

# Paying The Price

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### **Author's Note:**

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

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

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

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

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*Paying The Price*

## Paying The Price

### *Introduction:*

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

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

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

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

I'm also slightly bisexual. I'm attracted to men, not women. I would never choose a female partner for even a date, let alone for sex. But I'm not opposed to masturbating with a female toy. Sophie happens to be my favorite sex toy to pleasure myself with. Her tongue has two big advantages over my vibrator: one, it's very delicate and tender. Two, no matter how much I use it, its batteries never die at the worst possible moment! It's better than fresh bunny batteries, it just keeps going until I want it to stop. And I don't even have to hold it in place!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

I also have a circle of five other women friends, all of whom are Dommies as well. Andrea (28), Janelle (36), Colette (40), Diane (44), and Olive (46). we usually get together every couple of weeks for coffee and a little chat about who's doing what to whom lately. We sometimes share, or loan, our toys to each other, but not that often. Sometimes we do a favor for each other, such as providing something different for a toy. Mostly we do what girls do: we gossip.

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

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

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

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



# *Chapter One - What A Slut!*

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My toy tonight is Connie. She's not my typical toy, either. She's single! She doesn't even have a boyfriend. It seems like most of my toys are either married or at least dating someone. Most, not all. I could name a few more who are single. But most of those have kids. Single moms make some of the best toys! And they can be so easy to humiliate, which always makes for a fun session. For me.

I first met Connie about seven or eight months ago. I stopped in one of my favorite coffee shops for a cup. I do that often, at least several times a week. Connie was in front of me in line. I noticed two things about her. She couldn't make up her mind what to order. And it's not like it's rocket science, it's coffee! Okay, there are those flavors, and different kinds of beans, but still. It's coffee.

I'm usually rather polite, but not when I need coffee before a rather boring class. Especially a class that I have to stay awake in. After a couple of minutes, I got too tired of waiting on Connie. I just leaned around her and told the barista "the bimbo here will have a caramel latte. Make it a big one." The barista must have been as frustrated as I was. She just started making it. Who knows, maybe she thought I knew Connie or something.

Connie just stared at me. That lasted about a half of a second. I'm really impatient when I'm coffee-deprived. I glared right back at her. "You're wasting my time and everyone behind us. Since you can't make up your tiny mind, I made it up for you. Now pay for your coffee, get out of my way, drink it, and like it." I might not have been as polite as I usually am. I might have used a rather firm voice too. Maybe even the same voice I'd use with a playtoy when I wanted it to know it had better behave.

But I definitely did not expect what happened next. Connie glared at me. I stared right back at her with a stern look on my face. It went on for maybe a full second. Then Connie said "okay, Ma'am," in a very hushed and sheepish voice. She also paid for her latte and got out of my way. As I left, she was sitting at a table sipping it. I couldn't tell if she was liking it or not, though.

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I completely forgot about Connie. I saw the way she reacted to my firmness. I figured I could push her onto her knees. But I had a rather full schedule right then. And Connie didn't look to be anything special. Besides, I'm not in the habit of picking up slaves or playtoys at my coffee shops.

It was a few days before I stopped in again. That's fairly normal though. I don't always stop at the same place. But I do stop at this one a little more often. It's right by campus. It has good coffee. And by the time I get this far across town from my apartment, my cup is usually getting rather low.

I still didn't notice Connie. I'd completely forgotten about her. But she noticed me. The instant I stepped through the door, Connie jumped up and hurried to get in line in front of me. Again. That I saw. Luckily for me, I caught it fast enough that I saw where Connie had come from. I noticed that she'd jumped up so fast, in such a rush to get in line in front of me, that she'd forgotten her purse at her table, too.

Okay, I'm a girl! I know exactly what Connie was doing. She obviously wanted to talk to me about something. She was so obviously trying to engineer a meeting. Just like a so-eager guy would do.

"Get out of my line, bimbo," I told her, rather firmly, "you are not going to waste my time again. Besides, you left your purse at the table, so you aren't buying anything." I stepped right around her, seeing the slight blush come over her face as I told her that I could see right through the move.

"Go sit down, now, bimbo," I glared hard into her eyes. After a second or two, Connie got out of line and went back to her seat. But her eyes never left me. Then the barista, a fellow student, told me that the other day was Connie's first time in here. But since then she'd been back, about this time, every day. "Pathetic," was the barista's word. "I guess she goes that way..." she said as she fetched my drink.

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I walked over and helped myself to a seat across from Connie. I stared at her. After a few seconds, Connie started to mumble something. I quickly told her to shut up. She stopped mid-word, not even mid-sentence, but right in the middle of a word. I stared at her a little longer, maybe about ten more seconds.

Then I reached across the table, grabbed her arm, and wrote my address on it. "Be there at five tonight, and your bottom can answer for your obnoxious rudeness." Then I took my coffee, got up, and walked out without another word. I figured it would do one of two things. Either Connie wanted to play and would show up or she'd stop hanging out in my coffee shops trying to bump into me.

She showed up, and very quickly found herself naked, over my knees, with her bottom paying dearly for that rudeness.

I found out later that after I left someone else in the shop had told her who I was. She easily found my website and read several of my stories. I'm guessing it was the stories of me with a middle-aged submissive woman. A woman like Connie. It's less of a guess that she liked what she read. If not, she would have avoided the coffee shop after that.

It didn't take me long to learn that Connie is 33-years old. She married at 18 and divorced about a year ago. Since then, she hasn't dated anyone. Her ex-husband wasn't a Dom, at least not much of one. He was more of a "control freak" to put it politely. He didn't want to play. He wasn't interested in the more intricate aspects of BDSM, like the trust a sub has to give her Domme. He just wanted to bully her and boss her around. I'd guess she was the only one he could get away with bossing around, too. I know I'd love to get him in the playroom and teach him about being bullied.

But Connie didn't mind that so much. I have no doubt she would have preferred that he was more of a Dom and less of a jerk. But as long as she was told what to do,

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she was going to take what she had. Right up until he found a younger and prettier girl that would let him bully her. Then he left Connie. And it left Connie "rudderless." Since then she's more been going through the motions of her daily life, than living it.

She didn't have to tell me how excited she was to come over to my apartment. She was there ten minutes before she was naked and over my knees. It was her first time doing anything at all with a woman. I made her spanking a very slutty spanking. One where I teased her mercilessly between strokes of the paddle. I didn't have to. Her pussy was sopping wet before she was over my knees. And even wetter when she came off of them.

She's been here several times since then. I don't know about her, but I know her pussy has never been disappointed. Connie tends to have rather active, and amusing, orgasms. Well, when she behaves well enough that I allow her to have one. Orgasms are rewards here. Things that must be earned.

Connie has what I call a crappy job. Then again, she never went to college, so... She the manager of the Dollar General store In Semmes. I tend to spend too much there, though. It's so easy to spend money there. It got me wondering, since she lives and works on the south end of Mobile, what she was doing out by campus. There's not much there besides the campus and some student-oriented places. She was passing by on her way to another store where the manager had just been fired. Apparently, Dollar General has a silly policy about all of the receipts getting to their bank! They'd asked her to go over and see what was what until they could send someone temporary. She was only going for the day. She'd just decided to grab a cup of coffee, and of all the places, saw my favored little one. I'll bet she'll never forget that choice!

I know Connie gets hit on at work. She's an attractive woman with more than ample breasts and blond hair. So... DUH. But she's always just brushed the guys off. I get the idea that it's all she knows how to do. Her ex



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would have killed her if she'd flirted back, even the tiniest bit. And now, after 2 decades of brushing guys aside, she's forgotten how to flirt.

Naturally, I made her start to be nice to her customers. I even made her go on a few arranged dates. Dates arranged by me. Dates with others that I knew, but who are not my toys. Her last date was two weeks ago. I had a nice-looking frat boy who is only 22, take her out. Then he took her home, and at my insistence, Connie provided a very happy ending for her first date with him. Isn't that so slutty, on the first date! Naturally, Connie didn't have a choice about it. She was told to give him a very good blow job, and then take him to her bed and offer him the full use of her body. Naturally, he accepted the offer. I'm sure Connie was glad he did.

Yesterday a customer had seriously flirted with Connie. And the little slut flirted back! I know I told her to, but I also told her not to flirt so much that any guy got the idea that she might be available. After all, she is my property, and I decide who takes my things out on dates. Or as I prefer to call it, who gets to play Ken with my Barbie dolls. They're my toys!

Connie clearly went too far. And she very clearly enjoyed it too much! She wrote me last night, as she must do every night, and told me about her day. When she did, she asked permission to masturbate, telling me that this guy had gotten her aroused and she ached for a little relief. I told her no. She'd just had permission to masturbate the night before. Besides, she needed to learn a little lesson, and a throbbing pussy is a very good teacher.

But then she emailed again this morning to apologize for her naughtiness. It seems that as she drifted off to sleep, she awoke again to find her hand misbehaving. She knows I'd never let such naughtiness go unpunished. I half wonder if she didn't misbehave just so she could come and be punished! She seems to like that a little more than most.

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So I've devised a punishment for her. One that's going to be a slightly different, and new experience for her. An experience that I know is going to do two things. It will arouse her far beyond what that guy or most guys are capable of doing. And it will teach her to mind her Mistress a little more diligently.

Connie arrives right on time, as she knows she must. I'm pretty particular about my toys being punctual. After all, they're here for my amusement, not their convenience. Connie knows the price of tardiness, one stroke per minute. It's the same as the price for being early. Be convenient for me. I don't care if she has to stand in the hall and wait impatiently. I don't care if my neighbors see her waiting, either. She doesn't know it, but they're used to that sight.

When Connie knocks on the door, Sophie, my 20-year-old live-in slave-girl, goes to answer the door. She always does that. It's kind of her place as my slave. The Queen does not answer the door of her own castle. I'm not sure any Queen ever has! Certainly not Catherine the Great, one of my favorite Queens (Tsarinas count as Queens). Or Mary, Queen of Scots, another of my favored Queens. Those ladies knew how to run a castle!

Sophie allows Connie into the apartment, stopping her just inside the door. I keep a place there that's devoid of anything just for this purpose. It's where my toys strip and hand their clothes over to Sophie. Sophie then takes their things, everything except their bare bodies, and locks it all in one of the drawers of a file cabinet that I keep in the playroom for just that reason. Sophie doesn't have a key to it, either. I have the only key, and my toys know that. They know they're not going to get their clothes back until I decide I want them to have them. Until then, they will be nude, regardless of whatever else is going on in my apartment, and sometimes that can be a lot. I don't think anything about keeping a toy nude while my friends pop in for a visit. Male or female friends. Some, like my BFFs Izzy, Reagan, and Ellie, know they're welcome to pop by

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unannounced whenever they wish. They have their own keys, too. I'd have keys to their places, too, but they all live in the dorms.

Sophie has Connie stand with her back towards the wall. She stands in front of Connie, leaving a couple of feet of space between the two of them. "Undress, pussy toy, and give me all of your things," Sophie tells her. "Pussy Toy" is the nickname I made up for Connie the first time she was here. In that session, I had her eat Paige's pussy. It was something Connie had not just never tried before but never imagined herself being willing to consider trying either. I saw how reluctant she was to do it. I also saw how once Connie got past that initial hesitancy, Paige enjoyed Connie's attentions. I told Connie that she made a pretty good pussy toy. Then I decided to name her pussy toy just to remind her that she's been with a woman. It's an experience that Connie has repeated many times by now.

Connie knows what the command undress tells her to do. It means for her to get completely nude. She's not even allowed a single hairpin. She's also to undress in a specific way, from the top down. She's to start at the very top and take off the highest thing on her body. She's to fold it neatly and hand it over to Sophie. Then she's to take off the next highest thing. And so on until she's as naked as the day before she was born. And then she's to tell Sophie that she's naked.

I picked a time for Connie to come that wouldn't leave her enough time to go home after work and change. It pretty much left her just barely enough time to drive here from her work. From Semmes, it's an easy drive. Moffet Road right into downtown, and the a few blocks over on any cross street to Dauphin Street. Then there's the challenging part of the drive – finding a place to park. It's not so bad on a Sunday, a lot of the bars along Dauphin Street are closed. It's next to impossible during the week.

Otherwise, Connie would have gone home and cleaned up. She would have changed into clothes that

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came off easily and quickly, too. Instead, she's wearing a work shirt, a black pullover, and black slacks with black sneakers. It's kind of the typical retail-worker outfit. The thing about this outfit is that, as Connie undresses, her shirt and bra are the first two things to come off. And that leaves her standing nude from the waist up, but fully dressed, even with shoes on, from the waist down. I think she looks cute like that. But it's unusual enough that it tends to add just a hint of uneasiness for the toy to stand there that way.

Connie is a decently tall woman, standing 5'6". She weighs 143 pounds, which isn't what it sounds like. More than a couple of those pounds are swelling out from her chest. It's the one place women tend to welcome weight. Or at least the size that goes with it.

Connie has a slightly ovalish face. It's a face with rounded, soft, lines to it. There isn't a harsh angle to it anywhere. Not even at her jawline. That's fully rounded with a single flowing curve to it. She has fairly long, light blond hair. Her hair is straight, with just a touch of body to it, hanging down to the bottoms of her shoulder blades. She has brown eyes. She has a slightly small and narrow nose. She has a mouth that's on the wider side of average, framed with thin, but soft, dark-pink lips. She has a bright smile, too. She has some slight fullness to her cheeks, but it's just enough to smooth out the lines there and give them a soft look. She's lucky, too, I don't see any wrinkle lines, not even at the corners of her eyes.

Connie has a slightly lean and narrow body. It's about as slim as a body like hers can get away with being. Along her shoulders, I can just make out the more prominent lines of her collarbones. From there down, her chest and stomach are flat. While I wouldn't call her skin tight, it's far from loose. It still has enough elasticity and tautness to look smooth and soft. And she has some decently-toned muscles to her stomach, undoubtedly from actually working. She has a slightly straight figure with only a gentle curve to her waist and hips.

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She has a 36-inch chest. With a pair of DD-cup breasts swelling off of it. As with any breasts so large, hers are soft. They have little more firmness than the average water balloon. They hang down, lying back against her chest with deep creases. But they do have silky soft skin covering them.

And they're topped with a pair of wide nipples. Nipples that are a medium-dark shade of pink with a slight brownish tinge to them. They're as wide as half marbles, and now they're swollen up just like those half marbles. With fully rounded tips. They're as hard as marbles, too! And they're surrounded by equally wide rings of the same color. Those rings nicely top her milky white mounds.

Connie's breasts have a decent little bounce to them as she moves, at least now that they're free of her bra. Otherwise, they lie with a narrow, and very deep, V of cleavage between them. Although now, as Connie leans over to take her shoes off, those breasts dangle down freely from her chest. Both Sophie and I have a rather good view of them dangling and wiggling under her, too.

Connie has rather lean and toned legs. They're lean enough that her thighs have just the tiniest of a narrow gap between them. They don't really show any pronounced muscle line, as an athlete's body would. Instead, they're more like a model's legs. Nicely shaped with soft, flowing lines and taut, silky skin.

Connie has flat pubes that are fully shaven. That's something I tend to demand of my slaves, allowing a bush on her pubes only if her significant other wishes it, or if I want it for some reason. Like on a woman that I plan to use as a whore for a man who might prefer it.

Her mound is neither flat nor puffy. It just has a gentle swell downward to it. She has fairly short, but wide, and thin lips. Lips that are now shaven fully smooth. Her lips don't meet, leaving a gash about  $\frac{1}{4}$ " wide between their light pink edges. Between those edges, an equally light and pink ridgeline of her loose folds rises up, coming about flush with the outsides of her lips. It's a ridgeline, or

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so it looks as if both of her folds have roiled together into it, instead of poking their individual tips up.

"Miss Slave, I am completely nude now," Connie says in her soft, sugary voice. She stands with her hands behind her back, waiting for Sophie or me to tell her what to do next.

Sophie takes Connie's clothes. She takes them to the playroom and locks them away. Then Sophie comes back, wearing a pair of latex gloves. She's carrying a neon pink training collar, too, and a matching leash. Sophie retakes her place in front of Connie.

"My Mistress told me that you have been a very naughty little bitch, pussy toy," Sophie giggles slightly as she tells Connie. "My Mistress wishes you absolutely nude before I leash you. You'll understand that I won't disappoint my Mistress by bringing you to her unless you are so totally naked. You'll understand that I just can't trust a naughty bitch. So I will look for myself and make sure you're not hiding anything like some cheap crack 'ho. Now, open your cocksucker up, and let me see!"

Connie opens her mouth. Sophie looks. She looks very closely. Far closer than, I think, any prison guard would bother to look. She uses her finger to push Connie's cheeks out and see between them and Connie's gums. She uses her finger to lift Connie's tongue and peek under it. She even sticks her finger, very unnecessarily, along the top of Connie's tongue, reaching to the back of her mouth, and almost gagging Connie. It's not like her short finger is going to reach anything she can't already see. But Sophie is not just being thorough. She's doing what I told her to do and making sure Connie feels how thoroughly Sophie is checking her body over.

Next Sophie has Connie raise her arms so that she can see Connie's underarms. Sophie doesn't just look. She runs her finger over the skin, lightly tickling Connie, and making sure there isn't any razor stubble there either. Sophie knows how much I hate razor stubble on my toys. She would tell me immediately and beg me to be allowed

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to shave the bitch so that it would be more pleasing to me. Sophie is very devout.

Now Sophie gets down to Connie's gigantic breasts. She picks one to start with. She pinches the hard nipple in her fingers and uses that to lift Connie's breast all the way up. Sophie lifts it up high enough to completely pull out the crease under it, along Connie's chest, and reveal the underside to Sophie's eyes. Then, just being over-thorough again, Sophie pulls the mound off to the side a little, opening Connie's cleavage a bit to make sure that Sophie has seen every bit of the breast. Now she moves over to Connie's other breast and checks it just as fully.

Sophie uses the tip of her pinkie to probe Connie's navel.... then she runs her fingers over Connie's pubes, checking for razor stubble. She runs her hands along Connie's legs, checking for stubble. She even runs her hands over the tops of Connie's feet. She spreads Connie's toes to look between them. She even checks the soles of Connie's feet.

Sophie has Connie turn around. She runs her fingers through Connie's hair, making sure that it's silky and clean. I know Sophie told Connie that she was searching to ensure Connie was really naked, but, let's face it, this isn't a jail and Connie's not a drug addict. Sophie isn't going to find anything. In reality, Sophie is just checking to ensure that Connie's body is up to my grooming standards. And that Connie didn't forget something, like a tampon or a hairpin, which are about the only two things that we ever find forgotten by toys as they get nude.

On her way back down to Connie's feet, Sophie pauses just a second at Connie's small, and firm bottom. Sophie puts her hands to Connie's well-rounded little globes, her fingers along the front of those globes, and her thumbs against the rounded curve that's the bottom edge of them. Sophie pushes those globes apart, spreading Connie's short crack just wide enough for her to see fully into. And then Sophie is moving down again.

## Chapter One - What A Slut!

Sophie gets back down to Connie's feet. And then she tells Connie to bend over and brace against the wall. It's another of the defined positions Connie, like all my toys, has been taught. She's to bend over and get her back as close to flat and parallel with the floor as she can. She's to step back as much as she needs to. Her back should be stretched out. As should her arms. Those should be straight out from her shoulders, elbows locked, her hands bracing against the wall with her palms flat and her fingers spread wide. Connie spreads her feet as wide as she can manage without straining the tendons on her legs, too. That very nicely displays her pussy for Sophie's eyes.

It gives Sophie a good view of Connie's mound. Sophie just puts the tips of her fingers to the edges of Connie's thin lips and casually pulls Connie's lips wide open. Sophie has never been especially gentle with my toys, but she goes out of her way not to be rough on them. Like now, she won't pull hard enough on Connie's lips for Connie to notice it, but she's not being overly tender either. She's being more detached and professional, like a girl with a job to do.

Sophie stretches Connie's lips out fully so she can see everything. She peeks, noticing that Connie's clit is swollen up hard, peeking its wide tip slightly above the top of the thin, loose folds around it. She sees the thick layer of clear, creamy honey covering everything, too. There's no missing it. She pushes Connie's loose, wrinkly folds aside to fully expose the entrance of Connie's narrow tunnel.

Connie's tunnel looks a little wider than my finger. It's flushed bright pink now. It's firm, but spongy walls swelling inward just a bit. Barely enough for her tunnel not to gape open. It's also flooded with her creamy honey now, too.

Sophie just puts the tip of her finger to the entrance of Connie's tunnel. Sophie starts pushing her finger, casually, unconcerned about Connie, into the tight tunnel.



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Sophie has small fingers. She stops with barely the first knuckle inside Connie's pussy. It's probably just enough for Sophie to feel the heat burning in those snug walls.

"You don't have anything hidden in my Mistress's pussy like a cheap crack whore, do you, pussy toy?" Sophie asks Connie with a bit of a taunting tease to her voice. I did tell Sophie to humiliate Connie whenever she had the chance. After all, Connie has been a bad girl, and bad girls deserve a little humiliation.

"No, Miss Slave," Connie says quietly.

"We'll see, won't we, whore?" Sophie teases Connie as she pushes her finger the rest of the way into Connie's tunnel. Now that Sophie's finger is fully inside Connie's pussy, Sophie wiggles the tip of her finger, stretching her finger to probe as much of Connie's pussy as her little finger can reach. Like me, Sophie just doesn't have the finger to reach all the way back to Connie's cervix. But rather close to it. Sophie takes her time, being just rough enough for Connie to feel her probing around, to explore every little recess of Connie's pussy. Only then does Sophie pull her finger back out.

Sophie immediately turns her attention to Connie's bottom. Connie's asshole is a medium-deep shade of purple. Her ring is tiny, no bigger than a dime at most. It's firm and tight. It funnels inward only slightly. And it's lined with countless light wrinkles, all flowing inward toward a little speck of blackness at its very center. Sophie just puts the tip of her finger to the outside of Connie's clenched muscle.

Sophie presses lightly, feeling the resistance of Connie's muscle. Quickly, Connie tries to relax herself and allow Sophie to push into her most reserved recess - her bottom. Connie still hasn't quite mastered that technique, though. It's because Connie is still a bit nervous about anything anal. That's something she never did, nor was asked to do, before coming to be mine. I don't care what Connie wants. If I want her bottom, I'll make shameless use of it. She'll just have to like it, like it or not.

## Chapter One - What A Slut!

Connie's asshole is no match for any finger, not even Sophie's. As Sophie presses on it, Connie's asshole pushes in slightly, taking on a hair more of a funneling that channels Sophie's finger directly to the pinpoint opening. And then Connie's ring softens to a firm rubberiness allowing Sophie's finger to start stretching it open a bit. Sophie's finger easily stretches Connie's ring wide enough for the slim finger to slip right through. Sophie presses every last bit of her finger into Connie's bottom.

"I'll ask again, as skanky and naughty as you are, am I going to find anything hidden in your rectum? That would just be the skankiest thing!"

"No, Miss Slave," Connie quietly answers, her asshole already clenching snigger around the base of Sophie's finger.

"I guess I'll check, just in case my Mistress wants this filthy butt for something." Sophie sighs out with a bit of a taunt. Then she starts wiggling her finger to fully probe every bit of Connie's rectum. And Sophie takes care to make sure that Connie feels her being very thorough. She wants Connie to know that Sophie has inspected every nook and cranny of her bowels, too. That now, Connie has no secrets left. No bodily privacy, either. Only when Sophie has probed everywhere, probably twice just to be sure, does she pull her finger back out of Connie's bottom.

Sophie pulls her gloves off and she doesn't hurry to get it done. She leaves Connie there, bent over and facing the wall.

Now that Sophie is sure that Connie is clean enough for me and completely nude, she returns to stand beside Connie's shoulders. She leaves Connie bent over.

Sophie brushes Connie's hair off to the side, letting it hang down over the top of her shoulder and dangle in front of Connie's big, pendulous breast. Sophie brushes all of it aside from Connie's neck. Then Sophie loops the glowing bright collar around Connie's neck and secures it with a padlock. She reaches up under Connie's neck and clips a

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leash to the collar, letting the leash droop down under Connie's shoulder.

Sophie tells Connie to get down on all fours, then waits for the few seconds it takes Connie to move. "Come along, pussy toy, you want to be a complete bitch, my Mistress says I can treat you like a proper bitch!" Sophie starts walking. The leash quickly goes taut, pulling Connie's neck and urging Connie to crawl along after Sophie.

Connie knows how to crawl. I've made her crawl like a dog many times by now. She holds her head up, showing her face to whoever is here to see it. For now, that's just Sophie and me. But before it's been a room full. Even with her long hair hanging down, holding her head up is plenty to expose a view under her chest. It lets me watch Connie's dangling breasts jiggle as she crawls along.

Sophie stops Connie in front of me and orders Connie up to kneel "before her Queen."

Connie kneels.

"Here is the naughty bitch, pussy toy, Mistress. I have checked her way so fully, Mistress, and I assure You that this naughty worthless bitch is completely naked," Sophie tells me with confidence in her voice. And a tiny hint of a giggle that's for Connie. It can remind Connie just how fully Sophie checked her body. Inside and out.

Sophie hands me the leash.

I take Connie's leash. Now it's time for me to begin teaching Connie not to abuse my pussy by masturbating it when I don't want it masturbated. As if I care if she throbs and aches!



*Chapter Two - Oh, You Think  
You're Horny, Slut?*

## Chapter Two - Oh, You Think You're Horny, Slut?

"Come along, pussy toy, it's time that you learn to leave my pussy alone!" I tell Connie. At the same time, I give a firm tug on the leash, almost snapping it. That's enough to encourage Connie to follow me.

Connie hops to her feet. She puts her hands behind her back and follows me closely as I lead her back to the playroom to begin her lesson. The leash is only about four feet long. It doesn't give her much room. Or much time to lag behind me, even though she knows that she's in for something hideous. It wouldn't be much of a punishment if it wasn't difficult for her to endure. It'll be sweet, something she enjoys, only it will be so intense that she can't stand it.

I have the stand ready for her. It's the "titty vise." That's what the frat boys who made it for me called it, and the name kind of stuck. So I've kept it. It's just a simple stand, like a smaller version of a sawhorse, with a plywood base on it. The base is big enough that Connie, or whoever, is going to have no way to get her feet off of it. That lets her weight hold the stand down. On the top of the sawhorse, there's a vise. That's just a basic, cheap, but wide-opening vise I bought at Harbor Freight. My favorite place for such things, their tools might be from China, and at best marginally fit for real use, but they're excellent for what I use them for. I'm not building a battleship (which they do in Mobile). I'm just punishing a naughty bitch. Attached to the vise's jaws are two strips over 1 x 3 lumber that are two feet long. Those are firmly bolted to the jaws, extending about 9 or 10 inches beyond the ends of the jaws. It basically adds the slats to the jaws, extending them wider than any body I'd let in the playroom.

Connie sees the vise standing ready, its jaws gaping open about 6 inches, maybe even a little more. This vise does have such a long screw on it. For \$40, it should, too! Connie immediately tenses up. And her eyes get a little wide. She's never been in this vise before, and I haven't told her what it's called. But it's scary enough looking for

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her to know it's not going to be easy. Another snapping tug on her leash gets her moving, but now her steps are hesitant as if she's trying to stall. As if that would save her! With me, it's more likely to end with her there even longer!

I don't hesitate. It's not my breasts that are about to be clamped in those powerful jaws. I'm not going to feel a thing. I bring Connie straight to it, snapping the leash to keep her from dallying. It gets her standing on the base.

Another sharp tug on her leash and my hand on her shoulder bend her over. That gets her breasts dangling free and loose above the wide jaws of the vise. I have to nudge her back a little so that her mounds hang just above the opening between the jaws. They jiggle as little quivers run through Connie's body. She whimpers slightly as her eyes lock onto the wide jaws.

I push down firmly, my hand between Connie's shoulder blades. Pushing her shoulders down doesn't leave her any choice. She leans the rest of the way over until the tops of her mounds are pushing flush and snug against the tops of those jaws. I use one hand to hold Connie in place.

I use my other hand to reach up from under the jaws to Connie's very hard nipples. I could see they were hard, but now that I have my fingers on one, I can tell they're even harder than they looked. Like stones. I pinch. Then I pull down. It stretches her ample mound, squishing the spongy soft mound into the space between the jaws. I pull down until the narrow top edge of the slats is against her chest. Then I do the same with Connie's other breast.

Connie's rather large breasts are longer than the jaws are wide. The tops of her mounds, including all of the pink flesh of her rings, hang down beyond the bottoms of the jaws. The vise's screw, the one that squeezes its jaws together, extends just below her mounds and conveniently right between them.

I keep a very firm pressure on Connie's back to ensure that she doesn't stand up. Then I start tightening the vise. I'm not in a rush, either. In fact, I prefer taking

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my time. That leaves Connie an extra moment or two to stand there, feeling those wooden jaws slowly clamping around the tops of her mounds flush with her chest. And to wonder just how tightly I'm going to close those jaws.

I tighten them fully. As I do I watch as they close around those spongy, and soft, mounds. I watch as they start squishing her breasts hard. At first, the tops of her breasts turn white. Even her nipples lighten up just a hair. They seem to stiffen up a little more at the same time. That doesn't last long. Quickly, as her breasts are squeezed even harder, the tops of them start darkening. I know they'll rather dark with the vise squeezing them tight enough that have almost no blood flowing through them. I just have to pay attention and not pinch the blood off all the way. I don't want her to end up losing a breast. Maybe just feel like they fell off...

Connie stands there. At first, she more fidgets nervously, feeling the hard jaws clamping down on her tender mounds. As they tighten and begin to uncomfortable for her, she starts groaning very squealy and whiny "Umm!s" I ignore those. As it tightens a little more, her groans turn to muted, but pained, "Ow!s" I ignore those, too. She starts to struggle a little, her instinct to get her breasts out of the light pain taking hold. And her nervousness. By then it does her no good. Her breasts are big and soft enough that the clamp has already squished into them enough that she can't pull her mounds back up and out of it. I just keep tightening. Connie keeps squirming, now rather energetically to get her breasts free. And groaning "Ow!s" that gets louder.

I finally let go of her back. By now I am certain that Connie isn't able to rise up even a hair. She's going to stay there, bent over the vise, and wait for me to release her breasts. She's not going to have a choice. Just to make sure Connie doesn't let herself out of the vise, I quickly lock a pair of my pink handcuffs around her wrists. That will ensure her hands stay at the small of her back.



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Before Connie's breasts turn purple from the restricted blood flow, reach up under her mounds and snap a quick picture with my phone. That should look nice on the ShameBook. It will remind Connie of the high price of abusing my pussy, too.

I have one thing left to do. There are a pair of little screw eyes at the edges of the base. I have Sophie fetch me a couple of short pieces of my preferred rope. It's a  $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick piece of rough, natural hemp rope. It's rather old-fashioned, like something the Spanish Inquisition would have used to make sure Joan of Arc stayed on that burning stake. That appearance makes it the perfect bondage rope.

I thread one end of each piece of rope through one of the screw eyes, but I don't tie it off. I take the other end and wrap three coils of the thick rope around Connie's ankle. Snug coils, but not so snug that they restrict her blood flow. I tie that end off before doing the same with Connie's other ankle.

Now I grab hold of both of the free ends. The ends that aren't yet tied to anything. "Spread your legs, pussy toy!" I tell Connie in a rather teasingly sweet voice. At the same time, I pull on both ends of the rope, letting the screw eyes serve as little pulleys. The ropes pull on Connie's ankles. Very quickly the ropes go taut, forcing Connie to spread her feet. I just keep pulling until I see the tendons at the tops of Connie's thighs start to strain. That tells me her legs are spread as wide as they can go without being uncomfortable for her. That's where I want them. Now I tie the ropes off to the screw eyes. Connie's legs are going to be staying wide open.

And that means Connie's pussy and asshole are going to be so nicely displayed, too.

Connie leans there, groaning light "Ow!s" over her tightly squished breasts. She squirms and fidgets as much as the bonds will let her. That's not much, either.

Paige is busy in the kitchen tonight. She's grilling some steaks I got earlier, and I wouldn't want to take her

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attention away from that. I love a good steak. But Paige doesn't need a helper in the kitchen, and it is Sunday. Sunday is the one day of the week that Elisha spends here. All day. So now Elisha is in the kitchen helping Paige. I wouldn't want Elisha to get lazy. I can always find something for a slave to be doing.

"Newbie, come here," I call out. Newbie is the nickname I gave to Elisha. She came to me last fall when she came to Mobile to start college at Spring Hill College, a respected Christian four-year university. Her father, a friend of a friend, asked me to "look after" her while she was here. It didn't take me long to figure out that he hoped I'd do more than just make sure her grades stayed up. And even less time for me to figure out that, once he told her who he was asking to look after her, Elisha read as many of my stories as she could find online. By the time she met me, she was excited. And she wanted me to teach her a lot more than school. She wants to learn everything she needs to know to be the perfect wife. A wife that prim and proper until the bedroom doors close and then turns into a cheap slut. Of course, her father wants me to ensure she remains a virgin until her wedding. But the rest of Elisha is fair game. She's very submissive and open to anything. She'd make a good slave here, but I won't be keeping her after she graduates.

"Yes, my Queen!" Elisha calls out eagerly. A few seconds later, Elisha is hurrying into the playroom. Elisha is my slave while she's here. Here meaning Mobile, not my apartment. She gets the same "uniform" that Paige gets here. She has a neon pink training collar locked around her neck. That stays on her 24/7. She doesn't have a key to the shiny brass padlock on it, and I won't take it off. Not even for school. It ensures her classmates all know that she belongs to me. It cuts down on the boys hitting on her. Down, not out. She also has a pair of police-issue leg irons around her ankles to remind her of her bondage to me. Those come off whenever I allow her to leave the apartment. But never while she's in the apartment.

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Otherwise, Elisha isn't wearing anything. She's just as naked as Connie. And Paige.

Elisha is a slightly tall girl. She's 5'7" and weighs 140 pounds. It's not much weight for her either, leaving her a slim and shapely body. She has dark hair, but like most schoolgirls, she likes to play with hers. Last week I had my stylist put some red highlights in it. I've done that before. I've done pink and blond highlights, too. I've even had it bleached blond. I have her hair cut, styled, and sometimes dyed or highlighted once a month. And like everything else in Elisha's life, she doesn't get a choice in it. But she likes it.

And like Connie, Elisha has ample breasts. But not quite so big. Elisha is only a 36-C. Not quite the DD-cup that Connie is. Then again, Elisha's breasts are more rounded and firmer, too. And like all the virgins in my realm, Elisha keeps her pubes fully shaven. I tease her she has to look like a "little girl," since she is a girl and can't have hair like a woman before she is a woman, which she won't be until her wedding night. But I'm just teasing. Shaving is popular with my generation. And Elisha looks good with bare pubes. They let me see the puffy mound of her pussy with its long lips so much better.

"Newbie, pussy toy here has been very naughty. It needs to learn what horny is. Tease its pussy," I tell Elisha firmly.

"Yes, my Queen," Elisha doesn't hesitate. She obediently drops down behind Connie. Elisha sits, crossing her legs in wide space between Connie's feet and getting comfortable. She must think she's going to be here awhile. She already knows that she's going to be here until I tell her to stop.

Elisha tosses her long hair back, over her shoulder. She puts the tips of her fingers to the edges of Connie's lips and spreads them wide, fully baring Connie's clit and inner folds. Elisha leans forward, bringing her face to Connie's pussy.

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Elisha opens her mouth slightly wide. Wide enough that as her lips touch Connie's pinkness, her soft lips fully surround Connie's throbbing, hard, swollen clit. Elisha lies the underside of her tongue softly atop the top (actually the bottom with Connie upside-down) of Connie's nub. "Tease" is another of the commands my slaves know well. It tells Elisha exactly what I want to be done to Connie's pussy.

Elisha swirls her tongue slowly and steadily around Connie's aching nub. But only once. A single swirl, Elisha's tongue staying against the hardness, moving slowly, and caressing it tenderly.

Connie screams. "EE!" Her hips shudder crisply or at least try to. The way she's bound, Connie isn't moving more than a tiny fraction of an inch. But I get to watch Connie's muscles snap hard as the sweetness of Elisha's tongue teases the most sensitive, and now hungriest, nerves Connie has.

Now that Elisha's tongue has made its way around Connie's clit, Elisha moves her mouth slightly to the side. She closes her lips, letting her bottom lip brush over Connie's clit as she does, and sucks one of Connie's loose folds into her mouth. Elisha sucks on it decently, drawing it into her mouth. Elisha puts her tongue along the underside of the fold, slowly wiggling her tongue to let it caress that tender flesh. As she teases it, Elisha moves her mouth down towards Connie's pussy.

Elisha sucks and licks her way down the entire fold. Until she reaches the very end of it and the thin fold is about to slip from her mouth. Then Elisha opens her mouth again, a little wider this time. Elisha opens her mouth wide enough for her lips to fully encompass the entrance of Connie's tunnel.

Elisha sucks lightly. Only enough to start drawing the very rim of Connie's tunnel into her mouth. Elisha puts the very tip of her tongue to the rim of Connie's tunnel. She lets the tip lie along the inside edge, not the outside edge, of Connie's rim. Then Elisha starts swirling her tongue

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again. This time her tongue takes a slow and rhythmic trip around the inside edge of Connie's pussy, stroking very tenderly along the fiery hot walls of Connie's tunnel. It's a single circuit. Just one time around. Enough to get another hot, agonized cry from Connie, but that's about all. Enough to push her to the edge of an orgasm, but not quite enough to bring her that last bit over the edge.

Elisha closes her mouth again, this time bringing her top lip across to meet her bottom. It's the opposite of what she did last time, at Connie's clit. It brings her lips over to Connie's other fold. Elisha sucks that fold into her mouth, lying her tongue against it and teasing its wrinkly looseness as she inches her way back up.

Elisha goes all the way up to the very top of the fold. When she gets there, she slowly opens her lips again. This time it's Elisha's top lip brushing over the pounding tip of Connie's clit.

And now that Elisha has her lips surrounding Connie's aching clit once more, that completes a "circuit." A single tease. Elisha will go on teasing Connie's pussy until I tell her to stop. One circuit after another until I want it to end.

Connie is already doing her part. She squirms hard. So hard that she pulls her breasts against the vise holding them tightly. Then she grunts hard as it does nothing but makes her breasts ache and throb even more than they already are. And by now, they have got to be starting to ache badly. To hurt.

But that's what I want. Connie hates pain. She's a baby about it, too. She'll tell me that it's the biggest turn-off to her. But her pussy tells a different story. As long as the pain doesn't get bad, her pussy seems to weep honey faster. And her clit seems to pound harder. Pussies don't lie. Playtoys do. I always believe the pussy.

Connie screams, too. It's not screams of pain. They're more screams of agony. The sweet kind of agony. The kind that comes from having her pussy teased beyond what she can stand. IN about a minute I can hear it in her voice. I can hear the strain that tells me her nerves are

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now over-stimulated. They're so sensitive that any touch to them, even just air blowing over her clit, is so intense that the sweetness of the caress is almost painful. The intensity is powerfully arousing. It will get her far more aroused, and needier than she's ever been. Well, at least since the last time I had her pussy teased like this. In about a minute her pussy is throbbing hard. It hurts as badly as if it had been hit with a hammer. But it's not pain making it hurt, it's the strength of her arousal. There's only one thing that's going to ease that ache. An orgasm. And Connie knows it.

She also knows that she can't have one. It's not allowed. Not that permission is going to hold her back for too long. In another minute her pussy will ache so badly she won't care about permission. She'd rather cum and suffer whatever consequences it brings her. But she won't cum.

Elisha isn't going to let her. Elisha is going to pay very close attention to Connie and Connie's suffering. Elisha knows that if Connie cums, Elisha will be the one paying dearly for it. I told Elisha to tease, not to bring Connie to climax. And tease means not to bring Connie to orgasm. To lick Connie's pussy very tenderly. To tease her. And to hold her there, one the cusp of climax. That's why I trained Elisha to suck slowly down the inner folds. Those aren't nearly as sensitive as the clit and pussy are. It gives Connie a second to ebb back from the precipice before another more intense tease pushes her right back to it. And on and on.

Connie's shoulders are still as she stands there. They quiver and tremble, but they aren't moving. The vise holds her breasts too strongly in place for that. She can't move her chest down, it's already flush against the tops of the unyielding wood slats. And she can't, or isn't, going to lift it up. Those slats are squished too tightly into her breasts for that. Pulling up only tries to pull too much of her mounds through the jaws too quickly. And that hurts. It hurts enough to stop her from moving instantly.

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Instead, I just watch as Connie's normally shallow nipples start to swell out a hair more than usual.

And after a minute or two more, I slip out of the playroom. Connie is too busy screeching very guttural moans to notice. Elisha doesn't care.

I leave Connie to suffer Elisha's tongue. I think an hour should teach Connie what horny is.





# *Chapter Three - The Price Of Abusing My Pussy*

## Chapter Three - The Price Of Abusing My Pussy

I walk out to my living room and take a seat on the sofa. Immediately I send Sophie to fetch me a cup of coffee. Then, as I'm sitting there, sipping it, I start thinking about Connie. OK, it's hard not to think about her. I can hear her needy shrieks from here. She is just such the screamer.

I think that she definitely deserves to suffer without an orgasm for a while. That's a fair penalty for sneaking in some masturbation. It's also a punishment that I use often, at least for sins like this. But I know that Connie isn't going to do it. She will try. But right now she's so horny that the first chance she gets her hand will be on my pussy, playing with it. And cumming. Even if she tries to behave, she won't last the night. She's just too horny.

That leaves me two choices. I can let her have the reward of an orgasm. If I do, she won't be unbearably horny, and she will likely last a few days before she's asking for permission. Or I can do something to ensure she doesn't misbehave. If I do that, I can leave her unsatisfied now. I can leave her very horny. And that might just teach her to behave.

As I'm thinking about it, I have an idea. I've always liked mixing up my toys. I don't have too many single male toys, though. That's because I find that single men tend to get the wrong idea about D/s. They seem to think that sooner or later (preferably much sooner) they're going to be... more like my boyfriend or something. As if we'd have some kind of relationship beyond my using them for my amusement. Which just isn't the case. My toys are here to amuse me.

But I do have a few. One of them is named Ken. He's 41, and single. But he does live with his daughter, Emily. She's 18, almost 19. She's a total bimbo. The kind of girl who can tell you what every reality TV star had for breakfast and what fashion trend is in style this hour. But don't ask her who Vladimir Putin is. She doesn't have a clue. I doubt she'd even know who Joe Biden is. Or care much.

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But Emily isn't that irresponsible. And she "looks after" Ken while he's not here to amuse me, which helps since I only summon him about once a month. Or maybe a little less. Ken needs far more supervision than that to be happy. But Emily stepped up. She was rather reluctant at first. Actually very reluctant. I think, that the first time, Emily only did it because she knew she could use it to force her father into buying her a few nice things. She is that kind of a girl.

But Emily quickly got into it. And now she's having a lot of fun. I know she's still using it to get things out of Ken now and then, but... who cares? He'd probably buy them for her anyway.

Emily does not want to be her father's Mistress. Nor is she going to be his girlfriend. She'd call that "so too icky." But she doesn't care about seeing him nude. Or really about seeing anything. She doesn't care about touching, either, especially if she can detach herself from it, such as by wearing gloves. I think she gets a little rise out of humiliating Ken, too.

Emily is responsible enough that, for a few months now, I've sent other toys over to her house. I've done that, maybe once or twice between his session here. When I do, I make sure the toy knows that she is to mind Emily while she's in Emily's house. Emily is in total charge.

Emily has been good about doing what I want her to do with the toys, too. Whenever I send her one, I always text her in advance and let her know one is coming. I don't want to interfere with her plans, and I definitely don't want my toys around if she's having a party or something. I doubt Emily wants anyone to see the toys.

I've allowed Emily a lot of freedom with the toys. So far, despite my offer, she hasn't personally made use of any of them for anything beyond doing the housework while they were. I'm pretty sure it was just her chores they did, too, not the stuff Ken usually does.

But I have also asked that she closely supervise my toys, including strip searches as they come and go. Even

## Chapter Three - The Price Of Abusing My Pussy

though I don't think she wants to do that, she's been diligent. She's made very good use of them to keep Ken... satisfied, as well. It's worked well for everyone. I get to tease, and take care of Ken, keeping him happy and available for my amusement. Emily gets to keep her father happy, and I'm sure she extorts a few things out of him. Ken has something to strive for. The happier he keeps Emily, and thus me, the more likely I am to send him a reward.

Like any man, he likes those rewards. His last reward was two weeks ago. That time, I had Emily watch him undress and then make sure he was completely naked. She tied him to a chair, fully immobilizing him. I told her to make sure his cock was hard, but she didn't have to. That took care of itself. He sat there, bound to the chair, for about five minutes. Then Shelbie arrived. She's one of the toys I like to whore out. She's been around for a long time, too, so she's used to my telling her to go somewhere and do whatever she's told to do when she gets there. And she knows better than to let me find out that everyone wasn't thrilled with her otherwise-worthless body.

Emily had Shelbie strip and searched her. Then, following my instructions, she told Shelbie to tease Ken until she was told to stop. Naturally with the condition that Ken's cock had to stay hard the entire time. And Shelbie wasn't allowed to actually fuck, suck or masturbate him. Only to tease him. A little lick here, a brush with her sloppy skanky pussy there. A tickle of her breasts there. A good little rub with her tiny bottom... teasing, not anything that might make Ken cum. Emily provided the supervision by watching to make sure Shelbie didn't slack off and that Ken stayed hard and ready.

After an hour, Emily asked Ken if he most wanted Shelbie's mouth, breasts, pussy, or bottom. He asked her, very humbly and politely, for Shelbie's bottom. Emily gave it to him. She told Shelbie to put his cock along her crack and rub it with her bottom. I'm certain that's not what Ken meant. It didn't stop him from cumming quickly, though.

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He came all over his stomach. Emily watched, laughing at the way she gave Ken Shelby's bottom.

Emily had Shelby clean Ken off with her tongue. Ken liked that. Emily then gave Ken a tiny slice of hope. She told him that if he could behave, Shelby would fuck him before she left. Behave meant staying in the chair, bound. It also meant that his cock wasn't to get stiff for half an hour. Not even for one tiny second of it.

Emily had the chair facing the kitchen. So she sent Shelby, completely naked, to the kitchen to do some chores. She sat off to the side, chatting on her phone, and watching to make sure Ken behaved. He barely managed. If I'd told Emily anything more than half of an hour, he would have been naughty.

Emily took Ken's cock in her hand. She squeezed it hard as she told him that now he had to show her that he "was man enough to handle a cheap whore" like Shelby. He was to keep his cock ready and eager. When she released his cock, after a single stroke on it with her hand, Ken's cock was back to its full hardness.

Emily made Shelby spend another hour flaunting her nude body to Ken. It was all in the instructions I sent Emily. Then she let Ken watch as she "rendered Shelby safe" for his use. Emily put a butt plug in Shelby's bottom. She put a second one in Shelby's mouth, blocking all of Shelby's holes except for her pussy.

Emily supervised intensely while Shelby sat atop the still-bound Ken. Emily ensured that Shelby rode Ken's cock very slowly. She made Shelby stop about every twenty or thirty seconds and rise off the cock. Then Shelby was to lick the cock, just once, and kiss Ken. And then Shelby was to ride it again. And so on, until, after about five very long-suffering minutes, Ken came.

Emily didn't allow Ken to cum in Shelby's pussy. Instead, she waited until Ken asked permission to climax. When he did, she told Shelby to kneel in front of Ken. She made Shelby masturbate Ken's cock, aiming it into her

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mouth, while Ken shot his cum. It went right into Shelbie's mouth. It just denied Ken the blow job I knew he'd want.

Emily pronounced him disgusting for it. But she'd do that anyway. She searched Shelbie again and quickly sent her away. Then she told Ken that since he'd been so "filthy" he could spend the rest of the evening in the chair and think about not being so gross.

The rest of the evening was about two hours. After about 30 minutes of that, Ken's cock stiffened back up again. Only this time there was no one there to take care of it. Emily left him there, suffering, his cock sticking straight up.

As she released Ken, Emily followed my last instruction. She told Ken that he couldn't go to bed with a stiff cock, even one as little as his. She told him to kneel on the bathroom floor on his hands and knees. She made him put his face in the toilet bowl, a toilet that had been recently used and not flushed. But she didn't make him put his face in the mess, just to rest his shoulders on the edge of the seat and stare down into the bowl. With Ken staring at the disgusting sight, Emily made him masturbate very slowly. On all fours, like a dog, his cock pointed straight down.

It didn't take Ken long to beg her for permission to cum. She denied it and told him he was cumming too quickly, and thus his cock kept getting hard afterward. She made him wait, still slowly stroking his cock. And wait for more. He begged her shamelessly for her permission. She kept making him wait. Finally, and after he promised her use of his credit card for some shopping, Emily let him cum. After he quickly cleaned up his mess she sent him to bed for the night, without supper, like the naughty boy he is.

Now, I'm thinking that Ken could use a little... nicer reward. And I'm thinking that Emily has never disappointed me by failing to fully supervise whatever toy I sent her to take care of Ken with. So I have this idea.

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I call Emily and she immediately tells me that she knew I'd be calling soon, it was about time for it. I go with the approach that seems to work the best with Emily. I bribed her. I asked her how she would like to earn a weekend, from Friday through Monday, with the house to herself. No dad, even though it's his house. Emily squealed "party on!" and said there wasn't much she wouldn't do for that. She might even "jerk that little pecker herself" if she really had to get him gone for that long. I wonder if he's going to have a house left after that weekend.

So I tell Emily what I want. I ask her if she'll take in a grounded bitch for a week and supervise her. That brings her up to next weekend. On the weekend of her choice after next weekend, I will ensure Ken is occupied until he gets off work Monday as her payment. I already know what I'm going to do with Ken. He won't mind being Kelly's boyfriend for the weekend. She needs a little variety.

"I'll do it!" Emily almost squeals with excitement. I'm sure that's just because she realizes that I won't make her do anything herself. Watching another toy is something that Emily is used to by now. She doesn't mind that at all. She agrees to hurry right over and fetch Connie. She lives across the line in Mississippi, so for her, hurry over means I have an hour or so.

While I'm waiting for Emily, I decide to send Sophie on an errand. I give her the key to Connie's house and tell Sophie to go get three outfits for Connie. Complete outfits. Plus two sets of her work clothes. I give Sophie the keys to the minivan and tell her I expect her back long before Emily gets here.

I was about twenty more minutes, having Paige fetch me a cup of coffee to sip while I relax. For me, relax is a rather vague term. It usually means sip coffee while I study and answer emails. While answering texts from the girls. And maybe while writing a story. And definitely while listening to some music. Although I skip the music this time. I wouldn't hear it over Connie's urgent screeches.

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I go back to the playroom. Everyone is just where I left her. Connie is still bent over the "titty vise," her legs spread wide and screeching loudly. Elisha is still casually sitting on the floor behind Connie, with her mouth to Connie's pussy. Connie still shudders sharply, too. And her legs thrash against the ropes. Not that she's going anywhere.

By now Connie's honey has covered her pussy mound. It's crept into the creases of her thighs. It's run a couple of inches down her thighs. It's fresh and wet, glistening brightly on her skin. It covers most of Elisha's face, too. And it has dripped down to make a little puddle about the size of a saucer on the base, just under Connie's pussy.

I don't say anything to Connie. I start by checking on Connie's breasts. With them in the vise, I want to keep a careful eye on them. I don't want to injure her. Her ample mounds are nicely squished. They've turned a deep purple, but that's just from the restricted blood flow. They haven't darkened up to black, and they're not going to. It doesn't look as if I have them too tight. Tight to the point where the blood wouldn't be flowing and tissue damage might result.

Swollen as Connie's breasts are, one of two things will happen. If the clamp is tight enough, her breasts will go numb. I hope I don't have it that tight. I tried not to make it quite that tight. Because, just before that point, her breasts will ache badly. They'll throb as if they were being hit with a hammer or something. But they'll also become over-sensitive then. And that's what I want. Connie's nipples are normally a little on the sensitive side. It makes them a little more fun to tease. I can only imagine how much they're going to be to tease when they're overly sensitive.

So I get a feather. There's no reason not to find out. Connie's nipples are just as hard as ever. They're as hard as they can stiffen into. They have been since long before



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she laid eyes on the vise. And the sight of it did nothing to soften them.

I put the tip of the feather alongside of her hard nipple. I start swirling it casually around the stiff nub. I barely have it moving.

Connie screams "AH!" It's a cry of surprise, and of sweet agony. She shudders crisply. This time her shoulders snap so hard that she pulls her breasts hard against the vise. She pulls them hard enough that she barely gets the squealing "Ah" out before she screams a very loud, and pained, "OW!" Connie's shoulders freeze in place. They hang for just a second, then she lowers them back to lie against the vise. The vise hasn't moved. Her breasts haven't moved through its jaws. The vise is tight enough to hold those squishy mounds firmly in its grip.

Connie starts crying. It a sobbing cry, one born of utter frustration. It must have really dawned on her just how helpless she is like this. Or just how fully I can torture her with the sweetness, and no matter what, there's nothing she can do but suffer it.

I move around to Connie's hips. I have my answer. Connie's breasts are over-sensitive now. Her nerves are tingling so badly that anything is going to hurt them. Even just a little puff of air. It will feel better than any touch she'd ever had there, too. It will feel so good that hurts a bit. A little bit too much for her to bear it.

I leave Elisha teasing Connie's pussy. I put my hands to the firm globes of Connie's bottom and pull them wide apart. It reveals Connie's tiny and dark asshole. I watch for a second as Connie's muscle quivers as bad as her body does. Her asshole snaps hard with little contractions.

"Oh, pussy toy..." I coo teasingly, still holding Connie's bottom spread wide, "does my pussy want to cum now?"

"YES!" Connie screams out, "MAY I PLEASE HAVE PERMISSION TO ALLOW YOUR PUSSY TO CUM, MA'AM?" Her voice is throaty and raspy. It has a slightly tired note to it as well. That's from all the shrieking I've had to listen

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to. It also has a pleading note to it. And a tinge of hope. A lot of neediness, too.

I've already put on a pair of gloves. I did that before I touched her bottom. There's enough honey clinging around that I wanted the gloves. Now that I can see into her crack, I can see that somehow Connie's honey has defied gravity and crept up to her asshole, too. It must have been all that squirming around that smeared it up a little. Now it just clings to her asshole, making it sparkle a little.

I put the tip of my finger to Connie's asshole, feeling my fingertip press lightly into the shallow funnel. I feel her muscle cinched tightly, snapping with the tremors that rack it as well. I know there's no chance of Connie relaxing for me now. Not as badly as she's thrashing about.

So I just push. And I still feel her muscle snapping sharply against my fingertip. Only now her muscle is rock hard and straining. It doesn't want to give. I keep pushing. My finger forces her muscle to stretch, pushing the hardness aside and slipping into its tight grip. Immediately I feel her muscle squeezing against the sides of my finger with all its strength. It squeezes so tightly that it drags against my finger despite the thick layer of honey greasing the way. Not enough to stop me, but enough that I can feel it. Connie doesn't even grunt from it. She's too busy screeching from the agony of hanging there on the edge of her orgasm.

I push all of my finger into Connie's bottom. I can still feel her muscle snapping powerfully around the sides of my finger as if it neither notices nor cares that my finger is in it and holding it stretched slightly.

I barely start pressing down before I feel it. The walls of Connie's rectum, where my finger is pressing, are as thin as a sheet of paper. There's just the filmy thin wall and an equally thin layer of smooth muscle beyond. After that, I can feel what I truly want to feel. The backside of Connie's pussy. Her rectum is lying flush against it. And now I can feel how fiery hot those walls are. I can feel her pussy

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walls snapping with twitching tremors of their own, too. Rather sharp and powerful twitches. Ones that are almost strong enough to be pushing her honey out of her tunnel. That tells me how close Connie is to the cusp of orgasm. It also tells me not to tease her walls from the backside, something I like to do to women. But if I do that now, Connie wouldn't last two seconds. She'd cum. Too bad she'd been so naughty, or I might let her cum. But she has, so she won't. Not now.

"Ooh..." I coo softly with a lot of tease in my voice. That pussy of mine really wants to cum, doesn't it?"

"YES, MA'AM!" Connie screams out, "MAY I PLEASE HAVE PERMISSION TO ALLOW YOUR PUSSY TO CUM, MA'AM?" It's screamed out, but it's also almost a pure, begging plea.

"No," I say firmly. Or try to say firmly. I can't help but let a bit of a laugh into my voice. I really hope she knows I'm laughing at her, not with her. At the same time, I yank my finger from her bottom. With the tight grip, her butt has on my finger, it takes a good, firm yank to get my finger pulling through that clenched muscle.

"UGH!" Connie finally grunts with the tug. Then she goes right back to screaming pleading moans.

"Orgasms are for good girls, not slutty bitches who abuse my pussies. You haven't even been spanked yet! You're just being a horny bitch!"

"SPANK ME!" Connie screams out, her voice begging. "SPANK ME NOW! PLEASE, MA'AM, PLEASE SPANK ME RIGHT NOW!"

I have no doubt that Connie isn't very eager for a spanking. But I am certain that she's at least that eager for an orgasm. And smart enough to have heard what I said. There won't be an orgasm until sometime after the spanking. Thus, there will be a spanking. And thus, better to get the spanking over with and get to the orgasm that will end the ache in her pussy.

There's only one thing to do. How can I refuse such an eager plea for a spanking? Especially with such a cute

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bottom already poked right out for me. As if it just craves a good thrashing. I step over to the wall where the cabinets are. That's also where I keep my selection of whips, crops, belts, straps, paddles, cats-of-nine-tails, and canes. A girl needs a good selection of tools! Otherwise, I might bruise my hand spanking all the naughty bottoms that come through this playroom.

I select a narrow leather strap. At one time it was a ladies' belt, but then the buckle broke. So I cut it off. It's about as wide as a finger and maybe  $\frac{1}{8}$ " thick. It's only about a foot long, not counting the wooden handle on it. But it is made of stiff leather. Leather far stiffer than I'd wear as a belt. It's smooth leather, but stiff. It might have been a bad belt, I forget whose it was, maybe Kayla's, but it makes a great whip. Maybe I'll write the designer and let them know they're selling it as the wrong thing.

I walk back over to Connie. Elisha is still there, her tongue still teasing Connie's pussy. I take a few seconds to study the sight. Connie is bent over fully, her waist bent 90 degrees. That has her bottom poking out. She can move forward a little, maybe a few inches at most, but to do that she has to arch her back up. The vise ensures that her chest stays put. Her splayed legs make it impossible for her to wiggle her bottom from side to side, too. Elisha's head is right behind Connie's cheeks. But Elisha has her head tilted back slightly. I think that, and the way she leans a hair to her right is to keep her nose pressed against the inside edge of Connie's cheek instead of right against Connie's asshole. I can understand Elisha not wanting her nose in Connie's asshole. Well, as long as I haven't told her to put it there! It has her eyes back about an inch from the back of Connie's firm globes. Connie's shuddering bottom has Elisha's head wiggling, tossing her long hair about, too.

But it still leaves me a decent slice of bare bottom, from where her globes curve upward and start flowing toward her back all the way up. It gives me plenty of target for this narrow strap.

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I flick my wrist aiming very carefully. I don't want to hit Elisha with the strap. Especially on her forehead, which is where it's likely to land if I miss. But I don't miss. The strap cracks right across Connie's taut globes, landing with a loud, splitting crack. It lands about halfway between Saran's forehead and the very tops of Connie's cheeks.

Elisha flinches, but her tongue doesn't stop. It's just surprise. She wasn't expecting the splitting crack of a whip. And with her face so close, Elisha can't see anything beyond Connie's bottom. I'm sure there's a little relief on Elisha's face, too, that she's not the one getting these strokes.

Connie's body flinches sharply forward, but it only moves a tiny fraction of an inch. Her back arches, moving her bottom forward about an inch. Arching her back pulls her breasts against the vise, too, her stomach trying to rise up as her shoulders can't. The vise stops her, holding her chest in place. It doesn't even take a second for her bottom to back.

Elisha's head stays put, following along with Connie's bottom.

"OW!" Connie screams out. The strap leaves a bright, but light, pink line across Connie's milky white globes. Connie screeches a couple of fast moans. "YES, THANK YOU MA'AM, SPANK ME GOOD! JUST SPANK ME NOW! I HAVE TO CUM!"

I snap the strap again, searing another matching line just above the first one.

"OW!" Connie screams again. "YES, SPANK MY BAD ASS GOOD! HURRY UP AND SPANK ME, MA'AM, I HAVE TO CUM!"

I snap the whip again. Now I hear some real pain in Connie's voice as she cries out from it. It still doesn't stop her from begging for the spanking. And the orgasm she really wants. The orgasm that she thinks this spanking is buying her.

I snap the whip again, landing another stroke and searing a fourth bright pink line across her globes. By now

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I don't have much unwhipped bottom left. I doubt enough to land a fifth swat on. At least not without getting closer to Elisha than I want to.

Oh, well, I just land the fifth stroke atop her already stinging flesh. She screams. And now I see a few tears running from her eyes. I guess I know she's really feeling it. I know it, even more, when this time she doesn't beg for the spanking. She just grits her teeth, shrieks out needy moans and lets the tear run down her cheek while she waits for another stroke.

I give her another. And then another. That leaves her bottom a very light red. It's a shade I've seen enough to know that in about two hours her bottom won't show it. But the sting will last a couple of hours more. Especially when she sits down.

It's a shade that tells me the sting of the whip has got to be slicing into her bottom like fiery razors by now. Connie's bottom has to hurt fairly badly. As if she's been truly spanked.

I sigh as I put the whip back. "There's that's a spanked bottom... Now, enjoy your teasing, pussy toy!" I laugh as I slip out of the room.

"NO, PLEASE!" I hear Connie crying out desperately as I walk back to my sofa. This time I shut the door, too. It half mutes Connie's cries.



## *Chapter Four - Babysitting*



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It takes Sophie about forty minutes to run the errand. That gets her back to my apartment around twenty minutes before Emily could possibly be here. Probably about forty minutes, or more, before she actually gets here. Emily isn't known for being on time. Or rushing to anything not advertised on Facebook.

When Sophie gets back with Connie's clothes, I have her get a paper grocery bag from the kitchen and make it into a little suitcase with Connie's essentials. I have to slip into the playroom to get Connie's purse, but then it's Sophie who gets to empty it out. Essentials don't include all the "junk" Connie normally carries around.

When Sophie is done, Connie's purse has little left in it. Just her wallet and phone. Her wallet has been emptied of everything but her ID and \$20 in cash. I've put Connie's debit card in an envelope for Emily. Emily will hold onto that, and use it to get Connie her allowance. Emily might extort her dad, but she'd never cheat with anyone else's money. I think it's gotten to be more of a sport for her to see what she can extort her dad into buying her. Oh, well, a girl has to have some fun.

Now I have one more project that I want to get done before Emily gets here. Connie is just going to hate it! It's the second half of her punishment for masturbating. Connie is, by her choice, my property. Thus her pussy is my pussy. And thus, I get to decide when anything is done with *my* pussy. So masturbating *my* pussy, without my permission, is a grievous sin. I consider it the same as rape - touching my pussy without my permission. Naturally, such a grievous sin requires an equally hideous punishment.

I go to the playroom, slipping in behind Connie. As I often do, I have the stand set up so that Connie is facing the wall. The wall with little on it. It puts her bottom facing the wall with the cabinets on it. And it has the door behind her and to her left. It's a position where Connie can't really see much. Like me coming and going. Or what I'm getting ready behind her.

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Elisha is still eagerly tonguing Connie's pussy when I slip in.

Connie is still loudly shrieking when I slip in. She's squirming hard, too. She would be thrashing around if she could, but the ropes won't let her move too much. The "titty vise" won't let her chest move at all. Only the tiny fraction of a centimeter that her soft breasts will stretch. She's shuddering hard, too. And shivering crisply. I can see that her mounds are still rather purple from the squish of the vise. Her nipples don't seem to mind, those are still nicely hard.

I can see the honey on Elisha's face, too. Without Elisha backing her face away from Connie's bottom. It looks to be smeared onto Connie's globes now, too. Some of it drying, some of it is very fresh.

I get the little rolling tray I keep in here. It's just like those trays they use in ORs. I start loading it up with the supplies that I want. It will make a convenient place for it all to sit as I prepare Connie for the rest of her punishment. Then, once it's done and Connie is ready, I'll tell her what her punishment will be. I can't wait to see her face!

I wheel the tray over, stopping it beside and behind Connie's hips. "Oh, alright," I sigh out, "I guess this naughty pussy toy knows what horny is now. Stop being such a pussy slut, newbie!"

Elisha immediately backs her head away from Connie's pussy. Her entire face is covered with Connie's honey, from just under her eyes down to the tip of her chin. Even Elisha's nose is covered. Elisha takes a couple of deep breaths. "Yes, my Queen," She says and scoots back a little.

Connie stops screeching once Elisha's tongue is off her very over-sensitive clit. She stays put, but some of the tension begins to slowly ebb from her body. Connie pants fast, deep breaths laced with very hard notes of frustration. She starts sobbing lightly as she waits.

"Oh, is my pussy eager to cum, now, pussy toy?"

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"Yes, Ma'am," Connie pleads with a little sob in her voice. I didn't have to ask. I can see how much honey covers Connie's mound. I can see the slight quiver to the tips of her folds as her clit throbs, pounding hard, under them. I can see the goosebumps that have sprouted up on her lips and into the creases of her thighs. The way her clit is pulsing so powerfully, Connie has got to be aching for her orgasm so badly that it almost hurts. That's what I call horny.

I pull on a pair of latex gloves. Then I think to myself that as sloppy wet as Connie's pussy is, I might need those gloves with the grippers on the fingers. Her honey might be decently creamy, but it's as slippery as any grease. And, unusually, that's going to be a problem.

I use the tips of my fingers to push Connie's lips wide apart at the center. I make sure to stretch them the widest over that narrow strip between her tunnel and her clit. It gives me a very good view of her clit, its tip now a deep blood red and pounding so hard that I can see it throb with every beat of her heart. Naturally, it's covered with its own coat of slippery honey.

I also use the tips of my fingers to stretch Connie's pinkness, just beneath the entrance of her tunnel. I know she can feel me touching her pussy, everything here is far too sensitive and eager for her not to, but I doubt she has any clue what I'm going to do. I'd bet anything that Connie thinks I'm just going to inspect her pussy, find it sufficiently horny, and allow her some form of much-needed release.

Stretching the slightly loose flesh of her pinkness fully exposes the opening of Connie's urethra. It's rubbery, but it's also small. Not even as wide as a pencil. More like as wide as a coffee stirrer stick. Or maybe a bit bigger than that, those are pretty tiny. But very rubbery. It looks like what it is, a small hole. Pink around the edges and dark in its tiny center.

I reach over to the tray and pick up a modified catheter. I guess it's my own invention. It's just a basic #28-French Foley catheter. That's one of the wider ones

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they make. But they can be found in any hospital or doctor's office anywhere. I've modified this one by cutting the tip of it. They come with a piece of stiffer plastic, still flexible but fairly rigid, that's a couple of inches long at one end. That end has a little rounded tip to it, and then, beneath that tip, there's a latex band that can be inflated. The tip presses into the bladder, then the band inflates inside the bladder, keeping the catheter from slipping back out. Or even being pulled out. I've cut this one just beneath the band, leaving a little over an inch of the more rigid tip. But also leaving that end of it without the rounded tip. Now it's just an open tube, like a pipe, only made of latex. But I was nice enough to lubricate that end with a good bit of gel.

I put the wide-open end to the outside of the little hole. Without its rounded tip, the cath is too wide to slip easily into the opening. So I work it around, wiggling it from side to side. That lets its rim catch the rim of Connie's opening and start stretching it aside. It doesn't take long for me to stretch it enough that the other edge of the cath slips in as well.

I know Connie has to feel it, but she doesn't have the time to do anything. I've done this far too many times. In about one second, the end of the tube is fully inside of Connie's tube. Once it is, I don't hesitate. I push.

"YE-OW!" Connie screeches. Her bottom twitches, jumping forward almost a full inch before the "titty vise" stops her and holds her still. The tube keeps move, pushing deeper into Connie's rubbery urethra and stretching it wide.

I keep pushing, and in less than a second, I feel the end of the wide tube pressing against the outside of Connie's bladder. I hold it in place. Without the tip on it, I can't push it into her bladder. But I don't want to. I just want it against the opening at the very bottom of her bladder. And that's where it is.

Connie relaxes now that the fat tube isn't pushing into her urethra anymore. Now it doesn't hurt. Now she

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can't even really feel it in place. She's not still, though. She still shivers and groans nicely. Erotic shivers. Crisp little ones. Her clit pounds away just as eagerly, too.

I grab a Sharpie marker off the tray. I don't rush, just move casually. I mark the cath where it enters Connie's body, getting some ink on her light pink flesh as well as on the yellowish tube of the catheter. I toss the marker aside. I just want to make sure that it stays put for the next couple of minutes, and it tends to slip a little without that latex band inflated.

The next thing I have on the tray is a little plastic chastity cup. They're my design, 3-D printed in cheap plastic by an accommodating male student in our engineering school. I slip the cup into place. It goes under Connie's pussy lips, but over everything else. It's bowed outward, just slightly. But that's enough to make sure that it doesn't touch anything, except at the very edges of Connie's pinkness where the edges of the cup rest flush against her body. It has a single hole in it that's the perfect size for the 28-French catheter. Otherwise, it's thin but rigid, plastic. And it's solid.

I snip the Y end off of the catheter about six inches beyond Connie's pussy. That gives me plenty of tube to work with. I slip the end of that soft, floppy tube through the hole, pulling out the slack as I bring the cup into place. And keeping my eye on the mark I just made to make sure that I don't pull the tube out any.

I have to use one hand to hold the cup in place. And the tube. With my other hand, I get an alcohol wipe. I use it to clean the edges of Connie's long, moderately thin, lips, getting all of the honey off of them. And getting a loud, almost shrieking "EE!" squeal from Connie when she feels the coldness of it.

Now I go quickly before the slowly flowing honey has a chance to creep back onto the light pink edges that I just cleaned. I get a little tube of surgical adhesive. It's nothing more than sterile Super Glue in a single-use vial with an applicator tip. I pop it open. And then I run a

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single line of the glue along the edge of one of Connie's pussy lips. I skip a small piece of the edge, about the width of a finger, where the catheter tube sticks out of the cup. Then I use my hands, take care not to let my fingers get into the glue, to push her lips together. I hold them in place, their edges flush and firm against each other, for a moment, maybe half of a minute. It's long enough for the glue to take hold.

When I take my fingers away, her lips don't move. They stay put, stretched over the top of the cup, their edges glued together. I turn my attention to the catheter. A little pressure on the tube tells me it's still flush against Connie's bladder. I run another line of glue along the edges of both of Connie's lips. The little bit of them that I haven't glued together around the catheter. I push them together, squishing the edges of her lips around the thick tube of the catheter. I hold them in place, letting that glue take hold as well.

It makes Connie's pussy mound a little puffier. That's the bowing out of the cup, now completely invisible under the white, slightly taut, flesh of Connie's lips. Now her lips do meet, making only a very fine pink line of a slit where they do. A slit that's not going to open, no matter what. A slit that doesn't show any of her inner folds, just the tube sticking straight out from between them. And it's a slit that's closed from its very top to its very bottom. It looks almost as if Connie's pussy has been replaced by two long, wide, strips of lip. As if her pubes almost just extend down and around to her asshole. It would look just like that if it was for the faint pinkness of a line where those lips are glued together.

The cup inside those lips is bowed outward just enough to do its job. It only has one job. That's to cover her pussy and clit. To make sure that nothing touches either of them. And to make sure that no matter what Connie does, she won't be able to get anything past the cup and get to her pussy or clit. Instead, her clit is now

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sticking out into empty air, unable to touch anything. It throbs away, begging for a little touch that can't get to it.

Now I can know that Connie won't be masturbating *my* pussy. She won't be able to get to it. She has no choice but to live with that intense ache as her pussy throbs from the lack of attention. And that is going to teach her a hard lesson. The lesson being that it's better to endure the horniness than to displease me.

I have one last thing to do. The catheter is firmly locked in place now. One end of it is flush against the opening of Connie's bladder. Then it's glued to her lips as it passes between them. It's not going anywhere. I get a sharp little knife off the table and cut the catheter again, this time trimming it down flush with the outside of Connie's lips. This way, the tube ends where Connie's mound does instead of sticking out from her lips. It makes it look as if there's a little dark hold in the center of her slit. A hole that just won't close.

The catheter is there for one reason. It provides a clear path for Connie's pee to get out through the cup and her glued-shut lips. I didn't put its tip into her bladder. That leaves Connie in control of her bladder. If I had put the tip in, pee would have flowed constantly whether Connie wanted it to or not. This way, she still pees normally, only once she does, her pee flows through the tube that lines the inside of her urethra. The tube lets it run freely all the way out through her closed slit.

I slowly release Connie from the "titty vise." Connie lets the relief show on her face as the pressure lessens on her breasts. But it doesn't show in her voice. Connie's voice stays a mixture of sobbing frustration and desperate urgency. Her moans have turned groaning now as she realizes that I've closed her pussy off. That she won't be having an orgasm too soon, because she can't. Not with her pussy glued shut over the cup that won't even let her lips touch her clit.

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I stand Connie up. But I leave the handcuffs on her, keeping her hands behind her back and useless. It's not like Connie will be needing them.

I walk Connie out to the living room. And then I put her in the corner. Over where I have the toys undress, in that empty place, there's a corner where the coat closet is. I keep that corner empty just for the naughty. Even though it would be the perfect place for a little bonsai tree! Paige could keep it neatly trimmed into some cute shape, such as a bunny. Sophie would just love that tree!

I have Connie stand with the tips of her toes touching the baseboards. I insist that she stands up straight, too. I'd prefer that Connie's toes were the only part of her to touch the wall, but her ample breasts are just too ample. She'd have to lean backward to keep those rock-hard nipples from touching the wall. I make her keep her eyes wide open, too. That's part of the punishment of standing in the corner. Starting at a blank wall. No daydreaming allowed! She's not allowed to move, not even to scratch an itch. Nor is she allowed to make a sound. She gets one minute for every year old she is. And if she moves or makes a sound, her time starts over. Those are continuous minutes of good behavior that she has to stand there.

It does have her bottom nicely displayed for me. I can see those firm, toned cheeks. Cheeks that are still decently pink from their centers up, but milky white along their bottom half. That's the half that I couldn't whip because Elisha's face was blocking my swing.

I can see the mound of Connie's pussy standing down as well. It looks only very slightly puffier than it did before. Not so much that anyone would notice if they didn't already know. I can see that I have the tube cut flush, too. It can't be seen at all. All that's visible is a smoothly shaved mound with its bare lips. And plenty of honey coating the creases and tops of her thighs, but that's starting to dry to stickiness now. Her sealed pussy keeps fresh honey from leaking out and replenishing the coat on her thighs.



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Then I send Sophie to fetch me a cup of coffee while I wait for Emily. I kick back and relax on my sofa sipping coffee, thinking about what to do with Connie, and answering a few emails on my tablet, all at the same time. But mostly I'm watching to make sure Connie behaves while she's in the corner.

And I know that Connie has herself convinced that once she lasts the half-hour and a few minutes in the corner, I'll open her pussy and allow her the relief that she aches for.

It's almost half an hour before Emily gets here. I see a little flinch run through Connie's body as she hears the doorbell and realizes that her session is going to be private any longer. Connie, her nakedness, and her burning need are all going to be on display along with her humiliation. She can't see the door from where she is, but I'm pretty sure she's praying I didn't invite a group. Or worse, a big group. And worse than that, a big group of guys. And that's definitely something I'd do.

Sophie lets Emily in. Emily glances over at Connie, eyeing Connie's nude body over from the back as Connie stands demurely in her corner. Then Emily lets Sophie show her to a seat on one of the sofas.

I glance at my watch, seeing that Connie has about five minutes left in the corner. I hold a finger up to my lips, warning Emily to be quiet. I hold up five fingers letting Emily know how much longer Connie has. Then I ask Emily "How's school going, girl?"

Emily is a freshman at the local community college where they have a training program for hairstylists. It's a career for Emily. Then again, I'm fairly sure Emily plans to marry her money, not earn it. She definitely has a thing for hairstyles, too. I don't think I've ever seen her with the same one. It's always changing.

Emily and I chat for a few minutes until Connie's time is up. We chat about typical girl stuff. Nothing of any importance. Not much gossip, either, since we don't know the same people and I hate reality TV. The only topic we

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make an effort to avoid is Connie. We pretend that she isn't even there.

As soon as Connie has served her full time in the corner, I just point and motion for Sophie to get her. As Emily and I go on chatting, Sophie goes to Connie and gets her from the corner. She leads Connie over to me and puts Connie down on her knees facing me. It also has Connie facing Emily, who is sitting just beside me.

"Ah..." I sigh out, finally turning my attention to Connie. Connie still quivers lightly. She still has that look on her face that tells me that her pussy is throbbing and aching badly, too. That look of utter frustration. Only now it has a slightly nervous air to it as well. As if she's wondering who Emily is and why she's here. Or more likely what I might let Emily see Connie do. The frustrated neediness tells me that Connie is going to eagerly do whatever I tell her to. Whatever it takes to get the relief she's hungry for. Her nipples are still rock-hard, too. And, after a half-hour in the corner, her mounds are milky white again. They show no evidence, no marks, of the "titty vise."

"Pussy toy... you have just been so naughty! It's clear to me that I just can't trust you with *my* pussy. You just can't keep your hands off of it!

"Since I can't trust you... This is Miss Taylor. She will be your babysitter until I decide that I can trust you with *my* pussy again. You are going to mind her as if she is me. In case you're wondering, she does have my permission to spank that naughty bottom every time you misbehave. And then, you can count on me being very disappointed when I see your slutty bottom again.

"Don't worry about a thing. Miss Taylor will tell you what to do. Everything. You just have to do as you are told. Obviously, you are not to touch *my* pussy, but that's not much of an issue with that chastity cup, is it?" I laugh hard. Connie cringes even harder. Emily smirks. "Now you are going to learn to wait patiently. You touch *my* pussy only when I want you to."

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By now Connie's quivers have turned to trembles. She very anxiously eyes Emily, looking over the very young woman that she's now going to be answering to. A woman that Connie has no clue who she is. I watch the pink flesh around Connie's nipples shrivel up slightly as it pulls tight, goosebumps erupting over it. I guess Connie likes the idea. Or at least her pussy likes it.

Emily turns to Connie and stares at her for a second. "Get up, pussy toy," Emily tells her in her usual voice, one that's laced with a tiny hint of a giggle.

Connie gets to her feet.

Emily asks me if Connie has anything to wear "home." Emily means her house in Mississippi, not Connie's house. But Connie hasn't a clue which one Emily means. I've told Emily never to tell a toy anything she doesn't have to. "Come," works fine, there's no reason to tell a toy where it's going. Just to follow you. The toy can find out where it's going when it gets there. As if it matters. The toy should know where it's going – wherever she's told!

Emily moves Connie over to the door. To the empty space just inside of it. Sophie hands Emily a pair of gloves. Emily pulls them on. She starts at the top, searching Connie's body just as fully as Sophie does. Emily isn't gentle, either. She doesn't go out of her way to be rough, but she does let it show slightly that she would prefer not to be doing this. It's just little things, like when she lifts Connie's breast and peeks under it, she doesn't lie it back down, she just takes her hand away and lets it drop. It even bounces or jiggles slightly as it settles against Connie's chest. I just love watching those wide nipples dance.

Emily says nothing beyond giving Connie instructions. Not until she has Connie bend over, legs spread wide. Then Emily bursts out laughing. Hard. After close to a minute Emily finally gets control of herself. "OM-fucking-G!" Emily laughs out. "I totally guess I don't have

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to her puss, do I?" Emily laughs again. I guess Emily has just noticed that I have Connie's pussy glued shut.

"No, she won't be messing with her pussy," I tell Emily. "I sealed her skanky pit up so she won't be skanky-slutty. Otherwise, you'd just have to watch those hands constantly.

Emily's still laughing, and Connie shirking hard, as she squirts a little bit of lubricating gel atop her gloved finger. Emily doesn't even bother to spread Connie's cheeks. Connie's cheeks are firm enough that her crack is stretched slightly open. It's enough for Emily to see the valley of Connie's crack. Emily just puts her finger to the outside of Connie's dark ring and presses. Emily presses her finger in quickly and firmly.

"UH!" Connie grunts this time. It tells me that she felt Emily's less than gentle entry. I think I see Connie cringing a little, too.

Emily isn't as experienced at this. She doesn't know how to sweetly tease Connie. Not that she's trying to. She just pokes her finger around inside Connie's rectum, probing around randomly. She knows she's not going to find anything. She's not even really searching, just making Connie feel her prodding around in the depths of her rectum. Then Emily pulls her finger back.

Now Connie stops grunting.

Sophie brings me a dress for Connie to wear. It's one of my "shame dresses." They're just paper sacks, like giant brown paper grocery bags. The bottom has been cut out of them, making a hold for Connie's head. And now I trim a little more away, making for straps that hang over Connie's shoulders, leaving the top of her chest and back bare. More like an actual dress would, instead of a bag. It hangs down low enough to cover Connie's half-pink bottom, but not much lower than that. Maybe an inch or two below the bottom curve of Connie's behind.

I've used a bright white Sharpie with a fat tip to write on this dress. I wrote, "I will not stop playing with my pussy" on the front and back of Connie's. That's why I call

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them "shame dresses." They announce the wearer's shame. And anyone would be deathly ashamed to be seen in one!

"That's so so funny!" Emily squeals, "Pussy toy can't stop toying with her pussy! OMG!"

Connie just cringes. I'm sure now, Connie is wondering what she's in for. Where Emily is taking her. What Emily is going to do to her. But mostly, how long it will be until Connie gets that orgasm she so badly needs.

Sophie gets me the bag of clothes we have for Connie, too. She gives that to Emily, with the top of it closed so that Connie won't know what's in it.

And then Emily leads Connie out, telling her "come along, pussy toy."



*Chapter Five - Welcome To Miss  
Emily's Day Care*

## Chapter Five - Welcome To Miss Emily's Day Care

Emily agreed to "babysit" Connie until Sunday evening. She also agreed to bring Connie here, at least once and maybe more if I thought it was needed, for me to check on Connie. I like to be cautious when I've done something, like seal up a woman's pussy. I definitely don't want Connie getting a yeast infection or something. Emily said she'd try to keep an eye on Connie's pussy as well, but there's not much Emily can do. Other than the very obvious, Emily just wouldn't know what she saw. She wouldn't recognize any early signs of trouble.

During the time Connie is with Emily, I told Emily to feel free to make use of Connie. However she felt it was appropriate. I suggested that assuming Ken could behave his naughty bottom, then Emily might make use of Connie to reward Ken. He has been very good these last months about the sudden role reversal of taking very personal orders from his daughter. And of having Emily supervise him very intimately.

That night, as soon as Emily got home with Connie, she texts me for advice. She asked me what she should do with Ken. Connie isn't a question, she knows what to do with her – babysit the naughty woman as if Connie were two years old. She more wanted to know what kind of reward I thought Ken would most enjoy getting since Emily had the use of Connie for the entire week. She said that she might as well give him a good time, and make him earn it. She wants to teach Ken that the better he obeys her, the happier she will make him. I have less than zero doubt that Emily will put that lesson to work quickly, too. She'll use it to finance a shopping spree or something.

I emailed her some suggestions. Depending on just how much she wanted Ken to like it. And to hate it.

I know that Emily quickly laid down the rules for both of them. All of these were rules I approved of and suggested. First, Connie would not be allowed any clothing in the house. Absolutely nothing. Emily would strip her at the door, search her, and only then allow Connie into the house. Connie would not be leaving the house unescorted,



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either. If Emily wanted Connie to go somewhere, Emily will take her and either wait with her or pick her up. When Emily arrives, Connie is leaving, whether she's ready to or not. Naturally, Connie isn't to bother asking Emily to take her anywhere. Connie is to keep her mouth shut and do as Emily tells her.

Connie is not to touch Ken. Not even a little brush by accident. Nor is Ken allowed to touch Connie. Ken is most definitely not allowed to touch his cock, either. Never. He may talk to Connie as much as he wants, but he's not to ask her anything. Not a single question. Not even what she wants to watch on TV. And definitely not anything like her name. He'll only know whatever he figures out from talking to her. He's to behave and not "excessively ogle" the "naughty bitch who can't keep her hands off her pussy," too.

Connie will be sleeping in Ken's bed with him. But that's no excuse for Ken to touch her. Or vice versa. They are to behave. And all of Emily's regular rules, such as no closing any doors, will still apply. Actually, they're my rules, but Emily volunteered to enforce them while Ken is at home, so she calls them her rules.

And naturally, Connie will have chores to do while she's here. She's "breathing my air," to quote Emily, so she can "earn her keep." It's something I would have told Connie. But Emily means that Connie will be doing her chores, while Ken does his, leaving Emily free to do nothing but watch them work.

By the time she gets Connie home, there isn't that much time left before Ken's bedtime. Obviously, that's also going to be Connie's bedtime. Emily, following my suggestion, decides that there's no reason Ken and Connie can't share a shower. They'll just have to be careful not to touch each other. It will save Emily from the "chore" of having to supervise two showers, and that's really all that matters. At least in my book. Ken and Connie are toys. They don't matter at all. At least not their modesty or privacy.

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Once they're cleaned up, Emily tells Ken that since he's behaved for the last couple of weeks, he will be given the reward of a blow job. He's to behave for it. She reminds him of my rules for it. He's to stand still, hands behind his back, and not speak. He's to do nothing but stand there and allow his cock to be sucked. He's going to get his reward now. Standing right beside his bed, ready to be put to bed afterward. Naturally, that means completely nude.

Ken isn't the most attractive man. He's slightly overweight, although he's lost a good part of the extra pounds he once had. But that's left him a small fold of loose skin at his waistline. It would be a nice beer belly if it was bigger. It's not so bad, especially considering that Ken spends his life sitting on his bottom. He's a banker. Isn't that about as slimy as a lawyer!

Ken has a decently rounded face with full features instead of strong lines to it. He's bald on top, with mostly gray, always short, hair on the sides of his head. But he does have thick black eyebrows. He has a short, wide, nose. And he has a mouth that's about average, framed with rather thin dark pink lips. It's a straight line, too, not a big bright smile.

He's moderately hairy. He has a bit of black hair on his chest, but not that much. He does have a decently dense jumble of long, black tangles on his pubes surrounding his cock, and on his balls. Otherwise, he just has a light and sparse fir of blackish hairs on his stomach and thighs.

Ken stands about 5'10" and weighs about 200 pounds. I haven't weighed him lately, and his weight fluctuates like a crash-dieter's does. About like the stock market fluctuates, too. I wouldn't call him a catch, but he's not bad either. Not for a man of 47.

He's a banker, so he makes a decent living. Definitely enough to support a family. And so far enough to keep Emily from having too many fits because her fashion style isn't up to the second current. I know of any

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number of women who would gladly overlook his shortcomings just for that stability. Especially in this post-COVID economy.

But he does have one big shortcoming. He's short. His cock isn't quite up to the average mark. It's a mere 4½" long, and just under an inch thick. Plus it's not circumcised. None of which this girl would overlook. I'm not sure what Emily's experience with men is, but it's clear enough that she can recognize that her father's cock isn't up to the mark. I'm sure he knows it, too. I've pointed it out to him enough times that he'll never forget.

Emily just orders Connie to her knees. And Connie gets down, albeit a bit reluctantly. Not so much that she's reluctant to suck Ken's cock, I've taught her to do that quite well, and that means she's sucked enough anonymous donor cocks before that she's used to performing on command. It's the knowledge that being made to do it is going to get her even hornier than she already is. And that's awfully horny. It's known that she's going to suffer even more. And now knowing that an orgasm isn't in her future. Not while she's here. Not until I open her pussy again. And she has no idea when that will be.

Connie stretches her mouth wide open. Her lips are wide enough that Ken's little cock could easily slip through them without even touching them. Connie puts her tongue under his cock, letting his length slip along her tongue. She takes all of Ken's cock into her mouth, stopping only when her lips are flush against his pubes and balls. It's enough that she has to keep herself from gagging on it, but just a hair short of long enough to push into the tightness of her throat.

Connie keeps her lips closed around the shaft, letting them glide over it as she sucks lightly and moves her head slowly. Rhythmically. And steadily. She gives him a rather leisurely blow job, something I demand she always does.

In about half of a minute, Ken is clenching his teeth as he tries to stay quiet. He tries to mute himself, but his

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hungry groans still make their way into his breaths. They're deep and manly. He fights to keep them quiet, lest Emily gets annoyed with him and stop Connie. It's been almost two weeks since Ken has been gifted with an orgasm, and he's desperate not to lose the chance now. Especially not with Connie, a fairly attractive woman, on her knees giving it to him.

Ken doesn't last long. Nor does he manage to stand perfectly still. He squirms slightly, but not enough for Emily to stop Connie to punish him. He quivers slightly, too. It's just over a minute when Ken finally speaks, saying the only thing he's allowed to say. "Miss Taylor, my penis is ready now. May I please have permission to ejaculate, Ma'am?" He says it with a good amount of strain in his voice that announces just how badly he's fighting to hold his orgasm back until Emily allows it. She makes him use proper terms for everything. I don't care, but she prefers not to hear her father saying words like "my dick," and "cum." Especially not in the same sentence. I think Ken actually hates having to use the "textbook" words more. Words he probably hasn't used since high school health class, if they had such thing way back when.

Emily takes her time. She tells Connie "don't you dare stop working, pussy toy. Just suck that tiny midget until I say for you to stop. And don't leak a drop of it, either... it's not like such a tiny pecker could have much in it anyway!" Emily, like me, never misses a chance to ridicule his manhood.

Finally, Emily tells Ken, "ejaculate now." She says it with a good bit of disgust in her voice, too.

Ken needs nothing more. He groans out a heavy sigh. His hips shudder a crisp little thrust forward as he does.

Connie's eyes go wide. But not with disgust. She's had enough cum in her mouth to know its taste well. To know the feel of the hot, gooey cum spurting hard against the back of her mouth, clinging to everything, and covering her mouth with its saltiness. I'd bet she's surprised at the

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amount of cum she's getting. Contrary to Emily's ridiculing, the size of a cock has nothing to do with how much cum it's capable of giving. Not that Connie would know that. Or Emily.

Ken's orgasm doesn't take long. No longer than it took him to ask permission to have it.

Connie obediently ignores Ken. She can definitely tell when he's done. She can feel his spurts ebb to nothing. She can feel the sharp twitches of his cock vanish. But she goes on, just knowing that Emily will have some hideous punishment for her if she stops before she's told to. Besides, it's not her cock suffering. Her pussy is going to be suffering just the same whether she stops or not.

Ken quickly grits his teeth. "Miss Taylor, my penis is finished ejaculating now, Ma'am," He tells her. I taught Emily this routine for allowing Ken an orgasm. He must ask before allowing himself to cum. Then, when he's done, he must tell her and wait to be told to stop doing whatever he's doing. Whether it's masturbating, a blow job, or fucking. Or anything else. Until Emily tells him to stop, he must keep going as if he didn't cum. I've told him that the price of stopping before he's allowed to will be high. Emily will bring him here for a cock whipping, after which he will be required to masturbate for ten minutes, twice a day, with Emily's supervision. After a month of obedience, Emily might allow him to actually cum. He's not going to risk that punishment.

Quickly he's grunting hard. And quivering even harder. After cumming his cock has gotten over-sensitive. Not that badly so, but enough that it's a strain for Connie to keep going. But that strain will pass very quickly, and if Emily doesn't tell Connie to stop, Connie's lips and tongue will begin to push Ken toward another orgasm.

Emily steps off to the side of Ken. She reaches up behind him, bringing her hand up between his thighs. She lets his balls rest atop her palm. And she puts the tips of her fingers to the place at the top of his sack, directly over

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those dangling balls. There, with the tiniest bit of pressure, she can feel the hard tube of his cock as it extends into his body. She feels that his cock is still hard. Rock hard. She takes her hand away.

Emily says nothing. She just stands there, watching as Connie goes on sucking Ken's little cock. And watching Ken squirm on his feet as he tries hard not to. She watches his hands behind him, too, making sure they stay put. She sees him gripping one hand with the other.

Emily still says nothing. She just stands there, watching, as Connie goes on. It takes a minute or so, but finally, Ken seems to realize that Emily isn't going to stop it. He's going to have to go on and probably cum again. Or worse, go on and not get to cum again.

At first Ken grunts with a slight strain. But those grunts quickly turn to moans. Steadily a note of neediness creeps into Ken's moans. A note that says he's starting to get close to cumming again. He starts fidgeting slightly too, now, unable to stay still no matter how much he tries.

It takes him longer this time, about eight or nine minutes. "Miss Taylor, my penis is ready now. May I please have permission to ejaculate now, Ma'am?" He again humbly asks his daughter.

Emily doesn't allow it, at least not right away. She pulls one of my tricks and makes him wait. "Oh, Ken..." Emily asks in a rather teasing, taunting, and slightly mocking voice. Almost as if she were speaking to a child. "I already allowed you to do that once, and it didn't seem to help your tiny penis one bit. Are you going to get all of your filthy semen out of those useless testicles this time, like a good boy?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Ken tells her. His voice shows the strain he feels. Holding back an orgasm, especially on the very edge of it, is not easy to do. His voice betrays his eagerness for permission, too.

"Yes, Ma'am, what, *little* boy?" Emily makes him say it.

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"Yes, Ma'am, if you allow me to ejaculate, I will get all of my filthy semen out of my useless testicles, Miss Taylor."

"I hope you keep your work like a good *little* boy. You may ejaculate now." Emily has supervised him enough to recognize his voice. He's not going to be able to wait much longer. He'll cum whether she allows it or not.

Ken grunts. It's a deep, primal, and loud grunt. One that comes with all the air exploding from his lungs. His hips snap hard, shuddering to thrust his cock forward. Unfortunately, the snap comes with Connie's lips against his pubes, so there's nowhere for his cock to go.

Emily puts her hand on Ken's stomach and pubes, just above his cock. That lets her feel the muscles spasming there as his cock twitches crisply and spurts more cum into Connie's mouth. He cums harder than the first time, his cock twitching more powerfully against the inside of Connie's mouth. But he also cums less. Those balls of his just don't have that much left in them. Connie got the majority of it the first time he came.

Ken grunts several times. He breathes hard, a little strain in his very satisfied breaths. He quivers nicely. His second orgasm takes about the same time as the first did, about a minute. "Miss Taylor, my penis is finished ejaculating now, Ma'am," Ken says with a slight pleading note to his voice.

"Did you get every last drop of your disgusting semen out of those utterly worthless testicles, Ken?"

"Yes, Miss Taylor, I got every last drop of my disgusting semen out of my completely worthless testicles, Ma'am."

Emily reaches up under his balls again. She cups them in her hand, closing her hand just enough for him to her tender grip. And her delicate, feminine skin on his very sensitive balls. Emily reaches the tips of her fingers up. She very tenderly strokes them along the place at the very top of his sack. She feels the tube of his cock, still mostly stiff. Definitely hard, but not quite as rock-hard as it was last time.

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"Ken..." Emily coos very teasingly, still hold his balls very softly in her hand.

Ken just grunts. Now his grunts are strained. His cock is getting too sensitive, and Connie's attention almost hurts as much as they feel so good. He squirms hard, too, trying desperately to hold still and failing.

"These testicles still have some semen in them. You've been very naughty by not getting all that filth out when you promised me you would. I think you're just enjoying pussy toy's mouth too much!"

"No, Ma'am," Ken urgently blurts out, "I swear, Miss Taylor, I ejaculated until I couldn't anymore! My tiny penis ran dry, Ma'am! Please, Miss Taylor, you have to believe me!"

Emily laughs. "I don't have to do anything, *little* boy. But we'll see. If you fully ejaculated every last drop of your filthy semen, then you won't have any left in those testicles, will you?" Emily releases his balls and steps back a hair.

Emily just stands there, glaring at Ken and watching.

Connie obediently goes on, sucking Ken's cock. Despite the long blow job, Connie manages to keep her pace steady and leisurely. She keeps her strokes long, too. Strokes that take every bit of Ken's cock in, then rise back until only the soft head of it is left between her lips, lying atop her wet tongue.

Ken fidgets noticeably. He grunts hard, too. The strain shows on his face. It goes on. This time it takes Ken almost twenty minutes to ask Emily permission.

Emily says nothing. She just watches a few more strokes, judging Connie's steady rhythm. Then, with Connie at the very end of her stroke, with only the head of Ken's cock left in Connie's mouth, Emily tells Connie to stop and open her mouth wide. At the same time, Emily takes hold of the base of Ken's cock.

"Ejaculate now, Ken," Emily tells him as she holds his cock up, the tip of it about even with Connie's gaping lips. And its tip aimed into Connie's mouth.



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Ken sighs out a deep, almost grunting, and frustrated breath. His cock twitches only lightly with nothing being done to it now. It spurts a couple of weak streams of cum, all of which more dribbles than shoots, into Connie's mouth. It seems to land right in the center of her tongue.

"Ken, you bad *little* boy!" Emily scolds him. "I knew you were lying! See, there was still semen in those useless testicles! You must not like this too much. I guess pussy toy doesn't make a very good penis toy." Emily holds his cock in a slightly firm grip, keeping it still as it spurts the last drops of his cum into Connie's mouth.

"I guess that's enough of a reward for you, *little* boy. Since you won't behave for it." Also, Emily doesn't say, because his cock is pretty soft now.

Emily sends them both to bed, making them leave a good bit of space between them. She doesn't even let Connie brush her teeth.

Then, Emily emails me the video of Connie's use and Ken's reward.



*Chapter Six - Pussy Toy's Pussy  
Check-Up*

## Chapter Six - Pussy Toy's Pussy Check-Up

It's now Thursday evening. Emily has now been "babysitting" Connie for five days, since Sunday evening. I would bet that, after this long, Connie must be thinking her agony is never going to end. The agony of being physically unable to touch her aching pussy. And the humiliation of being very closely, and intimately, watched over by a girl who is barely an adult. A girl who acts like she's about 15, too!

Emily arrives close to on time. I told her six, but since she's not one of my toys, I can't just turn her over my knees like I would a toy for not being precisely punctual. As much as I'd like to. SO she gets to get away with the few minutes she's late. I kind of expected it anyway.

She brings Connie in, stopping Connie in the usual, empty place. Emily just sighs and then tells Connie "Give me your clothes, pussy toy." Emily holds out her hand. She's brought Martin here enough times that by now, Emily knows exactly what I expect.

"Yes, Ma'am," Connie says. I can still hear the faint tinge of shame in Connie's voice. Emily might not be but a few years younger than I am, but Emily acts very differently. She's far flightier than I am. By now, Connie's had plenty of time to get to see just how Emily is. I know it's like being babysat by a teenager for Connie. It's one of the reasons I picked Emily. I wanted it to be a humiliating week for Connie.

Connie undresses. She folds her clothes and gives them to Emily, one piece at a time. From the top down. Until Connie is completely nude except for the pink collar. Then Connie stands there with her hands behind her back, waiting patiently for the inspection that she knows is coming. It always does here. And it always does at Emily's.

Emily checks Connie's body fully, inside and out, before telling me that "pussy toy is ready for you." While Emily's doing that, I sit on the sofa and sip my coffee. Sophie kneels beside me, waiting in case I have some whim that needs to be catered to. Naturally, I watch the

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Connie show. Connie makes it worthwhile by grunting so nicely, and wiggling her bottom uncomfortably, as Emily checks her rectum.

I'm not planning to keep Connie here too long. I really don't want to do anything with her. I just want her to suffer for a full week. That's her punishment for touching *my* pussy without permission. I'm keeping her fully humiliated, and thus fully horny, for an entire week. A week she is spending giving orgasms, but not getting even one. I only had Connie brought here because I want to see how she's doing with her pussy sealed shut. I'm not interested in how badly her clit is aching, as long as it's aching badly I'm fine with it. I just want to make sure she's not starting to get a yeast infection or something.

I send Sophie to fetch Connie and bring her over to me. Sophie goes and takes hold of Connie's leash. She walks Connie the several steps to where I am, most of the way across my living room. Sophie nudges Connie to get down on her knees. Connie kneels. Sophie kneels beside her and offers me Connie's leash.

Instead of taking it, I tell Sophie to "show me this bitch's pussy." And I point to the coffee table in front of me. That's all the instructions Sophie needs to know exactly what I want her to do.

"Show me a pussy" is one of the specific commands I use. It means for the toy to turn its back to me, spread her feet wide, and reach around the outside of her thighs to pull her lips wide apart. That way I can see everything. All of her pinkness, her clit, and her tunnel, are fully exposed to me.

Sophie knows that Connie's pussy is sealed shut. She watched me seal it up. Thus she's can't follow the command as it's usually done. But this isn't a first for Sophie, either. She knows to follow the command as closely as she can.

Sophie snaps a firm command for Connie to get to her feet. She keeps a firm grip on Connie's leash, pulling it slightly taut, as Connie gets to her feet. Then Sophie has

## Chapter Six - Pussy Toy's Pussy Check-Up

Connie turn her back to me. She has Connie stretch her feet wide apart. Then she uses the leash to pull Connie down, bending Connie over. She has Connie rest her forearms on the coffee table, her wrists at the edges of it so that Connie's hands are hanging over the side. It has Connie's huge breasts dangling down, almost with her nipples dancing across the top of the table.

"Here is pussy toy's pussy, Mistress," Sophie tells me with a little giggle in her voice. A giggle that says she knows Connie's pussy is sealed up. And that lets Connie know she knows it.

It lets me see the long, wide lips of Connie's mound. And the very fine pink line of a slit where they're glued together. Her mound is decently puffing out now, but that's partly from the bowed cup just behind those lips. Her lips are perfectly smooth. Definitely freshly shaven this morning, and carefully, not quickly. Emily must be watching her closely, just as she agreed to do. Then again, I know how much Emily wants a dad-free weekend with his house.

I can also see the very rim of the tube, still flush with the edges of her lips. As if those lips just part to make a perfectly round little hole about the size of a pencil, maybe a little smaller.

I send Sophie to fetch me a penlight. She hurries to get it, as she hurries to do anything I ask her to do. I use the light to check a little close. I shine it right up the tube. It's not exactly clear, it's kind of yellowish, and I really can't see Connie's body through it. But it is rigid enough that it's holding its shape. With Connie leaning over, that lets me see the very tip of her bladder. But just a tiny bit of it. That's still enough for me to see that there are no signs of anything wrong there. Too bad my fingers aren't longer, and that tube wider, or I'd prod her there, too. Just because I could.

I reach up and spread Connie's cheeks, stretching her crack wide open. It pulls the colored flesh of her asshole slightly taut, smoothing out some of the finer wrinkles in it.

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Her asshole stays tightly shut, leaving only the tiny pinpoint of darkness at its center. It doesn't even pucker back at me. It stays as it was, just a pinkish little ring at the valley of her crack.

"slave, bring me an anal dilator," I tell Sophie. But mostly I say it aloud for Connie to hear. I haven't used one of those on her yet, although I have made good use of her bottom. Still, it sounds bad. It sounds like I'm going to stretch her asshole gaping-wide open. And that sounds uncomfortable. So as Sophie hurries off to get it, Connie can stand there, her asshole on full display for me, and think about what she now knows I'm about to do to her. And, I hope, think about how she's going to make herself stand there and endure it, no matter how bad it is. I've found that the anticipation of something unknown always makes a toy conjure up images of it being much worse than it will actually be.

An anal dilator is an actual medical instrument. They can also be bought online. They're like the speculums a gynecologist uses, only they're usually made of surgical steel instead of plastic. They have "blades" that are about 1½" long, and as wide as a finger. Those blades are slightly curved. Closed, their edges lie against each other, leaving a rim at their tips that's just a circle about a centimeter across. That's small enough to be easily pressed into an asshole without being that uncomfortable. At the other end, those blades attach to a wider ring. A ring that's about 2" across. It has a little thumbscrew on it. Turning the thumbscrew opens the blades.

Sophie puts a tiny dollop of lubricating gel on the tips of those blades before she hands it to me. And she announces what she's handing me, as she always does. But that makes Connie hear it.

I put the tip of the dilator to Connie's asshole. With the blades close, they lie atop the ring of her muscle, surrounding the pinpoint of her hole. As they sit, they'll press against her muscle, not so much into it.

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Connie is experienced enough to realize that. She knows that if she doesn't relax herself, it will be uncomfortable for her. And it won't deter me one iota. Those blades are going in, one way or another. Connie pushes back slightly as if straining to use the toilet. That puckers her ring back slightly, but it mostly loosens her muscle, turning it rubbery. The pressure I'm already using, just enough to hold those blades firmly against her ring, is all it takes. As her asshole softens and starts to loosen, it pushes back around the tips of the blades, letting them push into Connie's hole. And that stretches her rubbery ring even wider. The blades slip easily through her asshole, extending about an inch into her rectum.

I hold it in place. It has a nice little handle just for that. And I turn the thumbscrew. I don't have to go slowly, it opens her asshole gently. And the threads on that thumbscrew are so shallow anyway. I just start turning it.

The blades start slowly inching apart. They start stretching Connie's asshole as they go. At first, her hole opens slightly, letting the gentle wrinkles lining her pink flesh pull smooth. Then that pink flesh starts to be pulled taut. Her ring thins as it widens, its muscle thinning to stretch. It starts off about  $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick, but as it stretches to near its widest, it thins by about half.

It leaves Connie's asshole stretched wide into an oval. At both sides the steel blades hold her hole stretched. Along the top and bottom, there's nothing but taut flesh atop taut muscle. It leaves her asshole stretched about one centimeter high, and about three centimeters across. And that's about as wide as her asshole is going to open. I can feel it on the thumbscrew. Her muscle is starting to lose some of its rubberiness. The hardening tells me that it's reaching the limit of what it can stretch without being strained. And I don't want to strain her muscle. Or split the flesh atop her ring.

It also leaves me a good view right up into Connie's rectum. It's a view I've seen of countless others. I am a student nurse, soon to be an LPN. I use the light to get a



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better look into Connie's bottom. It lets me see everything. The filmy thin membrane of her rectum, lined with thick, knotty veins, and the pink wall of paper-thin muscle lining the outside of the membrane. The muscles Connie uses to move her bowels. Those walls look taut now, but the blades of the spreader extending an inch or so into her rectum are holding it wide. It even lets me see Connie's waste, dark and brown, filling her bottom to about half of the point where she'll be heading for a toilet. It's definitely not something I need or want to see.

"Ew!" I groan out, "Miss Taylor, is this bitch getting to use the toilet? Come see how filthy its rectum is!" Just because it's not filthy, or that full, doesn't mean I'll pass up a chance to humiliate Connie. I'd never do that, even when I have to make up the chance, like now.

Emily definitely doesn't want to see up Connie's butt. And I don't blame her for that. Who would want to see unpooped poop? I'll bet even proctologists don't want to! But Emily knows that I'm not going to let her skip it. And that I won't be happy if she asks to. She comes over, her nose wrinkling up long before she gets anywhere near Connie's bottom. "That's oh-so toto-gross!" Emily balks, I think before she's even actually seen the sight. If she actually sees it, she glances very quickly.

But it doesn't matter. Connie isn't allowed to look at what's being done to her. She's required to stare straight ahead, at the wall, and just stand there while I do whatever with her body. Connie can't see Emily behind her. She can't see Emily's nose wrinkling and her face scrunching up. She can't see how little Emily glimpsed of. Connie can only hear Emily's second opinion, that the view into her butt is disgusting. But butt-view standards. That's like gross for the gross things.

"How often is this bitch emptying her rectum?"

"So clearly not often enough!" Emily blurts out without thinking.

"Oh, I agree. You'll need to make sure that pussy toy empties her rectum at least twice a day. Fully empties it.

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A good rectal exam following her bowel movements will let you be sure that she's emptied fully." I say it with my smirking grin.

Emily cringes. I can see that Emily wants to kick herself. She knows better than to give me such an opening. She's made that mistake before, and I've always pounced on it, as I just did. I've come up with a new humiliation for Connie. Now, after using the toilet, she'll get Emily's finger in her bottom to ensure that she's pooped properly. As if a grown woman can't manage to poop correctly, something Connie has been doing unsupervised for over three decades now. Yet now needs supervision, and invasively close supervision, to do.

I motion with my hand for Emily to watch me closely. She's smart enough to figure out that I want to show her something, and know that she needs to see it. She tries to watch me. She tries even harder not to see into Connie's bottom. "In case you haven't noticed yet, pussy toy is a complete slut!" I tell Emily.

I slip my finger into Connie's gaping asshole. I have her just wide enough that I can get my finger into her with it barely brushing over the sides of her ring. Just beyond the taut ring of Connie's asshole, I angle my finger downward just slightly. Enough that I can put the pad of my finger flat against the wall of Connie's rectum.

I press very gently. Immediately I can feel the fiery hot walls of Connie's pussy just beyond the rather thin wall of her rectum. I can feel their firm sponginess. I can even feel the faint twitching tremors flowing through them. Those are like little pinpoint sparks, erupting randomly under my finger, then shooting along the lines of her nerves. Those nerves respond by twitching the muscle around them crisply. It lets me know that Connie's pussy is just as aroused as it was when I sent her away with Emily. I figured it would be. I figured the humiliation of being babysat would keep Connie nice and hot.

"UH-Mmmm!" Connie blurts out a very hungry squeal. Her hips shudder hard, wiggling from side to side.

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Connie sucks in a fast breath, then blurts out another needy moan.

Emily watches Connie, slowly shaking her head as she sees just how much Connie likes having her bottom played with.

Sophie comes up beside Emily and hands her a pair of gloves. Sophie can see where I'm going. She knows what I want. Emily takes the gloves, glancing at them as if they're unwelcome serpents as Sophie hands them to her. Emily pulls them on slowly, taking as much time as she can manage to. It's as if Emily knows what I'm going to do next.

I just wait until Emily has a glove on her right hand since she's right-handed. Then I quickly reach over and take hold of Emily's right hand. I bring it up, balling her hand into a fist as I do. But I leave Emily's first finger extended. Then I shift my grip down so that I'm holding that finger.

I can see Emily cringe as I do. But she doesn't resist me. I don't feel her muscles tensing up. I just feel her reluctance to allow me control of her finger. I feel a little more reluctance as Emily's finger nears Connie's stretched asshole.

I just keep Emily's finger moving, putting the tip of her finger into the wide-open ring. I put her finger right where mine was, lying its pad flush on the bottom wall of Connie's rectum. I push down lightly with Emily's finger, just until I see the walls start pushing downward around it.

"Do you feel that burning hot heat under your finger?" I ask Emily with a grin on my face.

"Uh... Yeah," Emily answers.

"Good. That's her pussy you can feel. Isn't it just so nice and hot! Isn't that just such-the-slut of pussy toy? As if she doesn't know it's her butt your fingering!"

Emily just cringes a bit. She doesn't answer.

I go on and ask Emily if she can feel the tiny twitches flowing through Connie's pussy. Emily says "Uh, oh, yeah."

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I take that to mean the twitches are just as powerful as when I felt them.

"Good, that means you can feel how slutty pussy toy's pussy is being!" I tell Emily, adding a note of excitement to my voice. "This way, whenever you're checking her rectum, you can check her pussy from the back and see if she's being a gutter slut."

Emily's face, her entire face, not just her nose, wrinkles up.

I'm not done. I wiggle Emily's finger just a tiny bit, but I keep it wiggling. That makes Emily's finger stroke softly over the backside of Connie's pussy walls. The backside has the very same nerves running through it that run through the front side. They're just as easy to tease from this side too. Connie's pussy can't tell that those nerves are being stroked from the back. It can't tell that finger is not in her pussy teasing it the more traditional way. It can just feel the sweet arousal of the finger's caresses.

"UH... UH..." Connie moans out, ever more urgent and pleading than the last. Connie's bottom squirms as it shudders. I'm sure, by now, Connie has realized that we could make her cum this way. We could relieve that ache in her pussy that's been tormenting her for five days now. Connie shudders crisply enough that it has her dangling breasts jiggling almost wildly around as they hang straight down, too. That's a sight I just love!

I keep Emily's finger stroking over Connie's walls. Emily, her face still wrinkled up, now watches Connie, seeing just how excited Connie is getting. Emily cringes a bit harder when, after a few seconds, she realizes that it's her finger exciting Connie.

"Miss Rodgers..." Connie pleads in a very breathy, raspy voice. It's a voice that's more urgent moan than anything. "May I please have permission to cum now, Ma'am? Please, Ma'am, my pussy is about to explode!"

I pull Emily's finger from Connie's bottom. "No," I tell Connie in my sternest tone. "Naughty bitches don't get to

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cum, naughty bitch.” That, I say with a bit of a laugh in my voice. I let go of Emily's hand, and she quickly pulls the glove off of it. It tempts me to use her finger again, just to teach Emily a little patience! She couldn't have known I was done with her finger. She just prayed I was.

“UGH!” Connie cries out with frustration as the finger leaves its place inside of her bottom. As the sweet caress ends. As Connie realizes that I'm serious. She won't be getting her relief. Just more teasing.

I'm done with Connie now. I start very slowly turning the spreader's thumbscrew, allowing Connie's asshole to close slowly. As I'm doing that, I tell Emily that from now on, she should “check to see just how big of a gutter slut this pussy toy is being every time she checks its rectum.” As Connie stands mute, hearing her fate, I explain to Emily that, yes, I do mean for her to caress Connie's pussy through her bottom until Connie is right on the very edge of a climax, and then stop.

Emily only reluctantly agrees.

I pull the spreader from Connie's bottom. Then I wait a few seconds as Connie's asshole finishes closing to its full tightness.

I hand Emily Connie's leash and tell her that “pussy toy is fine.” Emily may take her and resume babysitting her until “pussy toy learns it's better to ache with horniness than to displease her Queen. Me.”

Emily takes Connie back over to the wall and returns Connie's clothes to her. She watches closely as Connie dresses. Then, with a quick “See, ya,” Emily leads Connie out the door. I didn't think Emily would want to linger. She has a good drive back home.



## *Chapter Seven - The Whore*

## Chapter Seven - The Whore

It's Sunday night now, and Emily has been minding Connie for a full week. That a week Connie has been completely under Emily's control. Connie has been taken to work and picked up by Emily, and that's the only time she's been allowed out of Emily's house. It's also the only time she's been allowed any clothes.

The rest of the time, Connie has been kept naked. From what videos I've seen, and what Emily's told me, Emily has made good use of Connie to torture Ken, too. She hasn't missed an opportunity to tease him. And it sounds like she's managed to keep his cock hard for most of the week!

Emily has also tortured Ken with nightly blow jobs from Connie. Long blow jobs, each one as demeaning for Ken as possible, and each one requiring Ken to cum three times before Emily allowed Connie to stop. By the third consecutive orgasm, Ken barely had two drops of cum left to give Connie. As agonizing as it was, somehow I doubt Ken minded that torture! I have never had a man complain that he got too many blow jobs. And since any release is a somewhat rare treat for Ken, I'll bet he really liked it. He's going to be sorry to see Connie go.

Emily arrives right about on time. As close to on time as she's ever going to be! She has Connie with her, cuffed behind her back and leashed. She doesn't have the bag of Connie's clothes, though. I'd asked her not to let Connie see that, so I'm going to assume that it's in the trunk of Emily's car. Connie doesn't need to know that her grounding is over. I only "hired" Emily for a week, and knowing Emily, she'd want more if I wanted her to keep Connie longer. I might have to arrange a dad-free week or something for Emily.

As soon as Emily arrives, I send Sophie to answer the door. She lets them in. Emily already knows what to do, so she takes the leashed Connie to the empty place and strips her. Then Emily searches Connie's body thoroughly, but quickly. She cuffs Connie again, locking Connie's hands



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behind her back, and clips the leash onto Connie's pink collar.

I just sat on the sofa and watched as Emily did her last official duty as Connie's babysitter – getting Connie back to the way she was when I handed her over to Emily. Completely naked. Collars and leashes don't count as clothes here. Neither do cuffs and chains.

Now that Connie is ready, I get up and cross over to where Emily has Connie. I take Connie's leash. “Was my pussy toy a good bitch while it was grounded?” I teasingly ask Emily.

Connie knows to stand silently. She knows I'm not talking to her, and thus she's not to speak. She's to just stand there while we talk about her as if she's two feet away.

“I guess...” Emily answers. “So-such-the-slut, but she didn't, like, make me spank her or anything. I mean, I could barely keep her mouth off dad's dick!” She doesn't mention that she's the one who told Connie to suck it. I'm sure Connie knows that.

“And this pussy toy didn't try to diddle my slutty pussy?” I ask.

“Uh, like, how? Her pussy is glued shut! But she did, like, so try to grind it against just everything! I don't think I ever saw her sit still!”

I turn to Connie. “Oh, does my pussy ache, pussy toy?”

“Yes, Ma'am,” Connie answers in a slightly embarrassed voice, but also a voice that's eager, as if she's hoping this will be the end of her torment. “Your pussy aches very badly, Ma'am. It would very much like to cum, Ma'am.”

“Are you ready to behave and take proper care of *my* pussy, bitch?”

“Yes, Ma'am...” Connie sounds less than convincing. It's more like she's saying whatever she thinks will get her that orgasm. And as if she's wondering if I might not find

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some way to make her suffer even more. Wondering how much more she can handle of this waiting, too.

"We'll see, bitch..." I sigh out. "Come along."

I lead Connie to the playroom. I already have everything set up for her. I'd thought about using the "titty vise" again, but decided against it. As much as Connie seems to like that toy! I just hate doing anything twice in a row. I like variety.

For this session, I've gone back to the basics. This was the first stand I had built for me. Despite it being the oldest, it's still one that I use a lot. It's just so handy. It's like two sawhorses beside each other. Their beams are parallel, with about two to three feet between them. Their feet are bolted together, making them one piece. The other four feet each have screw eyes in them for anchoring chains or ropes to. That's all it is. Just two beams to stretch someone over.

But that's not where I take Connie. Keeping hold of her leash, keeping it taut, I lead her over to a wooden chair along the wall. I call it the spanking chair because that's why I keep it in here. It's the perfect chair for spanking someone in. It's just a plain chair without armrests. Those get in the way of turning someone over my knees!

I take a seat, keeping Connie's leash taut. Then I use the leash to pull her around to my right side and down to her knees. Then I use it to pull her over my knees. I position her as I always put women to be spanked. My right thigh in the bend of her waist, which leaves her thighs hanging straight down toward the floor. With her height, her knees are just "kissing" the floor under them. The tops of her feet are lying flat on the floor. I have my left thigh up, under Connie's chest, with the undersides of Connie's huge breasts lying flush against the outside of my thigh. Her hands stay cuffed at the small of her back. The leash hangs down freely from her collar. Connie lets her head hang a little, too. She squirms on my lap for a moment, adjusting herself to get comfortable.

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I have Sophie fetch me one of my favorite paddles. The leather one. It's about 18" long, not counting its wood handle, but only about 4" wide. It's made of two strips of hard leather with a very thin sheet of spring steel between them. The steel lets it hold its shape. The entire paddle isn't more than ¼" thick. But it is firm and hard.

I lie the paddle lightly across Connie's taut globes, feeling the faint flinch run through her body as she feels the leather against her bare skin. "I did tell you that you deserved a good spanking for abusing my pussy, didn't I, pussy toy?" I'll bet she thought that little spanking she got last week was enough of a spanking for touching my pussy! So, NO. A serious sin requires a very serious punishment.

"Yes, Ma'am," Connie accepts her fate. Her voice sounds resigned as if she's going to accept whatever she has to in order to get her relief. And that's probably exactly what she's thinking.

"I think a good ten strokes should do!" I tell Connie, adding a good bit of enthusiasm to my voice. Then I lift my paddle high.

I freeze, holding the paddle up high. I hesitate for just about a full second. I watch Connie quivering, wondering when she's going to feel the paddle's sting shooting into her bottom. "I just don't think a regular spanking will teach something as skanky as you to leave my pussy alone... slave, bring me... number 6F."

Sophie knows how I refer to my toys. A number six is just one of the six-inch-long dildos. The "F" just means I want a nice fat one. I have four that are six inches long, so I have to differentiate them somehow! Sophie knows which one I want. The biggest.

Sophie goes over to the cabinets and gets it out. She puts a tiny drop of lubricating gel atop the rounded tip of the cock-shaped dildo. As usual, Sophie is stingy with the lube. As if she doesn't think this naughty bitch who disappointed me deserves even that tiny comfort.

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Sophie brings me the toy I asked for. I lie the paddle across Connie's back so that I'll have both hands free. I hold the toy by its base. This one is shaped like a fake cock, complete with a fake head on it, but it's missing the fake balls. It's just a shaft about the size of a good cucumber.

I don't bother to spread Connie's cheeks. I figure Connie has to know where I'm going to put the toy. With her pussy still glued shut, there's not a lot of choices. I just put the greased tip of the toy to Connie's crack and push. It spreads her cheeks. I get a glimpse of Connie's clenched asshole for a fraction of a second. Then the rounded tip of the toy lands squarely atop that tight ring and covers it fully. And then some. The toy has got to be about three or four times as wide as her tiny ring is. It's wide enough to cover the entire swath of pinkish flesh around her ring, too.

I push, using a steady, firm, and gentle pressure. Slowly I increase the pressure. It's only about half of a second before I feel the toy pushing back against my hand just slightly. That tells me that Connie knows what I'm doing. She's pushing back, trying to force her asshole to relax and stretch to ease the toy's entry. It only lasts a fraction of a second. Then I feel her asshole starting to yield.

"UGH!" Connie grunts out hard as the tip of the toy presses into her rubbery ring, stretching it wide, almost to its limit. As Connie's asshole squeezes snugly around the shaft, it slips deeper and deeper into her Bottom. I push most of the toy into Connie's bottom, stopping when the end of its base is even with the outside edge of Connie's cheeks. I hold it in place. It spreads Connie's cheeks around the thick shaft as it pokes out.

I picked this toy for a reason. It's wide enough to have Connie's rectum fully stuffed and stretched taut. It's long enough to fill her deeply. But not so long that its tip can reach the back of her rectum. That would take about two more inches of dildo. This one could sit fully inside her

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without touching the back of her bowels. But it would have those bowels stuffed so full!

Now I pick up the paddle again. I lie it squarely across Connie's cheeks. And that has it squarely atop the base of the toy as it sticks out from her bottom, too. I give the paddle a little wiggle. "I know you're a complete gutter slut, pussy toy, but no cumming during your spanking!" I tell her in a very teasing voice.

I raise the paddle. I pause for a fraction of a second, as I aim carefully. Then I snap the paddle, putting about half of my strength into the stroke. By my standards, that's a light stroke.

It lands exactly where I aimed it. Across the center of Connie's firm globes. It lands with a loud, splitting crack. It sears a light pink stripe across her white cheeks.

"EE-OW!" Connie screeches out as the paddle lands.

The paddle also lands almost perfectly atop the base of the toy. It pounds the dildo hard. But Connie's full cheeks keep it from driving the shaft any deeper into Connie's bottom. The shaft moves from the sudden, hard, slap to its base. It's more of a wiggle than a move. It doesn't actually go anywhere. But it does wiggle enough for Connie to feel it. It wiggles crisply against the walls of her rectum, not pulled taut around the wide shaft. Moving so little, the walls of her rectum just move with the toy they're squeezing around. But those walls are as thin as a sheet of paper. They move, and when they do, they stroke over everything that's lying against their backsides.

It has her bowels stroking over the back of her pussy. It's a single, sharp little stroke. A stroke that rubs right against the backside of her pussy walls. A firm stroke, her pussy feeling every bit of the fat toy stuffing her bottom. A stroke that teases the nerves of her pussy. Nerves that are already on fire, tingling wildly for some attention. Nerves that don't care which side of them gets the attention.

Connie stiffens up as the pain of the leather paddle shoots into her firm cheeks. Her entire body tenses for a split second.

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Then, before she's even done crying out from the stroke, the sweetness of the tease to her pussy hits her. Instantly, her tensing body trembles crisply. Her cry of "OW" morphs into a slightly squealing cry of "UHM..." Her feet snap, kicking down against the floor. And with a quick glance, I can see goosebumps now covering the outside of her pussy mound.

Connie tenses, but quickly relaxes again as I'm lifting the paddle for a second stroke. She blurts out a deep breath. It comes out as a raspy, and very needy, "UH!" It's a sultry grunt that's more of a moan. Her body trembles again as she relaxes over my knees.

"One, my Queen..." Connie counts off her stroke, something she knows she's required to do. I can already hear a bit of breathiness in her voice. And I can hear a lot of needy hunger in it. I can almost hear how badly her pussy is aching, too. "Thank you for spanking my naughty bottom, my Queen. I'm sorry for touching your pussy without permission Ma'am. I deserve nine more strokes, Ma'am. Will you please spank me again, Ma'am, I promise not to cum like a gutter whore, Ma'am."

And then the paddle lands again. I aim for the same place. I have to if I want to get the base of the toy with the paddle, which I do. I think Connie can use a few more teases to her pussy while she's being spanked. It slightly darkens the pink stripe across her bottom. It drives the toy into her bottom again, rubbing it quickly and powerfully over the backside of those starving-hungry pussy walls again.

Connie screeches another "OW-UH!" as it lands. She trembles as she stiffens up from the pain of the swat. She keeps trembling this time until almost a full second later, the tension starts to flow out of her body. "OH, Ooh..." Connie moans out. It's a very sweet and equally tormented moan. A moan that tells me the toy is doing its job. A moan that tells me now Connie realizes that not cumming during this spanking is not going to be easy.

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That it will leave her pussy throbbing worse than her bottom.

I keep going, steadily spanking Connie's bottom with the leather paddle. Her bottom steadily grows redder and redder. Her "OW!s" steadily grow more and more pained. Her moans very quickly grown very intensely needy. By the fourth stroke, I know that Connie is having to fight herself and hold her orgasm back. And she still has six more strokes to go. Six more painful strokes on her bottom. Six more torturous strokes in her bottom. Her shivering trembles grow crisper, and more powerful, with each stroke, too.

By the end of the spanking, Connie is trembling constantly. Little tears roll down from the corners of her eyes. But it's her cries that amuse me. She can't seem to get it one way or the other. She screeching or panting out, a pained "OW" one second, and before she can finish it, it turns to a very needy erotic "OOH!" And that "Ooh" gives way just as quickly to another "OW" as the pain fills her globes. Even now that paddle has stopped swatting her bottom. Her very brightly glowing red bottom.

I can imagine how badly her bottom stings. I gave it plenty of spanking to make sure it would. But I know her pussy has to be throbbing worse. Not only did it get some good teases from that fat shaft, but it's been aching for a week now.

Connie isn't even close to still as she lies over my knees. She squirms, fidgeting hard. Her bottom wiggles, trying to shake the sting out of her cheeks. It doesn't help the sting. But it does keep the thick dildo wiggling inside her and teasing the backside of her pussy walls. And pushing her even closer to the edge of an orgasm. The edge she can't allow herself to go over.

I put a hand to her shoulder to nudge her up off my legs and onto her knees. As I do, I feel the crisp, but faint, quivering flowing all through her body. I know how close Connie is to falling over that edge. I put her on her knees and take hold of the leash, holding it taut from her collar.

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"Does my pussy want to cum now, pussy toy?"

"YES, my Queen! Please, my Queen, your pussy aches so bad that it hurts now and this worthless bitch can't stand it, Ma'am! Will you please allow me to relieve your pussy, my Queen?" Connie's voice is laced with a light note of pain, but otherwise, it's a pure shameless begging voice.

I have Connie get to her feet. I walk her the few steps over to where the stand is waiting for her. I stand her in front of it, nudging her forward until one of the beams is flush against her waist. I send Sophie to fetch me a couple of pieces of rope.

Sophie brings them to me. I asked for my preferred ropes. They're  $\frac{3}{8}$ " rough hemp ropes. They have that old-time look, and feeling, to them. Like something, the Spanish Inquisition would have used. She brings me pieces that are about six feet long.

I start with one of Connie's ankles, winding three coils of the rope around her ankle before tying it off. I don't worry about spreading her feet too wide, the sawhorses are only about four feet wide, so I can't pull her legs too wide. I just thread the rope through the screw eye, pull Connie's foot over to the leg, and tie the rope off to the leg. Then I do the same with her other leg. It has her legs spread plenty wide enough.

I bend Connie over the beam at her waist. It has her shoulders lying along the second beam. I just wrap her leash around the beam and tie it off. I don't want to bind her immobile. I just want her to stay put leaning over the beam. With her pussy poking out behind her just beneath her globes. The leash will ensure she doesn't stand up. The handcuffs will ensure she doesn't untie anything, too.

I move around behind Connie. Now I have an unhindered view of Connie's mound. Of her smoothly shaven lips and the fine line of her glued slit. I can see the rim of the catheter tube flush with her lips, too.



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Now I grab hold of the base of the dildo and very slowly pull it from Connie's bottom. I toss it aside. Paige can get it later when she cleans up the playroom.

I get a rolling stool and take a seat. I know I'm going to be here a minute or two. Or twenty. The surgical adhesive isn't so easy to unglue. It's almost as if they make it that way. I send Sophie to fetch me a little rolling table with some supplies on it.

I use Q-Tips with foam heads on them instead of the common ones with cotton heads. And I use nail polish remover. The good stuff with acetone in it. The acetone is what dissolves the adhesive. I dip the head of a swab in the acetone and start at the top of Connie's slit, gentle stroking the foam head along her slit and working the acetone into the glue holding her lips together.

It doesn't take too long for the first bit of glue to yield and her lips to open for a tiny slice. I made the line of adhesive as thin as I could just for this. Thin lines dissolve and open much quicker than thick ones. Now that I have a little opening in her slit, I work from there, using the foam head to keep the glue wet until it yields. I use my finger s to gently pull on her lips, holding a little tautness on them, as they slowly separate.

It takes about ten minutes before I have her lips completely separated. Connie spends that time purring softly from just the caress of the soft foam over her lips. And moaning from the frustration of not being allowed to cum yet.

I leave the catheter alone. I take hold of the white plastic chastity cup and pull that out from her lips. It pulls the catheter along with it. Connie shrieks as the thick tube pulls through her urethra. But then that's out of her too. And now her pussy is almost back to being a pussy!

Her pussy is as sloppy wet as any that I've ever seen. As soon as the cup slips from her lips, I see her creamy honey start to flow out as well. It covers everything. I'm pretty sure she's wet enough that her honey had pooled up behind the cup. I can see that there's a good bit of it

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clinging to the inside of it. I can see her clit fully swollen up and throbbing so hard that I can see it beating. I can see the rim of her tunnel where her walls are twitching slightly, but powerfully. Mostly I can smell the strong muskiness of her pent-up honey.

Any tiny movement of my fingers, or just a touch, gets a shivering crisp shudder from Connie. It gets a purred, squealing “Ooh!” that laced with as much frustration as urgency, too.

I slide my stool back. I turn Connie over to Sophie for now, telling Sophie to be diligent and clean every last trace of the glue from the edges of Connie's lips. Sophie takes my seat and gets busy. Unlike me, Sophie doesn't care about Connie. In fact, I think she likes making Connie suffer. Connie was naughty, and Sophie doesn't like it when toys displease me by being naughty. She doesn't worry about touching Connie. She doesn't avoid moving her fingers. She just works. As she does, her fingers torment Connie by staying in near-constant motion and stroking over Connie's too-needy nerves. It makes Connie endure that much more unfulfilled arousal.

I slip out of the playroom and go to the kitchen. Paige is there, still scrubbing everything after our supper. There's a pot of coffee on, a cinnamon-infused, vanilla-laced dessert creation. It was good. I have Paige serve me a cup.

Then I go to the living room and get my phone. I send a quick text to Mike, my neighbor across the hall. I didn't talk to him earlier because I hadn't planned on using him tonight. I did just give him a treat yesterday. But seeing how badly Connie quivered from the lightest touch to her pussy made me think that Connie needs a little more agony. Sweet agony. That pussy is just too eager for an orgasm! After all, Connie is being punished for masturbating!

I text Mike and ask if he'd care to come “fuck a sloppy wet whore.”

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Mike quickly texts me back saying that he has a business associate over now, they're discussing some deal.

I text Mike "Male? Would he care to rent to my whore, too? Say \$20 for her pussy?" I attach a picture of Connie's eager pussy. It's an older picture, a file photo, not one I just took. But it'll do. It clearly shows what I'm offering. And Mike has played enough games with me that he knows I'll demand the \$20 in front of the whore, but I'll also slip it back to him when she's not looking. I'm not a madam. I never keep the money. I just love to make the whores think they've actually been whored. That I didn't blink about selling their bodies for money. That can be very humiliating for a woman. And I love humiliating my toys.

Mike takes a minute to answer this time. I have no doubt he's somehow explaining things to his associate. If it were me, I would be offering Connie's pussy as an incentive to making a better deal. I'll bet Mike is, too. Somehow.

He texts back about two minutes later telling me that he's going to "treat" his associate to pussy toy. He adds a note that he told his associate that his neighbor likes to play sex games, and tonight, I'm "pimping some woman" for the woman's amusement. When should they come over? I peek in and see that Sophie has Connie's pussy cleaned up nicely. I tell Mike "now is fine." and I relieve Sophie.

I have my crop in hand. I very slowly pace around the bound Connie. I take my time scolding Connie for her "obscene lewdness in touching *my* pussy without my permission." I'm really just wasting time until Mike gets over here. I use the crop to tap Connie randomly as I scold her. That should make sure I have her attention.

Okay, maybe not completely randomly. Her huge breasts are hanging down, dangling loose and jiggling. I just can't resist giving them a few more than their fair share of swats. But that makes them jiggle even more! It

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gets some nice little yelps from Connie, too. How could a girl resist?

Mike comes over. Sophie greets him at the door and shows him and his associate into the playroom. I know Mike works for a company that supplies generators for big things, like boats and planes. I haven't asked more than that. It's not like I'm in the market for a 10-megawatt generator. I don't have a small city to power! Or a battleship to push along the ocean.

"I see your neighbor is a very interesting woman..." I hear him say to Mike. I hear the heavy accent, like British, but different. I turn to see a fairly dark-skinned Indian man walking in beside Mike.

"Hiya," I greet him with a smile. "I'm Miss Rodgers, welcome to my neighborhood!" I giggle slightly. I don't know if he gets the joke or not, but he's smiling. Then again, his eyes are on Connie's bottom, not me.

"I am Vijay..." He says. Mike tells me that he's from India. I'd guessed it was somewhere in that general part of the world. Maybe Pakistan or Bangladesh where they manufacture a lot of things cheaply. I don't know much about India, but I know they're not known for their women's rights over there. I hear those rights exist mostly on paper.

I skip right to it. "It's nice to meet you," I lie. "This slutty bitch is pussy toy. Pussy toy has been a very bad slut. She played with that pussy without my permission. As part of her punishment for that, I'm selling her pussy. You don't mind me selling that pussy, do you, pussy toy?" I add.

"No, my Queen!" Connie calls out eagerly. Very eagerly, her voice hungry. A voice that all but begs for a cock to fuck her pussy. And a voice that says she doesn't care whose cock it is. Not after her week. "It's your pussy, my Queen, please sell it to whoever you want, my Queen!" Connie tries to twist her head around and see who is there. To see who I might be offering her pussy to. I'm sure she

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can hear the foreign accent of his voice. She probably heard him introduce himself, too.

"See, pussy toy is just a filthy whore. It's \$20 to use that sloppy pussy however you wish." I hold my hand out, stretching my arm a little to make sure Connie can see the money change hands. Into mine.

Mike hands me \$20. "It's my treat, Vljay." Mike winks.

I shove the \$20 into my pocket. "Pussy toy is all yours, Vljay. Enjoy yourself!" I say sweetly, a bit of taunting amusement in my voice. I step away. "Oh, and pussy toy, don't be a total gutter whore. I haven't said you could cum! Service my customers, not that skanky pussy, bitch."

"Yes, my Queen," Connie says, only now her voice doesn't sound nearly as eager. It sounds more resigned.

Since I have no idea who this guy is, condom use is mandatory. It usually is here anyway, unless both toys have my doctor's "seal of approval," or are a couple. As much as I'd rather he came in her pussy and left it even sloppier, that's not going to happen. Not with me not even knowing him. Luckily he doesn't object when Sophie brings him one. I'd hate to have to refund Mike's \$20.

Vljay very quickly opens his pants and rolls the condom on. I try to give him some privacy, but I can't help a quick glance. Just to see if I might want to offer him an invitation to assist with another slutty whore. I see a cock that's just slightly on the right side of average. Nothing special. Not worth mentioning. I also see a very eager and lustful look on his face. It's clear to me that he's not too concerned about how much Connie wants his cock. Just about his cock. I'll bet anything he has a wife somewhere who is never going to know about this. Unless I find her... He doesn't know there are cameras in here. He's making a very nice video for her divorce lawyers right now. Not that I would send it to her. Then again... He is being such a dog!

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I step out into the hall. Sophie follows me as she always does. Mike follows too. I slip him \$20 back. It goes in his pocket.

It's not five seconds until we all hear Connie screeching very loud "UH!s" Her cries are hot, sultry moans. Very needy grunted moans. Moans that tell me she's fighting hard not to cum already. And moans that tell me Vijay isn't being shy about pounding her. Very quickly Connie's moans rise to sweet screams. Very desperately hungry screams. She must not mind the pounding she's getting either.

I glance back in just long enough to see his dark shaft thrusting powerfully, and fast, into her honey-covered glistening, milky white mound. To see her pale lips stretched along the sides of his dark brown cock.

"Thanks, Pepper," Mike whispers to me. "This seems to be... helping my position in our negotiations."

I grin. "I'd hope so."

"He actually asked me if I knew where in this 'conservative' town he could find a 'willing date' for the evening. And then, after I'd said no, you texted and that proverbial light bulb went blink!"

"Glad I could help." I grin. I see Sophie grinning, too. We both know what Vijay wanted. Directions to St. Stephens Avenue. Everyone in Mobile knows you can "rent" a date there. There's a gas station just off the interstate, across from a popular soul-food restaurant, where there are always women willing to do anything. And conveniently, according to the daily police blotter, several dope houses just behind the gas station. That's in the City of Prichard. I avoid it as much as I avoid places like Afghanistan and the West Bank - I am Jewish!

Connie cries out deep, grunted moans that grow even more hungry by the hard thrust. But it doesn't take too long. I'd guess about three minutes, maybe a few seconds more, before I hear Vijay grunt hard. Then he just purrs a few more grunts.

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Connie moans little mewling, and whiny, moans now. Moans that are as frustrated as they are hungry. I give Vijay a minute, then head back in. I notice the decent-sized puddle of honey on my floor right under Connie's pussy. It glistens so brightly that it's hard to miss. I see the used condom in his hand, too. I point him to the trash can.

"Your whore has a nicely tight, and very wet, pussy." He compliments her. I think that was a compliment.

"I'm glad you got Mike's money's worth," I tell him, making sure Connie can hear the reminder that I sold her pussy to a man I just met.

"Oh, yes, I would have gladly paid twice that for her."

"Then I'll raise her price next time." I laugh. I actually wished he'd have said the opposite. But I couldn't brief a man I'd never knew existed, so I have to go with what I get.

I offer Connie's pussy to Mike. Vijay tells him to "try her, it is a good pussy. Nice and very hot." Mike hands me the \$20 again, and I make sure Connie sees it. Then I tell Mike to go ahead and help himself to the whore.

We step away as Mike fucks Connie. After the blow job another of my toys, Kimberly, gave him yesterday, Mike is about to last about seven minutes before I hear him grunt out as he cums.

Five minutes later, Sophie is showing them out. I'm sure Mike is eager to resume his negotiations. I have Sophie return the \$20 as she walks them to the door.

It leaves me just one more thing to do. Connie has suffered enough. It's time for her to cum.

"Does my pussy still want to cum, pussy toy?"

"YES! My Queen! Please, my Queen, please let your pussy cum, Ma'am!" Connie begs.

I snap my fingers, slightly raising my voice. "Oh, skanky!" I call out.

In a few seconds, Paige is in the playroom on her knees in front of me. That also has her behind Connie.

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I point to Connie's sloppy pussy. "Eat that disgusting slop pit, skanky," I tell her.

"Yes, my Queen," Paige answers. A second or two Later, Paige's lips are on the mound of Connie's pussy. Paige's mouth is stretched wide open. Her tongue has pushed through Connie's slit. It lies against the side of Connie's pounding clit. Paige slowly circles her tongue around Connie's nub, swirling it leisurely and steadily. She sucks very gently as she does.

Connie can't get up. She lies there and screams the neediest of moans. She squirms, fighting against the ropes that bind her legs. Her hips thrash from side to side, not really moving, but more grinding her waist against the beam. Her head thrashes from side to side, too, tossing her blond hair around wildly. Her breasts dance around as they hang from her chest. Even Connie's hands squirm, trying to get free of their cuffs.

It takes Connie about a quarter of a minute. "MY QUEEN, MAY THIS WORTHLESS WHORE PLEASE HAVE PERMISSION TO ALLOW YOUR PUSSY CUM, MA'AM!" Connie screams, her voice primal and begging.

"Whatever, whore, go ahead and let my pussy cum," I tell her with an exasperated voice. As if I truly don't want to allow it.

Connie screams as she cums. The instant the first wave hits her, her entire body snaps hard against the ropes. It's powerful enough that I hear the wood of the sawhorses creak from it. Her back arches up as much as it can. Her feet kick against the legs they're bound to. She goes on screaming, her body snapping as more and more waves crash over her.

Paige goes right on eating Connie's pussy. I haven't told her to stop, so she's not going to. She'll go on until I tell her to stop. Connie isn't squirming nearly enough to knock Paige's head away. Connie can't, not their the ropes holding her.

Connie goes on screaming. It lasts about a minute before she screams out with a renewed urgency, her body



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shuddering just as crisply. The waves that were beginning to ebb start crashing over her just as powerfully as the first.

And then, maybe a minute later, Connie screams again with that freshness that tells me a third orgasm is hitting her.

Connie thrashes wildly for close to half of a minute. Then she falls loose, lying limp and spent over the beams. Her body quivers lightly, but that's all she shows. Even her screeching moans disappear, replaced by long, deep, and satisfied breaths. And Connie just lies there, no longer reacting at all to Paige's tongue.

I tell Paige to stop and dismiss her. Her job is done for now.

I have one job left to do. Once Connie "wakes" back up, I have to untie her and evict her from the realm. Her car should still be where she left it a week ago. I checked on it while she was with Emily.

I do so hope that a week of grounding and orgasm denial has taught her a lesson. I'd hate for her to have to return for a worse lesson!

It takes her twenty minutes to open her eyes. When she does, even her voice is lost and dreamy. It takes forever for her to get dressed on her wobbly legs.

# THE "USUAL SUSPECTS"

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



Slave-girl ("Sophie")

Age	Height	Weight
19	5'4"	121
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Blond	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-B	26	34

Debuts In: "Seducing Sophie"



Slave-whore ("Paige")

Age	Height	Weight
19	5'7"	118
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-B	29	34

Debuts In: "Paige: From College Girl To Slave-Whore"



# Newbie Slut-Bitch (“Elisha”)

Age	Height	Weight
18	5'7"	141
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
36-C	31	38
Debuts In: “Georgia Girl.”		