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Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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

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Prologue:

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

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

I'm petite. Actually more "tiny" that 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

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

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

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

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

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

I also have a circle of five other women friends, all of whom are Dommes as well. Andrea (26), Janelle (35), Colette (39), Diane (43), and Olive (44). we usually get together every couple of weeks for coffee and

a little chat about who's doing what to whom lately. We sometimes share, or loan, our toys to each other, but not that often. Sometimes we do a favor for each other, such as providing something different for a toy. Mostly we do what girls do: we gossip.

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

Tonight is a favor to my Dom friend Nikolai and his quasi-girlfriend, and Domme, Dianne. He'd called me about a week ago with the story, and it was a long story. I'm not even sure I remember all of the friend-of-who's involved in it. I think there's a full six degrees of separation between Nikolai and the girl he was calling about. But Nikolai is a pretty good friend of mine. And us Russians do have to stick together! Honestly, I would do this much for any of my Dom/me friends if they asked. It's nothing to meet with a new, prospective toy.

The toy in question is a barely-eighteen-year-old girl named Molly. I haven't had the chance to talk to her yet. I have spoken with her mother, Renee. She's the one who called me. She's the one who told me the story for the second time, this time with more detail.

Molly has always been a slightly bratty girl, according to Renee. Actually, it's more like she's two girls. Sassy and obstinate with her parents, but eager to please with her friends. The kind of girl who is strong-willed and bossy at home. The kind of girl who is a follower and goes along with whatever when she's with her friends. None of which is exactly atypical of a teenager.

According to Renee, the "problem" started about six weeks ago when Molly started seeing a boy named Nate. He is, in Renee's words, a "complete loser and likely future felon." Then, a week or so later, Renee overheard Molly talking with one of her friends. To Renee, Molly sounded exactly like Mandy, a friend of Renee's who is a sub, and rather open about it. Renee overheard Molly saying things like how she didn't care what she had to do. She'd do anything if it would make Nate smile. That's all Molly wanted, to make Nate happy. Unfortunately, Nate is exactly the kind of boy who would take advantage of that. The kind of boy who would monetize Molly while keeping an actual girlfriend on the side that he actually liked. At least according to Renee.

Talking to Molly herself would be futile, and Renee knows it. Molly would do the opposite of whatever Renee wanted just to prove to Renee she could. So after talking with Mandy, and Mandy's owner, someone came up with the bright idea of introducing Molly to a

Dom/me. Nikolai came up with the bright idea of that being me. He figured since I'm only a few years older than Molly, that she might listen to me better than a middle-aged Dom/me.

I agreed to talk to Molly. That's all I've agreed to do, too. I could talk to Renee until doomsday and I'll never get an accurate picture of Molly. I'll get a picture of Molly as Renee sees her, not as Molly sees herself. And the latter is the only one that matters.

This afternoon I'd gotten a panicked call from Renee. She told me that Molly was planning to go out with Nate again, tonight. He was going to pick her up around six. Molly doesn't know where he's taking her, or if she does, she's unwilling to say. Either way, it's not going to be someplace Renee would approve of. If it were, Molly would say. She won't say. When she called me, Renee was in tears. It was the usual parent's line of "I just don't know what to do with her!"

I told Renee that I would be there at five to talk to Molly. What I couldn't promise her is that Molly would hear a word I had to say. She is, after all, eighteen now. And that's something she's not the least bit shy about reminding Renee of. So typical!

Renee is the one who meets me at the door. Molly is nowhere to be seen. I've brought Sophie, my 19-year-old live-in slave-girl with me. She's my personal handmaiden. I take her everywhere. And it's obvious to the world that Sophie is my slave.

Sophie is a somewhat petite girl. She's 5'4" and 118 pounds. She has long, curly, honey-blond hair and green eyes. She has perky B-cup breasts that I like to flaunt. And I know Sophie likes it when I flaunt them, and, or, the rest of her body. I've left her dressed in what I call her slave-girl uniform. It's an all-lace stretchy-dress that tightly hugs her body from those pert breasts down to maybe an inch beneath the bottom curve of her behind. Today's dress is pastel pink with frilly white lace trim. She has matching lace fingerless gloves. She also wears kneehigh boots with four-inch heels and sides made of stiff lace instead of leather. And a plush fabric horseshoe clip to hold her long hair back. It's all in the same shade of pink. But what truly marks Sophie as my slave is

the pastel-green, white-lace-fringed, soft leather collar locked around her neck with a shiny brass padlock. And the dog tag hanging from it announces that she's my property and offers a reward if she's found astray. And now, the matching green leash that's clipped to Sophie's collar.

Renee just stares at Sophie for a quick moment. She immediately recognizes Sophie for the slave she is. She politely invites us in. She babbles on, telling me that Molly is locked in her room getting ready for her date. That Molly might, probably, won't be happy about being interrupted. She shows us the way back to their living room and points me to Molly's closed bedroom door. I catch sight of her husband, Molly's father, sitting on the sofa and pretending to watch TV while he really watches me and eyes Sophie over. I can't blame him for that. Sophie has some rather lithe and attractive legs. With thighs that are now bare on display. Too bad he's too far away to really check Sophie out. The lace of her dress doesn't really hide much. It would just make him look a little harder to see through it. Then he'd notice what Renee undoubtedly already has. That Sophie doesn't have a bra or panties on under it. He'd probably notice that her pubes are smoothly shaven, too. And that her pussy mound is rather puffy. I can make it out nicely through that dress. And Sophie knows it.

Sophie is carrying a rather large duffle bag that I keep a selection of toys in. It's the bag I keep ready for when I visit toys somewhere besides my playroom. She's also carrying my favorite crop. It's pastelgreen with delicate white lace trim. It was my first crop. It was a present from my mom when I turned eighteen. She knew just what I wanted! Sophie hands me the crop.

I tell Renee to wait on the sofa with her husband while I go "introduce myself" to Molly. I hope I've made it clear to her that I do not want them to interrupt, no matter what they hear. Because Molly won't have any idea who I am or why I'm invading her bedroom. She's going to object! I don't usually tolerate objections. Molly will get one. But only one.

Bedroom door locks are far from secure. Most of them are easily opened from the outside. Molly's isn't any different. It has a little pinhole in it. I just have to poke a paperclip into the hole and press on a little spring-loaded tab. That's all it takes to release the lock. And it's exactly what I do. Do quietly. Then, holding that tab down, I turn the handle. I shove the door open quickly and leave it open as I step in.

"What the fuck!" Molly blurts out as she hears her door open. She snaps around, ready to screech at her mom. She sees me and blurts "who the fuck are you? Get out!"

I stand there and stare hard at Molly for a second. Molly screeches even louder for me to "get the fuck out!" Only now, I can see her face as she screeches at me. Her face is a mask of anger. But under that mask, there's a nervousness. Not just the fear of being broken in on, but also the uneasiness of not knowing what to do about it. I take a step forward, towards Molly, without a word. The mask starts to crumble a little more, showing more of that nervousness beneath it. Her eyes lock on me. It doesn't take them long to see the whip in my hand. Her eyes lock on that, watching it closely. And very warily.

"You are going to listen to me, Molly," I tell her in a very firm, but not loud, voice. "I am not asking. You will listen. You may either sit on the foot of that bed and listen like a good girl, or you may wait until after I've spanked you and sit on the foot of that bed with a sore bottom. That is the only choice you have. Now, sit." I stare at her hard.

"MOM!" Molly calls out loudly. "DAD!"

"They're not coming. They've left you to me. I won't repeat myself again. I said sit. Now sit." I say sternly, glaring at Molly. I gave her this one objection. But now, if she's decently intelligent, she should have figured out that her parents truly have left her to me. And thus, they know who I am and why I'm here. And approve. Otherwise, her panicked squeal would have brought her dad running with some weapon in his hand. At least I hope it would have. It was that "come save me" kind of squeal.

Molly glares at me for a second, her face more nervous than angry

now. She starts moving very slowly, her choice made. She sits on the foot of her bed. But she never takes her eyes off of me. Or my whip.

I do nothing for a few seconds. Molly watches me carefully. But after a few seconds, she sees that she has a few seconds. Her eyes take that chance to dart around the room. That's when she catches her first sight of Sophie. Still on her leash and smiling wide. Molly's eyes dart back to me, but they can't stay there. They keep flashing over to eye Sophie. The nervous look on Molly's face deepens. But now I see a little twinkle in her eye, too. Especially when she's looking at Sophie.

I step close to Molly, invading her space, without touching her. I already know that Molly has no idea what discipline is. Her parents have been far from stern. And I just know that Nate the kind of boy who knows only one trick, do what I want you to, or I'll dump you. I hate that! It is the epitome of amateurish!

"Obviously you've never been taught any manners!" I snap at Molly. I use the tip of my crop to very softly tap Molly's knee. "Ladies sit with their legs crossed."

Molly almost jumps at the light tap of the crop. Her eyes pop wide. She immediately crosses her legs as I tell her to.

I tap her back, just as softly, with the crop and tell her to sit up straight. This time she more flinches than jumps. She also straightens up rather quickly. I tap her hands and firmly tell her to put them in her lap. She does. I tell her to focus on me. To give me her attention. And only me. Nothing else concerns her.

She called out loudly for her parents. There should be no question that they heard her. And by now there should be no question that they're not coming to save her. She's on her own with me. She looks at me, but I can see her eyes darting over to Sophie every second or so.

"I am Miss Rodgers," I tell Molly in a very soft, slightly sweet voice. I even smile slightly. "This is what you need to know. This house and all those in it now belong to me. Since you live here, that means I own you, too."

Molly looks shocked. Slightly horrified, too. But she still pays attention to me, listening and watching me with a trace of interest on her face. I wondered if she might run away, or scream for help. She does neither.

"Are you a virgin, Molly?"

Molly blushes just slightly. I'm pretty sure it's not the question she expected me to ask first. Or at all. She hesitates for a second. Then she sputters, "yes..."

"You rude bitch!" I snap sternly. I still haven't raised my voice to her. "In my realm, bitches are polite to their betters. For you, betters mean every sentient life form. When you speak to me, you speak very humbly and politely. Now try again. Show me that you're smart enough to spare your bottom a spanking." I hold the whip up in front of her eyes.

Molly trembles slightly. "Yes, Ma'am..." She answers with a note of question in her voice. As if she's asking me if that's polite enough for me.

"Much better," I tell her. "I don't know who this Nate boy is, but I can already tell I don't like him. You will not see him or even speak to him again. I am not asking. I don't ask anything. I tell. I am telling you what you are going to do. You do not get a say in it. You obey. You do not even get to ask questions, such as why. The answer is because I said so. I own you, so that's all that you need to know. Your only choice is how sore your bottom will be when finally accept that you are not going to see him again. And that begins now, this second. Your date tonight is hereby canceled. Do you understand that, bitch?" I stare right into Molly's eyes.

Molly's eyes moisten, but she doesn't cry. She sits. After a couple of seconds, her eyes drift down until she's looking at her knees. "Yes, Ma'am..." Molly answers reluctantly, but not too unhappily. It's a tone that makes me wonder if she was really into Nate, or if he was just able to pull her strings. That doesn't seem to be hard to do. I've known her less than five minutes and I'm pulling them efficiently.

"It's obvious that you've never been owned before. I will make it simple for you. I am your Queen. I own you. I own your body. I even own that pussy between your legs. You are nothing. Nothing at all. You do not matter. No one cares what you want or what you like. No one cares if you hate something. Or if it hurts. I care only that you obey your Queen. That you show me the proper deference, humility, and respect that I deserve. I will do whatever I wish with you. With your body. I won't even ask what you want. I will tell you what you will do. You will do. Isn't that simple? Disobey me, act like a sassy bitch, or pretty much anything other than obeying politely, and there will be unpleasant consequences. Queens are not known for tolerance. Queens are known for tossing disobedient peasants into their dungeons to suffer. I have plenty of peasants. You have only one bottom. Do you understand your place in the world now, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." Molly goes with the safe answer. The one that let her avoid a spanking last time.

"Were you planning to go out on a date dressed like that?" I ask with a heavy note of disapproval in my voice.

"Yes, Ma'am... Nate likes it..."

"So he has no fashion sense, and you have no decency." Molly isn't dressed badly at all. She has on a lime green tank top. I give her an extra point just because it's lime green. I can see the straps of a bright blue bra on her shoulders, too. She has on dark jeans with a low-cut waistline that leaves the tank top drifting along it, where it will flash just a sliver of skin when she moves fast enough. And she has sneakers on. No makeup yet. But I caught her with a hairbrush in her hand, so the makeup would have come later, once she had her hair done.

Molly has the GND, Girl Next Door, kind of look to her. She's not a beauty queen, but she's definitely attractive enough. She has a slightly oval, and slightly full face. She has long, light-brown or almost blond, hair that hangs freely down to the bottoms of her shoulder blades. She has radiant gray-blue eyes. She has a nose that's just slightly wide. She has a wide mouth, framed with moderately full deep pink lips. And

beneath all of that, she has a softly rounded jawline. She's pretty enough that I wonder why she's wasting time on a loser. She should have no problem getting dates.

"Obviously I will have to teach you how to behave like a proper gutter tramp since it's clear there's no hope of you behaving like a proper lady. On your feet." I wave to hurry Molly up to her feet.

That nervous edge is back instantly on Molly's face. She cautiously gets up to her feet. I quickly tell her to stand with her hands behind her back. Back straight. Eyes forward. She obediently straightens herself up.

I stand in front of Molly, this time giving her a little space. Not so much, but a little. I hole my crop in my right hand and lightly tap my left with it. It keeps Molly's eyes focused on my whip.

"Let's see what I've just bought. Take that shirt off." I tell her matter-of-factly, my voice soft but firm.

Molly's eyes pop wide again. She blushes, but just slightly. She looks more shocked than anything as if the idea of undressing or even taking her shirt off, in front of me had never entered into her mind. And it probably hasn't. Not yet. Her face is an open book. Since I walked in here, the pages have been turning so fast I can't keep up. It tells me that a billion thoughts have been racing through Molly's head, all of them too fast for her to really comprehends what she's thinking.

She moves a little slowly. But she lifts the tank top over her head. It lets me see that her breasts are ample, but I could already tell that with the snug tank top on. It shows me a fairly modest full-cup bra that almost completely covers her mounds. It's satiny, but not see-through. There's no lace trim to it, either. It also has wide straps. But it holds her mounds up well enough that I can see the wire under its cups. It's cute, but not to my taste. I prefer sexy bras on breasts.

It also lets me see that Molly isn't that big of a girl. She's maybe 5'6" and I'd guess about 140 pounds, but I maybe ten pounds off. She has shoulders that are lean enough for me to make out the outlines of

her collar bones, but not so lean that they look bony. She has somewhat straight sides with only a modest curve at her waist. But she has full, curvy hips. I can see a flat stomach, it's skin almost fully taut. I can see a slightly deep navel that's pierced. I wonder if her parents know about that. Probably. Less probably that they approve of it. Her arms look lean, but with enough fullness to them that they don't show much in the way of muscle or bones. Just her elbows and at her wrists.

"Good girl." I tell her as it's coming the last bit over her head. "now fold it up neatly and put it on the bed." I wait as she does that. She stands facing me. It takes her half a second to remember to get her hands behind her back, but she does it. So I let her get away with it.

I smile at her, showing her that I'm pleased with her performance so far. "now take that bra off and show me my new boobs." I say gently, but firmly. I picked the wording to reinforce to Molly that it's my body now. Not hers. That I will decide who sees what, not her.

Molly blushes again, but this time a hair deeper. She takes a deep breath and reaches behind her back to unclasp the bra. I see the straps fall away and notice that its wide strap has three clips on it, not one. That's fairly standard on the larger cup sizes. They need the extra support. She hesitates for a fraction of a second before pulling the straps off her shoulders and pulling the bra free from her chest. She hurries to fold the bra, holding it in front of her as she folds it up. Then she stands.

It lets me see those ample breasts. I'd guess she's a 34-D, maybe even a 34-DD. Her mounds are milky white with no tan lines at all. Then again, what I can see of her body is all the same hue. Her mounds look to be both firm and soft at the same time. They're well rounded, hanging on her chest with no sag or droop at all. They have smooth, curved undersides that rise straight from her chest, leaving no crease as they do. They also hang slightly to the outsides of her chest, leaving a wider-V of cleavage between them. They're topped with a pair of wide rings of medium-pink that has the faintest tinge of purple to it. And centered in each ring is an equally wide nipple. But a short nipple that

doesn't so much rise off her mound as swell up and poke its rounded tip up. Both nipples point slightly to the outside. Both nipples are as hard as rocks now, too, by the look of them. And it's not cold in here.

"Stay," I tell her firmly. "That means do not move." I give Molly a second to process the command. Then I reach my hand out slowly, putting it to her left breast. It's closer to me. I put my fingertips to her mound where it begins rising from her chest and slowly stroke them down. It lets me feel the silkiness of her skin.

Molly must like it. As my fingers near the colored ring atop her mound, I see goosebumps sprouting up throughout the ring. It pokes her nipple just a little bit more out at me. Molly stands there submissively allows me to feel her breast.

My fingers get to her nipple. I stroke a single finger over the tip of her nipple, feeling the slight roughness to its hard tip. Molly breathes a faint purr.

I slip my hand down along the underside of her breast, letting her mound come to rest atop my palm. I give it a gentle squish. It lets me feel the firmness of it, like a hard, wet sponge. All natural, too. Just soft enough that the ample mounds will jiggle nicely.

I let my hand caress its way back to the nipple. I take the nipple in my fingers, pinching it so gently and rolling it softly between my fingers. It doesn't take but a second for Molly to purr again. I keep rolling the nipple and, in a very honeyed voice, ask "What size bra do these boobs wear?"

"34-D, Ma'am..." Molly answers with a purr in her voice.

"I want you to answer me like a lady. A full sentence that tells me what you were asked, and the answer. Try again for me..."

"My boobs wear a size 34-D bra, Ma'am," Molly says sweetly.

"Good girl!" I tell her with a little enthusiasm in my voice. "I'll have you acting like a proper lady in no time for me!" I take my hand away from her breast. "Now take those jeans off and let me see the legs

I just bought."

Molly hesitates for a second, but this time she's only using the time to collect herself. It's clear she enjoyed having her breast touched. I wonder if it's a new experience for her or if she's gone that far with some guy. I almost ask her, but change my mind. I don't care. It's clear she enjoyed my touch. Or at least her breast did.

I wait as Molly slips her jeans off. It takes her a few seconds. They're a little snug on her bottom. It reveals a pair of long legs that have about one extra pound on each. It's just enough extra weight for the very top of her thigh to have a slight looseness to it. But not to have any flab. Not even to be big enough to hide the crotch of her panties.

Of course, it helps that her panties are red. They're low cut on her hips with narrow sides. And black trim at the legs and waistband. But most noticeable is the black cat embroidered atop her pubes with "bad kitty" around it. Cutesy, but not exactly the sexiest. Then again, I don't think any guys would complain about seeing her in them. I wonder if she shaves her pubes. I don't see any hairs sticking out around the edges of her panties, and these are small enough that I would.

Molly obediently waits for her next instruction. I think it's pretty obvious to everyone what her next instruction is going to be. The only thing left on her body is those panties. She tries to hide it, but I can see that she's slightly edgy as she stands there.

"Take those panties off and let me see my new pussy." I tell her to remind her that I own her pussy, too.

Molly doesn't blush this time. But she does have that nervousness to her face as she slides them down. More the nervousness of wondering what I'm going to think of the body she's showing me. Will I like it and approve of it, or deem it fat, or ugly... girls are so sensitive about that. Unlike if I were a guy, Molly knows she can't count on me being so glad to see a pussy that I will love whatever I'm shown.

It lets me see "barely a bush" atop her pubes. At the center, there's a dense tuft of brown tangles. But outward from there it quickly

thins to nothing. It's well-trimmed inside the creases of her thighs, and along its top. The dense tuft is just above the top of her slit. From there, I can see a fairly plump mound puffing down between her thighs, her lips covered with a fir that's neither dense nor sparse. But that is well-trimmed. It gives her slit a longish look to it.

"Turn around," I tell Molly. What I haven't done is give her what she wants, and needs, yet. Reassurance that her body measures up. That I'm not unhappy with it. And more so, that I'm happy with her.

Molly turns around. It lets me see that there's a little tattoo on the small of her back, now mostly hidden by her hands. I'll bet her parents were not happy about that! But that's not what I wanted to see. I wanted to see her bottom. And now I can see two fully rounded cheeks swelling out at me. Globes that have a slight softness to them. And a fullness that has her crack completely closed, the insides of her globes flush against each other. Globes that have a pronounced roundness to their bottoms.

I put my hand to one of her cheeks. This time, with her back to me, Molly can't see it coming. She doesn't know I'm going to touch her until she feels my hand on her bottom. It sends a light shudder through her.

I give her cheek a gentle squish, feeling its softness. It's a little softer than her breasts are. I guess those potato chips went to her bottom, and just her bottom. But not enough to make it look fat or flabby. Just full and soft. Her cheek is like a soft sponge in my hand covered with a rather silky soft skin. But under that sponginess, I can feel a firm muscle.

I let go of the squeeze and use my hand to tenderly caress her cheek. It doesn't take but a second for a fresh layer of goosebumps to sprout up and cover the globe. I give it another second or so.

I slowly move my hand around until it's at the top of her globe. I lift all of my hand from her bottom except for the tip of one finger that's directly above the top of her crack. I start drawing that finger down along her crack, caressing the inside edges of her cheek with it, but not

pushing it far enough between those cheeks to touch the bottom of the valley.

Molly shudders again. I'd bet it's the most erotic touch she's ever felt. The most teasing, too. I'd bet it's arousing her hotly.

"Good girl," I tell Molly. "Now turn back around."

Molly turns to face me. I smile at her. "You've been a good girl so far tonight." She needs to know that I'm happy with her. I knew it. And now I see it. The wide smile that blooms on her face as I tell her that I'm happy with her. Renee was right, Molly is a submissive. She's just a naive one. If she had any experience giving herself to another, she'd never stand for Nate's childish attempts to control her.

"Slave, find this whore something to wear tonight," I tell Sophie.

"Yes, Mistress," Sophie answers with a grin. She doesn't know what I have in mind for Molly. I'd never tell a slave anything like that. But I did refer to Molly as a whore. Which tells Sophie all she needs to know. It tells her I want Molly to look sexy tonight.

I stand there and wait. Molly stands there, nude and facing me, and watches anxiously as Sophie starts hunting through Molly's drawers and her things. Sophie finds Molly's underwear drawer and starts there. Molly looks slightly uneasy as she watches Sophie casually going through her panties.

Sophie finds a matching black bra and panty set. It's lacy and fairly sexy. And from what I've seen, it's the skimpiest thing in her drawer. Molly is definitely going to need a wardrobe improvement for this Queendom. I insist my peasant bitches dress like the whores they are!

Sophie goes to Molly's closet. She comes back with a black dress and high-heeled shoes. She folds it all neatly and makes a pile for me. Then she waits.

"Slave, do something with this whore's hair," I tell Sophie in a sweet voice.

Sophie hurries to get Molly's brush. She spends just a minute brushing the tangles out of Molly's hair. Then she hunts through the hair accessories that Molly has on her dresser. She finds a huge white clip. Sophie pulls Molly's hair back and puts the clip in it at the back of Molly's head. It holds Molly's hair back, showing off her neck and shoulders.

"Dress this whore." I tell Sophie.

Sophie doesn't hesitate. She gets the black panties she picked for Molly and kneels down to slip them over Molly's feet.

Molly blushes. A slightly embarrassed look sweeps over her face as if she wants to insist that she can dress herself but already has figured out that would not be such a good idea. She cringes just a tiny bit. I almost miss that. She starts to lift a foot to help Sophie get the panties on her. I just tap that foot with my crop. "I didn't tell you to do anything. Stand there. My slave will dress you." Molly quickly lowers her foot again.

A half-second later Sophie is lifting that same foot. Then the other. Then she's slipping the panties up Molly's legs and settling them into place on Molly's bottom. At least these have some lace trim to them. And they leave a slice of her cheeks bared at the outsides.

Then Sophie is putting the bra on Molly. She starts by pulling the shoulder straps over Molly's arms, then fastening the wide band behind Molly's back, but with the bra still off Molly's breasts. Sophie pulls the bra up, bringing the straps up onto Molly's shoulders. Sophie doesn't hesitate even the tiniest but to cup Molly's ample breasts in her small hands and settle them snugly into the cups of the bra. Molly flinches only slightly but doesn't seem to really mind, as Sophie handles her breasts. I can see that Molly's nipples stay very hard the entire time.

Sophie kneels again and puts the shoes on Molly's feet. She's been saving the dress for last. It's a fairly skimpy dress, one that's definitely appropriate for a date. It's silky, but it's a cheap fake silky. Like a dress from Wal-Mart. Maybe it is. There isn't much in the way of shopping in the area where they live. It has spaghetti straps for Molly's shoulders, then a deep V cut in the front to show off her cleavage. A

cleavage that the bra leaves mostly bare. It leaves a nice bit of her back bare at the top as well. It's a fairly loose-fitting dress. It hangs down to about halfway between her bottom and her knees, so it leaves a good bit of her legs bare as well. And in the three-inch heels she now has on, her calves are shapely with a defined muscle to them.

"There's only one thing left!" I squeal excitedly. Molly doesn't know me well enough to know that whenever I'm excited, she should be nervous. She just stands there, wondering what I might have to put on her now. I hold my hand out to Sophie, "a peasant's collar."

Sophie puts the collar, and a shiny padlock, in my hand. This collar is the one I reserve for the lowest forms of life. Those I haven't even decided are worthy of being trained to serve me. Or worthy of being given away to my Domme friends. It's nothing but a small piece of silver chain. I wrap it around Molly's neck, pulling it almost snug against her skin, but leaving a little room. I lock it on. It already has a dog tag on it that proclaims "I am the property of Miss Rodgers / If you find this whore unescorted, please call 251-509-1212 — REWARD." Once the collar is locked around Molly's neck, there are only about two inches of it left dangling free.

I clip a leash to the dangling bit. "Come along..." I teasingly tell Molly. I'm already leading her out of her bedroom by the leash. Molly has no choice but to follow her leash.

I walk her out to her living room. Her parents are sitting on the sofa. Both look very anxious as if they've been wringing their hands the entire time, waiting for some sign. I think Molly on a leash is a pretty clear sign. Walk Molly over and tell her to sit beside her mother. A stern look from me reminds Molly to sit politely. And when Molly does, my look changes to a wide smile. And that gets a smile from Molly. I hand Renee the leash attached to Molly's collar. She reluctantly takes hold of it.

"As you can see, Molly has no issues with being owned by me. I've told Molly she's not to see Nate anymore." I turn to Molly, "are you going to speak to that turd?"

"No, Ma'am, I promise I will not speak to Nate ever again." Molly politely answers.

"I hope not. I will be unbelievably disappointed in you if you do. Especially since I've decided to be kind to you tonight. I know you were expecting to have a date tonight. Since you've been so good for me up to now, I've decided you may have your date. Just not with that turd. Your date will be picking you up shortly."

Almost as if id' arranged it, the doorbell rings. I send Renee to answer her door.

A minute later Renee is showing a young man back to the living room. I can see on her face that she likes this boy. He's about 6'1" and 200 pounds, but all of that is muscle. He has short, sandy brown hair. He's rather handsome, too. And unlike Nate, this boy is properly dressed in khaki slacks and a button-down shirt.

He's also been very polite to Renee. He turns to me "Good evening, Miss Rodgers." He knows my name. He's not one of my toys. He's a frat boy I know from school. He's also the back-up kicker for the USA jaguars. It's not exactly the best position on a football team, but at least he's on the team. And maybe he'll even get to kick once or twice this season, for real, instead of in practice.

"Hey, Kent." I smile at him. I take the leash Renee set down when she went to get the door. I just wave with my fingers for Molly to get to her feet. Molly stands up. Already I can see the grin on her face, and the twinkle in her eye. Kent is a handsome man. "This is Molly. She will be your date tonight."

Kent smiles at her. "Hi, Molly, I'm Kent. It's nice to meet you."

I tap Molly on her bottom with my hand. I tell her what to say. "Hi, Kent. It's really great to meet you, too, Sir." She says it with a smile. And a little bat of her eyelashes that I didn't tell her to add in.

"I hear you're about to graduate next month."

"Yes, Sir," Molly seems to have no problem being polite, at least

not while I'm still holding her leash and the threat of my crop is fresh in her mind. "May I ask where you go to school, Sir?"

"I'm a junior at USA. I'm a dual major, social work, and sports management. I'm kind of hoping to make a career out of using sports to motivate disadvantaged youth to excel. What are your plans for after high school?"

"I only got in at the University of Mobile. My grades weren't quite enough for USA. I'm going to major in education. I'd love to teach school, Sir." Molly almost forgets to be polite. She's interested. And it shows. The words are gushing from her lips.

"That's where I've seen you!" Molly's father suddenly says. "You play for the Jag's, don't you?"

"Yes, Sir," Kent answers politely, "second-string kicker and punter."

Molly's eyes go wide. And the grin on her face stretches even wider. I can already imagine what she's going to be telling her friends. I won't be in that story. It will be how she dumped Nate to go out with a college football player. A cute one. What teenage girl wouldn't at least think about it?

"Have Molly back by ten?" I ask Kent.

"Sure thing." He holds his hand out to take Molly's hand. She eagerly gives hers. I unclip the leash from Molly's collar and Kent leads her away.

It's five minutes after six and Nate hasn't shown up yet. "What am I going to tell Nate?" Renee wonders aloud, but with a grin on her face that tells me, she's going to enjoy getting rid of him.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, Nate is going to be late... It seems he ran into some trouble on the way here."

Renee looks at me with a raised eyebrow. I don't elaborate. Renee lives in Escambia County (Alabama, not Florida), but her house is only about 100 feet over the county line from Baldwin County. And the

nearest major road dips back and forth over the county line. Unfortunately for Nate my friend Janelle just happened to be working a radar trap on that road this evening. Or actually patrolling that sector with her radar gun on. And maybe with a description of Nate's car... call me evil, but I'll bet Nate is having fun! I hope he likes dogs. Specifically drug-sniffing ones. I suspect he'll be meeting some of those tonight. When I told Janelle about Nate, she offered to help. She doesn't like turds either. She's helping the way cops help with everything...



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Now Molly is properly supervised. Kent isn't one of my toys. He isn't into D/s that much, but what guy doesn't like a girl who will do whatever he tells her to? I use him now and again, as I am tonight. At least during the times when he doesn't have a girlfriend. He knows that I will ensure he has a good time, if not with Molly then with another of my toys later. As long as he does what I want to be done. Tonight I told him to make sure Molly has a good, but chaste, date. He's taken enough girls out for me that he knows what I expect. He'll make sure that Molly follows my rules. Hopefully, the collar around Molly's neck will serve as a reminder to her that her date is all my doing. That she's only there because I want her to be. That I can take it all away as easily as I've given it to her. Hopefully, Molly will accept her place, that she's to obey the rules I've given her, like it or not.

I have four hours until Molly is due back. I suspect by now Renee is wondering what comes next. If I'll leave. If I'll be back when Molly gets home. Or if I'll leave Molly to her. I am definitely not going to leave Molly to her. As easily as Molly allowed me to take charge of her, tells me that Renee doesn't have it in her to take charge of Molly. The girl will walk all over Renee just as she has been doing. Probably as she's been doing her entire life.

The truth is that I don't have a set plan for the next four hours. Nikolai wondered if Renee might have some secret submissive fantasies of her own. I've wondered about it, too. It's not so often that a mother would hear a few comments by her daughter and figure out that her daughter was submissive and wanted to serve someone. It tells me that Renee has wither been around D/s a lot, or else she's been exploring it, reading stories online, watch (mostly fake) video clips, and maybe even chatting with people. That I've seen plenty of. Subs who either don't have the guts to just try what they're wanting to or those who don't know how to go about finding a Domme do things like that.

I've decided to just find out for myself. That's not to say that Nikolai isn't interested in the answer, too. Depending on what, if anything, excites Renee, there might be a place for her in his toybox, if I don't want her in mine. I'm here. That means I get dibs on all those

here. I think it's an unwritten rule.

I help myself to a recliner that has me sitting caddy-corner from the sofa where Renee and her husband are sitting, waiting. Both look slightly pleased. I think both with Molly's date, a boy her father definitely likes as her date, and with the polite manner in which Molly behaved for me. I'm sure Renee is wondering just how I so quickly got Molly to behave like that. I wasn't getting any of the sass she does from Molly.

"Let's cut to the chase," I begin. I'm talking to both of them. I'm using my firm, but still professional, voice. It's my "this is how things are, like it or not," voice. "You two are to blame for Molly. That girl hasn't a clue what rules or discipline are. Both of you deserve a very harsh punishment for letting her get away with so much for so long.

"I'll decide what to do with you later. Once I figure out for myself why you've been so negligent. Ken, you will sit on this sofa. You will not get up for any reason. Nor will you say anything. Just sit and wait for your turn. Renee, go with my slave." I wave to Sophie. I'd whispered to her what I wanted to do a few minutes ago, as soon as Molly was out the door. Sophie knows what to do.

Sophie hurries over to Renee. She reaches down and takes Renee's hand. Renee looks up at Sophie, a stunned look on her face. She quietly allows Sophie to bring her up to her feet and lead her to the kitchen. Sophie puts Renee in a chair beside the table, putting Renee's side to the table. It has her back to her husband, and on the sofa, he has his back to her. It will allow him to hear everything, but see nothing without disobeying.

Renee sits. As I take a seat on the same side of the table but facing her, I can see that Renee is fidgeting slightly in her chair. I don't have to tell her how to sit politely. Sophie did that for me. And that's how Renee is sitting, waiting on me.

I start by asking Renee a few mundane questions. Ones I don't care about the answers to. Questions that put her mind at ease. It takes only a couple of minutes for Renee to stop fidgeting and relax. My

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questions are nothing.

Then I start with the real questions. "When was the last time you had sex?"

Renee blushes lightly. Instantly she's fidgeting again. The look on her face tells me she's wondering what this might have to do with Molly. And that she's even more anxious that I might be going further than she was just starting to think I would. She answers that it's been last weekend.

I ask her when was the last time she masturbated. She blushes deeper. She averts her eyes from me. "Wednesday... " she answers me very quietly as if she's trying to keep her husband from hearing the answer.

I ask her about Wednesday. It takes specific and pointed questions for me to get meaningful answers out of her. But in the end, I know that it was Wednesday evening while she was in the shower.

With a few more questions, a blushing Renee tells me that she's experienced with oral sex, but refuses to do anal. Ken, according to her, likes oral sex. She doesn't care for giving it nearly as much as he does for receiving it. And she doesn't swallow. She doesn't mind getting, either.

Now it's time for the moment of truth. It's time to see whether Renee will submit or object. I tell her to stand up. She gets to her feet, standing with the back of her calves against the chair. I tell her to take her blouse off and put it on the table. It's the exact same thing I just did with Molly. Then I stare at Renee, waiting to see what she's going to do, but hoping that she gets the impression that I'm simply waiting for it to get done.

Renee, I've just learned, is 43 years old. I'm guessing that she's about 5'6" and around 135 or 140 pounds. She has the same light brown, almost blond, hair that Molly does. She wears it the same too, straight and loose, hanging down to the bottoms of her shoulder blades. She has a slightly ovalish face with a jawline that slightly angular features. She has some brilliant green, and slightly wide, eyes under

well-plucked eyebrows. She has a slightly long, and decently angular nose with sharp features. A wide mouth, framed with moderately plush medium pink lips tops off her face.

She's dressed casually today. She has on a pair of white denim jeans that are tight on her body, all the way down to where they end at mid-calf. Above that is a light cotton black blouse. It's not exactly dressing up to impress, but it does flaunt her lean body and ample breasts. I suspect that's what she was after. Otherwise, knowing that I'm a stranger doing them a favor they practically begged a friend to arrange, I would have expected a woman to dress nicely for company. But it seems that Renee has chosen to flaunt the best aspects of her body instead. It's something a slut would do at a party. Turning her body into a neon sign advertising what she's offering. It's one of several things that lead me to suspect Nikolai and I were right about her.

Renee hesitates for a few seconds, standing with a surprised look on her face. Maybe she wants this. But whether she does or not, she definitely did not expect anything to happen today. I just love surprising people.

After those few seconds, she reaches to the bottom of her blouse, a simple and snug pullover, and lifts it over her head. It reveals a satiny white bra. It too could have come from Wal-Mart, or maybe someplace just a notch better. It has a wide band around her chest and straps over her shoulders. It does have some lace on it, but only fringing the tops of the cups. Full cups that cover almost all of her mounds. Hers appears to be just as ample as Molly's. And from what I can tell with the bra on, hers appear to just as firm, too.

It also lets me see that her stomach is flat and toned. Plus she's a lean woman. Her shoulders are bonier than Molly's are. Slightly leaner. She has a good feminine curve to her waist, too. It lets me see the shape of Renee's arms as well; they're lean, almost athletically so, with a slightly noticeable musculature to them. I've already seen her moderately bony wrists and hands. She's a lean woman.

I doubt she's a stupid woman, so I'm confident she has a pretty

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good idea that I'm going to want more than her shirt to come off. Despite the look of surprise on her face. Maybe she didn't expect anything to come off, but not that it's started, I'm sure she can guess it's going to go further.

I decide to ask for her jeans next. Maybe it will let her tell herself that I won't ask for everything. Not that she wouldn't give me everything. I can already see that she's going to get naked if I tell her to. She decided that the minute I asked for her shirt.

Renee hesitates for just a second. It's short enough that I wonder if it's just for appearances, that she's not as hesitant to strip as she wants me to think she is. Or maybe that she wants Ken to think that she's reluctant to strip. Or doesn't want him to think she's so willing to undress. It takes her just a moment to wiggle the tight jeans down her legs and step her feet out of them. She hurries to fold them up and set them atop her shirt on the table.

It shows me more evidence of what I've started to suspect. Renee is wearing a pair of sheer white panties that are almost see-through. They're not the most modest panties. They're high cut, with lacy sides along the tops of her hip bones. In front, they have a long V of sheer fabric to cover her pubes. Through the fabric, I can see the darkness of a narrow, well-trimmed bush. It's not that dark, so I bet her fur isn't that dense.

Now I can see that her hips are lean and curvy. Her legs are just lean. They're well-toned, too. There doesn't seem to be an ounce of flab or fat on her. I don't see much in the way of loose skin, skin that's lost its elasticity, either.

I firmly ask for her bra now. Renee blushes slightly, but she doesn't hesitate more than a second to start reaching up behind her body for the clasp. It doesn't take her much time to unhook it and slip it off.

I'd say she's a 34-D. Her breasts are definitely ample. But age has taken a light toll on them. They're not quite as firm as I'd bet they once were. They look to have a touch of softness to them. And they lie

against her chest making a decent crease at their undersides. Her mounds hang somewhat to her sides, spreading out and forming a wide-V at her cleavage. Her spongy mounds are topped with wide rings of light pink-brown. Her nipples are rock hard. They're narrow, standing up like the tip of a pen or something. Not quite man-narrow, but not exactly wide, either. Not even as wide as a pencil eraser. The way her mounds lie on her chest has her nipples pointing somewhat outward and upward.

I don't touch her breasts. Not yet, anyway. I have something more intimate in mind for Renee. At least I do now that I can see how willingly she's stripping for me. I call for her panties to come off. She's expecting it. She still blushes slightly, but she quickly slips them down.

As she does, I keep an eye on Ken to make sure he's not peeking. He won't know how willingly her clothes are coming off, only that they are. I see a trace of tension in him, as if he's eager to turn around and watch the show, but is stopping himself.

It shows me that I was right. Renee has a youthfully toned and firm body. Her pubes are flat. I see the bush I could infer through her panties. It's narrow, more like a wide stripe than a triangle. But it flows down over to cover a fairly prominent pussy mound. I can already see long and wide lips. Her fur is rather sparse, more so because it's cut short.

I have no way of knowing what Renee wants, or what she'll react to. Some subs need me to be hard and cold with them. Others want me to be soft, more like a friend. It's not too important to me how I speak to them. Only that they obey. I decide to start with a mixed approach with Renee. I reach my hand up to her jaw and cradle it gently. I turn her head so that she's looking right at me. I stare into her brilliant eyes.

"Renee, is your pussy aroused right now?" I ask softly, but lacing a heavy note of firmness in my voice.

Now Renee really blushes. "Yes," she more breathes out, her voice is so muted.

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I sigh. "Where are your manners? You're standing here naked while everyone else has clothes on. Isn't that enough to remind you of your place in this world? My world. Don't you know which of us is the Queen and which is worthless peasant serf? Don't you want to respect your Queen, peasant? Now, try again. Be polite. And speak up so I can hear you." I add a little more firmness to my voice.

"Yes, Ma'am," Renee answers, raising her voice about halfway back to its normal volume.

I scold her again, insulting her manners, but also tell her how I want her to answer me. It's the same instructions I gave Molly. I add a harsh reminder to quit pretending she's so shy, and answer me in a normal voice.

"Yes, Ma'am, my pussy is aroused right now, Ma'am." Renee blushes deeply as she answers in her normal voice. A voice she knows Ken will hear. And now he will know that she's hot. I think she was embarrassed for him to know it. That made it more fun for me to make her say it.

"I think I'll just get a look at this body before I decide what to do with it," I say teasingly sweet. I tell Renee to turn to her side and face the table. To step back from it, then to lean over and rest her forearms on the table with her elbows at the edge. Then I have her scoot her feet back a little farther, pulling her back flat. It also gives me unimpeded access to the large mounds of her breasts dangling straight down from her chest. Finally, I have her pick her head up and stare at the wall across from her.

It gives me a good view of her firm cheeks, now pulled tautly. Her globes don't have the defined bottom curve that Molly's do. Renee's more flow outward as they rise from her thighs. But they rise into a pair of shapely, well-rounded cheeks. Globes that are not too big. Globes that fully meet, their insides only barely touching to close off her crack. Globes with no looseness to them, and firm hard muscles.

It lets me see just how long the lips of her puffing mound are. And wide. Her lips leet fully, leaving only a fine slit as they do. A long

slit. A slit that already glistens with the hint of wetness to it.

But that's not where I planned to start. I plan to start with those pendulous breasts hanging down. So I do. I firmly tell Renee to stay, telling her that means not to move or speak. To just stand there until I tell her otherwise. Then I cup my hand around the closer of her mounds.

Renee quivers slightly, but only once, as she feels my hand touching her bare breast. She stills. I give it a gentle squeeze with my hand, even though I don't have enough hand to fully encircle her mound. It lets me feel that her breasts are like wet sponges. Soft, easily squished, but with some firmness in them.

I keep a gentle hold around her mound. I put the fingers of my other hand to the tip of her mound, right atop her nipple as it stands down. Immediately I feel just how hard that narrow nub is. I stroke my fingers over it. I feel another little quiver run through Renee's body as I begin caressing her nipple. I feel the skin around the nub pull up, tensing and raising goosebumps atop her mound.

I keep my fingers stroking lightly atop her nipple. It doesn't take but a couple of strokes for me to see Renee start relaxing despite the fresh shiver sweeping over her. I give her another few seconds to get into the soft tease. "Now we know those breasts are eager for some attention, too!" I say softly, with just a hint of excitement in my voice. Then I take my hands away from her breast. And tease her other breast the same.

I pull on a pair of latex gloves, snapping them loud enough for her to hear me. I slide my chair around behind Renee. It has her pussy almost even with my eyes. Renee might not notice where my eyes are, but there's no way she misses my fingers as they gently take hold of her lips and open them wide.

Only once I've parted those plump lips do I finally see the thin, long lips of her light pink inner folds. Her pinkness is light. It's flushed hot and bright now, too. At the top of those long lips, I see where they flow together into a fairly small knot that nestles an equally narrow clit that's now straining hard to poke its head up. It's all wet, covered in a

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clingy layer of musky, oily, honey.

I can also see her moderately wide tunnel, its entrance flush with her pinkness. It's open enough that I can see about halfway into her depths. Her walls look to be soft and pulpy. They look to be hot, too. And they are definitely wet. With Renee leaning over the table, she's gaping just enough that I could ease a finger into her, my finger lightly gliding against her walls.

I decide to start with Renee's pussy. I very slowly start to ease a gloved finger into her tunnel. She shudders slightly as she feels my touch. My finger has barely started to enter her when I hear Renee let out a long, deep purr that she tries hard to mute. She fails to mute it. Fails badly. I'm sure Ken hears it from across the room. As my finger continues slipping into her pussy, I see more of those goosebumps erupt all over her lips and onto the creases of her thighs. They spring up hard, prominent, and faster than fast. Renee purrs a little more urgently. She shudders again, too, before my finger is halfway into her.

I'm a rather small woman. My fingers are equally short and slender. I slip all of my finger into Renee's pussy. I don't reach the back of her depths. I almost never do like this. I just don't have the finger for it. Nor is my finger wide enough to stretch her tunnel. Only to glide along its nervy walls. The light touch is plenty for Renee to feel it so sweetly.

I wiggle my finger. Just once, and it's a tiny wiggle. But Renee definitely feels it. A crisp shudder immediately racks her body. She moans out a loud, hungry, and slightly surprised, purr. It's a crisp enough shudder that it starts her soft breasts jiggling slightly.

"Oh, this pussy likes me!" I squeal loud enough for Ken to hear me. "Does this pussy want me to allow it to cum?" I ask. As I ask her I give my finger another wiggle or three. It gets a few more shudders from Renee.

"Yes, Ma'am..." Renee purrs out loudly, her voice deep and throaty. And very sensual. Laced with a good amount of urgent hunger, too.

"It looks as if I own you, too, doesn't it, my slutty peasant bitch?" I give them finger a few quick wiggles. They send very crisp shudders through Renee. She squeals out a loud, but throaty-deep, cry.

Renee's voice is almost all sensual moan as she finally answers "Yes, Ma'am..."

I slow my finger just a little. I can already feel her tunnel squeezing snug around my finger. I can feel sharp twitching tremors beginning to erupt randomly throughout those spongy walls. "Say it, bitch," I tell Renee in a very honeyed, and just as taunting, voice.

"You own me, Ma'am..." Renee purrs out loudly.

I slowly start slipping my finger out of Renee's pussy. Renee shivers erotically as it's moving through her tunnel, then groans out loud with frustration as it slips from her unsatisfied pussy.

I ignore Renee and release her lips. Before she figures out that means I'm done with her pussy, for now, I move my hands up and push her cheeks wide apart. They're toned and firm. Firmer than they look, which should say a lot. Renee's cheeks are taut and small and nicely rounded even as she stands straight up.

It bares a long, slightly narrow swath of darker flesh. Centered in that swath is the tiny, light pink, and tightly cinched ring of her asshole. I can see the myriad of little wrinkles around the ring of muscle, all flowing into a small little line, not much more than a pinpoint, of darkness at the center. Her ring neither puckers out nor funnels inward. It's more just flat with the valley of her crack.

I put a tiny dollop of lubricating gel on the tip of my finger and gently lie the tip of that finger atop the tight circle of wrinkles. I feel Renee suddenly still, and tense up a little, at the touch. Even my narrow finger is enough to fully eclipse the tiny ring of pink.

I press, gently, but also firmly. The light pressure is plenty. At first, I feel her ring clench even tighter. Then, with a hair more pressure, I feel it start to move inward and turn rubbery against my finger. Then her muscle starts to stretch, reluctantly opening just wide enough for

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my finger to start inching its way into the thick ring.

"UH!" Renee grunts loudly as her ring begins yielding to my finger.

It only takes my finger a couple of seconds to make it through the ring of muscle, its tip emerging into her bowels. The thin film of grease is plenty to keep my finger sliding along easily, even as her muscle squeezes against it.

Renee tenses up even harder as she stands there. She grunts out a few more "UH!s" as my finger continues sliding into her bottom.

I don't stop until the web of my fingers is flush against the outside of Renee's ring. It has every bit of my short finger into her bottom, allowing me to reach about two whole inches into her depths.

Renee stops grunting. Instead, she pants an unending chant of strained "Ah!s" She quivers very lightly on her feet. Her asshole clenches even tighter around my finger as if trying to hold my finger still. Her pants quickly take on a pleading, whining note.

I ignore Renee. I learned long ago never to listen to a sub. I pay attention to her body, not her. Her body won't lie to me. But it's too early for her body to be telling me much. So far, it's just saying that Renee doesn't want my finger in her bottom. It's not saying what effect it has on Renee.

I press the pad of my finger downward, using the slightest pressure. It lets me feel the thin membrane of her rectum and the paper-thin layer of smooth muscle beyond. And just beyond that, I can feel the hot, spongy walls of her pussy. From the backside as opposed to the inside of her tunnel, where Renee is used to feeling a touch.

I wiggle my finger slightly, stroking it gently over the backside of her pussy through the thinness of her rectum. Instantly I feel her asshole cinch to its tightest, squeezing my finger with all its might. She stops panting and chanting. Instead, she groans out a long, "MM!"

After about a second, maybe two, Renee starts to tremble.

Lightly at first, but by a second later her tremors have sharpened.

As she trembles I can feel a zillion little twitches erupting throughout the walls of her pussy. They're tiny. But they're countless. Each one like a hot spark to her, erupting then shooting along a nerve with an icy-hot chill. The twitches steadily grow stronger.

Renee manages to stand there for maybe ten whole seconds. Finally, she forgets her modesty and blurts out, her voice a near panic, "Please, Ma'am! Not like this!"

I slow down my finger, still stroking her just as tenderly, but a bit slower. I use my left hand to swat Renee's cheek hard, searing a light pink handprint onto her globe with the single swat. "Bad bitch!" I scold her. "No one told you to speak!"

Renee suddenly stops groaning and starts crying out very sensual, and even more hungry, moans. The kind of moans that shout "I have to cum, now!" My finger keeps teasing the backside of her pussy. A few seconds later Renee's bottom instinctively thrusts backward, trying to drive my finger into her bottom faster and harder. It's futile. My hand stays put, flush against the outside of her asshole.

I swat Renee's bottom again, searing a matching handprint onto her other cheek. "Stop being such a slut! Quit trying to fuck my finger with your butt!"

Renee stills for a second. She trembles sharper for that second. Then her bottom slams backward against my hand.

I stop teasing her. I have to. She's getting too close to an orgasm I don't want her to have. At least not yet. She's done nothing to earn it.

Renee cries out with the frustration of being stopped so close to the grand finale. Now I feel her asshole spasming around my finger. Her bottom squirms for a couple of seconds as if trying to find my finger again.

"That slutty butt wants to cum on my finger, doesn't it, bitch," I ask Renee tauntingly.

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"Please, Ma'am, please! Don't make me cum like this! Not my butt, Ma'am, please!"

I move fast. I yank my finger out of Renee's bottom. She squeals a cry of surprise as it's pulled from her tensed muscle. I reach up and grab her by the hips. I pull her over to my side and shove her down to her knees. She cries out again from the surprise of being roughly manhandled by little me. I grab Renee's long hair. With a sharp yank on her hair, Renee comes forward over my legs, rising slightly off her knees as she does. I pull her all the way over my knees.

Renee squirms hard. Her hips wiggle atop my thigh. Her hands flail around. Her legs do, too. For the first couple of seconds, I don't think Renee realizes what's happening to her. And that's plenty of time for Sophie to put the hairbrush in my hand. It's one of my favorite paddles. It's a real, old-fashioned, wooden hairbrush with an oval-shaped head about four inches long and two inches wide.

I crack the paddle hard against Renee's cheek, searing a medium pink oval spot on her milky white globe.

Renee cries out a loud "OW! That hurts!" Her bottom wiggles more energetically as the sting of the swat shoots into it. Her left shoulder lifts up as if she's trying to get up off my lap.

I shove her shoulder back down firmly. I've already got the paddle raised back up for the next stroke. I decide to teach her a lesson the hard way. I swat her other globe, landing this one a little harder and searing a little brighter spot onto her cheek.

"OW!" Renee cries out again. "Please, Ma'am! Please, don't spank me!"

I swat her bottom again, this time the stoke a little harder and landing on the first cheek. Her cheeks are small, not leaving me much room to spread the sting out. This stroke overlaps slightly with the first, creating a small strip of flesh with a double sting to pain it.

"OW!" Renee cries out with a little more pain in her voice. And a lot more nervousness. "Please, Ma'am! I'm sorry! Please don't spank me

anymore! It hurts too much!"

I swat her again, this one even harder. It leaves a spot on her cheek that's more of an angry red than pink. A spot that definitely stings her even worse.

Renee cries out another "OW!" then she sobs lightly, letting me hear her almost crying. But she doesn't say anything. "Stay, bitch! This is what naughty bitches get. Spanked like naughty little girls. I asked you a question. You begged. You did not answer. Now, enjoy the spanking you earned, bitch. Three strokes, and you will lie still and silent for them."

I swat her again. She cries out. I swat her again. Renee cries out again. I give her the third swat she earned. She cries out again. It leaves her crying for real. It's not a full-out bawling, but it is a decent cry. It leaves her still over my knees, too. And she never said a word for those three strokes.

"I warned you. I am a Queen who demands obedience from her peasants. And I believe in firm discipline for naughty little bitches."

With Renee still turned over my knees, I shove my finger between her cheeks, putting it back atop the tight ring of her asshole. Then I press gently. Renee lies there, still sobbing away, as her muscle turns rubbery and allows my finger to slip back into her bottom. She grunts again between sobs.

I start teasing the backside of her pussy walls again.

Renee stiffens up, her body turning to steel as she lies over my thighs. It only takes a second for me to feel her asshole start spasming around my finger again. A second later I feel the twitches erupting throughout her pussy walls again. And this time they're far crisper than before. Renee cries out a loud, throaty-deep, and very sultry moan. It's a long moan.

Renee's moan fades. Her feet snap into warp speed and start kicking hard against the floor. Her bottoms tarts to wiggle ferociously against my thigh. Her sobs are forgotten, replaced by very needy and

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erotic moans.

"Does my new butt want to cum, bitch?" I ask her the same question.

"Yes, Ma'am..." Renee's voice is pure breathiness as she answers. And answers properly. I guess that spanking did teach her to behave!

"Did I give you permission to cum?"

"No, Ma'am!" Now there's a note of panic in Renee's voice. The question is enough for her to know what I'm telling her. She may not allow herself to cum without my permission. The stinging fire in her bottom is enough to remind her that she does not want to misbehave for me, either. I'm sure the panic is from wondering how she's going to hold that orgasm back while I tease her bottom like this.

Renee's hands fly off the floor. One grabs a leg of my chair. The other grabs my ankle. Both squeeze hard. Renee moans even more urgently.

A couple of seconds later her hips still. Her asshole stops twitching and steadily squeezes harder and harder around my finger. She cries out a pleadingly-desperate moan.

I stop teasing her. She cries out with frustration. I pull my finger slowly from her bottom, making her lie there and feel the finger being taken away. The finger she does not want to be taken away. The finger she wants to finish her off.

Once it's out, I take Renee's shoulder and use it to nudge her up onto her knees. I turn my head to look into her eyes. I point to the far side of the living room. There's nothing much there, just a little empty place next to an entertainment center.

"Since you've been a naughty bitch by not properly raising your little bitch, you will go stand in that corner. You are 43, so you get 43 minutes in the corner. Come along, bitch." I say teasingly sweetly as I'm reaching out to take hold of her long hair.

Her hair makes a great leash. I stand up, keeping hold of it. I start

walking to the corner. Renee scrambles up to her feet and quickly follows her hair to the corner.

When we get there I stop her and face her. I look straight into her eyes. "When is the last time you were sent to the corner, bitch?"

"I don't know, Ma'am..." Renee grimaces as she answers. "At least 35 years ago, Ma'am."

"No wonder you don't properly discipline your little bitch! No one cares enough about you to properly discipline you! Don't worry, bitch, you'll learn what real discipline is!"

I take hold of Renee by her hips and nudge her into the corner. I position her so that only her toes and the tips of her nipples are touching the wall. And I only have her nipples on the wall because her breasts are so big that there's no avoiding it with her toes on the baseboards. Especially with those nipples sticking up hard. I take hold of Renee's wrists and bring her hands up behind her back, telling her to leave them there. I nudge her head so that Renee is staring at the walls and nothing but.

"Now stay. You will keep your eyes open. You will not move, not even to scratch an itch. You will not say a word. You will not do anything except stand here and stare at that wall... and think about what discipline is and why Molly needs it. Don't worry about the clock. When your 43 minutes are up, someone will come get you out of the corner. Now behave."

I leave her there, turning my back to her. I take a couple of slow steps away from her. And now that I'm facing Ken, I look him in the eyes. "come along, peasant boy, it's your turn to meet your new Queen."



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Unless Ken is dumber than my BFF Ellie's pet goldfish, he knows that he's going to be getting naked sooner than later. I know he heard everything. He heard Renee undressing and her body being looked over. And I did just walk her in front of him naked. Her clothes are still neatly stacked on the table, too.

So there's no reason to wait to have Ken undress. No amount of mundane questions are going to get the idea out of his mind. He'll answer. But he's always going to know that he's going to get naked soon.

And I know Ken has a submissive streak in him. He just sat there, as I told him to, while his wife whined and groaned. He sat just as demurely as she moaned and begged for an orgasm without him, too. I've done this enough by now to have seen how men react to those things. He either wants to play, or he wants Renee to play and to be a part of her playtime.

Ken isn't exactly my kind of guy. He's not unattractive. He's not too old. He'll even make a decent toy. He's around 5'10" and maybe 170 pounds. It gives him a slightly narrow build. Not the muscular build I like on my guys. But he's never going to be my guy. Just my toy.

Ken has a decently oval face. I can see a wide and slightly long nose. I can see brown eyes. I can see a wide mouth framed with narrow light pink lips. He has a mustache and medium beard, but it's a dense full beard of mostly gray that used to be black. It covers his jawline too much for me to make out how sharp it is. He has short hair. That's still black.

I tell him to take his shirt off and start his own pile on the table. It bares a milky white chest covered with a light, and sparse, fur. It lets me see two small nipples that are a medium shade of pink-brown. But mostly it lets me see that he has a "dad" body. It's not muscular or athletic. It's moderately lean. I don't see much flab at all, not yet anyway. But I don't see any manly shape to it either. So, not the kind of guy who spends time in the gym.

I tell him to take off his slacks. It lets me see that his legs are in

the same shape as the rest of his body. They're slightly narrow. Their skin is slightly loose, as are the muscles underneath. They're covered with a slightly denser fur, all the way from his briefs down to his ankles.

Now for the fun part. I can already see a bulge in the front of his briefs. It's not a big bulge. More like somewhere between laughable (small) and medium. I tell him to take his briefs off. The first thing I notice is that his pubes are the only part of him that's not at least somewhat hairy. They have only the sparsest of fur on them. So little, and it's "peach-fuzz" light, that it more looks as if he shaves them. The second thing I notice is a pair of large balls hanging loose in a sack that's just as lightly furred. And a sack with skin that's a few shades darker than the rest of his skin, maybe with a little purple tinge to it.

The other thing I notice is his cock. It's far from the longest cock I've seen. I doubt it's much more than 4 ½" long. Nor is it thick. I'd guess the shaft is around an inch across. But it is circumcised, which I consider a plus. Foreskin just gets in the way of my access to that sensitive head. A fairly light head with a mostly pink hue to it. But what I notice is that his cock is as hard as a steel bar, and now standing straight out at me.

I stare at his cock for a few seconds, letting him see me looking it over. Then I turn my eyes up to look him in his. "Who gave you permission to allow that cock to be hard?" I ask him in a reproachful voice.

"Uh... no one, Ma'am..." Ken sputters his answer. But I see that he was listening closely to my time with Renee. He's already learned to be polite, and I haven't said a word to him about it. He heard me tell Renee.

"Then you must be having inappropriate thoughts about *me!*" I firmly scold.

"No, Ma'am!" Ken urgently blurts out.

"No? Then why is that cock so stiff? You're over here for me to decide what punishment you will suffer for neglecting your little bitch.

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Punishment isn't fun, so that shouldn't be getting your cock hard. I can't imagine listening to my bitch get spanked until she cried aroused you. So the only thing left is that you are having inappropriate thoughts about me. Or my slave. Or my new bitch over there. It doesn't matter which one it is. It's all mine."

I casually put my hand under his cock. My hand is flat, like a little table, with his shaft resting atop it. Even with it just lying on my hand I can feel it straining to its stiffest. I give Sophie a little hand signal that I'm certain Ken misses. Sophie doesn't. She quickly puts a wooden ruler in my hand.

"When I want this cock hard, I will tell you to make it hard," I say firmly. Then I crack the ruler down atop the length of his stiff cock. It's not a hard swat, but it's enough of one that Ken yelps and winces as it lands. But it's also light enough that it leaves his cock barely pink.

"We'll just wait until you, and your tiny little cock, decide to behave." I grin. I tap my foot, counting off five seconds. "Still having those naughty horny-boy thoughts, are you?" I don't wait for an answer. I snap the ruler down again. It easily lands atop every bit of his length with a light crack. He yelps again and winces even harder.

I don't say anything. I start tapping my foot again, counting off another five long seconds. It hasn't even started to soften, despite the two swats. I swat it again, this time getting a slightly girly squealed "OW!" from Ken. He shudders a little. It's just enough of a shudder to make his cock wiggle atop my hand. I start tapping my foot again.

Five taps later, Ken gets a fourth swat on his cock. His squeal isn't any louder, but it is girlier.

Five more taps of my foot and Ken is getting a fifth stroke of the ruler on his cock. This one is enough that, finally, I start to feel it softening up very slowly.

I start tapping my foot again. One tap this time. Ken closes his eyes. I snap the ruler on his cock. He squeals a loud and surprised girl "EE-OW!" His eyes squish shut. "I didn't tell you to close your eyes!"

His eyes snap wide open. I start tapping my foot. His cock stiffens up, what little softness he'd managed to get in it, gone. I give it four taps of my foot. He already got one before that last swat. But that swat wasn't for the stiffness.

I swat his cock again. He yelps. I start tapping.

It takes eleven swats of the ruler for Ken's cock to reluctantly soften up about halfway. It's enough to leave his eyes wet. It's enough that his squeals have gotten rather girly. It's enough that his cock has shrunk to under the four-inch mark.

"That's better." I grin. "Now make sure it behaves from now on. When I want it hard, I will tell you. Otherwise... don't be thinking about girls you have no chance of ever seeing, much less touching. Now sit."

The instant his bottom hits the chair, the same chair Renee used, I'm scolding him to sit properly. To sit up straight. To spread his knees and feet wide. To keep his hands behind his back. And his eyes on me, which is likely the last place he wants them. It's hard not to think about a pretty blond when you're staring at her. And that's what I want. I want it to be hard for him to "behave."

I start with the mundane questions. I learn little. I learn that Ken is 48. I learn that Renee is his fifth lover. I already know that he is only Renee's third lover. And that Molly is the only child they've had. I just assume that Ken looked far better in his youth, to land a pretty woman such as Renee.

Then I start with the more embarrassing questions. He confesses to masturbating about twice a week, which is also about twice as often as Renee does. He tells me he usually does it in the bathroom, alone, sitting on the toilet. How... not exciting.

I don't let it rest. I ask him when Renee doesn't take care of his needs for him. He tells me the same story as she did. They both have busy lives, and more often than not one of them is more interested in sleep than sex. In my mind, that's the same as saying that the sex between them has grown boring. And that explains something else to

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me: why both have been so eager to play. Both obviously have that submissive streak in them, but it's more than that.

Now I want Ken to misbehave. So I ask him so questions that will make him think about Renee's attractive body. "How tight is Renee's pussy on that needle dick?" is the first one. "Does it get wet for that little thing?" I know that Ken has never gotten to try anal sex, and wants to, so I ask him what he thinks Renee's bottom would feel like. He tries to say he doesn't know. I push, reminding him that I asked what he imagined. He starts telling me that he thinks it will be tight on his cock.

That's the question that makes his cock start stiffening backup. I don't let it get hard. Instead, I flick my wrist, sending the tip of my crop soaring through the air as it arcs downward toward his shaft. It moves so fast Ken doesn't even see it coming. The leather tip of it snaps lightly down on the bulbous soft head of his cock, shoving it down against the seat as it cracks.

Ken screeches a very girly, and pained, yelp. His eyes pop wide as he looks back at me with nervous eyes.

"Bad Boy!" I snap sternly, my voice matronly, like maybe a strict librarian would use. "Mind that horny little dick!" I start tapping my foot again.

Ken might listen to me. But his cock doesn't. The firm stroke on its tip only made it stiffen up fully. As Ken obediently sits with his thighs parted, it leaves his balls resting on the seat, fully exposed now that his cock is standing out again. With every tap of my foot, Ken looks even more nervous. Clearly, he knows what's coming after the fifth tap.

But that doesn't stop him from getting another stroke on the head of that cock. He yelps louder this time. Now that his cock is back to full rock hardness, I'll bet it hurt slightly more this time. I start tapping my foot again, noticing that the head of his cock is already more a shade of red than of its normal pink.

It takes three more strokes of the crop before his cock starts to soften up again. Ken sits there through all of his strokes, leaving his

cock bared for my cane. Tell me that's not subservient!

I wait until Ken's cock is fully soft. Now it's under three inches long, and no more than half an inch across. Well, maybe a hair more. As it hangs limp, it doesn't even reach the bottom of his balls. So underequipped. I can't help but wonder if Renee regrets the size of his cock, and if she misses the feel of a real one. A big one that will tightly stuff her pussy and feel so good.

I tell Ken to stand up so that I can "inspect what little cock he has."

Ken quickly stands up, keeping his hands behind him. His cock twitches just the slightest bit as he rises. But mostly it hangs limp in front of his balls. His eyes look down, watching me. I don't bother to get up from my seat. It puts his cock at eye level for me.

I take his soft cock in my hand. Instantly I can feel the blood start to flow. The cock starting to stiffen. "Behave!" I warn him firmly. It doesn't seem to do much good. I can tell that Ken is struggling to keep himself from getting aroused, but with my hand, even gloved, touching his cock, he's quickly losing the battle. His cock seems to have a mind of its own.

While it's still soft, and smaller, I wrap my hand around it and squeeze it tightly. Now I can really feel the blood straining to swell that cock up to its full eagerness. And I can feel my muscles working hard to keep it squished snugly.

I release my squeeze, again letting the shaft lie atop my flat palm. It immediately starts growing and stiffening. Sophie hands me the ruler. Ken winces hard, knowing what I'm going to do with it. Then he winces even harder and yelps lightly as it cracks down atop the length of his mostly hard shaft. I start tapping my foot again. It takes Ken four taps, and four swats, before his cock, now throbbing with both its ache and the pain, starts to soften back up. One more swat and it's back to its almost fully limp state.

I leave it where it is. I set the ruler across my thighs, where it won't be far from my reach should I need it again. With my other hand, I cradle his

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balls.

His balls are pretty big. They're hanging loose in their sack, giving me plenty of room to gently push them around. I know he feels them moving. I want him to. I want him to feel me "examining" his balls.

Ken doesn't seem to mind. Then again, I'm being tender with those sensitive eggs, so I'd bet he likes it. I can hear a light groan in his breathing, but it's not from me playing with his balls. It's from trying hard to keep that cock soft while I do. I don't think that cock minds the spankings it has been getting nearly as much as Ken does.

I spend at least half of a minute teasing his balls. He manages to behave, but it's obvious that it's a struggle for him. With them still cupped in my hand, I pronounce his balls to be swollen up. I add that's a sure sign of "long-term neglect" which I take to mean that he's not been fully satisfying himself with his hand. And maybe not with Renee's skanky pussy, I add.

I'm still holding his balls and his cock. "Now, let's see how neglected that prostate is. Bend over the table," I say in my all-business voice. I only tell him what's next because I know what sissies boys are about their butts. Isn't that so ironic? It seems like they all want to put their cocks in my butt, but whine if I want to put a little finger in theirs!

Ken does not look thrilled with the idea. He moves slowly and reluctantly as he turns to face the table and lean over it. I have to instruct him to step back from it, putting his elbows on its edge and getting his back flat with the floor.

His cheeks are covered with the same sparse fur that covers the rest of him. They're moderately loose, but not flabby. They do meet fully, the soft globes flush against each other to completely close his crack. I just use the finger of one hand to push those spongy cheeks apart.

It bares his dark purple-brown, dime-sized asshole. His crack has its own coat of the light fur, which leaves a few hairs surrounding the ring of muscle. But not on it. Not where the countless, and slightly

prominent wrinkles flow into a tightly cinched pencil-point of darkness. I've never been a fan of hairy assholes. This guy is so going to be shaving his crack if I allow him to hang around my toybox.

I squeeze another tiny dollop of lubricating gel atop my finger and lie my fingertip against Ken's asshole. Instantly I feel the muscle clench even tighter. As if that's going to stop anything! Not! "You will stay still and quiet," I tell him, still using that all-business voice.

Then I press lightly. Immediately I feel my finger starting to push into the funneling of his ring. I can feel the tension in his resistant muscles as well. It doesn't stop me. My finger slowly inches forward. As it does I can feel his ring yielding just enough to allow my finger to slip into its thickness. It squeezes snugly around my finger. My finger glides over the greased, wrinkly flesh as it keeps inching further into his depths.

Ken grunts hard as my finger stretches his muscle the little bit it takes to allow me through. He stands there, his legs and back tensed, and grunts soft, panting, breaths as I continue slipping deeper into his bottom.

He's still panting those grunts when I run out of finger to push into him, the webbing of my fingers flush against the outside of his asshole. I can feel his asshole clenched tightly around the base of my finger. I can feel the paper-thin wall of smooth muscle around his rectum lightly squeezing against my finger, too, as if trying to push me back out of his bottom.

In order to feel his prostate, I have to curl my finger into a U-shape. Ken feels that. He grunts hard as he feels my finger pulling up tight. I put a couple of fingers against the narrow strip of flesh between his dangling balls and his asshole. Then I lightly massage my finger against his insides. It doesn't take any time for me to feel the hard gland that's his prostate.

I focus my caresses on his gland. There's nothing between my finger and it except for the thin membrane of his rectum, and that does little to dull the sensations. It takes about five or ten seconds for Ken's

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stressed grunts to start turning into sweetening purrs. That's the same point when I see his little cock quickly explode to its full hardness as it hangs down between his thighs. As I pressed into his bottom, I couldn't even see his cock behind his sack. But now I can see the head of it twitching below that sack. And I have no doubt the shaft is at its full hardness.

"Oh, you shameless horny little boy!" I scold Ken. "That little cock can't even behave long enough for me to poke around up your butt! I swear, that cock likes it up your butt!" I go one stroking the tip of my finger over the swollen gland of his prostate for a few more seconds. As I do I feel his asshole squeezing even tighter around my finger.

"Now I'm going to have to spank you! That cock is just going to have to learn to mind its owner. Me!" I straighten my finger out, earning me another strained grunt from Ken. I very slowly inch it out of his bottom, giving him a minute to feel that and think about being spanked.

I pull my gloves off and have Sophie hand me the hairbrush. I summon Ken, telling him to come over to me and get his spanking. I have him kneel down at my right side. "Over you go, bad boy," I command him, pointing for him to lie himself over my thighs. Ken moves hesitantly as he stretches his chest over my legs. As he does, I use the back of my hand to just knock his cock up. Then, as he lies, it traps his stiff cock between his pubes and my thigh.

"You get six swats. Three on each cheek. You will be a big boy for your spanking. Lie still. No talking. And definitely, no trying to protect that flabby bottom. Just lie there and accept the spanking you deserve. Maybe next time you won't be so shamelessly horny!"

I swat his cheek. I give him a fairly hard stroke, not my hardest, but a good one that leaves a medium pink brush-print on his hairy cheek. He grunts, hard, and stiffens up. I guess he wasn't expecting a real spanking, just a little playful one. That wouldn't be a punishment!

I swat his other cheek, getting just as pained of a grunt from Ken.

I land the second round of swats about half atop the already

stinging pinkened flesh, and half atop the neighboring virgin flesh. Those strokes get me nice "OW!s" from Ken. They get his hips squirming around a little on my lap, too. I can feel them. And I can feel how they're rubbing the cock trapped between us. Now there no chance it won't be stiff after his spanking!

The third set of swats gets me louder, and slightly girlier, "OW!s" from Ken. They get him squirming pretty good, too.

As I could feel it would be, his cock is fully hard when I put him off my knees. His face is a little red, too, and it's not a blushing red. I'm paying more attention to that very stiff cock sticking straight out.

I scold him for the hard cock, scornfully adding that his spanking was punishment, and how shameless of him it was to try humping my leg while I spanked him. I start tapping my foot as Sophie fetches my crop for me.

I don't wait for the full five taps. As soon as Sophie hands me the crop I stroke the leather tip of it along the length of the cock, caressing it softly. I keep tapping my foot. "That cock just can't seem to behave, can it? How are you ever going to stand in the corner like the naughty boy you've been? Hard cocks aren't allowed in the corner!"

As my foot makes its fifth tap, I give the head of his cock a good swat with the crop. It's light, I'd never put too hard of a stroke there, but it's enough to leave a crop print that covers one full side of the soft head. It's enough to get a loud, girly, squeal from Ken and moisten his eyes. Unfortunately for Ken, it also gets a pair of crisp twitches, the excited kind, from that cock.

It takes six of those firm swats for the cock to go fully limp. But then, there's no denying that the head of it has to be stinging like he'd stuck it in a hive of angry killer bees. The tears coming from his eyes tell me that. As did the loud, very girly, shrieks he made with each swat.

Once his cock is completely limp, I have Ken stand up. Then I have Sophie fetch me a heavy, wide zip tie. Ken watches me with very nervous eyes, not understanding what I'm doing to him. At least not at

Chapter O3: Daddy And His Naughty Cock

first. I take hold of his limp cock and bend it up in a U, lying it against itself. Then I wrap the zip tie around it, just beneath the head, and cinch it down fairly tightly. Tight enough to ensure his cock stays fully bent in that U. And that will ensure that it can not get stiff. It might try to, but all that's going to happen is that it will strain against itself, rather unpleasantly for Ken, until it gives up.

I leave his cock bound up and walk him to a corner at the opposite side of the house from where Renee is still standing in her corner. I tell him that he has 47 minutes to serve there, and remind him of the rules as well. Then I leave him there. I have time for a quick cup of coffee before Renee's time is up.



When Kent returns Molly from their date I'm ready for them. It's all of five minutes before the 10:00 pm curfew I set for Molly. That alone tells me that Kent had a decent time with the girl. It's simple "date math." The more fun a boy has with the girl, the closer to curfew he brings her home. The five minutes is negligible. That's just Kent ensuring that Molly does get in trouble for being late. Clocks can be a few minutes off. And if she's late, she might not be allowed to date him again.

As I asked him to, he has Molly leashed when he brings her through the door. I'm sure the leash came off the instant he got her in his car and didn't go back on until he was parked in the driveway again. He's not the type to have his date on a leash. But I hope the snug collar around Molly's neck served as a constant reminder to her that she is now my property.

As he leads her through the door, Molly walks demurely behind him. As she should. She holds her head up, apparently not ashamed for us to see her leashed. She wears a big smile on her face, too. That tells me that she had fun with Kent. I hope she had a lot more fun with him than she was planning to have with "Nate the loser." I wanted her to. Slave lesson number one: her life will be much better if she selflessly devotes herself to my pleasure.

I meet them just inside the front door. I ignore Molly, instead of asking Kent "was this baby bitch a good bitch for you?" I want Molly to get the impression that I don't care if she enjoyed herself. I only care if she pleased Kent, as I told her to do. I want Molly to stop thinking of herself as a girl and start thinking of herself as my property. As a thing, not a person, that I will use as I wish without regard for it.

"Yeah, she was awesome," Kent tells me. The grin at the corners of his mouth tells me he means it. So does the little sparkle in his eyes. The eyes that are still shooting little glances at Molly's so ample chest. I'll bet he's wondering what she'll look like naked. The fairly skimpy dress I put her in shows a lot of her body. Enough for him to see that she has a pretty good figure. Even if he can't see every last curve of it.

I ask Kent what he did "with my bitch" on their date. He tells me they went to a place near campus, a place I know well, for burgers and some dancing. They ran into a couple of people Kent knew there, and he introduced Molly to them as a girl I'd loaned him for the evening. I'm not miss famous or anything, but I do have enough of a reputation around campus that I'd bet most students there have heard something of it. Most, or all, of which was made up. But enough for them to guess what Molly is. I'm sure Molly enjoyed meeting Kent's college friends. College friends are a big thing for high school girls.

Molly stands quietly smiling from ear to ear as Kent recounts the highlights of the date. Obviously, she had fun. More obviously, she's hoping Kent will want to ask her out again. And even more obviously, she has forgotten that Kent won't ask her. If he wants to see her again, he'll ask me. I'll decide if she goes or not. Not her. And now that I know she wants to go, she'd better be a very good peasant bitch if she wants any hope of being sent with Kent again.

I don't ask Molly if she had fun. I can see that she did. Instead, I try to give her the impression that I don't care if she had fun. Only that Kent did. "Molly, be a good bitch. Give him a nice think you hug and kiss. A very nice one."

Molly's smile grows. Enough that I'm pretty sure this is going to be their first kiss. Why am I not surprised that Kent helped himself to a few before bringing her back? Oh, yeah, he's male.

Molly puts her lips to Kent's. She wraps her arms around him. She kisses him passionately. It's a long kiss. A kiss that Kent returns just as eagerly as she gives. A kiss they spend hugged together snugly, Molly's breasts pressed firmly against his chest.

Before Molly breaks the kiss, I put a hand on Kent's wrist. I nudge his hand to glide down over the curvy cheek of Molly's behind. When his hand is on the bare flesh of her thigh, I nudge it back up, this time pushing it under the hem of Molly's dress. I don't need to nudge it up. It goes right up to where I wanted it to. Molly's bottom. And it explores that cheek rather enthusiastically. It gets Molly kissing him even more

eagerly.

I allow them to kiss for a couple of minutes, Kent clearly enjoying the kiss as much as he's enjoying the feeling of Molly's panty-clad bottom. Or maybe her partially bare bottom. The way his hand is moving under the bottom of her dress tells me that he's trying to slip a few fingers under her panties. And Molly isn't objecting. It saves me spanking her for it. She doesn't get to object to anything. Only I do, and I don't mind if Kent plays with her bottom.

I tell Molly that's enough for now. She reluctantly breaks the kiss. The look on her face tells me that she's hoping I'll let it go beyond a kiss. Probably not all the way, at least not on a first date, but definitely a little further. Enough to entice Kent to ask her out again.

Now I can see the bulge in Kent's pants. It tells me the kissing, and his hand did the job I wanted it to. It got him aroused.

Then again, Kent has taken a few girls out for me before. He knows that I always have a happy ending for him. What he doesn't know is what the ending will be. I don't think it's been the same twice yet for him. And I know it's never been what I have in mind for tonight.

I take Molly's leash. It should let Molly know their date is officially over. That she's no longer his date, just my bitch. She obediently keeps an eye on me, but also keeps glancing at Kent. "Molly, you don't want to leave him with that little problem you seem to have caused, do you, bitch?"

"No, Ma'am..." Molly says sweetly with a glance at the bulge in his pants.

"Oh, stop being such a slut!" I scold Molly. "I can't believe you think I'd give that pussy's virginity away on a first date just because it's so hot and wet!" Molly blushes slightly, which tells me that her pussy is indeed hot and wet. And Molly feels it. I see Kent grin slightly, which tells me he's listening, too. And quite pleased that Molly is aroused along with him.

I tug on Molly's leash, snapping it lightly. "Be a good bitch. Take

your date by the hand and bring him along. We'll just have to find another solution for that problem you caused."

Molly doesn't hesitate to take Kent's eagerly offered hand. I lead her by the leash. She follows me, walking beside Kent, towards the kitchen. Then, as soon as Molly catches sight of the kitchen, she hesitates, her feet freezing in place for a second.

I know Molly didn't expect the sight that awaits her in the kitchen. Not even a tiny piece of it. I have her mom and dad standing in front of the far wall. They're side-by-side, facing the wall. They're still completely naked. Both are in the same position, too. They're leaning over with their backs flat. They have their hands stretched out in front of them, bracing against the wall. They have their feet spread wide, Renee's left foot flush against Ken's right one. They're holding their heads up, staring at the wall in front of them. Both are rigidly still, trying hard to ignore everything. Sophie stands beside them, a strap in her hand, to discipline both should either move.

Both have fairly pink bottoms, the result of a couple of spankings they've gotten during the hours Molly has been on her date. They both have a slightly brighter, and fresh, strap stripe across their bottoms, telling me that one of them moved enough for Sophie to see it. She's very attentive when it comes to making my toys behave for me.

With Renee leaning over as she is, her pussy is fully bared. Her moderately puffy little mound stands up proud, showing off its furry lips and the pink gash between them. And showing off the liberal coat of honey drenching her fur. Honey that clings to the creases of her thighs, too. It has her cheeks pulled taut, into well rounded hard globes. And it has her crack pulled slightly open. Wide enough for the tight pink ring of her asshole to be visible between her globes.

Ken is in the same position. His large balls dangling down loosely between his thighs. His softer, looser cheeks aren't as taut as Renee's. Nor are they spread as widely. The dark ring of his dime-sized asshole is barely visible at the bottom of his crack. What's not visible is his cock. It's fully soft and limp. It's also still bound in the tight U, where it's been

for hours now, which makes it impossible for his cock to get hard. But from behind one can't see that his cock is bound. Or even see his cock. Just his dangling balls with their sparse fur. It makes it look like he doesn't even have a cock.

I don't hesitate when Molly does. In one step, Molly's leash is taut, pulling on her collar, and pulling it to bite hard into the back of her neck. It forces Molly to take that next step into the kitchen. And to bring Kent along with her.

Kent, being male, immediately has his eyes on Renee's bottom. More likely on her immodestly displayed, and equally immodestly sloppy-wet, pussy.

I lead them over until they are standing a couple of feet directly behind the space between the two bare bottoms. I stop them there. Kent tries to pay attention to Molly, but I can see the corner of his eye trying just as hard to check out Renee's naked body. Her body is slightly firmer and curvier than Molly's, and her breasts are just as ample. She's an attractive woman, not just an attractive woman of 43.

I give a firm tug on Molly's leash, snapping the chain again. It gets her attention. I put my hand under her jaw, cradling it and holding her head still with her eyes looking at me. And just at me. "This is what you are going to do, bitch." I use my sternest voice, hoping to get it through to Molly that she's going to do this. And that I don't care how little she likes the idea. "There are three holes." I wave a hand in the general direction of the displayed bottoms. "Two assholes and a pussy. Since you caused his problem, you will offer him the use of his choice of those three holes to solve it. I suggest you offer it very sweetly. You do not want him to decline your offer. Is that clear, peasant bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." Molly answers with the unhappiest look on her face. As if she's about to cry. She takes just a second to pull herself together. She leans her body against Kent's, her hand caressing his back. She kisses him again, just as hotly as before.

"Sir... I'm really so sorry for causing a problem I should have known Miss Rodgers wouldn't let me fix for you..." Her voice is

moderately sultry. I'm sure it's the best she can do with what little experience she has. Sultry takes practice to perfect. But her voice is hushed and sugary. "She offers you these three holes, Sir... please, Sir, will you please pick one and solve that problem for me, Sir? Please, Sir, I so totally do not want you leaving here with that problem. Please, pick one... whichever you'd like, Sir."

I know there's zero chance Kent will pick Ken. Kent isn't gay or bi. But Ken doesn't know that. All he knows is that I've just offered his asshole up to be fucked by this guy. The same guy I just allowed to date his daughter. I'll bet Ken is praying that Kent won't pick his butt. I doubt he's stopped to consider that means Kent is about to fuck his wife.

Kent's eyes immediately go to Renee. He eagerly eyes her bottom, and especially the sloppy wet pussy poking out for him.

I tell Molly to be a good date and help Kent. Following my instructions, Molly drops to her knees in front of, and to the side of, Kent. She looks up with a smile on her face, bats her eyes at Kent, and politely asks "May I please be allowed to free your cock for you, Sir?"

"Sure," Kent answers quickly.

Molly unzips his pants. She pulls them down a little way, revealing a snug pair of cotton boxer briefs. She pulls those down for him as well. Further down that, she needs to. She smiles as she does. As she bares a cock that's just under seven inches long and at least 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ " across. It's not the biggest of cocks, but it is definitely a big, nice one. It's circumcised, showing off its light purple bulbous head. And now it's as hard as steel.

Molly puts her hand to the shaft. I'd bet it's the first time she's ever touched a cock. She's very gentle, far more than she needs to be, as she moves it free of the underwear so that it stands straight out from the dense jungle of black curls around it.

"You may indulge your sluttiness and kiss it once, peasant bitch." I tell Molly. Immediately I see a lustful desire on her face. Almost as quickly it's replaced by a nervousness. It tells me what I already knew. Molly doesn't know what to do. She's going to fumble her way through

it and pray that Kent doesn't notice her utter lack of experience and knowledge.

I save her. "Don't be too slutty, bitch!" I say teasingly but firmly. "Open wide. Take just that nice big head of it into your mouth. Close just your lips around it, and make good and sure that your teeth don't get anywhere near him. Now swirl your tongue slowly around that soft head, just once, and lightly." With my detailed instructions, Kent won't know that this is a first for Molly. He'll only know that she's obeying her instructions.

Molly eagerly follows her directions. As soon as her tongue starts moving around the sensitive head of Kent's cock, he moans a sweet, and long, purr. It encourages Molly. It looks to me like she slows her tongue down, drawing this little tease out as long as she can. I wanted her to. I see the reluctance on her face as she releases his cock from her mouth.

I have Molly stand. I have her gently put her hand to the very base of his shaft. "Which one of those eager holes would you like me to put this huge cock to, Sir?" Molly obediently asks him in a very honeyed voice. And with another bat of her eyes.

"That pussy." Kent answers her softly.

I glare hard at Molly, letting her know that I don't care if she wants to, she is going to guide his cock into her mother's pussy.

Molly catches it. She holds a sigh in. She tenderly moves his cock, putting the spit-slickened tip of it against the outside of Renee's furry lips. I have Molly use her fingers to part those lips for him. She opens them. Baring Renee's dripping wet pinkness. She nudges the tip of his cock slightly up, putting it squarely atop the entrance of Renee's tunnel. His cock is thick enough that its head fully eclipses Renee's tunnel.

Molly leaves her hand on the base of his cock. Kent starts moving his hips, steadily pushing his cock into Renee's pussy. Molly watches closely, equal parts curiosity and revulsion on her face. As if she's eager to see this done, less eager for it to be Kent, and the most eager not to be seeing her mother doing this.

Kent's cock slowly pushes into Renee's tunnel. It goes easily. And as it does, it stretches the meaty pink walls of her pussy taut around it. Soon his head is fully inside Renee, leaving Molly only the sight of his white shaft inching into her tight pink tunnel. I nudge Molly's hand from his cock, turning him loose to use Renee's pussy.

Kent starts thrusting his cock into Renee, steadily, but not yet hard or too fast.

I take hold of Molly's head and turn it so her eyes are staring at Renee's pussy, watching the cock sliding in and out of the gash between Renee's furry lips. Seeing those lips opened wide and cuddling around the sides of his cock. I'll bet she can even see Kent's balls bouncing around beneath his cock. He has some rather large ones that are hanging loose and low between his thighs. But a cock that big deserves ample balls to go with it.

Renee doesn't waste a second. As soon as she feels Kent's thickness sliding into her tightness, she moans. It's a loud moan, deep and throaty, and purely erotic. There's no reluctance in it, none of the "I'm a married woman!" either. Just hunger. I can see Renee's mouth hanging wide as she moans out.

Sophie, and her strap, keep a close eye on the pair. It's her job to enforce the "stand still" rule. It won't be long before Ken gets the pair a stroke of that strap. His eyes are already trying to look over to his wife. There's no mistaking those moans. He knows what she's doing. And that she's loving it. Staring at a blank wall and listening to it is not going to be easy for him.

A tug on Molly's leash gets her to back up a step. I whisper more instructions into her ear. I can see that she hates them, but also loves them. Loves them because she knows Kent is going to like it.

Kent has both of his hands on Renee's hips. Molly lightly takes one of his hands and slowly moves it. Kent allows her to. Molly uses the hand to stroke up Renee's side. As she does, she's careful not to touch Renee herself, but only to have Kent's hand touching Renee's bare skin. She moves his hand all the way up, about to the limit of what Kent can

reach. Then she guides it down until it's on Renee's hanging, pendulous breast. Taking even more care not to touch her mother's breast, Molly quickly releases Kent's hand. His hand stays on Renee's spongy mound and begins kneading it softly. He toys with her hard nipple, too, pinching it and stroking it lightly.

His thrusts steadily, and gradually, pick up their pace. As they do, Renee's moans take on a slight, very sweet, grunting to them. Soon they're loud, throaty "UH!s" cried out in time with Kent's thrusts. Separated by throaty, fast, panted breaths between.

I tell Molly that she may touch Kent, as long as he doesn't object. "Oh, yeah." Kent quickly tells her, his voice deep and somewhat grunting as well. Molly's hands go right for Kent's hairy, bare bottom. Fully bare now. His pants and undershorts have fallen all the way to his ankles.

Molly's hands aren't sure what to do. I can see it. I doubt Kent is noticing it. She caresses them tenderly over his cheeks. At first, her movements are clumsy and tentative. But steadily her hands gain some confidence. Soon she tries giving a cheek a gentle squeeze. Kent doesn't object. His thrusts steadily pick up, growing faster and harder.

Renee's sensual grunts grow deeper, and more urgent, far quicker than Kent's thrusts increase. I see her fingers turning white as she grips them against the flat wall. "UH!" Renee grunts loudly, then she nearly screams out a sweet "AH!"

I hear the sharp crack of Sophie's strap. I glance over to see Ken's head-turning quickly back to face the wall. And to see the red stripe across his cheeks. A second later Renee cries out a loud "OW!" as Sophie's strap cracks against the front of her thighs, searing a stripe across them. The cry is brief. It's barely out before Kent's next thrust slams into her pussy and Renee cries out a very urgent "UH!" I'll bet by now she's discovered that this position doesn't allow her to easily thrust her hips back, as her instinct is wanting to do. Her back is stretched out, leaving her little body to thrust with. It forces her to simply stand there and feel what he's doing to her, without doing anything to speed along her climax.

Kent cums. I'd guess he only lasted four or five minutes. By then, he was pounding Renee hard, and she was grunting out her too-hungry moans just as hard. He cums with a loud, satisfied grunt.

I immediately give Molly instructions. She doesn't hesitate this time. She grabs Kent, turns his head so that she can get to it, and locks her lips to his. She kisses him. It's both the longest kiss and the most passionate kiss, she's given him yet. Kent kisses her back, even as his hips are still slowing, thrusting into Renee's pussy with the next spurts of his cum.

A few thrusts later and I see the first drops of his cum running from the bottom of Renee's lips. A few more thrusts and Kent slows to a stop. He's done.

I nudge Molly. She obediently guides Kent back, his cock slipping from Renee's pussy. She turns him, putting his back to Renee, and moving him over to the side of Renee's bottom. She keeps her lips locked to his.

I swat Molly lightly on her bottom. "Don't be such a selfish prude, bitch!" I teasingly scold Molly. "On your knees. That cock needs cleaned!" I put my hand on Molly's head and push her down to her knees. It doesn't take much pushing for her to go down. Just enough to get her to break the kiss.

It puts Molly's virgin eyes even with the tip of his still hard cock. A cock that's fairly huge, and that's now dripping with his whitish cum mixed with Renee's clear honey. A cock that's sparkling before her naive eyes.

I know Molly is lost. I start giving her specific directions, but wording them so that Kent won't know why. He won't know that the directions are because Molly hasn't a clue what to do with a cock.

Molly obediently, and rather eagerly, puts her mouth to the side of his shaft. She sticks her tongue out, lying it softly against the underside of his length. She starts licking it, slowly and tenderly. The cock twitches sharply from her tongue's delicate caress. Molly uses her

mouth to steady it.

I see Molly start to grin after a couple of seconds, once she sees that Kent is loving it and her confidence builds. "Good bitch!" I tell Molly, "Lick all of his cum and your mommy's pussy off that cock!" I can't resist the urge to gross Molly out and remind her what she's tasting. That it's not just her date. I see her grimace hard as she's reminded of the thought. But then the cock twitches crisply again in her lips and she starts grinning.

Sophie grabs hold of Ken by his hair. She's a little harsher than I am with my toys. That's because of Sophie's desire to please me. She's not going to tolerate even the slightest of anything from a toy. That little slight might displease me, and Sophie isn't risking that. She jerks him sharply, and quickly, pulling him around behind Renee. She shoves him down to his knees.

"My Mistress likes her pussies clean, sissy boy!" She scolds him firmly. "Lick my Mistress' pussy spotless!" Sophie roughly shoves Ken's face into Renee's pussy, his nose coming to rest against her tight asshole as his lips are pressed slightly into Renee's gash. "Lick it clean, boybitch!" Sophie snaps sternly. A slap of her strap punctuates her command far better than any exclamation point could.

Ken sticks his tongue out, pressing it into Renee's slit. He moves it reluctantly, his face scrunching up into a wrinkle of disgust. He keeps going, licking Renee and Kent's mixed cum from her lips. Then from Renee's pinkness.

Renee is still stuck standing there, still, braced against the wall. She cries out a throaty sweet, and very desperate, moan as Ken's tongue caresses her most sensitive places. She shivers. She purrs. Her panted "OH!s" beg for Ken to stop teasing her pussy and eat it so she can cum, too. Sophie will make sure that doesn't happen.

I watch Molly as she licks the mess off of Kent's cock. She's taking her time now, licking it slowly and softly. As if she's enjoying it. I think she's more enjoying the twitches she's getting from the freshly used cock. Twitches that shout out how much Kent is liking Molly's attentions,

too.

Once Molly has all of the cum licked from his cock, leaving behind nothing but a thin film of her spit. I make her stop. I'm not sure, but it looks as if Molly would go on half the night if Kent wanted her to. And it is just licking...

Once Molly stops, his cock starts to soften up. I wait a few seconds until it's still somewhat swollen, but the stiffness is fully gone from it. I tell Molly that she may "give that cock a single thank you kiss for fucking her mother so well."

I don't give her instructions. I take hold of Molly's head and turn it so the tip of his softening cock is touching her lips. I use my hand to pinch the corners of her jaw, opening it to its full wideness. Then I move her head forward. The cock lies along her tongue, sliding across it as it slides into her mouth. I keep her head going, slipping more and more of his cock into her mouth.

Even soft, Kent's cock is around five inches long and well over an inch thick. But it's flexible, not rigid as a hard cock is. The softness makes it much easier for Molly to take it into her mouth. Even though it still fills her mouth completely. It glides along her tongue, all the way to the back, and almost to her throat. When her lips finally come to rest flush against Kent's pubes, I can feel the little tremors running through Molly that tell me she's about to start choking on it.

I tell Molly to close her lips, not her teeth, around his shaft. Then I release my pinch on her jaw. I tell her to suck. I tell her to use her tongue, wiggling the tip of it against the underside of his cock, to "kiss" his shaft. Then I have her start backing off slowly, letting the cock inch out of her lips.

Kent purrs out a loud, and very erotic, moan as Molly's tongue does its job. Molly hears it. Her eyes go wide as the smile appears at the corners of her mouth. She goes even slower, making Kent purr another sweet moan for her.

Finally the cock slips from her lips. She looks up at him, batting

her eyes at him. I tell her firmly to fix his clothes for him. She does, reluctantly, but so tenderly.

I tell Molly to take Kent by his hand so she can walk him to the door. She happily does that.

Sophie allows Ken to stop tongue cleaning Renee's pussy. She pulls his head back. It shows off the sticky cum clinging all around his mouth. It's about half Renee's clear honey and half Kent's white cream. She tells him to lick his lips.

I lead Molly to the door by her leash. There I have her give Kent a hug goodbye. "Guys don't like to taste boy-cum." I teasingly tell Molly, "even on this lips of a bitch." She gives him a long and tight hug. And Kent smiles. He did not want to taste his cum.



As soon as Kent is gone, I walk Molly back to the kitchen. Sophie has Renee and Ken on their knees, naked, side-by-side. Renee still has those "just-fucked" glassy eyes on her face. Ken just has a little glassy glaze on his chin.

I stand Molly in front of the pair. I face Renee and Ken. "Clearly you've neglected your daughter's sex education, in addition to other things. This peasant bitch knows nothing about sex! What am I going to do with a bitch that doesn't even know what a cock looks like?" I sternly scold the pair. "And naturally this bitch is far too horny! How could it not be? It can't even diddle itself properly! I'll just assume you never bothered to teach her how to do that, either."

I sigh out as if there's a huge weight on my shoulders.

I see Molly's eyes glance down. They go wide as she sees her father's little cock bound up. It's taken a slight purple tinge to it from straining to get hard. It looks like it's still trying to. It looks rather uncomfortable for Ken. But mostly I see the surprise on Molly's face. Both at its being bound, and at how small it looks compared to Kent's significantly larger cock that she just saw. The only two cocks she's ever seen.

I turn and start leading Molly towards her bedroom by the leash. "slave, bring those two useless peasants." I call out as an afterthought.

Sophie grabs both of them by their hair. She snaps a harsh order for them to follow her. She walks fast as if she's trying to catch up to me. It's fast enough that they stumble a step as they rise. Or rather get to their feet. Sophie keeps hold of their hair, forcing them to bend over as they scurry after her. Molly doesn't even glance back.

I stop Molly beside her bed. Sophie brings Renee and Ken in, stopping them just inside the door. It's not the biggest bedroom, so it only leaves about five feet between them and Molly. I have Molly facing me, as I stand between her and her parents. Sophie has them facing me, and thus Molly, as well.

"Effective right now, this baby peasant bitch has a 10:30 bedtime.

Both of you will put her to bed promptly at 10:30. Which just happens to be in one minute, so no time like the present. You will *never* be even one minute late. Is that clear, my worthless peasant bitches?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." both answer.

"Good. And we will deal with this baby's obscene sluttiness at the same time. For the next week, you will see that my baby bitch's pussy is relieved of its tension before tucking it in. You will do so my way. Remember, all three of you belong to me. That is my pussy between its legs, and I will say what will be done with it. Along with the rest of that baby bitch. Is that clear, bitches?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." this time both sound rather reluctant as they accept my dictate. As if neither wants anything to do with that pussy, or Molly's sexuality. I, on the other hand, don't see anything wrong with parents sexually educating their newly-adult daughter. It's not like I'm going to make them have sex with her. Then again, they don't know what I'm going to have them do with her. Not yet.

"Good. I will teach you how to put her to bed with a relieved pussy. Ken, you're up. Come forward. You will undress your daughter. I know you're a pervert horny little boy, but mind your hands! You are not to touch those breasts, that pussy, or that bottom of mine. The rest of her is fine. Be very tender as you take absolutely everything but her collar off of her." I turn around. "And you, baby bitch, are going to just stand there and do nothing. Don't even lift a foot to help him. Just let daddy undress you."

Ken comes forward. He puts his hands to Molly's shoulders and moves slightly slowly as he pushes the thin straps of her dress off her shoulders. He moves his hands to her sides, takes hold of the dress, and without touching Molly at all, he pulls the dress gently down to her ankles. Molly obediently stands still. It leaves Ken no choice but to put his hands to her ankles and lift her feet up and out of the dress. As he has each foot up, he takes the shoe off of it as well.

He looks up to see Molly standing there in a fairly sexy bra and panties. And nothing else. Except for the chain collar that he's both not

allowed, and not able, to take off. I have the key to its lock.

He goes for her bra. He unclips it from behind her back, then takes hold of its straps to pull it away from her breasts without touching them. So far, he's only touched her shoulders and back. Now he has to slip her panties down. And with those, he's not going to be able to avoid touching her. He puts his hands on her hips. The panties are snug enough on her hips that he has to slip his fingers under them to move them. He slides them down, his hands with no choice but to caress lightly down the sides of her hips and thighs until there's room for his hands to get off of her skin.

It leaves Molly standing there nude. Like a much younger version of Renee. A version so young that it hasn't quite lost the last ounce of its baby fat yet. But a version that's just as curvy. He makes a point of not looking at her naked body. Molly seems to have placed her trust, and her fate, in my hands. She stands demure, her eyes forward, just waiting for whatever is next.

I hold out a sash of silky fabric. I tell Ken to take it. Then to slip it through a link of Molly's collar behind her neck. Once he has it threaded through the chain, I have him take hold of one of Molly's wrists and bring it up to her neck. Then to snugly tie one end of the sash around her wrist. Molly offers no resistance. She allows him to tie her wrists one by one, binding them snugly behind her neck. It makes her hands useless for her. I'm sure she's realized that by now.

I tell Ken to put his hand to Molly's hips. Now that Molly is bound, she is their responsibility. He's to help her into her bed, and if she falls or stumbles, or whatever, it will be his fault. He will be the one spanked for it. He seems reluctant to be touching her while she's nude, but he does put his hands to her hips. He holds her and guides her as she turns and sits on her bed. I stop him there. I have him lift her feet up, turning her on the bed so he can lie her legs on it. Then I have him take Molly by the shoulders and hold her up as he lies her back. I have him lift her shoulders and move her to the center of her bed. Then I have him repeat, lifting her hips this time. Then her feet.

I give Ken two more lengths of the silky fabric and have him tie one end of each to the footboard of Molly's bed. I tell him "don't worry about that bitch's modesty! It has none!" as I tell him to open Molly's legs, parting her feet about 18". Then I have him pull a sash taut and tie its free end around Molly's ankle. With both her legs bound this way, she'll be able to open her legs, but never to close them any more than they are now. It's plenty of room for her to wiggle and squirm, too.

Earlier, Renee confessed to owning a vibrator. If she hadn't have confessed to it, I would have been suspicious. I've found most women, especially those with unfulfilled fantasies, own one. I could see it came as a surprise to Ken. I'll bet it bruised that male ego of his, too. I turn to Renee and ask her directly "where are you hiding that slutty vibrator of yours?" I know she's hiding it. If not, it wouldn't have been a surprise to Ken.

"In the closet, Ma'am... on the top shelf, I have some extra purses that I don't use much. It's in the purple one, Ma'am..." Renee reluctantly tells me. I'm sure she's already thinking about a new hiding spot, now that her favorite one is busted.

I send Sophie to fetch it. She comes back, holding the toy atop her upturned palms as she kneels down beside me. "Here is the slutty bitch's vibrator, Mistress," Sophie tells me. I take the toy from Sophie's hands, nodding a dismissal that tells Sophie she can get off her knees.

I hold the vibrator up for everyone to see. It's a massager type, with a handle and a fat, soft, bulbous head. It doesn't have a cord, but its handle is thick enough for some powerful batteries, like D cells. I hope it has fresh batteries in it, not that Renee seems like the kind of woman who would neglect that.

I hand the vibrator back to Sophie. She holds it for me. I tell Renee that she's to get in the bed with Molly. I have Renee sit close behind Molly's head, scooting down until the top of Molly's head is flush against Renee's pubes. I have her start by putting her hands to Molly's shoulders and leaving them there, still.

I tell Ken to get in the bed as well. Him I have to kneel between Molly's

legs, facing her and Renee. I have his knees about even with Molly's. With Molly's legs closing together as they rise, it leaves him just enough room. It also leaves his knees touching Molly's, and he seems uneasy about that.

Molly's pussy is already sopping wet. Her long, wide lips are covered with a coat of medium-dense fur. They don't meet. Not even close. Instead, they leave a wide gash of pinkness between them. Her inner folds are what I'd call minimal. They're short and narrow, but thick and plump. So narrow that they only run about halfway down her gash. And short enough that they don't rise their edges up beyond her furry lips. It leaves her gash gaping open at the bottom, directly atop her tunnel. Wide enough that I can see between her lips and see her tunnel. But at the top, those plump folds flow into a thick knot. Now Molly's hard and wide clit pokes its eager head up from the wrinkly knot. The knot that's fully exposed in the center of her gash. There's not even a reason to part her lips. Her clit is standing out as it is.

I point directly at Molly's clit. I glare hard at Ken. "Do you see how hard that clit is?" I give Ken a very light slap on his face to make sure I have his full attention. It forces him to glance down for a split second to confirm Molly's clit is as hard as I'm saying it is. There's no missing the light pink nub swelling up from those folds.

"Yes, Ma'am..." He says, his eyes already averted from Molly's pussy.

"Good," I tell him I a teasingly sweet voice. I have him gently lie his left hand atop Molly's bush "to steady her body." He obeys, but very reluctant to touch Molly. I have him turn the vibrator on. He does that. But now he looks extremely uncomfortable. By now he has to know what's coming next. What I'm going to make him do to Molly. Something I can't tell if he thinks it's going to excite him or not. Just that he thinks he shouldn't be doing this with his daughter.

I have to admit, I'm enjoying it. I am so enjoying watching Ken's blatant discomfort. Watching the way he's trying so hard to avoid even looking at Molly's pussy. And it's a very cute pussy. A very hot and wet

one, too. He's already fidgeting, which is as good as squirming, and I'm not touching him!

I tell him to touch the vibrating head of the massager to Molly's clit, lying it softly against her. He moves very hesitantly. He barely touches the head of it to Molly. He doesn't have a clue that he's actually making it more arousing for Molly this way.

Molly cries out a very loud, and hungry, long moan. Her hips snap into gear, squirming hard from side to side.

I make sure that Ken moves the toy along with Molly's pussy. Then I turn my attention to Renee. I tell her what her job is. She's to "comfort" Molly as Molly discovers how intense it can be to have someone else give her an orgasm. She's to keep Molly calm and relaxed. She's to help Molly lie there and allow Ken to tease her pussy. I give Renee permission to use her hands, as long as they stay off of, and above, Molly's ample, firm breasts.

Now I turn my attention back to Ken. I was never going to let him get away with merely holding the vibrator in place on Molly's clit. That would be way too simple. And it would make Molly cum too quickly for my tastes. I want Molly to really learn what submissive sex is like. I want her to fully understand what it's like to be unable to affect her own arousal and orgasm. To be fully at the mercy of another.

I instruct Ken. I have him start slowly moving the head of the toy along Molly's slit. Down to the pink edges of Molly's gaping lips. Then up along her lips, teasing the edges of Molly's inner folds. Teasing the outside of Molly's furry lips. Teasing everything. It also takes the tease away from her more sensitive clit, alternating between her clit and the less nervy parts of her pinkness. That will ensure that Molly doesn't cum quickly. I keep my attention focused on Ken to make sure he's teasing her properly.

It's only a couple of seconds before Molly's had the limit of what she can bear. She's screeching out urgent hungry moans. She's thrashing against the sashes that hold her legs still. Her shoulders thrash, too. But it's her hips that are nearly wild. Even with Ken's hand

atop her pubes, steadying her. She bucks hard against it, grinding her bush against his hand shamelessly and not caring a bit.

I swat Renee on her bottom with my hand and scold her for not keeping Molly calm. Renee tries to hold Molly's shoulders still. It doesn't work. Molly bucks against Renee's hands. In a few more seconds, trying to calm Molly has Renee leaning forward a little. Which has Renee's breasts dangling over Molly's eyes.

Renee tries to talk Molly into stilling. She tries reassuring Molly that it will be fine. That it isn't going to hurt. That it will be more enjoyable if Molly relaxes and "just lets dad give her a good orgasm."

I keep Ken on task. I make sure his movements of the vibrator are as slow, steady, and rhythmic as they can be. And that he doesn't let up. Doesn't show Molly any mercy. That he teases her constantly.

I tell Ken that it's his job to watch the clock. Molly is to be teased exactly as she is being for a full ten minutes. Then I take a step back and watch the show. I watch Molly thrashing around, fighting against the silk that holds her legs open, leaving her pussy at Ken's mercy. My mercy. And I haven't any.

Molly barely makes it the ten minutes. She spends every second of it screeching too-hungry moans and thrashing wildly despite everything Renee is doing to keep her calm. None of which is doing much for Molly.

I tell Ken that now he may give Molly the orgasm her body is desperate for. He's to put the vibrator to Molly's clit. Once it's there, he's to move it in tiny circles, keeping it atop the hard nub, and keeping it very lightly against it. He does. Molly snaps, thrashing even hard and screeching out hotter, more pleading moans.

But that only lasts a few seconds. Molly keeps thrashing just as wildly as she cums. She cries out a loud "YES!" as she cums, then returns to crying out sweet moans. But it's so obvious she's cum. Her pussy snaps with hard spasm-like contractions. It snaps so powerfully that it almost squirts her honey out. Not quite. But it does push her clear, oily-

thin honey quickly out of her tunnel. But molly seems to have an endless supply of her honey. It can't soak the fur on Molly's lips, that's already drenched. Instead, it flows down her lips and starts making a little puddle under her bottom. It leaves a clingy layer of her honey on the vibrator's head, too.

I watch Molly's firm breasts as they jiggle around atop her thrashing chest.

When her orgasm begins to ebb, the spurts of honey from her pussy easing up, I tell Ken to take the toy from Molly's pussy. Molly falls loose, but her body still shuddering hard as the waves of orgasm sweep over her. She pants deep moans the slowly soften.

Renee tries to knead Molly's shoulders, a chaste way to relax Molly. To leave her lying there in her bliss.

I have Ken get off the bed first. Then Renee. Once they're both standing next to Molly, I tell Renee to tuck Molly in. Molly lies spent and lets Renee tuck her in.

I have Renee plant a soft kiss on Molly's gaping lips. Not a lover's kiss. Just a quick goodnight kiss. Then I have Ken do the same. Renee gets to turn the lights out.

As we're leaving Molly in her bliss, I tell them both that Molly is to get up at 6:30, not a second before, no matter what. Since Molly is bound, it is Renee's job to go to Molly in the morning, wake her, untie her legs, and help her get out of bed. Only once Molly is on her feet may Renee untie Molly's hands. She's then to stand there as Molly makes her bed. Once it's made, Molly is released to do as she wishes for the day. Such as shower and dress.

At least until tomorrow night, when they are to put her to bed exactly as they just did.



Now that Molly is tucked in for the night, I only have two more toys left to deal with. Both of which are dying for an orgasm. I'm not sure which hotter, either. Renee after the good fucking she got from Kent, or Ken from standing beside her and listening to it.

I take them both to their bedroom. Then I have them stand side by side, with the backs of their legs against the bed they share. And with their hands behind them. I start with Renee. "Don't think you're any better than that baby bitch of yours. You're just another skanky little peasant bitch. And judging by the slutty moans you were making, it's obviously been far too long since you've had a good fuck. So long that you've forgotten what a cock is like. I'm sure you've forgotten how to enjoy a real orgasm too. No way that pencil dick has been giving you an actual orgasm." I say teasingly scornfully. I'm talking to Ken as much as I'm talking to Renee, and I know he hears me criticizing his cock to his wife.

"Your bedtime begins tonight, too. Yours is immediately following Molly's. As soon as the two of you have Molly in bed, your dickless husband is to take you by the hand and bring you right here. He's to undress you exactly as he just undressed Molly. And the same rules apply. He is not to touch your breasts, your bottom, or your pussy. They belong to me, and I only want men, not horny little boys, touching them. Since you're already naked, I guess we'll have to skip the undressing tonight."

I wait as Sophie sets a hot pink collar on the nightstand beside their bed. She puts a shiny brass padlock beside it. Then I tell Ken to pick up the collar and buckle it around Renee's neck. Renee is to do nothing to help him, not even to lift her hair out of the way. I have him lock it in place. Then I have Sophie set four lengths of rope on the nightstand.

I have Ken guide Renee to lie on the bed, in the center, on her back. It's the same place he just put Molly. I have him use the four lengths of the coarse hemp rope to bind Renee's wrists and ankles to the four corners of the bed. It pulls her body taut, stretching her out

and splaying her legs wide apart.

"I'll say this part now, while both of you are paying close attention. You will do this every night until I tell you otherwise. There is to be no deviation from this routine for anything. If this bitch wants to pee before bed, she'd better do it before taking Molly to bed. It will be done exactly like this, every single night.

"Now that she is bound to the bed, she stays fully tied. You will untie her at exactly 6:00 am, and not a second before. It is your responsibility to be awake and wake her on time. If you're late, you'll be spanked for it. Once you have her untied, Renee will make your bed. She may then use the bathroom and shower alone. You are not to let her out of your sight. Watch her as she does everything. I just can't trust this slutty bitch not to try and diddle herself in there! You get spanked if she does, so pay attention. Once she's out of the shower, she will pick out her clothes, bring them to you, and give them to you. You will hand them to her one piece at a time and watch her dress. Then you may take the collar off her neck and set it on the nightstand, on top, in open view. It stays there until bedtime. Once her collar is off, Renee is free to go wake Molly."

I give Ken the key to the lock on Renee's collar. Then I set the key to Molly's collar on the nightstand. I tell Renee that only she may take Molly's collar off. And she is to do that only for school. She is to take it off at the front door, immediately before Molly steps out. And then, when Molly returns, Molly may not leave the door until Renee has the collar locked back around her neck. If Molly goes anywhere but school, she goes with the collar around her neck. Or she stays home with the collar around her neck.

I tell Ken that Renee won't be getting the vibrator, he may set that on the nightstand where it is to stay until it's time for Molly to be tucked in again.

I tell Ken to get in the bed and kneel between Renee's legs. Her legs are spread wider than Molly's were. It leaves him plenty of room to kneel between her knees without touching them.

Renee's pussy is drenched. Her furry lips are soaked with her honey, as are the creases of her thighs. But hers has plump, wide lips that fully meet, leaving only a fine slit where they do. I have Ken use his fingers to open Renee's lips wide. He's not shy about touching his wife's pussy. In fact, he looks eager to touch hers.

He opens her lips. It's far from clean. I can still see the whiteness of Kent's cream against her flushed, hot, pinkness. I'm sure it's cream that's leaked out of her tunnel and was held in by her lips, but it's still his cream. I scold Ken for it, telling him that he didn't tongue her so clean after all. And I tell him he's going to pay for that. I wink at Sophie to let her know that I'm not mad at her for it. I'm just making an excuse. There really isn't much of his cream left. Ken did a far better job of licking it up than I'm pretending he did.

I tell Ken to put the pad of a single finger to Renee's clit. Her nub is narrower than Molly's, but it's poking its head up just as eagerly. I have him start moving his finger over the tip of her aching nub very slowly. In a small circle. I take hold of his wrist to lighten up the pressure he's putting on her nub until his finger isn't so much rubbing it as gliding along over the tip of it.

Renee starts screeching very desperately hungry moans. Her limbs snap as she thrashes against the ropes. But she's tight tautly, and the ropes hold her fairly still. They leave her a little wiggle room for her hips, but not for much else of her. It's what she gets. And she's making use of every centimeter of it. Her moans are deep and throaty, as they were when Kent fucked her. They're louder than Molly's were, too.

I stand over Ken, ensuring that he masturbates Renee's pussy exactly the way I want him to. And I remind Renee that she's not allowed to cum. Not until she's told to cum. I don't warn her how high the price of an illicit orgasm will be – two hours of merciless teasing, the same as Molly just barely endured ten minutes of.

I tell Ken that he's to watch the clock again. I tell him that I know it's not fair to make him service both pussies, but he is the only boy in the house and both of these pussies like boys. They both like girls, too,

but I don't mention that. I have no doubt Renee could give Molly just as intense of an orgasm as he did. But that's another lesson for another day.

I keep my crop in hand, lightly tapping Ken on his bottom a few times to remind him to pay attention to how he's touching Renee.

There's no telling Renee anything. She's too busy snapping against those ropes and screeching out those sultry moans. I doubt she even hears Ken as he counts off the minutes. From 15, counting them off backward for Renee. I doubt she wants to hear him, either. It's just a reminder of how much longer she's going to be suffering as she holds her climax back. Her head thrashes from side to side, too. It doesn't take long for her to get it far enough to one side that she can bite into the puffy pillow under her head. She bites. And she bites hard, hanging onto the pillow. As her head thrashes, now it shakes the pillow around with it.

Her pussy isn't as modest as she is. It starts weeping honey. Honey steadily begins to form a puddle under her bottom. After a couple of more minutes, her pussy begins twitching crisply.

She lasts the fifteen minutes, but it's a very entertaining sight to watch. By the end, she's thrashing wildly against the ropes and not moving much as she does. Her moans have deepened, and taken the tone of unfettered pleas. The pillow in her mouth does little, if anything, to mute those moans.

I tell Ken to ask Renee if she wants to cum. It's a scripted question. He asks if her slutty pussy is ready to cum like a cheap gutter whore."

I can barely make out Renee's answer. Her voice is that breathy. "Yes, Please! Please make my slutty pussy cum like the cheapest gutter whore, honey!"

"Did you want to cum while that boy fucked you, slut?" Ken asks another scripted question.

"Yes, honey! I'm sorry!"

"Was his cock that good in your slutty pussy?"

"Yes, honey! I'm sorry, his cock was incredible in my slutty pussy!"

"Your pussy liked it better than my tiny cock, didn't it, slut?" Ken reluctantly asks the scripted question. As if he's afraid to hear her honest answer.

"I"m sorry, honey!" Renee cries out in her throaty moan, "his cock wash just so big and wonderful in my pussy! I'm sorry, but yes, it felt better!" As desperate as Renee is for an orgasm right this instant, I don't think she'd dare try and lie about it.

"Cum all you want to, slut." I finally allow Ken to tell her.

Renee screams, her body snapping hard against the ropes. Her hips snap, bucking up and down now, as she trashes through her first orgasm.

Ken obediently keeps stroking her clit as if she'd never cum.

Renee keeps screaming loud and urgent moans. For a second they take on a slightly pained note as he pushes her through her first orgasm, but then she explodes with her second. It gets her snapping hard against her ropes yet again. The screamed moans never let up.

Renee lasts through four orgasms. Then she falls limp and spent on the mattress. She pants shallow breaths, her skin flushed a bright pink and sweaty. But she lies still, not reacting at all to Ken's finger teasing her clit. That's when I tell him he may stop. Renee doesn't show it at all. She just lies there in a hot, sweaty limp mess.

I tell Ken to get up. He does. I remind him that Renee isn't allowed to be untied until 6:00, and he assures me that he won't let her up. He glances at her, as if to say, "like she's going to open her eyes before then." She probably isn't. He'll likely be waking her up at 6:00. but when he does, her pussy will still be well sated.

I finally snip the zip tip binding Ken's cock. His cock instantly springs to full stiffness, sticking straight out at me. Ken grimaces hard as it does, already thinking he's going to endure another punishment for

that.

I reach down and take a gentle hold on Ken's balls. "I see you still haven't learned not to be such a horny little boy!" I tell him. "You will stand there, and stand still until that cock is soft."

Very slowly I start squeezing his balls. It takes him a few seconds to feel what I'm doing. But once he does, his eyes go wide and he almost starts crying. I keep squeezing, the pressure on his balls getting harder very slowly.

In about a minute, Ken's stiffened up, every muscle in his body rock hard. His face is a tight mask of pain, too. I'm not squeezing nearly my hardest yet, but hard enough that he is definitely not liking it. Yet he obediently stands there and allows me to squeeze his balls a little harder.

After another minute Ken cries out. It's a fairly muted cry, but one laced with true strain. I know his balls are throbbing so unpleasantly by now. Finally his cock goes soft. I stop squeezing, holding the pressure I already have on those eggs until his cock is fully limp. Then I release his balls.

Before his cock can spring back to hardness, something I'm sure it's already thinking about doing, I have Sophie bring me a cock tube. It's a clear, hard plastic tube. The one Sophie hands me is about 6" long and $1 \frac{1}{4}$ " across its inside. It's the smallest of the three I brought. It has a few slits in one end for straps. Its other end is closed off with a wire mesh that will prevent Ken from reaching into the tube.

I put the tube over his mostly soft cock. There's plenty of room in the tube for his shaft. Enough for it to get hard inside the tube. I start with the pair of slits at the bottom of the tube. I thread a plastic zip tie through them then wrap it around the very top of his sack, above his balls. I cinch the strap slightly snug. Tight enough that his balls aren't going to pass through it, so it's not coming off, but not so tight that it impairs the blood flow. Another pair of straps go through a single slit on either side of that one. Each of those I pull snug around the top of a thigh, putting it right in the crease. A final and much longer strap goes

through a slit at the top of the tube and gets snugged around his waist, just above the cheeks of his bottom. Those straps will hold the tube flush against his pubes. It will surround his cock, preventing anything from getting to it. And it's loose enough that he can't even use the tube to stroke his cock. Even stiff, his cock isn't thick enough to be snug against the inside of the tube.

"There!" I squeal excitedly. "Now you are going to learn your lesson about being such a horny little perverted boy!" I giggle. "That tube stays on your cock until I take it off. The instant I'm not watching you, you will discover that with it on, there's nothing you can do with that cock. No way you can get it close to cumming. The only thing you can use it for is to pee. You'll just have to learn to accept that horniness and wait for your Queen to decide I want to see that teeny little cum!"

I watch the horror sweep over his face as he realizes that he's going to be masturbating his wife nightly. And that is most definitely going to excite him. But he won't be able to get any relief. He'll be sleeping unsatisfied and horny every night after pleasuring his wife and fully satisfying her.

His only chance is to cut the plastic zip ties. There's no other way he will ever get to his cock. But if he does, he'll be in trouble. Unless he can figure out where to buy more hot pink zip ties, there's no replacing mine.

"Now, get in bed with my pretty little peasant whore. I'll show myself out."