



Nadia Saran

## The Substitute Wife

There are six of us in my circle of “kinky friends,” at least that’s what my three BFFs (who are in that circle) call them. All six of us share the same tastes for playing games. We try to get together every couple of weeks and mostly gossip about the games we’ve been up to. But we are also known to do each other “favors,” like playing a specific game with one of their toys. And when we run into new toys, we tend to offer them around if we don’t want to keep them ourselves. We’ve even been known to double-team a toy or two. But we never play with each other; all of us are too dominant for any of us to ever enjoy the submissive role.

I’m a little surprised, but not very much when Colette calls me on a Tuesday morning. She’s the oldest member of our little club at 46. At 18, I’m obviously the youngest. She’s a soccer mom, and I’m a student. Our games are about all we have in common, so when I see her calling, I know it has something to do with playing games. Even though I have class in about ten minutes, I answer the call, curious to know what she has in mind. Mostly because I am so always up for some serious – and kinky – amusement.

She tells me about two of her toys, a couple in their late 40’s, which she knows is just above where I like my toys. But not by more than a little. I generally like my toys in their 30’s or early 40’s. But... It’s not a firm rule. I’ve played with younger and older if they were amusing for me. Colette quickly tells me that they – Carole (45) and Mike (47) – are very amusing, at least to her.

Their “thing” is being made to earn their orgasms, and the harder they have to “work” to earn them, the more intense they are. Earning those climaxes from Colette involves humiliation and obedient service to her whims. Including her torturous teasing. Something she knows well I enjoy deeply: tormenting my toys as I tease them erotically, which lets me enjoy watching them suffer as they wait for their relief. Both have been her toys for close to a year now, and are well “trained” in the commands we all use, and have a good idea of what might be expected of them.

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And then, there's Riley. For lack of a better term for it, Colette refers to her as a "free-loading boarder." Political correctness was never Colette's (or my) strong suit. Riley is 19. Until she turned 18 and aged out, she was the foster daughter of Carole's sister in Mississippi. She wanted to come here, to Mobile, where she'd been accepted at USA to study web site design, but was pretty much penniless. Like most kids aging-out of foster care. The Greyhound ticket here and lunch pretty much took care of her savings. So Carole's sister talked them into helping Riley out and taking her in for a bit until she gets on her feet. With their own son now out of the house, they seem to have enjoyed having Riley around enough that they're not urging her to move on. This suits Riley as well, allowing her to save up what she earns from her part-time job instead of trying to survive on it.

There was never any hope Riley wouldn't figure out what Carole and Mike were into. Colette only plays in their homes (her husband isn't interested in knowing too much about those games), and with Riley coming and going freely, added to Colette's preference never to confine her fun to a single room, it wasn't long before Riley figured it out. At first, she said she didn't care what they did, their lives, their choice. While she'd gladly call 911 for them, she'll just as gladly turn her music up instead.

That lasted a few months until Colette noticed Riley peeking a little when the couple was out of their bedroom. Peeking to see what was happening. Colette pretended she didn't notice. Then, maybe two months ago, Riley asked Colette if she ever played with single girls. Colette said yes, but her "dance card" was currently full. She asked if Riley had some interest in being someone's toy. Riley said yes, that what Colette put Carole through interested her a lot. Colette met her privately for coffee and they had a long conversation about what might interest Riley. But so far, Colette hasn't done anything with Riley.

Colette tells me that Carole is "in trouble." Last night, finding herself unwilling to wait for Colette's next visit so Colette could properly supervise the sex with her husband, she masturbated privately to a very

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unsatisfying orgasm. Not surprising, since her orgasms are never that satisfying when they're unsupervised. But it's the third time Carole has done that since Colette forbid them to masturbate or have any kind of sex without her permission. A rule Carole well knows. Which means that Carole is now due a very uncomfortable lesson in obeying their mistress.

Which is why she's calling me. She has an idea of "just the way to teach that naughty woman a lesson she'll never forget!" Except Colette doesn't have time tonight since one of her four kids is in a play that will eat up her evening. While any of the other five of us could easily administer the lesson, she thought of me for another reason: Riley. Riley is still bugging her for "a good introduction" to submission. Colette figures that being openly humiliated for her sin in front of both her husband and Riley would be so much more memorable. And more degrading when it comes from a woman Riley's age. Plus she thinks Riley, whom she deems "cute" might well take to me. "She seems to be more interested in peeping the more strict scenes, and you so love strict." That's true, I do like to be strict, although I can also be kind when it gets my subs to do what I want more eagerly for me.

By now I'm standing outside the classroom, with about a minute before the lecture starts. I tell Colette I'll do it, and ask only what Carole's schedule is. She tells me that Carole is a housewife and will be home all day after about noon. Mike manages a trucking company's freight terminal and will be home about 6:00 on the dot. Riley is pretty much a homebody and will almost certainly be home around four, after her last class, since she only works on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. My last class gets out at 2:00 today – I've scheduled all of them back-to-back so I can carry a full load, but maximize my free time. And I don't work. I ask her to text Carole that I will be in touch to discuss her misbehavior. She says she will. And I head into class.

Phones are off in classes, on penalty of getting kicked out and missing a lecture that you'll be much better off not missing. But when I check my messages (as if any 18-year-old girl would ever turn her phone off! That's what silent mode is for!) I see a text from Colette telling me

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that she's "informed the miscreant to expect me." And she attaches a picture of Carole and Mike. Not exactly my type, but decent enough that playing a good game will certainly get me going as well. Not that they'll ever know that, or get to scratch my itch. Toys don't get to do that. I'll hook-up with a very cute boy for that. And if not, come Friday evening my slave Sophie will be staying with me, and she'll scratch whatever I tell her to.

As soon as my last class is over, I drive straight to Carole's house. It's decent, in a decent neighborhood. What I'd term middle-middle class. I park my car, an older but refurbished Mazda Miata convertible in pastel green, which is so my favorite color) in their drive and put the top up. Then I collect an over-sized duffle bag from its trunk and ring the doorbell.

Carole opens it and greets me, assuming that I'm just one of Riley's friends. I let her waste my time and introduce herself before telling me Riley's not here yet. "You should never assume anything, you naughty bitch. I am Miss Rodgers. I am here to see you, as Mrs. Cartwright told you I would be." I put my hand to her chest, just below her neck, and push firmly. I don't push hard, just enough to make her step back as I step in and push the door shut behind me. As I do, I watch her face, enjoying the range of emotions that sweep over so fast it's little more than utter confusion for her. The shock at finding me so young, instead of her age as Colette is. The firmness in my sweet and soft voice. My smallness, which only makes me look even younger. The unyielding dominance I displayed pushing her around. The embarrassment as she realizes that Colette has told me what her sin is. The edginess as she realizes this "lesson" is going to be different and new to her, unlike the lessons Colette gives her. I'd bet she's even wondering if I know what her interests are, or if this is going to be like starting over again.

I keep walking forward, and Carole stutters as she keeps stepping backwards so she doesn't get run over. It's about ten steps to where I'm standing with her kitchen and dining table to my left and her living room to my right. "This'll do for now," I say firmly as I stop. Carole stops, too,

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and gawks at me.

I don't give her a chance to say anything. There's no reason to. "I guess you know you're in really big trouble since this is the third time you disobeyed Mrs. Cartwright and diddled that worthless pussy between your legs. We'll discuss how naughty that is in a minute. First, let's see if you can behave yourself and undress."

"Yes, Miss Rodgers." She says quietly. Undress is a specific command we all share. It makes it easier on the occasions a toy gets a treat and we do each other a favor. Carole immediately starts unbuttoning her blouse. She slips it off, folds it up, and sets it on the table beside her. Then she moves to the next highest thing on her body, her bra. I can already see that it's modest, but it is nicely trimmed out with lace, which tells me that she thought she might be seen in it. That she expected to get naked in front of someone as Colette told her to. But the unease on her face tells me I am far from what she expected.

Her bra comes off, baring a very pale white set of what I guess to be 36-DD's. They look a little spongy to me, and they hang down from their weight. But they are topped with some very cute light pink nipples the size of pencil erasers that are already swollen stiff. Then her belt comes off, and her loose-fitting jeans follow, letting me see that her panties match her bra. Some jewelry joins the pile next, and then her panties come down, letting me see her shaven pubes. Her sandals join the pile, which leaves her naked.

I'm pleased with the body before me, even if her face does show her age. Her body doesn't, at least not fully. She has few extra pounds, and a loose paunch at her stomach, lined with faint stretch marks from her pregnancy, but it's not near enough for it to look fat. Just very loose. A little extra weight on her hips and thighs, but also a defined feminine curve to her figure. And bottom with spankable cheeks. They're a little soft, looking just a little flat, but they don't hang down. Seeing her naked, I'd figure she could be around 40. which is in my play range.

Carole knows not to talk. Subs speak only when spoken to. I don't have to teach her any of that. She knows how to behave herself. She's

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been doing it for Colette long enough. So she obediently stands there, her feet parted just enough that her thighs don't touch, and her hands behind her back. She looks forward, giving me her attention, waiting for me to tell her what she's going to do next.

I ignore her for a minute while I set my bag on the table and get a few things out of it. I pull on a pair of pastel green latex gloves mom buys just for me. They are so cute! Colette has told me that Carole finds it uncomfortable to have anything in her bottom. She does not like it. But being made to allow it gets her hot. I open an enema kit and hang the bag from a chandelier. Carole can't see me do that. Nor does she see me connect the nozzle to it and lubricate the finger-thick tube. "Carole, come over here and show me your butt." I don't raise my voice, but I speak with a decisive firmness. Carole comes over, seeing the clear bag hanging and freeze. Her face scrunches up hard. Then she starts coming again, her steps now very unsure. She leans over with her back to me and pulls her cheeks wide apart to reveal the small brown ring of her asshole, clenched tight as it puckers out towards me.

Not a word to Carole. I just press the tube into her bottom casually. As it touches her ring, I see her relax herself for it, which tells me that Colette has taught her to accept entry here. The tube is about 10" long, and I put about eight of those inside her bottom, stopping only once the retaining bulge is also inside her. I turn it on and let the fluid start flowing into her. I still don't say a word to her. I just look around the kitchen and living room, surveying the landscape for the scene.

Colette doesn't have a specific punishment in mind for Carole. What she wanted was for Carole to suffer a very long time of unsatisfied arousal, and preferably to do so as degradingly as possible. And naturally, suffer some punishment for her sin. She doesn't care how I do that. And she knows me well enough to know no matter what she wants, I am going to amuse myself as I do it. It doesn't take but about half a minute for me to see and hear that Carole is very uncomfortable, despite having only about six ounces into her. She fidgets slightly, and hums strained noises as she breathes. I can see her hands gripping her cheeks

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so hard that her knuckles are already turning white.

I lightly tap her on a cheek just make sure she doesn't forget I am watching her. But the time she's taken around twelve ounces, she's lightly crying out "ow! Ow!" over and over. It's annoying. I leave her to stand there and steadily fill up. The bag holds a liter, but I'd only planned to give her half of that. About the same as a bottle of water. Just before she has that much, I see her toes curl up as she gasps out a huge, and so uncomfortable "AH-OW!" I ignore her fussing and wait until she's taken the full half liter. Then I clamp the tube shut again and slowly ease the nozzle back out of her.

"Stand, face me, bad girl," I say firmly and crisply, making sure I get her attention through the fog in her brain. I wait as she rises, crying out as a cramp racks her stomach as she moves. "I feel like a nice cup of coffee." I'd seen a coffee maker while glancing around, so I'm hoping she has the stuff to go with it. Like coffee. "make a pot now, bitch."

Carole cries out, then says "Yes, Miss Rodgers," and goes to make it. I almost laugh watching her move, her thighs and cheeks squeezing together hard, her steps tiny, her face a mask of discomfort. She moves slowly, too. Once it starts brewing I tell her that I am particular about my coffee. Once the pot is brewed, she will pour me a cup 1" from the rim. She will add one tablespoon of real milk to that and one teaspoon of real sugar. Then she will stir in a pinch of cinnamon and one drop of vanilla. Preferable real vanilla, not imitation, unless of course, Carole has an inferior kitchen with "fake crap" in it. I help myself to a seat on the sofa, propping my feet up on her coffee table as if I own this house and don't care one iota about her things. I'm sure it adequately conveys to her that I'm in no hurry for her to get some relief either.

I watch her waiting so impatiently beside the coffee pot for it to finish brewing. And so unbearably uncomfortably. If I hadn't warned her to wait until it was fully finished, I know she would cheat and pour me the very first drops it put out. The instant the pot is ready she hurries as best as she can moving slowly and uncomfortably, to make a cup to my exacting standards. Then she serves it to me. I accept it after sipping it to



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ensure it's made the way I wanted.

I leave her on her knees, her hands serving as my coffee table. I sip the coffee leisurely, letting her see that I am in no hurry to get her to the bathroom, no matter how big of a hurry she is in. "Carole, I suspect you know I will be punishing you for diddling that skank pit of yours. I understand that you just have to diddle it since after seeing you naked I know that no one would ever want to take care of it for you, but you still have to get Mrs. Cartwright's permission. That's her pussy, not yours! She doesn't care if it's aching you. And I care even less!

"Once I finish my coffee, I'll take you potty. After that, you will be paddled for your naughtiness. I promise you that I will leave your bottom as sore as you deserve it to be. Meaning it will sting all night long.

"Then I think you need a nice time out to think about why you need to behave for your mistress. About how so disappointed she is your flabby bottom for helping yourself to *her* pussy. I doubt she has ever given you a time out. So I will tell you what you are going to. Nothing. You are in time out. You do not exist when you are in time out. Your life goes on without you in it. I will put you in a chair, and you will sit properly in that chair. Under no circumstances will you make a sound. And you will not be getting up from that chair for anything but a fire. Not even a potty break, so I'm sure you'll appreciate my being so kind as to give you such a good enema so you don't end up suffering that in time out! Nor you will be given anything in time out. Not even water. You don't exist. You just sit there and think about how your mistress is so disappointed in you. When your time out is over, I will come to get you out of that chair.

"Then you can tell me how sorry you are for disappointing your mistress, and if I believe you, and believe that you've learned your lesson, you will be allowed out of time out. At which time you will be paddled again for inconveniencing your mistress and me. Then I'll think about whatever you might need. Do you understand all of that? I wouldn't want you to have to start your time out over again, which you will do if you break any of those rules. And we'll start over with a fresh paddling

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so you can be sitting on a freshly sore bottom, too."

Carole's voice breaks as she says "Yes, Ma'am."

I take my time finishing my coffee, then I take her to the toilet. I can see that Colette has never taken her here, but that's not much of a surprise to me. I have to teach her that when she's being supervised on the toilet she is to sit with her knees spread wide, her feet the same distance apart and flat on the floor, back up straight, eyes forward, and her hands resting palms up atop her mid-thighs. That way it's easy to see her bottom and what she's doing. I point that out to her and make sure that she sees me watching her before I give her permission to go. Then once she's started and there's no way she's going to stop herself willingly, I tell her that she's being supervised here because she's in trouble and I don't trust naughty girls to do anything without supervision. I taunt her. I tell her that she stinks worse than most and make her apologize for having such a filthy bottom. Anything to make her talk to me while she doing it, which she clearly finds humiliating. So I keep on.

Once I decide she's finished and she's cleaned up, I take her back to the living room. I get a chair, a wooden one, from her kitchen table and position it where anyone at the table or on the sofas will have a nice view of her. And thus she'll be able to see them. She'll be able to see the front door, too, which means Riley will see her the instant Riley comes in. which should be about 20 or 30 minutes.

I choose a paddle from the few I keep in this bag, the bag I keep in my car. It's fairly short, but made of a very light and sturdy wood polished smooth. I let her see it as I take the chair and call her over. AS if it's an afterthought, I get a bright neon light red paint marker out of my bag and tuck that in my pocket before retaking my seat. I kind of roughly pull Carole over my knees, seeing her cheeks tighten up as her waist bends. Still a little soft, but more rounded now, I touch the paddle blade to her globes. "This is for diddling your pussy without your mistress' permission, bitch."

I lift the paddle and bring it down with about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of my strength, landing it with a crisp crack on her cheek that earns me a nice yelped

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"OW!" As I lift the paddle, I can see that her cheeks are only mildly pink from it, as I'd hoped they would be. I love having a middle-aged person over my knees, so I don't see any need to rush a good spanking. It's not my bottom that's going to sting!

I keep giving her strokes with the paddle, all just as hard as the first. With each one she stiffens a little sharper, faster and harder, as she yelps out, then cries out her pained "OW!s"

Around the tenth stroke she finally starts crying nicely, her bottom now lightly reddened up. I give her a couple more until her bottom is fire engine red and Carole is crying hard as she lies over my knees.

I put her off my lap and onto her knees. As she kneels and tries to pull herself together I stand and then have her do the same. I take that paint marker and write "I diddled my pussy" across her chest in two lines just above her boobs.

"Sit," I say it firmly, and point at the hard chair I've vacated. Carole looks at it with horror, then sits, hesitating just before her stinging bottom touches the seat. She cries out a pained "OH-OW!" as she sits, then starts sobbing harder again. She crosses her legs and folds her hands in her lap as she knows she's expected to sit. She sobs, trying to dry her tears up before her noisy bawling gets her in more trouble.

I relax on her sofa for a few minutes waiting for Riley to get home.

She arrives right on schedule, coming in through the front door and freezing as she catches sight of Carole sitting there naked and mute. After a moment, during which I'm sure she's read Carole's chest and assumed that Colette is here, Riley shuts the door. I step into her sight and watch as she does a double-take at the unexpected sight of someone unfamiliar. I imagine that she dismisses me as the one punishing Carole, seeing that I'm no older than she is, and wonders who I am and why I'm here.

"Hello, you must be Riley. I am Miss Rodgers. I am filling in for Mrs. Cartwright now. That naughty bitch diddled her pussy without permission, and Mrs. Cartwright didn't have time to come teach her that she wants to please – not disappoint – her mistress, so she asked me to."

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I smile at her, seeing that she looks a little bookish, but that doesn't mean she is. "She's also told me a lot about you. Come with me." I point her to the far end of the living room. Even here she'll have a full view of Carole sitting there. "First thing. Carole is in time out now." I tell her what that means. Riley tells me she understands and will "pretend she's not here."

"Second, I want to ask you very directly, and this is a yes/no only question. Mrs. Cartwright has mentioned that you have some interests as well. I'm sure you understand that a sub does not get things like privacy, modesty or choice. A sub does whatever her owner wishes her to do, whether the sub loves it, or it hurts, or whatever. A mistress utterly owns her sub and her sub's body. She may do whatever she fancies with her sub and her sub's body. There are no 'limits,' such as do this or that. And the sub does not have the option to stop until her mistress chooses to dismiss her. This can be difficult. Things can be humiliating. Things can be uncomfortable. Things can hurt, sometimes pretty badly, like the paddling Carole just had. You only have a promise that you will not be injured, and you will not be 'outed.' your secret doesn't leave this house. Now, do you wish to audition to serve?"

"YES!... Miss Rodgers?" Riley says a very emphatic yes, followed by an equally unsure "Miss Rodgers." She's picked up that formal politeness is expected, but unsure of exact formal manners. Typical young girl, I think. Manners are so overlooked these days.

"The first things first. I will see just what you have to offer for my entertainment. You will stand and undress." I don't wait for her to do anything. I know that she doesn't know what I expect. I switch to a firm voice, more business-like than anything, and keep my instructions to her concise as I talk her through it. First how I want her standing. Then how I want her to start at the very top of her head, work down, and take off the highest thing on her body, fold it neatly, and make a pile on the coffee table beside her. "It looks like that's your glasses unless there's something I don't see in your hair." Then it's her blouse. Then her bra. I don't leave her to think, I tell her each item to take off, and for this first time, I tell her

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why it's next. I'm hoping she learns the command to undress because I'm not going to teach it to her again. Mostly she needs to understand that everything counts equally. Thus her panties, which are up to the bottoms of her hip bones, come off before her watch, bracelets, and a ring because as she stands, her hands are lower than her hips. I know this isn't the way most would undress. Almost anyone would save her bra and panties for last. That's the whole reason why I make her do it this way. It's not the way she would. And it leaves me a nice view of her ample breasts as she works.

I can it in the way she moves, not so much on her face. It's not that she's so uncomfortable undressing in front of me, it's that she's so unused to undressing in front of anyone. And uneasy that she knows she's undressing for me to judge her body with a critical eye. That's never easy for a woman. Even more unnerving for her, she has something riding on my appraisal of her nude body. And zero time to try and pretty herself up before showing herself. I know she has to be nervous and uneasy. I intend to make sure she fully feels all of that, along with some serious embarrassment.

Once she's fully naked and standing with her hands at the small of her back, I take a couple of minutes to very closely look over her body. She's actually rather pretty. Maybe a few inches taller than I am, definitely a few pounds heavier but everyone is. She's nicely lean, with ample breasts. I start with those, cupping one in my hand and feeling only the slightest flinch from her as she's touched. Her breasts are firm and pert, as young one should be. And topped with nipples almost identical to Carole's in size, shape, and color. A light squeeze lets me feel that they're full and firm to the touch as well as the eye.

She has short, dark brown hair that hangs free above her shoulders, green eyes, and a wide mouth framed with thin lips the same light hue as her nipples. Thin legs and arms. A thin body with a taunt and flat stomach. Beneath that she has a full dense bush of black hair, trimmed into a neat triangle except at the bottom where it runs between her thighs and covers a nice puffy pussy mound with full flat lips leaving a slit that's

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little more than a moist line.

As I move behind her I can see that her cheeks are as firm as her breasts and gently rounded. I caress one of them with a hand, my touch very light, then give it a little squeeze before stepping back around to her front. I look her in the eyes as I slip my hand between her thighs, running it over her furry lips and pressing softly on her mound, just to feel that's it's as long and puffy as it looks to be.

She flinches from all of my touches. I step back, pick up her glasses and hand them to her. She thanks me for them as she puts them on. Then, still looking her in her eyes, I ask "why are you flinching, slut? Don't you like my touch?"

"It's not that, Miss Rodgers... Your touch is very nice. I... just... it so new to me!"

"Are you a virgin, Riley?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers."

"How far have you gone before?"

"I've... let a guy touch my boobs, Ma'am... and my bottom, but with my panties on. That's it's, Miss Rodgers. Unless you count kissing and hugging and stuff."

"So no oral or anal either then?"

"No, Ma'am!" Riley insists.

"Have you ever even seen a penis?"

"Uh... not really..." her voice drops to barely above a whisper. "I caught a couple of really quick glances of Mike's... when Mrs. Cartwright was here... but I never got a decent look at it, Ma'am."

"What size are those boobs, Riley?"

"Uh.. 34-C, Ma'am?" as if she's unsure if the answer is her bra size. Which it is. What other size do boob have?

"Do you think a good wife would be diddling her little pussy instead of obeying her mistress and saving that skank pit for her husband's pleasure?"

"Uh... No, Ma'am?" as if unsure of the answer. Which she likely is having zero experience with men. Which reminds me of my slave,

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Sophie, who is still a virgin, and will be remaining so. I know Sophie is attracted to men, so that will remind her that it's my pussy between her legs. Although I am planning to allow Sophie to see me hook-up. Maybe even participate, just not get that cock. That's all mine.

"I guess that bottom will do." I say as if reaching a difficult decision. "come along, let's get you dressed properly, slut. Show me to your bedroom."

"Yes, Miss Rodgers." now back into the realm of things she knows, she quickly leads me to her bedroom, forgetting very briefly that's she even naked.

As soon as she opens the door and we step in I have her stand facing a wall where she can't see anything. Especially what I'm doing. I root through her dresser, going all through her underwear, all of which is inexpensive as I'd expect from a student until I find a very cute medium green set that's lacy and skimpy. I set that out and head for her closet. I find a modest, but serviceable wardrobe that's about half of what BFF Ellie, whom we call Ellie the hippie, would wear, and half more mundane typical school attire. I don't find any date attire, but that's not what I'm looking for. I end up selecting a nice floral-print sundress. She only has one pair of heels, and those are too high, but they are open-toed and can be worn without stockings so I pick those out as well.

Now that I have her clothes chosen, I hand her the pile and tell her to head for the bathroom. There I make her wash her make-up off, so I can see her "real face." Then I have her carry the clothes back to the living room and set them on the coffee table. While she's there, I send her to toss her previous outfit in the laundry hamper. Then I teach her how to kneel, with her knees as wide apart as they'll go, her feet spread the same, sitting back on her heels, hands behind her back. Her back is up straight, and she's looking up to me as I stand in front of her.

Once she's got that down, I let her see me pull on a pair of gloves. Then I have her show me her pussy, taunting her that "we'll just see how desperately needy that neglected little thing is." She does as I tell her, bending over flat and spreading her lips all the way wide so I can see

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every bit of her inner pink folds. I don't see anything I didn't already know I would. A nicely wet pussy, a narrow tunnel with wet, meaty walls, and a hard clit poking up. I gently ease a finger into her pussy, hearing a crisp gasp of surprise from her as I do. But I can feel her heat and the slipperiness of her honey as I tease my finger along her soft walls.

Then I have her show me her butt, the one little part of her that I've yet to see, and the last part she thought she'd be overtly showing anyone. I watch as she spreads her cheeks wide for me, showing me a tiny little ring of purplish wrinkles that looks like a tight black hole to me. I have no doubt very little has ever entered her there, maybe nothing. I grease the tip of a gloved winger with a decent layer of slick jelly and touch it against her tight ring. She flinches hard, but when I don't enter her, just press lightly, she steadies herself quickly. I tell her then I will "see" her bottom, too. She is to relax herself and allow me to fully explore her insides. I tell her how to force her bottom to relax. Then I tell her to do it as I slowly start pressing a little firmer against her muscle. She obeys and her asshole starts to loosen up, her muscle turning to rubber. My finger slips in and she quickly clenches her bottom tightly around my finger. As she squeals a muted "OO!" I pull my finger back out, swat her cheek with my hands and scold her "bad girl! I said you will *stay* relaxed for me. We'll just try again." we do, and I get a little more into her bottom before the weirdness of it makes her reflexively clench tight. It takes her four tries, each with a slightly harder spank to her bottom, before she manages to stay loose as my finger slips all the way into her bottom, feels around along the backside of her pussy walls, and slides back out.

I tell her to kneel again and let her watch me pull the gloves off. I ask her if it "was so horrible" to have her butt touched.

"No, Ma'am... it wasn't bad at all." Riley admits. The tiny little purrs she let go as I teased the back of her pussy walls kind of prevents her from lying and telling me she hated it. I already can see it on her face. She hated the idea of allowing me up her butt. She hated feeling me up her butt. She hated it that it felt good, whatever I was doing up her butt, too. I guess she just wanted it to be awful for her and hates that it wasn't.



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"I don't think it's fair to Mike that Carole is in time out," I tell Riley. "He didn't play with himself like a naughty teenager! Since Carole is in time out, you will 'fill in' and do a few little things so Mike doesn't have to suffer while Carole's out-of-this-life. I'll teach you a few things a woman should know. You'll start by making his supper. That way he won't have to starve just because his wife had to diddle her skank pit."

I have her stand and teach her how she'll dress for me. I hold out the shoes and have her ask me for permission to put them on before taking them and putting them on. Her panties are next, and I watch her blush as she asks demurely to be allowed to her panties on. It doesn't take her long to get the rest, a bra and her dress, on.

I keep my eye on the time. I root through their cabinets and fridge, finding something to make for a meal. A meal with fresh items. A meal that's healthy. Something I'll eat. I ask Riley if she knows how to cook, and she says no, she's a microwave kind of girl. I tell her the menu I've come up with, and she pales as she realizes she hasn't a clue how to make it. Then I start directing her. As always, my directions are concise and specific enough that a chimp could follow them.

She starts prepping and then cooking the meal. I keep an eye on the time, another on Carole as I know she's getting stiff and sore from sitting still so long, and two more on Riley talking her through the meal. I can cook like gourmet, so this is nothing for me to make.

A few minutes before Mike is expected home, I have Riley get, and give me, he most prized possession: her phone. I get her PIN for it as well. I send Mike a text from Riley's phone: *Carole has been very naughty. Mrs. Cartwright sent Miss Rodgers to teach her to be a good girl. She is in time out now. You may not speak to her, give her anything, or even touch her. While Carole is in time out, Miss Rodgers told me to "fill-in" for her. I promised her I would be very obedient and a good girl. Hurry home!* And I send it. I keep her phone, giving Riley no clue whom she just texted what to.

I wait until I hear Mike pulling up. By now all of the supper is in the oven, which I have her using as a warmer. I whisper instructions to her. I see her eyes get very wide as I tell her what she's about to do. Very

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anxiously, and even more nervously, Riley nods her head tentatively as she says "Yes, Ma'am." very softly.

As soon as the door opens and Mike steps in, Riley sprints up and block him just as soon as he gets the door shut behind himself. "Hiya, Honey!" She greets him. She wraps her arms around him and kisses him on his lips, as long and as hotly as she possibly can. I watch. At first, Mike is taken aback, but very quickly he melts into Riley's passionate kiss and kisses her back just as sweetly.

When Riley finally breaks the kiss, she leaves her arms around him and very softly, her voice laced with honey, tells him "This is Miss Rodgers. She's supervising us while Carole is in time out. She told me that while Carole is in time out, Carole doesn't exist. She's just nowhere. But since you were good, it's not fair for you to suffer just because she had to diddle her pussy! Miss Rodgers is allowing me to stand in for her, and she's going have me show Carole how to be a *very good* wife for you.

"Welcome home, Honey Bear." It's the same nickname Carole calls him by. She gives him another kiss. I glance over and see that Carole is watching, probably didn't hear what Riley said to him, but still doesn't look too happy about it.

"You must be so tired!" Riley says after breaking that kiss. "You must have worked so hard for us today. I have a really nice supper ready for you. But first, I have a warm welcome home for you, Honey."

Riley doesn't hesitate to drop to her knees. She reaches quickly for his zipper, slips her fingers and frees his cock from his pants. Mike gets wide-eyed and glares at her. He sees me just staring and grinning at them. I see him shocked to the core. And then suddenly more so as Riley takes his cock into her mouth, and puts her hands behind her.

"Good girl, Riley." I tell her. "now suck lightly, just like you're trying to suck soda through a straw." I tell her to move leisurely, there's no reason to rush him. To keep her jaw wide and make sure her teeth don't touch him. I get her head moving with long, causal strokes, having her take as much of his cock as she can before she cokes. He has a decent, maybe 5 ½ inch length, and she gets about 2/3 of it into her mouth,

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gagging a little before it's against the top of her throat. I'll teach her to handle that later. For now, I wanted to surprise them both with this, so I'm teaching her a little as she goes.

In a few seconds, Mike has backed up and leans against the door. He purrs sensual light groans as Riley sucks his cock. I keep her going steadily, never letting her break her rhythm or use her hands for anything. It only takes a couple of minutes until I see him getting close to climax. I tell Riley that when he climaxes in her mouth, she is to keep going until his cock stops twitching in her mouth. Then lick him clean as she slowly releases his shaft. Then swallow his cream.

As soon as I've finished telling Riley what she's going to do, Mike asks "Miss Rodgers, Ma'am, may I please have permission to climax now, if it's not a bother for you, Ma'am." I know Colette taught him that line. It's so her.

I give Riley a little pat on her bottom, ignoring Mike, and remind her that she promised on her bottom to behave. Then I tell Mike to go ahead and climax. He does. Riley's eyes about pop out of her head as, with his first sharp twitch, his cock spurts his hot cream against the back of her mouth. But she doesn't dare displease me, and she keeps going. About  $\frac{3}{4}$  minute later I watch as his now drained cock slips from her lips. She licks her lips and swallows. Then she tucks his cock back in for him, and again tells him "welcome home Honey."

She takes him by his hand. "come to the table, Honey, and I'll serve you supper." Neither misses the look of disbelief, mixed with shame and a tinge of anger, on Carole's face. But she obediently says nothing.

Once Mike is seated, I have Riley dish up three plates. One for each of us, Mike getting a little extra in his portions. Riley, following my instructions, brings out the drinks, then a small salad. It's what I refer to a garbage salad, prepackaged, but we spiced it up with some cheese, peppers, onions, and tomatoes. Riley politely asks us both what dressing we'd prefer, saying - probably for my benefit - that they have ranch and Italian. This is familiar to her, her part-time job is waiting tables at a college pizza hang out. Once the salads are finished, she brings out the

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plates I had her fix. Braised pork chops with a peppercorn sauce, steamed broccoli, fettuccine in a cream cheese sauce and a warm roll.

Mike takes one bite of the pork chop and says "hey, this is delicious, Riley." I glance over to see Carole silent seething just as much as she's silently shirking from the embarrassment of Riley apparently doing better as her husband's wife. Perfect. This is a punishment! Mike cleans his plate, and Riley serves him seconds. Riley cleans hers as well. I'd told her that she's expected to. Throughout the meal, Riley keeps a good eye on us, making sure we want for nothing. Our glasses never get below half full.

Then she announces that she's made him dessert as well, adding on her own "Miss Rodgers taught me how to make it, and it looks so yummy!" She brings them out, one for each of us, a banana, breaded with graham cracker crumbs and fried, then topped with ice cream and a drizzle of caramel. Mike agrees that it's incredible, and very thoughtful of her to go to such trouble for him. Carole seethes and cringes a little more.

No one offers Carole anything. Everyone obediently pretends she's not sitting there. That she's not naked. That's she not humiliated. That she's not being shown up. That she's not watching a much younger and prettier woman please her husband in her place.

As soon as supper is finished, Riley fusses over Mike. She goes with him to the sofa and gets him comfortable. She offers to bring him a beer. She makes him promise not to get up, but to just call her if he wants anything. Then she goes and clears the table and gets the dishes taken care of.

I watch Riley, but keep a good eye on Carole as well, making sure she remembers that she's to be sitting still, looking forward and not around the room. Where she's at, she can't see the TV. But she can see Mike sitting there with a basketball game on. And she watches as Riley, following my instructions, kneels down to serve him an icy beer. She definitely doesn't miss the pleased look on his face when Riley does.

I haven't said much to Mike about this evening. But over dinner, I did tell him that Riley would be filling in for Carole tonight, and Riley

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was going to be a good wife for her husband. My way. But I did tell him to “just go along with it. That way I’d only have to give Riley instructions, and she needs a lot of them, but I didn’t say that. I did say “that way I won’t have to spank you.” Although I think he might enjoy that. I didn’t say that either.

Riley sits with him on the sofa. She politely tells him that he deserves a good massage, too. Then she unbuttons his shirt and put her hands to his bare shoulders. I give her more of my demanding directions, and only once do I have to lift her dress, pull her panties down, and swat her bottom to remind her exacting obedience isn't optional. She gives him a pretty good massage, while he enjoys his game.

I have to keep a close eye on Carole. I can see that she’s uncomfortable from sitting so long. I can see that she absolutely hates having to watch Riley pretend to be Mike’s husband. And I can see that it’s humiliating her deeply to see Mike happy with Riley.

When it's time for Mike to head for bed, I have Riley go with him. I leave Carole sitting in her chair, obviously tired and even more frustrated. And obviously having sat far longer than she ever thought she would. I figure she first though she's up for supper. Then for bed. I'll bed now she's telling herself that once the others are asleep I'll let her up.

Riley takes him by the hand and walks him to bed, after shutting all the lights off out here. Which leaves Carole in the dark. But I have her leave the door to Mike’s bedroom open. That way, where Carole is sitting, she can see just enough to know what’s happening in there without seeing everything.

Riley undresses him sweetly, making sure her hands caress his body sensually as she slides his clothes off. She strips him naked, then sits him on the edge of the bed. She faces him. I stand there and watch to make sure both do as I tell them.

Riley smiles at him and lifts her dress over her head, showing off her nice figure and the cute underwear I’ve picked for her. With a bigger smile, that's a half erotic and half amateurish attempt, she slips her bra off showing him her nice pert breasts. I can see that her nipples are nicely

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stiff. The way Mike is glaring at those mounds, I'll bet he can tell too. I know he did not expect her to strip in front of him, even after she blew him earlier. I can see that his cock is already back to full stiffness.

Riley slips her panties down, letting him see that dense bush of hers. Which is different for him, since Carole is shaven. She lifts one leg at a time, putting her foot on the bed beside him to take her shoes off. I have her do that because it also gives him a very nice view of her pussy mound, and his eyes don't miss that either.

Now that they're both naked, Riley gives him another long hot kiss, pushing her breasts snug against his chest. A light tap to her bottom gets her to brush them across his chest while she kissing him. When the kiss breaks, she wraps her hand around his hard shaft then climbs forward, "Y lying him back on the bed. She strokes his cock very slowly with the lightest of grip on it. She kisses him again, still stroking his cock.

I tell her to kiss it. She does, sucking it as she kisses. She gets him comfortable on the bed and lies beside him, his cock in her hand and kisses him again. "Miss Rodgers, Ma'am, may I please do something very sweet for my husband tonight, since you're here to supervise me, Ma'am?" I told her to ask me, and now she does.

"Ride that cock," I tell her and Riley immediately beams as if she'd just won the lottery. She rises up and straddles him. I take hold of her hips, and gently nudge her into position. I take his cock in my hand and guide it into her sopping wet pussy. He lets out a very hot moan as he enters her. I guide her to move her hips, taking her through about a half dozen leisurely strokes that have them both moaning.

Mike moans deep. Riley moans softly, but with a deep breathiness and a hot urgency. I tell Mike to "play with those firm titties." I don't have to tell him twice. His hands are right there kneading her mounds. Until he pinches a nipple lightly and Riley cries out a hot screech. Then he spends a lot of time teasing those nipples.

Riley barely lasts over a minute before she asks me for permission to climax. I tell her "No. wait until you've satisfied your man, slut." It's only a few more seconds before Mike asks.

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I tell Riley to "stop being so slutty," and nudge her hips up until his cock pops out of her. Both let out a little cry of frustration. "Don't be silly, you both have to earn an orgasm. You know that!" I tell Riley to "massage" Mike's chest with her breasts, watching as she slowly works them down across his chest. Both obviously like it.

It takes her maybe five minutes to get down to where her boobs are "massaging" his stiff cock. I guide her back up, stopping her briefly to put each of her nipples to his mouth. He happily kisses them. Then she's riding his cock again. Both are quickly moaning again, and this time I see Riley gritting her teeth and shivering as she obviously tries hard not to ask me for her orgasm. When Mike does, I say no and have Riley rise up again. I have her kiss, just light kisses, and little tongue teases, over his cock and balls. All of which is very sweet agony for him.

I let her ride him a third time. Now she's doing it on her own, and getting it right. My way. Leisurely full strokes that have Mike moaning out loudly. When he asks to cum again, I tell him no, I'm still enjoying myself. I have Riley rise up again, and this time turn herself around so that her wet pussy is right over his face. I have her lean forward and kiss her way down his body until she gets to his cock. And I make sure it takes her several minutes to get there. But once there, I tell her to take it in her mouth, and this time to suck it better. A couple of nice swats on her bottom getting her taking it until she chokes hard on it, and eagerly trying to suck his balls out through it, or so it looks anyway. Mike can't stay still for it, his hips squirming hard as she sucks him.

I stop Riley again, much to Mike's frustration. She teases him for a minute, rubbing his entire body with hers, and especially her breasts. I watch his cock lie there and twitch lightly, it's way of begging for some attention.

Then I have Riley slide up beside him, teasing his cock with her fingertips, pressing her body snug against his, and ask "How would like me, Honey Bear? You can have me however you want me... any position... any way... my mouth, my hot little pussy... *anywhere* you want me. What's your dream tonight, honey, let me be a good wife and make it

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come true."

I see the hesitation in Mike. I know he's wrestling with a decision about what to ask for. And I bet I can guess what he wants. Colette told me that he wants anal, but Carole refuses to do that for him, or anyone else. She's thought about making her but hasn't since Carole gets so whiny with anything in her bottom, and Mike is very sensitive to her whines.

"You know what I want to see? I think Riley needs her bottom broken in. We'll talk about your climax later. First, you can break her bottom in for me." I can see that Riley didn't expect me to insist on that. She tried to hint around it. I see a little bit of nervousness to her. I ignore that and guide her to roll onto her side, poke her bottom back towards him and lift her top cheeks to make this easy for him.

I guide him to spoon up behind her, aiming his honey slickened shaft right for her asshole, stopping him only when he's putting a firm pressure against her ring, but short of enough to force through. I tell him to just stay like that, Riley is going to do this for him. Let her show him a very good wife. I stroke Riley's cheek and tell her "remember how I taught you to relax your bottom? That's all of you have to do, Riley. Push as hard as you possibly can. Make yourself fully relax, and keep yourself fully relaxed. This won't be bad for you. He'll just slip right in once you loosen up. Do it now, Riley."

I see her take a deep breath. She asks Mike to put his arm around her and hold her, then she relaxes. I can see it happen. Or rather I can see his cock start disappearing between her buns. I hear Riley gasp out a light "OOH!" kind of squeal, but not one of pain. I nudge Mike's hips forward until his cock is as deep inside her as it will go. Riley takes a breath. She takes a couple of more quick ones as she gets used to being so full. Then I tell Mike to give it to her slow and steady. He starts and Riley squeaks a couple of more "OOH!s" but it's only a few good strokes until her squeaky "OOH!s" turn to hot moans that say she's liking it. I take Mike's hand and put it to work caressing her body, her stomach, and her boobs. Which just gets her moaning even hotter. As he backs up on his strokes, I



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can see the honey now clinging to his balls. Riley is liking this.

It's not even a minute before Mike is asking again to climax. I tell him no, that I don't think Riley's butt is broken in. I make him keep going. He struggles not to climax. Riley moans away, and shivers, and squirms, her hands gripping whatever they can until it's obvious that she too is fighting herself not to climax. I enjoy the show. Neither sees me take a picture of them, his cock clearly where it is. I have a plan for that picture.

When I think neither can last much longer, I tell Mike to climax, but not to stop fucking her butt. He cums immediately. I watch his hip twitch along with his cock as he does. Once he's finished, I allow Riley to climax, which she does with a painfully loud and more impassioned scream, her entire body shuddering hard.

Once Riley has finished, I have Mike slip out of her. Immediately I have Riley thank him for "letting her give him her bottom." Now I hear that dreamy note to her voice. I have her kiss Mike and thank him again. The roll him to his stomach and start massaging him from the shoulders. He's asleep in ten minutes so I have Riley stop and cuddle up close next to him.

Then I go back out and see Carole still sitting in her chair, tears rolling down her eyes. She has to know that they both had good orgasms. There was no missing that. Both were too noisy. I just glare at her with my crop in hand, reminding her to stay where I left her. I make myself a cup of coffee since I seem to have volunteered myself for the graveyard shift. Carole will be sitting in her time out chair all night long. Sleeping isn't allowed in time out either. And even though she's had nothing to eat or drink, I'd bet anything she's dying for a bathroom break by now. Time out, my way, is truly hideous.

Carole makes it until about 2:00 before I decide she's starting to nod off. She snaps back to a shocked and horrified alertness the instant she feels my crop land on her nipple, and it's not even  $\frac{1}{4}$  of my strength. She gets the message. She gets three more swats over the night as she thinks about sleeping.

At 5:00 am I gently wake Riley up, telling her what I want her to

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do. She whispers her "Yes, Ma'am," and eases her way over to Mike. Just as deftly she eases the covers off him without waking him. She takes his entire cock into her mouth and starts sucking it. In a fraction of a second, it's springing to a steely stiffness. Mike wakes much slower than his cock, but just as happily as the very first thing to go through his mind is that his cock is getting sucked. He purrs loudly and sweetly. And in about three minutes he cums in her mouth, Riley swallowing all of it.

I send him to the bathroom, telling him to hurry up and do his thing. I have Riley make "their" bed up, then send her in after Mike. She doesn't get toilet time. She gets to immediately get in the shower with Mike and wash him as tenderly as she possibly can. Especially his cock, which gets a good washing considering where it's been. She dries him as well.

Then I have her pull just her dress over her head, no underwear, and hurry to the kitchen. She makes Mike a very hearty breakfast of pancakes, eggs, bacon, and potatoes, with juice and coffee. And she serves him until he's eaten all that he can. She just gets a regular plate, as I do. Carole gets to sit there and watch as a very happy, very satisfied and nicely cleaned up Mike eats his fill of food that he's praising.

Once everything is done, Mike having about twenty minutes before it's time for him to leave, about ninety minutes until Riley needs to leave, I have the two of them sit on the sofa. Closely, holding hands, like a husband and wife should be.

I tell them that Riley will be his wife until he gets home from work tonight. When he does, Carole can be his wife again. "I'm sure that's not a problem for you, since Riley has been a very good wife for you, hasn't she?" He agrees she's been "perfect."

I tell them that Carole has to learn that her pussy isn't there for her skanky diddling, it's there to please mistress and then Mike. Nothing else. Since she abused it, she's learning an unpleasant lesson. She is going to be paddled now, and it will be a very harsh paddling. She deserves that for thinking like a whore instead of a wife. Then she will put on a little show for our entertainment before Mike heads off for work.

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After that, I will take her potty, since she shouldn't be trusted around her pussy right now. After which I will be locking her into a chastity belt. She will not even be able to pee with it on. I hand Mike and Riley a key to the lock and tell them that either may allow her chastity belt off, but if they do, they have to keep their eyes on her pussy until it's back on. Not even blinking. To ensure she doesn't touch it. Not even to wipe it, someone will have to wipe it and wash it and whatever else for her. Mrs. Cartwright will remove it when she feels Carole should be trusted not to diddle herself again.

I remind Riley that now that Mrs. Cartwright and I own her body, she is not to hug, kiss, touch, be touch, or have any kind of sex. Not even masturbation, unless she gets permission first. Except, that any evening Mike doesn't get a welcome home blow job from Carole at the door, she is to make sure his cock is completely sucked before he can get into the house. Even if Carole is on her way to do it if she's not right there to greet him like a wife, she is to do it, and once she touches him, she's to do the entire greeting, even if Carole shows up, and then Carole is forbidden to greet him.

I know Carole is listening to all of it. When I take a seat on the edge of the love seat I send Riley to fetch my paddle. Then I can Carole over for her paddling. She comes and obediently lies herself over my knees for it. I give her another just as hard as the first, only this time I spank her until her bottom is a deep crimson red, a slight shade from bruised, and she's bawling like a baby.

I immediately order her up to her feet. Having her face her audience of us three, I have her come over and show each of us her pussy, one by one. It's sloppy wet, her clit standing up desperately. Then I have her face us again and masturbate. It's almost obscene. She screams hot cries, and can't stay still, even with my crop on her breasts to remind her to. I make her suffer like that for five minutes before I allow her to climax, which is just as porn-star-graphic. She ends up shuddering and panting on the floor. I leave her there and have Riley take Mike to the door for a quick goodbye. Which she obediently does with her hand down his

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pants, lightly holding his cock as she gives him a very hot kiss. And his hands up under her dress caressing her bottom while she does.

I send Riley to clean herself up. I order Carole to her feet and march her into the bathroom, where Riley is just getting in the shower, and have her sit on the toilet. She stays there waiting while Riley showers, then I send her in the shower with cold water and watch her wash up. Except for her pussy, I tell Riley to just reach in and wash that skank pit of her.

I have Riley wait in the living room, with just a towel around her, while Carole dries off.

I get Riley's phone and have her pose with her bottom poked out. I snap a picture of her butt, her asshole visible. Then I snap another of her sitting properly, but naked. I chose clothes for both to wear today, and have them dress. Then I send the picture of Riley's butt to Mike, with the text, "I really want you!" I set the second one to autos-end to him just before lunch, I tell Riley to "write something sweet to her husband to go with it." and Riley hands the phone back to me with her unsent text: *Hiya, Honey Bear. I hope you like this body. I pray Miss Rodgers will allow me to have you again. I want you to fuck me again, in every place! This picture is a souvenir.* And signs it with a heart and a smiley face.

I allow her to leave for school. Then I tell Carole that she may not call him today. Or go see him. Nothing. She's nothing. He's Riley's husband until he walks through that door. She might consider being a good wife for him tonight, now that "the child, Riley" has shown her how to be. She has permission to suck his cock at the door the instant he arrives home unless she's late and Riley has to step in and be his wife again.

"Oh, and if I were you, I wouldn't drink very much today, at least not until there's someone here to take that belt off of you!"

Then I leave and send Colette a nice long message letting her know what I did with her toys.

At lunch, I have an email forwarded by Colette from Riley. She tells me just how good of an evening she had, and thanks me for teaching her so much. She asks if I might be will to "see her again, and teach her a

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few more things." She assures me that she'll be a good girl for me, and do whatever I say to.

That evening Colette forwards me two more, one from Mike and one from Carole. Mike was very happy with his night. Although he says it was "incredibly difficult for him to earn an orgasm from me, it was just as incredible when I granted it. He asks if Mrs. Cartwright might ask if I am willing to "see them again."

Carole whines about how incredibly difficult her punishment was. How utterly humiliating it was to watch Riley, younger and prettier, be sweeter to Mike and make him smile so happily. To watch Riley be his wife in her place. How painful it was to watch Riley fuck him for her, knowing she was doing it because Carole couldn't and he deserved it, but then to see Riley do it better than she does? And give him what he's always wanted but she's can't bring herself to give him? And to see her do it so happily? She's never been so ashamed of herself and thoroughly degraded in her entire life! She complains that her bottom hurts so much she doubts she'll be sitting tomorrow either. And that enema was so bad! The way I didn't care how badly she needed relief, I just made her serve me and suffer! After two pages of whining, she hints "Mike wanted to know if you would ask Miss Rodgers to come back again... tell her I don't mind if she does... if she's willing to do that for Mike and Riley, she'll be a good girl for me, too."

I laugh, then see Colette's note that it's Carole's version of praise. Let her know what I'm thinking of doing with Riley, and since they're all in the same house, Colette is in.