

A
Housewife's
First Time



Nadia Saran

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Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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

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Prologue:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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put on a show on their account.

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

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

Chapter 01: The "Virgin"

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Dear Miss Rodgers;

My name is Ashley. Our mutual friend Andrea gave me your email address and told me that you would allow me to write to you once and introduce myself. Please forgive me if I got her instructions wrong.

I am a 27-year-old married woman with 2 step-sons (ages 5 and 8). I am a gate agent at the airport, part-time, which is how I know Andrea. I'm 5' 10" and 135 pounds with brown hair and green eyes. David, my husband, is 33. We've been together for three years now, married for one. I am totally in love with him.

I've never done anything like this before, and this email is probably the hardest thing I've ever had to write. I just haven't a clue what to say to you. I've had several boyfriends, but this is the first time I've been married. All of my relationships have been "traditional" ones.

I think I've wanted to try something like this for as long as I can remember, or at least thought about it. Even when I was a teenager, I'd dream about a man just taking me, using me, and making me do whatever he wanted me to. But none of the guys I've dated were like that.

Maybe it's because I'm married now. I don't know. But the last year or so I've been steadily growing restless. It's not that I'm not happy with David. I am and he loves me. We have a great relationship. In bed, too.

But I can't make myself stop dreaming of more. I've talked to David about it, and he's just not interested in doing anything more than playing a little game. Something that would be a farce, a charade, not the real thing. I don't want that. He understands that.

I just want for someone to- I don't even have the words for it. I don't want to be asked. I don't want to hear things like "is it

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good for you, too?" I don't want a partner who is worried so much about me. I want someone to just take me. Don't ask me, take me. Make me do what you want me to do. Whether I want to or not. Whether I complain about it or not. Just use me. Don't care whether I like it or not. Make me do it. Make me feel and believe that I am yours to use as you wish, not how I wish or even agree to be used.

I guess I should warn you now that I can be a huge chicken. And I can be a little whiny. I guess I'm pretty good at that. Like if David will ask me for something, and I don't want to do it. I'll whine or complain and he'll drop it. If it's something that I'm scared of, especially something new, I'll cry about it and he'll be apologizing. I've always been like that.

I won't cheat on David. I love him too much to do that to him. He's agreed that I can have a single time with a woman. I can do anything at all with her. As long as there are no men involved. After my time, we've agreed to have another talk when hopefully I can explain myself a little clearer, tell him about my time, and we'll discuss whether I'll go on or not. I think he thinks that once might get it out of my system and make me realize it's just a fantasy. I'm not so sure about that.

I don't really care so much what you make me do for you. But I'll tell you now that I've never done anything with a woman. I haven't really even thought about being with a woman. But after my talk with David, I gave it some thought, and I think it won't matter so much to me, as long as she's taking me. If she asks, I'm pretty sure I'd run!

I don't want to have to go home bleeding, limping, bruised and beaten, or anything. If I do, I think David would put his foot down. He can't stand to see me hurt. But otherwise, as long as I'm safe, I don't much care what you use me for. The only thing I won't do is anal. I'm not sure I could stand that. I'm not real good with pain either. I never have been.

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I hope I've told you enough about myself. It's so hard when I haven't a clue what you expect from me. I don't even have that much of a general idea. Just things I've read in stories online and stuff like that, but I know that fiction, not reality.

Andrea told me that this was my one and only chance to make an impression on you. I've seen your website, so I guess you are kind of busy. I just hope I haven't come across as a waste of your time. I really hope you'll answer me back.

Ashley.

I got that email a week ago. I knew it was coming. Andrea would never give out my email without asking me first. She called me and told me a little about Ashley and asked me. That's when I told Andrea what to say to her. In a very general sense. Andrea is a well known, at least around the airport and her airline, Domme as well. I didn't have to give her scripted lines for Ashley. She could write her own.

Andrea told me a little about Ashley, too. And Ashley didn't really tell me much more herself. But she said enough for me to figure out she's a newbie, which Andrea told me anyway. And like all newbies, really doesn't know anything. Not even what might excite her and what won't. She's a mystery toy – I have to figure it out for myself by playing with it. I'm not opposed to that. It's fairly easy to do. I ignore everything the toy says and pay attention to how his/her body reacts to things. Subs lie. Bodies don't. Bodies are either excited or not.

I waited two days to answer Ashley. I figured that was plenty long enough to toy with her emotions. To make her wait, wondering I would answer her or not. To make her think she'd failed in her attempt to get me to see her. Then I sent her back a very short email. I didn't want to give anything away. I didn't want to give her a single clue what might in store for her.

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Ashley;

This is the only offer I will make. You may present yourself at my apartment at *exactly* nine am Thursday. If you do, you will belong to me while you are here. I may do whatever I fancy with you and your body. Do not expect any limits. There will be none. Anything physically possible is in my realm of possibility. The only exception to that is this: I will respect your husband's condition and there will be no males here or involved. Otherwise, anything goes. And I do mean anything.

Once you set the first toe in my apartment, you will not be free to leave unless and until I dismiss you. I don't care what other commitments you have. Don't bother me with your mundane vanilla life. I just don't care. I only care about me and my amusement. You are just a toy for me to play with. I never cared when my Barbie doll wanted to go back to her dollhouse, so I don't see any reason why I should care when my Ashley doll wants to go home. You will stay until I am done playing with you. Then I will dismiss you and you will go.

Do not bother writing back. I'm not giving you permission for that. I don't want to hear from you. You may be here or not.

Miss Rodgers.

That, I think, about says it all. It's the same rules as I have for all of my toys. Come here, and I am Queen. I never let my toys set limits. That just lets them have some of the power. They may serve, or not. But if they serve, it will be selflessly. As my absolute property.

I know Ashley is coming. She didn't have to write me back. She told Andrea, and that was a faster way to get word to me. Emails only move with the speed of the internet. Andrea moves with the speed of gossip. She quickly told me that Ashley has "bubbly happy" since she got my email. Only Andrea knows why Ashley is so happy. The rest of the air travel worker crowd just wonders.

Nadezhda Sarankhova

Chapter 01: The "Virgin"

Ashley gets one thing right. She knocks on my door at 8:59 am. I did say precisely nine. And somehow, I suspect that Andrea "cheated" and warned her that meant exactly at nine. I usually allow two minutes either way for clocks to be off. Not everyone has clocks like I do that set their own time from the WiFi/internet like a phone does. I know mine are always right.

I have Sophie, my 19-year-old live-in slave-girl answer the door. Today, like most every day around the house, I have Sophie dressed in her slave's uniform. It's an all-lace stretchy dress that begins at her breasts and ends about one inch below the bottom curve of her bottom. Being all lace, it really doesn't cover anything. It just makes you look a little harder to see through the lace. Today I gave her the lavender dress. It's fringed with frilly white lace. And it's accompanied by matching all-lace fingerless gloves and knee-high boots. And there's a matching, but not lace, plush horseshoe clip to hold back her honey-colored hair. The boots are my favorite. They have leather soles with four-inch heels that are not quite spikes but are rather narrow. Then they have a stiff lace instead of leather for sides. They're trimmed with the same frilly white lace, too. And they have a white zipper on the sides. She has lavender ankle socks under those boots. But otherwise, her legs are visible through the lace sides all the way down to her ankles. Otherwise, she doesn't have any undergarments on. No bra. No panties. It leaves her shaven pubes and pink nipples visible right through her dress.

Sophie opens the door. "Are you Ashley?"

"I am-" Ashley starts answering.

Sophie cuts her off. "I am Mistress' slave. You may address me as Miss Slave. My Mistress is expecting you. Come in." Ashley stops talking and steps through the door. Sophie shuts it behind her. She immediately points to the empty place along the wall and just inside of the door. "Stand there with your hands behind your back, and you back against Her wall. Wait. My Mistress will come for you at Her convenience."

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"Uh... OK..." I hear Ashley sputtering.

"A polite answer would be 'yes, Miss Slave.' I suggest you be very polite to my Mistress." Sophie says with a good deal of reproach in her voice. She knows that Ashley is a newbie, a D/s virgin, and thus doesn't have any idea what might be expected of her. But that's all I told Sophie. And I only told her that much when I told her Ashley might need some instruction from her. To be very specific when she told Ashley what to do. Sophie assured me that she would.

"Yes, Miss Slave," Ashley repeats, her voice sure, but also with the tiniest hint that says she knows she's out of her element. Or her comfort zone. That she's lost. She stands as Sophie told her to.

I know not to leave Ashley waiting too long. With an experienced toy, the toy would understand its place. To wait until... I say not to wait. However long that might be. But Ashley is a newbie. I figure she'll start fidgeting after about two minutes.

She makes it one minute. And even during that minute, I see her eyes inspecting my living room, looking around for any clues she might pick up. She doesn't look that nervous yet. More as if she's starting a new job or something. Wanting to get it right, but not sure what right is.

I give her another minute to fidget as she stands there. Alone. She's the only one in the room, and once Sophie joined me in the playroom, the only one she can even see or hear. Alone. Ignored. Just standing there by herself waiting for someone to come do something to her. After that second minute, she's fidgeting pretty good. I can see her on the cameras that she can't see. She doesn't, and won't, know I can watch her as she stands there.

I hope Ashley isn't expecting me to be dressed up in a leather costume. I am so not! I have jeans and a very comfy blouse on. I look like a college girl, which is exactly what I am. I'm a second-year nursing student. I come out from the playroom and walk right over to Ashley where she's standing. Sophie follows close behind me.

I face Ashley and look her right in the eyes. I figure

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there a fifty-fifty chance this is going to be a one-off. Maybe Ashley will decide reality doesn't measure up to the fantasy. Or maybe her husband will decide he doesn't want to share her, even with cute, little me. So I figure there's no reason to start teaching Ashley anything more than the very basics. Nothing like the basic commands I use to tell a sub not just what I want her to do, but how I want her to do it. If Ashley comes back, she can start to learn those. For today, I'll settle for just enough to make her do what I want her to do.

"I am Miss Rodgers. Pay attention to what I am telling you. You will not speak unless spoken to. And then you will only speak to very politely answer. There is no such thing here as privacy or modesty for a fucktoy like you. Nothing is personal, or private, or not my business. Whatever you are asked, you will answer honestly. Period.

"As of now, your name is... 'Slut.' You will answer to slut and nothing but slut. Period.

"Whenever you are told to do something, I am not asking you to do it. Nor am I asking if you want to do it. I am telling you what you will do. You will not weasel, cry, beg, or whine yourself out of it. You will do it. Period. You will not stall or delay. You will most certainly not question it. You will not drag your feet doing it. You will do it at a normal, everyday pace. You will say 'yes, Ma'am,' and then you will do it. None of that is a choice. You don't have choices. You obey.

"And you definitely do not ask questions. Do not ask for anything. You'll get whatever you are given. If it hasn't been given to you, then you should know that the answer is no. If I wanted you to have it, I'll give it to you.

"You will be humble and polite. As a worthless fucktoy should be in the presence of her Queen. If you open your slutty mouth, I expect to hear 'Ma'am' come out of it. Period. You may address my slave-girl as "Miss Slave." She is a higher life form than a fucktoy.

"Do you understand what I've told you, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Ashley answers. Now I hear that edge of

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nervousness in her voice. I'm sure after that speech Ashley is wondering what she's gotten herself into. She's about to find out.

"Good. Strip naked. I mean every single thing comes off that body. You don't get even a hairpin. And don't forget those rings on your fingers. You are not his wife. You are my fucktoy. Take one thing off at a time. Only one. Give it to my slave. When you have absolutely nothing left on that body, you will tell my slave 'I am naked for Miss Rodgers now, Miss Slave.' Then, sooner or later, some person will tell you what to do, slut. Now strip." I use a very stern and hard voice as I repeat the command to strip. I hope my voice tells Ashley that I'm not asking. She is going to take her clothes off now. And give them to Sophie.

"Yes, Ma'am..." Ashley answers, her voice now showing a little more of the uneasy nervousness. I guess she didn't expect to be stripping right from the first minute? She should have!

I wonder how shy Ashley is about her body. She definitely doesn't look to have anything to be shy about. I turn my back on her and walk across the living room to my desk. I take a seat, completely ignoring Ashley. I don't have to watch her. Sophie will let me know if Ashley does anything but strip and hand her clothes over.



Chapter 02: Learn Your Place, tramp

Chapter 02: Learn Your Place, tramp

It's about five minutes later, maybe even a minute more, when Sophie brings a very naked Ashley over to my desk. As I've told Sophie to do, she points to the stool beside my desk and tells Ashley to sit there.

This stool is here for subs to sit on. It's purposely not a comfortable stool. It's small, it's top a mere 12" diameter circle of polished wood. Otherwise, it only has four legs to support it sturdily. And it's just a hair low for an average-sized person. And that makes it even a hair lower for the tall Ashley.

Sophie tells Ashley to fully cross her legs, right over left. I always demand that bitches (female toys, subs, slaves, whore, pets, and such) sit a very particular way. Sophie tells her to keep her back straight, her eyes forward. And to put her hands in her lap. Then to be still and silent as she waits "until my Mistress wishes otherwise." I send Sophie to fetch me a cup of coffee. It's my morning beverage of choice. Afternoon, and evening, beverage, too.

I can see most of Ashley as she sits on the hard stool. She's a rather pretty woman. I already know that's she's 27-years-old, but she could pass for around 24 easily.

She has a fairly ovalish face, a little longer than average. But it has soft features and a gently rounded jawline. She has long, fine dark brown hair, its straight locks spreading out with somebody as they hang down. It leaves them flowing along her shoulders as about a third of the fine strands hang down her chest to the very tops of her breasts. She has some brilliant green eyes, framed with narrow, but longish, expertly-plucked eyebrows. Beneath that is a long nose, as should be on her longish face. It's moderately narrow and has some of the gentlest features to it. But the first thing I notice is her mouth. It's about average, neither especially wide nor narrow. It has an almost perfectly straight line to it. But what I see are her lips. They are some of the fullest, most plump, and softest lips I've seen in a long time. They're a medium shade of pink, but with a red tinge to them.

I can see that she a slightly long, and equally thin neck. Then a pair of narrow and lean shoulder blades. Lean enough that I can just barely make out the lines of her collar bones, and the tendons at the

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base of her neck. If I look closely.

She's a narrow woman with a lithe build, and it shows. I'd bet she's no more than a 34" chest. Her skin looks soft and milky white. It looks flat and taut, too. There isn't a wrinkle or blemish to be seen.

But there is no missing her breasts. They are huge. As any natural breasts as large as her almost always are, hers are soft. They're just too heavy to stand up pert and straight. They lie back along her chest with a good crease before fully rounding, like gigantic oranges. Their fronts are also almost perfectly rounded. Then, they slope steadily, and almost straight, up until they rejoin her chest. They sit slightly low on her chest, but that's just the hang from their weight. They also hang slightly off to the outsides. Again, it's their weight. They're topped with a pair of extra-wide rings of a deep pink, tinged very lightly with equal hints of purple and brown. And there are proportionally wide nipples, in the exact same shade, swelling up hard as they rise a little more than ¼" about her mounds. Those nipples have fully rounded tips to them, like half marbles, but their length leaves a slight cylindrical side to her nubs. The room is not cold. But as Ashley sits there, those nipples are standing up nicely for my eyes.

Even with Ashley sitting I can see a flat and toned stomach. But I more notice the pronounced curve to her waist. It's slightly more of a curve than average. Which gives her a curvier figure than average. Only her navel stands out, really. It's an innie, but it's rather shallow, more like a gentle bowl-shaped curve inward. And there are almost no wrinkles in it.

Below that are a pair of narrow, but fully rounded hips. Those too have a pronounced curve to them, adding to her lithe, curvy figure. She must have a very pronounced pussy mound. Even seated I can see the very top of her slit rising up at her pubes. Pubes that are silky smooth and must be freshly shaven.

And then I can see a pair of long, lean, and rather shapely legs.

I ignore Ashley for a minute, maybe even two minutes, just leaving her to sit there and wonder why she's sitting there. It's her first lesson.

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A sub must be patient. A sub will be used at her owner's pleasure, not on the sub's timetable. I'll never tell her that. She'll learn it from experience. Those are the lessons subs tend to remember anyway.

There are a bunch of cameras all through my house. Every nook and cranny of the apartment is covered by one camera or another. They're all "hidden" cameras, too. Ashley will never know that they're there. At least not for a while, and only then if I show her. But one of those many cameras is aimed right at Ashley now. It's recording everything she says and does. And a nice image of her nude body as she faces it. It's for my protection. That way no sub will ever get away with lying about what happened here.

"Ashley, I want to make one thing clear from the very start. So far no one has touched you. Your things, your clothes, even your panties are with me now. You will only get them back when I give them to you, not when you might want them back. If you wish to leave *now* I will return your things and you may go. But if you stay, you will not be free to leave. I will keep you here until I am done with you. While you are here, you will utterly belong to me. I will do whatever I wish with your body. Touch it. Penetrate it. Use it. Give to others. Force it to things you may not wish to do. Maybe even things that disgust or offend you. And I won't care what you think of them. This is your last chance to leave before you give up the choice to leave. Do you wish to stay?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers," Ashley answers with a slight nervous tremor in her voice.

"Then tell me to take you, make you serve my every whim, and make you stay until I am completely done with you."

"Yes, Ma'am. Miss Rodgers, will you please take me, and my body, and use it however you wish. I know that you might do anything to me. Please take me and use me as you wish. And please, do not let me chicken out, Ma'am, please force me to stay here for however long you wish, until I've done everything you wish for me to do, and you've done whatever you want to me, Ma'am."

That will make a nice piece of evidence should she claim she was

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forced. Which is why I had her ask me.

"I usually do a lot of things on a first session. I'm going to skip most of them. If you decide serving is your place, then I'll do them next time. I am going to ask you some questions. You are going to answer them like a good bitch. In a complete sentence. Fully. Honestly. I don't care if they're uncomfortable for you. You will answer them.

"Are you menstruating?"

"No, Ma'am, I'm not on my period."

"When is the last time you had sex?"

"I had sex last night, Ma'am."

"When is the last time you masturbated?"

"I masturbated yesterday, late morning, Ma'am."

"How often do you masturbate?"

"I've masturbated three times since I got your email, Ma'am, but before that, I never masturbated more than about once a month. David takes very good care of me that way, Ma'am."

"What size are those breasts?"

"My breasts are size 34-E, Ma'am."

I don't say anything. I don't even give her a hint that I'm going to do anything. I just reach my hand over to the closer of Ashley's breasts. I cup my hand under it and gently lift its weight. It's as heavy as it looks. Then I give it a couple of light squishes. And then I softly stroke the tips of my fingers down her mound, all the way to her nipple, before switching direction and stroking my finger down along the outside of the mound and quickly over its underside.

The instant my fingers begin caressing Ashley's mound, I see stiff goosebumps erupt on it. They seem to start in the dark rings surrounding her nipples but quickly spread out onto her mound. Then Ashley quivers, just slightly, but enough for me to see and feel it. I let

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the tips of my fingernails trace a line back to her nipple without letting my fingers touch her skin. It sends another sweet chill through Ashley. I stroke her nipple with my finger, and that sends a slightly crisper chill sweeping over Ashley. I give her nipple a little pinch to feel its hardness. It's even stiffer than it looks. Ashley purrs a very soft "Ooh!" as I pinch it.

"I will assume your phone is in your purse. What is the PIN number for it... tramp?"

"The PIN for my phone is 'Dave1987' Miss Rodgers," Ashley answers. As she does, I can hear a little more nervousness in her voice, as if she didn't expect me to violate her privacy. Just the privacy of her body. Not her personal privacy. I wonder what I might find on her phone.

"This is the one and only piece of advice I will give you, tramp. Forget everything. Forget whatever you've thought might happen. Forget your desires. Forget that you are even a person. You are not. You are nothing. You are a mere toy for my amusement. I won't care what you like. I won't care about you at all. Just remember that you are absolutely nothing. You, and nothing about you matters. Don't even try to think. Don't try to understand anything. Just accept that it's your place to be used, to do whatever I say. Obey. Save yourself some punishment, because you *will* obey me, tramp.

"Now lift your hair all the way up, and keep your arms out of the way. I want your entire neck exposed for me."

"Yes, Ma'am..." Ashley says. She quickly lifts her hair to the back of her head and holds it up, her elbows bent fully and out to the sides. "Here is my neck, Ma'am?" Ashley says with some question in her voice. Sophie taught her to "offer" everything she gives like that, but it has only been clothes so far, never a body part. I smile at her to let her know she guessed correctly, I do expect her to offer up her body parts when asked for, too.

I take one of my training collars. They're simple leather dog collars I bought at PetsMart. This one is hot pink. It's narrow, about ½" wide, but plenty long enough to fit around a person's neck. I buckle the

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leather collar on her neck. Then I use a shiny padlock to lock it around her neck. I clip a matching leash to the collar. Only then do I tell Ashley to lower her hair.

"On the floor, tramp, on all fours."

"Yes, Ma'am." I hear a faint trace of excitement in Ashley's voice. I guess she thinks I'm going to use her now. I am, but not the way she probably expects me to. I figure that most, likely all, of her knowledge, comes from stories and video clips online. And those are nothing like fact. I don't know of anyone who has a real medieval dungeon handy. Nikolai comes the closest... but that's another story.

Once Ashley is down on all fours, I firmly, but without raising my voice, correct her position. I want her back flat. I want her hands forward and out equal distances to keep her back flat. I want her thighs straight up and down, but her knees and feet parted. It looks the best, from point of view. It lets me see her rounded, full bottom as it's perked up for my eyes.

And more so, it fully bares the mound of her pussy. And now I can see just how puffy that mound is as it swells back towards me. She has fairly wide and plump lips. Lips that are rather long, too. But the puffiness of her mound makes her lips look narrower than they are. They spend too much of their width rising up with the puff. Those lips are as silky smooth as her bare pubes are. It leaves a moderately wide gash between her lips. It looks to me like they could fully meet, were it not for the rise of her mound. In that gash, I can see the edges of her faintly purple inner folds lying against each other like a second pair of lips. Those fully meet with a fine line of a slit. Albeit a wrinkly and loose slit.

I pull on Ashley's leash. "Come along, tramp." I don't wait for an answer. I start walking. The leash snaps taut almost instantly, pulling the collar hard against her neck. Hard enough to choke her. Ashley doesn't answer. She gets the hint and starts crawling forward quickly. It's enough to put some light slack in her leash and take away the choking.

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As soon as I feel the slack I know that Ashley is scampering to keep pace with me. It's far easier and faster for a person on two legs than on all fours. It's what I was waiting for. I glance back and see that her shoulders have risen up just a little. Ashley forgetting her posture in favor of the speed she needed not to choke.

I just flick my wrist. I don't even stop leading her along. The flick sends the tip of my crop sailing through the air. It lands squarely on the center of one of Ashley's cheeks with a loud slapping crack.

"OW!" Ashley blurts out, "OW! That hurt!"

I flick my wrist again, stinging a matching pink crop print onto Ashley's other globe. As the crop is sailing through the air I scold her "I didn't give you permission to speak, tramp."

"OW!" she cries out again as the crop lands. She whines a few more "OW!s" Then she wiggles her cheeks as if trying to shake the sting off of them. I swat her again. "I didn't say to wiggle your butt like some gutter whore! And the first swat was for not minding your posture. Get that back flat like a good bitch!"

I swat her again. It leaves her with two stinging pink marks, like a square with a triangle on top, on each cheek. And it lets me hear another of her whiny yelps. She's in trouble. Her "ow" is just too whiny, too squealing, too girly-high-pitched. I love it. She's going to be squealing for me.

I walk her to the bathroom. My floors are tile, both in the bathroom and everywhere except my bedroom. I know the tile is hard on her knees. It's another lesson for her. Swallowing minor discomfort. And minding her posture.

I'll bet Ashley is wondering why I brought her here, instead of a playroom or "dungeon." Play doesn't need a playroom. And I have a lesson for her in humility.

I stop her with a sharp tug on the leash but only when I have her face a few scant inches from the toilet. I grab a few strands of her hair in my hand and give them a crisp tug. Her head snaps up, following her

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hair. "Head up, tramp!" I scold her.

I'll bet by now she feels like she knows nothing. I want her to. I want her to stop trying to guess what I want based on some porn clip she's seen, and just do exactly as she's told instead. It won't take her too many more swats on her bare bottom to figure it out.

I just snap my finger and tell Sophie "slave, fetch the tray." Sophie knows what to get. She brings it over and sets it where I point. IN front of the toilet. Right in front of Ashley.

Ashley sees it. She knows instantly what it is. Cleaning supplies. There's scouring powder. There's toilet cleaner. There's a hospital-grade disinfectant. There's a toothbrush with stiff bristles. There are rags. There are even polishing cloths. What there aren't, are gloves. I'll bet she notices that. I can see it on her face. She's wondering why I brought this out. She came here to play, not to scrub my toilets. She so did not expect this!

"See my toilet, tramp? You will scrub it with the Comet. Then you will wash it with the cleanser. Then you will disinfect it. And then you will dry it. It will sparkle and shine brighter than any toilet you've ever seen. I want it so clean that you'll eat off of it. Do not miss a spot. Pretend your bottom depends on its shine." I give her a very light tap on her bottom with my crop. Just enough of a tap for her to feel the crop touching her skin. Enough for her to understand what I mean when I said her bottom depended on it. "I know you are a completely skanky little tramp, but don't let your pussy distract you. Scrub. Not slut." I tell her. I'm sure she's thinking that there's no way she's going to get aroused while scrubbing my toilet, so "slut" won't be a problem for her.

She hesitates just a second. Literally about one second. I snap my crop again, stinging another crop print on her bottom. Ashley yelps a slightly louder, and squeakier, "OW!" as she sucks in a pained breath.

"I said scrub, tramp! Quit wasting my time!"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Ashley blurts out in a voice that's equal parts nervousness, panic, and an urgent desire to spare her bottom another

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swat. She picks up the toothbrush, the only brush she's been given, and grabs the Comet. She sprinkles it liberally all over the inside of the bowl and starts scrubbing.

I give it about ten seconds. Then I give Ashley another firm little swat on those adorable bare cheeks of hers.

"OW!" Ashley cries out, and this time she sounds genuinely surprised, but even more whiny. She sobs another "OW!" She sobs once more, "I'm scrubbing, Ma'am!" she blurts out in a whiny voice.

I swat her other cheek. I know it's stinging her bottom fairly sharply. But it's not doing much to her bottom besides stinging. Her cheeks have only a light pinkness to them. Light enough that it will fade away before she finishes this toilet.

"OW!" She cries out with the fresh swat, sucking in a sharp breath as she does.

I don't wait for her to earn herself another swat. She needs a tiny rest between her swats. I scold her! "That's for talking! I didn't say you could speak. The first stroke was for not scrubbing fast and hard enough! I want work! Stop playing and start working, tramp!"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Ashley blurts out a nearly-panicked, and very whiny, voice. Her hands start moving faster. She's gotten my message.

One thing about housework in general, and scrubbing toilets in particular, it's deathly boring. It leaves Ashley's mind free to wander. And I hope it is wandering. If it is, she's thinking "what have I gotten myself into!" and "I thought sex, not work!" She's too far out of her element to understand what she's being taught so soon. But she'll learn it just the same.

Ashley scrubs. I stand over her watching everything she does. I give her about two minutes. By then, she's into the rhythm of the hard scrubbing, and her mind should be wandering.

I reach down to Ashley's light pink cheeks. One hand on each cheek. I give both cheeks a soft, tame, squeeze with my full hand.

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"OW!" Ashley yelps, but not nearly as loudly as she does for a swat. Her bottom reflexively wiggles, trying to get away from my hands. Not a wild wiggle, just a little one. I don't let go.

I pull her cheeks wide apart to bare her asshole to my eyes. Ashley's asshole is tiny. But it's not tensed up. Not until I spread her cheeks wide, that is. Her ring is a medium pink, but with the same faint hint of purple-brown to it that her deeply-colored nipples have. It sits flush with the valley of her crack, having almost no funnel-shape to it. I don't see the hard ring of her muscle, either. Just the deeply colored flesh, steadily wrinkling up towards a single little pinpoint at its center. With gentle wrinkles, not large prominent ones. The wrinkles don't even really flow into the pinpoint. They more flow to it, then turn sharply and vanish. "Oh, you anus looks so tight!" I remake out loud.

It takes Ashley by surprise. I'll bet she never expected me to look at her asshole, much less to do so while she's working. She trembles as she hears the comment. I'm sure she's wondering why I'm looking at it, and more importantly what I might do to it next. She's already told me what a chicken she is about her asshole.

Ashley freezes with the surprise comment. I release her cheeks and quickly snap my crop down a little harder on her bottom.

Ashley cries out a loud, "AH-OW!" She sucks a couple of fast, sniffling breaths.

I scold her "I warned you to work, not worry about you slutty pussy! Work!"

Ashley's hands are flying now as they scrub the bowl. She's sobbing lightly from the sting, but not crying. But she is working, hard and fast. Only now she's working nervously.

I give Ashley about two more minutes, letting her panic fade, and her mind start dulling again with the monotony. Then I use the tip of my crop, stroking it very lightly, and slowly, along the line where the soft inner folds of her pussy meet, right at the center of her gash.

Ashley manages to keep scrubbing. She manages to last about

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half of a tease before she shudders hard and breathes out a deep, squeaky "OH!" It's a sweet "Oh." I can tell when I take my crop from her pussy and I see Ashley's sticky, creamy, clear honey clinging to the edge of it. I guess her pussy doesn't mind this lesson.

I give her another little break. This one a minute or so longer, until I start to see the strain in her arms. It tells me they're tiring of the near-manic pace she's scrubbing.

On all fours, Ashley's huge breasts hang down freely from her chest, baring the entire mounds to me. Even their tender, and often-neglected, undersides. Men always forget about those, especially on bigger breasts where he'd have to lift them to get to the top of it, along her chest. It's a place I know that Ashley is not used to being touched. And now her dangling breasts with their hard nipples are jiggling around as she scrubs.

I stroke the tip of my crop along the underside of her breasts. It surprises Ashley, but she manages to keep working as I tease her mound. Even when I see the goosebumps springing up along that tender underside of the dangling mound.

I tap the tip of her mound with my crop as lightly as I can. I know Ashley barely feels the tap. But it gets a very hard shudder from her. Hard enough of a shudder that her shoulder rises up. And her mounds jiggle wildly for a second. I hear Ashley suck in a very panicked sharp intake of breath.

"Oh..." I coo in a taunting voice, "you don't want those breasts whipped, do you?"

"No, Ma'am! Please, I don't want my breasts whipped, Ma'am! Please, Ma'am, it will hurt too much!" Ashley blurts out, her mouth running on nervously. But her hands keep scrubbing. With renewed vigor.

I glance back at that puffy mound of her pussy. It's so puffy that it's sticking out a little past the backs of her thighs now. And I can see the honey that's now clinging to the edges of those folds. And most of

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her gash, too. It wasn't nearly that wet a few minutes ago.

I'll bet Ashley's mind hasn't a clue what's going on, or why. I'll bet she's so edgy that she's so focused on the scrubbing that she doesn't even know how hot her pussy must be getting.

"Tramp, is your pussy tight?" I casually ask, as if I'm asking the time of day.

"My husband says my pussy is pretty tight, Ma'am." Ashley quickly answers the slight shyness I'd heard earlier now replaced with a voice that's only eager to please me.

"slave... tell me." It's all I say. It tells Ashley nothing, although if she thought about it, there's really only one thing I'd be asking Sophie to tell me about.

"Yes, my Mistress," Sophie answers from her place behind Ashley, where Ashley didn't even know that Sophie was watching her.

I stand off to the side.

Sophie kneels down behind Ashley. Sophie very casually, and without a glove on (I didn't tell her to put one on), reaches a single, straight finger towards Ashley's wet mound.

I lie the tip of my crop against one of Ashley's nipples just as Sophie's finger touches Ashley's mound. I hope Ashley gets the message. Misbehave, and she will pay dearly for it. Her hands start frantically scrubbing with every bit of her energy.

Sophie casually presses her finger into Ashley's slit. It keeps going, easily finding Ashley's tunnel, and steadily slipping into her pussy.

"OH!" Ashley squeals with pure honey in her voice. "OH!" Her hips wiggle slightly as a hard shudder flows over Ashley. She squeaks out another, mousier, "OHH!" drawing it out as she shivers. Her eyes stay locked on the toilet. I see her hands start to freeze. Ashley catches it, forces herself to focus on her work, and keeps them moving before I have to swat her breast. "OHH!" Ashley screeches out louder, and squeakier than ever. Another, and harder, shiver hits her. Her hands

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almost stop again as the shiver makes her body stiffen up.

Ashley screeches, almost screams, "OHH!!!" Her entire body shivers hard. I even see her teeth chattering. Her hands slow. As they scrub, they press hard against the toilet as well, as if trying to find something to grip.

And then Ashley breathes out a very sultry "OOH..." Her long moan is full of relief. But it's a frustrated relief. Sophie's finger is gone. But the goosebumps that cover Ashley's pussy mound, upper thighs, and bottom aren't. Ashley pants a few fast breaths. Then she gets those hands working at full speed. Manic-fast speed.

Sophie holds up her finger and wrinkles her nose. "No, Mistress, this bitch's pussy is not very tight. It did, however, skank all over my finger, Mistress."

I see Ashley flinch as she hears Sophie, feigning disgust in her voice, loudly announce that Ashley's pussy just left her honey all over Sophie's finger.

I give Ashley a very light tap with my crop, swinging the tip up so it lands square on Ashley's nipple. Ashley yelps an "OW" that's a hundred times worse than the swat. My swat didn't even leave a pink spot on her breast! I'd bet her yelp is more from the surprise of being swatted there, and her "chicken" fear of what I could do to it.

"You skanked my slave's finger! Slut!"

"I'm sorry, Ma'am! I'm so sorry for skanking on your finger, Miss Slave! I'm sorry!" Ashley pleads.

I grab Sophie's wrist and bring Sophie around to the far side of the toilet. It doesn't take any work, Sophie obediently goes where I want her. "Clean it off, tramp," I say sternly just as I put the tip of Sophie's finger to Ashley's lips.

Ashley gets the hint. She opens her mouth. But only slightly and starts to stick her tongue out.

I touch the tip of my crop to Ashley's nipple again. She flinches

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hard just from the touch. And she sucks in a very nervous breath. "You didn't seem to have any shame when you skanked my slave up, did you, tramp?"

"No, Ma'am... I'm so sorry, Ma'am! I'm sorry for shamelessly skanking all over your slave, Ma'am."

"Well, you can clean your skank off my slave just as shamelessly! Open your mouth, tramp!" I don't wait for Ashley to open her mouth much. She's opening it too slowly. I shove Sophie's finger into her mouth. All the way. Luckily for Ashley Sophie has short fingers. Even so, it comes very close to gagging Ashley. "Now suck your skank off, tramp!"

I hold Sophie's finger still for a second. Then I start pulling it back slowly. I see Ashley's cheeks pulling hard inward. It tells me that Ashley is sucking hard on that finger. I even see those plump lips puckered out as the finger inches out. When Sophie's finger slips from Ashley's lips, there's nothing but a fine film of saliva on it. Not a bit of honey.

Ashley's face is another matter. It's wrinkled up. But her hands are still manically scrubbing away. I giggle, "Oh, tramp doesn't like the girly taste of pussy!"

"No, Ma'am!" Ashley urgently blurts out. "I told you, Ma'am, I'm not into women... It's kind of... gross to me, Ma'am! I don't want to taste pussy, Ma'am! Please, Ma'am!"

It takes Ashley about half an hour to finish with the toilet. I spend every moment of that time teasing her as I have been. When Ashley is done, my toilet is dry and sparkles nicely.

I ask Ashley "Is it clean enough that you'll eat off of it, tramp?"

"Yes, Ma'am, your toilet is clean enough to eat off of, Ma'am." Ashley answers. She still hasn't caught what I've been saying. I didn't say clean enough to eat off of. I said clean enough that she would eat off of it.

Sophie hands me a cup of chocolate pudding, already opened. I

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turn the cup over, dropping most of the pudding into the toilet. It lands perfectly! Right at the waterline. It can't be more than a hair's width above the water. And the creamy pudding clings to the dry bowl. In a big, brown, but obviously chocolate, pile.

"Prove it, tramp," I tell her. I push her head down, putting her lips right to the pudding. I stop with her lips just above it. I hold her head there for an instant. I put my foot on the back of Ashley's neck and press down as I release her head. "Eat off of it, tramp! You did say it was clean enough!"

I have Ashley's lips just into the gooey pudding. She opens her mouth and tries to lick up a little of the pudding without letting her tongue touch the bowl. She ought to know that it's clean. That disinfectant has it sanitized better than a restaurant plate. But that doesn't help. There's something psychological about eating right out of a toilet. Even when she knows it clean, and she's eating food.

I see Ashley's face scrunch up with disgust as she thinks about what she's doing. Think about eating out of a toilet. "And there had better not be a speck of brown goo left, or you will start over!" I firmly tell her that she's not going to get away with just a little lick. Her tongue is going to be licking all over that bowl, not just pudding.

Ashley quivers hard. She gags, but lightly, as she tries to lick it up. I hold her head down, her face fully into the toilet. Ashley doesn't notice Sophie taking a picture of her like this. Oh, well... my evil Mistress side will have fun with that picture.

It takes Ashley a few very cringing minutes to lick all of the pudding up from my toilet. I can see her eyes nervously scanning the bowl as she licks, desperate to ensure that she hasn't missed anything that will make her repeat this lesson. When her head finally stops moving, I grab her hair and pull her head up from the toilet. Then I check it closely.

It's clean. Her tongue has left my toilet just as shiny as the cleaner did. Spit shined. "Well, look at that, tramp! You actually managed to tongue polish a toilet!"

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"Thank you, Ma'am," Ashley happily says.

I know Ashley could stand to use the toilet. I've been touching her everywhere, teasing and distracting her as she worked. She doesn't know I'm a nursing student. She knows very little about me. Not even my first name. But I am a student nurse, and I've had enough practice to know what I'm feeling. And I can feel a full bladder. Hers isn't too full, but it is full enough that she's starting to feel it. Maybe not enough that she'll ask for the toilet yet, but she's feeling it.

"I guess you can use it..." I sigh out. "Sit," I snap firmly as I point to the toilet.

Ashley obediently gets to her feet. She's been on her knees for about forty-five minutes now. They're red, so they've got to be sore. Tile is hard! Then she hesitates briefly as she starts to sit. But she can see the crop in my hand, and then stern look on my face. She sits.

I scold her immediately to sit like a bitch, not a slob. I have her straighten her back up. I tell her to keep her eyes forward. It forces her to look at me, and worse for her to see that I am watching her closely. I tell her to spread her knees wide, and her feet just as wide. I have her put her hands on her thighs, palms loose, and upturned. "Now sit still, tramp.

"Pee," I say it with nothing in my voice as if I'm saying something I don't care about. Not as if I'm telling someone to do something embarrassing, and going out of my way to make it as demeaning as possible for her. Which is what I'm doing.

Ashley has no choice. She sits there, her eyes seeing nothing but Sophie and me watching her. And not just her, but watching the shaven mound of her pussy closely. It makes her think about what we're going to see. Everything, in full vivid intimate detail. And she can't even turn her eyes away and pretend we're not here. The people with clothes watching her embarrass herself.

She looks like she's about to cry when I finally see the jet of golden pee shooting out from between her lips. "Good girl, tramp! I

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knew you were housebroken! Go on, pee. Get it all out!” I say it tauntingly sweet. I say it just to drive home how closely she’s been seen.

When she’s done, I tell Sophie to give her a baby wipe. Sophie puts it in Ashley’s hand. And Ashley obediently waits for directions. “Go on, tramp, clean the pee off your skanky pussy!” I tell her. She wipes and drops the wipe in the bowl. I make her stand up, then turn around and face the toilet while she flushes it. Then I make her wash her hands.



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I walk Ashley to the playroom. I doubt it's what she's expecting a playroom to look like. It's not a "dungeon." It's not dark. It's not dismal. It's nothing but the second bedroom of my apartment. OK, the window is covered, but it's well lit. There's a padded massage table roughly in the center of the room. There's a huge closet that holds countless larger toys. There is a row of cabinets that line the wall with the window, holding the smaller toys. There are some chairs and stool along another wall. Some of those have been modified for playtime, but not all. Since I don't have too much room in here, I usually just bring out the toys I'm planning to use.

Otherwise, there's just a cloth screen that blocks off one corner of the room from view. Behind that, I have two dog kennels. One is Paige's home. She's my house-slave/whore. She's not in her kennel now. I have her scrubbing the kitchen. It's one of her chores. Thankfully she's been with me long enough, and she's happy here, so I don't have to stand over her. I know Paige will do what she's told, and do it right. The other kennel is for whatever pet I decide to keep in it for a night or two. But never Lilly, my foster-dog. She gets run of the house. The kennels are only for two-legged pets. Ashley won't even know they're there. At least not today. She can't see them behind the screen. Maybe someday, if she comes back, she might know they are there. She might spend some time in one of them.

She obediently follows her leash into the room. I guess the choking walk to the bathroom did what I wanted it to do and taught her to follow her leash. Good bitches do. I can see on her face that it's not what she was expecting a playroom to look like. She'll learn. And maybe she'll come to play on some of the toys I have in the closet. I can already picture her in the stocks. She would look so cute with those huge breasts dangling down!

I slide around behind Ashley. Her hands are behind her back, where I've taught her they are to be. I slip a pair of handcuffs out of my back pocket and quickly lock them around Ashley's wrists. They're real police-grade cuffs, not comical fuzzy pink ones or something. She doesn't have a prayer of getting her narrow, slightly bony, wrists out of

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those cuffs.

I feel the tension in her arms the instant she realizes that she's being bound. I know she thought that would be likely. It's pretty stereotypical D/s. There's usually some kind of bondage in the internet videos. And often in real life, too. But it doesn't surprise me. I've already seen that she's every bit the chicken she said she was. Anything seems to make her nervous. Losing the use of her hands is no exception. I'm sure she's thinking that it takes away her ability to resist. To save herself.

I order Ashley to kneel. She gets down to her knees. I use my crop to correct her posture. A very light tap to her knees and a firm instruction gets her to spread them wide. Another tap to her feet and she has them spread and lined up with her knees. Then a tap in the center of her back gets her to straighten that up. A tap to her bottom and she's sitting back with her cheeks between her heels. By the time I get to her eyes, she's already figured out to look forward. Smart girl. Saves her a little tap to her cheek as I tell her. Not that it would really hurt. My taps are so light that they don't even leave faint marks on her. I don't have to worry about her hands. The cuffs take care of those for me.

I tell Sophie to "fetch the skanky thing." As I do I point, motioning Sophie to bring Paige in along a path that takes her behind Ashley's back, where Ashley won't see her. Sophie nods. A minute later she comes back in, leading Paige along by a leash.

Paige, my "skanky whore," is 18 years old. Almost 19 now. She's about average height: 5'4". But at 120 pounds, she's also rather lean. And like Ashley, she's a narrow girl. Paige, however, isn't curvy like Ashley is. Paige has only a gentle feminine curve to her waist, giving her a figure that somewhat stick-like. And Paige has slightly bony hips to go with a slightly bone body. And rather lean legs.

Paige is a pretty girl. She has an oval face with slightly stronger features than Ashley. Green eyes. A wide mouth framed with light pink, moderately plump lips. And wavy, light brown hair down to her

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shoulders. She also has some very pert B-cup breasts. They're not so rounded, as Ashley's are, but have a slight pointiness to their tips. And they have wide, but light pink, nipples on them. But they don't lie back on her chest. Paige's breasts rise almost straight off of her chest, standing up firmly.

Paige has a moderately puffy pussy mound beneath fully shaven pubes. And she has a small, firm, and gently rounded bottom.

Around the apartment, Paige is always nude. I allow her clothes only when leaving the apartment, and then she has to dress and undress right at the front door. She pretends to be shy, but there's no doubt she secretly loves to have her body flaunted. She almost always wears chains on her ankles in the apartment, too. And she has them on today. They're just regulation police-grade leg irons that I've put a leather sleeve over the metal cuffs of. I did that so they don't chafe and bruise her bony ankles. I don't want her walking around with red ankles. I'm sure Paige wouldn't care if I did, though. The chains remind her of her place. At the very bottom. As does the collar that's permanently locked around her neck. It's just not as ornate as Sophie's collar. But Sophie has a slightly higher status around here.

I leave Ashley kneeling, facing the closet, for a second. I walk over to Paige and silently hand her a strap-on dildo that I've gotten from one of the cabinets. Paige obediently puts it on without my having to tell her to. It's got heavy straps, and a leather piece like the front of a pair of panties, that will hold it firmly in place on her body. And it has a hard latex shaft that looks exactly like a cock. It even has a fat purplish head atop a shaft with its latex dyed the shade of man. It has realistic looking fake veins on it, too. It's a fairly large cock. It measures seven inches long, and 1 ½" across. Not counting the pair of fake balls that dangle at its base just like real ones. It's so realistic that it even has real hair surrounding the cock and covering the balls. Black hair, but it's curly with a slight wiriness to it, just like a man's is.

I take Paige's leash and walk her over to where Ashley is kneeling. As I lead Paige in front of Ashley, I giggle "Oh, goodie, you're already on

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your knees!"

Ashley can now see the long, fat, fake cock in front of her face. I think any woman would be able to guess what's wanted of her. I watch as Ashley's eyes go wide as she looks at the dildo.

"I take it this cock is bigger than your husband's?"

"Yes, Ma'am, this cock is bigger than Dave's, Ma'am," Ashley answers with every bit of the nervousness back in her voice.

"Surely you've sucked a dick before, tramp."

"Yes, Ma'am, I've given plenty of blow jobs before, Miss Rodgers."

"Did the guys like them?"

"They all said they loved them, Ma'am, and they all wanted another one from me, Ma'am."

I giggle. "Duh. They're men! They always want blow jobs from whoever will give them one! Did they cum in your mouth?"

"Only Dave has cum in my mouth, Ma'am... He's the only one I've let do that, Ma'am."

"Well, then I guess Dave liked your slutty mouth, tramp. Let's see how slutty it is. Suck skanky's cock, tramp." As I give the command, I give Paige an affectionate little tap on her bottom with my hand. It cues her. She turns slightly, squaring herself up with Ashley and putting the tip of the strap-on's cock right in front of Ashley's lips, about an inch back.

"It's too big, Ma'am!" Ashley nervously blurts out.

"OW!" Ashley cries out loudly as my crop snaps firmly against her bottom.

"I said show me, tramp. Suck skanky's cock."

Ashley, still whining mute "Owls" from the swat, opens her mouth and puts it to the tip of the dildo. She pretends to suck it. She takes the head of it into her mouth, but that's about it. It has her mouth stretched

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decently wide open, but not all the way to its limit. I can see the shaft trying to pull with Ashley's little strokes, and that tells me she's not taking care to keep her teeth off of it. Were it a real cock, its owner would not be pleased with Ashley's affections. At least not as she's doing it.

"I said show me how you suck cock, tramp. I meant it. Now suck it like it's your husband." I snap the crop against Ashley's bottom again, just so she doesn't have any doubt that I mean for her to really give the fake cock a good blow job.

Ashley's mouth opens a little wider as she cries out another squeaky "OW!" with the cock still in her mouth. Her bottom wiggles slightly. Then she starts sucking it.

This, I'd think, is about her best. She takes about two inches of its length, the head of it plus some shaft, into her mouth. I'd guess that's the point where she feels the head of it getting to the back of her mouth. It looks like she's opened her jaw a little wider, but her teeth are still toughing the shaft. No man would like that.

I know Ashley is struggling. I want her to. I don't want to be easy or comfortable for her. I want her to work. That's why I gave Paige this dildo. It's never certain, but I was confident it would be at least a little bigger than anything she's seen before. Seven-inch cocks, while nicely satisfying, are rarities.

I give her half a minute or so to get her rhythm going and really show me what she can do for a man. And then, it's time for her lesson. She did say she wanted to be used... I don't see any reason not to teach her a new trick her husband will love while I use that mouth of hers.

I stand right behind Ashley, my denim-clad legs pressed snug against her bare back and shoulders. I put one foot on an ankle, the rubbery sole of my sneaker lightly pressing her ankle down and holding her bare foot on the floor.

Then I grab Ashley's head. One hand, under her jaw, pinches to corners of her mouth uncomfortably hard. It forces her jaw to stretch

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fully, opening to the widest her muscles will allow. My other hand grips the top of her head, slightly to the back, Ashley's hair laced through my fingers.

There are two ways to do what I'm about to do. Gradually, and very uncomfortably, or fast and very uncomfortably. For Ashley, not for me, and not for Paige. I decide on the fast approach. Let Ashley learn right from the start that I don't care about her comfort, or much else. That she's going to do what she's told to do, and do it the way I like. However, that is for her. Let her feel used, like a sex toy.

I let her go through her amateurish stroke. I wait until she's at the point where she's about to reverse her stroke and start letting some of that cock back out of her mouth. As if the five or so untouched inches isn't enough out of her mouth.

I don't let her reverse. I hold her head firmly. Ashley immediately stiffens up and tries to stop. I don't let her do that either. I push hard against her head and keep it moving at the same pace. My other hand squeezes her jaw, forcing her to keep it wide open, too.

Ashley resists. Her body tenses up harder. Instantly. She fights me, trying to back her head off. She doesn't have the strength. The shaft keeps inching its way into her gaping mouth, her taut lips gliding along its sides.

Ashley gets about another half-inch of the shaft into her mouth. I figure that's where she really feels the soft, fat head of it filling her mouth to the very back. She nervously starts to struggle a little more. It doesn't do her any good. Her head keeps moving.

It's not more than another fraction of an inch before the soft head of the phallus starts pushing it's way out the back of her mouth, towards her throat. She gags, hard. I feel her muscles snapping with the sudden tension as she does. "NO!" She screams out in a truly panicked plea. I can barely make out the word. The cock stuffing her mouth makes too good of a gag!

I force her head to keep going, the shaft starting to push her head

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back a little more and straighten out the line from her lips to her throat.

A fraction of an inch later Ashley gags again. This time hard. I see her shoulders snap downward slightly as her muscles twitch with tension. I see the panic on her face. I know she's wondering how much cock I'm going to force her to swallow. Or if I'll just choke her to death with it. Chicken.

I keep her head going, ignoring Ashley's gagging. She manages to get about four inches of it into her mouth. I feel the hard resistance that tells me it's made it's way to Ashley's throat. The fat head of the shaft is not pushing hard against the narrow tube of her throat, and the muscles and flap that close it off.

Ashley feels it, too. She chokes hard. As if she's swallowed too big of a bite and her reflexes are trying to push it out. She chokes so hard that her entire body jumps as her muscles snap. She doesn't have anywhere to go. My body is too snugly against hers. It doesn't still her, but it keeps her there, on her knees. My hand keeps her mouth from closing, too. But my fingers at the corners of her jaw can feel her jaw trying to bite closed.

As the pressure against her throat increases, Ashley panics. Her entire body fights hard to get off the cock. Her hands thrash wildly, rattling the chain of the cuffs that hold them useless to her. Her shoulders wiggles as they try to bring her head back. Her bottom tries to rise up. Her knees squirm, trying to go anywhere and get her away. None of it does her any good.

Then it happens. The pressure is just gone. The cock is moving easier again. Now only the tightness surrounding it, dragging against the sides of the shaft, is all the resistance there is. And that's not much.

Ashley chokes hard and heaves. As she does her bottom snaps up, bashing against my calves. She tries to scream something, but there's no way anyone could understand her now. Every muscle in her body thrashes hard as it fights. Yet she stays on her knees. And the cock keeps sliding into her mouth.

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As it does, with now about six inches of the thickness into the struggling woman's mouth, I can see the fat shaft pushing the sides of Ashley's neck out as it stretches the tube of her throat wide. It will make Ashley's throat burn from being stretched far wider than it's ever been.

Ashley struggles as hard as ever. She heaves once more, too. She'd puke if she could. But she can't. Her throat is stuffed too full for that. And now, Ashley realizes, it's stuffed too full for her to breathe, too. She can't. The realization ramps her panic up a few notches, and that gets her thrashing against me harder.

And I still ignore her. I keep her head going forward, taking more of the cock into her, stretching more of her throat to its widest ever. Deep throating a cock isn't hard to do. Any woman can do it. Any man, too. The hard part is learning how to ignore the gag reflex that stops most women from doing it. And that's what Ashley is learning now. By doing it.

I keep her head moving. I make her go all the way until her plush, taut, lips are touching the leather at the base of the strap-on, the fake pubic hair all around her lips. Her bottom lip is even touching the fake rubbery balls under that stiff shaft.

It has Ashley's neck stretched wide. And pulled to a slightly unnatural angle in order to line her lips up with her throat so the unbending shaft has a straight path into her. And it has her choking hard.

I hold Ashley's head still for about one second. Just enough for her to feel everything and realize that I've shoved the entire cock into her throat. Then I ease up the pressure holding her head in place.

That's all it takes. Ashley's head is moving backward, inching off the cock. It would be flying backward if it could. But I'm keeping enough pressure on Ashley's head to keep her pace steady. The same leisurely pace that she took the cock in. Consistent, as a blow job should be.

She has about half of the cock out of her mouth when I hear a fast, needy, and very noisy, breath sucking through her nose. She

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breathes fast and hard.

I keep her moving, letting her release all but the head of the cock from her mouth. Then I go back to work, my muscles overpowering Ashley's neck muscles and forcing her to start taking the cock back into her mouth.

"NO!" Ashley cries out around the shaft the instant she feels her stroke reverse. The panic returns instantly, too. It doesn't bother to wait until Ashley is struggling with the thickness in her tight throat. I still ignore Ashley.

I keep her moving, making her take all of the cock into her throat again. Making her go until her lips are snug against the pubes. Until there's just no more cock to swallow. Then I allow her to smoothly reverse her stroke.

I keep Ashley moving. It takes about a dozen of those strokes before her struggling starts to ease up even a little. That's about twice as long as it takes for her choking to start easing.

And after a dozen more strokes, Ashley isn't choking at all. She's barely even gagging on it. Not really noticeably. I can just feel the weak ripple run through her body as she tenses for an instant. But that's not quite long enough for her panic to start easing. That takes her a little longer.

I keep just as firm of a grip on her head the entire time. Until the choking is gone. And her panic has faded as she comes to believe that this isn't going to injure her or choke her to death. It's just going to be uncomfortable for her, and that's just from her throat having to stretch so wide to accommodate this huge cock.

I stop Ashley with her lips flush against the pubes and balls. I hold her there, the cock fully down her throat, stuffing it, stretching it, and blocking it. To where Ashley can't breathe. I hold her head firmly still.

"See that, tramp? You can suck a dick like the gutter slut you are! This is a blow job. This is what men want you to do for them. This is what your husband wants you to do for him. And this is how you will

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suck a cock when I tell you to suck. And I don't care how long, or how fat, the cock is. I don't care if you choke on it. You will swallow it and suck it like a cheap whore.

"Now, while I keep your head right here for you, you are going to slip your tongue out between your teeth and the cock. Use the tip of your tongue to tease those balls..." I wait a few seconds. I don't see any tongue. I know this thick shaft makes it a tight fit for her tongue, but it can be done. I can feel that her jaw is wide enough open now. "I'll just wait until you behave your trashy butt. I can breathe." I add tauntingly to remind Ashley that she can't breathe right now.

I don't know if she thinks I'll let her pass out or not. I won't. But I will wait until her lungs are on fire as they burn for air. And until the panic sets in. She must guess that she's going to stay here until she licks the balls. She struggles, but in another second her tongue is teasing those balls softly. She does it for about a second.

"Good bitch, tramp! Now show me that you'll behave. Show me that you can suck a cock like the skankiest street corner whore. I am going to let go. You will keep going. You will suck it just the way I taught you. Slowly, steadily, and every bit of it. You will not stop. And I do not want to see those teeth of your scraping it! Guys say that hurts. Pretend your butt depends on it. Suck cock, tramp." I let go of Ashley's head.

Ashley obediently starts performing. She's slightly inept and clumsy in her movements, but it is her very first deep throat stroke. At least where she had to do anything other than just feel it happening to her. She gets the job done.

And in about two or three minutes, she's getting good at it. Well, not quite good, but at least the clumsiness is gone and her strokes aren't tentative. It's as if she knows what she's doing. I let her go a few more minutes before telling her that skanky has cum, she can stop sucking it now.

Ashley quickly gets the cock out of her mouth. Then she kneels, her head mostly up, but hanging slightly. She pants a few deep, but light

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breaths as she calms down.

"Imagine how your husband would feel if you gave him a blow job like that. If you swallowed all of his cock, and licked his balls once or twice just to tease him. If he came in your throat and you swallowed every drop of it... Do you think your husband would like that, tramp?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers," Ashley reluctantly admits. "I know Dave would very much love it if I could deep throat him, Ma'am."

"Is his cock as big as skanky's?" I know the answer. I already asked her this. I just want her to say it again.

"No, Ma'am. Skanky has a bigger cock than Dave does, Ma'am."

"So you *can* do it for your husband then, tramp. It's easier to suck a smaller cock!"

"Yes, Ma'am, I guess now I could deep throat my husband's cock, Ma'am."

"Show me, tramp. Suck skanky's cock again." As I say it, I give her bottom a very light tap with the crop, just to remind her that she is going to suck it.

"Yes, Ma'am," Ashley says unenthusiastically. Then she starts sucking it. This time she gags slightly on the first two strokes, but that's it. And she manages to work through the gagging. I let her practice for five minutes.

Then she gets a little rest. And another five minutes of practice. Now she doesn't gag at all. She just swallows the cock.

"Do you feel like a gutter slut swallowing a whole cock, tramp?" I ask her after the third practice.

"Yes, Ma'am, I feel very cheap and slutty swallowing an entire cock, Ma'am."

"That's because you are a cheap slut, tamp!" I tell her enthusiastically. "luckily for you, men want their women to be cheap sluts in bed, as long as it's just for them!"



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As I have Paige start taking the strap-on off, I see a wave of relief wash over Ashley's face. She knows that she's done with this. She won't have to shove that fat cock down her throat again. If she notices that she's still on her knees, she doesn't show it. Maybe she just thinks I'll get to her after I get done with Paige.

Once Paige has the strap-on off, I tell her to get a chair. Paige brings it. I have her sit it right in front of Ashley. Then I tell Paige to sit on the edge of it and "offer her pussy." It means for Paige to sit with her bottom right on the edge of the seat, leaning back as much as she can, and to spread her knees and feet wide. It gives Ashley a very good view of Paige's pussy.

Paige's pussy is not as modest as Ashley's. She has a moderately puffy mound with narrow, long lips. Most of her pink inner folds stand out through her wide gash when she stretches her legs wide, like now. Except over her tunnel. There, even her inner folds don't fully meet, leaving a little opening atop her tunnel. It's enough for me to see through, and see the entrance of her tunnel, gaping slightly as it awaits something.

I'm sure what Ashley is noticing is how sloppy wet Paige is. And nothing has touched Paige's pussy. Paige just stood there while Ashley practiced her blow job skills. Maybe Ashley is submissive enough to understand what has Paige so hot. Paige has done something that pleased me, and I've let her know that I'm pleased with her. That's all it takes for Paige to get hot. Like Sophie, Paige only wants to please me.

But I think Ashley is more wondering why I've had Paige put her wet pussy in front of Ashley's face. I know, the reason is so obvious. But I also know that Ashley's brain doesn't like girls. She hates the thought of eating pussy. Or of being touched by a woman. Yet her pussy loved Sophie's little touch. And so far, that's the only touch Ashley has had to her pussy. And that's intentional on my part. I want to teach Ashley something.

I stroke the top of Ashley's head affectionately for a few seconds. As I do, I let the strands of her hair flow through my fingers. Then I say

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"don't you think you should thank skanky for allowing you to suck her cock? I do. You will thank her properly."

I get a grip on her hair. I expect her to resist, but not nearly as hard as she resisted that sock going down her throat. "Eat her pussy." I tell Ashley firmly as I push her head forward. I put her lips to Paige's honey-covered lips and the protruding edges of her inner folds.

Ashley freezes like that, her lips lightly against Paige's pussy. "Do you know how to eat a pussy, tramp?"

"No, Ma'am," Ashley squeak out in a nervous and disgusted mousy voice. "I've never touched another woman's pussy before, Ma'am."

I sigh. "It works just like the skank pit between your legs, tramp." I give it a second. "Open your mouth wide, tramp..." I lace a little unhappiness into my voice as I give her directions.

Ashley hesitantly opens her mouth. I didn't even have to swat her this time!

"Now, put those lips around her clit. It's in that tight little knot of pink folds. Just surround it with your lips, then close them until they're just touching the sides of it."

I watch as Ashley moves slowly, clearly unsure of what she's doing, and just as obviously wishing she wasn't doing it. It takes her a few seconds to get those lips in place. "now suck, lightly. Just enough to pull that hard clit into your mouth."

After a second or so, I see the sides of Ashley's cheeks pulling slightly inward. It tells me that she's sucking gently. I don't have to look to know that Paige's hard clit is drawing into Ashley's mouth. Paige tells me by purring sweetly as the sensitive nub pulls through Ashley's lips. And she grins. She loves it when I let her have some pleasure.

"Now close your teeth until they just barely touch her tender clit. You don't want to bite, or nibble, it. You just want to steady it."

A second later Paige sucks in a deep breath. It tells me she can

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feel the so-gentle clamp of Ashley's teeth against her hungry clit.

"Good bitch, tramp," I tell Ashley. "Now lie your tongue softly against the side of that stiff nub. Then swirl it around her nub gently, and slowly. Make sure it stays touching her clit the whole time. Just keep swirling it around until I tell you to stop, tramp."

"Ooh..." Paige purrs softly. Then Paige cries out a loud, and sultry, "AH!" She goes one screeching out urgent moans. And in a few seconds, Paige's bottom is squirming, grinding hard against the seat under it.

Paige's energetic squirming, something she known for, does what I knew it would. It grinds her pussy mound hard against Ashley's mouth, smearing a heavy coat of Paige's honey onto Ashley's mouth, lips, chin, and even a drop onto her nose.

It guarantees that Ashley won't be able to help but to constantly smell Paige's mild muskiness. It's a very intimate, sweet, and feminine aroma. It will ensure that Ashley can't pretend, or tell herself, that she's doing anything other than what she's doing. Eating pussy. Paige's loud, and rather girly, shrieks will remind her of that, too.

With Paige seated, it has Ashley leaning over a bit to get to Paige's pussy. That brings her bottom up a few inches. And that's enough for me to have a good view of Ashley's pussy mound puffing back beyond the edges of her thighs.

I can see how wet it is. There's already honey clinging to the entire mound, and into the creases of Ashley's thighs. I watch it for a minute as Ashley tongues Paige's pussy. I see more of the honey weeping from between Ashley's loose folds. I guess her pussy likes this more than her brain does.

I wave Sophie over and point to Ashley's honey-weeping pussy. I grin. Sophie grins back. She heard what Ashley said. That she's disgusted by the thought of being with a woman. And she knows by now that toys lie about things like that. But their pussies never do. And a pussy doesn't flow with wetness when it's not aroused. When it's

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disgusted. Her pussy is enjoying this.

So I leave Ashley on her knees, her tongue swirling around Paige's clit. It leaves Paige screeching loud, and very needy, moans. It leaves Paige squirming hard in her chair. But Paige obediently fights her impulses and manages to keep her legs spread wide to offer Ashley easy access to her pussy. I knew, after the first minute of Ashley's tongue, Paige was ready to cum. And I know it will be a sloppy orgasm, adding plenty of fresh honey to Ashley's face. Just as I know Paige will hold that orgasm back until I tell her to cum. I require it of her. She's my whore. She's here to provide a pussy when I wish to use one. As now, when I wish for a pussy to be eaten. I don't wish to watch Paige cum. I just want Ashley to eat. So Paige will suffer the frustration.

I let Ashley tongue away at Paige's pussy for about ten minutes. I figure that's enough time. By then Ashley's gotten the taste in her mouth and the scent in her nose, and it will hours before it's gone. She's gotten an eyeful of Paige's pubes and mound, too. Paige's delicate and girly pubes. It's enough. Ashley knows full well what she's doing. And besides, as wet as her pussy is now, Ashley will drip her honey on the floor if I don't stop her soon.

I stop Ashley by simply grabbing her long hair and gently tugging her head back. Ashley breathes out a relieved sigh as I "pull," more nudge, her head to lift up from Paige's pussy. She quickly sits back up properly on her knees.

Ashley's face is wrinkled up in disgust. I guess that's her brain objecting to Paige's honey all over it. But with her hands still cuffed behind her, there's nothing Ashley can do about it. Just kneel. And smell the muskiness as it begins to dry on her face. And taste it. That will keep her pussy hot for a few minutes.

I take hold of Ashley's leash after a minute and firmly tell her to stand up. She gets up fairly quickly, and easily, despite her bound hands. As she stands, I see her feet slowly inching together. Then I see her thighs close fully, pressing against each other. I see them fidget, ever so slightly, trying hard to rub that pussy mound between them.

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I thought that might happen. There's no denying how aroused Ashley is. But it provides a nice transition to the next thing I want to do. I crack my crop firmly against Ashley's bottom. She jumps as she squeals. I scold her for being such a slut. As I do, Ashley blushes deep and bright. She opens her feet, too.

"Are you just too horny now, tramp!" I scold her. "I suppose that you would like to diddle your sloppy skank pit now?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers!" Ashley blurts out eagerly and hopefully. "I am very horny, Ma'am, and I would love to finish myself off now, Ma'am." After she says it, she stands, her eyes avidly watching me for a hint of the answer. A second later, when it sinks in what she just said, she blushes again. But those eyes still watch me.

"Ah..." I sigh out. "I don't think your horny enough, tramp." I tauntingly tell Ashley. "Otherwise you wouldn't have been so prim when you answered."

"I am, Miss Rodgers!" Ashley blurts out a desperate protest, "I swear, Ma'am, I'm hornier than I've ever been. Please, Ma'am, I really want to... touch myself now!"

"No," I say it firmly, but also with a little giggle to my voice. I watch the disappointment sweep over Ashley's face. And the frustration of knowing that she's going to suffer longer. She stands and quivers slightly as she does. A second later I see the dark skin around her nipples wrinkle up as her nipple strain to stiffen even more. *Oh, Ashley wants me to make her wait!*

I move behind Ashley to unlock her hands. Once I have her wrist in my hand, and the key in the lock, I very firmly tell Ashley that the instant her hands are out of the cuffs, she's to put them behind her back and keep them there. Still. Then I unlock her hands and watch as she puts them in place. I see them fidgeting slightly, her fingers wiggling a little. A clear sign she wants to move them.

I walk back around to Ashley's front and stand facing her. I just let her stand there and see me eyeing her body over for a minute. It

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always makes a woman feel so self-conscious. And Ashley is no exception.

"I thought you said you hated eating pussy, tramp. How come your pussy is so hot if you were so disgusted?"

"I don't know why my pussy is so hot, Ma'am!" Ashley firmly insists. It doesn't matter. I know. It's not eating pussy. It's that I made her do it. Just as I made her swallow the fake cock. And I made her eat out of my toilet. That what has her hot. I made her do it. When there is no way she would have if I hadn't made her.

Now I have a treat in mind for Ashley. "Well, you said you hated things up your butt, too, didn't you? How can I believe that when you so obviously lied about hating eating a girl's hot pussy? I will just see for myself if you're a liar and that butt is as slutty as the rest of you. You will behave while I decide." I grin wide as I turn to Sophie and tell her to bring me a glove and a packet of lubricant.

Sophie is over with them very quickly, holding them out atop her upturned palms. Ashley cringes as she realizes what I'm going to do to her now. I pause for a few seconds. Then I ask Ashley if she really wants to masturbate, and she eagerly insists she does. I hold my hand up in front of Ashley, my fingers spread a little. "Then prove it, tramp. Just behave. Now ask me politely to find out for certain if your butt is as slutty as you are."

Ashley cringes and almost cries. "Miss Rodgers, would you please find out if my butt is as slutty as I am so we'll know for sure, Ma'am?" She squeaks out in a timid, mousy voice.

"Put the glove on my hand, tramp," I tell her firmly. It takes the reluctant and cringing Ashley almost a full minute to pull the glove onto my hand. Then I make her put a tiny drop of the lubricating gel on the tip of my finger. I have to firmly remind her that I said a little drop or Ashley would squeeze the entire packet onto my fingertip. Which would be way too much.

"Now, offer me your anus, tramp. Just turn right around, spread

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your feet as wide as you can stretch them. Then lean over until your back is flat and reach around the outside of your hips to pull your cheeks fully apart. And don't waste my time, tramp. Offer that bottom up."

"Yes, Ma'am..." Ashley squeaks out, her voice again very nervous. She turns slowly, taking every nanosecond she thinks she can get away with. As if I just might change my mind in the extra few seconds she stalls it off. She opens her feet just as reluctantly. And leans. And finally, she pulls her cheeks wide open.

Ashley has a full bottom. Her cheeks round prominently, even at the bottom edge, where they curve out from her thighs as they curve along their edge. But those globes don't hang a bit. There's no sag to them all. They are full enough to fully meet and close her crack, hiding her asshole from sight. But not now that she has them spread wide.

"Here is my anus, Miss Rodgers..." Ashley offers her asshole up in the most reluctant and edgy voice.

Now I can see the dime-sized ring of her asshole, it's dark purple-brown flesh, wrinkled up with endless little lines, and cinched to it's very tightest. Hers sits in the valley of her crack, funneling in very slightly, to a small, tiny, line where her muscle is squishing her flesh hard.

I put the slickened tip of my finger against her tensed ring. Ashley shudders nervously and squeals out "OH!" from just the touch. I take a second to wiggle my finger atop her tight ring and spread the lubricant around on the flesh over her muscle. She squeals again.

"Behave, tramp. Do not speak. Do not move. Do not resist. Just stand there and relax. Do nothing else. Behave." I tell her in a firm voice.

I hesitate for about one second. Ashley doesn't even begin to relax. She just stands there trembling light. I press, gently at first. Ashley fidgets and whines a little "OH!" under her breath. I slowly increase the pressure against Ashley's resisting ring. It doesn't take long for my finger to overpower her little muscle. When the pressure gets to that point, her muscle just stretches slightly as my finger presses into

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her asshole.

Ashley squeaks out a loud "OW!" as I push into her. My finger slides easily along the greased flesh of Ashley's ring, steadily slipping deeper into her bottom. Ashley squeals a few more loud "OW!s" repeating it over and over again as my finger slides further.

I'm not hurting her. It's just a finger and I have small, narrow fingers. She must be hating it. But I can see her pussy is as hot as ever. That does not seem to hate it. It only takes me a few seconds to slip all of my finger into her bottom.

Ashley pants squeaky, pleading "OW!s". Ashley's asshole grips tightly as it squeezes around my invading finger. Ashley pussy weeps. And I see the tiniest little twitch from the knot at the end of her folds. Yeah, it's loving this. Or rather it is loving that I am making Ashley willing do this when her brain is so unwilling. Not stops her from stepping forward and pulling my finger out of her bottom. Or moving those hands and pulling me out. Yet she's standing there, allowing herself to be invaded in a way her mind detests. Isn't that so submissive of her?

I very slowly, and gently, curve my finger inside Ashley. It such a slight movement she won't even feel it. But she does feel it when my finger begins to press, very softly, against the inside of her bowel. That's just a thin, filmy membrane, like a sausage casing, lined with thick veins. I can feel them, but Ashley won't feel me feel them. Beyond that is a paper-thin layer of smooth muscle. And beyond that, if you press in the right place, are the spongy soft walls of her pussy.

This is the first time I've felt the walls of her pussy. Now, they're flushed hot and burn with fire. They're soft, too, like a wet sponge would be, but I can feel they have enough muscle in them to firm up a bit.

Ashley moans a strained "UH!" as she feels the faint pressure of my finger pushing against her insides. I know she is so over-exaggerating it, too. Maybe she wants to convince me that her butt isn't slutty and hates it. Maybe she wants to convince herself. Maybe she's

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just that big of a chicken.

I wiggle my finger slowly, lightly caressing over the inside of her bowel. And tenderly massaging the backside of her pussy through those walls. Ashley immediately tenses up every muscle in her body. She moans a few more "UH!s" but by about the fifth one, she's unable to hide the sultry notes creeping into those supposedly pained groans.

A few more little wiggles and Ashley cries out a loud, squeaky, and urgent moan of pure erotic delight. As she does her body shudders. And I feel her pussy twitching under my finger as millions of icy hot chills shoot along those eager nerves. She quickly cries out another sultry moan. And then another. After that, she's moaning as if she were having great sex. Steadily. Passionately. And urgently.

I can't resist. "Did I miss hear you, tramp? Let me ask again, is this butt a total slut like the rest of you?"

Ashley's pussy finally drips a couple of drops of her honey. She cries out, her voice pure sensual hunger. "Yes, Ma'am! My butt is a totally filthy slut just like I am, Miss Rodgers!"

I giggle. "I thought so, tramp." I keep caressing her insides. Ashley keeps squealing moans that grow more and more sultry, and desperate, as they go. It's not long, maybe twenty seconds, until I feel the first crisp tremor rack her pussy under my finger.

"Oh, you slut! You're going to cum just from me fingering your butt, aren't you, tramp?"

"YES, Ma'am!" Ashley screams out, "OH, Please! Just a few more seconds, Miss Rodgers, please I have to cum NOW!"

I lift my finger, taking away the tease Ashley is so enjoying. Ashley screams out, this time in utter frustration at being left hanging. While she's whining, I pull my finger out of her asshole.

When Ashley stands up and faces me, she looks miserable. And so clearly horny. I can see it the way her entire body fidgets slightly. It tells me how badly she's fighting not to finish it herself.



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I quickly leash Ashley as soon as she has her hands behind her back. Once she's leashed I walk her back out to the living room and return her to the stool where her lesson began. I let her sit there a minute or three, ignored.

It takes about two seconds for me to notice the very faint squirm in her hips. I know what she's doing. She's grinding her pussy against the hard seat, rubbing her clit on it. It's as good as masturbation would be.

I flick the tip of my crop, snapping it lightly against her hip, and scold her that I told her to sit still, and not to speak until she was told to. No matter what. I add that the crop swat was her only warning. She does not want to "fuck my chair" again. Or to speak.

Sophie brings me Ashley's phone. I unlock it. I hold it with the back to Ashley so that she can't tell what I'm doing. I type out a text to Ashley's husband. This is Miss Rodgers, the Domme Ashley is visiting now. I would love to talk to you about Ashley if you're up for it. If you don't want to, that's fine, too. But if you will, you may call me back on Ashley's phone for the next few minutes.

It only takes him about a minute to call. Ashley hears her phone. But she has only a generic ringtone set, so she doesn't know who is calling her. The screen would tell her, but she can't see that. I just answer the phone "Ashley's phone... This is Miss Rodgers." He introduces himself.

I'm sure Ashley figures out whom I've called. We talk for a couple of minutes about Ashley, or rather what level of involvement he'd prefer. He tells me that he does not want to see Ashley in pain or suffering, or bruised, and certainly not with another man. I assure him that won't happen. I tell him that when he sees Ashley tonight, there won't be a mark on her body. He appreciates that.

"In case you're wondering, Ashley, is sitting right here beside my desk. She's required to sit still, and not say a word without permission. I'm watching her closely now since she's completely naked and I just

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caught her trying to fuck my chair! Can you imagine being so horny that you grind yourself against a chair in the hopes of getting off?"

Then I squeal softly, but with some excitement in my voice, "Hey, you want to see? She's right here, all nice and naked, with those huge boobs... Do you want to see?" What man wouldn't want to? Although I suspect some of it is his desire to be reassured that Ashley isn't injured.

I just take the phone and point it at Ashley. I get a picture of her sitting from about the knees up. It shows her looking straight ahead. And I can see the sensual hunger on her face. And in her over-stiff nipples. I send the picture to him. Ashley cringes, but not too badly. It is her husband I'm sending the naked picture of her to. And it only takes a few seconds for him to get it.

He tells me that Ashley looks fine. Which I assume means that he can tell she's not injured.

I tell him that I'm giving Ashley a little "homework" assignment. The first rule of which is that she is not to even mention, let alone talk about, this session until after she has the kids tucked in bed tonight. But after that, she must answer every question he asks honestly and fully. She'll tell him the rest of her assignment tonight, later. If she doesn't do the assignment exactly as I tell her to, then she doesn't need to bother writing to me again. If she does, then she may write to me and if she's interested I will consider accepting her for future use as my amusement.

"Now the reason I'm calling is because I don't believe in playing behind a spouses' back. That would be wrong. And since we've never spoken, I don't know what you're comfortable with Ashley doing, or not doing. Ashley has just been begging me for an orgasm. Begging rather shamelessly, too. I've decided to offer you the choice.

I move the phone, turning it away from my mouth. "Oh, tramp... do you really want to cum?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." Ashley answers sheepishly in a voice that's laced with embarrassment and full of eagerness. "I would really like to cum, Ma'am."

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"You will ask your husband to chose how you will climax. Option one, you may masturbate. Option two, skanky can eat your pussy. Option three, my slave there can finger your butt. Ask him for permission to cum, then ask him to chose how you cum. And pretend he didn't hear your instructions, tramp."

"Yes, Ma'am," Ashley so embarrassingly agrees as I'm putting her phone on speaker. "Dave... I don't understand it, but somehow she got me so horny I can't stand it! And she did it without even touching my pussy! I am so embarrassed right now! I can't believe I'm asking you, but please Dave, may I please have your permission to cum?"

"Yeah, you can." He says. I think I hear a little bit of tease in his voice, too.

"Thank you, Dave. You have your choice of how I cum. Miss Rodgers says I can masturbate if that's how you want me to cum. Or if you want, she will have skanky eat me and make me cum. Skanky is a girl, she's pretty and really young, but I don't know her name. Or, if you want, Miss Rodgers says her slave, another young pretty girl, will put her finger up my butt and make me cum like that. She says for you to pick how you want me to cum."

"I... Uh... Can I ask what you want?"

"No, she says that's not allowed. She says for you to pick the way *you* want me to cum, not the way you think I want to cum. Please, just pick, I just want to cum!"

I wonder what he's going to pick. I figure there's a 50% chance of masturbation, that's the safe choice. There's a 40% chance of skanky, that's the guy's choice and surely they considered that girl-on-girl would be a possibility with Ashley coming to see a Domme. There's a slim chance of her butt getting fingered. He'll know she hates anything with her butt, or so she's convinced him.

"You may have skanky eat you..." He says with some uncertainty in his voice as if he thinks maybe that's what she wants. To have it done for her.

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I immediately send Sophie to fetch skanky. Then I click the phone off speaker and very excitedly ask Dave "Do you want to watch? She has Duo on her phone, I could video you right in live!"

"OK." I think I hear some eagerness in his voice, too. Then again what man wouldn't want to see a pretty young girl eat a pretty woman's pussy? Well, unless he's not into girls.

I wonder if this isn't exactly what Ashley was hoping he'd pick. I so notice that she took the moment to build Paige up as being so pretty. Almost as if trying to entice him to pick her.

"Tramp, open your knees wide. Sit on the edge of the stool, put your hands on the back of the seat." I tell her.

"Yes, Ma'am," Ashley answer quickly, and very eagerly. She doesn't hesitate to display her pussy either. As Sophie is leading a leashed Paige over to me.

I trade Sophie, taking Paige's leash and giving her Ashley's phone. I tell her it's on video call so Ashley's husband can watch, to just keep it pointed at the "bitches." then I raise my voice a hair so it comes over clearly, and tell him "if you want to see any particular view, or either bitch, or both, just tell my slave what you want to see and she'll move the phone." Sophie giggles, already imagining what he's going to ask her to show him.

I point to the space in front of Ashley and tell Paige to kneel. She does. And Sophie points the camera at Paige, showing Ashley's husband Paige's naked young body. I know he appreciates that! She follows Paige's head as I tell Paige to eat pussy. "tramp, ask before you cum all over my whore."

"Yes, Ma'am," Ashley answers. And that's all she has time to say. Paige's tongue starts working its magic. And Ashley shudders hard and cries out the hottest, squeaky, loud, and urgent moan. Her mouth hangs open after that as she pants out more moans as fast as she can get the air into her lungs. Despite my instructions, her hips squirm to grind her pussy against Paige's face.

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After about thirty seconds, Dave asks Sophie for a close-up of the action. Sophie puts the camera just above Ashley's pubes, pointing down to show Paige's mouth in Ashley's mound. Paige even opens her lips for a moment to let Dave see her thin, rounded-tip tongue swirling slowly around Ashley's hard and prominent clit. I can just imagine her saying "see what a girl likes? This is how she wants you to eat her, moron boy!"

Ashley just shrieks on. Sophie takes the camera and walks around behind Paige, giving him a view full-on of his wife sitting there and crying out her sensual pleas. Then she moves it again, bringing it down to show a quick image of Paige's sopping wet pussy. Then she returns to the side-on view.

It's only been a little over a minute. Not very long at all. "Miss Rodgers!" Ashley screams out, her voice pure needy sugar, "please, Ma'am, please, may I please be allowed to cum all over your whore's pretty face, Ma'am? Please, I have to cum! Please, May I please cum all over her face, Ma'am?"

"NO," I tell her firmly, "not until your husband gives you his permission. Then you may cum. You may beg."

"DAVE, PLEASE! Oh, my G-d, Dave, PLEASE! I have to cum so badly I'm going insane! Please Dave, please, watch me cum all over skanky's pretty face! PLEASE, may I please cum all over her pretty face! Please, will you please watch me cum all over her before I explode cum all over the apartment! I have to cum NOW!"

"Go on, Ash." He tells her, but I swear I can hear the smirk in his voice.

Ashley doesn't get a thank you out. What a rude bitch! She cums! Her legs slam hard shut, squeezing against Paige's head with all their strength. Her shoulders and head thrash wildly, almost slamming they move so fast and sharply. And she screams. After another second, her feet kick up, then beat her heels against the floor beside Paige. She screams on, crisp spasms snapping her entire body as each wave of the orgasm crashes over her.

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"Husband..."I teasingly say aloud to get Dave's attention. "Would you like to watch her keep going and cum again? I'm very confident her pussy will just love that."

"Sure... If you think she'd like it..."

Men! Seriously? Ashley is thrashing like a wild woman and screaming the sweetest sensual cries. How would she not like another?

I just say nothing. And not being told to stop, Paige doesn't. She keeps that tongue swirling around Ashley's clit so rhythmically. Her pace never varied, not even when Ashley came. She just eats right on. And Ashley keeps right on screeching and thrashing about on the stool.

Sophie backs up a step to show Dave how energetically Ashley is thrashing and squirming. Then she gets down on her knees and holds the phone under Paige's chin, offering Dave another good view of Ashley's pussy. A view that lets him see that her pussy is literally dripping wet.

Then she gets another full-on view of Ashley, taken from well above Paige's bottom, that lets him see Ashley front-on, all the way down to where Paige's curly light brown hair covers the mound of Ashley's pussy.

Ashley's squirming never eases up, not even a bit, as Paige's tongue skillfully and quickly pushes her back to the edge of another climax. It takes only about another minute and a half, about the same time that the first orgasm took to build up. I see Ashley lose control of her legs. Only instead of clamping hard onto Paige, they scissor, opening and slamming shut again and again, as fast as they'll move.

Ashley begs. She begs even more shamelessly than she did the first time, too. She screams, loud and desperately, that this is just too intense for her, that it's killing her. That she can't stand the agony. Please, let me cum.

Dave lets her beg until she finally shuts up. Then he tells her to cum.

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Ashley cums. Her body tensing hard, her legs clamping onto Paige's head. Her feet stomp down and grit against the floor. Then her body cuts loose, thrashing even more wildly. As it does, Ashley's feet come up and land on Paige's back. Then her hands fly, coming off the stool, and grabbing onto Paige's head. That was a mistake for Ashley, not that she has much control of her body. But now, without them putting some weight on the stool, it goes over. Taking her snapping body with it. Ashley's vise tight thighs drag Paige along for the ride.

They end up on the floor beside the desk, Ashley holding Paige's head to her pussy, screaming impassioned cries, and thrashing so hard that she flops around the floor like a fish out of water. Dragging Paige along.

After half a minute of that, I tell Paige that she's had enough "dessert" for now. She stops eating Ashley's pussy. It takes another half minute for Ashley to loosen up enough for Paige to get her head out from between Ashley's slender, strong, thighs. Paige kneels.

Sophie gets every bit of it in the frame for Dave to see. No matter how badly Ashley wants to and tries to, she's not going to be able to deny how powerful her orgasms were. Sophie ends with a close-up image of Paige's face, showing the glistening coat of Ashley's honey that covers it from nose down. Ever the teasing tart, Paige licks her lips and grins for the camera.

I take the phone and quietly tell Dave that after Ashley does her assignment tonight, which is suspect she'll do so she has a hope of returning her, I would appreciate it if he dropped me an email and told me what he thought of it. He says he'll get the address from Ashley. I hang her phone up. I hope he recorded that. Most men would.

It takes about five minutes before my firm commands get Ashley to drag herself out of her bliss and get her bottom back on her stool. And then she sits loose, not rigidly, as she basks in that sweet afterglow.

I tell her what to do. Not to speak of anything until both kids are fully tucked in bed tonight. But as soon as she is sure the kids will be staying in bed, she is to take Dave by the hand to his favorite chair and

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have him sit. She's to tell him that before their talk, there is one thing she has to do. She's to ask him to watch her closely. Then she's to strip in front of him, and turn around slowly so he can see that her body isn't injured.

And then, she may not say another word. Not once the first piece of clothing comes off. Not a single word. As soon as her turn is complete, she's to drop to her knees in front of him. She's not to ask. She's definitely not to speak, not even to answer a question. She's to take his cock out and swallow every last bit of it. She's to give him the same leisurely blow job she gave skanky, and she's not to stop until every last drop of his cum has been swallowed.

Once she's done that, she is to rise up to her knees, hands behind her, and tell him that he may ask her anything about anything, not just today, and whatever he asks, she will fully and honestly answer. However many questions he has. She is not to get off her knees until he's out of questions.

Only then, if she wishes to come back, may she ask him to email me with his permission for her to return and further explore her sluttiness.

And then, I fetch her clothes. I set them on the floor in front of the door and tell her she has one minute before I open the door and "toss her to the curb." I love to do this. I just love watching women on wobbly legs struggle to pull their clothes on quickly. They never get it right. It's always amusing.

At one minute I kick her out the door, shoving her shoes and purse out after her. Her jeans aren't even zipped. They're barely up. And she is far from steady on her feet. Her face is still nothing but dreamy bliss. It's my version of a sub walk of shame.

When I check my email the next morning, I have two. I read Dave's first. It begins with "WOW, I never imagined Ash could do that!" then he goes on to tell me that after the best blow of his life, he asked Ashley all about how she learned that. She told him. She only left out the part about her pussy getting so hot as she learned. He gives permission for

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her to return, for “further lessons in sluttiness.” I catch it. Teach her more stuff like that! I’ll bet he boasts about Ashley’s blow job to his guy buddies, too.

Ashley thanks me for the lessons, and tells me how happy Dave was with the “new trick” I taught her. Then she just begs me to let her come again.