36-D. I might be off, but not by much. And now that they're bare, I can see that Rita's mounds are soft. They lie back against her chest with a deep crease at the underside. They look as if they'll have the loose, soft feel of water balloons, but they're also nicely rounded as they hang on her chest. Especially at the front, where they're almost fully, and gently, rounded. They have a deep V of cleavage between them, too. And they're topped with a pair of rather wide rings of a faint pinkness. From the center of each huge ring, an equally light colored nipple rises. Her nipples are as wide as marbles. They stand up enough to stick out noticeably, but aren't what I'd call long. They have well-rounded tips, the rounding flowing into the short sides of them. It makes her nipples have a slightly pointy look, more so atop those softly rounded mounds. And now, as Rita cringes in shame and horror, those nipples are as hard as rocks.

Rita sobs again as her hands go to her hips. She takes her time, fumbling badly, and stalling more openly, as she pushes them off her hips. Then they're flying, dropped free, down her slim legs to her ankles. She bends over quickly, not even thinking about the view she's giving us of her bouncing breasts as she does, to grab them. Then she stands up and stalls as long as she can while folding them up. She offers them to me.

I have Sophie take them. She does. Rita is too busy cringing to notice as Sophie grabs the rest of her clothes and hurries off with them. Sophie will lock them in a drawer of the file cabinet. Only I have a key to unlock those drawers. Rita won't be getting her clothes back until I decide to give them to her. I only wonder how long it will take Rita to

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realize that her clothes have vanished, leaving her nothing. Just standing naked in front of this diverse crowd of strangers.

It lets me see that Rita has flat pubes that are shaven smooth. Freshly shaven, without a hint of stubble on them. Another point from my standards for toys. It lets me see that she has long lips on the modestly puffy mound of her pussy. Lips that are plush and slightly thick, but also narrow. It leaves a wide gash between them. It's enough of a gash that the edges of her light pink, purple-tinged, inner folds poke out in all their wrinkles.

I was right about her bottom, too. As she stands, her cheeks are nicely rounded in both directions. Their front has a flatness to them that's so fine I can barely make it out. They have just enough fullness to them that I know they're going to have a spongy feel to them. Her cheeks meet fully, too, their inside edges lying flush against each other to make a longish, deep crack. They also have enough definition to their muscles that her globes have a nice long curve at their bottoms. And it doesn't sag a bit.



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Rita, Brittney told me, is 42. Now that I have a good and very complete look at her, I'd say Rita could be 42. She could pass for her late 30s, just as easily, too. I have to firmly remind Rita to stand properly. With her hands behind her, where they won't interfere with everyone having a full view of her nakedness. And holding her head up to face her audience, not hanging her head in shame.

Now that Rita is fully naked, the guys are gawking at her body. Then again, they're guys, and there is a pussy on display for them. This is also Brittney's cue to return for the show. I know she's not eager to watch this particular show. She was only eager to get her mom here. Not to see it. But I made it part of the "price" of meeting her mom. Brittney has to watch the show. I didn't do it because I care if she watches. I did it for one, very simple, reason. It will humiliate Rita that much more to see that her daughter is watching the degrading show.

Brittney comes in, as she agreed to. She finds a place to perch against the wall at the back of the room. As far from Rita and she can. Brittney's attention is very plainly on the plate of nachos she's holding.

Rita immediately sees Brittney come in. She can't hard the cringing tremor that hits her. Nor can she hide the way she pulls her body inward, shirking in on herself. But she still doesn't run off the "stage." She stands, even more uneasily, and waits.

"Oh, slave..." I summon Sophie in my teasing voice.

Sophie hurries up. She completely ignores the naked Rita, slipping close behind her, to face me. I get all of Sophie's attention.

"Measure this slut," I tell her.

"Yes, Mistress," Sophie answers, her voice sweet and soft. She also has a wide grin on her face, knowing exactly what I want her to do.

I turn my eyes back to glare hard at Rita. "Stay," I tell her firmly. "Stand still and... just stand there. I'd hope even you could get that right. My slave will do the work."

Sophie quickly returns with a tailor's measuring tape. It's metric,

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allowing for more precision, but it's also marked in English. Sophie grabs a paper and pen as well. She starts by measuring Rita's height and loudly announcing it to the audience.

Then she measures about every aspect of Rita's body that can be measured, even ones that I really have no reason to bother with. I'm doing it for two reasons. First, it's a reason for Rita to just stand there with her body on display. Second, every woman I know would find it humiliating to have her body measured and the measurements loudly announced to the world. The world, in this case, being the strangers that are staring at her, their conversations slowly dying away as their attention turns to Rita.

Sophie is very thorough. She even measures the circumference around Rita's breasts, not just the length and width of each mound. It gives her an excuse to be fondling those soft mounds, too. She measures Rita's hard nipples just as fully. She even measures the lips of her pussy.

The last measurement is Rita's weight. 141 pounds, as Sophie loudly announces. That gets a little cringe and blush from Rita.

Rita stands fairly still for Sophie. She keeps her head facing forward, but I can see how her eyes keep glancing over to see what Brittney is doing. And the relief every time she sees that Brittney isn't paying attention.

It doesn't take Sophie too long. Maybe five minutes. I'm sure it seems like an eternity to Rita. But now, I'm fairly confident that Rita is right where she secretly wants to be. If not, she wouldn't be standing there. She'd be running off.

With a wave from me, Sophie gets the short little stool from beside my desk and brings it up. She sets it on the floor in front of Rita. It's a very plain and simple wood stool. Amish-built. Sturdy. But its round top is a mere 12" across. And it's a hair too low to comfortably sit on. I bought it that way intentionally.

"Before I spank this slut for being, well, slutty by playing with her

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pussy while reading my stories, and not asking permission to use my stories as her personal diddle-material, I am going to see for myself just how slutty this slut really is. I won't bother asking. Sluts always lie and try to convince everyone they're ladies. I'll just see for myself." I announce to the audience. But I'm really talking to Rita. I want her to know what's coming. I'm sure she can guess what I mean. I was fairly clear. I want to see the more intimate and personal parts of her body.

I don't hesitate. I don't want Rita to have too much time to think about it. I give her a light swat on her bare bottom with my hand. It gets her to flinch so hard that she jumps, almost coming off her feet. And it doesn't hurt. It doesn't even leave a handprint on those globes. But it does let me feel the firm sponginess to them.

I quickly, and in a very firm voice, tell Rita to bend over and rest her forearms flat on the seat of the stool. Then I wait, my eyes locked on Rita and watching her as she reluctantly leans over. It has her back just a tiny bit past flat.

I tell Rita to spread her legs wide. Then I scold her, telling her that I meant all the way, not the tiny bit she opened them. I glare at her, impatiently tapping my foot, as she inches her feet apart. I keep tapping my foot until her legs are fully stretched out. Until I can see the tendons in the creases of her thighs starting to strain.

And then I make her pick her head up. She was hanging it down again, starting at the floor in front of the stool. I make her look out on the audience and see them all staring back at her. Or, in the case of some of the guys, gawking at her dangling breasts as they jiggle lightly under her chest. Now that her head is up and out of the way, they have a much better view.

And from behind Rita, I have a perfect view. Of her shamelessly displayed pussy. It's a slutty pussy. It has moderately long lips that are only decently wide, but also fairly thick and plump. Her lips meet fully at the bottom, close to her asshole, then quickly part as they rise along with her mound, never touching each other again. It leaves a wide gash running almost the entire length of her mound. Her light pink inner

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folds rise into the gash, their wrinkly ends poking out past her lips. But not at the very bottom of her gash. There, looking closely into the slit between her lips, I can see all the way to her tunnel. Only then do her folds begin to rise, about at the top of her tunnel. Her folds are loose and soft. They wrinkle heavily before flowing together and merging into a single firm knot of light pink. And from that knot, from its nest of soft folds, the rock-hard nub of her clit eagerly pokes its pea-sized head up like a little marble. It rises slightly above its nest, but plenty far enough for it beg for that attention it's after.

Her folds don't lie against each other. At least not now. Instead, they have a fairly decent gap between them, maybe around $\frac{1}{4}$ ", as their edges seem to peel back slightly atop her plump lips. It offers me a view of a long, but narrow, slice of her inner pinkness. I don't even have to spread those folds to see most everything. And definitely not to see the layer of clingy, oily-thin, clear honey that's covering everything.

"Ooh, how sloppy wet already!" I announce to the audience. As I do, I watch the cringing shudder sweep over Rita's body. And I watch the flinch as her head starts to hang down before she catches it and makes herself keep it up.

I have no doubt that it's killing Rita to have to keep her head up. It's making her watch everyone. And see them watching her bend over to offer up her most intimate place, her pussy, for my inspection. And it's making her watch the disapproving looks on some of those faces as I announce that her pussy is aroused. And a few lustful looks from some of the guys. Guys who I am certain are thinking that Rita's pussy would make a fine playground for their cocks. And hoping that I might offer it to them for just that.

I hold my hand out. Sophie puts my "slut cam" in it. I usually don't tell Sophie anything in advance. But I did today. I didn't tell her much, just that I'd be fully examining this slut if the slut wished to enjoy it. It's just enough for Sophie to know what I'm going to want when without my having to ask for it. Sophie has seen plenty of such humiliations, although usually not in front of a fairly good-sized crowd. And if I don't

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have to ask Sophie for things, Rita won't hear me. Rita won't know what's coming next.

The "slut cam" isn't anything special. It's a lizard camera that I bought at Harbor Freight for about \$20. I'd seen it advertised online. According to the ads, it was designed for looking down drainpipes and into engine cylinders. In other words, it was made to look into tight, dark holes. And it does very good at it. It has a little screen that shows the image. I've had my geek friends add a WiFi transmitter to it. They said it was child's play. Then again, they say that about everything that doesn't have NSA-grade encryption.

Its lens is narrow, built into a ¼" thick tube about an inch long that sits atop a flexible shaft. The tube housing also holds a light, needed inside those dark holes. I hold the lens about two inches behind Rita's pussy, aiming it so that an image of her pussy fills the little screen.

With a nod from me, Izzy grabs the remote off the coffee table and clicks over to one of the HDMI inputs. The one that has my Roku stick attached to it. The Roku stick that the "slut cam" is "screencasting" its image to. The entire 70" screen of my TV fills with a close-up view of Rita's pussy.

Rita can't see it. The TV is at her side. But she can see the reactions on the faces of the audience. And she can hear Ellie balking "What a slut!" I asked Ellie to make the comment. The guys quickly, and without my having suggested they join in, agree that Rita's pussy looks ready for some action.

I slowly begin inching the camera towards the bottom of her gaping lips. As it moves, the image on the screen closes in, showing more of the folds parting to offer a view of her tunnel, and less of the rest of her pussy. "I wonder just how deep the sluttiness goes..." I comment for the audience in a rather mocking, and teasing, voice.

It doesn't take long for the lens to close the short inches to Rita's slit. By then, the entire screen is filled with an image of only the slice of her lips parting wide, and of her wet tunnel beyond. With the exception of Izzy and Ellie, none of the audience knows about the "slut cam." they

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don't know what it is, or what it can do. Only that it can put a close-up HD image of her pussy on a rather large TV for their viewing pleasure.

The lens slips between Rita's lips. Its light does its job nicely. The screen fills with an image of the entrance of Rita's tunnel, now unhindered by her lips and folds. It shows a moderately narrow tunnel. It shows her light pink walls, flushed hot, as their spongy softness lies against the opposite wall. It shows the thick layer of her honey, sparkly under the bright light, covering everything.

The lens pushes its way right up to Rita's tunnel. It begins inching very slowly into her tunnel. The image shows more of her walls now, as the narrow tube of the camera's tip stretches them slightly aside and they hang, their softness funneling back to touching each other in front of the lens.

Rita sucks in a loud, and sharp, breath that comes across as a squealing moaned "AH!" Her hips shiver crisply as well. I'll bet her eyes go wide or her jaw drops too as she can feel the narrow tube slipping into her pussy.

The audience gasps lightly, the unsuspecting member surprised that the camera still has such a good view. And they all gawk at the image on the screen. Even Kim, who I didn't know how she'd react to the show. I'd bet it's the first time she's ever seen inside a woman's pussy. I'd bet she's wondering if hers looks the same. If this is the sight that David is treated to every time he sees her pussy. Or if this pussy looks different for him. His attention is definitely on the screen, enjoying a view that's already more "in-depth" than he's seen.

The lens slips forward steadily, but very slowly, allowing the audience to watch her walls being stretched the fraction of an inch, opening to allow the lens to slide deeper into her pussy. I get it about halfway down the short inches of her depths. Then we all are treated to the sight of her walls twitching. It's a small twitch, more like one of excitement and eagerness rather than one of orgasm. It's like a tiny pinpoint on her soft walls snaps hard and quickly. And a tiny dollop of honey quickly thickens over that spot.

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I hear an equal amount of "EW!s" and "WOW!s" from the audience. And I hear a sob from Rita. She might not be able to see it, but there's no doubt that she felt the little twitch. And now wonders if the crowd saw it. She can definitely feel the narrow tube slipping into her. The crowd's reaction tells her they can see something.

Finally, the lens reaches almost all the way back to Rita's depths. It shows me a good image of her cervix. There's nowhere left for it to explore now. A cervix looks like a small wall of pink muscle, poking out slightly, the walls of her pussy opening as they connect to the edge of the round mound of muscle. At the center, there's a tiny hole, like a pinpoint of darkness.

I'm sure I'm the only one who notices it. But I wouldn't expect anyone else to. I'm a student nurse, and I've had some experience doing real exams on bona fide patients. Patients at the student health center, and some at the free clinic where many of us students volunteer. Our free labor for the experience and practice. The tiny hole at the center is almost perfectly rounded. The hole that offers the only entrance to her uterus. It shouldn't be. It should be squiggly, irregular, and elongated. That's the result of that tiny hole stretching wide enough for a baby to pass through. They never close back up to a full roundness. But Rita's is round. Rather rounded. It tells me that there's no way a baby passed through this cervix. Yet Rita has a daughter. Brittney. Who apparently gestated elsewhere.

"Does Brittney know that she's adopted?" I tauntingly ask Rita.

Rita begins trembling hard and blabbering nonsense.

"WHAT?" Brittney almost screams as she blurts it out. Now she stares hard at Rita, and I can see the answer in her eyes. She doesn't know it. And her eyes, now with a hard look to them that I haven't seen before, demand an explanation from Rita. I'm sure she's wondering how I can tell, if I'm guessing, or just fishing, too.

"Oh, slut, I believe you know the rules. Sluts like you don't get any privacy here. Or modesty. You will answer every question you are asked, honestly, and fully. I don't care how embarrassed you are. And

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don't think of lying. I already know the answers. You don't want to lie, slut."

Brittney has been shirking along the back wall, trying not to actually watch anything. But as soon as she hears me tell Rita that she has to answer honestly, she screeches out "AM I ADOPTED?"

I lightly swat Rita on her bottom with my hand. "Politely, slut. Remember your place."

"Only by me, Ma'am... Your father is your father..." Rita sobs out.

The audience stares, more looking at the image still filling the screen, and wondering how I could tell that just from seeing the depths of Rita's pussy.

Brittney doesn't look. She glares an evil stare, at Rita and demands answers. Immediately.

I grin. It was unexpected. And I know that I've found a humiliation for Rita that she never expected would ever come out. I doubt Rita has a clue how I figured it out. Other than there must be some physical sign in her pussy. Just as I'm sure she feels as if I am laying her deepest, most personal, secrets bare for the world. Not just the intimate details of her body, but everything about her is on full display.

Rita sobs heavily as she confesses the story. Brittney's mom, an 18-year old girl who worked with Rita, died in a car accident shortly after Brittney was born. Rita knew her husband, Brittney's father. In his grief, they clicked and got together. She adopted Brittney and swore that she'd be her mother. Two years later, he ran off. A year later she found out that he was in prison, sentenced to 20-to-life for his part in a home invasion. He'll see the parole board next year. Rita has made clear to him that while she won't keep him from his daughter, she is done with him. He left her almost as soon as his ex-wife's insurance money ran out.

"YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME!" Brittney screeches angrily. I silently agree. But I also think Brittney has no clue how lucky she is that Rita adopted her. Otherwise, her fate would likely have been the foster

care system. I know it well. My mom is a foster parent. There are some good ones, like my mom, who actually try and care about the kids. There are 100 times as many who only want the government checks and don't care about the kids they have to take to get those checks. A pretty girl like Brittney would not have fared well, unless she got very lucky, very quickly.

Brittney suggests, rather loudly, that I whip Rita mercilessly for not telling her.

Instead, I begin inching the camera out of her pussy just as slowly as I slipped it in. It gives the same view, in reverse. The lens slowly revealing every last slice of Rita's pussy. And now, with Rita fully humiliated and embarrassed, I see several twitches in those walls. I guess Rita secretly wanted the secret to come out. She just didn't have the strength to tell Brittney.

I don't stall. As soon as the camera is back out of Rita's pussy, I use my fingers to push Rita's cheeks apart. It lets me feel the soft sponginess of the flesh, and the firmness of her globes, as I spread her crack wide.

It reveals the fairly small ring of Rita's asshole. Hers is mostly a deep shade of purple-brown, but also a fairly light tone. A rather light swath of slightly browned flesh surrounds it. Her ring is not cinched tight, funneling in only slightly, and fairly sharply. It lets me see the light wrinkles that line the flesh atop her muscle.

The audience mostly groans a loud "EW!" with an occasional "yuck" tossed in, as the camera fills the screen with a giant image of Rita's tightly clenching asshole. The image clearly shows her tight ring, and the gentle wrinkle lines flowing into the funnel, and the tightness at its center.

I do the same thing. I just start moving the tip of the camera lens closer and closer to Rita's ring. It doesn't take long for the lens to get flush against her ring, now showing an image on almost nothing but the tiny pinpoint at the end of the funnel squeezed tight.

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Just touching her asshole with the lens is enough for Rita. She gasps out a surprised "OH!" and shudders hard.

I completely ignore Rita. I just keep pushing the lens forward at a steady pace, increasing my pressure for an instant. That's all it takes for me to feel Rita's ring start giving as the narrow tube presses forward. It's like pushing against a hard rubber band. For about a second. After that, the lens has pushed far enough into Rita that her asshole is as stretched as it's going to get. And that's not wide. Not even as wide as a finger would open it.

Now the image the camera shows, in full color, is the pinkness of her asshole for a split second. Then the lens emerges from the far side of her ring into her bowel. Now it shows about an inch of her rectum, the loose, baggy walls of it hanging inward. Walls that are a bright pink and lined with thick, heavy veins. It also shows the tip of a stiff log of waste filling her rectum just beyond the lens.

"Gross!" Is the general consensus of the audience. But despite their proclamation, they're all gawking at the TV and seeing the image of Rita's rectum. I knew they would. It's like a train wreck. One of those sights that you know what you'll see, that will be ugly, and that you just can't resist seeing anyway.

It helps that Rita grunts uncomfortably as the lens presses through the tightness of her resisting ring.

I decide to tease Rita, even though I'm sure she can guess what the image looks like. I pick on Brittney, figuring she won't mind tormenting Rita after her discovery a couple of minutes ago. I ask Brittney to tell Rita what everyone is seeing.

"We're all seeing the inside of your ass, adoptive mom! B-T-W, before letting the whole world look up your butt, you might consider hitting the toilet first next time! Gross!"

I steer the lens so that it snakes up along the bottom of her rectum, the side that lies against the backside of her pussy walls. I keep the lens moving, inching it deeper and deeper into her rectum. It easily

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pushes between the loose, rubbery wall of her rectum and the waste. It slips deeper and deeper. Steadily creeping towards the back of her rectum.

The crowd agrees that the sight is disgusting. Especially as they watch as the waste steadily softens to a creaminess. The walls of her rectum look the same all the way into her.

Rita sobs lightly, blushes deeply, and cringes inward as she stands there, allowing me to show everyone the inside of her butt. This I know is a sight even Rita has never seen. Finally, as the tip of the lens reaches the very depths of her bowels, Rita's grunts take on a strain. Her bowel narrows in the back, and she's feeling just how deep inside her the camera is.

"Now that you've all seen this slut's bottom, any of you boys up for anal sex?" The guys don't answer. Too bad, it would have given me the chance to tease them about sticking their cocks in here.

As I reverse the camera, it shows the same images in reverse as it begins inching its way back out of Rita's bottom. I stop about an inch before the lens reaches her asshole. That's only a guess by how much of the flexible shaft has emerged from her bottom.

"Ooh..." I coo in a very taunting voice "Does everyone see just what a total slut she is? Look at the wall of her rectum." I know that most of this crowd won't have a clue what they're seeing. I'll point it out for them. And to make Rita hear it. I want her to know what everyone is seeing. "About half way up the picture. See those hungry little twitches racking the walls of her butt? Just like the eager twitches in her pussy? It looks like her butt would love a cock now, too!"

It gets the hardest cringe yet from Rita. And it gets her sobbing lightly as I keep going, letting the lens inch back the rest of the way out of her bottom. I see three more twitches. It's not actually her rectum twitching. It's her pussy twitching hard. The pussy that lies just beyond the paper-thin wall of her bowel. We're just seeing it as it's crisp motion wiggles the thin wall lying against it.

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The crowd catches at least one more of those twitches. Ellie's friend points it out. "See that? Her butt is still so eager. She doesn't even care that we're all looking up her butt and watching it!"

"What a total slut!" One of the girls declares. And she says it loudly, getting another hard twitch from Rita.

The camera slips out, again showing the image of Rita's tightly shut asshole filling the screen.

I hand the camera to Sophie. She'll disinfect and wash it later.

I tell Rita, very firmly, to stand up again. She stands, quickly sliding her feet together and slowly moving her hands back behind her.

Quietly, and in a very firm voice, I tell Rita to ask the "judges," her audience, how deeply her sluttiness runs.

Rita stutters badly. Her voice is muted. It's a voice of pure humiliation as she asks the question I told her to ask. In the words, I've given her. "Now that you all have seen every bit of this slut's body, will you please tell me how deeply my sluttiness runs?"

Someone calls out "total slut!" the crowd agrees. Except for Brittney, who just glares hard at the standing, nude Rita.



Chapter 03: The Price Of Slutiness

Slut: Exposed

"Such sluttiness deserves a rather stern spanking for being such a slut, doesn't it? I think five strokes will teach you to behave and beg permission before diddling yourself to my stories, slut. Plus the extra one you earned by whining like a little baby bitch." I announce Rita's sentence for the crowd.

Then I quickly turn to Sophie. I have no doubt that Sophie knows what I'm going to tell her to do now. But like an obedient slave, she waits to be told what to do. Then she quickly answers "yes, Mistress," and scurries off to fetch me a chair. She's back quickly with it. She sets it out as close to the center of the little stage as she can. Right next to where I have Rita standing and waiting quietly to be spanked.

I take a seat in the chair. Then I turn to Rita and very firmly tell her to get on her knees at my side. I point to where I want her. She gets down. I tell her to lie over my lap for her spanking.

Rita hesitates for a second. She should know this is my favorite way to spank a naughty sub. But it's also one of the more degrading ways for an adult to be spanked. It's the same way a naughty toddler would be spanked.

Rita reluctantly leans over, scooting her knees up to the side of the chair, and lying her chest over my thighs. I nudge her forward a hair, putting my thigh snugly in the bend of her waist. I just open my knees a bit so that my other thigh is against the underside of her breasts, leaving her breasts hanging down against the outside of my thigh. It has my thigh supporting her rib case.

"Oops..." I say teasingly. "I forgot my paddle! Oh, well, will someone loan me a belt?" It's not a serious question. Izzy's boyfriend has a nice, slightly thick, wide leather belt on. Before the party started I asked Izzy if he would loan it to me. Izzy said yes, she'd allow him to. I'm sure she told him to offers his when I asked. He quickly offers it.

I ask him to take it off and bring it up to me. It's not like I could come to get it with a slut over my knees! OK, I could send Sophie. But by asking him to deliver it, Rita will know that this boy is being given, and definitely taking, a rather close look at her firm bottom. And her pussy

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that's peeking out at the tops of those thighs. An in-person look is always better than one on the TV.

I'm sure it's Izzy's influence over him. He brings his belt up, hands it to me, and quickly returns to his spot with only a minimal glance at Rita's bottom. I take the belt and double it over in my hand.

I lie the stiff leather lightly atop Rita's firm globes, stroking it over the spongy flesh softly. "This is for being such a slut!" I tell Rita.

I lift the belt up high. I snap it down with about 2/3 of the strength I could put into it. The belt snaps against her taut globes with a loud, splitting crack.

"OW!" Rita cries out loudly. Her body flinches hard, tensing up as it tries to jump forward against my thigh. Her feet kick hard downward against the floor with enough power that the kick lifts her bottom up for a second. Her hands grab hold of the chair's legs and grip it tightly. Her bottom slowly falls back over my leg, leaving her lying there as she was.

The belt leaves a bright pink line across both of her cheeks, almost squarely in the center. It glows bright enough that it leaves no doubt how badly it's stinging those cheeks. Rita sobs a few quick, whining "OW!s" At least they're not as loud.

I don't wait. Not even long enough for Rita to count off her stroke. If she even knows, read, remembers, to count it very humbly for me. While she's sobbing the first of those whiny "OW!s" I put my hand behind her bottom, letting the belt hang down just beyond her thighs.

I put the tip of my finger to her slit. Very gently I use my finger to trace a slow line up her slit, caressing the edges of her wet folds with my finger.

That ends Rita's whines, at least for the second it takes her to moan out a rather squealy "OOH!" and shiver hard on my knees. I keep tracing that line, maybe five or six times, as slowly as I can go. It keeps Rita purring soft moans and shivering.

Now I very slowly press my finger into Rita's pussy. Almost the

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instant Rita feels my finger touch her tunnel, she purrs out another, loud, "Ooh!" She purrs even louder, and more eagerly as my finger slips deeper into her. I quickly reverse my finger, drawing it back out of her pussy.

My finger moves just as quickly down to the nub of Rita's clit. I press very lightly atop her swollen nub. I start stroking her nub slowly, with tiny circles, while pressing so lightly that I'm barely touching it.

That gets Rita moaning sharp "UM!s" as her shivers quickly grown sharper and sharper. I slowly count off about twenty seconds. By then I can feel her clit throbbing under my finger. I take my finger away from her clit and press it quickly back into her pussy.

Now I use the pad of my finger to softly massage the walls of her pussy. "Are you being a total slut now, slut? Are you thinking about cumming instead of behaving for your spanking?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." Rita answers, her voice as much of a sweet moan as it is words.

"Yes, Ma'am, what, slut?" I firmly scold her, while keeping my finger teasing her pussy.

"Yes, Ma'am, I'm being a total slut and really thinking about cumming instead of being a good slut for my spanking, Ma'am!"

I pull my finger out of Rita's pussy. Now that it has a good, fairly heavy, coat of Rita's honey on it, I put my finger flush against the tightly cinched ring of Rita's asshole. I guess Rita didn't think about me wearing latex gloves to spank her.

I press my finger firmly, but not roughly. It's just enough pressure for her asshole to surrender and let my finger push into her. Rita grunts out a loud, and hard, "UGH!" as my finger presses into her bottom. I push all of my finger into her.

I push down very softly with the pad of my finger. It takes almost no pressure for me to feel the sausage-casing-like membrane of her rectum and the paper-thin wall of smooth muscle lining it. Or to feel the

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fiery hot, twitching, walls of her pussy just beyond.

My goal here is to humiliate Rita. No wonder she liked the stories that featured a sub being utterly humiliated. It seems the more intimately I bare her, the hotter she's been getting. "In case anyone can't see, my finger is up this slut's butt now. It's time for everyone to see just how slutty that bottom is." I tell everyone.

I wiggle the pad of that finger, lightly massaging the inside of her rectum. Neither it nor the thin muscle does anything to dull the sensations for Rita. It lets her feel it just as if I were stroking softly inside her pussy. With the added humiliation of knowing that everyone watching her knows my finger is in her bottom.

Rita doesn't last the first tiny stroke. She screeches a loud, needy, and deep, "UHH!" as her bottom shudders. I can see her jaw hanging wide as she moans out. And I can see her hanging breasts jiggling as the shudders sweep over her body. In about a second, Rita is panting hard moans of "UH!..OH!-UH!"

She only lasts about ten seconds. She grits her teeth hard, her moan turning to a long, and hungry, "UMM!" Her bottom starts to snap, thrusting up as if trying to buck against the finger in it.

I move quickly, pulling my finger fast from her tightly squeezing asshole. The belt is already in my hand. I bring it up. I swing it down, adding a bit of strength into this stroke. Maybe about $\frac{3}{4}$ of what I could put into it.

Rita groans out a squealy, and quick, "uh-AH!" as my finger is pulled from her tight ring. It's followed immediately by a deep sigh of frustration as her body shivers one last time. Then Rata cries out a very loud "OW!" as the belt cracks its second stroke across her cheeks.

As the belt falls away, a second bright pink strip rises on her globes.

I don't waste any time. In an instant I have my finger teasing her slit again. It gets Rita to forget to whine about the pain slicing into her cheeks. The little tease is enough, all by itself, to get her purring soft

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moans. Although, now, I can hear a little strain in those moans. That's not surprising since I know Rita has got to be feeling the sharp stinging of that belt.

I give her the same five teasing strokes with my finger. Then I slip my finger back into her pussy. Only this time I take just a second to massage her pussy with my finger. "Now don't you dare act like a gutter slut, slut. Don't you dare cum during your spanking!"

Now my finger is out of her pussy and back to her clit, where it teases her just as thoroughly as it did the last time. This time it has her squirming decently. Definitely hard enough that everyone can see her hips squirm. And it has her purring rather loud and eager moans. It has her looking and sounding like a gutter slut.

Judging by the way she's acting, I'm sure Rita is close to cumming, too. She looks like a slut. She looks like she's having sex. Except that she's lying over my knees with her bottom getting redder by the stroke.

I definitely have the guys' interest now. Some of them might not have been so interested in seeing the spanking, but all of them are rather eagerly enjoying watching the squirming Rita as she lies over my knees, moaning as if she's having great sex.

And then it's time for my finger to plunge back into Rita's bottom. I do it quickly again, not giving her a chance to relax for it, but trying not to be rough. Rita grunts out a hard "UGH!" as my finger presses into her. But with me not delaying even a second, her grunt quickly fades into more of those rather needy moans. Moans which quickly grow very needy and urgent.

It gets her body shuddering hard now. Her hips squirm, sometimes bucking back up onto my finger. It does no good for her. My finger is already fully inside her bottom, the webbing of my finger flush with the outside of her asshole. My hand just moves up with her bottom.

But it leaves no doubt how much Rita likes it. Or should I say how much her pussy likes it? I'm sure Rita is deathly humiliated to know that

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everyone is watching her thoroughly enjoy being fingered in her bottom. Too bad for Rita that she makes such a good show of squirming around. That only guarantees her more teasing. I love to watch a sub squirm.

I take my time, teasing Rita's bottom for about three minutes this time. It's about a minute past the point where I think, and fairly sure, that Rita is holding an orgasm back rather than enjoying it and facing the consequences. And that has Rita's body in constant motion, squirming energetically as she cries out eager moans.

When it's time, I move fast again. My finger quickly slips from Rita's asshole. With the belt still in my hand, it's moving the instant I'm out of her. And it comes back down hard, searing a third welt line just above the first two.

Rita screeches a loud, and pained, "OW!" as the belt cracks against her cheeks. But I'm still moving fast. Even before she stops screeching, my finger is teasing her slit again.

It makes Rita moan out deep and urgently, even as she's still screeching from the swat. It's as if her cry of pain vanishes as the moan erupts. She tenses up with the swat, her body stiffening hard and her bottom rising up slightly. But now, she doesn't even make it back onto my thighs before the teases have her shuddering again, too.

By the time Rita has endured two minutes of my finger teasing her inside her bottom, she's so clearly ready to cum. And she's showing it, moaning and squirming around like a porn star. I decide to tease her a little more. "Oh, slut..." I coo in a teasingly sweet voice. "Does that slutty bottom of yours want a nice big cock rammed into it?"

Rita instantly cringes as she lies over my lap. Then she answers in a voice that muted with shame. "Yes, Ma'am... I think. I've never done that before, so I don't know, but I think my slutty butt would love to have a big cock pound it now, Ma'am..."

"Don't be so stupid, slut." I tell her with a slight laugh in my voice. "Does that slutty bottom like being teased?"

"Yes, Ma'am, my slutty butt is loving this! I need to cum so badly,

Ma'am."

"Too bad you've been a naughty slut, then, isn't it?"

"Yes, Ma'am! I'm so sorry, Ma'am!" By now Rita's voice, still shamed and muted, is almost pure throaty-deep and raspy, too. "G-d, I wish I wasn't naughty and could cum now!"

I immediately pull my finger from her bottom and crack her cheeks hard with a fourth stroke of the belt. The belt is decently wide, maybe 1 ½" across. So far, I've planted the strokes alongside each other, tanning her bottom evenly to the angry shade of pink. But now, she's out of virgin bottom to land the strokes on. This one lands squarely in the center of cheeks. It leaves an bright red stripe across her already pink cheeks. And its sting lances hard into Rita's already stinging and burning flesh.

Rita screams out a loud "OW!" as the belt cracks against her flesh. "um-OW!... OW!" Her bottom thrashes a little more energetically as it tries to shake the sting off of it. She tenses hard, her bottom jumping up a good two inches off my thigh.

It makes it harder for me to tease her wet slit. It's dancing around and making my finger work to catch it. I do, and once I do my finger moves right along with her wiggling bottom, teasing her as she squirms.

I wait until my finger slips into her bottom again. Not just because it takes that long for Rita to get enough control over her sore bottom to still it again. I wait because this is the tease that's arousing her the most. The fastest and the hottest for Rita.

As soon as my finger is inside Rita's bottom, teasing the backside of her pussy, Rita is moaning out those hungry moans as urgently as if I'd never stopped teasing her to spank her. I give Rita about 30 seconds to enjoy the tease before her torture begins.

"Brittney," I ask, turning my attention to the audience. "Did you know how skanky of a slut this slut is?"

"Uh, so NO!" Brittney blurts out, her voice slightly mocking Rita.

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"But, like, I guess there's way so much I didn't know!"

I feel the cringe flow through Rita's body. I'd asked Brittney a question, to me it didn't matter what, just so that Rita would have to hear Brittney's voice. I wanted to make sure Rita can't tell herself that Brittney isn't seeing everything. That should add a bit to Rita's humiliation.

"Shall I show everyone just what a slut this slut's bottom is?"

"Sure, like why not? Let the entire world see." Brittney tells me.

I just wave to Sophie, my free hand cueing Sophie what I want. Sophie very quickly slides over to Brittney and asks her "my Mistress would like to know if you would choose a toy appropriate for the sluttiness of this slut's bottom, Miss Brittney?"

I see Brittney blush slightly. Silently she follows after Sophie. Sophie leads her back to the playroom. There I have a cabinet full of various dildos, vibrators, and butt plugs. I've already signaled to Sophie what I want. She'll show Brittney the collection of dildos and suggest a couple of a similar size. But whatever Brittney picks, Rita gets. Brittney doesn't have to pick the ones Sophie suggests.

Rita cries out very urgent moans as she shudders over my lap. I keep teasing her bottom with my finger, softly massaging the backside of her pussy walls. Now, those walls are twitching hard, and nearly constantly. Plus the entire outside of Rita's lips and mound are covered with a good layer of honey, too.

The instant I see Brittney coming back from the playroom, I hurry to yank my finger out of Rita's bottom, moving as fast as I can. I don't try to be rough with her, but now speed matters so I don't try to be easy either. Just fast. It takes me about one, maybe almost two seconds, from the time I start to pull my finger from Rita's bottom until the belt is cracking down hard against her cheeks. It's a good, hard stroke, and it has nowhere to land except atop the already sore pink stripes across her globes.

Rita screams out, loudly. Her voice equally pained and humiliated

now. She starts crying, too. It's not yet a full-blown bawling cry, but it's a decent cry that announces how badly her cheeks are stinging.

I start teasing her slit quickly. As I do, Sophie leads Brittney up to my side. Brittney holds a dildo, pinched between two fingers, out from her body. It's a good-sized one, just slightly larger than the ones I had Sophie suggest. It's about 8 inches long and just a hair over 1 ½" thick. "Oh, that's a good one!" I say to Brittney with a bit of excitement in my voice.

Rita instantly starts to turn her head to see what her daughter has picked for her. I expected that. I'm ready for it. The second Rita's head starts to lift and turn, I quickly swat her on the back of her head with my hand. It's not that hard of a swat, but it does throw her head back down to where it's been. Hanging and staring at the floor while she was spanked. "Bad slut!" I sternly scold Rita. "Don't you trust your daughter to pick a nice cock for your bottom? Who cares if you do? I do, and that's all that matters. Behave. Lie there and let everyone see what a whore you are."

I take the dildo from Brittney, gripping it at the head of the fake cock. It lets me smear a film of Rita's slippery, oily, honey on the tip of it. That, my hand has picked up plenty of just from teasing Rita's sloppy-wet pussy. I quickly shift my grip so that I'm holding the toy by its base end.

It takes me both hands. As soon as I pull the finger of one hand away from Rita's slit, ending that tease, my other hand it moving the dildo towards Rita's bottom. I don't do anything else. I just move the shaft, fairly quickly, to her bottom.

The dildo quickly finds the bottom of her crack. It's slickened tip shoves her cheeks wide aside as it presses between them. Then the rounded tip lands atop Rita's tight asshole. I keep pressing it, steadily, and not slowly, ramping up the pressure.

"UH-OWW!" Rita screeches out as the rounded tip of the hard plastic cock head begins pressing into her tensed ring. The cock head is far wider than Rita's ring. It's rounded tip easily pushes her muscle

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aside, stretching it quickly wide. The shaft steadily pushes forward, stretching her ring fast and far, enough that her muscle burns from the stretching, and then its tip slips through the ring and into her bowels.

The toy keeps going, plunging quickly into her depths, shoving aside the waste already there. I push firmly, sending about seven inches of the toy into Rita's bottom in a few seconds.

Rita screeches as the toy forces its way into her bottom. And she stiffens up hard, showing the discomfort for all to see. But I'm not trying to be easy for Rita. I didn't even tell her how to do it easily.

As soon as I have all of the toy inside Rita, still gripping its protruding base, I pull the toy slightly, angling it just as slightly, so that its head and part of its shaft is pressing down against the backside of Rita's pussy walls. She doesn't get even a second to get used to the huge intruder. I start moving it, fucking her bottom with it, in short, fast strokes. The strokes are no more than an inch long, and about as fast as my hand will move them.

Instantly Rita is grunting sharp "UHM!s" almost as fast as the strokes are coming. She quickly tenses up, her knees pulling up until they're firmly against the chair. She pokes her bottom up. Her grunts are not of pain. They sound exactly like what they are. As if she's having good, and hard, sex. They're deep and raspy.

It lasts less than half of a minute. Then Rita clenches her teeth hard, her grunts cut off as she moans out a single, long "UMM!" through her teeth. Her body tenses more, and seems to keep getting tighter over my body. Her back arches. Her bottom pokes up a little more. Her toes curl up. After about ten seconds of that, Rita screams out "FUCK ME! I'M GOING TO CUM!"

I give Rita no warning. As soon as the toy is at the deepest point of its stroke, I take my hand off of it. Without me to move the toy, it lies still in her bottom. It couldn't move it if it wanted to. Rita's asshole grips it too tightly.

Rita falls limp over my knees. "UHH!" she cries out in pure

frustration, her body trembling hard.

"Silly me!" I squeal excitedly. The belt is already moving, coming up again for the sixth stroke. "I forgot, slut, you earned an extra stroke for whining!"

The belt cracks down hard, stinging full-force into her firm globes. It lands just below the inch-long base of the shaft protruding from Rita's cheeks, searing a deep red welt across both already sore cheeks.

"OW!" Rita screeches out. Her bottom again wiggles hard from the swat. That wiggles her waist, and the toy shifts around inside her just as furiously as she squirms. Some of those wiggles have it rubbing and pressing against the backside of her pussy. And every little tease there sends a wave of icy-hot chills shooting through her.

"There!" I pronounce happily. "Now you've been properly spanked for your sluttiness, slut."

I push Rita up, putting her back on her knees beside me. I stand up and look out over the audience.



Chapter 04: Slut Skill

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"And now it's time for this slut to show us how useful of a slut she is. For this, I'll need to borrow a dick. Would one of you guys out there care to loan me yours?" I bat my eyes at the crowd, a cue to those who know me that they will be pleased with the result should they loan me their cock.

I don't have a plant in the audience for this. I glance out. Izzy gives her boyfriend a quick, but icy and hard, glare. He knows not to open his mouth. Izzy has been around long enough to be able to guess, at least generally, what I'm up to. Emma has a firm grip on Carlos' crotch. He's not going to dare volunteer. I didn't expect either to, anyway. Mike, my neighbor, I thought might volunteer. But now I see that Joey has her hand up under his shirt as she sits on his lap. He's not going anywhere. Ellie's friend is asking her if he wants to volunteer or not. As in will he be glad he did. She's telling him to volunteer.

He doesn't get the chance. Kim all but shoves David up to his feet. She eggs him on, telling him "we came to have some fun, go have some." He takes a short step forward and I wave him to come up.

Rita is still where I left her. On her knees, her legs opened, and sitting back, just beside the chair. It has her side to the crowd, letting everyone see the end of the hard shaft sticking out from her cheeks, too. She waits quietly, still sobbing from the hard spanking she just endured.

I have to nudge the vanilla David to stand in front of Rita. By now I'd bet everyone can guess what's next. I have a naked woman on her knees in front of a standing man. It has her face close to his crotch. I quickly glance up to Kim and see that she doesn't look like she's regretting sending David up here.

I give Rita a light slap on her face. "Go on, slut, show us your slutty skill. Let's see if you're not the total waste of a whore that you seem to be. There's a cock. Suck it, slut." I firmly tell Rita.

It's definitely slutty. Rita has no idea who is standing in front of her. And she clearly knows that I didn't care whose cock came up here. This is just a random cock I found. That I now expect her to have sex

with.

Rita obediently reaches her hands up and begins to free David's cock from his pants. She doesn't hesitate, either. I suspect the throbbing ache in her pussy is pushing her to quickly please me so that she might get hers.

Quickly she frees his cock. It's about an average cock, a bit under six inches long and a hair over an inch thick. It's circumcised, showing off its deep-purple bulbous head. And it's hard, eagerly hoping for some attention from this unfamiliar mouth.

Rita puts her lips to the tip of his cock, wrapping her hand around the base of it. She opens her mouth, steadily taking the cock into her lips. She starts stroking it with her mouth. Her hands move along his stiff shaft in time with her mouth.

Rita's strokes are what I'd call short. She takes about half of his cock into her mouth. About as much as would fill her mouth without her having to strain. And not enough to start her gagging or choking. Her strokes are quick at first.

And then her strokes grow even faster. In less than fifteen seconds Rita is sucking his cock hard. Enough that I can see her cheeks pulling in as she sucks. Her lips are gliding along his stiffness as quickly as she can move. She sucks his with a true hunger for it.

I let her go on, sucking David's cock. He stands there, and soon he's purring some deep and manly sweet moans. He rests his hands on his hips as she works.

I turn the chair so that it's facing them, close in front of the point between them where David's hard cock is vanishing into Rita's pink lips. Brittney is still close by. After passing me the dildo she merely scooted away to the side. I call her. "Brittney, come over here and see for yourself how skilled this slut is at cock sucking."

Brittney pales, but she comes over. I put my hands to her shoulders. It takes me a firm nudge to get her to sit in the chair. That has her facing the action, her face about a foot and a half from the cock

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slipping through those fine lips.

I have to nudge Brittney to get her to actually look and watch her mom sucking this strange cock. But once I get her looking, I can see on her face that she's paying some attention. It's more as if she's taking notes for future use than interested in watching Rita suck David.

Rita's giving him what I call a housewife blowjob. It's about the same way, and with the same not-so-high level of skill that I see from the typical middle-aged housewife. The kind of woman who has does this for her husband often enough. But not the kind of woman who has some true skill at it, like a whore or a porn star, or a trained slave would. Not the kind of woman men dream of.

"Well, Brittney, that's not a very good blowjob, is it? It's just so amateurish! What a waste of a slut! I'll bet this slut can do so much trashier. Shall we see?"

"Uh... sure, might as well," Brittney says. "Not like we haven't seen *everything* else!"

I step around to the other side of the pair. Quietly I tell David that he should just stand still and let me "see if this slut has some trashy gutter whore in her." He doesn't object.

I grab hold of Rita's hands and quickly pull them away. The one she has resting on his thigh, and the one she has around the base of his cock. "It's called cock sucking, slut, not cock stroking! You suck with your mouth, not your hands." I pull her hands behind her back and slap a pair of handcuffs on her wrists to make sure those hands stay put.

I see a trembling tremor sweep over Rita's kneeling body. As if she knows what's coming next. And she should. I'm sure she's read it enough. One of the first things I learned, courtesy of my mom's play sessions with her toys, is that all men appreciate a blow job. And the trashier, sluttier it is, the more they appreciate it. When she first took me under her wing, she let me watch a session where she taught a married sub to pleasure her husband like a porn star. He loved it. I've taught most of my female subs to service a man just as trashy. And their

men have all loved it.

I go for the quick lesson. I grab hold of Rita's head and grip it firmly with one hand on the back of her head. My other hand is under her jaw. I use that hand to both grip her jaw and to pinch the corners of it hard, forcing her jaw to stretch fully wide open. I can feel her jaw opening a bit wider, but there's nothing to see. Her lips stay lying against his shaft.

I slow her down. I have her head moving with slow strokes. David purrs a bit louder at them. The slower, more leisurely strokes allow him to better feel, and enjoy, the sensations of her mouth sliding along his length.

I wait until I feel the resistance of Rita's neck muscles stiffening. That's from her trying to reverse her stroke. I easily hold her from reversing. Instead, I keep her head moving forward, forcing more of his cock into her mouth. And more. I keep her head moving steadily, its pace constant.

I keep the pace steady even as I feel the resistance of his cock head reaching the back of her mouth where his unbending shaft hits the hard back of her mouth instead of making the slight bend towards her throat. In an instant, I feel the softness of the tip of his head vanish as it's pushed flush. Once the hardness of his shaft hits the back of her mouth, and I force her head to keep going, it makes her neck crane slightly.

Then his cock starts slipping forward again, only very lightly rubbing against the insides of her mouth. It doesn't last long. I feel the sharp jerks racking Rita's muscles as she begins gagging on the cock that's deeper than she's ever taken one. I ignore it. I don't care if this is comfortable for Rita.

And neither does Rita, despite the panic sweeping quickly onto her face and the hardening of her gagging. She's read about me doing this enough. She had to know that once she started sucking him, I would likely make her do it slutily. I'm guessing she actually wanted me to teach her to do this. But a sub like Rita would never have it in her to ask.

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With a hair under five inches of cock into Rita's mouth, she's gagging hard. It's when I feel the firm resistance that tells me the tip of his cock is pushing against the top of her throat. That's like a narrow, rubbery tube. It's not more than about 1/3 the width of the cock pushing hard against it. It doesn't know what's pushing against it, either. Just that whatever it is, it's big enough to choke on, so it's not welcome to go further.

The resistance doesn't last long. As I keep Rita moving forward, it stiffens for an instant. As if I'm pushing the cock against a stiff rubber band. Then it gives. His cock almost jumps a bit as it presses into that tight tube, stretching it wide. Her throat squeezes hard against the sides of his cock, snuggling it sweetly for him.

Rita chokes hard. I see her bottom come up as her stomach muscles heave sharply. Despite choking hard, as if she were puking, which she might just do if she could, I feel a crisp sudden shiver rack over Rita's body. Just that snapping motion of her bottom did it. As her reflexes tried to cough his cock out of her throat, her bottom moved enough for the hard toy in it to stroke against her pussy again. It doesn't ease her choking, but it does tease her pussy nicely. The way Rita's eyes pop wide as it does tells me that she didn't expect that.

Now David purrs a very sweet and loud moan as his cock continues slipping into Rita's mouth. As her tight throat cradles the head of it. I keep Rita moving until her lips are flush against David's pubes and balls.

"O-M-G, Like, SO SLUT, MOM!" Brittney blurts out, more surprised than anything. But Brittney's wide eyes, I can see, are eagerly taking notes. As if Brittney can see how wild this is driving David, and while she doesn't want to be a slut, Brittney would definitely like to be the girl that all the boys talk about how great she is, and how they want her. As if she'd love to do this for a guy just to get the rumors of her desirability started. Bimbo!

Rita can't say anything. She blushes. But she can't even breathe now. The cock has her throat stuffed too full for that. Or for anything

else. Just for snuggling David's hard cock. Only once Rita's lips are flush against him do I reverse the stroke.

I keep her pace steady, my hands overriding her instinct to get the cock out of her throat. I make her keep the same constant pace that she had when swallowing his shaft. I bring her up until only the head of his cock is left in her mouth, Rita's fine lips wrapped around his shaft at the top, the blooming rim of his cock head against the inside of those lips.

"Swirl your tongue around the head, once, quickly, slut!" I firmly tell her just before I get to that top point of her stroke.

"OH!" David moans out loudly and very eagerly, "YES!" I take that as my cue that Rita obediently swirled her tongue around the most sensitive part of his cock. I reverse her stroke.

I make her take another stroke, sending her head all the way back down again. And choking her hard again. Then all the way up for another tongue-swirl. And down. I keep the motion steady, not even breaking the rhythm as I reverse her strokes.

She keeps gagging hard, and choking, on his shaft with each stroke. It gets her bottom snapping as she does, and that gets the hard dildo pressing against her pussy, stroking the backside of those needy walls, and teasing Rita. And Rita lets it show.

"Is this sluttier?" I teasingly ask Brittney.

"DUH! Can you say, like, WHORE!" I couldn't have scripted it better. And I know Rita hears it. I can see the beet red blush bloom instantly in her cheeks.

Before I can torment Brittney any further, David lets out a good grunt as his hips reflexively thrust forward. I catch the thrust, moving Rita's head along with it to keep her taking his cock into her at the steady pace despite the thrust. "Keep sucking it, slut." I firmly tell Rita. There's no mistaking what happened. David is cumming. And by the amount of cock inside Rita's lips, about two inches, Rita is tasting it. His cum is spurting hard into the back of her mouth. But it won't stay there, it will quickly flood her mouth. That, plus the cock in her lips, will give

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her no choice but to swallow his cream.

She keeps going. She doesn't have a choice with my hands still locked onto her head. I keep her sucking it just as if he hadn't cum. Even as he spurts again and again into her mouth.

Only when I'm sure David is finished, do I tell Rita to suck his cock clean as I very slowly inch the shaft out of her mouth. She does it, leaving only a fine film of her saliva on his cock. Not a drop of his cum remains.

As soon as the cock is out of her mouth, I turn Rita's head to face Brittney. It makes Rita see just how closely Brittney was watching her suck him. I tell Rita "show you daughter what a total slut you are!" then I pinch the corners of Rita's mouth again, opening her mouth wide. It gives Brittney a good view of the inside. And there's no missing David's cum. Enough of it still clings to the inside of Rita's mouth. But nowhere near enough for there to be any doubt that Rita swallowed a bunch of it.

"EW!" Brittney balks, "SLUT GROSS!" I guess Brittney isn't into swallowing. Or, from the look of her wincing, tasting it.

I have Rita fix David's pants for him, tucking his cock back in. Then I have her politely thank him for allowing her to suck his cock. And I have her offer to suck anyone else who would like to see for himself what a slut she is.



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Slut: Exposed

I have Rita stand up and twirl around to show everyone the end of the toy that's still protruding from the bottoms of her cheeks. Mostly I do that to stall for time as Sophie and a naked Paige quickly roll the portable massage table out from the playroom. I don't want to take everyone back to the smaller playroom for this part.

The table sets up in about a minute. I have Rita lie on it, face down. It leaves her firm bottom up, the tip of the toy poking about an inch above her globes. As she lies down, Rita fidgets just enough to let me know that she's sweetly nervous. As in she knows I'm not going to hurt her, her punishment is now over, but that she also knows I'm going to "torture" her. In the good, sweet, and agonizing way.

I have no doubt that Rita hasn't a clue how this is going to feel. I can tell this is her first time actually being used as a toy. Until now, it's just been a fantasy of hers. I'm sure she suspects that I can push her to a new level of intensity. But she hasn't a clue what that'll be like for her.

I leave Rita handcuffed. It will do well enough to keep her hands from getting down to her pussy. But just to make sure they don't, I loosely tie a length of rope around her neck, then run the free end back to the chain of her cuffs. I pull it just taut enough to stop her from moving her hands down any further, but no more. I tie it there. It leaves those hands free enough to slip up her back a few inches and to squirm to the sides. Just not to get to even the tops of her globes.

I pull Rita's ankles to the edges of the table. The table has a steel tube frame just under its mattress. I use another pair of handcuffs to quickly lock each of her ankles to the edge of the table. Then I get two lengths of rope. I wrap three coils of the rope snug around the bottom of each of Rita's thighs, just above her knees. I tie them. Then I loop the rope around the steel frame and pull it taut. I bring the rope back up, wind three more coils around her calf just below her knees, and tie it off. It very effectively binds her calves along the edge of the table, stretching her thighs wide and offering very easy, unhindered access to her pussy. It nicely displays the honey-wet mound puffing back at me, too.

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It doesn't have her bound very snugly to the table. Just her legs. The rest of Rita's body is free to move and squirm around. But it's not going too far. Especially her pussy, that's not moving much at all.

I send Sophie to fetch me a few things. I definitely want to tease and torment Rita. But that's not my main goal now. I want Rita thoroughly humiliated. Because I know that's arousing her rather effectively. So my main goal now is to make Rita into a sideshow. An especially slutty sideshow.

As soon as Sophie is back I get to work. I spread Rita's narrow lips wide, leaving her folds to hang as they are, gaping slightly, and loose. I don't need to open those for this. Just spreading her lips is all it takes for Rita's hard clit to be fully bared. Only now, with Rita lying on her stomach, her clit is almost all the way down to the table, below the rest of her pussy. But it's poking its head out, back towards me, not down towards the table.

The first thing I had Sophie bring me is a pair of forceps. Those are a medical implement built like scissors with long handles and short jaws. The jaws are dull and flat, used for pinching off arteries, not cutting. And the jaws lock in place. They're very good for firmly pinching other things, too.

I open the jaws wide. I put them against the knot nestling Rita's clit and press down. It pushes the knot back, taking the ends of her loose folds with it. It bares a little more of Rita's clit. Then I slowly close the jaws. Rita flinches hard and squeals nervously as she first feels the cold steel against her hot, throbbing nub.

I ignore her flinch and keep slowly closing the jaws around her hard clit. Soon they're pinching against it, almost biting into the steely hardness. I keep closing them until they have a hard, firm pinch on it. It's plenty of a pinch for Rita to feel it, but not enough to hurt. And I know Rita feels it. It has her fidgeting a lot more energetically. Just not going anywhere with her legs bound to the table. But it definitely has her anxious, as if she knows that this is going to be intense.

The second thing I had Sophie get me is a feather. It's nothing

special, just a regular long and narrow feather with a fine silky fur. I have a good collection of these.

I don't take it from her. Instead, I tell Sophie to do the work. Then I watch as Sophie takes the tip of the feather and very lightly puts it to the tip of Rita's captive nub. Sophie begins slowly stroking the tip of Rita's clit with the feather. The soft fur glides easily across the pulsing tip of her nub, caressing it with an unbelievable softness.

But now, Rita's clit is as hungry as it has ever been. The pinching of the clamp isn't helping her, either. That's only making her nub ache just a bit more. Making its nerves that much more sensitive to any touch. Like the sweet caress of the feather.

Rita shrieks out a loud, and very sultry "OOH!" as she feels the feather touch her. She shivers hard, her entire body seeming to flop on the table as the shiver sweeps over her. Her mouth hangs open. In about two screeching moans, she's panting out squealing cries of "AH!-EE...OOH!" And she's thrashing around decently.

I tell Paige to get to work on Rita's back. Paige immediately steps up to the end of the table just above Rita's head. Then she leans over, almost fully, until just the very tips of her wide, and rock-hard, nipples are lightly brushing against Rita's back. Paige puts her hands to Rita's shoulders and begins kneading them.

I'm sure it feels very good to Rita. Who wouldn't enjoy a good, soft, massage? Especially while her pussy was being teased. But I'm not having Paige do it to be kind to Rita. I'm having Paige do it because it forces Rita's muscles to relax. It quiets her thrashing. Unfortunately for Rita. The thrashing and squirming is just her body's way of responding to the intense, tingly, hot sparks that the feather is welling up in her clit. The sparks that are busy shooting along all of Rita's nerves lines and racing up her spine. The very same sparks that are making her clit beg for a touch more so that it cum. The sparks that are making her pussy twitch sharply and burn like fire as it wants to cum as well.

And now that I have Paige forcing those muscles to relax, and not tense up and thrash, it takes that away. It leaves her lying, squirming

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only slightly. And it leaves her feeling the tingles that much hotter. It leaves her feeling the burn and twitches racking her pussy hard, too. It leaves her to feel the soft ache blooming explosively in her clit and pussy.

Rita screams the neediest, hottest cries. "UH-MM!" over and over again as she lies there. As Sophie goes on, merciless in her teasing of Rita's clit with the feather. It leaves Rita's pussy shamelessly weeping honey that's already starting to wet the table under her pubes. In about half of a minute, Rita's entire body has flushed to a light pink. The start of a film of sweat covers her. And goosebumps cover her mound, her bottom, and a line up her spine.

Paige obediently massages away. As she does, she lets the very tips of her hard nipples dance atop Rita's bare back, one nipple on either side of her spine. After a few seconds of that, I can see little, faint twitches on Rita's back just around those steely nipples.

I intend to take my time now. I want Rita to lie there and suffer. I know she won't cum like this. It's just not quite enough to make her cum. The feather is stroking her clit too lightly. It just pushes her towards a climax, but won't push her to it. So I have all the squirming time I want.

I suggest that everyone come up around the table and get a good view of Rita's squirming show. I say it just loudly enough for Rita to hear me over her shrieks, too. Most everyone comes up. Some rather eagerly.

"Damn, look how sloppy that pussy is!"

"She sounds like she should be making a porn movie!"

"I can't get past that huge shaft in her. I mean, look, you saw how big it is, and only a tiny tip of it is sticking out of her butt!"

"Forget that, look at how much she's loving that girl's tits on her back! I guess she's into girls, too!"

"I'll bet she'd really get off on a real dick in her butt."

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"Forget it, man! You saw the size of that thing. You ain't got nothing for that slutty butt!"

"Fuck you, Bro." And so go the comments around Rita as everyone, especially the guys, gawk at the sideshow.

After about ten minutes I slip off to the playroom for just a second and get another, similar, feather. I'm quickly back with it. I don't say anything to anyone. I just reach one hand out and push Rita's cheeks wide apart. It gives everyone a good view of the deep purple-pink ring of her asshole, stretched tautly and now wrinkle-free, around the hard beige shaft of the toy disappearing into her body. It looks as if her ring is stretched too wide, wider than it should go. That's how taut her flesh is around it. And the deep color of that flesh contrasts nicely with the shaft.

I touch the tip of the feather, very lightly, to the taut flesh of her ring. I start moving the feather, stroking the very tip of it, its silkiest strands of fur, along the deep flesh of her asshole.

Rita's hips snap crisply, and suddenly, thrusting hard upward. Then her body tenses to steel, staying put with her bottom held up an inch or so above the table. It doesn't even take a second for Rita's body to start vibrating from all the tension in it. "AHH!!!" an endless, squealing, high-pitched cry comes from her lips.

Rita never knew that her asshole would have nerves so sensitive to sweet stimulation in it. Most women like her don't know it. So far, her experience has been just too vanilla for her to know it. Not many people would even think to tie her and do it. And fewer would leave her tensed up and screeching so needy, so desperately, and so loudly, as they slowly circled the tip of the feather around the over-taut skin of her asshole. But I will.

And I am. And it's turning the Rita sideshow into a rather slutty display. Especially now that her pubes are an inch or so above the table. That lets her flowing honey begin to drip.

"I CAN'T STAND IT!" Rita shrieks out at full, ear-splitting volume.

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Her words all run together, into one long squealing cry. "PLEASE, I HAVE TO CUM, NOW! PLEASE! YOU'RE TORTURING ME! LET ME CUM!"

I just keep going, teasing Rita without mercy. Goosebumps erupt over the taut flesh of her asshole, a place I seldom see them. She screeches more. And then more. Her body stays locked tight and hard, vibrating away.

Then I laugh. "Do you really think I care if you suffer like the skankiest of sluts, slut? The only way you'll ever cum is if someone wishes to prove that you are the absolute skankiest of trashy sluts and pound your slutty bottom with that toy. Otherwise, you'll just lie there until I get bored with your squirming, screeching show. And that might be Tuesday!" I laugh again.

"Does anyone want to pound this whore's filthy bottom with that toy and give her a little treat? You're welcome to if you're not afraid of catching something from it. After all, we did just see how disgustingly filthy her butt is!"

"No? Well, OK then!" I add in an excited voice. "Then I'll just enough the show until someone does, or I get bored!"

The show goes on. Rita stays just as tensed and shrieks away with the most pleading, needy, cries of her life. And I ignore all of it, teasing her taut asshole and watching as her ring of muscle snaps with little spasms around the hard shaft.

The guys mostly watch as her pussy drips onto the table. And gawk at it. But Rita's pussy is a gaping one, far more open and naturally showing more of itself than most. They have a better view of her pussy than they would of most women in this position.

"PLEASE!" Rita screams out desperately. "PLEASE, MISS RODGERS, PLEASE DON'T DO THIS TO ME! I CAN'T STAND IT. PLEASE, JUST LET ME CUM! I'LL DO ANYTHING! PLEASE, JUST ONCE, THEN I'LL BE A GOOD LITTLE WHORE!" I guess, since I didn't punish her for begging a couple of minutes ago, Rita decides that it's safe to try again. Or, more likely, the pounding ache in her pussy is so unbearable that she

doesn't care if I punish her, as long as she gets to cum.

"Like it's my fault no one wants to relieve your filthy bottom, slut? Go ahead, beg. I love hearing a slut beg. I can't imagine anyone would be able to hold his stomach long enough to pound that butt for you. Too bad you've been so naughty and kept a secret from Brittney. She's the only one I can think of who might, used to, love you enough to care if you suffer. The rest of us are just enjoying our show!"

Okay, it's a setup. And everyone except Brittney and Rita knows it. No one else is going to pound her bottom until I tell them to. And I won't do that until I'm sure Brittney won't. I want to know how far Brittney will go. And how shameless Rita will go.

Rita spends a few minutes screeching desperate pleas for anyone to end her agonizing suffering. Those who answer her all decline. "You're on your own, slut."

Finally, she tries the only thing that might work. "Please, Brittney, please! Help me! Please, Miss Brittney, please! You have no idea how badly this is killing me! I have to cum! I can't even think! Please, it's agony! Please, help me!"

Brittney blanches to a deathly pale. She freezes, staring hard at the withering Rita, not really believing that Rita would dare ask her.

A few seconds go by. Rita begs again. "Please, Miss Brittney, please! Help me! Please, just pound my ass with that toy! Please, Miss Brittney, I'll do anything you want me to! Anything! I don't care! Please, Miss Brittney, please HELP ME! Pound my ass so I can cum before I die! Oh, FUCK! Please, help me, miss Brittney, my pussy is throbbing so badly I can't stand it! Please ram that thing in my ass for me! Please!"

Brittney glares at me. She definitely hasn't figured out that I told everyone else not to. She's thinking none of them want to do it any more than she does. She's more asking me to do something for Rita so Brittney won't have to make a choice. I do what I'm best at. I ignore them both and go right on teasing Rita's asshole with my feather.

"PLEASE!" Rita screams out more desperately than ever. "PLEASE

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MISS BRITTNEY, I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT ME TO! PLEASE, MISS BRITTNEY, I'LL CUM SO QUICKLY, JUST POUND MY ASS WITH IT FOR ME! PLEASE, DON'T MAKE SUFFER THIS ANY MORE!"

Brittney cringes. And she figures out that she doesn't have a choice. If she doesn't do it, Rita will be left there until I decide to end it, and that could be awhile. She reaches out, her hand very reluctantly going to the base end of the toy. She puts her fingers to it gingerly, deftly keeping them from touching Rita's bottom. Then Brittney averts her eyes.

She starts moving the toy. Rita's tautly stretched asshole grips the shaft snugly, holding it, and making it hard for Brittney to move it with just the tips of her fingers on it.

"THANK YOU! THANK YOU! JUST RAM IT. POUND MY ASS HARD, MISS BRITTNEY, PLEASE! YOU WON'T HURT ME. SLAM IT UP MY ASS!" Rita screams out desperately.

Brittney takes her hand off the end of the shaft. She cringes even harder. Then she slaps her hand hard on the end of the shaft driving it hard into Rita's bottom. It's a decent hit. Enough of one that Brittney's hand slaps against Rita's globes, too.

"UGH!" Rita grunts out hard, and loudly. It's a grunt that announces that it isn't so comfortable for her having it pounded into her like that. But as she's grunting out, her body shudders hard.

Now she's lying flat, kind of anyway, on her stomach. It's a position that her bowel pulling hard as if it wants to bend the toy slightly just inside her asshole. But it can't bend. Instead, it pushes the toy firmly against the backside of her aching pussy walls.

"YES!" Rita cries out immediately after her hard grunt. "THANK YOU, MISS BRITTNEY! PLEASE, GIVE IT TO ME HARDER!"

"Ew!" Brittney says under her breath. But she slams her hand down hard on the base of the toy again.

"UGH!" Rita grunts again, her body now shuddering continuously.

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Brittney doesn't make Rita beg again. She slams her hand down on the base of the toy again. Rita grunt from it, shuddering hard. "PLEASE! SLAM IN UP MY ASS! HARD!" Rita screeches as Brittney is lifting her hand for another swat.

Brittney slams her hand down again. It lands hard enough that we all hear the slap as Brittney's fingers spank Rita's bare bottom.

"OW!" Rita shrieks out, her voice still throaty and deep.

"This is what you get for keeping secrets!" Brittney loudly scolds. Then she slams her hand down hard. She slams it down four times, in rapid succession. Each stroke not only rams the toy hard into Rita's bottom but lets Brittney's fingers spank Rita's already red cheek.

"MM..." Rita cries out through clenched teeth. Another fast, hard stroke from Brittney rams the toy hard into her bottom. "AH!" Rita breathes out in the loudest, most satisfied cry. Her body falls loose and spent on the table. But not still. Her body trembles hard as it lies there. Hard enough that she snaps her legs against the ropes holding them. And that's it. She lies there, twitching and trembling sharply. Her pussy almost runs the honey is flowing so fast to cover her mound and pool on the table. It takes a couple of minutes for her breaths to start sounding normal again. Her body is still sweaty and flushed, and still trembling lightly. Her eyes are closed.

Brittney steps back the instant she realizes that Rita just came, and came well, from having that toy pounded in her bottom. "So the SLUT!" Brittney says to all. Rita isn't hearing it, or anything else. She's too busy drifting through her bliss.

Brittney quickly, and quietly shirks away from the table.



Chapter 06: Goodbye, Slut

Chapter 06: Goodbye, Slut

It takes Rita about ten minutes to get her wits back. By the time she does, I have the chair gone and I have Rita fully untied. Even the cuffs are off her hands. I had one of the guys, a volunteer, pull the toy from Rita's bottom. Rita didn't even react to it. She just lies there.

I have the little stool sitting in the center of the "stage," the empty place at the front of the room. Once Rita is back with us enough that she can move on her own, I quickly, and firmly, order Rita to sit on the stool.

I have to scold her sternly to get her to sit up properly. The way I make all women sit. With her legs crossed right over left. Her back rigid and straight. Her eyes forward. And her hands lying in her lap, palms upturned, the sides of her hands flush against her bare pubes. Naturally, I have her sitting there naked.

I decide to offer the audience a little question and answer session. Each person gets to ask Rita a single question. Anything he or she wants to ask. Rita will answer it fully, and honestly, regardless of how intimate, personal, or private it is. And I make it clear to Rita that I don't care how embarrassing the question is for her. I don't care if it's utterly humiliating to publicly answer. She will answer.

My neighbor, Mike volunteers to go first. He asks Rita "how strong was that orgasm?"

"It was by far the most intense orgasm I've ever had, Sir." Rita answers.

Joey quickly raises her hand. "Did it hurt to have that toy pounded up your bottom, slut?" I'm sure it's Mike's question. Joey's done enough anal sex that she knows the answer to that. I'll bet she heard him thinking aloud about what to ask, and picked a question that he hoped someone else would ask.

"I... Uh... don't know, Ma'am. All I can remember is feeling the hot tingles in my pussy, the ache to cum. I don't even remember feeling it in my butt, Ma'am."

"Now that you've done that, would you like to try anal sex?" Kim

asks. This, I think, is curiosity on Kim's part. I doubt she's done that.

"Yes, Ma'am," Rita answers, "I think I would like it a lot, Ma'am. Especially if I came anywhere close to that hard!"

Brittney waits until last to ask her question. "Why didn't you ever tell me you weren't my mom?"

"I AM!" Rita blurts out, and I see a tear roll down her cheek. "I'm sorry, Ma'am... I just never thought of it any other way. Your mom was gone. Your father and I both wanted to raise you as if you were our daughter. So I legally adopted you. They even gave us a new birth certificate. And then, you were my daughter! Mine!"

Brittney seems to accept that answer.

I pause for a few seconds. "Brittney," I ask. "I believe your mom promised you anything you wanted if you'd pound her bottom with the dildo. Clearly, she got what she wanted. Tell her what she now owes you for giving it to her." I can't help myself. I'm smirking wide. I'm sure Rita wasn't expecting to actually have to do much of anything. And definitely not so publicly. Now, everyone here will know what Brittney makes her do.

"All my chores. For a week. And no skimping. I'm going to watch!"

"Yes, Ma'am," Rita answers quickly, a lot of relief in her voice. I guess she was thinking that Brittney might be evil enough to make her do something worse. Or something slutty. I think Brittney is that evil. I think she didn't only because she's not yet comfortable seeing it. Otherwise, Rita might have been in for a very slutty night. A night that somehow benefited Brittney.

I go get Rita's clothes. I give the pile to Brittney, not Rita. And I leave Rita sitting on the low stool watching me give Brittney her clothes.

Then I stand beside Rita and look down upon her, staring hard at her. "May I assume that you've found my dress code and rules on my website?"

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"Yes, Ma'am," Rita answers.

"Good. Then as of now, there's no excuse for you not following them. Is that clear, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Good. From now on you will email me every evening just before bed and tell me about your day. I expect to read about that slutty pussy in every one.

"You may not read any more of my stories. When I publish one, I will send it to Brittney. She may decide if you may read it. If she allows you to, you will read it while she watches you.

"You may not masturbate. Period. Without my permission. I'll allow a single exception to that. After you finish a story, you may masturbate only on two conditions. First, you are totally naked when you do it. Second Brittney watches you. If she's not willing to, then you're out of luck.

"You will come here immediately when summoned. Or when Brittney tells you to. And I mean immediately.

"Oh, and you may not date anyone unless he asks Brittney's permission first. If anyone asks your skanky butt out, you must tell him that Brittney decides who you date and that he must ask her. And give him her phone number. If she says go, you go and behave like a good date. I don't care if you like the guy. Brittney will tell me, and I will tell her, what you may do with the guy. And you will do whatever she tells you with him.

"Now, do you understand that, or shall I spank some sense into you?"

"I understand, Ma'am..." Rita answers, casting a wary eye at Brittney. I guess she knows how evil Brittney can be and imagines that she's going to be doing a lot of chores, or worse, for Brittney in the future.

"Good. Sometime next week, when I have the time for you, I will

tell Brittney and she will bring you here for a very good, thorough, enema to clean that filthy bottom of yours out.” I grin wide and turn to Brittney. “You can think about whether she needs a huge enema, an extra huge enema, or an elephant-huge enema. She can have whatever you think will fully clean that dirty bottom out.”

Rita cringes hard as she hears me tell Brittney that she can decide how big, and thus how uncomfortable, the enema will be for Rita. As if she already knows Brittney is going to make it bad.

“Won’t that enema make such a nice video?” I sweetly tell Brittney. Brittney doesn’t look thrilled by the thought of it. But I think there’s enough of an evil smirk on her face that she’s already thinking about how she can use the upcoming enema to her advantage.

I tell Brittney that she may take Rita home now, or whenever she wants. Like a good slut, Rita can sit on the stool until Brittney is ready to leave. Before Brittney can do anything I have Paige offer her more nachos. She declines. She tosses Rita’s clothes to her and snaps for Rita to get dressed quickly.

Just as quickly, Brittney gets Rita out of there.

I ask Mike if he likes Joey. He says he does, that she’s very pretty and extremely nice. And smart, too. That he’s enjoyed his afternoon with her for a companion.

I ask him if he’d like to take her out tonight. He says he would. I snap my fingers and summon Joey. “Mr. Tremaine will be taking you out tonight. Go with him and behave until he returns you.”

“Yes, my Queen,” Joey answers in a very sugary voice, “thank you so much, Ma’am!”

She takes Mike’s hand and lets him lead her away. I’ve already given her instructions. I did it before Mike arrived. I’ve told her that after their date, she’s to tell Mike that I said he may return her anytime between now and morning. Then, very sweetly, she’s to add that she’s hoping for the morning. If he keeps her, she’s to behave.

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Joey knows what I mean by behave. I'm giving her body to Mike. She's to do whatever he wants. The happier he is with her, the happier I will be with her. If he's not thrilled, I will be disappointed. She doesn't want me disappointed in her. It's not the first time I've given her away. She always performs very well. Obviously, she likes it.

I suspect Mike will be thrilled. What 30-something man wouldn't be thrilled with an 18-year-old woman with a firm body to play with? Especially a woman with serious slut skills who is thrilled to put them to use.