



Torture By Feather

Last month I finally finished high school, and for a graduation present mom got me my own apartment – lease paid – and gave me a generous budget to furnish it. She found me one in Mobile, downtown on Dauphin street, two blocks from her “spare apartment.” While we live across the bay in Baldwin County, mom has kept that apartment for several years just to play around in. So those she plays with wouldn’t ever show up at house, or even know where we live.

This place is so perfect for me! I’m on the fourth, the top, floor of the little building. There’s an indoor pool, a business center, and a gym in the basement. The ground floor, street level, is all cafes and clubs. The casual places that attract the tourists, and the places with the good bands. It puts me right in the middle of the “action,” or what passes for action here. And it’s not too far from USA, where I start classes in September. It’s a good school, but not one of the greatest. I got accepted to every school I applied to, including mom’s alma mater of Auburn and their arch rival of Alabama. USA is the next best school around, and it’s close, and I wanted to stay close.

About four months ago I met Sophie, my personal slave, through a very round about introduction. She’s two months younger than me, which means she was also 18 then, and like me she was in her last year of high school. From the first time I met her, she started spending her weekends at my place. Well, then I didn’t have a place, but mom let borrow her spare apartment. Once school ended, I just didn’t send her back home to her parents. I didn’t ask her. I didn’t even tell Sophie she was staying. I just didn’t tell her to leave, so she stayed, and stayed with a huge smile on her face. I did call her mom and tell her that Sophie was going to be staying so they wouldn’t worry about her. By then her mom was used to me calling and telling her what Sophie was doing.

I’m sure Sophie has figured it out by now. That weekend I had a housewarming party, where all my close friends came over and just hung out for a girl giggle-fest. Sophie served us. But my friends knew about her. They’d met her before. She always serves. The following day I had Sophie prepare a nice supper for guests. I didn’t tell her the guests were

Torture By Feather

her family. She figured that out when they arrived. She served our supper. But she also got to spend some time with her half brother and sister. She also got to sit there in silence, while I talked with her parents about her future.

I'd decided that Sophie, who's GPA was about .1 under getting into a decent four-year school (weighted down by the lesser grades she'd gotten before meeting me. Grades like C's, which I would never tolerate.), would be starting at the local community college, then transferring to USA for their veterinary assistant program. Her parents agreed that Sophie would love that career. I know enough about their financial status to know that could pay for her education, but also that it would be a heavy strain on them. When they brought up paying for it, I told them that she's my "girl," and I take care of my girls. I will take care of it. Even though I don't plan for Sophie to work, I want her to have a skill should she ever need it.

It was an unusual conversation. Mostly because while I told them what future I'd decided on for Sophie, and we talked about how that was going to happen, Sophie had to just sit in silence. She didn't get any input into her future. But I knew she'd love it. And the look on her face as she heard it says I was right. I did have her walk her family to their car, ostensibly to cart some leftovers for them, but really to give her a few minutes alone with her mom. The next day her mom text me that Sophie had told her she was so happy with the idea.

It's a little surprising when I get a text from Vicki - Sophie's mom - saying she'd like to talk to me about something and asking if I would meet her sometime, no rush. I text her back to let me know what's good for her, I'm just playing around this summer and don't have much of a fixed schedule, other than the two summer classes I'm taking at USA. Call me an over-achiever. She texts back that I pretty much know her schedule, too, work and home, would her lunch hour work for me? I text her back that's fine, when and where, and I'm there. We agree to meet at a Wendy's across from her work.

We chat for a while about Sophie. I can immediately tell that's not

Torture By Feather

what she really wanted to talk to me about, but it is her daughter, and she's not going to pass up the opportunity to chat about her. Even though I'm big into scrap-booking online, and her mom has access to the page, where there are like a zillion pictures of Sophie, too. Such as from Saturday when I'd gone to the beach, Sophie in a new, sexy and skimpy, lime green bikini and her matching collar. The collar that never comes off now that she stays with me.

Finally she gets to what she wanted to talk to me about. I can tell before she says a word because she suddenly looks a little uncomfortable. She starts with an apology for telling anyone about me, but it was just a couple of her closets friends, and she says, it was Sophie she was telling them about. I tell her I don't mind. While I don't advertise my life style, those close to me know. And I don't make a secret about it. Were anyone to ask, even that cashier, I'd tell them myself, so it's not an issue to me whom she says what to. As long as it's true. She looks a little relieved.

And still uneasy. She has to explain how she doesn't really understand the D/s life style, or why Sophie would chose it. But obviously Sophie loves it - she's never without a huge grin on her face - and since meeting me, she's pulled herself together, gotten excellent grades, and been a joy to be around. She tap dances around the sexual orientation issue, obviously assuming that both Sophie and I are either bi or gay, and Sophie just never said anything. I explain to her that we're both attracted to guys. D/s isn't really about sex, it's about giving everything to someone, allowing the other to make all the choices for you, accepting the other's discipline, and just knowing that you will be so taken care of. It's about getting her pleasure by giving everything to please me, and seeing that she's making me incredibly happy. Sure there's some sexual components to it, if I didn't have her sexuality, I wouldn't have all of her, and Sophie needs me to have all of her, but it's not about gender. It's about her putting herself aside and giving, especially things she wouldn't otherwise do, and seeing the enormous pleasure she brings me by doing it. I surprise her by telling her that I date men, and Sophie has met a few of my dates. But those guys will never

Torture By Feather

replace Sophie, and will never do any number of things I allow Sophie to do for me.

She finally tells me that apparently her friends have gossiped. No surprise there, I know girls don't stop gossiping just because we add another candle to our birthday cakes. I regularly gossip with a few other ladies, one who is 46, who share my lifestyle.

Yesterday her BWF – Best Work Friend – told her that a good friend of hers, after hearing about Sophie, had asked if she would quietly ask Vicki to ask me if I knew of anyone who might be interested in meeting her. She “kind of knows” the friend-of-a-friend. They’ve net a number of time, but haven’t gotten to know each other more than casually. She tells me that she think Sophie might have bumped into her once or twice. Her name is Shelbie. She’s 36, and according to Vicki, cute. Vicki knows she’s divorced, has been for a couple of years, and has a couple of small kids that bounce between her and their father.

When I ask what Shelbie is interested in, because every domme has things she likes, and doesn't like, to do, Vicki tells me that she doesn't really know. And kind of doesn't really want to. I'm not sure I'd trust it much anyway, since I'm getting it fourth hand. I write a short note on a napkin that says: *Shelbie, I see you've heard about me. You will write me a letter and tell me who you are and what possible amusement you might offer me. Miss Rodgers.* And of course my email.

I tell Vicki to get it to Shelbie. Once Shelbie answers I'll read her email and decide if she's of any interest to me, and if not I'll let some other ladies know that Shelbie is looking. If she interests any of them, they'll be in touch.

Vicki says, a hint of surprise in her voice, that she'd just assumed Sophie was my only slave. I tell her that she is, and there's not likely to be another. But that doesn't mean I don't play around with “toys,” for my amusement. Sophie knows that, and is often there while I amuse myself with a toy. Usually enjoying the show with me, sometimes doing some of the “work” for me, by while I do not mean sex. Toys don't get that. Ever from me, and thus never from Sophie. They get toyed with, but that's all.

Torture By Feather

That napkin must have traveled at the speed of light. When I check my email that evening, there's a long letter from Shelby. After very politely asking me not to "completely humiliate her" by outing her secret desires, she sends me a short story she's written, I'd guess around 1500 words, and tells me that's her "favorite" fantasy. She adds a few details about her other fantasies as well, but nothing so detailed. I read it all.

She's also included a summary of her schedule, when she has her kids and when she doesn't, and her work hours, which are her only commitments. It saves me the trouble of asking her that. I think for a bit, then text Ellie, my BFF #3 whom makes her spending money by babysitting and ask when she might be available to sit some kids for me. She sends me her schedule, and says "please!" I always pay her better than her going rate, and ask nothing crazy from her for it. She knows about me, and has a pretty good guess what those kids mom, dad, or both is going to be doing, but doesn't ask.

I send Shelby a short email. *Shelby, this is a one-time-only, yes/no offer. Should you wish to submit yourself, you should understand that I demand total submission. I will own you, your body, everything. You will not have a choice about anything. I will tell you nothing, except what you will do. You will completely belong to me. I will use you for my whimsical amusement, and I assure you I won't care an iota whether you enjoy it or suffer through it. Only that it amuses me. You will have no privacy, no modesty, no anything. You're just a toy for me to amuse myself. I NEVER tolerate any questions from my toys. So don't ask any now, either. If you accept, I will summon you when I wish to use you for my entertainment. You will come. You will do as you are told without question. When I tire of you, I will dismiss you. Until then you are not free to leave, only to amuse me, serve me, please me, or whatever I fancy doing with your body. Shall I summon you and see if I can find find some way for your skanky body to amuse me? Yes or no only, skank.*

I get back an email with one word "YES" in a font that has to be about 200-point. It fills the screen on my laptop. I guess she liked my offer. So I text Ellie.

Then I forget about Shelby. She emails again, the very next day,

Torture By Feather

saying how excited she is. I send it back to her with an “automated” reply telling her “All emails to Miss Rodgers require prior permission. This unauthorized email is being returned to you unread. Now, behave your naughty butt.” She tries again, and gets the same fake auto response.

Monday, Ellie is waiting for her when Shelbie leaves work. She works only part time, getting off at 1:00pm so she can be home when the school buss drops her kids off at 2:30. Ellie easily spots her, few are leaving at that time anyway, and Shelbie provided a decently accurate physical description.

Ellie assures me that she followed my instructions exactly. That was for her to simply walk up to Shelbie and ask her if she was Shelbie. Once she said yes, Ellie was told to tell her “Miss Rodgers wishes to use that body for her entertainment. Get in the car, say absolutely nothing, and behave, skank.” I’d asked Ellie not to say anything else. But I did predict that Shelbie would resits a little, saying that her kids were due home. Ellie just repeated the line until Shelbie resigned herself and obediently got in the Uber. Ellie text me en route that Shelbie seemed “very squirrely” and definitely uncomfortable not knowing anything!

When they arrive, Ellie has to ring the bell downstairs to get into the building, so I’m waiting at the door when they come out of the elevator. Shelbie tries to greet me. She gets “Miss Rodgers.. It’s nice---” out before I slap her face and tell her that I didn’t tell her to speak to me. “Skanks only speak when spoken to, and then only to answer far more politely, humbly, and formally respectfully than you’ve ever been. Now if you understand that, say ‘yes, Ma’am.’” Once she does, I let them both into the apartment.

I quickly back Shelbie up until she’s standing with her back to the wall. I tell her to spread her feet just enough that her thighs aren’t touching, and get her hands behind her back. Then I tell her that she’s here to amuse me, nothing else. She is to look forward. It’s none of her business what anyone else is doing. She’ll stand like that whenever told to stand, and now she’ll wait until I tell her what to do.

I call for Sophie and she obediently hurries in and kneels beside

Torture By Feather

me, "Yes, Mistress." She says in a soft and sweet voice. She completely ignores Ellie and Shelbie. Only I matter to her. I tell Shelbie to give Sophie her purse, then her shoes, socks, and sunglasses. I ask her if she has anything else, besides her shirt, jeans, bra and panties on. She tells me no. I send Sophie to "lock this skanks things in the cabinet." And Sophie hurries off, returning with nothing.

I've already told both what to do, so I don't need to say anything while Shelbie can hear. Ellie makes an excuse, saying she has to leave now, she has a date to get ready for. I tell Sophie to show her out. Well out of Shelbie's sight, Sophie slips Shelbie's keys to Ellie, which Sophie took from her purse while putting it in the cabinet. Ellie gives me a good friendly hug, then another for Sophie, complimenting Sophie on being such a good girl, as always! Then she's gone.

I know that Ellie is going straight to Shelbie's house. She'll let herself in and babysit her kids until I'm done with Shelbie. She'll take perfect care of them, she always does. But Shelbie won't know that. She won't know anything. I want it that way. She's going to learn, a fast hard lesson, what it really means to completely surrender everything to someone. I'm pretty sure that she's actually going to like it.

Ellie has 40 minutes to get to Shelbie's house, which is only about 15 minutes from my apartment, so I'm confident Uber will have her there well ahead of the kids. Mobile isn't that big. So I put Ellie and the kids out of my mind and ignore Shelbie while Sophie fetches me a piping hot cup of my coffee creating of the day. I relax on my love seat, which gives me a perfect view of Shelbie standing and lightly fidgeting. I know she's worrying about her kids, what is going to happen when they come off the bus and mommy isn't there. Sophie kneels and serves me my coffee.

I take it and sip it slowly. "Shelbie, in case you haven't figured it out, you now belong to me. I own you. Forget everything going through your worthless head. You are nothing. You have nothing. You're just a toy I bought." As I sip my coffee I run down a few of the basic rules for her, warning her now that I don't tolerate any disobedience from my toys. That she's to as she's told, when she's told, at a normal speed. Dragging

Torture By Feather

her feet, going slow, those are just wastes of my time, and I don't like that. She's never to hide anything. Not her body. And not herself. Whatever I ask, she answers with the full truth, no matter how embarrassing that truth might be for her. Once I've told her enough to not get herself spanked in the next few minutes, I tell her to undress. "Which means that you will stand right where you are and take that blouse off, fold it up neatly and give it to my slave. Then the same with your bra, jeans, and panties in that order. When you're naked, you'll stand just as you are. Undress now, skank. Sophie, please go fetch her clothes."

Sophie hurries to get over there and waits as Shelbie takes her blouse off. She's dressed in what I call the "mom look." A loose blouse, and somewhat loose jeans, just enough make-up to look as if she's trying to look good, but not a lot of fanciness to her. Once her blouse is off, I see the look continues with a plain beige bra, modest, but comfortable, like a woman would wear when she knew she wouldn't be seen in it and just wanted to be comfortable for the day. As her jeans come down, I see a pair of simple, inexpensive and modest cotton panties, that scream comfy-on-a-budget. Sophie ends up with those, too.

Once Sophie has all of her clothes, Sophie comes and kneels, then asks me if it would please me for her to lock those in the cabinet as well. I send her, and she's back quickly. I ask her if she knows Shelbie, and she tells me "I've seen her a few times, Mistress, I think she knows my mom." I'm glad that Sophie recognized her. I'm sure hearing that Sophie knows exactly who Shelbie is will make her a little more uneasy.

But now I have full view of the naked Shelbie. She's pretty much as she described herself, which was as a 5'6", 130 pound woman with natural medium-to-dark red hair down past her shoulder and blue eyes. "Moderate" in her "chest." Which I can now see means smallish soft rounded breasts topped with very faint pink wide nipples, surrounded by huge rings of the same barely-noticeable pinkness. Nipples that are as short as they are wide, swollen hard now, but standing up just barely, like little rounded tips on those mounds that hang just slightly loose on her chest. She's thin, with a nice curvy figure and flat stomach, which is an

Torture By Feather

unexpected treat for me; with two kids, I'd expected a looseness to her stomach. I can see that she has a dense untamed bush of curly red hairs a few shades lighter than on her head. But it's not wild, her bush seeming to grow into a rough triangle with only a few hairs in the creases of her thighs. She has a wide mouth, framed with nice lips a decently dark shade of pink. But what I notice most are the zillions of freckles that liberally dot her body, most noticeable on her upper chest, fading off as they descend until they're light-but noticeable on her face and thighs. She's definitely a cutie, and I'm certain that she must get enough offers for dates.

I leave her waiting as I finish sipping my coffee. It's intentional on my part. I know she's going crazy thinking about her kids. I want her to know that I'm in no hurry. That I'm not concerned about how long she's standing there. I want her to know that I won't hurry my amusement, and whatever commitments she might care about, don't interest me.

Once I finish, Sophie takes my cup back to the kitchen. I wait for her to get back before I rise up and walk over to Shelbie. Sophie demurely follows, staying a step behind me, with her full attention on me. I reach my hand out to Shelbie's chest and cup one of her small mounds in my hand. A little squish tells me they're spongy firm, like a hard sponge would be, in my hand. I stroke over her nipple, which can't be sticking up more than about 1/8th inch above the rounded tip of her boob. I easily feel that it's as hard as a stone. "What size are these tiny things, skank?" I ask her, holding the breast in my hand loosely and teasing that nipples with my thumb.

"34-A, Ma'am." Shelbie answers reluctantly, a little embarrassment to her voice.

I release her breast and leisurely stroke my hand down her stomach. It lets me feel the firmness of her muscle and lack of much fat there. The stomach of a nice healthy woman. And her skin is still youthfully taut. I definitely like what I feel. More so as fingers slip through her bush, finding those hairs not hairy but soft and furry.

I can see well enough through them to see that her pussy mound is

Torture By Feather

flat, with thin but wide lips and a short-looking slit that appears to keep her pussy down between her thighs, instead of making it look like it comes up her front, as a puffy mound would do. I slip my hand over her mound, caressing her lips with my fingertips, and feel a hint of wetness to her fine slit. I slip down and feel that her thighs are firm as well.

I tell her to turn around. I know, and hope, she feels like a piece of meat being appraised at a butcher's. I take the extra moment to stroke my hand softly down her back, already knowing that It'll feel just as firm as her stomach does. Then I stroke over her gently rounded cheeks, feeling that they're nicely firm and small. *So spankable!* I give her a very soft swat on her bottom.

I tell her to take two steps back, which she does. Then I tell her to show me her pussy, teach her that command means for her to spread her legs as wide as she comfortably can, lean over as far as she can without losing her balance, preferably until her back is flat, then reach around her thighs, behind herself, and spread her lips fully open, stretching them wide to show me every bit of herself.

She bares a very light pinkness, covered with a decent layer of thick, creamy honey with a slight white tinge and nice muskiness to it. I see that her folds aren't very wrinkly, but that she has a fairly prominent clit stick up straight and hard from those folds. And a nice, meaty and narrow, pussy. I wait for Sophie to glove me hand before I give her clit a very soft little pinch to feel it's hardness. Like a rock. And my tiny touch is enough to send a shuddering shiver through Shelbie's body that only stops when I release her nub. I ease my finger into her pussy especially slowly, watching that shiver sweep over her again as I inch along over her nervy walls.

"Skank, just how long has it been since this pussy has been fucked?"

"A long time, Ma'am... since my divorce..." She sounds embarrassed as she admits that in a shyly quiet voice.

"And how long since it's had a good diddling?"

"Saturday night, Ma'am... after I got your scolding for trying to

Torture By Feather

email you and I re-read the letter you sent me, Ma'am. I just started thinking about maybe visiting you and couldn't help myself."

"I didn't ask all that, did I, skank?" I scold her as I wiggle the tip of my finger making her shudder even harder. "Next time you blabber on, you'll wish you hadn't." I wiggle my finger even more, until it looks like it's getting very hard for Shelbie to stand there for it, before I ease my finger out of her pussy.

"Sophie, get a good look at this skanky little pussy." I have Sophie kneel down with her eyes close to Shelbie's displayed pussy. "Can you believe your nice mother would associate with someone so skanky?"

"No, Mistress." Sophie answers, knowing well that I expect her to say that no matter what she thinks of Shelbie's pussy. Which is actually rather cute. "I will be sure to tell her just how skanky this skank is, Mistress." I have trained Sophie just so well! I tell Sophie to give that "begging" clit a little touch and feel for herself "the depths of Shelbie's skankiness." Sophie gives it a little pinch, Shelbie shudders hard again, and Sophie frees it.

I tell Shelbie to show me her butt, and watch as she spreads her cheeks wide to bare her tiny, tight and wrinkly asshole, that's barely a medium pinkness. Pleasantly, there isn't a single hair anywhere around it. I can see that she shave the few stray ones from crack, something many women forget, or just ignore. Then again, she's well shaven everywhere.

I have Sophie put a little dollop of lubricating jelly atop the tip of a finger. I touch it lightly against her tensed ring and wiggle it just a little to spread the slick jelly over her asshole. I press firmly, gradually increasing my pressure, until her asshole surrenders, her muscle loosens and my finger slips right through with just as little grunt from her. I have small fingers, so I slide every bit of my finger into her bottom.

I wiggle it a little. There's really not much of interest in there to feel. Just being in there I can tell how full she is, how soon she'll be wanting a trip to the ladies room. I only half care about that. I just want her to feel me up inside her butt. I want her to think about how she's standing there allowing me to poke around up there. I give it a moment,

Torture By Feather

maybe around ten seconds, before I press down lightly against her insides, feeling the backside of her pussy walls through the thin membrane of her bottom. I massage the back side of those walls, and instantly Shelby shudders another long, crisp shiver. I hear her breathing deepen, too. And then, in short seconds, I feel little harsh twitching tremors start springing up around those spongy, meaty, walls. Which is my cue to stop. I know now what I wanted to know; like most women, Shelby is stimulated nicely by attention on either side of her pussy. Some women don't know that either preferring never to have anyone get to that side of them, or having a bad/inexperienced partner that doesn't know how to tease her that way. Few women aren't sensitive to it.

I slip my finger back out of Shelby, and have Sophie remove my glove. As soon as Shelby is standing back up, I cuff her wrists behind her, then put my hands to her hips and guide her to turn around. On command, Sophie fetch me a gag from the toy cabinet. I don't use gags often, but I use them enough for it not to be unusual. This time I'm using it for a reason. I know Shelby is going soon start asking, demanding, about her kids. Gagged, that just won't be possible for her. It'll make her feel even more helpless and possessed.

The gag I sent Sophie for is a big one that will prevent even mumbling from her. There's a leather strap that buckles at her cheek, not behind her. But the business part of it starts at the strap as a hard rubber-coated tube, as thick as a nice cock, and few inches long. After the unyielding part, there another couple inches of a flexible rubber, somewhat stiff, that tapers down to about $\frac{3}{4}$ inch wide. I press the corners of her jaw, forcing her mouth to open fully. I slip the gag into her mouth, stopping when the taper reaches the back of her mouth. That's when I loop the straps together and cinch them tight around her head, pulling the rest of the gag into her mouth as they tighten down. Naturally it's hallow, leaving a wide opening for her to breath through. And it puts the end of it pretty much right against her throat, where any more would choke her. It also inflates, the rubber around it expanding to completely fill her mouth all the way back and hold her tongue firmly still. I inflate

Torture By Feather

it, guaging the inflation by the resistance of the little squeeze ball that pumps it up. Which I then disconnect. It just bare starts puffing her cheeks out when I deem it enough.

I get a grip on her furry bush, holding it snug. "come along, skank." And I start pulling her towards the second bedroom, which I have set up as my little play room. I walk her over to the table, which is really just a massage table. I have her get up on it and lie on her side. I uncuff her hands, keeping hold of them as I pull her onto her back and put them to the edges. I hold her wrists still while Sophie fastens thick, rough leather straps around them. Then I do the same with her ankles, spreading her feet to the edges of the table.

"Now we are going find out just how skanky and horny this skank is. Sophie, please fetch me the little pink toy box."

Sophie grins wide and sly as she answers "Oh, gladly, Mistress!" and hurries to get it from the cabinet. There are several, and by now Sophie knows what's in all of them. Even the red one that I've never used on her; then one with the really unpleasant stuff in it. The pink one, Sophie has seen, and suffered through, plenty of. She brings it over, sets it where Shelbie can't see anything, and opens it for me.

From the assortment of teasing toys inside, I select a nice feather. I touch it's silky tip of Shelbie's nipple, brushing slowly around it with a very soft pressure. I hear Shelbie breath a hard, fast, and urgent breath, but that's all can she do with that gag filling her mouth. After a half circle around her nipple, her entire mound is covered with goosebumps. A second circle has her body shivering hard as she lies bound to the table. I give it three little circles, teasing her thoroughly, before saying "Oh, this other boobie looks jealous!" and teasing her other nipple just as effectively.

I hand the feather to Sophie. "Slave, tease this skank's nipples. Let me see her shiver like that some more. It's rather amusing to watch."

"Yes, Mistress." Sophie says very sweetly. And she teases Shelbie's breasts just as effectively as I did. Which gets Shelbie shivering constant and hard. I'd say moaning, too, but it's just breathing those

Torture By Feather

moans with the gag. But very quickly those breaths are ultra fast and hungry. Shelbie squirms hard, as much as she can while bound. Sophie is too well behaved to care on bit about Shelbie. She doesn't care if Shelbie suffer pure hell. Sophie only cares that I am pleased with her, which she knows means that she does exactly as I say. She ignores Shelbie's desperate squirms and breaths, and keeps right on teasing her nipples with that feather.

I stand back and watch her suffering. I watch as her squirms get more and more urgent. As they grow sharper, her hands and ankles testing those straps more with each minute. As the goosebumps cover more and more of her body, slowly creeping from her boobs onto her chest. And hearing the way her breaths grow deeper, faster and harder. I see the little muscles of her jaw straining hard as she bites against the gag. I see her eyes squeezing hard tight. Her hands beating against the table as fists clench up even tighter. Her toes curling up until her toe-knuckles are white and pale. And finally as her head lifts up and actually beats itself against the padded table.

It only takes a minute, maybe not even that, until I see the wetness at her slit growing. But I still leave her to suffer a good twenty minutes of that sweet teasing as slowly her creamy honey weeps out and wets her fur. "Does it smell like skanky pussy in here in, slave girl?"

"Yes, Mistress!" Sophie giggles her answer.

I spread Shelbie's lips and see just how wet she is. I don't know if it's call it dripping wet. Her honey is pretty thick for it to drip, but there's enough of clinging to just everything that thinner honey would be dripping off her lips as I part them. "Ah, here's why." I say, "Shelbie just can't see to help skanking up my room with her sopping little pussy."

I get a fresh feather out and tell Sophie to come see how sloppy Shelbie is. Holding Shelbie's lips wide, I tease her clit with the feather.

At the instant of touch, Shelbie jerks hard and snaps into a full stiffness that arches her back up. She screams a silent breath through her gag as she goosebumps erupt over her lips, pubes, and upper thighs. Staying steely stiff, her body shivers crisply. I even hear the straps protest

Torture By Feather

as her wrists and ankles test them with a sudden and hard jerk. I hand Sophie the feather and tell her to amuse with “another display of skank’s skankiness.” Sophie holds her lips open with one hand, and starts teasing Shelby’s clit with the feather.

Still with her back stiffly arched up her shoulders thrash hard from side to side. She tries to wiggle her hips away, but Sophie would never let that work. I stand back and watch her lie there, suffering so erotically through sheer hell.

I check my phone, and see a message from Ellie. It’s a selfie of Ellie hugging two little boys, maybe 5&6, or 5&7, or something around that. I has the caption “They’re so cute!!!” It’s Ellie’s way of letting me know for sure that she has Shelby’s kids and they’re doing just fine. They’re certainly smiling wide enough as they pose for the selfie.

Ellie has good idea of the things I do, or at least some of them. I decide to tease her back. I send Ellie a picture of Shelby thrashing around on the table with a feather to her pussy. “Mommy is all tied right now,” for a caption. Ellie sends back: *Oh that looks so too-good.*

Shelbie suffers around twenty minutes of clit teasing as well. I don’t bother to time her. I just watch her thrashing hard against her bonds until it looks to me as if she’s suffering as much as she could possible suffer.

For my next teasing-torture trick I get out a little plastic spreader that’s a slightly smaller version of the one a gynecologist would use. I tell Sophie to quit, which gets Shelby to fall limp as she sucks hard for breath. And still her wild hips. I quickly press the spreader into her pussy and open her up. I don’t stretch her out fully, like her doctor would. I just open her enough to get inside her easily.

I slip a fresh, thin feather between the plastic blades taking great care not to touch her nery, eager wall with it. Not until it’s at the very back of her tunnel. The I stroke it as lightly as I can manage over her wet, sensitive flesh, and watch as Shelby screams out another tortured breath as her body snaps forcefully trying to roll onto her side. Just as sharply she snaps back the other way, to roll onto her other side. Neither has any

Torture By Feather

effect on the pussy teasing. I just draw the feather so lightly over her tender nerves. I can see her walls twitching just as sharply as her body. And I can see how hard she fights those bonds. How her body desperately tries to wiggle and squirm away from the teasing. How her hands beat harder-than-ever against the table in frustration.

I have Sophie take over the pussy teasing so I can watch. And snap a close up of her open pussy with the feather inside it. She suffers that for a good while, too, but not quite as long. Once she's as stiff as a board, her body trembling from the tension in her muscles, flushed bright and sweaty, and screaming silent breaths so hard and fast that I'm wondering if she's getting an air in her lungs at all, I decide she's had enough of that.

I have one more trick in my toy box for Shelbie. But first I have to move her body, so I have Sophie stop and take the spreader away once I have leather cuffs around Shelbie's ankles and ropes tied to them. As Shelbie falls limp, I hurry to release her ankles from the table and pull them up, using the ropes to tie them to the corners of the table above her head. I loop a second rope around each knee and pull that taut, tying it off to the edge of the table. I have another, smaller spreader with metal blades no wider than a finger. Closed, both blades are still less intrusive than a finger. I lubricate the blades and without any warning to Shelbie, press them gently into her asshole. Which I then spread, stretching her nicely open, pulling the wrinkly skin around her ring taut, but not tight.

It gives me a good amount of the skin of her asshole bare and accessible between the blades. It also gives me a good view into her bottom, and easy access inside her. I touch the edge of a feather to the flesh of her hole. She screams another silent breath before I even move it. Just as quickly goosebumps spring up on her asshole and rush out to cover her bottom. She stiffens and trembles hard. Then I move the feather and watch as her body struggles it's hardest to get away from the feather. I only make her stand a few seconds of that, before I ease the feather a little ways into her bottom, and stroke it along the blood-red veiny membrane of her butt. If Shelbie didn't know it, her bottom is full

Torture By Feather

of nerves too. They're just not used to being teased sweetly, so they tend to over-signal the sensations to her brain.

As I tease inside her, I watch her body struggle impossibly hard against the bonds, trying everything to get away from the feather. I hear her desperate breaths that would be screams if she could make a sound. I have Sophie take over, and I watch as her body finally concedes that it hasn't a clue how to handle the erotic teases. She falls limp, trembling hard and breathing even harder. After a moment, her head starts coming up and slamming back down against the table hard. Then her body stiffens, trembles even harder, and finally her fists beat against the table. I stand back and watch the slutty entertainment.

Shelbie hands only a few minutes of that, before I see Sophie's eyes get wide. She hasn't done this before, so she doesn't know what to expect. I watch as Sophie's finger comes up and quickly pushes something back into Shelby. I laugh. "Ah, she's being a messy skanky! Good girl, Sophie, don't let her mess on my table!" As Shelby lies there, I see Sophie's finger come backup a number of times, which tells me that Shelby's bottom is spasming as much as her pussy and the rest of her is.

When I finally end this torture session, Shelby's pussy, her bottom and tops of her thighs are all coated with a good layer of sticky, pasty honey. She falls limp and lies there, trying hard to catch her breath.

I untie her legs, quickly clipping her left ankle back to the foot of the table. Then I unlock her wrists, pulling them up behind her as I roll her onto her left side and cuffing them together before I again lock them to the edge of the table. I pull Shelby's limp body around into a sitting position, only with her lying on her side. Then I put a rope around her waist and tie her waist to the side of the table to keep her from scooting forward or up. Just to be cautious, I put another rope around her knees and tie them to the opposite edge of the table. As I move her, Shelby just tries to get her breath and barely notices what I'm doing to her, much less thinks about why I might put her like this.

I don't speak. There's no reason for me to, and if I did it would give Shelby a hint. I just go get one of the disposable enema packages out

Torture By Feather

of the cabinet. I stay behind Shelbie, where she won't have a clue, and rip it open. It only takes me a few seconds to hang the bag of cool fluid up and attach the greased nozzle to it's tubing. I set the nozzle on the table under Shelbie's thighs. Pulling on fresh gloves first, I lift Shelbie's top cheek up to expose her asshole and smear a layer of lubricating jelly over it. Then I push about 8" of the finger-thick nozzle's 10" length slowly into Shelbie's bottom, until the egg-shaped retainer is inside her. I know Shelbie feels that, as I feel her stiffen up. She tries to life her head up and see what's being done to her, but just can't quite get it high enough. She finally gives up and lies back down, fairly still.

I release the clamp and the fluid starts to flow into her bottom. She jerks as she stiffens in shock. Clear she neither expected this, nor welcome's it. But bound and gagged, there's nothing she can do but endure it. She breathes harder and squirms more as she fills, which is all she can manage to do. I'm sure she'd be groaning and whining if she could.

The bag holds a full liter. I rarely use that much, since anything over half a liter will do nothing but increase her discomfort. I save that for punishment enemas. Those I give the full bag and see just how uncomfortable I make the toy. I give Shelbie just over half a liter, enough to get her nicely full and fairly uncomfortable as she lies there. I can the relief flow over her when I finally slip the tube from her bottom.

She lies there, bound and unable to do much more, full and squirming with discomfort. I let her lie there a minute or two while I tell Sophie "You will get this skank cleaned up for me, slave. Please, behave and make sure there it's good and clean."

Sophie says yes, and hurries to get a bed pan. I lock a chain to Shelbie's handcuffs, leaving her about a foot of chain to move around. I put leg irons on her ankles, and another chain, maybe two feet long, to lock them to the table. Shelbie, once untied, will be bale to move around enough to sit and roll over, but that's it. She won't be getting off the table, and she won't be ungagging herself. I watch as Sophie set the bed beside the table, then gets a bucket of water, some body wash, shampoo,

Torture By Feather

conditioner, a razor and shave gel. Once she's got all of it lain out next to the table, She unties Shelbie and pulls her to sit up on the bed pan. Thankfully the bed pan has a plastic bag liner and a good layer of kitty litter in it. Sophie tells Shelbie she can relieve herself now, or we can just wait a few more minutes until she can't not relieve herself. Shelbie takes the hint and starts using the bed pan.

I leave her to Sophie and head for the kitchen. Even though I have a slave whom I'm I taught to cook well for me, I still cook several days a week because I enjoy it. Sophie still gets the mess to clean up though, I don't miss that one bit. I make supper while Sophie cleans every accessible bit of Shelbie.

Sophie well knows how I want Shelbie to look. I have standards. And I have a way I prefer my subs to wash. Sophie will do it properly. Once Shelbie finishes on the bed pan, Sophie will lie her back and clean her pussy out thoroughly, even using a soft spongy brush to scrub out inside her. She'll shave Shelbie's lips silky smooth and trim that bush into a very neat triangle. She'll wash and condition her hair, including her bush before scrubbing every bit of skin. Then she'll rinse her off and dry her off. Lastly Shelbie's hair gets dried and brushed out. Bush, too.

Once I have the food made and in the oven, which I'm using as a warmer, I return to the playroom where Shelbie is lying on the table, on her side, and looking nicely cleaned up. Sophie stands beside her, everything cleaned up. I inspect Shelbie, paying extra attention to her pussy. I tell Sophie what a great job she's done, I don't even smell skanky pussy anymore, which gets Sophie beaming from the compliment.

I unlock her from the table, but leave the cuffs and shackles on her. That should remind her that she's mine, and she's not going anywhere unless I allow it. Or doing anything.

I steady her as she slips off the edge of the table onto her feet. I release the gag and pull it from her mouth. She gags once as it's gone, then takes a quick breath. "Miss Rodgers, please, my kids--"

I slap her face hard, leaving a good hand print and snapping her head off to the side. Before she recovers, I grab her hair and drag her

Torture By Feather

about two steps to a chair. I sit and pull her over my knees. I don't even bother to tell her to behave, or what I expect from her. I hook my leg around her to hold hers down, and pin her cuffed hands to her back with a hand. I send Sophie for a paddle, which takes her about three seconds to hand me.

This paddle has a blade of solid rubber that's stiff, but flexible. It's somewhere around 18" long, 4" wide and ¼" thick. I touch the blade of it against Shelby's rounded and taut bottom. "Bad skank! I told you once, you don't speak unless spoken to!" I raise the paddle and bring it down hard, landing it with a sharp crack across her cheeks. Shelby cries out a loud "OW!!!" and sucks a few quick breaths. I raise my paddle back up off her pink cheeks.

"You are nothing!" Swat. OW! "You have nothing!" Swat. OW! "You don't have kids!" Swat. OW! "People have kids." Swat. OW! "You're nothing!" Swat. OW! "You obey." Swat. OW! "You don't think!" Swat. OW! "You Amuse." Swat. OW! "Because you're no one!" Swat. OW!

Ten swats leave her crying hard, her bottom nice and red, stinging with fire, but not bruised. The redness will fade by morning. Then sting will take about as long. I shove her off my lap and onto her knees, snapping for her to straighten herself up and kneel properly. She obediently kneels my way, still crying and trying to rub her bottom with her cuffed hands.

I look down on her and scold her again. "Now maybe you will remember that you are so utterly nothing, skank. You are just a toy. You're good for nothing but my amusement. Nothing!" I grab a good hand full of her hair and pull her up to her feet.

I switch back to my normal sweet voice, her punishment over. "Now come along, it's supper time, skank." I let go of her hair, only to grab her again by her bush and lead her out to the dining table. I pull out a chair for her and make her sit in on her still stinging bottom. She winces hard, cries a little more as her bottom lands on the seat. But she doesn't dare say anything. Or hesitate to sit when told to.

Torture By Feather

I have Sophie serve the meal. I eat leisurely. Sophie does as well, interrupting her meal only to cater to me. Shelbie sits there and stares at her plate, unable to eat with her hands cuffed behind her. When I finish dessert, Sophie serves me coffee.

Only when I'm through with everything, do I finally start cutting Shelbie's chicken and feeding her. I hurry her meal along just enough for her to know I'm hurrying it. And I make her clean her plate. She doesn't get dessert or coffee. But she does get tea to sip through a straw. I expect it's been a very long time since anyone fed her. Probably never while she sat naked. Hopefully she finds it just a little demeaning.

After supper I take her back to the play room. Immediately I tell Sophie to undress, which takes her about two seconds since she only has a very tight and lacy mini dress on. And not even panties under it. I have Sophie lie on the table on her stomach.

I tell Shelbie that since Sophie has been a good girl and pleased her mistress today, she gets a treat. Her treat being Shelbie. Who spends the next hour giving Sophie a full body massage with my favored warming oil. It's a rare treat for Sophie, since I'd never massage a slave. She there's to pleasure me, not the other way around. But since I have a toy, I might as well use it. And for my amusement, I stand there watching Shelbie massage her, my crop frequently reminding her already sore bottom that I want Sophie to have a sensual tender massage. Sophie purr the entire time for her part.

After Sophie's massage, I have Shelbie kneel. Then I send Sophie to fetch Shelbie's phone and make Shelbie give me the PIN to it. Then I snap a picture of her naked and on her knees. I start going through her contacts, until I find Amy, the mutual friend of hers and Vicki's whom asked Vicki to talk to me. I send the picture to both with the caption: *See how slutty I am? Thank you for introducing me to Miss Rodgers!* I send it. Then I decide to send it to Vicki, too. I turn her phone off so no one will text her back.

I have Shelbie lie on the table, this time on her stomach. I start with the leather cuffs on her ankles, binding her feet to the corners of the table.

Torture By Feather

More leather straps around the tops of her thighs pull up towards her head, pulling her legs taut and immobile. Another couple of straps across her back, one at the small of it, and one at the top just under her shoulders, keep her lifting up. I leave her hands cuffed behind her. I blindfold her this time, too.

I have a nice little tease in mind for her. The first thing I do is have Sophie fetch me a small, fairly short butt plug and lubricate it for me. She doesn't even resist as I spread her cheeks wide and push the toy into her tight asshole. Just breathes what should be a grunt as it slips into her. I have a spreader just for this. It's two clamps, like alligator clips only not as strong, with an adjustable chain connecting them. I put one clamp high on her pussy lip, loop the chain around her thigh, and put the other clamp on her low on her lip. Then I shorten up the chain until it hold her lip snugly against her thigh, and repeat on the other side. Which leaves her lips spread, her pussy fully exposed.

The toy of torture for Shelby is a tube about an inch around. Inside are two feathers attached to a little vibrating motor. I put the tube firmly against Shelby's pinkness and secure it to the table with some duct tape. I know, it's redneck of me, but I am a southern girl and it so works. Then I twist the motor back, adjusting it's position so that the feathers are just barely touching Shelby's clit.

I turn it on. Shelby stiffens and breathes out another strained hard breath that should be a moan, if she could make noise. Her body shivers crisply and she lies there, pinned to the table suffering as she trembles. After about two minutes the motor cycles off. It has a timer that will turn it back on, and off, and so on, endlessly. About two minutes on, then 30 seconds off. One enough to kill her, off just enough for her to feel the frustration of it ending.

I stands there, Sophie at my side, for about ten minutes as we watch a good three cycles of her torture. It's long enough for me see her struggle against those straps hard, and fail to get free of the teasing.

I leave her there, loudly telling Sophie, "come on, slave, Mistress would love a long tender bubble bath!"

Torture By Feather

Sophie immediately answers, "Yes, Mistress, it would so be my pleasure to give you a *very* sweet and tender bubble bath, Mistress." Her voice says she's eager to do so. And she must be, because she spends a very long time washing me so thoroughly as I bask in the steamy rose-scented bubbly water. She washes everything, even my pussy for me, and reluctantly behaves herself and resists her desire to pleasure me. I haven't given permission for that, and she knows pleasuring me without permission will bring her a very good spanking. And disappoint me with her disobedience. I'm sure it's the latter that keeps her in line.

With only a towel wrapped around me, We both go back to check on the suffering Shelbie. I can see her lying there, trembling uncontrollably and breathing hard. I leave her there, again telling Sophie that I would like vary tender massage. And I expect far better than the amateurish attempt she got.

My massage lasts over an hour, Sophie giving me one of the slutty massages I taught her. The kind where her nipples are dancing over my bare body as she massages me. I lie there afterwards, feeling rather relaxed, and send Sophie to check in on Shelbie. She reports back that "Shelbie is still lying there, shivering like she's lying on a glacier, and sweating and moaning without sound." I decide that Shelbie is fine and have Sophie tongue my pussy until I'm done. I've taught her how my body reacts to a good tonguing, that with each orgasm my hips will shudder crisper and harder, until eventually when my pussy has had it's fill, those hips will snap so hard they throw her head from me. Sophie has made a little game of trying to hang on past that harsh thrashing, but so far hasn't succeeded. She tries again tonight. I'm not sure how it will feel if she ever manages to, but I'm anxious to find out.

I send her to check on Shelbie, and she reports back that she's the same. Just shivering harder and making more "non-noise." And she sweating pretty good, flushed a nice pink, too. I tell her to massage me more until I'm asleep, then check on Shelbie again.

I wake up after about two hours and tell Sophie to go check Shelbie. She's still unhappily suffering, so I go back to sleep. I wake

Torture By Feather

again, and have Sophie check again. The next time I wake it's time for me to get up. I go check Shelbie and see that now in addition to trembling uncontrollably, she's crying just a little. Tears at the corners of her eyes. I go use the bathroom, clean up and wake Sophie. Since Sophie doesn't wake that easily, I'm able to wake her by teasing her wide slit with my finger tip. "You are so good, Sophie. I know you went to bed horny last night, slave. Don't you worry about that."

I take Sophie to the playroom Where Shelbie is definitely suffering. I turn the toy off and Shelbie doesn't do anything. She just lies there, still trembling and breathing faster and deeper than ever. I untie her ankles, putting the shackles back on them and chaining the shackles to the foot of the table. And I spread her cheeks, seeing the toy right where I left it, a little round disk poking up out of her asshole. I grab it and gently pull. Shelbie exhales a sweetly tortured breath as it moves. It slips out quickly. Her muscles takes a minute to tense back up after being held wide for so long. I unstrap her legs, then her chest, leaving her hands cuffed behind her.

Shelbie isn't doing much beside lying there, dripping sweat and trembling. I'm pretty sure she liked her torture session, there's a thick layer of her pasty honey coating her pussy, her thighs, and a good part of my table. I have to roll her and move her to get her back onto her side so I can retie her for another enema. She lies still, sucking hard breaths, as I position her and set up the bag.

This time Shelbie doesn't even flinch when I press the nozzle into her bottom. She just lies limp as she starts to fill, too. And stays limp. She only shows her growing discomfort in her breaths, as they steadily take on a more urgent, more pleading hint. I fill her with the same half liter, enough to ensure that she will go, whether she chooses to or not. Just another choice I'm taking away from her. Hopefully, later, as she thinks back on her session, she'll realize that I even decided when she'd use the toilet, and she didn't have a say in that either. When I decided she would, I simply made her do, and when I didn't, she couldn't get to a toilet.

Torture By Feather

Once she has enough, I slip the nozzle out of her bottom. But I leave her tied like that, securely on her side with very little freedom to move. I lift a pussy lip, seeing that her pinkness is nicely flushed like the rest of her. "You'll just never get this skank pit clean! It is just way too eager to stop skanking long enough to get washed!"

I walk around the table, examining Shelbie's still limp-and-trembling body. I take a second to tease a breast with the tips of my fingers, which gets goosebumps to sprout up on instantly, but otherwise Shelbie doesn't react, at least not visibly. Not even when I pinch her little nipple.

"You know what, my sexy little slave girl? I feel like a slutty show before breakfast." I get a vibrator, one of those they sell as a massager with big, bulbous, soft head to it. One that has fresh D batteries in it. I don't even bother to spread her pussy lips. I just push the toy snugly against her smooth lips right over her clit. I know that's eager, I could actually see it throbbing when I looked. And I turn it on.

I'm pretty sure that this is a first for Shelbie. Probably not the position, her letter told me that she's "tried a number of positions," and this is pretty much how she'd be were she spooning with a man. But she also said she'd never been tied by a lover. She never mentioned being masturbated while her bottom was flooded full with an enema, but seriously, who'd think to mention that? It's not exactly on the "vanilla lovers" top ten list of frequent acts. And she did say that she's done plenty of oral, but only tried anal once and didn't enjoy it. I wrote that off to inexperience, not knowing how to do it without it hurting. That's a learned skill, and I can see that she can't even accept a finger easily into her butt, so I doubt she's had much more.

The second the toy touches her clit, and with her lips closed it's barely touching it, Shelbie stiffens hard. But she keeps trembling. She sucks an impossibly fast breath in, then screams it out, emptying her lungs completely without making a sound, before repeating. She can't move more than a fraction of an inch, but she tries hard, her body snapping sharply as it struggles to free itself from the bonds holding her

Torture By Feather

still.

It takes her about twenty seconds. I can tell she's climaxing but the sudden wildness to her struggles. But the bonds do their job and hold her still. I hold the toy right where it is, letting it continue it's work as the waves of her orgasm wash over her. I figure that she's suffered badly last night, so now I'm going to "reward" her with a very long, very intense, finish to her suffering.

Her thrashing never eases up as the toy keeps working, teasing her now-way-too-sensitive slit and pushing her fast towards a second climax. I only know she climaxes again when her thrashes suddenly sharpen up. So hard that I wonder if she might leave bruises on her wrists and ankles from the restraints. Those could be embarrassing at work!

Which gives me an idea. If Shelbie knew me, my ideas, she'd be cringing in fear. I have Sophie get a bed pan with a shield on it. It's a good sized one, with a plastic liner, and also with a good layer of kitty litter in it. It's shield sticks up high at the back end, well enough to redirect anything, even a garden hose, into the pan. She positions that directly behind Shelbie's asshole. Then Sophie holds the vibrator in place for me, after putting on a pair of my latex gloves.

I stand back. And I circle around Shelbie, seeing her face hideously scrunched up. I tease her breasts while she lies there climaxing hard. It's not very long until I see the waves start ebbing, only to quickly sharpen again, this time even harder, as a third climax sweeps her body. She fights even more against those bonds.

It's the fifth climax that does her in. It's the one she finally loses any control over her body. Her stiffness evaporates in a split second, replaces by a complete limpness. But now her pussy spasms, squirting little pasty dollops of honey onto the side of the vibrator. Her breathing steadies, the silent screams replaces by a hard pant of desperation to get air into her lungs. Her bowels release as well, a hard stream shooting out of her, deflected by the shield, and filling up her bedpan. Her bladder lets go as well, peeing on the vibrator as Sophie keeps it working on her pussy. That manages to run into the bedpan as well.

Torture By Feather

Even limp, Shelby shivers hard. I use my phone to make a little video clip, about ten seconds long, but showing absolutely everything. While Sophie pushes her through that climax, I turn Shelby's phone on, see that she has a few texts from Amy, commenting on the picture I'd sent her last night. I read those. They basically say *You go girl*, as in enjoy yourself. I send the video clip to Shelby's phone and turn it back off.

As this orgasm finally starts to ebb, I have Sophie stop. "I will make us breakfast. Now you should be able to deskank this skank. Make it look nice for me."

Sophie eagerly accepts, as she does whatever task I assign her, asking only what color nail polish I'd like on her "skanky fingers and toes." I tell her to use the baby blue, and make-up to match. Sophie obediently assures me I will be very happy with her work.

I make breakfast. Shelby lies totally spent, limp and at best, marginally conscious. More like she drifts in the bliss of those orgasms for a moment, then after a sleepless night of torture, fades into a well satisfied sleep. The shivers slowly fade from her body. I trust that Sophie will sponge bath every bit of her, shave her with the hair removal cream, wash her hair, brush it out, do her nails, scrub her pussy and butt clean, and everything else.

An hour later Sophie tells me that Shelby is ready. When I enter, Shelby is asleep. But she's fully cleaned up, her nails buffed to a glossy shine, her hair brushed, and her make-up done well, understated to accent her looks, not hide her face. I unlock her from the table, then a few little slaps to her small breasts wake her. She moves slowly getting to her feet. More so with the cuffs and shackles still on.

I take her to the table and get her in a chair. Sophie, still nude, which is my favorite way for her to dress, goes to dish up breakfast for us. I turn Shelby's phone on, and show her the video I'd made. She cringes and blushes beet red when she sees just how she looked climaxing like that. And it's clear that she's cumming. I can even see a couple of honey squirts from her pussy.

I start scrolling through her contacts. I ask her who each one is to

Torture By Feather

her. Her ex, a couple of baby sitters, a bunch of coworkers, a couple of neighbors, and a few actual friends are all in there. I skip over the ones like "School." I can guess what that number is. "Ooh..." I coo, "Amy! Isn't she the friend who talked to Mrs. Tanner so she'd talk to me for you?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers." Shelby answers.

"Well maybe she'd enjoy seeing just how much slutty fun you had, skank! She did make it possible for you! Don't you want to thank her? We could send her the video! Won't that be great?"

"PLEASE, Miss Rodgers! PLEASE don't send that to anyone!" Shelby blurts out, a true desperate panic in her voice.

I'm sure that Amy won't be offended by the video. She wasn't put-off by the nude picture last night. I'm pretty sure she doesn't actually want to see it either. But I doubt she'll be offended. And I am all but certain that Shelby will endure days of good-natured teasing if she sees that. "Ah, skank. I told you, I don't care what you want. I don't care how humiliated you are!"

I point my phone at her, getting her naked body, hands obviously cuffed, sitting at the table next to a steaming hot plate of food, in the frame. "You will make a very polite, formal and humble little video clip. You will thank Amy for being a good friend and helping you to have so much fun. You will tell her how good your orgasms were. And then you will ask her to watch and see for herself. For once you get a choice, skank. You get to choose how sore your bottom will be when you finally suck up your shame and amuse me with that video message. You will make it."

I watch as she all but turns green at the thought of it. Then as realization dawns on her that she doesn't have a choice. I will force her to make it. I will have her back over my knees and paddle her until she does. I'll bet she knows it won't take that much more paddling for her bottom to insist she forgets her shame. She nods a very embarrassed yes. "Now." I start the record.

"Mrs. Layton, thank you very much for being such a good friend to me, ma'am. I really appreciate you helping me arrange a visit to Miss

Torture By Feather

Rodgers. I have had such a wonderful time here, Ma'am. She has made me have the most incredible orgasm, far beyond anything I ever imagined I could have. Or anyone could have. I barely remember it, I sort of... faded off. But I still feel the utter satisfaction from it. I know I look disgusting, Ma'am, but would please watch this little video clip of my incredible orgasm? I want you to see just how much fun it was for me, Ma'am."

I click the recording off, and send the video message to Amy, followed by the video clip. Then as an after thought, I send both to Vicky as well, adding a text "thought you might want to see what Shelbie got herself into." I turn Shelbie's phone off. I use my phone to send another text to Vicky: "Don't worry about Sophie, I'd never do something like THAT to her. Sophie is a very good girl."

Then we eat. This time I allow Sophie to feed Shelbie at the same time as we eat. And remind Shelbie not to ask for anything, which leaves her sitting there naked, and at Sophie's mercy for her food. She gets juice with her meal, but no coffee. And she has to eat her entire plate, as I'd insist any sub did if I gave her a meal.

Follow breakfast, Sophie gets the dishes. I sip coffee. Shelbie sits in her chair waiting for me to tell her something. I check my message. One from Vicky: *Oh, GOD! I can't believe she'd be into something like! I am so glad to know Sophie is suffering anything like! I will never look at Shelbie the same again!* I check Shelbie's messages and find a text from Amy: *Wow, girl, you really didn't hold anything back! Freaky! Glad you liked it, though. Now I have gossip for a week! Katy is going to love this!*

I read it to Shelbie, watching her cringe as she hears it. I wouldn't have told anyone anything, except that Vicky has already told me that Shelbie's secret was out. Pretty much all of her friends knew that she had asked Amy. And they all knew she was hoping to come play. And they all assumed that there would be some toys, ropes and things like that involved. So I'm really not telling them anything. Shelbie knows that too. But it doesn't make it any less humiliating for her to have the see it.

I know that Shelbie's kids are to catch the school bus at 7:10, and I

Torture By Feather

know Ellie is going to walk them to the bus and watch them get on it. Then she'll lock up Shelbie's house and come here to pick Shelbie up. Which puts Ellie here around 7:30, give or take a couple of minutes. Which should leave her plenty of time to get Shelbie to work at 8:00, assuming they don't linger. Which Ellie isn't going to let her do.

I wait until about twenty after, which is only about five minutes of stalling. Which gives me time for a second cup of coffee. Then I have Sophie bring out some clothes I've set out for Shelbie. I thought about having Ellie bring her fresh clothes, but decided not to since that would tip Shelbie off that Ellie has been to her house and knows something about her kids. So I give her some of the extra "toy clothes" I keep around. I learn that from mom, always have a variety of clothes handy, you never know when a sub will need something.

Like now. If I sent Shelbie to work in the same clothes as she wore yesterday, everyone there would know that she had some kind of interesting night. Not just her close circle of friends who already know. The guys would pick up on it, too.

I have Shelbie stand against a bare spot on my wall near the door, while I unlock her. Then I teach her how to humbly dress. I start at the feet, and hold out a pair of thigh high stockings, and make Shelbie ask me for permission to put them on. Then it's shoes. And a garter belt to hold the stockings up. After all of that, she finally gets to ask me "May I please be allowed to put those panties on now, ma'am?"

I hold the panties up, stretch them out and turn them so she can see the butt of them. They're white and silky, lace trimmed, and low cut. Nicely sexy. But what I want her to see is are the bright pink letters I've written across the back of them, "I Belong To Miss Rodgers." It's right across the butt. And as she pulls them on, it's right across her butt now! I make her turn around so I can take a picture of that. So fodder for my scrap book.

In addition to the white shoes, the ones she wore here, and the lacy white bra, panties, and garter set with plain stockings, Shelbie gets a very adorable baby blue dress to wear. It's all lace, tight and stretchy. It covers

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her from the tops of her little boobies to about two inches below the bottoms of her cheeks. It doesn't actually show anything, there's a thin satin liner under the lace. Except her back, there's a nice V-slit in the liner at her back that lets her skin show through the lace, should someone look very closely. I'm sure a few guys will look, too. It's not exactly profession, or causal, or slutty. It's definitely not exactly a date dress either. But it could pass for any of them. And it is appropriate for her job as a paralegal. And she looks killer in it.

Once she's dress I have her stand facing a wall, hands behind her, and remind her that she's to be still and silent until told to move.

A couple of minutes later Ellie arrives and greets me with big hug. She slips me Shelbie's keys, and I slip them into her purse. Sophie brings me a paper grocery bag with all of Shelbie's things in, and I put her phone in her purse, then put her purse in the bag. Ellie gets the bag.

"Skank. You are to go with Miss Hawkins. You will obey her and behave you skanky bottom just as if you were here with me. You do not want her to call me and tell me you have been a naughty skank."

Following my instructions, Ellie takes Shelbie's hand and holds it as she walks her out.

Fifteen minutes later Ellie calls me and tells me that Shelbie rode in "squirming silence" all the way to work. Ellie gave Shelbie her final instructions, sitting in the car, about ten feet from the door to her work: "You will go to work. You will not call the school to check on your kids. You will meet the school bus at the bus stop and they can tell you whatever adventure they had when mommy disappeared on them. You will answer any question anyone asks you about your night. You may write Miss Rodgers one email within the next 48 hours, no more than 300 words. After which, should she wish to amuse herself with your utter skankiness again, she will summon you." Ellie hands her a paper cup of coffee and told her "now get your skanky bottom to work, skank. You are dismissed."

Ellie tells me that Shelbie thank her for the coffee, thanked her for the rides, and hurried in to work.

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I'm watching Shelbie. While I had it, I installed a very nice spyware kit on it that she'll never find. No ever has. Mom got it from some Russians on some TOR site. But it mirrors everything on her phone to a server in Moscow, where I can look through it at leisure. I can turn on the microphone and the cameras, too, streaming video to me without her seeing it. But I just watch her phone dialer for now, looking to see if she will call the school and check on her kids. But she doesn't. At least not from her phone.

Then I deal with Sophie, who deserves a couple of sweet self-administered orgasms to relive her tension and amuse me.

It's late that night when I get the email from Shelbie. She spends 100 words or so, thanking me for taking good care of her kids, and everything else. Then she spends a few words telling me how utterly humiliated she was when she saw Amy, and Amy just had to comment on her orgasm. "Really, Shelbie??? So good you could even hold your poop???" it was accompanied by a laugh. Then she spends the last half of her 300 words – she used 300 exactly – begging me to allow her to come back.

I file her in my toy file, knowing that I'll amuse myself with her again, but it'll be a couple of weeks until I do. Gotta make sure Shelbie knows I don't care how eager she is. She comes when the whim strikes me.