

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

Nadezhda Sarankhova



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Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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

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A Surprise For A Shy
Housewife

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

Prologue:

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

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

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

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

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

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

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

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

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

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

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

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

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

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



Chapter 01: Hello, Bitch

Chapter 01: Hello, Bitch

Carolyn is pretty much a stereotypical redneck woman. We still have more than our fair share of them here in Alabama. She's 38 years old. She has a 21-year-old son and an 18-year-old daughter, both of whom still live at home. She lives in a doublewide mobile home. But it's not in a trailer park. It's at the end of a dirt road, sitting on $\frac{3}{4}$ acre of land. She finished high school but went no further. Maybe because she was six months pregnant when she graduated? She's divorced and has been for 16 years now. I'd bet the house is all she got in the divorce. She doesn't seem to have much else.

As I pull up to her house, I can see that she has a 4' tall chainlink fence around the entire property. There's a gate across the driveway, but it isn't locked. Ted, her son promised me it wouldn't be. The grass is very well cared for and neatly cut short. There's a bunch of playground equipment in the yard. There's even a nice picnic table set out. It makes sense. Carolyn doesn't have a job, and never really has. She makes her money by running a "neighborhood daycare" in her home. I doubt it's the kind of place that's actually licensed. It's more the neighborhood stay-at-home mom who will watch your kid with hers for a few bucks. She's been doing that since her son was little. And even now that she doesn't have any kids under 18 herself, she's still doing it.

I know she's a fairly quiet woman. She doesn't go out. Almost never. Most of her friends are the other moms in the area, several of whom are also her clients. She's almost always at home, and almost always has a couple of kids there whom she's looking after.

She does have a boyfriend. They've been together for around a decade now, according to her son. He's a truck driver, home about every other weekend. Give or take. The rest of the time, she's on her own. But her two kids, Ted and his sister Donna, still live at home. Ted is a scholarship baseball player at USA, where I am also a student. Donna is a freshman at Bishop State College, where she's planning to get a certificate as a hairstylist. She won't get rich, but I guess there are far worse career paths out there.

It was Ted who came to first about Carolyn. I don't know him, but

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

I do know several of his fraternity brothers. I'm sure they've all talked about me. A couple of them have done favors for me, like building some of the frames I use in my playroom. Favors I've shown my appreciation for by offering them a party favor or two for their house. A party favor like Shelbie, a middle-aged redheaded toy of mine who seriously loves it when I give her away to be used wildly. And I'm sure she's gotten some good use around a fart house full of young, eager, boys.

Ted told me about Carolyn. He told me about Nate, her boyfriend. He told me that she's always had an interest in playing with someone like me. I wondered how he knew that. It's not exactly the kind of thing she'd openly talk to her son about. And she hasn't been looking around for partners.

Luckily for them, Ted gets along with Nate rather well. He tells me that Nate has always been good to her. It comes up when I tell him that I have a rule about never "whipping behind a spouse's back," and Nate counts as a spouse in my book. It's a long-term relationship, and that's what matters. That what I don't want to be part of breaking up.

Ted says it's not a problem, Nate is "fine" with things. Then he tells me that he can arrange for me to meet with Nate, privately, and talk to him myself. I doubt that's necessary. He wouldn't offer it if Nate wasn't willing to go along. But I accept anyway, more to get some extra information about Carolyn than to get his permission.

I met Nate a week later at a coffee shop out by campus. He seemed like a great guy. Nice, and not bad looking. He told me the same things, that he thought Carolyn would love "a visit" from me. He tells me that Carolyn never takes charge of anything in the bedroom. She always just goes along, rather eagerly, with whatever he wants. She's made plenty of little comments to him, such as when he'd teasingly call her naughty, she'd tell him that "naughty girls deserve a spanking." She likes being tied, too.

He tells me that he has little interest in doing those kinds of things with her. He wouldn't mind "watching a show." He wouldn't mind joining in, as long as he wasn't spanked or expected to spank. And as

Chapter 01: Hello, Bitch

long as there wasn't an audience for it.

He's also able to tell me more about what seems to interest Carolyn. And why he thinks she'd welcome a visit. She's doing all of the things that I've seen others do as they try to work up the nerve to find someone. But mostly it's because of her online chats. Before bed, she loves to chat with various Doms and Dommes online. It's "if I was your slave, what would you do with me?" kinds of chats. And many of those, the realistic ones, have gotten her very aroused. Lately to the point where she's had moist panties when she's joined Nate in bed.

Obviously, as most men seem to, Nate prefers that she plays with women instead of men. He's less thrilled about the idea of sharing her with another man. I'm sure he has some kinky ideas about sharing her with another woman, though. He is a man!

I'm mostly wondering what place I might have for her in my toy box. I have other women her age already in the toy box. I've seen pictures of her, and while she's pretty, she's nothing different from those I already have. Plus she has her business that I won't want to interfere with. That will limit the amount of time she's available to play. Not using her with other men would further limit her usefulness for me. On the other hand, she does have a daycare. I'm sure that she'd be useful to me as a babysitter. And I do occasionally have need of one when I want to visit a toy at her home who has kids. The kids have to go. I refuse to do anything with kids anywhere in the house. That way, they won't accidentally stumble onto anything I'd prefer they didn't.

I can't resist asking if he knows why Ted came to me. He does. Carolyn's nightly chats are an open secret. Ted's known of them for some time now. He's heard her make some remarks over the years, too. Remarks he now fully understands. Then, a few weeks ago, Carolyn had accidentally sent an email meant for Nate to Ted. It was a hot email she sent him while he was out on the road. It was a fantasy about Nate bringing one of his driver friends, a woman, home with him. The woman would immediately take charge of Carolyn and spank her while he just watched. And so on. Ted pretended he didn't read it and forwarded it

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

to Nate. He attached a note "If this is what you're into as well, I know someone who could help, and I'd be glad to introduce you to her." Neither mentioned the mistake to Carolyn.

But a few days later, Nate emailed Ted and asked about the person he knew. That would be me, although know is an overstatement. It's more like "know of" than "know." He told Nate about me, his fellow student who owns two slave-girls, and "definitely" plays with "older women." He knows that because he knows about Shelbie being sent to the frat house. He says he never partakes of Shelbie's service, but has seen her there and knows of others who have. Nate asked him if he thought I'd be interested in a single session, to allow Carolyn to "fully appreciate" what she's fantasizing about, and maybe more if both he and Carolyn found it "interesting." He promised to ask. And here we are. With me pointing out to them that any further sessions will also depend on whether Carolyn interests me.

Both describe Carolyn as a rather shy and quiet woman. Except with kids. She's pretty good at getting kids to do exactly what she wants them to. Then again, she has lots of practice at it. She's very slow to make friends, more so with men than women. And even then she's fairly private, not often talking much about herself beyond the minutiae.

Nate also adds that she's "eager" to have sex however he wants it. Oral sex as well. But not anal. She's never done that and isn't so interested in it. She doesn't like her bottom "messed with." Nate forwards several more of the emails he's gotten from her while he was on the road. They're all fantasies of hers. They're moderately similar. They all have the theme of another, usually, a woman (which I think to be a concession to his desire not to share her with another man) taking charge of her. Using her shamelessly. Controlling her firmly. It's fairly standard to me. I've read most of it before. I just wonder if she's only writing to him about the fantasies she thinks he'll like. And keeping the rest to herself.

I agree to "meet" her. I tell them that means I'll stop by the house when there are no kids there and introduce myself. My way. If Carolyn

Chapter 01: Hello, Bitch

wants to go along with a session, and if she's interesting enough to me, I'll give her a little lesson. If not, we'll go our separate ways. I make no promises what her session will include, or not include. Only that I won't be bringing any men over with me. As always, I'm only bringing my slave, or slaves, with me.

I propose that Ted finds a time when she won't have kids at the house, then let me know a few days ahead of time. He says about any night after eight would work. She tries to have all the kids gone by eight, but when a parent can't be there by then, she never argues either. I ask Nate when he could be home as well, and have it be a surprise to Carolyn.

Nate tells me that he comes back every second or third weekend. He works for himself, so he can schedule loads accordingly. He suggests Thursday night. Carolyn isn't expecting him until Friday late afternoon, but he can "rework" his planned loads and drop off in Pensacola Thursday evening instead of Friday. The load, he tells me, is going to a warehouse and they don't care if you're early. Just don't be late. From there, it's only about an hour's drive back to her house. Eight will be close. Nine o'clock is almost guaranteed unless there's an accident on the I-10 bridge.

I suggest that he text me, and plan on nine or later. No earlier. I will text him when I'm ready for him to come to the house. It will be mid-session. A surprise for Carolyn. He smiles and agrees. He says if he's earlier, he'll just park at the truck stop a few miles away and wait to hear from me. Ted assures me that he'll have the gate unlocked, and ensure the kids are gone. If not, he'll text me and I can plan again for another day.

I got Ted's text at 6:45 that all the kids were gone for the day. It was the third text he'd sent me today. The first two just reassured me that he's checking her schedule and it looks like all of the kids will be long gone by six, so definitely by seven. After that, it will just be him at home with her. And maybe Donna. Donna is the embodiment of unpredictability. She doesn't know of the plans, but she's not going to

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

care about it. If she's there, she'll be too lost in her own world to notice that there are people around her. I know plenty of girls just like that. I don't call any of them friends.

The plan is for Ted to warn Carolyn that he has a friend stopping by this evening. Nothing more.

When I knock on the door, it's Ted who answers it. I can hear him calling out to Carolyn that it's probably the friend he's waiting for. A friend from "school." He's grinning wide when he answers the door.

The house is at least 20 years old. Maybe a few more. And it shows its age. But it's also fairly well cared for. It's clean, too. As Ted shows us into the living room, I can see a couple of toy boxes filled with children's toys. But the toys are all in the toyboxes, not around the floor. Where I'm sure some of the kids left them. The sofa is the same as the house, older, but in good shape.

I've brought my slave-girl, Sophie. She goes everywhere with me. She's my handmaiden. She's the slave who stays at my side to cater to any whims I might have. And I am rather whimsical. She's dressed tonight as I always dress her, except when I'm sending her to class or her family will be around. She has one of her "slave dresses" on. That's what I call them. They're all-lace stretchy dresses that begin at her breasts and hug her body down to a full inch below the bottom curve of her behind. This dress is the pastel green one. It's fringed with delicate, frilly white lace. The lace does little to actually cover anything. It just makes you look closer to see through the holes in the lace. Sophie doesn't have underwear, not a bra nor panties, on underneath it. But she does have matching fingerless lace gloves. She gets matching boots with spiked-heels and sides of stiff lace instead of leather as well. And a plush fabric-covered horseshoe clip to hold her long hair out of her face. Then there's the pastel-green soft leather collar with its lacy fringe that's locked around Sophie's neck. The collar that never comes off. Never.

I've also brought Paige with me. Paige is barely 19-years-old. She's my house-slave and whore. She's the slave that I use to tease my

Chapter 01: Hello, Bitch

toys. If I need a tongue, a mouth, a bottom, or a pussy to tease a toy with, it's Paige's body that I use. Paige never gets any clothes in my apartment. But since I brought her along, something I do less often, I've given her a cute, and slutty, outfit to wear. It's an outfit that will keep her from getting arrested, but not much more. It's a snug-fitting black fishnet dress that "covers" about as much of her as Sophie's dress does. In other words, it leaves bare most of her skin. I've given her a black silky strapless bra with half-cups to wear under it. That's the only thing covering her breasts. I've given her matching panties. Those are silky, the kind that ties at her hips with narrow bands of ribbon. They cover her pubes and bottoms just enough for the law. I've given Paige a black lace garter belt to wear as well, and a pair of black fishnet stockings. And spiked, five-inch heels. It all goes with the hot pink dog collar that I keep locked around Paige's neck.

Tonight I have both slaves on their leashes as well. A pastel green leather leash for Sophie, and a pink one for Paige. Their leashes match their collars. Adorable! And it leaves zero doubt what they are. Slaves. My slaves.

As we take a seat on the sofa, I can see that Ted's eyes are feasting on Paige. She's not any prettier than Sophie. Both are pretty girls. But Paige is the one dressed up the sluttiest. She looks like a whore. Not the cheaper variety that inhabits trashy street corners, but the slightly more expensive variety that inhabits massage parlors and such. I'm sure the combination of slutty, and cheap, attire is what has Ted's eye. He is male!

Carolyn quickly calls out to Ted from the kitchen and asks if his guests would like anything. A polite hostess. The house isn't big, but there's an angle to these rooms. The kitchen is off to the side, at the far end. It leaves Carolyn unable to see who Ted just let in. I have Ted tell her that he could use coffee for one.

Carolyn yells back that it will be just a minute. I still haven't laid eyes on her. But that's fine. When she brings the coffee out, it will give me an excuse to get started. And if it doesn't, I'll just invent one.

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

It takes a few minutes. Long enough that it's obvious that Carolyn had to brew some coffee. Good, I hate instant! Call me a coffee snob. But the real stuff is better. And I like the best.

Carolyn comes out, carrying a coffee mug in one hand. In her other hand she has a few packets of sweetener and a couple of cups of creamer. The same kinds of stir-ins you'd find at any gas station. I guess there's no organic agave in her kitchen. She makes it about two steps before she sees the three of us sitting on the sofa. Unlike my slaves, I'm wearing a nice business suit tonight. I look like a very young professional woman. Carolyn freezes for an instant. Her eyes very quickly scan my slaves, then fix on me.

Carolyn takes the last few steps forward, her steps are now tentative and unsure. She quickly sets the coffee on the coffee table in front of me. She starts to take a quick step backward. "I thought..." Carolyn stutters softly to Ted, "you said... friend from school..." She hurries to take the next step back as if she's in a rush to get out of the room.

Without raising my voice even a single decibel, I snap. My voice is firm and stern. "Stop," I say. Carolyn immediately freezes mid-step. Her eyes snap wide and fix, still locked on me. "Is this how you serve guests in your home, bitch? Have you less manners than the apes in the cages at the zoo?"

I sigh. Carolyn, a nervous look on her face now, stands there dumbly mute. "slave," I say in my sweetest voice.

"Oh, yes, Mistress!" Sophie answers very quickly, her voice pure Southern-accented honey. She almost rolls off the sofa and onto her knees at my side, facing me. She kneels with her knees spread wide and her bottom sitting back between her heels. Sophie reaches for the coffee. She wrinkles her nose as she sees the offered condiments. She quickly mixes in a single creamer and packet of sweetener.

Sophie picks up the mug. She shifts her hands, turning her palms up and side by side, and resting the cup atop her palms. She holds her hands out even with her nipples and six inches in front of them. She

Chapter 01: Hello, Bitch

keeps her head up, her eyes slightly downcast. "Here is your coffee, Mistress, thank you for allowing me to serve you in a proper manner, Mistress." Sophie offers sweetly.

I take the coffee from her hands. I sip it. "That's all for the moment, slave," I tell Sophie. She quickly hops back up to sit on the sofa, leaving me to my coffee.

Carolyn stands where she was. She hasn't moved. I watched her out of the corner of an eye. I saw her watching Sophie with utter fascination in her eyes. And I'd bet she was taking notes. The fascination of actually seeing a tiny bit of D/s. Of her fantasy, live. Of knowing that some people actually live it. That it's not just fantasy people dream about in chat rooms.

I stare at Carolyn. "I am Miss Rodgers," I tell her in a slightly firm voice. "This is slave," I point to Sophie. "And this is skanky," I point to Paige. Then I turn to Ted. "And who is this rude bitch?"

"This is my mom, Carolyn Darlene," he tells me. I already knew that. I'd even told him that I was going to ask him, and how to answer me. He said he would, then laughed, "so it's half theater, is it?"

Carolyn stands mute as he answers for her. She's a fairly average woman, although with a slightly better-than-average figure for a mother of two. I'd guess she's around 5'6" and maybe 130 or 135 pounds.

She's dressed casually for the evening. As if she's just planning to hang around her house and not be seen by anyone important who isn't very close to her. She's wearing faded jeans that are only slightly snug on her. She's wearing an old t-shirt. She's wearing sandals on her feet, too. Comfy. Definitely not something she'd wear to be seen in.



Chapter 02: Be Polite

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

Carolyn has a face that's neither rounded nor especially oval. But it does have some sharp angles at her jawline. Not exactly harsh angles, but they're not the softest, either. She has long, straight, hair. It looks to me to be naturally black. I can see some of her roots like I would on a home dye job. But otherwise, her hair is bleached to a straw blond. It's long and straight, fanning out slightly as it hangs loosely to the middle of her back. Her black eyebrows just confirm to me that the blond is dye. She has pretty, doe-like, brown eyes. She has a slightly small nose with slightly sharp lines to it. But she has a very wide mouth framed with some rather plush and full, light pink lips. Despite her age, nearly 40, I can see only a single faint wrinkle line at the corner of each eye. And another gentle line at either side of her mouth when she smiles.

"Unless you're dumber than a goldfish, you know that naughty bitches have to be spanked for their misbehaviors. Like being rude to guests in their homes." I tell Carolyn with a hard sternness in my voice. It's not so much a cold voice, as an unyielding voice. A voice I hope that conveys to her that I'm not asking if she'd like to be spanked. I am telling her that she is going to be spanked. Although it actually is a choice. It's her house, she could throw me out if she wants to, couldn't she?

"Don't make it worse for yourself. Come over here and get your spanking like a big girl, bitch." I don't even stand up. I just crook a single finger, beckoning her to come to me.

Carolyn just stands there for a moment. Maybe a full second. Then, very tentatively, she starts to move one foot, stepping towards me. Her steps are small, baby steps. They're nervous steps. They're hesitant steps. Her hands come up to her chest, not flying, but not taking their time either. She hugs them close to her chest, shirking inward as her foot lands for the first step.

I see a slight quivering sweep over her body, from head to toe, as she begins her second step towards me. I see her face scrunch up, as if she's deathly afraid, or about to cry. Her choice is made though. She's coming over to me. She's going to be spanked. And she hasn't a clue what she's getting herself into.

Chapter 02: Be Polite

"Quit stalling. You're wasting my time," I snap firmly, still not raising my voice to her. "Unlike yours, my time is valuable. Get your sorry bottom over here, now, bitch."

It gets Carolyn moving faster, but not that much faster. Her steps are still reluctant. And she still shirks inward, hard. It should be about three steps to me. It takes her closer to eight to get here. Her steps are that small.

As soon as Carolyn is in range, I quickly reach my hand out and grab hold of the waistband of her jeans. It's an easy place for me to grab hold of, and just as easy to control her body by. "I said come, bitch," I remind her in a stern voice. I pull her forward.

Carolyn stumbles badly. I pull her at the pace of a normal walk, but it drags her over to me. She almost loses her footing, but she manages to stay up. She yelps out a startled "OH!" as she stumbles to me. I pull her over to my side. It leaves her standing in front of my right knee.

I loosen my grip on Carolyn's pants for a second. That's all the time I need. With my thumb, I'm able to just flip the button undone. The zipper doesn't take much more work to get down. Then I'm tightening my grip again, now holding both flaps of her jeans in my hand.

Carolyn stands stunned, her eyes fixed on me. She doesn't even notice that I've undone her pants. Her lips move slightly, as if she might be wanting to say something, but not even coming close to getting words out. And she quivers a little harder now.

"Over you go, naughty bitch," I tell her firmly. I wait a half of a second or so for her to move. She doesn't. She just cringes. Maybe in another couple of seconds, she'd find it in her to move. I'm not that patient. I give her a firm tug on her jeans, jerking slightly downward. It's nowhere close to hard enough to pull her down, but it's definitely enough to get her attention.

Very slowly, she starts to bend her knees, lowering herself down on to them. I wait until she's about halfway down, a point where her

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

knees won't support her much. She quivers. Her face is now a mask of pure fear. But I suspect it's the fear of not knowing what's going to be done to her. Another sharp tug on her jeans drops her quickly to her knees. And I didn't even have to get up.

I let go of Carolyn's waistband. I put that hand to the back of Carolyn's neck. Then I just pull forward and down. It pulls her chest over my knees. As she lowers, before she's flush on me, I open my legs a bit to push my thigh snugly into the bend of her waist. It leaves my other thigh up at her breasts, a place where my leg will fully support her upper body. It leaves her thighs hanging down, her knees about a hair above the floor. Her hands come up reflexively as she "falls" over my legs, leaving them under her shoulders on the far side of my legs. Those quickly find the floor, bracing against it.

I take my hand off of Carolyn's neck. I put my left hand on her back, between her shoulder blades, pushing her fine hair aside as I do. My right hand has work to do. I go to the waistband of her jeans, this time at the small of her back. I grip it, hooking my thumb under her pants. It puts the back of my thumb against her skin.

I shove. Not hard or roughly, but enough that I quickly pull her pants down. As they slide over her bottom, my thumb hooks her panties and takes them down along with her pants. I keep them going, all the way down until her jeans are stretched around the middle of her thighs. It has them an inch or two below the very bottom of her globes.

"OH!" Carolyn shrieks out as she feels her pants being pulled down. It's a cry of utter shock and surprise. It's high-pitched and girly. And it rings with a very nervous tone to it. She starts fidgeting hard on my legs, too. Her shoulders and hips squirm hard. But she doesn't try to get up. She just squirms nervously, as if she can't stay still.

And now I have a perfect view of her bare bottom. Her cheeks are well-rounded, both across and vertically. They're well-shaped, too. They're not firm or hard, but instead, have a very slight softness to them. They have a defined rounded curve at their bottoms, and it's not a curve that hangs or sags. She has a short-looking crack where the inside edges

Chapter 02: Be Polite

of her cheeks lie flush against each other, fully closing her crack and hiding it from sight. Even now with her cheeks pulled moderately taut by bending her over my lap. Just under her full cheeks, I can see a few wisps of dark hair poking out.

Sophie quickly puts the handle of a paddle in my right hand. The paddle I've selected for this is a short one. It's only 14" long. And it's narrow, 1 ½" across, like the width of a man's belt. It's stiff, hard leather. Leather that's stiff enough to hold it's paddle shape instead of drooping as a belt would. It has a nice wood handle on it for me, too.

I lie the leather of the paddle across the center of Carolyn's globes as lightly as I can. Even that gentle touch gets a nervous shriek from Carolyn. I suspect that's from the touch of the leather on her skin telling her that not only is she about to be spanked, but she's going to be spanked on her bare bottom. With nothing to cushion the swats.

Carolyn fidgets even harder now. She still isn't trying to get up. More her hips are grinding against my thigh as they squirm desperately around.

I slowly stroke the leather of the paddle over her bare cheeks, caressing her soft flesh with it. It lets me see that the layer of fat on those cheeks is rather thin. I'd bet her cheeks are going to be spongy soft, just firm enough to hold their shape without sagging even a hair when she stands. It's perfect, for a middle-aged woman's bottom. I am going to enjoy spanking her.

Her antsy nervousness tells me that it's been a very long time since anyone spanked her. Probably since she was a little girl. She definitely doesn't remember what it's like. What she's about to feel.

"Three strokes out to remind you to be a polite bitch," I tell her firmly, but with my voice soft now as well. As if I'm her judge passing sentence. Detached, as if it's not personal for me, but firm, as if my judgment isn't flexible.

Then I lift the paddle up. I hear Carolyn suck in a sharp, nervous breath as she feels it leaving her bottom, and knows the first of those

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

strokes is about to come.

I snap the paddle with about half of the power I could put into it. I'm trying to spank her, and it should hurt. But I also don't want her first spanking to be too bad for her. I don't want it to be agony. I just want it to be firm and teach her that she's going to face true discipline as my toy.

"OW!" Carolyn shrieks out loudly as the paddle lands across the centers of her globes with a loud crack. It sears a light pink welt across the milky white flesh of both cheeks. I even see a faint ripple on the tops of her globes as it strikes. "Oh! OW! OW! THAT HURTS!" Carolyn nervously babbles, blurting it out with a sob in her voice. Her cheeks jiggle lightly as her hips squirm her bottom with a ferocious vigor. "Oh! OW! OW! OW!"

I leave the paddle where it is, loosely, mostly against her cheeks. But not really touching them. Or not trying to. Just where it happens to have landed. "Carolyn, be a big girl now and count your stroke. Politely."

"One stroke, Ma'am..." Carolyn babbles through her whining sobs. I tell her that's not humble enough for a repentant naughty bitch, and tell her what to say.

"One, Ma'am," Carolyn counts her stroke again. "Thank you for spanking my naughty bottom for being a rude bitch, Ma'am."

I don't give her any longer. She's had enough of a rest already after counting her stroke twice. I bring my paddle back up and snap it down, just as hard as the first time. But I do give her the mercy of shifting it a little, landing the stroke just below the already stinging pink line across her bottom. It spares that burning flesh from another stroke directly on it.

This one lands with just as loud of a crack. And it leaves a matching welt across her globes, just as pink, and so close to the first that I can barely make out the fine white line separating them.

"OW!" Carolyn shrieks out again. Her bottom hadn't quite calmed from its hard squirming after the first stroke. Now it instantly squirms

Chapter 02: Be Polite

again with its full energetic wildness. The so cute jiggle of the tops of her globes makes it look as if her bottom is trying to shake off the sting that's now lancing into it. Again. This cry is even higher in pitch, more anxious, and squealier than the first.

"OH! OW!... OW!" She goes on babbling, "OH! OW! PLEASE, LET THIS BE ENOUGH, MA'AM. IT HURTS TOO MUCH!"

"Carolyn Darlene." I snap, my voice firm with the tone of a parent scolding a naughty toddler. It's one of my favorite voices to use with middle-aged moms. I've come to find they hate it as much as they like it. That they find the tone especially humiliating. I decide to give her a very short break. "Count your stroke."

"Two, Ma'am..." Carolyn answers. Now her voice is almost a pure whiny sobbing tone. Like the tone of a crying little girl. "Thank you for spanking my naughty bottom for being a rude bitch, Ma'am..."

"That's better. You can be a big girl for your spanking. Is this how you spank your little girls here when they're naughty?"

"No, Ma'am... I don't take their pants down!"

"But you turn them over your knees, don't you?"

"Yes, Ma'am..."

"Well, now you're the naughty little girl," I say with a giggle to my voice. As I do, Carolyn's break is over. I lift my paddle back up. And bring it back down.

"OW!" Carolyn shrieks out. It's almost a bawling scream this time. It's far more of a shriek than the swat warrants. This one is just as hard as the first two. And I even landed it above the other two welt stripes, turning a fair portion of her cheeks pink while sparing them from a second stroke atop any of the stinging pink flesh.

"OW! OW! OW!" Carolyn goes on sobbing out. Her bottom squirms sharply, wiggling her cheeks, jiggling them, and trying to shake the sting out of them. Her feet squirm on the floor just as much. And now they come up, her knees bending backward, almost bringing them

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

up in front of her bottom to protect it.

Carolyn lies over my knees, not trying to rise despite having gotten all three of her strokes. "Three, Ma'am," Carolyn counts out in a sniffling, sobbing voice. "Thank you for spanking my naughty bottom for being a rude bitch, Ma'am." She lies in place, fidgeting around energetically. And sobbing away.

"Are you ready to be a polite bitch now?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." Her voice is pure sobbing, but her answer comes quickly and firmly.

"Promise me. Politely."

"I promise to behave and be a very polite bitch now, Ma'am."

"Get on your knees. Do *nothing* else."

Carolyn eagerly braces her hands against the floor and uses them to push her shoulders up a bit. Then she starts straightening up, her knees almost instantly on the floor. She rises up beside me, to her knees, her thighs straight up and down. She obediently doesn't touch her pants. As she kneels, the waist of her jeans is still bunched up around the middle of her thighs.

Now I can see her face. I can see the tears running from her cheeks. I can see that the discount makeup that she's wearing is starting to run. I can see her face scrunched up as she sniffles and sobs. Exactly like a toddler would be doing after a spanking.

Her hands wander for a fraction of a second as if she can't figure out what to do with them. Then they quickly go to her bottom and start trying to rub her cheeks. To soothe the fiery sting still filling them.

I quickly grab her arms and pull them forward until her hands drop at her sides. "Bad girl!" I snap a stern scolding. "I said nothing. Rubbing that sore bottom of yours is something, isn't it?"

"Yes, Ma'am... I'm really sorry, Ma'am! I didn't know! Please!" Carolyn blurts out nervously.

Chapter 02: Be Polite

"Oh, you knew. You just said so. You just didn't think. I ought to send you to the corner to think about why you need to behave like a good girl for me."

"PLEASE! Please, Ma'am, I promise I'll be good! I'll be on my best behavior, Ma'am!"

"Just this once... I'll tell you what. Let's ask Mr. Collins if you're going to the corner or not. I'll let him decide."

Carolyn's face immediately pales. Ted never left the room. I told him that it was his choice when he left her alone, to me. He could stay as long as he wanted, or go when he wanted. I also showed him two little hand signals that I'd use to communicate my preference to him. I told him that, in the beginning, I'd let him know if I wanted him to leave. Uncued to leave, he stayed, and it was his choice.

But he stayed against the far wall. It has him behind Carolyn, where she couldn't, and still can't see him. Where she's showing him a full-on view of her glowing pink naked bottom now. And now she's just realized it. That her son just saw her spanked like a little girl. The wave of humiliation that hits her is just as powerful as the spanking itself was.

"Stay where you are. Ask him, very politely, if you have to go to the corner or if you get a second chance."

Her tears roll a little faster now. "Mr. Collins," Carolyn begins, her voice as shamed as it is sobbing. "I'm sorry for being bad and not thinking. Would you like me to go to the corner for being bad, Sir, or may I please be allowed to have a second chance and prove to your friend that I can keep my promise and behave?"

I nod to Ted. It's my way of telling him to let her have a second chance. If I didn't want her to, I wouldn't have let her beg him for one. I'd have her in the corner by now. But Ted won't know that. He sees my nod, and tells her, "You can't have a second chance, but if I were you, I'd behave. Miss Rodgers doesn't seem like the kind of girl who'll give you another."

"Yes, Sir. Thank you for allowing me another chance, Sir." Carolyn

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

sobs out, her shamed voice now relieved as well.



Chapter 03: Get Naked

Chapter 03: Get Naked

"Fix your pants, bitch," I firmly, but softly, tell Carolyn.

She does hesitate this time. Her hands very quickly reach for the waistband of her jeans and pull them up, bringing her panties up at the same time. She must be glad to get them up and cover herself. She squeals another loud "OW!" as her pants come up over her sore bottom. And her bottom, definitely stinging and sore, isn't that sore. She only got three strokes, not the usual five rudeness will earn a toy. She stays put on her knees, not even trying to rise up to her feet as she fixes her clothes.

It saves me the trouble of having to scold her for standing. I didn't tell her to do that. And it leaves me able to stand over her despite being four or five inches shorter than Carolyn. "I think you need to learn some manners, bitch," I tell her.

"Yes, Ma'am..." Carolyn says, the nervousness back in her voice.

"No time like the present. Stand," I tell her.

I watch as Carolyn cautiously gets up to her feet. She stands, her body loose, her hands at her sides. I quickly scold her to "pretend she's a lady, not just some trashy bitch of a slut that I scraped out of an even more disgusting gutter," and stand up straight. Then I scold her to put her hands behind the small of her back, where they belong. And to open her feet a few inches. The only thing I don't have to scold her to do is to keep her eyes slightly downcast. She seems to have that idea on her own. But that's just so stereotypical! I'll bet it's in about every story she read and picture she saw.

"Let's see if you can dress yourself properly, bitch," I tell her. Now my voice is as taunting as it is firm. It's kind of a "mean girl" bully voice. "Take that shirt off."

I kind of already know what I'm going to find. I saw enough of Carolyn's panties when I pulled them down to know they're black. I don't know what her bra is like, but with that white shirt on, I know it's a light color. If it were black, I'd be able to see its outline through the shirt.

Carolyn shirks back a hair, cringing inward on herself, but her

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

hands go to the hemline of her shirt. She lifts it up slowly, reluctantly baring her body. She stands with the shirt in her hand, obviously lost as to what to do with it.

I tell her to "take care of her things." I have her turn it right-side-out. Then I have her fold it up neatly. "Perhaps Mr. Collins will be so nice as to hold your shirt for you... Ask him. Politely."

Carolyn cringes hard. Fresh tears roll down her cheeks. She stands mute for a second. Then she slowly turns to face her son, and asks "Mr. Collins, will you please hold my shirt for me, Sir?"

"Uh... Sure..." Ted says. Now I can hear a little uneasiness in his voice. He reaches a hand out and takes the shirt from Carolyn. He steps back, putting some distance between them, and stands there with her shirt loose in his hand.

It leaves Carolyn in just her bra from the waist up. It's one of the most modest bras I've seen. It's definitely not something I'd wear, either. It's pastel pink and cotton. It has full cups, like triangles that cover every bit of her mounds, and then some. It has a wide band around her body, and it's just as wide between the cups. The straps taper as they rise to her shoulders, but never narrow to what I'd call thin. It's almost like a sports bra. There's that much fabric covering her body.

Otherwise, I can see her body. I can see that's an attractive body, too. Her shoulders are slightly narrow and lean. They're lean enough that I can see the outlines of her collar bones. I'm not sure about the lines of her ribs, the bra covers too much of her sides for me to be sure. But it lets me see a flat stomach with skin that looks to have lost some of its youthful elasticity but still looks taut on her. And it lets me see a very nice feminine curve at her waist.

It's a small bra. Or should I say that it's a bra for small breasts? Even without seeing her mounds, I can tell they're small. They barely swell the bra out. It's just loose enough on her mounds that I can't tell if her nipples are hard or not. I just hope she has some sexier things for Nate to see her in. She must be saving those for tomorrow. That's when she expects him to come back home.

Chapter 03: Get Naked

"Now get those jeans off," I tell her, "maybe Mr. Collins will hold those for you, too."

She moves even slower to unbutton them. I doubt the irony of having just buttoned them ever dawns on her. She might be slow, but she does as she's told, slipping her jeans down to reveal a less modest pair of black cotton panties. They're fairly low cut on her hips, with narrow straps at her sides. More like a good-sized triangle of cotton that fully covers her pubes and mound. But at least it doesn't cover too much more than it needs to. They're definitely comfortable everyday wear, but they're also cute enough that she wouldn't mind Nate seeing her in them.

More importantly, it lets me see that she has narrow hips with soft, flowing curve lines to them. Hips that are just full enough to hide her bones. And nicely rounded as they do. It lets me see a pair of lean legs, too. Shapely legs.

It's when I decide that Carolyn is a pretty woman. Her face is pretty, but it shows a trace of her age and has a little edge of roughness to it. But her body doesn't. It has nice, soft curves and taut skin that any guy would love. It's a body that she should be flaunting.

Ted takes her jeans and holds them along with her shirt. But he's slightly more reluctant as he does. As if his mom is getting more undressed than he'd care to see. But not yet to the point where he'll leave. I'm not here to tease, or torment, Ted. But I am so not above using him to torment Carolyn. At least for as long as he stays here. He is free to leave. And he's not stupid, so he has to know that the longer he stays, the more of her he's going to see.

I scold Carolyn in a rather mocking, bullying voice. I scold her for not being able to dress herself like a "proper little bitch." She shirks back hard as I scold her, even before I tell her what's wrong with her attire. Her bra and panties don't match. It makes it look like she just put on whatever rags were on top of the trash heap. Or so I tell her. I tell her that I expected that, too. Trashy bitches tend to wear rags. Clothes are for ladies, something she's clearly not.

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

"You want to act like a gutter whore? You want to dress like a gutter whore? Fine." I taunt her in my bullying voice. "You can be a gutter whore. Let's see those boobs, bitch. Take your bra off and if I were you, I'd beg Mr. Collins to hold that for you. I'd hate to have to throw it in the trash and see what else you can scrape out of the gutter to wear tomorrow." I grin as I look at her.

Carolyn cringes.

I give her half of a second, no more. Her hands haven't started moving yet. I don't want her to think. Just to obey. "Hurry up, bitch, show us all those boobs," I snap.

It does the trick. Her quivering hands rise faster than she's moved yet. They go to the bottom of her bra and start lifting up, pulling it over her head like a sports bra. I almost scold her for that, but then I see the back of it and see that it doesn't have a clasp. It just stretches and hugs her body, as a sports bra would. It seems to be snug on her everywhere, except on those mounds of hers.

She hurriedly folds her bra, doing a decent job of it at best. "Mr. Collins, Will you please hold my bra for me, Sir? Please, Sir, I can't afford for Her to throw it away. Please, hold it for me, Sir." Carolyn heard me! She begs until she sees Ted start to reach to take the bra from her hand. "Thank you, Sir! I appreciate you hold my bra for me, Sir!" She tells him, her voice as much embarrassment as gratitude. And a little relief.

It bares a pair of small breasts. Her mounds are nicely rounded. But tiny. They rise off her chest, just like half oranges, fully curving on the bottom and the front, then taking a very slight sloping as they rise up on the top. They can't rise more than an inch or so off her chest. They look as if they're soft and slightly loose. As if they'll feel like water balloons as I squish them. Maybe very soft sponges. But she doesn't have enough breast for them to sag. That takes one thing her breasts don't have. Weight.

She has dark pink-purple rings atop those little mounds. They're no bigger than a quarter. And they look to be offset slightly, angling more upward than straight out. By comparison, the nipples centered in

Chapter 03: Get Naked

those rings are huge. Those are as wide as the tip of my pinkie finger. And they're as hard as rocks. They rise a good ¼", maybe more, like steel rods straight off the rings. They have almost flat tips to them, and that gives the tops of her nipples a defined rim. And sides, like rods rising off her soft mounds.

"Oh, silly me!" I giggle, "I thought you'd have boobs to show!.. what size are those breasts? 34- with 10-A's after it?" Off to my side, I hear the faint chuckling that Sophie is trying hard to hide. There's no such thing as a 34-AAAAAAAAAAAA bra. It would be huge, but with inverted cups! A 34-AAA is essentially flat. But no woman likes to have the size of her breasts mocked. Especially by a better-endowed woman.

"34-AA, Ma'am..."

"Is that what size that bra is, Ted?" I ask him.

Ted hesitates for just a second. Then he fumbles with the bra, searching for the tag. "Nope..." He says once he finds it, "It's a 34-A."

Sophie giggles, loudly. But now I've silently given her permission to. It was just a little hand gesture behind my back that Carolyn wouldn't see.

"No wonder it was so loose on those tiny boobs!" I mockingly say. "Ted, you can toss it away. No filthy bitch in my realm is going to wear a bra that doesn't fit. Better she just doesn't wear a bra. She can try again in the morning, and maybe she'll stop pretending she has boobs and wear the right size."

Carolyn shirks inward, blushing and weeping slightly. But she stands there, taking the insult. I'm sure she knows the bra doesn't quite fit. It's also obvious to me, by now, that humiliation is unwelcome for her.

"Might as well get those panties off and show us your skanky pussy, too, bitch. Go on, maybe Mr. Collins will hold those as well."

Carolyn gives up on her modesty. And her shame. She still cringes as I order her to take her panties off, but she just slides those

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

down, folds them in half, and begs her son to hold on to them for her.

It leaves Carolyn standing there completely naked. It lets me see the full, dense jungle of dark black tangly fur on her pubes. But only on her pubes. She has it trimmed inside the creases of her thighs. I can see the thick fur, with its long hairs, flowing down between the tops of her thighs to cover her mound, too. What I can't really see is her mound. The dark fur mostly hides her mound. But I can tell that her mound is going to be fairly flat. I don't see any of her inner folds peeking out into the fur either, so I'd bet her slit is fairly narrow and fine as well.

I can't resist the chance to mock Carolyn one more time. Especially now that she's naked. "Ted, who do you think is the prettiest woman in this room?" I've nudged Ted around to where he can see all of us, and especially to where he can see Carolyn full-on from the front in "all her glory."

I wait as Ted glances over the three of us. I wonder who he's going to pick. Paige is dressed the trashiest, flaunting herself shamelessly. Plus he knows, if he gets to touch anyone, Paige is the likely candidate. He settles on me. I ask him for second place, and he picks Sophie. I would have, too. Paige, while pretty, has more of a girl-next-door look to her face. And she has a rather lean, almost stick-like, figure. It's feminine and attractive, but Sophie is curvier. Paige gets third place.

"Well, that only leaves one!" I squeal with a little amusement in my voice. "Carolyn is the ugliest! Tell me, Ted, I know how you guys always rate us girls. Now that you can see every bit of this bitch, what would you rate her trashy butt?"

"Uh..." Ted answers, clearly uneasy about rating his mom's nude body. And realizing that it's too late for him to flee now. The question has been asked. "Uh... maybe a seven?"

"Seriously?" I ask with a heavy note of disbelief in my voice. "With those microscopic boobs?"

"Uh... well... she's..." Ted sputters, clearly trying to think of

Chapter 03: Get Naked

something to say that's not so intimate. "She... uh... has a good figure..."

"Oh, you mean those curves! I'll give you that. She's definitely not fat." I casually reach out a hand, putting it to her breast. Carolyn doesn't shirk back this time, just inward. I use the tips of my fingers to give the mound a little squeeze, feeling its softness. It's better than I thought it would be, more like a very wet dough in my hand. "But seriously, these boobs are like water they're so flabby!" they're not, but I'll bet she wishes they were bigger and firmer. "Surely that's worth a point or three off! Here, come feel them yourself!"

Ted doesn't move to feel her breasts. I didn't really expect him to. "Uh... well... maybe a six..." He just down rates her. As if he's just anxious for me to get this over with.

"Carolyn, are you ready to show us all how polite of a bitch you can be?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Carolyn answers.

"Good, go get us all a fresh cup of coffee. And serve it as a proper gutter bitch. Go."

Five minutes later I have a fresh cup of coffee. And Carolyn, still as naked as the day she was born, in serving Ted a cup. On her knees, with her knees and feet spread wide. Her bottom sitting back between her heels. Her back up straight. Her eyes downcast as the cup rests atop her upturned palms. Palms that are in the same place Sophie's were when Sophie served me. Even with her nipples and a mere six inches from them.

Ted looks rather uncomfortable. I can see that he's studiously trying to avoid actually eyeing Carolyn's breasts. Even as he reaches down to get his coffee from the hands that are so close to those protruding nipples.

Carolyn shirks and blushes the entire time she's on her knees serving me, then Ted, and finally Sophie a cup. She looks utterly miserable. And utterly humiliated. Her eyes are fully wet the entire

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

time as if she's just barely holding back her tears. But her nipples stay rock hard, and I can see the gleam in those eyes.

It tells me the truth. She's enjoying her time on her knees. Even the time she's serving her son. She must be enjoying me flaunting her body, too. I guess Mrs. Shy here is just too timid to flaunt her own body. Fine. I'll do it for her. This could be fun.



Chapter 04: A Slut

Chapter 04: A Slut

"On your feet, slut," I tell Carolyn in my firm voice. My voice that's almost as firm as an old-fashioned drill sergeant.

Carolyn slowly rises to her feet and obediently gets her hands behind her back. But even now I can see how her body is hugging in on itself. As if she desperately doesn't want to be naked now. As if she's embarrassed worse than she's ever been. I can see those hard nipples straining, too.

Ted, however, looks to be relieved to no longer have to avert his eyes not to be staring at her breasts. As she rises, she turns to face me, and that puts her side to Ted. It has his eyes on the outside of her thighs. A much less intimate view. He averts his eyes down a little, making sure that he's more seeing her knees and feet than anything else. Too bad, she has a cute bush and a nice curvy bottom.

"Now you're going to show us all what a complete slut you are," I grin wide as I tell her in a taunting voice. "In-depth, like a cheap slut."

I point to the coffee table and tell Carolyn to "bend over it." I go right on explaining to her that means for her to face it and lean all the way over to rest her forearms on the coffee table, with her wrists at the far edge, hands dangling over the far side, and elbows on it. Then she's to spread her feet, opening her legs wide, until her back is flat with the floor. And then she's to pick her head up and look straight ahead. After that, all she has to do is to stay still and behave.

The position put her facing Ted. Ted immediately averts those eyes again, this time carefully avoiding the view under her chest to her tiny breasts as those nipples stick downward. He avoids looking at her face as well.

It has her side towards me, so I have to get up to stand behind her. I wait until I'm behind her to have Sophie hand me a pair of latex gloves. I loudly snap each glove as I pull it onto my hands.

Carolyn flinches so hard she almost jumps up off her feet with each snap. It keeps her fully distracted. She doesn't notice Sophie sending the text message to Nate. She doesn't really notice Sophie at

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

all. She's too busy worrying about what I might be going to do to her that requires me to wear gloves.

I put my fingers to those furry lips of hers. I feel the sharp shivering shudder hit her body the instant my fingers touch her fur. The instant she can feel them pushing the hairs aside as my fingertips close to her lips. A second, crisper, shiver hits her when my fingers touch the skin of those lips.

As I knew they would be, I can now see that her lips are long and wide. That they meet fully, leaving a narrow dark line for a slit. And I can see that they're plump, her mound puffing out decently. I can see just how untamed the jungle atop those lips is, too. It does a good job of hiding everything, even with its edges trimmed up.

I use my fingers to push her lips wide apart. It lets me see the light shade of pinkness beyond. It lets me see a pair of long, but short, inner folds. Those are soft and wrinkly as they rise around her tunnel and up to meld together into a single ridgeline above. I can see the tight knot of folds that nest her clit. And I can see her clit, as wide as a pencil eraser, poking its head up a good bit above those soft folds. I can see a layer of creamy, clear honey that clings to everything. And I can see the entrance of her tunnel, no wider than my thumb, its spongy soft walls almost swelling inward to meet each other and close it up. There's a thicker layer of honey there, too.

I use the fingers of one hand to hold her lips wide. I use the tip of a finger to flick over the hard nub of her clit. It's a single, fast flick, my finger simply flying over it in the middle of a larger stroke. Her clit is standing out enough that my finger jiggles the nub. It lets me feel that her clit is as hard as her nipples. Like steel.

It gets a flinch from Carolyn. And a loud, squealing, "OOH!-EE!" It's a flinch so hard that she jumps, her feet briefly coming up off the floor, her back arching, as she squeals. She lands back on her feet quickly. Then she pants a fast-paced breath before she calms.

"Oh... is your little clit all nice and eager now, slut?" I ask in an especially teasing voice.

Chapter 04: A Slut

"Yes, Ma'am..." Carolyn answers.

"Too bad, since the only dick here belongs to Ted and I'm pretty sure he's not interested in fucking that skank pit just because you're as horny as a toad, slut." I laugh. "Now let's see how slutty that skank pit is. Try to behave and stay still this time. Unless you want another spanking, that is."

I put the tip of a finger to the entrance of her tunnel. I feel the sharp tremor as it runs through her body, but her feet stay on the floor this time. I can feel the fiery hot heat burning those walls, too.

I start pressing the tip of my finger very slowly, letting it inch into her tunnel. Quickly I feel the sponginess, the softness, of those meaty walls as they lightly cuddle all around my finger. And I really feel the heat in them. I can feel the thick layer of her honey, its slipperiness greasing my finger's way into her depths.

As my finger slowly slips deeper and deeper into Carolyn's tunnel, I can feel her body shivering erotically. Constantly. I can feel those shivers twitching the soft walls of her pussy, too. It leaves zero doubt just how anxious her pussy is. If I don't allow some relief, she's going to be masturbating the instant no one is looking.

I can hear her sucking in a single, long, sharp breath the entire time my finger moving. It looks like her face scrunches up and her jaw hangs wide open, too. But it's hard to tell from behind her.

It's not hard to tell that she's utterly humiliated. Not just because Ted is seeing everything, but more so because she's forced to stare at him and see him seeing it. And there is definitely no hiding her arousal now.

I stop with my finger fully inside her tunnel. As small as I am, my finger doesn't quite reach to the very back of her pussy. It leaves her pussy cuddling all around the length of my finger. And that leaves my thumb angling downward, right over her clit.

I gently lower my thumb until it's lightly resting atop her stiff nub. That gets yet another shudder from Carolyn, even though it's not

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

moving. I can still feel the twitches, the light tremors, sweeping through those soft walls. This is going to be fun.

I start wiggling my finger with tiny strokes. Just to tease her pussy.

Carolyn tenses up and exhales a deep, primal, "UH!" She shudders, sharply, her bottom almost wiggling.

"You've been masturbating this pussy a lot, haven't you, slut?" I ask Carolyn in a very taunting, and soft, voice. My finger keeps on teasing her as I do.

"Yes, Ma'am," she answers, stuttering lightly, her voice suddenly throaty.

I let my thumb start moving as my hand wiggles that finger inside her. My thumb barely moves at all, more gliding along over the tip of her nub.

"UMM!!!" Carolyn purrs at full volume. She shudders crisper as well. She sucks in a very fast "OH!" and then purrs another long "UMM!" as I tease away.

"I guess that pussy wants to cum now, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am... More than ever, Ma'am!" Carolyn breathes out urgently. Her bottom starts snapping, not really thrusting, but more rotating upwards as if poking her pussy out as an offering to me. It nicely thrusts her mound out from between her splayed thighs.

"Ask Mr. Collins for His permission to cum, slut," I tell her firmly. I watch as Ted's eyes snap up to me, letting me know he didn't expect it and doesn't welcome it. I just shake my head, cuing him what answer I want him to give. Not that I won't just overrule him if he allows her to.

"Mr. Collins, please, Sir, may I please have permission to cum now, Sir? Please, Sir! Please, I have to cum so badly!" Carolyn forgets her modesty and begs shamelessly. But she does it with her eyes closed. I can see that from here, the way her eyes are scrunched so tightly.

Chapter 04: A Slut

"Like I want to see that?" Ted chides her. "Hell no!"

"Oops!" I giggle, "I guess you get to suffer!" I keep my finger teasing her pussy. I feel those twitches racking through her walls growing sharper and stronger by the wiggle, too. After a few more seconds, I feel her honey start to flow much faster, more like a geyser. It happens suddenly. And it makes me think she's about to cum whether she has permission or not.

"I've heard you're awfully prissy about your butt, slut. That you don't let anything in there."

"Yes, Ma'am, I hate it! It hurts," she answers quickly.

I giggle. "I think your butt is as slutty as the rest of you, and you just don't want anyone to know you're a gutter whore. I'll see..." I pull my finger quickly from her pussy.

"UGH!" Carolyn grunts out with frustration as she feels my finger vanish from her pussy. She pants a fast breath, too. Her bottom shakes from side to side.

In well under a second, the honey-slickened tip of my finger is flush against the outside of the dark ring of Carolyn's asshole. I press just hard enough for me to feel the faint wrinkles lining her purplish ring. And the hardness of the clenching muscle beyond.

Carolyn sucks in a panicked breath. "Please, Miss Rodgers, don't shove it up my butt, Ma'am! Please, Ma'am, please don't hurt me, Ma'am!"

I start pressing with the gentlest of pressure. It's enough for her purplish ring to funnel inward slightly. And it's enough for Carolyn to cinch her asshole even tighter to resist. It draws it out.

But in a second, or less, her muscle starts to yield, overpowered by the gentle pressure. Her muscle still clenches tightly, even as the tip of my finger begins to press forward into the little pinpoint of darkness at its center. I can feel the hard muscle squeezing firmly around my finger, as I stretch it slightly to make room for my finger. And then I can

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

feel that tight ring squeezing all around my finger. Greased by her honey, my finger keeps slipping easily forward through the depth of her thick ring.

"OW!" Carolyn screeches out, "OH, OW! GET IT OUT! PLEASE, GET IT OUT! GET IT OUT!" she cries out pleadingly. But she stays still. With nothing holding her from moving, that can only mean she wants me to ignore her. That she feels the need to protest and plead. But with her asshole cinched so tightly, she's definitely feeling the unpleasantness of my pushing into her backside.

I feel the tip of my finger begin to emerge from her tight ring. I get my finger barely inside her. Maybe all of my fingernail is inside, leaving her asshole squeezing hard around my finger just above the first knuckle.

"IT HURTS, MISS RODGERS!" Carolyn screeches out, her plea even more urgent than before. "PLEASE, MA'AM, PLEASE, GET IT OUT OF MY BUTT, MA'AM! PLEASE, MA'AM! I WANT IT OUT! GET IT OUT OF ME!"

I keep my finger pressing steadily into her bottom. I get to feel the tightness of her asshole slipping along the length of my finger. It gets about halfway between the first and second knuckles.

Carolyn starts crying. "PLEASE, MISS RODGERS, PLEASE! GET IT OUT OF ME!" She sobs again, sniffing. Her voice drops from the screeching. "Please, Ma'am, please at least don't go so deep, Ma'am! I'll behave. I'll be good for you. Please, just stop there, Ma'am? You're up my butt, Ma'am, isn't that enough?"

I ignore her. I keep going until every bit of my short finger is inside her bottom. Her asshole still clenching its tightest around the base of my finger. The webbing between my fingers flush against the outside of her deep-purple ring. Then I stop it.

Carolyn pants a few breaths of relief mixed with a strong uncomfortableness. She sobs a few times too as my finger stays still inside her.

I can feel the natural waste in her bottom against the back of my

Chapter 04: A Slut

finger. I can feel the filmy wall of her rectum against the pad of my finger. And the paper-thin wall of smooth muscle beyond. I can feel their fierce heat burning through that muscle, too. Andi can feel the sharp twitches still racing through Carolyn's pussy just beyond her rectum.

I start wiggling the pad of my finger, pressing down very lightly. It's just enough pressure for my finger to push against the backside of Carolyn's spongy pussy walls. It's a tiny wiggle, too.

"UH!" Carolyn blurts out instantly, her voice throaty, urgent, and strained. "OH!... OOH!" Her voice fades into a very hot purring as it grows louder and more pleadingly urgent. A crisp shudder, more of a shiver really, racks her body hard. She shudders sharply enough that we can all see it. Then another hits her, and that one leaves her shuddering constantly. "OOH!" she purrs out, the urgency growing, with every exhale. Her inhales are fast and sharp "UH's" There's no mistaking the sensual urgency in her moans.

In front of her, Ted can't see what I can. I can see the honey flowing fast enough that it quickly soaks her slit. Then it moves into her thick fur drenching that as well. I can feel her pussy snapping with twitches, too. Every twitch seems to be sharper than the last.

"Slut... is this butt being slutty and making that pussy beg to cum?" I ask her in my most teasing voice.

"Yes, Ma'am!" Carolyn blurts out desperately in a throaty voice.

"I suppose you want me to play up your filthy butt and make that pussy cum?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" She cries out desperately. "Please Ma'am, will you please play with my butt and make me cum, Ma'am?... PLEASE... OH! PLEASE, DON'T STOP NOW, MISS RODGERS, PLEASE, I'LL DIE IF I DON'T CUM RIGHT! NOW!"

As if on cue, the front door opens and Nate walks in. Carolyn doesn't notice. But I do. It's why I had Sophie send the text when I did. I knew he was just down the block waiting for it. And this is what I

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

wanted him to see when he walked in.

"You want you bottom fucked? You're going to cum from just my finger fucking that skanky butt?" I teasingly ask her.

"YES! PLEASE, MA'AM, PLEASE FUCK MY BUTT JUST A FEW MORE SECONDS, MA'AM! DON'T STOP! PLEASE! DON'T! STOP! NOW!"

"I didn't say you could cum yet, slut! Don't you dare."

"I CAN'T NOT CUM, MISS RODGERS!"

"Open your eyes wide, slut."

I wait, watching as Carolyn's scrunched up eyes very slowly start opening as she screeches out louder moans. At first, she sees nothing but Ted watching her with a look of surprised revulsion on his face. But then she sees Nate standing there, staring down at her. Instantly she blushes a deep beet red. And her body flushes hotly, making it look as if her entire body is blushing!

Carolyn shudders the most powerful shudder I've yet to feel from her. "UH!" she cries out, "PLEASE MISS RODGERS, I HAVE TO CUM RIGHT THIS FUCKING MINUTE, MA'AM!"

I stop wiggling my finger, leaving it still inside her rectum.

"OW!" Carolyn almost screams out, "OH! AH! NO! Please! Of please, don't stop!" She bursts into a full blow bawling cry. "PLEASE DON'T STOP! I HAVE TO CUM SO BADLY THAT MY PUSSY HURTS! I CAN'T STAND IT!"

I laugh. "This is for being naughty and using bad language," I teasingly scold her.

"Wouldn't you rather Mr. Hammond's dick to fuck your butt and make you cum?"

"Yes..." Carolyn barely gets it out through her sobs, "I'd love his huge dick to fuck my butt right now, Ma'am! OH, I would cum so hard!"

The look on Nate's face is utter shock. But also a look that says

Chapter 04: A Slut

the surprising answer isn't unwelcome. As opposed to the look on Ted's face which says he'd rather be anywhere but look on her face now. I'm sure Carolyn would rather be doing anything but confessing it, too.

I glance up at Nate. "Did you know what a complete gutter slut this bitch was?"

"Uh... no... I thought she hated anything with her butt. Apparently not." He adds with some sarcasm in his voice.

I give my finger just a single little wiggle. It's unexpected. Carolyn flinches hard, her entire body shuddering as she screams out "UHM!!!" then she stills, her sobs back at full force. "Oh, you shy little gutter slut!" I tauntingly say. "Do you really want Mr. Hammond to treat you like a gutter whore?"

"YES!" Carolyn blurts out loudly over her sobs, then her voice falls to a shamed muteness. "Please, Sir, please treat me like the gutter whore I really I am, Sir! Please, use me like a cheap whore, Sir!"

"Show him what a good whore you'll be for him, slut," I tell her in my commandingly firm voice. Then I quickly pull my finger from her tensed asshole, getting a loud shriek from Carolyn.

I don't even wait until she's done squealing over it. I grab hold of her hair and use it to yank her around. It's a hard yank, pulling her shoulders around so she's facing Nate. "Get on your knees like a filthy whore, slut!"



Chapter 05: Show Me

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

Another little yank on her hair and Carolyn is dropping down to her knees in front of Nate. This time it didn't take much of a yank to get her down, either. "That's a good slut!" I teasingly tell her as she kneels, her face less than a foot from Nate's crotch.

Sophie hands me my crop. I give Carolyn a light tap on her bottom with it. It's barely enough for me to hear the crack of it against her flesh. But it gets a nice squeal from Carolyn as it teases her already stinging cheek. A far louder squeal than is warranted, too.

I give her a light slap on her cheek. "Show us all how you can suck a cock like a whore, slut. Go on, such Mr. Hammond's cock."

"Yes, Ma'am," Carolyn answers, her voice now mostly embarrassment. I know she's sucked him enough times before, and according to him, she's done it eagerly. It tells me that the embarrassment is from knowing that she's putting on a show, too. She's going to have an audience for it.

Carolyn reaches up to Nate's zipper. As soon as her hands start to unzip his pants, I swat her bottom with the crop. This time it's a little firmer of a swat. She yelps. I scold her for "being a presumptuous bitch." I tell her to ask before she does anything. "Mr. Hammond might not want something so filthy touching him!"

"Sir, may I please be allowed to unzip your pants now and free that huge cock of yours so that this whore may suck it, Sir?" Carolyn asks, her voice ashamed, but also with a touch of eagerness to it.

"Sure," He tells her. I haven't met too many guys who pass up a blow job. Even a public one.

Carolyn unzips his pants. Her hand reaches in, and a second later she brings out his cock. It's almost stiff as she brings it out. A fraction of a second later, without her having to do anything more to it, it springs to its fully steely stiffness.

It lets me see that Nate has a slightly-above-average cock. I'd guess it's about 6" long, and maybe 1 ¼" thick. But it's not circumcised. It lets me only see the very tip of his pinkish cock head wrapped in the

Chapter 05: Show Me

foreskin. But it's a hard cock. Its straight shaft stands out, pointing right at her lips.

Carolyn starts to wrap her hand around the base of his cock. It's something so many housewives tend to do. She puts her lips to the tip of it. Her other hand goes to the middle of the shaft, wrapping around it and pulling back on the loose skin. It pulls the foreskin back, baring the bulbous head of his cock.

Carolyn starts taking it into her mouth. She gets the head of it into her mouth. And maybe half an inch to an inch of his shaft. Basically just enough to keep the head of his cock in her mouth.

Carolyn starts bobbing her head with short, fast strokes. Her hand strokes along the length of his shaft in time with her head. Her other hand holds the base of his cock, steadying it and keeping the foreskin back. She bobs away.

Nate stands there, purring very softly.

I stand there, scowling my disapproval. But I let her go on, sucking his cock. I let her go at it for close to a minute. By then, I still don't see any signs that Nate is ready cum. But I know it has been long enough that Carolyn is doing "the best" she can do. This is all the blow job that she gives. So NO, I think.

"Is that it, slut? You call that a blow job?" I grab Carolyn's hair. I give it a sharp yank, at the shallowest point of her stroke, jerking her head back far enough that the saliva-slickened and shining tip of his cock pops from her lips. Carolyn quickly sucks in a breath, as if she were actually doing something.

"Skanky!" I snap, summoning Paige. Paige scurries over to me and drops to her knees just beside Carolyn, her body turned 90-degrees to Carolyn's. As she's coming over, I put one hand to Nate's hips and nudge him to turn. Now, as Paige drops down, her lips are the ones tight in front of Nate's cock.

Nate looks down on Paige. The look on his face is eager and hopeful. As if he didn't expect me to offer him, Paige. As if he definitely

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

wants that blow job finished. As if the idea of a very young woman finishing it appeals to him.

I grab hold of Carolyn's head, holding it firmly in a vise-tight grip. "Skanky, suck that cock," I firmly command Paige in a soft voice.

"Gladly, my Queen," Paige answers in a very honeyed voice.

"Slut, you will watch my whore suck your boyfriend's cock. Let her show you what a blow job is. Do not close your eyes or look away." I nudge her head forward, holding it still, about six inches back from the side of Nate's stiff cock.

Paige stretches her mouth wide open. She puts her hands behind her back. Then she puts her lips to the tip of his cock head, closing them very gently around the spongy softness. Paige's head starts moving slowly, inching forward. As she does, the head of his cock starts vanishing between her expanding lips. She keeps going, taking more and more of the cock into her mouth with every second.

And she keeps going. In a few seconds, she has more cock into her mouth than Carolyn had at her deepest. And Paige just keeps going, her pace never varying. Steadily, more cock inches into her mouth. And more.

In a few more seconds, I see Nate's eyes pop wide. Paige has about half of his length into her mouth. Now Nate is really starting to feel Paige's sluttiness. It's the point where Paige's mouth angles down, into her neck, towards her throat. It takes Paige no effort to crane her neck, straightening out the angle, and letting the spongy head of his cock push right past the back of her mouth and start making its way to her throat. She doesn't even hesitate a bit, her stroke smooth and unbroken.

Then I see the look of absolute shock on Nate's face. I can see, at the very top of Paige's slender neck, the sides poking out slightly as his cock starts past her mouth. It's the point where the tip of his cock is pushing against the rubbery, seemingly impenetrable wall of her throat. Where the narrow tube of her throat hangs tight, resisting the invasion

Chapter 05: Show Me

of his cock. The point where the soft tip of his cock starts to flatten as it pushes firmly against Paige's throat.

Then the hardness of his cock is pressing against Paige's throat. That lasts only a fraction of a second. Then her throat surrenders, allowing the hard shaft to stretch it wide and begin slipping into it.

"OH! YEAH!" Nate purrs out loudly. Now the very tight rubbery tube of Paige's throat is squeezing against the sides of his cock as it slips steadily into her throat. More and more cock. Just like she was swallowing a sword. His sword. It lets Nate feel the snugness of that soft tube cradling his cock as it dives deeper into Paige's mouth.

Paige never skips a beat. Never even the tiniest of hesitation. She keeps going at the steady pace. Paige never stops. Not until her lips are flush against Nate's pubes and balls. Where she has every bit of his length into her tight throat. Only then does Paige reverse her stroke.

Her strokes hold its leisurely pace as she rises back up, freeing the cock from her lips. She rises all the way up until only the head of his cock has yet to appear from between her silky lips. Then Paige swirls her tongue around the tip of his cock.

"OH!" Nate blurts out happily as she does.

Paige manages to swirl her tongue without breaking the rhythm of her stroke. She does it as her head is finishing its stroke. When the bottom edge of his cock head is against the inside of her lips, Paige smoothly reverses her stroke. She finishes her swirl. And then, Nate purrs loudly as his cock slips back into her mouth. And her throat.

She keeps the leisurely pace, drawing out Nate's treat. She never breaks her rhythm. Every stroke is a full one, her lips touching his pubes and balls. And leaving only the head of it in her mouth at the shallow point.

Nate stands there, now purring loudly, happily, and eagerly. "Damn, that's good..." He purrs to me.

Carolyn obediently keeps her eyes open, watching Paige's expert

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

blow job. As she does, it doesn't take long for her eyes to moisten. Or for the humiliation of show on her face. I only wonder which is humiliating her worse. Watching another woman suck her boyfriend's cock, or seeing a woman do it far better than she was.

Ted tried hard not to watch, or even see, Carolyn sucking Nate's cock. But I've seen him steal a few peeks of Paige's sucking. I'm sure those peeks are to fuel some fantasy later. As if he'll be dreaming of Paige sucking him like that.

I summon Ted to come up and "get a good look at an actual woman sucking cock." That way, he'll have something to compare his "girls" to. I even tease that Nate won't mind.

Ted comes up, his steps a little hesitant. I'm sure he would prefer Carolyn not be there, naked on her knees, watching as well. As if he's unsure if Nate is going to mind or not. I point him to stand on the fourth side of the "square" they form. It brings him close to Nate's side. And Paige's head.

Ted mostly stares, his eyes locked down on Paige's lips, following them as they glide along the shining shaft of Nate's cock. He watches closely. After half of a minute, he finally says, "she's sure not rushing it, is she?" under his breath.

"Never. Only disgusting whores try to rush it along. A decent whore prefers her customer to actually enjoy the blow job, not to just cum and get it over with." I tell him. It has the desired effect. Carolyn cringes hard, hearing the criticism of her work. And know that's what it is.

It goes on for several minutes. Neither Ted nor Carolyn ever looks away from Paige's lips. Ted because he's enjoying watching this. Carolyn because she's not allowed to. Finally, Nate grunts a hard "UGH!" as his hips snap forward. I know then he's cumming.

Paige must have sensed it, feeling the twitches of his cock. She's ready for the thrust. She allows her head to move with it, keeping her stroke steady despite his efforts. It gets a good, and hungry, sweet cry

Chapter 05: Show Me

from Nate as he cums.

Paige goes right on suck it as if he hadn't cum. She keeps stroking it leisurely while his twitchy cock jumps against her throat, spurting more and more of his cum into her mouth, and down her throat. She ignores Nate completely, focusing on her motions, keeping it unvarying, as he keeps cumming.

"AHH!!!" Nate purrs out sweetly to let me know he's done.

"You can stop being such a skank now, skanky," I tell Paige.

She keeps going, finishing the stroke she's on. But this time she keeps going, allowing the cock to slip from her lips. She immediately looks up to Nate. "Thank you for allowing such a skanky whore as this one to suck your huge, delicious cock, Sir," Paige tells him in her sweetest, softest voice. Paige stretches her mouth wide, showing him the cum clinging to the insides of her mouth. She pauses for a second, making sure he gets a good look, then closes her mouth to swallow it. She licks her lips. "You are so delicious, Sir!" She bats her eyes.

Paige stays on her knees, awaiting further instructions from me.

I give Carolyn a light tap on her bottom with the crop. "I'm sure Mr. Hammond would like his pants fixed."

"Mr. Hammond, may I please be allowed to tuck your dick back in for you, Sir?" Carolyn asks, her voice full of humiliation, but laced with a tinge of the anxious horniness, too. He tells her that she may. Carolyn reaches her hands up. She tucks his cock back into his underwear for him, then zips his pants back up.

"I'm sorry for giving you such a lousy blow job, Sir," Carolyn apologizes to Nate after I urge her to with another scolding and stroke of the crop. "I'm so glad skanky was here to satisfy you, Sir since I obviously wasn't..." She cringes with the shame of admitting it.

I turn to Ted. "Doesn't seem fair that you only get to watch," I tell him in my most impish and teasing voice. "skanky, suck his cock."

"Oh, very gladly, my Queen!" Paige blurts out. Her hands are

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

already reaching for Ted's pants to unzip them.

Ted stands stunned to silence.

In about a second Paige is freeing Ted's cock. And his is rock hard long before she pulls it out of his underwear. His is also about 6" long, roughly the same as Nate's. But he is thicker. A lot thicker. Maybe 1 ¾" or even a hair more, across. His is circumcised as well, showing off its purplish, light, bell-shaped head.

Paige doesn't hesitate to put her silky lips to the tip of his cock and start swallowing his thicker shaft just as steadily, and leisurely, as she did Nate's. Her hands are behind her back before those lips touch his cock, too.

Paige gives Ted the exact same blow job she just gave Nate. The thicker shaft doesn't faze her at all. She swallows it just as eagerly.

Carolyn immediately tries to avert her eyes, looking over to Nate instead of watching her son get a blow job. It earns her a firm stroke of the crop on her bottom. And a good scolding for being a prissy bitch. I remind her that she's to watch. She's to see a woman actually make a man like her blow job.

Ted definitely likes it. He purrs shamelessly loud, and eagerly, as Paige steadily works his cock over. He's not even close to still, either. His hips squirm energetically. As if he just can't stand still for it.

"Don't you wish this slut would suck cock like that?" I teasingly ask Nate.

"Hell Yeah!" Nate answers. "I'd make a pit stop for a blow job like that. Damn that little girl is good." I assume the "little girl" is Paige, who is only a little over two decades younger than him!

I giggle. "Well, if this slut ever learns to take care of itself properly, maybe I'll have the time to teach her how to be a decent whore. You know, the kind of whore whose customers don't demand refunds!" And I giggle more.

Ted doesn't last anywhere close to as long as Nate did. Id' guess

Chapter 05: Show Me

he lasts about two minutes, not that I'm timing it. I'm too busy doing what everyone else is doing. Watching the blow job. Only I'm not really watching Paige. I'm watching Ted. I'm watching for the little signs that he's about to cum. The little twitches that will rack his pubes just ahead of his orgasm. They'll show on his hips.

I see Ted's eyes finally close. He starts letting out a long "UMM!!" I know he's going to cum. "Skanky," I whisper in Paige's ear. "Her face." It's something I very seldom tell Paige to do.

Paige doesn't miss a beat. She immediately has her hand up, wrapped gently around Ted's thick cock as she releases it from her lips. She just backs her head off a hair. With her mostly to his side anyway, it leaves his cock aimed right at Carolyn's face. A fraction of a second later, Paige's hand stroking his cock, it explodes.

The first spurt, a heavy one, sends a powerful stream of his cum shooting the few inches through the air. It splats on Carolyn's face, hitting her just between the eyes. It rolls down her nose, to the sides, and around her mouth.

Carolyn almost jumps back. If I wasn't holding her head still, she would. She'd pull away from the cum hitting her face. I hold her head steady, keeping it in place. She cringes, but that's about all she can do.

Almost immediately a second spurt erupts, this one hitting her just under her left eye and running down her face. Then another. And another.

When Ted's cock finally finished twitching and cumming in Paige's hand, Carolyn has a nice, sticky glaze of cream on her face. Her scrunched up, cringing face. I tell Paige to stop.

Ted sighs out deeply, fully satisfied with Paige's performance.

"Thank you, Sir!" Paige tells him happily, "for allowing this skanky whore to such a wonderfully huge and so thick cock, Sir!" She bats her eyes sweetly at him. "I do hope my Queen allows me more of that of manly cock, Sir."

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

I give Carolyn a fairly hard swat with the crop as I scold her to do her job. I tell her to thank Ted.

"Thank you, Mr. Collins, for using my face as a cum dumpster, Sir. I don't even deserve that much." She blushes deeply, the shame evident, as she thanks him. "May I please be allowed to tuck your cock in for you, Sir? You shouldn't have to do that yourself. You should be able to just enjoy the afterglow of skanky's mouth."

Ted says nothing. A light tap on her bottom with my crop is Carolyn's permission. She reaches up. Her hands tremble as she very reluctantly moves to his cock. She tucks it back in quickly, taking the time to make sure it's right, but no more. Then she zips his pants up for him.



Chapter 06: Eat It

Chapter 06: Eat It

I grab hold of Carolyn's hair and snap for her to stand. I pull upward on her hair as I do. It doesn't take much for her to get up to her feet. Or for her to get her hands behind her back. It doesn't take much to get her to stand facing Nate and Ted either, but I can see the light blush back on her face as I stand her naked in front of the dressed men.

I hold up a little key on a coiled key chain. It's just a common handcuff key with an extra slot cut in its tab. That slot stops regular handcuff keys, which are easy to get, from unlocking the lock that this key goes to. Not that it's that great of a lock, but it's enough of one. It would take some effort to break it. And I would definitely know if it was broken. But locks are only for honest people anyway. A crook, or a dedicated sub, could break through anything. If not, I wouldn't need insurance on my apartment, would I?

"This key goes to a pair of chastity panties," I tell Carolyn, grinning widely as I do. It's my evil, impish, and devilish, grin. The smirk that should tell Carolyn she's going to hate whatever I say next. "From now on, you will wear them. That way I won't have to worry about you diddling that skank pit like a gutter slut. They won't let you.

"From now on, whenever those panties are unlocked, a responsible adult must watch your hands *constantly* until they're locked on your slutty pussy again. You may not touch that pussy without my permission. When I feel like having it diddled, I'll tell you to diddle it. Until then... I won't be the one aching, so I don't care!

"I assume Mr. Hammond will be happy to be the key holder until you learn not to be diddling that slop pit. However... I don't know who will hold your key while he's gone. You can either beg someone to do it, or you'll just have to drive to my place every time you need those panties unlocked. But whomever you beg has to follow the same rules. I don't care if you're on the potty, in the shower, whatever. Your hands must remain in his or her sight for every second until they're locked again. Would you like to beg someone?"

Carolyn starts sobbing lightly. As the first little tears run down her cheeks, she blushes deeply and looks over to Ted. I figured he'd be

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

her choice. He already knows her secret. His sister doesn't. "Mr. Collins... I know I'm asking so much of you, Sir... would you please hold the key to my pussy while Mr. Hammond is on the road, Sir? Please, Sir? I'll behave! I'll be really good for you! Please, Sir!" She sobs.

"Uh... whatever!" Ted says. He hesitates for a second, then asks me, "wait, if you tell her to play with herself, I have to watch that, too?"

"Yes. You have to watch her hands constantly. No matter what she's doing."

"This sucks... fine, whatever." He sighs.

"Next new rule, slut. Since you have proven what a gutter slut you are, whoever holds your key, owns you. You will suck whatever cock the key holder tells you to. Immediately. Without any hesitation. Drop to your knees and suck it until it's done cumming in your mouth, then swallow the cum. I don't care who has the key. I don't care whom you are told to suck, you suck.

"Your pussy is off-limits to everyone, even Mr. Hammond, without my permission. However, your bottom belongs to the key holder. Whoever has that key may use your bottom for his or her pleasure whenever, wherever, and however, he fancies. You will not only not object, but you will eagerly encourage him to use that filthy bottom. And you will stop pretending you are a prissy bitch and show your enjoyment. Clear, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Carolyn sobs, her voice ashamed and muted, but also accepting. I can see it on her face, that tinge of nervousness that tells me she's wondering if Ted is going to have her sucking off all of his friends. Or what Nate might do with her.

"Good, now would that pussy like to cum?"

"Yes! Miss Rodgers, my pussy needs to cum!"

"Aw..." I coo, "does it ache?"

"Yes, Ma'am, my pussy aches worse than I've felt it aching before! It's... like it wants to explode, only it's twitching with hot sparks! It's

Chapter 06: Eat It

killing me, Ma'am!"

"Hmm...." I hum for a second. "You really don't deserve any relief after all that prissiness you tried to fake. I should just spank you and leave you...." I taunt her. I get to see her face drop into a horrified look as I do, too.

"I guess I could let you earn a chance to cum... Do you want to earn a chance to cum, slut?"

"Please, Ma'am, may I please be allowed to earn a chance to cum, Ma'am! Please, I'll do anything, Ma'am!"

I was going to tease her another second or two, but I am such a sucker for a good begging! "Uh... fine!" I sigh out. "Ask one of these boys to take skanky's panties off for her," I tell Carolyn with a twinkle in my eye. On cue, Paige hops up to her feet. I wonder which one she'll ask. Her son? Or her boyfriend? I know both would be eager for the chance. I wonder which one she'd rather watch do it.

"Mr. Collins, would you please take skanky's panties off for her, Sir?" Carolyn asks, after a second's hesitation. The gleam in Ted's eye tells me he doesn't mind her asking. Her voice tells me she picked him as kind of a thank you for tonight. She knows he's going to like it.

Ted agrees quickly as Paige bats her eyes at him. Paige lifts her arms up, giving Ted full access to everything. He grabs hold of the bottom of her dress and starts raising it up. He takes his time. Then he slows down, taking even more time as he unties the little ribbons that are the sides of Paige's panties. He makes sure his hands get a good feel of her bottom as he does. Paige just giggles lightly as he feels her firm globes.

Ted comes around to the front. He gets a long, and close-up, view of Paige's pussy. Her pubes are shaven. Her mound is puffy, standing down between her slender thighs. And it's moist. I tell Ted that he can just leave her dress up. He gladly does. He asks me what to do with Paige's panties. I ask him if he'd like to hold them for her. He does.

"Skanky, sit on the table and show Mr. Collins that skank pit. It's

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

obvious he wants to see it!" I teasingly tell Paige.

Paige very happily says "so gladly, my Queen," as she turns and sits her bottom on the edge of the coffee table. She opens her legs wide and leans back to rest her elbows on the table. It very nicely shows the spread-flat mound of her pussy. And her long, narrow, silky smooth lips. It shows off the wide gash of her slit, too. The sopping wet gash. And it shows off the ridgeline of her pink inner folds rising into that gash.

Ted openly gawks. Nate is much shier about getting a good look at her tight pussy. I give Paige a cue, a wink of my eye. It tells her to flirt shamelessly with the guys. "Mmm..." Paige coos softly. "I would really love a nice hard cock in this skanky, sloppy, wet pussy right now... would either of you big boys be able to help this skanky whore out?" Paige licks her lips.

"Skank!" I snap at Paige. Paige knows I'm not serious. This is theater. "Quit being so eager for a dick!" Paige looks very disappointed.

"Slut, show me how much you want to cum. Eat that pussy."

Carolyn blanches to a pale, chalky whiteness. She stutters.

I grab her hair. A little tap with my foot on the backs of her knees gets her down to her knees again. "What's wrong, slut? You do know how to eat a pussy, don't you?"

"No, Ma'am! I've never even seen another woman's pussy closely before!" Carolyn manages to nervously sob out. She pauses for less than a second. "I really want to earn an orgasm, Miss Rodgers, will you please teach me to eat her pussy so I can earn my orgasm, Ma'am?"

I have Carolyn open her mouth wide. Then I have her sit back and lean forward, putting her mouth almost to Paige's waiting pussy. I have Carolyn use her fingers to ease Paige's lips wide apart. It bares her long, short, and light pink inner folds fully. Most of her matching pinkness as well. But more importantly, it bares the knot where those folds flow together into the nest for her wide clit. A clit that's clearly eager now, as it pokes its head about those soft folds.

Chapter 06: Eat It

I have Carolyn lower her lips a hair, but not so much that they touch Paige. Then I have her stick the tip of her tongue out as far as she can. As I tell her to do, Carolyn lies the underside of her tongue against the top of Paige's swollen nub. I tell Carolyn to slowly swirl her tongue around the hardness, keeping it against the nub very gently. To go slowly. And to keep her lips far enough back that I can see what she's doing.

I watch to make sure her technique is right.

Nate and Ted both get a shamelessly close view. And it's a good view. It's a view that clearly lets them see Carolyn's tongue swirling slowly around Paige's hard clit. Carolyn's long blond hair flowing over Paige's slender thighs. And Paige's pinkness, her plump lips pushed aside. It's a view that readily captivates their male attention.

I suspect neither ever envisioned Carolyn doing it, especially so readily. I suspect both, like most men, have always been rather eager to see it, especially so closely. By the looks on their faces, I doubt either has ever gotten anywhere near this close to seeing it before. At least outside of a porno video clip.

Paige grips the edge of the table. Her head lolls back, her jaw hanging open. In her whiskey-deep voice, she pants slow, deep, moaning breaths. In a few seconds, Her legs almost vibrate as they keep trying to slam closed around Carolyn's head and Paige fights herself to keep them wide open for everyone's viewing pleasure.

"Oh, Ted..." I coo in my teasing voice, "You're welcome to take a video if you want..."

Ted smirks. Then he gets his phone out. He makes a video, getting his phone close enough that the image is almost all Paige's pussy and Carolyn's mouth. Where it doesn't show Carolyn's face, so you can't tell who is doing the eating. He gets a long video. Then he stops it and makes a second, shorter one, that clearly shows all of Carolyn, fully naked, with her glowing red butt cheeks sticking up, as she eats pussy.

And then Nate makes his own video. He only makes one. And he's

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

not shy about showing Carolyn in it from every angle. Including a couple that clearly shows her face as she licks away. I suspect there will be many truckers watching that video as Nate brags about the "slutty girl" he has waiting for him to return home.

I tell Carolyn to put her lips down, keeping her mouth wide open. Then I have her close her lips until they're around, but not touching, Paige's nub. And I have her suck lightly, drawing even more of Paige's clit out of its nest and into her mouth where Carolyn's tongue can tease it. I keep her swirling her tongue just the same.

Paige moans out a deep, guttural, and sensual, moan. She shivers hard. She manages to keep her legs wide apart, as she knows she must. She pants those moans faster, and more urgently, with every swirl of Carolyn's tongue.

"Think of this as a contest!" I tell Carolyn. The contest is simple. If Paige cums, Paige gets spanked and Carolyn gets to masturbate. If Paige doesn't cum, then Paige doesn't get spanked. And Carolyn doesn't get to masturbate. They have five minutes.

I don't think any of them realize that the contest is rigged. Paige isn't going to cum, despite the fact that she easily could as I start the clock. She's not allowed to. And she has lots of practice behaving. Carolyn, eating her first pussy, doesn't stand a chance of making Paige misbehave. Most lesbians don't either. Even the slutty ones.

Carolyn obediently licks away, swirling her tongue steadily around Paige's throbbing clit.

I've appointed Ted, the one person I'm sure Carolyn is confident won't cheat her, as timekeeper. Ted doesn't watch the close too closely. He more watches Paige.

Paige steadily shows her arousal more and more. Or should I say that she more lets it show? Her head rocks from side to side as her moans turn urgent and pleading while staying throaty and deep. Her shivers grow crisper. Her wide nipples poke against the silky fabric of her bra, standing out nicely. Her legs vibrate as they want to clamp

Chapter 06: Eat It

Carolyn's head. She moans more and more. It makes for a very interesting show for the guys.

The guys eagerly gawk at the show. I can imagine that they'd even take bets on who would win. And wonder what Paige gets if she wins, besides spared a spanking.

I make it a point to have both of the guys check out the one thing Ted doesn't want to see. Carolyn's pussy. It weeps honey. It almost gushes honey. Her fur is sopping wet. There's no mistaking that Carolyn is hot, even as she eats a pussy. Ted barely glances, just enough to satisfy me. Nate gets a longer look, grinning and chuckling as he notices how wet she is.

Ted announces the minutes as they tick by. Paige steadily shows her arousal more and more, while holding her orgasm back. By the one-minute mark, I have no doubt she's struggling to hold it in.

Paige wins. As Ted announces five minutes, Paige goes on moaning so urgently. I tell Paige, "you win, skanky! No spanking for you." Paige's legs close, clamping Carolyn's head in place on her pussy.

I reach down and grab Carolyn's hair. "I see you don't eat pussy any better than you suck a dick, slut!" I give Carolyn's hair a sharp pull, almost yanking her hair out as Paige's thighs hold on to her head and I try to pull her head up from Paige's pussy. I win. Carolyn's head comes up from Paige's pussy.

I bring her up and sit her on her knees. It lets everyone see the thick glaze of Paige's honey clinging to Carolyn's face. Along with the glaze of Ted's dried cum on her face. Ted's cum is mostly higher up. Paige's honey is mostly around her lips and chin.



Chapter 07: In The Butt

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

Carolyn starts bawling as I announce that she failed to earn her orgasm. Her eyes shift downward. Her head starts to hang just a little, too. She looks so... pitiful! "Aw, my slut must want to cum so badly!"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers! There's nothing I want more than to cum right now. I can't stand this, please, just let me cum, Ma'am! PLEASE MA'AM, PLEASE, I'LL DO ABSOLUTELY ANYTHING! PLEASE, MAY I PLEASE BE ALLOWED TO CUM?" Carolyn begs loudly, and desperately.

I giggle. "As if it's up to you, slut!"

I have Carolyn rise up to her feet. She looks even more forlorn as she does. Now that Paige is off the coffee table, I have Carolyn stand in front of its end. I have her lean over it again, this time with her elbows and hands at the edges of the table. And spreading her feet wide.

I wave for the guys to come around to me, behind Carolyn. I lean very close to Ted's ear and whisper "go along with it. Trust me."

I wait as Sophie sets out a pair of chastity panties on the coffee table, just in front of Carolyn's head. They're pastel pink. They're just a pair of "boy shorts" style panties. They're all lace, even the crotch of them. But in the crotch they have an insert glued in place. It's just a little piece of dense foam with the center hollowed out. It sits in the panties as a pad would. All it does is keep her pussy in the hollowed-out area where nothing can touch it. And it has a Kevlar strap, like a shoelace, that runs through the panties, circling both leg holes and her waist. The ends of it, one with an eyelet in it, the other with little teeth like a zip tie on it, stick out at the front of the waistline. Pulling that strap tight will pull the panties tight against her body, holding the foam in place covering her pussy and keeping her from getting to it.

"These are chastity panties. The same ones this slut is condemned to wear until she learns not to be so trashy. As you can see, they will ensure that there's nothing the slut can do to touch, or even grind her pussy against anything. The slut will just have to endure that throbbing, pounding, unbearable ache in her pussy until I decide to allow her relief."

Chapter 07: In The Butt

I grin wide. I push Carolyn's head down so she's staring at the table under her, and unable to see the boys. Mostly so that the boys can't see her face for clues.

"You two guys, her keyholders, get to decide her fate. You both have to agree on her fate. There are three choices. Number one: I can put those panties on her right now, and she can suffer away."

Now I use my hands to spread Carolyn's glowing red cheeks wide apart. It offers everyone a good view of her tiny, tightly clenched, deep purple asshole. "Isn't that bottom just so tight looking? I'll bet those huge cocks would love that snug hole. I know this slut would! You heard her beg you to put those cocks in it earlier!"

"Number two: She can be used as the gutter whore she really is. That means one of you fucks her bottom. One of you fucks her mouth at the same time. She has until you both cum in her to climax. Because as soon as you do, I'm putting those panties on her whether she's cum or not.

"Number three: You can roll the dice. If it comes up even, Nate gets to take this tight little bottom's virginity. If it comes up odd, Ted takes it. Takes it all the way, until your hot sticky cum is filling her bottom. Whichever of you loses the roll, watches her bottom lose its virginity. You have a minute to... discuss it and make your choice!"

Ted glares at me. It's a hard, almost angry stare. I'm sure he's wondering just how things have gotten this far. Why he didn't run off long ago. How he got to the point where there's a good chance he's going to have to fuck his mother.

I grin at him. I wink. He catches it, but I doubt he catches the meaning behind it. He huddles with Nate. I'm sure they're discussing the merits of the options. I'm pretty sure what they'll settle on. Neither will want to leave Carolyn suffering. Number two ensures that Ted has to have sex with her, at least a blow job. Only number three offers him a hope of relieving her and not having to fuck her. But it's a gamble.

Carolyn obediently stays as I put her. But I see the anxious,

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

nervous tremor sweeping over her body. I'm sure she's thinking of those choices herself. Wondering if she could somehow bear the panties now. Wondering if she'll be able to bear Ted's thick cock in her bottom if that's what happens. Or if she'll be able to suck it if that happens. It's why I wanted her to see Paige suck him. I just didn't know it was going to be so thick. But I wanted her to know what might end up in her bottom. Because now she's standing there, her bottom offered up on display, not allowed to hint at her choice while her son and boyfriend debate what they'll do with her body.

"We'll take number three," Nate announces. The slight edginess to his voice tells me he agreed to only because it gives Ted a chance not to fuck Carolyn. That Nate isn't thrilled about the idea of gambling that Ted's thick cock will be one that ends up in Carolyn's butt.

Sophie hurries over and sets a die on the table right under Carolyn's eyes. She sets it with the number one up. "Odds, Ted's fat cock gets to take that tiny bottom's virginity. Evens and Nate gets it. Does one of you want to roll her bottom's fate, or shall my slave do it?"

They look at each other. "Let her," Nate says. Ah, fairness.

Sophie holds in an excited giggle as she snatches up the die. She makes a show of shaking it in her hand. She rolls it.

"Six!" Sophie blurts out. The die lands under Carolyn's eyes. "Six, Mistress, it looks like Mr. Hammond wins that tight little butt's virginity, Mistress!" Sophie sounds so excited. Even though she already knew it would be Nate. The die is loaded! It's always six! I never said it would be a fair roll of the die. That's why I told Ted to trust me.

Everyone looks relieved. Especially Carolyn. She looks relieved that Nate won, and just as relieved that she gets the smaller cock in her butt.

I have Nate come around behind Carolyn. He does. He frees his cock from his pants.

I take hold of Nate's cock, wrapping my hand around the base of it. I quickly put the soft tip of his cock head against the tightly cinched

Chapter 07: In The Butt

ring of Carolyn's asshole. I pull on his cock, putting just enough pressure against her ring. It's not enough to push the cock into her asshole, but enough to funnel it fully inward, holding just short of where it will start to force her resisting muscle to stretch so wide for it.

I keep hold of his cock for a minute, holding the pressure steady against her ring. I lean forward, more to my side, so I can put my lips close to Carolyn's ear. I whisper softly to her, my voice still firm. "I'm only going to tell you this once, slut. Do what you're told, and it won't hurt. Don't and you'll scream. Take a very deep breath and hold it in. Then push hard, like you're constipated and trying to poop. No matter what, keep pushing. You'll feel your anus open wide and the cock clip into you. It will feel unnatural and weird, but it won't hurt. Keep pushing until I tell you to stop. Otherwise, your anus is going to hurt worse than your cheeks ever did. Push now, slut, because this cock is going all the way up in that bottom one way or the other. Now."

I give Carolyn just a second. It's all the time she gets for her asshole to start relaxing and accepting the cock. Carolyn definitely isn't in a hurry. I hear her suck in that breath, but I don't see her relaxing her tensed asshole. Not even a tiny bit.

I use my hand to nudge Nate's cock to put a tiny bit more pressure on her asshole. Almost instantly Carolyn's asshole starts to relax. She quivers slightly as her muscle begins opening and turning rubbery.

"UGH!" Carolyn grunts. It's the point where the hard shaft of his cock is now pushing hard against her muscle, forcing it to stretch wide, and squishing the spongy tip of his cock into the space at the center of her ring. "UHM!!!" Her asshole keeps widening. As it does, there's room for more and more cock to press into the funneled ring. "AH!" She squeals. Her asshole is now fully stretched, the hard shaft of his cock starting to slip into it.

The skin of his cock is a light white. I can see the dark purplish ring of her asshole as it cuddles around the lighter flesh. The dark flesh is now taut, stretched wide. The head of his cock is gone, vanished into her bottom.

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

"UM!!!" Carolyn squeals, still holding that deep breath. By now an inch or so of his cock is into her bottom.

"OH!" She cries out, "IT'S TOO BIG!"

I keep his cock slipping steadily forward, ignoring Carolyn's squeals. I feel Nate hesitate when she cries out, but I keep him going. His cock still slips steadily, and easily, into Carolyn's bottom.

"STOP! PLEASE, NOT SO DEEP!" Carolyn cries out very nervously.

I keep his cock slipping into her tight ring. It doesn't take long for his six inches to fully slide into her bottom. I take my hand off his cock just before his hips come flush with her globes. Then I let go of her cheeks, allowing them to close slightly around his cock. "Now you can relax, slut," I tell Carolyn.

Carolyn lets her deep breath, or at least what's left of it, out with a squealy exhaled "OOH!" that's mostly nervousness. She stays in place, bending over the table, and panting.

I give Nate a little swat on his bare, slightly hairy, bottom and tell him to "go on, use this slut like the whore she is." I tell him to take it slowly at first.

Nate starts moving his hips, slowly thrusting his cock into her bottom.

"UH!" Carolyn squeals out loudly, her voice still nervous. Her asshole clenches tightly around his shaft as if trying to hold it still and stop it from moving. It does nothing except tighten her bottom up all around his cock, and I'm sure Nate doesn't mind that one bit.

Nate's strokes are short, maybe two inches long at most. They start rather slowly but ramp up to a moderate pace over about fifteen seconds. Carolyn's asshole stays clenched around his length, but that doesn't seem to be interfering.

Carolyn's cries start out as very panicked, squealy "OOHs." after a few seconds, when she finally realizes that it's not actually hurting her, they fade into light "UMs." those quickly, and steadily, start to sharpen,

Chapter 07: In The Butt

growing deeper and throatier as well, until they're hard, deep, "UGH!s" There's no pain in her grunts, either. They're sweet grunts.

Carolyn stays bent over the table, holding her head up. But it's not long before her jaw is hanging loosely open as she grunts. She grips the edge of the table.

Nate stands behind Carolyn's bottom, his hips steadily thrusting his cock into her tight bottom. He grins wide as he does. And in seconds, he's grunting sweetly satisfied purrs, too.

Ted, on the other hand, stands where I left him. He keeps his eyes turned away, not seeing any of the action. Not even a bit. His eyes are more interested in Paige. I know he can hear Carolyn's tense, erotically sweet grunting moans.

"Oops!" I blurt out softly. "Ted... are you feeling left out?" I don't give him a chance to answer. "Skanky, over the other side of the table. Offer up your bottom."

Paige quickly turns and leans over the table in the same position that Carolyn is in, only from the opposite end of the table. It has the two of them facing each other, no more than about six inches between their noses. Paige has to pull her arms back a bit more than she should, otherwise, her hands would be on Carolyn's.

Paige, leaning over the table, pokes her bottom up and sensually wiggles it.

I wink at Ted. "Skanky won't mind, help yourself to her behind if you want. It's only fair! He's getting some butt, you might as well, too."

Ted cautiously steps over towards Paige. His eyes dart over her as if searching for some clue as to what Paige might think of me offering her bottom to him.

I nod to Paige, a cue for her to offer Ted a little encouragement.

Paige turns her head and smiles widely at Ted. She slowly rises up. Paige puts her lips to Ted's ear. Using the tip of her tongue, Paige slowly, and softly, licks around the lines of his ear. "I like it hard, big boy.

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

Will you please pound me good, Sir?" She moves her head back and bats her eyes at him. Then she leans back over the table and pokes her butt up to him again.

That's all the encouragement Ted needs. In a few seconds, his thick cock is pushing against Paige's very welcoming and relaxed asshole. Unlike Carolyn's edgy squeals, Paige just purrs eagerly as his cock stretches her ring wide and plunges into her bottom.

In about ten more seconds, Ted is eagerly pounding his cock into Paige's bottom. Paige just purrs more of her deep, throaty, sultry moans with a fast-growing urgency to them.

Carolyn fidgets a little, her moans growing just as needy as Paige's. Carolyn's hands let go of the table. They flail for a second, then grip Paige's hands. When I don't scold Carolyn, Paige takes Carolyn's hands in hers and holds them. As the two women, both with eyes wide and jaws hanging open as they cry out hot moans, face each other. More looking into each other's eyes as they get fucked in their butts.

Ted keeps his eyes on Paige's bottom. I suspect that's the thing he most wants to see anyway. He seems to have forgotten that his mom is doing the same thing a few inches from Paige.

Nate, on the other hand, keeps his eyes moving. He's definitely taking in Carolyn's familiar bottom, but his eyes are looking over at Paige, too.

"UGH!" Carolyn grunts out, her voice sharp, but deep and laced with honey. "FUCK ME!" She blurts out, her voice staying just as deep and sweet. "COME ON, FUCK ME! GIVE ME THAT COCK!" Carolyn pants a few more very urgent grunts.

None of them notice the door opening. I hear it but ignore it. The rest of them are too engrossed in the sex to be thinking of much more.

"UGH!" Carolyn cries out. "FUCK ME! PLEASE, SIR, FUCK ME! I HAVE TO CUM SO BAD IT HURTS! GIVE ME THAT DICK!"

"O-M-G!!!" Donna, Carolyn's 18-year-old daughter blurts out as she

Chapter 07: In The Butt

steps into the living room. She looks like a younger version of Carolyn. She's wearing a short sundress and sandals, and enough jewelry to start a store. She definitely has the look of a bimbo to her. No wonder I don't know her. Her eyes fixate on me. My crop is still in my hand. "So totally way too kinky!" She blurts out with eyes wide.

Sophie giggles. None of the others react at all. The guys are far too interested in what they're getting. The women are too lost in it as well, especially Carolyn.

"FUCK ME! SLAM THAT DICK IN ME!" She cries out in a deep, tense voice.

"Like really, mom? UP THE ASS??? so such the slut!" Donna blurts out. "I am so gone!" She quickly heads for her bedroom

"YES!" Carolyn screams out, her voice loud, strained, and full of urgent need. "I'M CUMMING!"

Donna freezes in place. "Seriously??? Mom, IT'S UP YOUR ASS!"

Carolyn just screams out a moan. Her bottom thrusts hard, slamming back against Nate and pounding his cock deep and hard into her tight bottom. Carolyn's head snaps forward so she's looking down at the table. Her back arches up. Her bottom slams back again. And again. And again.

"Damn!" Nate blurts out, "she just squirted all over my balls!"

Carolyn screams out another moan, her head snapping back down towards the table, almost beating against it. Her toes curl under her feet, lifting her heels up slightly, and her bottom slams back even harder. It thrusts with all the force her hips can muster.

Not to be outdone, Paige has her hips slamming back just as powerfully, giving Ted a rather hard fucking. One that Ted is very clearly enjoying as he purrs the sweetest of grunts. As does Paige.

Carolyn's hands snap, suddenly flying up to grab Paige's head. Carolyn screams another moan as her hips keep slamming back onto Nate's cock. "OH, SHIT!" Carolyn screams out, "I'M CUMMING AGAIN!"

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

Carolyn grabs hold of Paige's head and pulls it close to her. She locks her lips onto Paige's and kisses Paige with a very hungry passion. Then Carolyn's hips slam back again. A couple of large droplets of Carolyn's honey fall, landing on the table to start a tiny puddle. Her entire body shudders hard as her hips keep ramming back against Nate's cock.

Nate gets the hint. He starts ramming his cock as hard as he can into her bottom. It doesn't stop Carolyn from thrusting back against him just as hard and eagerly as before.

"Teddy!" I hear Donna calling out from the hall she's quickly vanishing down, "don't you dare give my boyfriend any ideas! I will so totally kill you!"

Ted cums next, grunt hard with a lot of satisfaction in it as her cums into Paige's bottom. Nate cums only a few seconds later. Both go on for about half of a minute before their orgasms are over and they slip their dicks out of the girl's bottoms.

Carolyn finally breaks her kiss with Paige. She sort of hangs over the table, panting hard. Her pussy keeps on dripping, steadily. A little more honey rains down now that Nate's balls and their hair aren't catching most of it.

I don't give Carolyn even a second to bask in the afterglow. However many orgasms she had, I think three by the signs I saw. I tap her bottom with my crop. "Stop being a lazy whore, slut! Clean this nice man's cock like a good bitch."

I know Carolyn doesn't know exactly what I'm telling her to do. Paige, however, doesn't need step by step instructions. She knows what I expect. I grab Carolyn's hair, and with a couple of sharp jerks, pull her around to face Nate. Her rubbery legs give quickly before she's facing him, and drop her to her knees. I shove her down to sit back on her heels. "Clean it, slut! All of it!" I grab Carolyn's head and shove it forward until the tip of Nate's cock is against her lips.

Ted purrs very happily. He also stares down, a look of utter

Chapter 07: In The Butt

disbelief on his face. And a look of bliss. Paige, not needing the instructions, already has every bit of Ted's cock into her mouth. She sucks it clean.

Carolyn gets the hint. The hint of me putting her lips to the tip of Nate's cock. She starts licking it clean. I swat her bottom, making her suck it. But her skill is still limited. She can't manage to swallow all of it. No more than half of his length gets into her mouth.

I don't want to shortchange Nate. So I grab hold of Carolyn's head. One hand on the back of her head, and one hand under her jaw. I know Carolyn doesn't have a clue what I'm going to do. I use my fingers to pinch the corners of her jaw and force it wide open.

Now I keep Carolyn's head moving steadily, pushing Nate's mostly-hard cock into her mouth. It doesn't take but a tiny fraction of an inch for Carolyn to start gagging on it. Even before she really ought to be.

I don't care. I keep her head moving forward, angling it to straighten the bend at the back of her mouth, and let Nate's cock slide into her throat.

Carolyn chokes immediately and rather hard. It's hard enough of a choke that her bottom jumps up as her stomach snaps. Her eyes snap wide in panic, too.

I just keep going, pushing Nate's cock into her very tight throat, stretching that rubbery tube around his shaft. I keep her going all the way down until her lips are flush against his pubes and balls.

Carolyn keeps choking hard as the cock stuffs more and more of her throat. Then she struggles, trying to pull her head away from me as she realizes that she can't breathe with the cock filling her throat. She doesn't have a chance of getting free. I hold her head still, keeping her lips flush against Nate. "I'll wait for you to calm down, now," I tell her as I hold her head against Nate.

It takes Carolyn about twenty seconds. For it to set in that she's not getting that cock out of her throat until she stops fighting it. She

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

slowly calms to a slight gagging heave.

"Good slut. Now suck hard," I tell her. I watch her, and in a second I see her cheeks drawing inward as she starts sucking. I don't have to tell her to keep her lips snug against Nate's cock. I start slowly backing her head off, letting her suck it clean as she goes.

"OOH!" Nate purrs sweetly, "Damn, that's the perfect ending!" He purrs a few more moans as I slowly allow Carolyn's head to back off. Eventually his cock, now spotlessly clean except for a thin film of her saliva, slips from her fine lips.

Carolyn pants a few fast breaths, refilling her lungs with air. Then she looks up at Nate. There's a huge grin on his face. She smiles as she sees it.

"See slut, you can suck a dick! That'll be a lesson for later. Now, go clean skanky's filthy butt for her. Get all of that disgusting filth out of it." I don't give her a chance to object. Paige, hearing the command, turns and bends over. She spreads her cheeks wide to offer Carolyn her asshole.

I pull Carolyn's head around, shoving it forward, pushing her lips toward Paige's asshole. Paige's deep pink ring now glistens with a thin film of Ted's cum, making it shine in the light. Carolyn realizes what I expect at the last minute. I feel every muscle in Carolyn's body tense up as she tries to resist. She doesn't. Her lips land right on Paige's tight little ring.

I force Carolyn's jaw wide again, keeping her lips flush against the skin around Paige's ring. "Now suck, slut. Hard." I command firmly. I watch Carolyn cringe hard. Then I see her cheeks drawing in again as she obeys. I tell her to put her tongue to the center of Paige's asshole. To press her tongue as far into Paige's bottom as it will go. Then to lick up every bit of cum.

Paige obediently pushes back to force her asshole to relax. And that opens it a bit. Enough so that Carolyn can get her tongue fully through Paige's ring of muscle and its tip into her rectum.

Chapter 07: In The Butt

Carolyn obediently starts licking up the cum. I doubt she's thinking about much besides her tongue being inside another woman's rectum. Nothing such as that it's her son's cum she's licking up. But she's doing what she was told to.

I know when I hear Paige squeal out the loudest, most urgent, sensual cry "OOH!-EE!-OOH!" even in her whiskey voice, the cry sounds rather girly and very hot. Paige shudders hard as Carolyn's tongue licks over the full depth of her ring.

I make Carolyn lick Paige's bottom for around a minute. It wouldn't matter how long it made her do it, she'll never get all of the cum out of it. Her tongue isn't nearly long enough. Ted's cum is all the way up Paige's rectum, at least seven or eight inches. No one has that much tongue. I really just wanted Carolyn to lick Paige's butt. To taste Paige's butt. And a minute is plenty for that.

I put Carolyn back onto her knees. I tell her to thank Nate, and she very sweetly thanks him for "fucking her virgin butt so hard that it made her cum three wonderful times in a row."

Then I make Carolyn thank Paige. "Thank you, skanky, for kissing me while I lost my anal virginity. Thank you very much for allowing Mr. Collins to enjoy your bottom, too. I hope my tongue was able to get all of his mess out of your bottom for you, skanky."

Paige giggles. I seldom have anyone thank her. Whores aren't deserving of thanks. Instead, Paige thanks Ted "for pounding her filthy bottom like the manliest of men!" And she says it with a wide smile on her face.

I have Paige and Carolyn stand side by side. Then I put both of their panties on the coffee table, side by side. I tell the girls to hold hands. "Guys, both of these sluts need their panties put on their filthy bottoms for them. How about we flip a coin to see who gets to put which slut's panties on her? Nate, do you have a coin?"

Nate eagerly pulls one out. "We'll do it like this," I announce, "Nate will flip it. Ted, you call it. If you win, you put skanky's panties on

A Surprise For A Shy Housewife

her. If you lose, you put slut's panties on her. Nate puts the other panties on the other whore. Oh, and while you're putting them on the whore, feel free to feel her up as much as you care to touch something so skanky or slutty."

Nate flips. Ted calls tails. I have a two-headed coin, but I didn't use it this time. Putting panties on is chaste enough. It's not sex. So I don't feel the need to rig this part, too. At least not this time. It lands on heads.

Ted sighs heavily, clearly disappointed. He picks up the chastity panties and pulls them quickly up onto Carolyn. He doesn't feel her up. Just pulls them up. I hand him the lock for them, and he pulls the cord tight and locks them onto her.

Carolyn's face drops as soon as she feels the panties on her. She can feel that nothing is touching her pussy, not even fabric against the outside of her lips. Just air. That, plus the tightness of the strap through them, and she knows that she won't be able to do anything with her pussy. That no matter how horny she gets, how badly that pussy aches and throbs, she's going to have to endure it and wait for permission. To me, she looks slightly nervous as well. Ted hands Nate the key to the panties. They'll be staying in place until he removes them.

Nate gets to put Paige's panties back on her. And Paige's are more complicated. He has to tie the ribbons at her hips. He takes his time doing it. And he lets his hands roam over Paige's firm globes, and down onto her very wet mound. Ted looks almost jealous as he watches!

I tell Nate to email me later, and remember the rules. Carolyn is to suck any cock she's told to. And her bottom is his, whenever he wants it, as long as he has her key. Once he passes the key to Ted, her bottom is Ted's to use at his pleasure. And she sucks whatever cocks Ted tells her to. I think everyone in the room knows and can see on Ted's face, that Ted will not be using her bottom. And if he tells her to suck a cock, it's not going to be his.

"Oh, and if she misbehaves, even the tiniest little bit, just let me know and I'll come whip her bottom. Or you may spank her yourself if

Chapter 07: In The Butt

you prefer.

I have Sophie get me a short length of rope from the bag we brought. I tie the rope around Carolyn's neck, leaving the end of it, about four feet long, dangling like a leash. Then I hand that free end to Nate as if handing him a dog's leash. "My new bitch, slut, is now in your care."

I leave.

THE "USUAL SUSPECTS"



Slave-girl ("Sophie")

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



Slave-whore ("Paige")

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