

Welcome  
To America



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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## 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.

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

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

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

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

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I've known her longer. Since about two months after her 18<sup>th</sup> birthday, which was also about two months before she finished high school.

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

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

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

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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 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.

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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.

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# Chapter 01: A Brat and a Slut

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It's a fairly quiet Friday afternoon, around 3:00, and I've just gotten back to my apartment. I have one of my toys, Mia, over. Mia is a long-time toy of mine. I've owned her for well over a year now, since a few months after she turned 18. She's 19 now. I first met Mia through Paige. The two girls were good friends in school, and when Paige came to serve me, Mia found every chance to pester Paige with questions, and then to pester her to come over. I finally relented and invited Mia over. As soon as Mia arrived, I told her that if she was going to stay, she would be minding the same rules I have for Paige. Mia stripped, and very uncomfortably allowed herself to be searched right beside Paige. It wasn't long before the young girl was getting very aroused. I spanked her for her sluttiness. Then I allowed Paige to relieve it. Before Mia went home that evening, Paige had relieved her twice more. Mia was eager to "study with Paige" again. And I had a new toy.

Mia is still by the door, undressing under the supervision of my salve-girl, Sophie. Sophie has instructions to get Mia nude, search her, and take her to the playroom. Mia is overdue for a good, thorough, enema. She hates enemas with a passion. But she cums with even more passion when I allow Paige to get to her during one. It makes for a very amusing show for me. Only this time, Mia won't be allowed to cum with Paige. She'll have to settle for masturbating just before I dismiss her for the night. She'll cum just as intensely. I know that from experience.

I'm sitting on the sofa. I just put YouTube on the TV and I'm flipping through some concerts trying to decide which of them I want to listen to as background while I give Mia her enema. I hear my phone ring. I have several different ringtones on it, so just from the tone I know it's the number I keep for my toys. They're only allowed to call me in an emergency, however, some of them are allowed to give the number out to guys who ask them out. Those guys who want to date my toys need my permission, not the toy's. I own my toys, and if you want to play with my toys, you ask me. I assume it's nothing important, it almost never is.

Sophie slips my phone out of her pocket. She very politely answers it, leaving Mia waiting, and quite literally, half-naked. Mia has

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undressed from the waist up and was just starting to take her belt off when Sophie stopped Mia while she answered my phone. A few seconds later I hear Sophie tell the caller that she'll check with her Mistress, meaning me, and see if I am available.

Sophie comes over to me and drops to her knees. She kneels with her legs spread wide, as I require in case I might wish to get to her pussy. She holds her hands in front of her breasts, palms upturned into a little table six inches out from her mounds. My phone rests atop her hands, the screen clearly showing that the call is muted. Sophie waits for me to tell her to speak. She tells me that it's Nassima's husband calling and that he says it's urgent.

Nassima is another of my toys. One of the toys I see less often. Her husband travels between Mobile and their home in the Middle East. He enjoys seeing Nassima humiliated. So he brings her to me, and I allow him to watch about half of Nassima's sessions. Nassima enjoys nothing more than a very hard enema, and her husband has no interest in giving them to her. I enjoy making her squirm, among other things. It's been several weeks since she's been here, but that's because they've been out of Mobile for most of that time. I assume they're back and he wants to schedule something.

But since he did say it was urgent, I take his call, sending Sophie back to finish getting Mia naked. I have a whim for tonight, and it involves Mia. She and Paige give excellent foot massages. Massages that are so much better with Sophie massaging my back at the same time. I could force myself to endure hours of it!

As soon as I hear the crappy connection on the phone I know he's still not back in Mobile. He tells me that Tariq, a friend of his, is in Biloxi for some sort of a convention. Tariq is traveling with Ayşe (pronounced Aisha), his 22-year-old ward. Like him, and the rest of their town, Tariq is a rather traditional Muslim man. Duh, I think, all of Turkey is, outside of Istanbul and Ankara.

Tariq is planning to attend some sort of business-related, and very important, function this evening. He must attend, his business has too much interest at stake. I don't bother to ask what business Tariq is in. I

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just assume it's mostly legal since his function is at one of the casinos in Biloxi, and will be attended by a couple of senators and such. Take the politicians out of the mix, and I'd have more confidence in the legality of his business. It seems wherever you find politicians, you find slime and scandal! But that's none of my concern.

He tells me that Ayşe has been acting up and being rather bratty. Tariq feels that Ayşe could use a little "female guidance and discipline." Apparently, Tariq knows something about Nassima's visits to me, because he called and asked for an introduction to me. Immediately, as in his words, he's in a tight spot now.

I like to keep the spouses of my toys happy. I tell him that he may give Tariq my number. But I'm only promising to talk to Tariq, nothing more. I'd never promise anything more with someone I didn't know well, let alone hadn't met.

Tariq calls me almost the minute I end that call. This time I answer my own phone, mostly because I haven't returned it to Sophie yet. I do so love having a secretary!

Tariq tells me the short version of his plans. The US wants to build a facility in Turkey, near the Kurdish areas. Whatever they're building, Tariq's company is in a position to supply it with many things, and he's networking with the US companies, and politicians, involved in approving the contracts. Thus, appearances are very important to him now. He doesn't say what the government wants to build out there, but I can guess. The kind of place that won't be on any maps. There's no reason to build anything else near a "disputed" desert area.

He tells me that Ayşe has been acting like a total brat. And, in his opinion, like a complete whore. She wants to run around wild, "like shameless America young girls do," instead of behaving like a proper woman. Tonight, he can't have that. Appearances are everything in his world, and there will be a number of associates from Turkey there. All of whom will scorn him if they see how Ayşe is acting.

But he'll never leave Ayşe alone and unsupervised, even just while he attends the function. First, it would very negligent of him. Second, Ayşe would vanish and "whore around." I doubt he means she would

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actually sell herself. More likely he'd find her in one of the clubs, knocking back shots and dancing on tables partly undressed. At USA, where I'm a nursing student, we call that Friday night.

He tells me he's heard all of the details of my sessions with Nassima. But only because he's asked. After their trips to Mobile, Nassima has always been much better behaved, so he asked her husband what was happening in Mobile that was making her a "better woman."

He tells me that Ayşe is his ward. She's actually the daughter of his second cousin, who was killed in a building collapse along with his wife several years ago. He was her closest male relative, so in their tradition, she became his ward. Whether she liked it or not, apparently. He's a widower, his wife having died of breast cancer a while ago at the age of 42. He hasn't a clue how to deal with such a spirited and immodest woman as Ayşe.

Then he asks me directly if I would consider "minding Ayşe" for the evening. He would like her disciplined for being so immodest, in a manner appropriate for "such a whore." And he wouldn't mind if she learned a few things "a wife should know," as long as the lessons didn't involve any males. She has to remain "pure" if she's ever to find a husband and leave his home.

I don't comment on the neanderthal attitudes towards women's rights. Those attitudes seem to prevail in his part of the world. But I do tell him that I'm Jewish, and it's pretty obvious this is a Jewish home. I know that can be an issue for some Muslims. He says he doesn't care.

I tell him that if he brings Ayşe here, that I have no limits. I will do whatever my whims dream up with Ayşe and every last bit of her body. She might like it. She might hate it. She will definitely learn some manners here. It will likely be hard lessons for her. She will not be afforded any modesty or privacy here. Not over her body, nor her mind. She'll be mine to toy with however I fancy. And she will know it.

I also tell him that I am not a jailer. I will not forcibly hold Ayşe here. If she runs off, the only thing I will do is call him. He tells me that she wouldn't run off. If she did, she could never return home. Not just



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to his home, but to Turkey. And she'd penniless. He wouldn't support her if she ran away.

It's mostly curiosity on my part. And a bit of a challenge. Can I teach this brat some manners in one evening? I'm sure I can. I'm wondering if the lessons will stick, or if Ayşe will forget them at my door. Suddenly an idea forms in my head. I ask him when he will deliver Ayşe here. He tells me he'll be here with all the speed of the Uber he's hired for the night. *OUCH*, I think to myself. Biloxi has to be close to 100 miles away. Round trip, that's got to be over \$500 in an Uber. Double that, since he'll have to reclaim her as well. And it doesn't seem to faze him. I guess his business interests are doing decently well. I tell him to bring Ayşe here and give him the address. I give him directions for the Uber driver as well, assuming that a Biloxi driver won't be so familiar with Mobile. Luckily, I'm close off I-10, in downtown, and easy to find. Parking here isn't as easy to find.

Now I have a new plan in mind for the evening's entertainment. I don't tell Sophie anything. I never do. She's my slave. I tell her what I want her to do, and never explain the why to her. I tell her that she's to take Mia to the bathroom and see that Mia is cleaned up nicely. Sophie knows exactly what I mean for her to do. Mia is going to be spared the enema, at least for now. Instead, it's bath time for her. Sophie doesn't ask why. Neither does Mia. Both know it would be my paddle answering, and it would be explaining things to their bottom, not their ears.

Tariq must have left the minute I agreed to see Ayşe. He arrives a little over an hour later. He must not have stopped for anything, either. Or slowed down.

When he knocks at my door, I have Mia in the playroom. She's on her knees, about a minute out of the bathroom and the nice grooming Sophie has just given her. It was a rather thorough grooming, including even painting her nails and doing her hair. I leave Mia on her knees, telling her to wait there until summoned. Then I take Sophie with me to answer the door, instead of just having Sophie answer it as I usually do. On the way out of the playroom, I give Sophie one of my spare crops.

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This one is just a simple riding crop, made of soft leather dyed pink. It looks rather girly. It's so Sophie!

I open the door. I see a man, around 50, wearing a very expensive designer business suit. One that's on par with my best stuff, my Armani business suits. Beside him, I see a fairly petite young woman with dark hair. She's wearing a nice, designer, silver evening dress. I assume she was dressed up for the function. It's definitely not clubwear. It wouldn't survive a good night of partying.

He greets me politely, offering me his hand. Whatever his attitudes towards women, he treats me as an equal. I love the irony, knowing that my gender would make a second-class citizen in his world. Ayşe stands demure and silent at his side. She looks down, but I can see the petulant unhappy look on her face. I invite him to join me for a second on the sofa. He gladly accepts.

I reach out and firmly grip Ayşe by her shoulder. "You must the sassy little brat, Ayşe," I tell her in a very stern and scornful voice. "Come," I add as I begin to pull Ayşe into the apartment. As soon as she's past the door, I have both hands on her. I turn her to face the wall.

I have a spot just inside the door where the wall is blank. There's nothing there but paint. I turn Ayşe to face the wall. "You will stand your impudent bottom on this wall," I tell her in a rather steely hard voice. I nudge her forward until the pointy tips of her shoes are touching the baseboards. While I have my grip on her shoulder, I straighten her back up so she's standing rigid. Then I grab her wrists and pull them up behind her back. I set her left wrist in her right hand and close her fingers for her. It has her holding her wrist. I'm moving quickly, not giving Ayşe much of a chance to object or resist much.

I grab Ayşe's head and turn it back to face the wall. She was already turning to see what's going on around her. "You will stare at the wall. You will not move, not even to scratch an inch. You will not make a sound. You will stand like this and wait for me to tell you otherwise." I finish giving Ayşe her instructions.

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I turn to Sophie. "If this brat so much as twitches, whip her bottom until she behaves," I say it loudly enough that I'm sure both Ayşe and Tariq hear it as well.

Sophie raises her borrowed crop up high, gripping it with both hands as if it were a baseball bat. And Ayşe's bottom was the ball. And Sophie is aiming to swing a home run. Sophie freeze with the crop up high. Sophie locks her eyes on Ayşe, diligently watching her for any tiny movement. I have no doubt that any little movement will bring that whip cracking hard against Ayşe's bottom.

I leave Sophie to mind Ayşe for a moment. I offer Tariq tea or coffee. Like me, he goes for the coffee. I raise my voice just a little and call out our order, adding for skanky to fetch it. A very polite "yes, my Queen!" comes back from the kitchen.

It's about a minute later when Paige comes shuffling out with two cups of coffee. Paige is never allowed any clothes inside the apartment. Nothing, just the pink training collar, a basic dog collar, that is locked around her neck. And the police-issue leg irons locked her slim ankles. Those are just to remind her of her place as the lowest slave in my castle. But I think she likes wearing them. They limit her stride, rattling their chain with every step, and announcing that she's a slave.

Paige is 19, but she looks a little younger. Maybe 16 or 17. She's a pretty girl, too. She has a slightly long-looking oval face framed with honey-brown hair and green eyes. She also has a wide mouth framed with plush, light pink lips. She's 5'7", making her a few inches taller than Ayşe. She's also a mere 118 pounds, giving her a very slender figure with only the gentlest of curves. It's a girly figure that makes her look a little younger as if her curves are just beginning to develop.

Paige goes directly to Tariq. Without a hint of modesty, Paige drops to her knees at his feet. She opens her legs wide, exposing the puffy mound of her fully-shaven pussy. She holds one of the cups atop her upturned palms, in front of her bare breasts. "Here is your coffee, Sir. Thank you for allowing this skanky whore to serve you for my Queen, Sir."

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Tariq takes the cup. He tries to act as if he's only looking at it, but I can see his eyes are on Paige's breasts. They're modest B-cups, but they're rather pert with a slight pointiness to them. And they're topped with a pair of very light pink, wide, nipples that are swollen up hard and now rise off the tips of those mounds. By the time it takes Tariq to get his cup from Paige, I assume that he appreciates the view of them.

When his eyes finally return to me, I can a little surprise on his face. A bit of a grin, too. As if he's pleased by the immodest display of my slave, and by her humble subservience, but shocked that I would a strange man see it. He definitely doesn't mind, though. Paige turns to serve me. She knows the rules here, guests are served first. Just as she knows better than to intrude and ask who my guest is, or anything else. she's been told what she needs to know - that he would like light cream and no sugar in his coffee.

With a little pleased chuckle in his voice, Tariq tells me "if Ayşe would learn to serve her man so nicely, she would have found a husband long ago!"

"Oh, I'll teach her that. In fact, she can take skanky's place and serve us coffee when you return," I tell him.

He snorts another chuckle, "I would like to see her so humble for once in her life. She is such a spirited girl!"

"I call that a girl who needs a good spanking."

"She's 22, isn't she a little old for such punishments?"

"Oh, no," I tell him, "As long as she's in your charge, she's yours to discipline. I've found spankings to be rather effective. The brat is dressed up nicely, was she to be your escort for this function tonight?" I ask him. I doubt he catches the twinkle in my eye.

"Yes, I was going to... But the way she's been acting, I can't! She will certainly embarrass me!"

"The brat won't be needing such a nice dress while she's here. I'll just get it for you." I don't give him time to ask what I mean by that. I rise to my feet and cross over to where Ayşe is standing along the wall.

I put my hands to Ayşe's hips, feeling a slight flinch run through her as she feels my firm touch. "Turn, brat," I tell her just as firmly. I

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don't wait for her to obey. I use my hands to spin her around so she's facing me. Now I see a slightly nervous look on her face. It makes me wonder what she knew before she got here. I'll find out in a minute. But whatever Ayşe had in mind, I think she's finding it far stricter than she was expecting. And I haven't done anything yet!

Ayşe anxiously glances over at Sophie a couple of times. They're quick glances. With each on the anxiousness on her face grows. As if she wasn't sure if Sophie was really going to whip her or not, and now that she sees the whip raised in Sophie's hands, realizes that she would have. Maybe she sees the disappointed look on Sophie's face, too. As if Sophie was just waiting for the chance to whip her. Sophie probably was. She likes to please me by minding the toys for me.

I look Ayşe directly in the eyes, keeping my voice firm and hard, but at a normal volume and with a hint of sweetness to it. It's a tone that hopefully conveys I'm not yet mad at her, but I am serious. "Take that dress off, fold it up neatly, and politely give it to my slave." I hope Ayşe gets the message that I am not asking. Her dress is going to be coming off. I let her see the pastel green crop now in my hand. Mine is very girly, fringed with white lace, but it also has the firm tip to it that will sear a nice welt onto Ayşe.

Ayşe's eyes go wide. Very nervously she glances at her guardian. Her eyes dart back and forth between him and me several times in a second or two. She cringes, her face scrunching up tightly.

"Stop wasting time, brat," I tell her firmly. "You say 'yes, Ma'am, and start taking that dress off like your naughty bottom was told to. I will *not* tell you again, brat. That dress is coming off."

Ayşe cringes a little more. I didn't expect her to act so modestly, not after what Tariq said about her. "Yes, Ma'am..." Ayşe says in a rather reluctant, and hushed, voice. It's the first time I've heard her voice. It's high-pitched, but soft, laced with the sing-song accent of a native Arabic speaker. I guess Turkish must be similar to Arabic. It's also a very nervous voice.

Ayşe's hands move slowly to the shoulder straps of her gown. It's not an especially modest gown. It would probably get her arrested in

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Saudi Arabia. It's shoulderless, except for the inch-wide straps. And it's sleeveless, showing off her bare shoulders and arms. But otherwise, it's long, hanging down almost all the way to her ankles, and rather loose-fitting. Loose enough to hide the shape of her body. And she's not wearing a hijab. The way Tariq talked, I expected him to insist on the hijab. All I can think is that he allowed her to dress this way so she'd blend in with all the Americans at this function of his.

Ayşe slips the straps off her shoulders. It only takes a little nudge from her for the dress to fall to her ankles. She squats down and picks it up. She tries to fold it neatly. She even tries to smooth out the wrinkles once she has it folded. It's not very neat, but she's made her best effort at it. I guess she doesn't have any practice with laundry. I would have thought that was considered an essential life skill for a woman in her world.

Ayşe just holds the dress out towards Sophie. Sophie makes no move to take it. I tell Ayşe she has to offer it to Sophie. Ayşe blushes a tiny bit, then hushes her voice another few decibels. "Here is my dress, Miss Slave, will you please take for me?" Ayşe politely asks. Now Sophie takes the dress. Sophie quickly refolds the dress, getting it very neat.

It leaves Ayşe standing there, blushing a little brighter, and shirking back toward the wall. In her bra and panties. And high-heeled shoes. Now I can see that Ayşe has a slim and fairly shapely build. She's about 5'4" tall, and I'd guess around 120, maybe 125 pounds. It makes her petite, but shapely. It lets me see her flat stomach, its taut skin giving it a nicely toned and youthful look. It lets me see her slim arms and legs. Legs that are narrow, but shapely. It lets me see the gentle feminine curve at her waist and hips. It's not a deep curve, she's too slim for that, but it is a well-defined and smoothly flowing curve that looks good.

Ayşe has a slightly roundish-looking face with a prominent, but soft jawline to it. She has long, medium-brown hair with a slight wave to it. She's wearing that brushed back to show her forehead, but otherwise free to hang loosely down to the bottoms of her shoulder blades. She has brown eyes, too, under long, thin, and neatly plucked eyebrows. She

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has a slightly wide nose. And a wide mouth framed with thick, plump, light-to-medium pink lips. It's a pretty face.

She's wearing baby blue underwear. A matched set. Her bra has foam-lined cups with an underwire. They're  $\frac{3}{4}$  cups, covering most of her mounds, but still leaving a small slice of cleavage bared. The  $\frac{1}{4}$  or so of the cups that runs along that cleavage is lace, giving her bra a rather sultry look to it. It has a band around her back that quickly tapers to narrow. And it has narrow straps over her shoulders. Her panties are cut low on her hips, with narrow ribbons circling around her hips. They cover about half of her bottom. But the front of the is solid lace, all the way down to the cotton strip at her crotch. They reveal far more than they hide.

I hear Tariq suck in a deep, surprised breath. "Shameless..." He mutters under his breath. I think they're sexy and cute, but I'm not Muslim. Or Turkish. Obviously, Ayşe likes them. I suspect her husband will like seeing her in them as well. Her body has a good shape to it, and they flaunt it.

I turn back to Tariq. Since he's here, I might as well use him to torment Ayşe. "Oh, you don't approve of her undergarments?" I ask him.

"They are things... a woman wears for her husband, not things a girl such as Ayşe should own!" He says. I suspect she's been shopping online, where her guardian won't know what she's charging to his credit cards. And where she can get "western" items. Items that college girls here wear. Amazon really does deliver everywhere!

"No matter, she won't be needing those either," I say with a smirk on my face.

I quickly turn back to Ayşe. "Let's see if you remember how to spare your bottom a spanking. Give that slutty bra to my slave."

Ayşe has that look on her face. The look that says she knows she's been caught. That her guardian is unhappy with her. That she knew she shouldn't buy these, let alone wear them, but did anyway. It's part shame. Part embarrassment. Part excitement. Part reluctant acceptance that there are going to be consequences now. But

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apparently not serious consequences, at least not from Tariq. When I tell her to take her bra off, the look changes instantly into one of embarrassment and humiliation.

Ayşe shirks back a little more. But she doesn't refuse. "Yes, Ma'am," She says in a very reluctant voice. She reaches up behind her back and unclips her bra. Its straps fall to her sides. Her hands move slowly as she reaches up to her shoulders and slips the straps off. Then the bra is sliding down, revealing her ample mounds. She holds it in front of her chest, blocking the sightline to her breasts, and very slowly folds it. "Here is my bra, Miss Slave, will you please take it for me?" Her voice rings with humiliation now. And a heavy note of reluctance, as if she doesn't want to lose this bra and wonders if she'll ever see it again.

Her first impulse is to cover her breasts with her hands. I watch as her arms start rising quickly to fold over her mounds. But then Ayşe catches the icy glare on my eyes and stops herself. Her hands go back to her sides. She cringes a little more, her face a mask of embarrassment.

Ayşe has nothing to be embarrassed about. except for the obvious of displaying her bare breasts to a group of strangers and her guardian. Her breasts are decently large. I'd guess she's a 34-C. They're firm and very nicely shaped, too. Their undersides have a full rounding to them, swelling down prominently. It leaves them looking as if they might have a faint crease as they meet her chest, but they don't. The curving undersides don't touch her chest. The tops of them have a steep slope as they flow both inward and upward, arcing back to meet her chest. It gives her mounds a fair pointiness at their tips.

Her breasts are topped with a pair of rather wide, deep-purple nipples. I'd say they're as wide as marbles. But they have almost flat tips to them with only the gentlest of rounding. They're longish nipples, too, rising somewhere between  $\frac{1}{4}$  and  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch from the tips of her mounds. It leaves them with defined, crisp sides, rising like little rods off of very narrow rings, not much bigger than quarters, of the same deep-purple shade. It leaves her nipples taking up most of the rings that surround them.



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"Now you will give those slutty panties to my slave," I tell Ayşe, my voice just as demanding.

Ayşe's face scrunches up as if she was praying that I might spare her this humiliation. Or maybe she was praying that Tariq wouldn't let it happen. I've been wondering just how serious he was about this girl learning some manners here, and if he knew what he was getting her into. It's one of the reasons I'm stripping her in front of him. To see if he'll change his mind when confronted with the reality of what he's leaving her to. He doesn't. He stares at her with a heavy look of disapproval on his face. He doesn't even bother to avert his eyes from her breasts. It's more as if he's just not seeing them as breasts, almost as a father might see his daughter.

Ayşe slips her panties down, folds them, and very reluctantly gives them to Sophie.

It lets me see that her pubes are fully shaven. But I already knew that. I could see it through the lace front of her panties. As Ayşe stands, her feet opened only a bit, her lean thighs fully expose the wide, gently puffing, mound of her pussy. Just from the front, I can see the tip of her slit, or rather her gash, as it seems to turn upward. Despite the wideness of her gash, I don't see even the tips of her inner folds. It's more as if her gash is a deep chasm between the edges of her lips. It tells me she'll have thick, plump lips. Those are fully shaven, too. They look as smooth as a baby's bottom.

And Ayşe looks utterly uncomfortable as she stands there, now fully nude. I've even had her give Sophie her shoes. I don't see so much as a hairpin on Ayşe. Nor do I see any makeup, something any woman her age normally wouldn't dare be seen without. I'm assuming it's forbidden to her, or she'd be made up. I prefer it this way. It lets me see her body more fully.

I put my hands back to Ayşe's now-bare hips. I turn her around again and nudge her back to stand facing the wall. Ayşe seems eager, or at least less reluctant, to stand with her backside visible instead of her front side. She quickly lets me easily nudge her back into a proper posture, facing the blank wall.

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It lets me see that her bottom is as shapely as it is petite. Her globes have a full rounding to them, both vertically and across. Her globes are taut and firm. And silky soft. They leave a short crack between them, the inside edges tapering in sharply and barely meeting to close it off and hide her asshole. It's yet another asset she'd be flaunting around campus if she were an American girl.

And judging by her underwear, I have no doubt that Ayşe wants to flaunt the shape of her body. Not like a cheap slut, but just enough to have the guys paying attention to her. Not fighting over her, but jockeying to show her some fun. With her clothes on. To make her feel as if they want her. To make her popular in a way a girl can't be where she's from.

"Behave, brat. Stay. Just stand there and be silent while the grown-ups talk," I tell Ayşe.

"Yes, Ma'am," Ayşe says in the hushed, reluctant voice that I'm coming to know from her.

Now that Ayşe is ready, I return to Tariq on the sofa. I wave for Sophie to bring Ayşe's clothes over. She drops to her knees and holds them out atop upturned palms, just as my slaves hand everything over around here.

I tell Tariq my rule. He's to take Ayşe's clothes with him. She won't be needing clothes while she's here. When he returns for Ayşe, he obviously needs to bring "appropriate" clothes for her. He's not to bring anything that she had tonight. He should just go through her things and pick something he thinks appropriate for Ayşe to wear.

He says that's fine with him. The tone of my voice tells me that he's glad for the excuse to go through her things. That he wants to see what other "immodest" things she's acquired lately. I wonder if Ayşe's underwear collection will be as extensive tomorrow as it is now. Or if there will be some extra room in her suitcases.

"Since Ayşe was your escort for the event tonight, do you have someone to go with you?" I ask him in a sugary voice.

Out of the corner of my eye, I see the widest smirk appear on Sophie's face. She looks as if she's struggling to keep herself from

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giggling. It tells me that she's just figured out what I'm up to. And why I had her spend an hour grooming Mia so neatly.

"No... I will have to alone... It is better than letting Ayşe embarrass me. I'm sure there will be others without company..." Tariq says. His voice tells me he'd much rather have company for the function. It tells me how deeply Ayşe has disappointed him. She'll have to pay for it just as deeply. It's only fair.

"Slave, go see what's skanking up my playroom. Surely you can find a sloppy little pussy back there."

"Yes, Mistress," Sophie doesn't manage to hold the giggle in. I named Mia "sloppy slut." Just using the word sloppy was enough for Sophie to know she'd guessed correctly, I want Mia brought out. Sophie hurries to the playroom, only a few short steps down the hall. Before Tariq realizes what I'm up to, Sophie is coming back. She has a choker collar around Mia's neck and a pink leash attached to it. She leads Mia in by the leash and brings her straight to me.

Mia walks with her hands behind her back. It leaves her full-frontal nakedness bared to Tariq. She keeps her head up, letting him see her face, but her eyes slightly downcast in a submissive mien. She stands facing Tariq, as Sophie leads her to stand. Sophie hands me the leash. "As You thought, Mistress, I found this sloppy slut skanking up Your playroom!"

I don't have to guess. I see Tariq's eyes steadily roving over Mia's nude body and taking in every bit of it.

Mia stands 5'3" tall, just a tiny bit shorter than Ayşe. Not enough for anyone to really notice. She's lean as well, weight a mere 114 pounds. It gives her body a similar size, and general shape, as Ayşe's. She has the same lean and shapely legs, too.

Mia has a moderately round face. One with soft, gentle lines to it. She has longish medium-to-dark brown hair that has a bit of a glow to it. It's a little wavy, and a little bushy as it hangs down to the middle of her shoulder blades. Only now Sophie has pulled up. She has green eyes and a smallish nose. She has a wide mouth, slightly straight-looking, framed with thick light-pink lips. It's a pretty face, but also more of a

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girl-next-door look instead of a model's look. It's also a face that looks a year or two younger than her 19 years. She could be in college. Or she could be in high school. It's just too hard to tell by looking at her.

She too has a flat stomach with taut and youthful skin. She has gentle curves to her waist and hips. Even more gentle than Ayşe. More like Paige. It gives her a girly, but slightly stickish figure.



Mia also has a pair of full, well-rounded, perky B-cup breasts. Her mounds are milky white, topped with silver-dollar-sized rings of a very faint shade of brown-tinged-pink. Centered in each ring is a wide nipple, wider than a pencil eraser, but not so wide as a marble. Her nipples are a brighter shade of pure pinkness. But her nipples, with their rounded tips, more swell from the tops of her mounds instead of rising off of them. like half marbles atop her mounds. The smaller size of her mounds, and their place at the sides of her chest, leave a wide, but moderately shallow cleave between them.

Unlike Ayşe, Mia has a full black bush on her pubes. Her fur is thick and dense, its curls long and twined together. But it's also a well-trimmed bush. It has crisp neat lines inside the creases of her thighs, and along its top. There isn't a hair out of place on it. It tries, but doesn't, hide the wide, flat mound of her pussy. It's hard to see Mia's wide slit, but it's not hard to see the long edges of her brightly-flushed inner folds poking their pink edges out beyond her lips.

"Mr. Demish," I formally address Tariq. I don't want Mia to hear his given name used. She might slip and use it! "This is Kitty," I make up a normal-sounding name for Mia. He doesn't need to know her name, either. "If you'd care for this sloppy slut's company this evening, it would be more than happy to escort you wherever you'd like. I'm quite certain Kitty will be a very enjoyable date for you."

I turn to Mia, "won't you, sloppy?"

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"Yes, my Queen..." Mia answers in her sweet voice. "I will be a very enjoyable date for this nice gentleman, if you wish it, my Queen." Mia smiles widely at Tariq.

"Would you care to get a closer look at this sloppy slut before deciding if you're willing to be seen with it?" I offer Tariq.

Tariq is stunned. Clearly, he didn't even consider that I would have a "replacement" companion, let alone offer him one. An apparently well-mannered one, too.

Tariq rises to his feet. He slowly comes closer to Mia, circling around behind her to see her very rounded and hard bottom. He takes a quick, but good look at her nakedness.

Mia obediently stands submissively still and allows Tariq to eye her body over closely. It appears not to matter to her that Tariq is actually older than Mia's father. Nor does she care that he's a little lean himself, not well-built. And he shows his age. He doesn't look like a grandpa yet, but he's clearly closer to it than looking like a dad. Maybe that gray hair is Ayşe's fault! She seems to have given him a few strands of it tonight alone.

"Kitty is a very pretty young girl..." Tariq says. His eyes return to her bottom, getting another look at that. A much longer look. I guess he likes what he sees.

"Kitty would not mind escorting me to such a... dull business function?"

"It knows how to behave. It will go where it is told to go and behave like a proper slave bitch." I tell Tariq.

"Kitty, you will come with me for the evening?"

"I will so gladly accompany you, Sir, if my Queen wishes it. So gladly..." Mia answers.

"I will accept your generous offer..." Tariq says to me.

I take the collar from Mia's neck. I turn to Mia. "You will go with Mr. Demish. You will obey him. You will be on your best behavior. I expect Mr. Demish to be fully satisfied with your worthless butt when he returns you. Is that clear?"

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"Yes, My Queen... I will ensure Mr. Demish is so very satisfied, my Queen." Mia replies in a very sugary voice.

I tell Sophie to get Ayşe's clothes from the coffee table. They should fit Mia. The two are close to the same size. The biggest difference is their breasts. Mia's a 34-B, one cup size smaller than Ayşe. But bra's have slightly stretchy cups, so Mia's mounds won't be flopping around inside the larger cups. It'll do.

And it does. Ayşe's panties fit Mia perfectly. The bra comes close, the cups just a hair loose on Mia's mounds. The dress fits well, hanging down to Mia's ankles. I have Mia let her hair back down. With the grooming job Sophie has already given Mia, now Mia looks ready for a night out at some classy society soiree.

Mia just smiles at Tariq.

"If your function goes late, don't worry about a thing. Ayşe will be fine here. Just keep Kitty for the night and return her in the morning when you're satisfied with her." I don't know if Tariq has caught the hint or not. But I know Mia has caught the instruction. Tariq is to be well satisfied. However, he wishes to enjoy Mia's body. I've given her to him.

Mia takes Tariq's hand and lets him lead her out of the apartment. She's already standing close to him, finding a few excuses to accidentally brush her body against his. I hope Tariq manages to catch on to just how fully I've given Mia to him.



# Chapter 02: Are You Naked, Brat?



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Now that Tariq is gone, it's time for me to get busy. I'd thought Ayşe would be a bit of trouble when Tariq described her to me. But so far, Ayşe hasn't given me a bit of trouble. I wouldn't exactly describe her as subservient, but she's been far from the spirited girl he'd described. It could be that Ayşe is on unfamiliar ground. That she's out of her element and doesn't know what she should do, so she opts for the path of least resistance. It could be that she's really not a spirited girl, and it's just that she's testing Tariq. Maybe some instinct tells her not to test me. Or maybe she doesn't know how safe it would be to try and is going along until she decides. Or maybe she's just anxious to find a husband and thinks being a flirt is the way to get one. Maybe she's a good woman. Maybe she's submissive and Tariq just hasn't a clue how to control her. Maybe a thousand other things, too. I already know I'm not going to figure it out in one evening. Not even if Tariq leaves her until morning.

And I suspect Tariq might just do that. I saw the lust in his eyes as he eyed Mia's lithe, very young, body. I think he understood that she was his for the taking. And that she will make certain that he's glad he took her. Men simply want women. Being a widower, especially in a conservative society, I would bet it's been a while since Tariq has had one. I wonder if he's ever had one like Mia. But I think he's going to find out just how good I train my slaves.

I grab a few things from my desk, then I come up behind Ayşe. I'm not trying to scare her. But she does need to get used to the idea of someone helping themselves to touch her nude body. It wouldn't do for her to flinch the first time her husband (or future husband, or boyfriend) touched her. Then again, for all I know, Ayşe would prefer a future wife to a future husband. Not that that would be happening in her world.

I put my hands to Ayşe's wrists. It's a chaste place to touch her, even though my hands brush against her back. I grip them firmly, but loosely enough for it to be comfortable to Ayşe. "Listen carefully, brat," I tell her in a softer voice than I've used with her before. One that's more reassuring, but still has some firmness to it. It's a very detached

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and professional tone as if this is all business to me. As if I'm stating simple facts.

"From now on, your name is 'brat.' You will answer to 'brat' and nothing else. You *are going* to do what I tell you to do. You have only one choice to make. You can cooperate and obey me without question, and things will be as easy for you as they can be. Or you may be a naughty little bitch. Then you will be punished, and when you finally do as you were told to do, I won't bother making any effort to make it easier for you.

"Just so you know, there are only girls here. There are no men here, and there won't be. The next man you see will be your guardian coming to fetch your naughty butt. Thus, you have no need to worry about your modesty. And you won't have any modesty here. Or privacy. As of now, you and your body are an open book. I own you. You will do as I say. You will not question anything. You may speak only when spoken to, and then you will be very humble and polite.

"Now I am going to get a good look at this body I've been given. Then I will decide how to amuse myself with it." I guide Ayşe to take a couple of short steps back from the wall. I bring Ayşe's hands around from her back, leaning close to her back and stretching her hands forward. "Put your hands on the wall, fingers spread wide, and lock your elbows."

Ayşe does it, her hands moving reluctantly. "First, are you completely naked, brat? I mean as naked as the day before you were born. With nothing that G-d didn't personally attach to you?"

"Yes... Ma'am..." Ayşe replies with a nervous tremor in her voice.

"That's a good try, but not a polite enough answer. I'll tell you once." I tell Ayşe how I expect questions like that to be answered. Then I ask it again.

"Yes, Ma'am, I am completely naked now," Ayşe answers. The uncertainty is gone from her voice, but she sounds a little edgier.

I tell Ayşe to lean all the way over until her back is flat with the floor. I tell her to move slowly and let her hands just slide down the wall. To keep her hands on the wall. And to bend her waist. I put my hands to

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her shoulders and start nudging her to bend. She leans over. Then I tell Ayşe to slide her feet apart. Wide apart, stretching her legs. She does that, too, but a bit more hesitantly than I'd care for.

"There, now I can see my new pussy," I tell her with a bit of satisfaction in my voice. I doubt it makes her any more comfortable to know that's what I'm looking at.

And I am. With her legs spread wide and her cheeks taut above, I have a perfect view of every bit of her moderately pussy mound as it swells back towards me. I see what I thought I would. A mound that's somewhat pussy, but hugely so. With a deep chasm between her lips. I can see that her lips are plump and thick. They'll be soft, too. Squishy soft.

I put the tips of my fingers to the edges of Ayşe's slit. Ayşe sucks in a very startled breath, squealing a light "OH!" as she does. I feel a faint tremor sweep over her hips. I give her a half of a second to get used to the touch, then I use the tips of my fingers to gently ease her lips apart. As I'd thought, they're soft and loose. And very plump. At first, they bunch up, swelling as they do, then they start to part, opening the chasm of her slit wider.

It reveals her inner pinkness. I notice that her inner folds are long, but shallow, rising on a little from her body. They're thin and loose. And rather wrinkly as they run along the depths of her slit. Now a faint tremor flows constantly over Ayşe's body. It's gentle, but it's enough that it has those loose, wrinkly folds quivering very lightly.

I can see the narrow entrance of her tunnel, too. It's tight. It's almost fully closed, not gaping open even a hair. Instead, the spongy walls of it swell inward, lightly lying against each other. It's flushed to a very bright, hot, pink.

I can see the place where those folds flow together, into a thick knot. It's prominent, but it's also a bit wrinkly. It's not a neat merging, but more the edges of those folds roiling together into a nest. I can see the tip of her clit as well. Her clit is slightly imperfectly rounded, appearing a hair longer than wider. It's so small that I just can't be sure if it actually is, or if it's just the way it looks. It could just be the way those

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loose, thin folds are lying against it. It pokes up from the nest, like the tip of my pinkie finger, standing about  $\frac{1}{8}$ " above everything else. That leaves its rounded tip about  $\frac{1}{8}$ " below the outsides of her thick lips. I think that's so perfect. It lets her lips hide her clit, but once someone gets past those lips, it's thrusting its eager head right out for attention.

Everything I can see now looks hotly flushed. And everything is covered with a layer of her honey. Her honey is oily and thin. It has a very faint white tinge to it. It has a rather gentle, feminine, and sweet muskiness to it as well. It looks thin. It looks like it will be nice and slippery, too.

I use the fingers of one hand to hold Ayşe's lips wide open. I put the tip of a finger to one of her folds, slowly drawing my finger along the tip of the shallow fold, feeling that's it's every bit as loose as it looks. Its thinness just makes it looser. It wiggles under even my lightest touch.

There aren't as many nerves in those folds as there are in other places, but there are enough. At least for Ayşe. She sucks in another startled breath, this time her "OH!" turning girly and squealing. It starts to fade into more of a purred "OOH!" She trembles a little more powerfully. It makes me wonder how Ayşe's is going to react to a more stimulating touch.

I let my finger slowly slip along the edge of that folds up toward the knot around her clit. Ayşe's purr takes on more of a squealing tone the closer I get to it.

My finger finally brushes against the edge of her clit. "AH!" Ayşe blurts out in a very shocked, but even more sweet tone. She shudders hard, her hips jumping forward. Her elbows bend. The top of her head bumps against the wall. It's not so hard of a bump, but enough of one that I hear it. Her hips shudder powerfully, and very crisply. "UHMmmm!" Ayşe purrs out, panting fast, deep breaths at the same time.

In the fraction of a second, before her hips jump forward, away from me, I feel a deep throb in her clit. A powerful throb. I feel a crisp tremor erupting to sweep over her body. And I see the honey almost flow from her tiny tunnel.

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"Bad brat!" I scold Ayşe sternly. I really don't blame her for her reaction, but she doesn't have to know that. I swat her bottom hard with my hand, leaving a quickly fading handprint of her globe. It lets me see the uniqueness of the light pink sting on her lightly olive-tinged flesh. "I said stay, brat!"

"Yes, Ma'am," Ayşe blurts out quickly and nervously. Now that my finger is gone from her clit, her voice is almost back to normal. But the slight squeakiness is still there. "I'm sorry, Ma'am!" Ayşe shifts her body back into position.

I tell her that we're going to start over now. She will stand still. Or she will be spanked on both cheeks this time, and we can start over again.

Ayşe barely holds her hips in place for me to touch her. She trembles. She shudders hard. And she purrs another very urgent, and sweet, "UH-Ohh!" as I'm teasing her. It tells me a lot about her. She's a stranger to being touched here. At least by someone else. Her clit is rather sensitive as if it's very eager for some attention now. As if it's neglected.

I slip the tip of my finger down to Ayşe's tight tunnel. Even before my finger touches the entrance of it, I know it's going to be snug. It's too narrow not to be. I start pushing my finger forward, very slowly inching it into her tunnel.

I get in almost to my first knuckle, no more than about ½". To me, it's as if I'm barely inside her pussy at all. "OH!-OHH!-EE!" Ayşe blurts out, her voice is squealy and urgent. I feel the walls of her pussy burning with the hottest fire. I expect to feel a slight twitching running through her walls. She certainly seems eager enough for it. Instead, I feel her walls tightening around my finger. They squeeze it firmly. Not snuggling it, as many do, but squeezing it firmly. I feel the spongy softness of her walls squishing around my finger as the muscles inside contract around me.

I keep my finger slipping into her pussy slowly. Now it takes just a little effort to push my finger into her. But her oily slick honey lubricates her nicely, greasing my path. I get a little further into her and then I feel

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her twitches. Hers are not gentle twitches. They're sharp and crisp. They're strong. Maybe it's just the tightness.

Ayşe screeches a loud "Uh-AHHH!" as I keep going. "AH!...AH!" Ayşe shudders hard.

Finally, I get my finger all the way into the depths of Ayşe's tunnel. Her pussy clamps firmly around my finger, squeezing me. Her walls feel squishes, their sponginess pushed in around my finger but her muscles. And I feel those twitches snapping hard in her walls, racing lines through her pussy.

Ayşe steadies a bit as my finger stops moving. She pants "Um-Ah!" over and over again. She quivers.

"Brat... Has anyone else ever touched this pussy?"

"N... N... No, M... Ma'am," Ayşe stutters badly now. Her voice is a bit girlier than I've heard, too. And it has a deep breathiness to it. "NO one has ever touched my pussy before, Ma'am! I'm not a whore!"

I have little doubt that she's telling me the truth. In her world, she would be seen as a whore if she allowed a man to touch her pussy before he married her. And there just wouldn't be any opportunities for her to allow a woman to touch it. If she found one, she'd never admit to it, either.

"This pussy is very neglected, brat. Have you been masturbating it?"

Ayşe both cringes, and shudders, as her walls, twitch hard around my finger. Now her breathy voice takes on a very embarrassed tone. "I... try not to, Ma'am... but sometimes... I just do before I really think about it, Ma'am... I'm sorry for being shameless, Ma'am!"

Culture clash! I can't think of an American woman who doesn't masturbate. Okay, few would care to admit it, especially with a finger in that too-eager pussy, but they do it. I guess Turkish women do too, they just won't admit it. It sounds to me like they consider it a shameful thing to enjoy themselves with a little sweet release. I'll bet she's never going to mention her time here to any of her friends back home, either.

I slide my finger back out of her pussy just as slowly. Ayşe squeals more urgent purrs as I do. I've felt all I need to feel here. I've seen

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enough. Ayşe's pussy is neglected. And it's very eager for some thorough release. A release she probably has no clue how to give it. And no man to give it to her.

It tells me how to handle Ayşe. If Tariq didn't make it clear to her, then by now it should be. She's in for a sexually-oriented lesson. She should realize that by now. I suspect teaching her a few things about herself, and how good sex can be, will have Ayşe as eagerly on her knees as if has her blushing with embarrassment.

I put my hands on her globes. They're firm, almost hard. But their skin is as soft as silk. They're nicely toned and well-rounded. I use the fingers of one hand to push those hard globes apart, stretching her crack wide open. Her crack is short, with a little dimple at the top of it where her cheeks curve outward. Her crack is deep. My fingers spread it, revealing the valley between those globes.

It lets me see the light olive tone of her skin. The darkening swatch of flesh around her ring. The tight, deep purple ring of her asshole. Hers is flush with the valley of her crack, neither pucker out nor funneling it. It's as if the darkening flesh simply starts wrinkling up into countless faint wrinkles, all of them flowing towards a single little point of darkness. I can't even make out the lines of her ring. Just the wrinkles and that little pinpoint.

I can't see Ayşe's face. But I can sense the slight anxiousness running through her body. As if, after I just so thoroughly checked over her pussy, she's wondering what I'm looking at now. And what I might with the only thing that's in her crack.

I don't bother with any lubricating gel. There's no need for it. My finger is covered with a good layer of her oily, and very slick, honey. I just put the tip of my finger to her ring and press against it very lightly.

Ayşe shrieks a very nervous squeal as she feels the light pressure against her muscle. I feel her muscle snap crisply to its full tension. So tense that it feels hard. It lets me feel the outline of her muscle under my finger. It lets me feel the thickness of her ring. And the smallness of it. The nervous quivers taking hold of her body tell me what I already knew. That Ayşe has never been entered here. She really has no idea if

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she'll like it or not. She just knows it sounds awful, and it's supposed to be awful, thus it is going to be a horrible thing. Because no woman likes it.

I decide to keep with the theme. As long as Ayşe behaves herself, I will help her to make things easy for her. I will teach her the tricks a slutty woman knows. The tricks her husband will appreciate her knowing whenever she finds one. And I'm sure she will. She's cute enough. She just looks young. Almost too young, despite her 22 years. She could pass for a girl if she wanted to. I know she won't have that youthful look forever. I suspect that's what guys see when they look at her. A teenager, not the grown 22-year-old woman she is. In a few years, the guys will be flocking to her.

I tell her what to do. I tell her to take a deep breath and hold it. to push hard, like she's constipated and trying to use the toilet. And to keep pushing, no matter what she feels. I tell her the advice is for her. It will make this more comfortable for her. I won't feel a thing no matter what she does. And this is happening, whether she relaxes her asshole or not. It will just be unpleasant for her if she doesn't.

I start increasing the pressure against her tiny ring. Slowly. It gives Ayşe a second or so to get used to the idea before my finger will press hard enough to push into a resisting ring. It gives her a second to decide if she's going to take my advice or not.

I hear Ayşe suck in the loudest, most nervous, deep breath. It takes her another fraction of a second. I feel her asshole push back firmly against my finger. Immediately her asshole starts to open a little. Then a little more. I feel the hard muscle softening to a rubberiness. And then I feel that rubberiness squishing against my finger, her ring slowly enveloping the tip of my finger. A very hard trembling sweeps over Ayşe's body, but she keeps herself relaxed.

My finger keeps inching forward, slowly. I feel the snug rubbery muscle squishing lightly around my finger. I feel my finger slipping easily into the snug, thick ring of her muscle. I feel the line of the tiny wrinkles still lining the flesh atop her muscle. I slip deeper into her bottom.



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Ayşe's lungs explode, her deep breath erupting from her gaping mouth with a loud "UH!" as I press the last bit into her bottom. I feel her asshole twitch, cinching tight around my finger for an instant before the hard muscle returns to a rubbery looseness. I feel the tip of my finger emerging from the backside of her asshole. Immediately I feel the loose membrane of her rectum just lying against my finger. An instant later, as the tip of my finger slips a hair deeper into her bottom, I feel the fullness inside her. I have gloves on, and it's nothing every nurse hasn't felt countless times before. It doesn't even gross me out anymore.

I'm sure Ayşe can feel my finger slipping along the wall of her rectum. I'm sure she can feel the fullness inside her shifting around as my finger pushes it aside. I'm sure she knows that I can feel it all, too.

Ayşe purrs a very anxious, edgy, and loud "UM!" as I keep slipping into her. The quivering that racks her body steadily grows stronger and stronger. I get almost all of my finger into her before I see the goosebumps. They rise up around the purple flesh of her asshole. Then they explode outward, racing to cover her crack and spread out onto her hard globes. She purrs a little louder as my finger creeps the last bit into her depths.

I stop when every bit of my finger is inside her bottom. When the webbing of my fingers is flush against the outside of her tight asshole. I tell Ayşe to take a few slow breaths now, and stop pushing. To just try and stay relaxed.

Ayşe instantly starts breathing through her gaping wide mouth. Her breaths are measured as she slows them, instead of panting nervously. They're deep. And they're the noisiest thing! Her asshole tightens up around my finger. Her muscle turns firm, snugly gripping my finger and squeezing firmly around it. The quivers continue.

I don't warn Ayşe about anything. It's clear that she's not in pain. I doubt she's even uncomfortable. I have tiny fingers. I think she's just nervous about the unfamiliar experience. That she knows this isn't bad. But she still believes that it should be awful. That she's just waiting for that other shoe to drop and this to get bad.

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I just lightly press the pad of my finger downward against the insides of her rectum. Those are thin. The membrane isn't any thicker than the latex of the glove on my finger. It doesn't do any more to dull my feelings either. Nor does the paper-thin layer of muscle around that membrane.

It lets me feel what's beyond her rectum. And where I'm pressing, that's her pussy. I can feel the sponginess of her walls, like a soft wet sponge. And I can feel the firmness of those muscles. I can feel the fiery heat burning in those walls. And I can feel the sharp twitches still snapping in them.

As I press, all Ayşe feels is a light pressure. It's nothing that's uncomfortable. It's nothing much at all for her. I give my finger a slight wiggle, using the pad of it to lightly massage the walls of her pussy through her rectum. Just as her rectum does nothing to dull my feel of her pussy, it will do nothing to dull her feel of my finger.

"AHHH!!!!" Ayşe screeches out suddenly. Her hips snap back, driving her bottom against my finger. Her asshole clenches impossibly tight, squeezing hard enough around my finger that I wonder if it's cutting my blood off. The thin muscles of her bowels must tighten as well. I feel that more as if her bowels are trying to empty, pushing back against her clenched asshole. Her hips shudder wildly as if grinding her bottom against my hand. Her fingers grip hard against the wall, lifting her palms off the wall. Her toes curl under her feet. Her legs tense to steel. In fact, every muscle in her body seems to have tensed up fully. It has her muscles so taut that her body quivers with vibrations.

"UH!" Ayşe sucks in a lightning-fast breath. "UGH!" She blurts out as her lungs explode. She keeps shuddering and grinding her bottom back against me. She sucks in another loud "UHHH!" breath, then cries out another squeaky "UGH!"

"Ooh..." I purr, "I guess you like having bottom played with. That butt must be as eager for some attention as your sloppy-wet pussy. Do you want me to stop, brat?"

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"NO, MA'AM!" Ayşe blurts out as her lungs explode with another deep breath. She sucks in another lightning-fast gulp of air. "PLEASE DON'T STOP! WHATEVER YOU'RE DOING TO MY BUTT, MA'AM!"

I stop. I've done what I wanted to do. I wanted to find out if Ayşe's bottom was sensitive. Most women are. Most of those can get past the idea of it being their bottom, not their pussy. Most of those can enjoy it. And most of those will eventually be able to admit they enjoy it. I just didn't know if Ayşe would enjoy it. And now I do. I know she really likes it. That she wants it enough to forget her modesty and ask for it.

Ayşe pants a few fast breaths. Then she groans out a long, and very frustrated, sigh.

I sigh, too. "Too bad you've been a naughty brat," I tell Ayşe in a very teasing voice. "Naughty brats don't get to cum here. Orgasms are rewards for good brats. As disrespectful as you've been to your guardian, you have a lot to make up for before you get something so sweet as an anal orgasm." I hear a light, badly muted, frustrated groan from Ayşe.

"First we'll start with a nice warm enema to clean out that filthy bottom. You are going to behave like a good brat, not a sassy brat, for your enema. Now, promise me that you'll behave for your enema, brat." I say it teasingly sweet, adding a light firmness to my voice at the end.

It takes Ayşe a second or two to answer. When she does, her voice breaks so badly, so nervously, that it's hard to make out her words. "Yes, Ma'am... I promise to try my hardest to behave while you give me an enema, Ma'am... Please, Ma'am, will you please be gentle with me, Ma'am?"

I wiggle my finger again. Ayşe immediately snaps back into the hard shudders, screeching out loud, desperately urgent, moaning cries. I keep my finger massaging her insides for the couple of short seconds it takes me to say "bad brat! I told you not to ask for anything! Not even for me to be gentle!" I stop my finger.

Ayşe takes a few more seconds to calm down again.

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I very slowly pull my finger from Ayşe's asshole. as soon as I start pulling it back, Ayşe sucks in another deep breath and pushes back. It turns her muscle from steely hard and gripping my finger like a vise, to a rubbery firm that allows my finger to easily glide from its grip. As my finger slips from her ring, her muscle snaps cinching back to its full tightness.

Ayşe breathes out quickly.

I give her a little pat on her bottom. "Stand up now, and turn around to face me, brat."

Ayşe gets up. As she turns I can see that her legs are just a hair unsteady already. As if those erotic sparks are still shooting through her body, teasing every nerve she has.

I pull my gloves off and pass them to Sophie. She can go trash them. I casually bring my hand up towards Ayşe's chest. "But first, we're going to find out how sensitive those breasts are."

I put my hand to Ayşe's mound. I feel a faint tremor sweep over her body as I touch her. I had thought it was just the unfamiliar sensation of being touched. But now that I've started to get to know her body, I think it's more the sensual hunger. That even my light touches are sending icy-hot chills racing through her.

I squish her mound gently in my hand, feeling that it's as firm as it looks. It's like a slightly wet dough. It's easily squishable, but it has the firmness to hold its perky shape. I stroke my finger along her mound, feeling that her skin is rather silky. My light caress has hard goosebumps erupting instantly over all of her mound. They're hard enough to wrinkle up the dark flesh around her nipple. Her nipple has long been hard, standing up fully off the tip of her mound. I put a finger to that and stroke it. I feel the very faint roughness of her nipples pulled tight and hard. I feel the crisp shiver race through Ayşe. I hear the sweet purr erupt from her lips.

I tell Ayşe that just because her body is long deprived and very needy, there's no reason for me to change my rules. I have to finish inspecting her body to make sure she's completely nude before she's allowed any further into my house.

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I make Ayşe open her mouth so I can see inside it. I don't really care. I know she doesn't have anything. I just want her to know she had to show me every last bit of her body. I have her lift her arms. I have her show me the soles of her feet. Between her toes. I even run my fingers through her hair.

When I'm satisfied I've seen every cell of her skin, I have her put her hands behind her again. "Good, now that you're naked, come along for your enema, brat."

"Yes, Ma'am..." Ayşe sounds so afraid that she's about to cry. She hesitantly follows me to the playroom. Sophie brings up the rear.



# Chapter 03: Enema Time

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Ayşe follows me back to the playroom. It's about ten steps to the door for me. But Ayşe walks reluctantly, her steps growing more hesitant the closer she gets to the door. By the time Ayşe steps into the playroom, it's as if she has to force herself to step through the door. It takes her three baby steps. Her face wrinkles up. Her eyes nervous scan the room, darting everywhere as if searching for some implement of torture that she's about to suffer.

I point her to the padded massage table in the center of the room and tell her to get up on it, on her hands and knees. She moves so reluctantly that it takes her close to a minute to get up onto it.

I put the firmness back in my voice, but keep my voice soft and warm as I do. Ayşe isn't in a proper position, but she doesn't know that. She doesn't know any of the positions. And it's really a waste of my time to teach her since I doubt I'll have a second session with her. I assume that she's returning to Turkey sometime soon and not coming back. But as I think about that, I realize I don't know. Tariq and I didn't discuss it. He told me what he wanted, and I decided to give it to Ayşe. Mostly because I can't resist a challenge, and Ayşe provides me something I crave. Variety. She sounded rather unique.

I have Ayşe kneel with her back flat, parallel to the table she on. I have her get her thighs straight up and down, then open them wide until her knees and feet are at the edges of the table. Then I have her get her arms straight before moving her hands up and out the same amounts to her get her back flat. I have her pick her head up and stare forward.

The position has Ayşe's bottom pulled tautly, her crack open just a hair. Just enough for me to see where her asshole is sitting in the valley of her crack. It has her pussy fully displayed beneath her globes, but that's for later. It's enema time now. It has Ayşe's bottom looking good with those firm globes standing out for me.

I tell Sophie to get me a blue enema bag, and a #6 balloon nozzle. All of my enema bags are the same. They're clear, one-liter IV bags. They're pre-filled with a variety of solutions. The color is just food dye that I add so I can be certain of what's in the bag. The blue dye is for plain, ordinary, distilled water with nothing added to it. The bag already



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has about six feet of clear plastic IV tubing attached to it. And that has a little clamp near the end to stop the water from flowing.

The nozzle is one that I don't use so often. It's a pencil-thin semi-rigid tube six inches long. It's flexible enough to bend inside her but rigid enough that it won't curl up. It will stay as straight as possible and send its tip diving for the depths of her bowels. That tip will get about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the way to those depths. But it has an elastic band around its outside, about an inch before the hard plastic base where the tubing connects. It's a narrow band, but one that will swell outward considerably. It will swell a bit wider as well, but that's just the rubbery latex balloon stretching evenly in all directions. A very tiny little tube runs from the balloon, through the wider tube, then out into the base where there's a little port to screw a syringe onto it.

Besides the massage table, I have a pair of heavy chains hanging from the ceiling. I'd hung them up earlier for Mia. Mia was going to spend some time dangling from those chains. I haven't decided if Ayşe would enjoy that or not. Yet. But one of those chains makes a perfect hanger for the enema bag. It holds the bag up, several inches above the top of Ayşe's head. The highest part of Ayşe.

I hang the bag up. I connect its tubing to the base of the nozzle. I have Sophie bring me a good-sized syringe filled with more of the water. I screw it into the port. Then I pop the cover of the nozzle, exposing the pre-lubricated tip of the nozzle.

I casually put the tip of the nozzle between Ayşe's cheeks, squarely atop her tightly clenched asshole. She squeals nervously and cringes, but she manages to stay on her knees. With her bottom poked out for me. She quivers lightly as she thinks about what's about to be done to her. I'm sure she's certain it's going to be the worst thing ever.

I casually push the narrow nozzle into her asshole. Ayşe shrieks as she feels it press so easily through her resisting ring. It's not uncomfortable for her. She should barely feel it. Only enough for her to know it's there. To feel it lying against the inside walls of her rectum and slipping deeper and deeper into her body. But not causing her any discomfort yet. She still quivers and squeals. I push it all the way into

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her bottom until the latex band has vanished inside her tight dark ring, and the base is flush against the outside of it.

I push the plunger on the syringe, pushing its water through the tiny tube and into the latex band. It inflates the band, swelling it up to close to an inch across. The band sits just inside her asshole. Now it lies against the inside edge of her ring and stretches the very bottom of her rectum. It's now wide enough to make it very difficult for Ayşe to push it out of her bottom, but not quite impossible. Enough so that it won't come out, no matter what, unless she tries very hard to get it out.

Ayşe just shrieks a little more, and a lot more nervously as she feels the gentle pressure of the inflating band inside her.

I pause for a couple of seconds. It takes that long for Ayşe to stop shrieking little squeals. She doesn't stop quivering. I'm not sure she ever will. She seems awfully nervous.

I tell Ayşe to lie down on her stomach. She moves very slowly, very tentatively, as if she expects the nozzle in her rectum to kill her with pain any second. It won't. It doesn't. As she lies down, straightening out the bend of her waist, and her bowels flex to accommodate the changing geometry inside her body, the nozzle just flexes as well. It ends up just as straight as it started, only with a little angle to it now. As if its' tip is pointing straight at the backside of her navel.

Her cheeks are almost as taut with her lying flat. They're definitely as well-rounded. Her crack closes a hair, enough that inside edges of her cheeks would barely lie against each other. Would. Only now they're held apart by the inch-wide white plastic base of the nozzle. It rises just beyond the top of her crack, sticking up and angling back toward her feet.

I have Ayşe part her feet wide, to the edges of the table. It's not nearly as wide as she could part them, but it is wide enough that I have easy access to her pussy between the tops of her thighs if I want it. I tell her to get comfortable. She turns her head to the side, lying on her cheek. Her hands fidget around for a minute. Finally, I tell her to lie them at her sides and leave them there. I tell her that it's important for

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her body to be flat and still. It's not that important. But she doesn't know that.

I lightly put my hand atop Ayşe's firm globe. For a few seconds, I give it a very tender caress. "Lie still, brat... You want to relax," I tell her in a soft and reassuring voice. I reach over with my free hand and flip the clamp off the tubing. the water begins to flow, gravity pulling it down into Ayşe's bottom. It will flow slowly, but it will flow steadily. It will keep slowly filling her rectum up, stretching her walls wider and wider.

As soon as the water begins to flow, the first drops of the room temperature, 75-degree water land on the hot, 100-degree inside of her rectum. Ayşe shivers hard and squeals. I see the goosebumps expanding to cover more of her body.

I give Ayşe's globe a light pinch. "It will warm up quickly... that's just your body... you're just so hot down there that it feels cold inside you." I let go of my squish on her bottom and return to giving her globe a soft caress.

And I wait as the water trickles into Ayşe's bowels, steadily filling her up. At first, it's more unfamiliar to her. And very weird to feel the water slowly filling her insides up. Ayşe handles that poorly. Even though it's not actually uncomfortable for her yet. She lies there, fidgeting anxiously, and grunting light, squeaky, anxious little mews. Her face shows just how much she's afraid.

As her bottom fills, Ayşe starts to feel the urge to use the toilet. It's the same urge as if it wasn't water filling her bottom. Only the progression is much faster. It only takes a minute or two for her urge to go from mild to intense. Now Ayşe is uncomfortable. She feels like her bottom is going to explode any second now. Like she should be running for a toilet, not lying here, knowing it's going to get even worse very soon.

Ayşe fidgets hard, squirming around the table. Her hands grip her hips, holding onto herself tightly. Even her head squirms around, tossing her long silky hair around. She breaths fast, nervous, sucking breaths in and exhales them with a pleading, urgent groan. Her cheeks tighten up as those muscles tense hard. I'm sure her asshole is squeezing as tightly

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shut as it possibly can. I know that Ayşe is thinking she's going to have an accident any second now, that she won't be able to hold the enema in, no matter how hard she tries.

And I know that opposite is true. The balloon won't allow the nozzle to slip from her asshole. the pressure of the water inside her, the walls of her rectum squeezing lightly against it, will only push the nozzle back, pushing the wide balloon flush and snug against the inside of her ring. Her ring might open, but it won't open wide enough for the balloon to slip through. The balloon will just act as a stopper, holding the enema inside her.

None of which Ayşe knows. I haven't even told her there is a balloon stopper on the nozzle. I've told her nothing, except that she's to lie still, relax, and allow the enema to fill her bottom. That's all she needs to know. She needs to learn this lesson. To learn to trust me and what I tell her to do.

"Brat," I say slightly firmly to get her attention. "Stop squirming around and lie still. Relax fully, even your bottom and anus. Relax."

"Yes, Ma'am," Ayşe squeaks out with her strained little grunts. Her voice is pure nervousness. And it screams that she doesn't believe me. And even more that she doesn't think she possibly can relax, not now.

I firm up my voice and tell Ayşe to lie still. I tell her to concentrate on her breathing. To breath slow and deep breaths, both in and out. To relax the death grip she has on her hips.

Ayşe lies there. She very obediently tries to slow her breathing down. It gives her breaths an artificial note as if she's forcibly controlling them. They're deep, and they sound very raspy. It's not long before that squealing whine starts creeping back into her breaths. And they start picking up their pace.

I firm up my voice a little more, lacing a bit of frustration into it. I doubt she'll pick up on my tone, but maybe she will subconsciously pick up that I'm getting serious with her. I tell her that she's to listen to me. She's to breathe in only when I tell her to. And out only when I tell her to. And that she's to slow her breaths to keep pace with me.

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I start telling Ayşe to breathe in, breathe out. I draw my words out, pacing her breaths. I can tell that it's hard for her to breathe slowly as I'm making her do.

Ayşe isn't able to hide the groaning "UHM!s" in her breaths either. her bowels are still filling, now only around half full of the enema. But Ayşe doesn't know that either. She doesn't have any idea how much more I'm going to give her. Only that her bottom is straining and ready to explode.

I summon Paige. "Brat, I told you to relax," I tell her sternly. "You're not relaxed." She's not even close. Her body is tense. She fidgets almost as much as ever. I like this view, too. It has her bottom up. Even with her firm cheeks, I can see the tension in her muscles. It's as if her cheeks are clenching tightly around the plastic shaft sticking out through them. I'm sure it's just from her straining to tense up her asshole. That tenses up muscles all the way up to the stomach and into the thighs. All of which can be seen.

I tell Paige to "help the naughty, disobedient little brat relax before I have to give her an even larger enema." I know Ayşe hears what I tell Paige. I wanted her to. To hear that price of even this minor disobedience will be me making her enema worse for her. Isn't that so motivating?

Paige very softly puts her hands to Ayşe's shoulders. She begins gently kneading Ayşe's tense muscles. Paige's massage forces Ayşe to ease up on tensing a bit. Paige keeps her hands moving, tenderly working on both Ayşe's shoulders and her back. It's about as much of Ayşe as Paige is able to cover.

As Paige starts, and Ayşe feels her muscles being forced to lighten up their tension, Ayşe screeches out a loud "UH-OHH!" and shudders yet again. Her fidgets continue, but they also start to dull. Paige's massage is doing its job. It's relaxing Ayşe's muscles.

Ayşe starts breathing faster. I give her globe a hard pinch and scold her to keep her breathing in time with my count. To slow down.

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Ayşe tries. Her breaths slow, growing deeper and a lot raspier as they do. I start to see her body quivering a little faster. I hear a lot more urgency in her voice.

It's a very unique feeling for Ayşe. Instinct is to tense up and hold oneself when one feels that hard strain against her asshole. It's what Ayşe is used to doing. The tension actually does make the strain a hair worse. It urges you to get to that toilet a little faster. As she starts relaxing, it makes her feel the pressure more fully, but at the same time lightens the pressure a hair. It will even allow her to take a little more of the enema, her relaxed, rubbery bowels able to stretch a little more.

She's not trying to make any sounds, but now her breaths are getting so deep that it sounds like a very sensual moaning. A squealy "AH!" as she breaths in, then a deeper "UH!" as she breathes out. It sounds like she's having slow, but intense, sex.

I summon Sophie over and tell her to tend to Ayşe's legs. It takes another muscle away from Ayşe, relaxing a muscle that her body wants to tense. By now she's feeling the pressure even harder against her asshole. I'm sure she's wondering why she hasn't already burst. She tries clenching her teeth, but Paige's smoothly moving hands get to the muscles at the base of Ayşe's neck and end that.

It leaves me only one place left to relax Ayşe. I use my hands to gently push her globes apart, opening her crack. It gives me a good view of the shaft passing into her body, the darker flesh of her asshole squeezing hard around the white tube.

I put the tip of a finger to Ayşe's asshole, lying it atop her muscle and alongside the tube. Immediately I feel the heat of her muscle burning as it strains so tightly. I press lightly on her muscle, then start rubbing it softly. "I told you to relax your anus, brat. You're being disobedient."

The combination of the scolding and my light caress on her ring is enough for it to start loosening up. Not much. At first no more than a hair. It lasts the briefest instant before Ayşe squeezes it back tightly again. But then the soft massage makes it start loosening again.

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"OOH!" Ayşe screeches out one long cry. It's squealy, whiny, and draw-out. It's edgy and nervous. Her asshole spasms, trying to clench tighter and being pushed to loosen, under my finger. Finally, it loosens up a little more. Ayşe screeches a little more nervously.

The enema keeps flowing, filling her now relaxed body a little more. She's gotten about thirteen ounces of it now. I'm only giving her sixteen ounces, half of the bag. Except as a punishment, that's all the enema I ever use. It's plenty to fill her uncomfortably full and cleanser her bowels. But it's not so much that she isn't able to hold it.

Ayşe screeches her cry. Her squirming dulls a little more, and she lies a little more relaxed on the table. Her asshole relaxes just a hair more. The balloon band presses harder against the inside of her asshole. I now see her asshole starting to open a little around the tube as her muscle turns even more rubbery. It lets me see a small sliver of the balloon inside her, pushing firmly against the inside of her muscle and sealing off her hole. It even lets me see the ¼" depth of her ring. The wrinkles all flowing closer together as they dive down along the inside edge of her ring.

Ayşe cries out another long "OOH!" only this time I hear a little sensual urgency in her voice. Her squirming dulls again, leaving her almost still on the table. Her breaths start picking up their pace again. She quivers hard. She cries out another very urgent "OOH!"

Ayşe pants a few very fast, sucking breaths. "Please, Ma'am!" She blurts out nervously, and urgently. "HELP ME!"

"Relax, brat, now!" I tell her firmly.

"I'LL EXPLODE, MA'AM! I'LL GO ALL OVER THE PLACE!" Ayşe blurts out.

"I said relax, brat! You just earned yourself another ounce. You will do as you are told here. I said relax." I tell her in an icy, steely, firm voice. I really didn't want to give her anymore than half the bag, but an ounce isn't that much more. And she does need a punishment. That one will sound 100 times worse to her than it will be. And Ayşe needs to quickly learn her lesson. She needs to learn to trust me. To obey

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without worrying about anything else. To just trust that I have control of her body, not her. Her body will only do what I want it to.

Ayşe screeches a very edgy "OOH!" She sucks in another breath. "I'm sorry, Ma'am!" She cries out. She pants a few more breaths. Finally, she relaxes. I see it. The tension flows out of her muscles.

Ayşe cries out a very urgent "UH!" then she starts slowing her breathing down. "OH! I'M SO FULL! HELP ME, MA'AM! I'M... MY... IT'S TINGLING, MA'AM! IT BURNS! HELP ME!" As she cries out, Ayşe's voice grows very breathy and squeaky at the same time. Goosebumps now cover her entire body. Her trembling body.

One good thing about a shaven pussy is that there no hairs to hide my view of it. I can see all of Ayşe's pussy now. I can see her fresh honey weeping from the deep chasm of her slit. It's weeping fairly quickly now, too. Just as Ayşe's breaths and moans are taking on a very sultry hunger.

I close the clamp on the tube, shutting off the flow at seventeen ounces. I don't tell Ayşe. I leave her lying there, quivering hard, and breathing raspy moans. Slowly, her body relaxes a little more as she realizes that she's not making a mess. The honey flows a little faster, too as her over full, now hard, rectum presses hard against the backside of her pussy, forcing her twitching walls snugly against each other. Letting them twitch against each other.

I let Ayşe lie like that for around ten minutes. I leave Paige and Sophie softly rubbing her to keep her relaxed.

Ayşe lies there, quivering every second of the time. And breathing out those sultry moans. It's not long at all before I don't even hear much strain in her moans. Just the neediness.

Then I tell Ayşe that I'm am going to take the nozzle out of her bottom now. That she's to tighten up her asshole so she doesn't have an accident. But that's all she's to tighten up.

Immediately I see her asshole cinch tightly around the shaft. I reattach the syringe to the port and use it to pull the water out of the balloon, deflating it. The nozzle easily slips from her tensed ring with



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only a light pull from me. Ayşe's asshole cinches shut, not losing a drop of the water.

I tell Ayşe that I can see the tension in her muscles. She's being disobedient. I tell her that she's going to lie on this table, on her own, no one touching her, for three full minutes. Once she's relaxed, I'll start timing her. It takes her a good part of a minute to force herself to relax. I have Paige and Sophie take their hands from Ayşe's body.

She lies there. It takes about ten seconds for the strain in Ayşe's groans to fade into the erotic hunger again. And now she sounds even more hungry. I start her time.

She manages to lie there for the three minutes. Instead of telling her that the time is up, I deftly reach a finger between Ayşe's thighs. I get it all the way to her mound before touching her body. That way, the first place she feels me touching her is squarely atop her sopping wet slit.

I press my finger into her slit, all the way until I feel her pinkness. Then I start drawing my finger softly up her slit. Her slit is deep enough that I can feel the wet edges of her lips against the sides of my finger. then I feel the pad of my finger brush over the nub of her clit. I feel her clit pounding hard as I touch it.

"AH!" Ayşe screeches loudly. Her body snaps hard. So hard that her knees fly up under her body, toward her breasts. It tosses her body up, off the table for a second. She drops onto her shoulders and knees, her waist bent a little to poke her bottom up even more for me. Her feet kick the table once.

Ayşe falls limp onto the table. She pants a few lightning-fast, sultry deep breaths. "OH!" She purrs out as a crisp tremor flows over her body. "Please, help me, Ma'am..." Ayşe asks, her voice now very hushed, and embarrassed. "I... don't know... I ache so badly... there! It felt like... lightning hit me down there... please, help me, Ma'am..."

What she felt was her body about to cum. A real orgasm. An intense and satisfying one, unlike any of the ones she's given herself with her amateurish masturbation.

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Now I suspect Tariq had another reason for bringing her here. He doesn't know how to teach her about her body. About the things, women should know. I'll bet he thought she'd learn a few things here.

I tell Ayşe that it's time for her to go to the bathroom now. Then she's to control herself. She's to get off the table, and onto her feet, moving normally. She'll just have to ignore the pressure she's feeling. Once she's on her feet, Sophie will take her hand and take her to the toilet. She will obey Sophie. Sophie will supervise her. Which means she will be closely watched as she uses the toilet. She will walk normally to the bathroom, not holding her stomach and whining.

Ayşe tells me that she'll try. I tell her that she'll succeed, or Sophie will bring her back to wait longer. Sooner or later, she'll get tired of waiting and walk in there like a lady.

She gets up, crying out a loud groan that rings with both strain and sweetness. She walks, crying out the same way. But she walks.



# Chapter 04: Learning To Masturbate Like A Lady

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Ayşe is a small woman. And when Sophie leads her out of the bathroom she looks even smaller. She looks slightly relieved as well. She looks even more humiliated. And she looks even needier. As if it's all she can do to keep from touching her pussy no matter how little she wants to touch herself. Her pussy must be aching badly.

Ayşe now hangs her head slightly forward. It's a rather subservient posture, but I'm sure that's not why she's doing it. For her, it's shame. She's ashamed of herself. Of how aroused that enema got her. Of being seen so openly. Of letting me see how aroused, and under-tended her pussy is. Of pretty much everything that's going on tonight.

But I see the acceptance on her as well. As if she accepts that all of this is beyond her control. That she has no choice but to endure whatever shameful things are done to her. Even more, I can see it in her. She's excited by the evening. Maybe she's enjoying the teasing. Maybe it's just that she's enjoying, and rather anxious to, learn about her body. Either way, I have no doubt that Ayşe is very hopeful for one thing. She's praying to discover what it's like to be given an orgasm by another. Especially if she can find out without becoming a "whore." In her world a whore is any woman who has sex outside of marriage.

Holding Ayşe's hand tenderly, Sophie walks her over to me. I'm in the living room now, sitting on my sofa and reading a college textbook. I knew Ayşe would be a while in the bathroom, so I decided to make good use of that time and sneak in some studying. Sophie has Ayşe stand in front of me with her hands behind her back.

Seeing that Ayşe is ready for the next lesson, I put the book down. Once I've finished the section. It makes Ayşe wait a couple of minutes.

I tell Ayşe to open her feet about  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the way that she can spread them. A little wider than her narrow shoulders. It's plenty wide for me, especially with her slender thighs. It leaves her pussy mound fully exposed between her thighs, and that's all I'm after for the moment.

Now I tell Ayşe to pick her head up and look at me. To look straight ahead. I warn her that she's to keep looking straight ahead, no

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matter what else happens. I see that makes her a little nervous as she wonders what might be about to happen that will make her want to look anywhere else.

I pick up my crop as I rise to my feet. I walk the step over to where Ayşe is standing. When Sophie took Ayşe to the bathroom, Sophie would have made it a very humiliating experience for Ayşe. It's the standard way that I have Sophie take toys to the bathroom, a chore that I prefer to avoid. It's a "crappy chore." Sophie would have had Ayşe sitting on the toilet with her legs wide open to afford Sophie a complete view of what Ayşe was doing. Sophie wouldn't have let Ayşe decide anything. She would tell Ayşe when to relieve herself, and what to relieve when. She would have made Ayşe pee first, holding her bottom just a little longer as she sat on the toilet. She would have made sure that Ayşe emptied everything out of her bottom, too. She would have made Ayşe wipe herself standing so that Sophie could see what she doing, too. And before Sophie brought her back to me, Sophie would have closely checked Ayşe's asshole to make sure it was spotlessly clean for me. I designed the routine to make the experience as demeaning as possible. To fully remind the toy that her body was mine, and I would tell her what it's to do. Even in this way, a way few have ever been subject to any kind of control.

I tell Ayşe that it's time for her to begin the next lesson. She will be taught to properly masturbate, like a woman. She will not be allowed to masturbate like some shameless whore. Her lesson is going to last for one minute this time. That's all. One short minute. I usually start with five minutes, not one. But Ayşe isn't like American women. She's far less familiar with her own body. She has far less access to honest information, too. American women tend to gossip about the guys we've dated, and the things we've done with them. It makes great girl talk. I'm sure Turkish women do the same thing. Women are women, the world over. But there is one big difference. By the time an American woman finishes high school, she knows, quite well, several girls who have had sex. She might well be one of those girls. I'd bet about half of the girls in my class weren't virgins by the end of their senior year. I wasn't. Thus,

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we have plenty of reliable information about sex and guys. Information we get from our friends who got it first hand. Ayşe doesn't have that. In her world, women who have sex before their wedding night run an actual risk of being stoned to death. Welcome to the rural parts of the Middle East. And they have no chance of marrying anyone after that, a sentence almost as bad as being stoned. Thus in Ayşe's world, very few girls have sex before getting married. In her world, the gossip is fantasy, not fact.

I doubt Ayşe could last more than a minute this first time. To last even that long, considering how sensitive her pussy is tonight, she's going to have to hold her orgasm back. I doubt that's a skill she knows, and definitely one she hasn't practiced. A skill that Ayşe isn't going to be good at.

I tell Ayşe that she's not allowed to climax, unless and until I tell her to. That would be acting like a whore. A woman is very patient. A woman ensures that her man is fully satisfied first. And then, she thinks about her own release. I mean a submissive woman, naturally, but I don't tell her that.

I tell Ayşe that she's not making a porno movie, either. She's not to be squirming and wiggling around like some cheap whore on stage. She's to masturbate. That's all, just rub herself sweetly. It's only for a minute. I tell her that she's not allowed to talk. Not a single word.

I tell Ayşe that I will teach her how to masturbate properly. The way that will most fully release that tension in her pussy. The tension that has her pussy burning, aching, and throbbing right now. She will touch herself my way. She won't change anything.

And I warn Ayşe that there will be consequences for "being a slutty or naughty brat" while she's practicing her masturbation. I hope the crop in my hand is enough of a hint to Ayşe what the consequences will be.

I take hold of Ayşe's right hand, balling her fingers up while leaving her first finger extended. Ayşe obediently relaxes her right arm and lets me move her hand easily. I bring her hand around to her pussy. I put the pad of her finger to her sopping wet slit, directly over where her

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clit is. I push her finger gently into her slit, putting the pad of her finger between her lips. I make sure that her finger is very lightly touching the tip of her clit.

I hold Ayşe's hand in a firm grip. I tell her that this time won't count towards her one minute, but I won't be long. I'm going to show her exactly how she is going to rub her pussy. Then she can masturbate for that minute.

I start Ayşe's finger moving in a small circle. I move her finger slowly. I keep the pressure light, her finger barely touching her clit. There's already a heavy coat of honey on Ayşe's clit. Her finger glides over the tip of her nub on that film of slipperiness. It glides so lightly that it doesn't move her nub under her finger. Her finger slips along the tip of that pounding nub.

"AH!" Ayşe blurts out. Her voice is surprised but just as urgent. As if she feels the arousal, far sooner, or more intensely, that she imagined she would. Her eyes go wide at the same time. She was quivering, rather lightly. But once her finger makes that first move, her quivering instantly turns intense.

"OOH!...AH!" Ayşe cries out.

I keep Ayşe's finger moving over her clit. The looseness is now gone from her arm. She tensed up as those first hot sparks shot from her clit. I have to work to keep her finger moving rhythmically. One moment her finger is trying to speed up. The next it wants to slow down. Then it wants to stroke over her nub, not circle over it. I hold her wrist tightly, controlling it, and keeping it moving my way.

"AH!!!!" Ayşe screams out. Her body trembles violently. She keeps screeching out her cry. Her honey flows onto her finger, coating it with its clingy sparkling wetness. Ayşe's hips shudder hard, snapping from side to side.

I flick my wrist, sending the tip of my crop soaring for Ayşe's firm bottom. It lands with a sharp crack, its leather tip searing a light pink welt onto Ayşe's olive-toned globe. The crack is loud, but it's not that harsh.



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"YE-OW!" Ayşe screeches out loudly. Her bottom wiggles, as if trying to shake off the sting in her cheek. "AH!...OOH!" Ayşe goes on screeching out, the pain instantly gone from her voice replaced by the erotic hunger. For a brief instant, Ayşe's face shows surprise. As if she didn't even realize that she was misbehaving. I know she's dying to ask me why she was spanked. I doubt she even knows her hips were thrashing. I doubt she knows much beyond that ache exploding in her pussy.

"Bad little brat! Stop squirming those hips like a cheap whore, brat!" I scold her sternly so she'll know what her sin was.

A second later I'm snapping the crop again, searing another pink welt onto her other cheek. Her hips wiggled again, a little crisper this time. I scold her again, too, as she cries out from the sting of the swat. I'm still not giving her hard swats, either. They're just firm enough to make sure I have her full attention. At least for the fraction of a second that the sting is shooting into her bottom. As soon as that shock is gone, Ayşe is back to screeching those needy hot moans.

Now I release Ayşe's hand with a firm warning not to change anything. She's not to speed up, something I know her instincts are telling her to do. Nor may she slow down. She's to keep using the tiny circle to rub herself. And she's to keep her pressure light enough that her finger glides over the tip of her clit and doesn't move her clit with it. I have no doubt Ayşe is in for several more strokes of the crop.

It takes her all of two seconds to get the first of those strokes. Her finger starts speeding up as if her instincts want her to rush to the finish line. To get that orgasm as fast as she can. I'm sure she thinks she needs it as badly as she needs air right now. But that's not my concern. I only care that Ayşe obeys, and trusts me.

It's a few more seconds, maybe five this time, before her finger is speeding up and her hips snapping. That earns her two strokes, one on each cheek. One for each sin. Both with their own scolding so she'll know why she was spanked.

Ayşe stands, her body trembling hard. Her toes curl against the floor. Her jaw hangs wide as she screeches out moans that grow from

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desperately urgent, to unbearably needy in a few seconds. Loud, breathy, and squeaky moans. Hot moans.

She manages to get herself a stroke of the crop every few seconds. I can see the pain starting to take a toll on Ayşe's face. It's showing. But it's doing nothing to ease the intense arousal that's throbbing her pussy. Her eyes are just as wide. I see the muscles in her arm straining to a new level of hardness, stiffening so much they bulge up and start to show their lines. Her hands, too. Even the finger that's gliding over her clit.

In the background, Sophie loudly counts off the seconds, starting from sixty and working backward. It will remind Ayşe just how much longer she has to endure this torment. I'm sure the seconds sound like years to her.

Ayşe stands screeching. There are about fifteen seconds left in her minute. Her body has tensed up to steel, the lines of her straining muscles showing in her legs, stomach, and back as well now. Her body more vibrates than trembles. It's sweeping her that fast. She screeches long, very breathy, needy "AH!s" They sound rather girly. They sound utterly guttural and erotic, too. If she screeches like this for a guy, he'll love it. It sounds like she's long past insane from the arousal. Guys love to think they can make a woman go insane like that.

It's then I notice the first drop of Ayşe's oily-thin honey fall from her mound. It drops straight down, landing on the hardwood floor of my living room with a tiny splat. I'm sure Ayşe never noticed that her pussy was dripping. I'll point it out later. Now I have to swat her bottom again. Her hips are snapping around.

Ayşe gets one more swat before her minute is up. She drips three more drops onto my floor, too. But that's allowed. I won't punish a toy for something it can't control.

"Stop diddling that sloppy pussy, brat!" I firmly tell Ayşe. "You're just acting far too slutty now!" I'm not sure if Ayşe even hears me. Her finger goes right on stroking her clit. I grab her wrist and pull it from her quivering lips. It's plain that Ayşe is very close to losing control of her body and cumming. And I don't want her cumming now.

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Ayşe cries out a loud frustrated groan. She shudders a few times. She pants a few needy breaths. Slowly her body starts to loosen up and relax, the tension ebbing from it. She groans loudly again.

"There!" I tell Ayşe in a rather enthusiastic voice. "You managed to play with your pussy for a whole long minute without cumming like a greedy slut! Now if only you'll learn to stop acting like a cheap street-corner whore and dripping your pussy skank all over the floor, I might allow you to cum and enjoy a sweet orgasm."

Ayşe's head snaps down, her eyes growing even wider as she sees the small wet spot on my floor. Instantly a bright, fire-engine red blush erupts in her cheeks and she cringes inward a bit. It's pretty clear that she's embarrassed, and ashamed of herself, for what her pussy did.

I see no reason not to remind her of it. It will make her remember just how badly her pussy was pounding and aching as she rubbed it. I have Sophie get Ayşe a disinfecting wipe. Then I have Ayşe get down on her hands and knees and scrub "her skank" off my floor. She blushes and cringes the entire time she's cleaning it. She cleans fast, her hand scrubbing the spot hard, too.

I leave Ayşe on her knees, letting Sophie trash the wipe for her. I firmly instruct Ayşe on the proper posture for her to kneel in. The same one Sophie and Paige use. With her knees opened as wide as her thighs will stretch. Her feet in line with her knees. Her back up straight. Her bottom sitting back between her heels. Her eyes forward. Her hands behind her back.

As Ayşe kneels, I reach over and stroke the tips of my finger along the length of her silky breast. It's warm. I guess those are getting rather hot for her as well.

"You will practice masturbating every thirty minutes until you manage to get it right. You'll know you have it right when you behave. You won't feel that stinging of my whip on your bottom. I will not even consider allowing you to cum until you've learned to masturbate like a lady. Act like a cheap whore all you want. You can just enjoy that ache in your pussy until you decide to behave, brat. Oh, and each time you

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practice, I'll be adding ten seconds to the practice. That should encourage you to behave sooner, not later." I grin wide.

"Otherwise, you can learn to serve like a humble woman. Men like their wives polite, respectful, and humble. Men don't marry cheap whores. Especially whores who can't stop their pussies from dripping all over his house."

Ayşe groans loudly as she hears the sentence. As she thinks about how many more times she's going to have to endure that too-powerful throbbing ache in her pussy. As she thinks that she has no hope of an orgasm now. She'll never manage to behave long enough to earn one. Her only hope is that Tariq will come to get her soon, instead of leaving her here all night, and once he does, she can sneak off to the bathroom and finish herself off.

I tell Sophie to find some chores for Ayşe to do. On her hands and knees. And I tell Sophie that for the rest of the night, Ayşe will serve me. Sophie gets the job of ensuring that Ayşe serves me properly. She's to teach her. And Sophie will be responsible for any mistakes Ayşe makes. Ayşe is her charge to teach.

Thirty minutes to the second after Ayşe's first masturbation, I have her standing before me and repeating the exercise. She gets whipped just as often this time. I think she screeches a little louder and more urgently, too.

And thirty minutes after that, a very reluctant Ayşe is back on her feet, getting her bottom spanked redder, and masturbating another time. Each time she masturbates. Ayşe seems to leave a slightly bigger spot of honey on the floor. I make her clean it up every time, too. And on the night goes.

Tariq dropped Ayşe off between 4:30 and 5:00. It was a few minutes after five when he left with Mia. It's just before 10:00 when he calls me.

"I have been very pleasantly surprised. Kitty has been a very pleasant companion tonight." Tariq tells me. He goes on to tell me that Mia, whom he only knows by the name Kitty that I made up on the spot for her, has surprised him. He expected her to act like a typical American

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girl. I'm sure he means a teenager. I doubt he knows that she's 19, which, come to think of it, counts as a teenager! It ends in -teen.

He tells me that Mia has been extremely polite to everyone. She's been very flirty as well. She's appeared to be deeply interested in whatever someone was saying, even things he doubts she understands. And even more interested in the person saying it. She's catered to him without any hesitation, fetching everything he could imagine for him. She's stayed close at his side and found frequent excuses to touch him very sweetly. She's always smiling as if she's glad to be with him.

He tells me that he's very impressed with her, and enjoying her company even more.

Before he can say anything about returning Mia, I suggest that he just keep her for the night and "fully enjoy her company." I think he catches the hint. Mia is his for the taking. Help himself to her. More importantly, I think he believes Mia is eager to join him for the night. She is, but only because I told her to be.

Tariq accepts my offer and suggests that he can return Mia to my apartment around eight if that would be convenient. I tell him that's fine. "This brat can use the additional time to learn to be a more proper lady, anyway."

Tariq doesn't seem to mind that idea, either. Now that he's gushed on about Mia's doting, he gets around to asking how his ward is doing here.

I decide to find out how Ayşe is doing. If she's learned the first lesson yet. To forego her modesty and privacy and trust me. To trust that what I tell her to do is the right thing for her to do. I summon Ayşe and have her kneel. I put the phone on speaker, telling Tariq that it's on speaker now. "The brat is on her knees. Obviously, she's naked. She's only allowed to answer to the name 'brat.' Go ahead and ask her whatever you want."

"Brat... have you been behaving for Miss Rodgers?"

"Yes, Sir, I've been a good brat for Miss Rodgers," Ayşe says politely. Her voice still has a bit of a breathy note to it. It's been about

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twenty minutes since her last masturbation lesson. It's almost time for her next one!

"Have you learned anything from Miss Rodgers, brat?"

"Oh, yes, Sir..." Ayşe answers. Then her voice hushed and takes on a very shamed and hesitant tone. My glare at Ayşe is enough for her to realize that I expect her to answer him properly, too. "Miss Rodgers is teaching me to masturbate now, Sir."

"I see..." I think I hear a bit of pleasant surprise in his voice. I'm just not sure if it's from the lessons, or from the fact that Ayşe is willing to tell him about her lessons. "are you doing well at your lessons?" it's a rather bland way of asking.

"No, Sir," Ayşe answers, her voice hushed with as much embarrassment as shame. "I can't stop myself from being a whore while I masturbate, Sir. It's just too good for me, Sir..."

"Being a whore?" Tariq asks, his voice questioning.

"Yes, Sir. It seems that I am a total whore when I masturbate, Sir. I can't stop myself from squirming and screaming it's so good. And... uh... I've dripped my mess onto her floor, too, Sir..." It tells me what I wanted to know. Ayşe is willing to tell him the most embarrassing things about herself, rather than risk incurring my displeasure. And I haven't even had to punish her yet!

"You will have all night to practice, brat. I will come and get you in the morning."

"Yes, Sir," Ayşe accepts her fate. Her voice tells me that she's equally thrilled to stay and afraid of what she's going to have to endure.

Tariq ends the call by thanking me again for the kind "loan" of Mia.



# Chapter 05: Meanwhile...

## Miss Kitty, The Slut



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*It's around 11:00 when Tariq has enough of the function. By then it's breaking up fairly quickly. Not that it was ever more than business to him. It was more a room full of businessmen in suits, most with their wives on their arms, all making the rounds and talking business mixed in with small talk. It gave the wives an excuse to wear their nicer dresses. A few had dates with them, the unmarried men. Like Tariq. Several men ask him who "Kitty" is. He tells them all the same thing, that's she's a friend of his associate who "graciously agreed to accompany him tonight." Tariq never says who his associate is. Biloxi is just close enough to Mobile that there's a chance of someone recognizing the name. A very slim chance, but even that's too much of a risk for him.*

*Mia isn't the prettiest woman, but she is pretty enough. Hers is more of a girl-next-door kind of pretty. Believable. She also looks rather young. Clearly, she's the youngest woman in the room. A few of the businessmen ask Tariq if she's a friend of his ward's. They know him from Turkey and have met Ayşe. It's the only thing stopping Tariq from passing Mia off as Ayşe for the event. His ward would be an acceptable partner. As would a friend. But not a paid friend, which Tariq suspects a few are wondering if Mia might be. It's a notion that Tariq works to quickly dispel.*

*Tariq tells Mia that they're going up to his room now. He takes her hand. Mia gives him hers. She allows him to lead her from the ballroom and over to the elevator. As soon as the elevator doors close and they're alone, except for a bellman, Mia cuddles close to Tariq, pressing her body snugly against his. She whispers in his ear "Please, Sir, tell me that you've decided to keep me for the whole night..." She asks in a very sugary and sensual voice that leaves no doubt what she wants.*

*"Yes, I will take you home in the morning, Kitty." He tells her.*

*Mia puts her lips to Tariq's. She kisses him very passionately. Her tongue explores every last reach of his mouth. Finally, Mia breaks the kiss. "We won't have any time to sleep!" She says softly in her sultry voice. She bats her eyelashes at him, grinning widely.*

*The elevator doors open. Mia wraps her arms around Tariq. She urges him out of the elevator. He gets the hint and leads her to his room. It's a two-bedroom suite, one for him and the other for Ayşe. Mia ignores*

*Ayşe's room. She stops just inside the door and pulls Tariq close to her for another long, hot kiss.*

*She steps back, but only about a foot from Tariq. "May I please be allowed to undress for you, Sir?" She asks seductively. It's a rule. Mia, like any good sub, must ask permission before doing anything. It's not her choice. It's his. He will decide if he wishes Mia nude or not. And she will be however he wishes her to be.*

*"Yes..." Tariq says with just a hint of disbelief in his voice. As if he's still trying to convince himself that this young woman will so eagerly obey her Mistress. That she will so eagerly give herself to him simply because she was told to. And even more, so that Mistress would just casually loan him a woman. And that he had the luck to be offered a pretty young woman.*

*Mia doesn't waste any time. She stays facing Tariq, letting him see her body as she bares it. In a few seconds, she has Ayşe's silver dress off. Mia quickly folds it neatly and sets it on a table beside them. It leaves her facing Tariq while wearing nothing but Ayşe's baby blue bra and panties. Those come off just as quickly, leaving Mia fully nude before him. And it leaves him fully dressed.*

*Mia steps close to him and kisses him again. He wraps his hands around Mia's waist as she presses her body snug against his. Mia holds her kiss. Reaching behind her waist, Mia gently takes Tariq's hand and moves it down. She puts his hand squarely atop the firm globe of her bare bottom. She kisses him with a bit more passion. He gets the hint. He plays with her bottom, his hand caressing it and quickly working up his confidence. His confidence that Mia is honestly throwing herself at him.*

*Mia feels the hardness of his cock as it stiffens. Her pubes are pressing firmly against it as she hugs him tightly. Mia wiggles her hips slightly, teasing his swollen stiffness with her soft bush.*

*"Ooh..." Mia purrs sweetly, "somebody likes what he sees... May this slave be allowed to tend to that nasty swelling, Sir?" Mia asks as she slowly lowers herself down to her knees. She kneels properly before Tariq.*

*No sooner does Tariq manage to say a faint yes, than Mia's hands are going to his pants. Tariq thinks he knows what Mia's offering him.*

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*Asking him if she may give him. But his experience with women is limited to his wife. One woman. A little doubt lingers at the back of his mind. Next to another little doubt that a woman would be so brazen. Then again, he's heard many stories of western women.*

*Mia quickly frees his cock from his pants. It's not the biggest cock she's ever seen. It's nowhere near as big as the dildos Mistress used to train her. But it's a fair-sized one. It's about six inches long, and a little over an inch across. Maybe it's just a hair on the thin side. But it's circumcised, letting Mia see the dark purple head of it. And it's rock-hard, standing out to Mia, its tip curving downward by a mere degree or two. Barely enough for her to even notice it.*

*"Thank you for allowing me to do this for you, Sir," Mia says very sweetly. Before Tariq has a chance to say anything, Mia's tongue is on the head of his cock. Her delicate tongue softly caresses the overly-sensitive spongy head of his cock, stroking it with her wet, hot softness. His cock twitches sharply, jumping a little, from just the touch. Mia swirls her tongue around the soft head a couple of times.*

*Mia stretches her mouth wide. She starts going forward, very slowly inching his cock into her mouth. She closes her mouth just enough for her silky lips to brush along the length of his shaft. She sucks lightly. She lets his cock glide over the top of her wet tongue as it inches into her mouth. She keeps going, taking his cock steadily, but slowly. The slowness allows Tariq to really feel, and enjoy, the sensations of her mouth.*

*Mia keeps going. She never hesitates. Not even for a fraction of an instant. The soft head of his cock reaches the back of her mouth. Mia cranes her neck a little, straightening out the angle of the bend there. She keeps going, moving smoothly. His cock keeps steadily inching into her mouth. The fat head of it slips right past the straightened bend at the back of her mouth. It slips into the rapidly funneling space between her mouth and her throat. Mia doesn't hesitate. She keeps right on going, controlling her reflex to gag.*

*The head of Tariq's cock keeps going too. It presses into the narrowing space, stuffing it full with its sponginess. Then the tip of it pushes firmly against the top of her throat. Her throat is narrow, making it*

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*feel to Tariq as if his cock is pushing against a wall of rubber. But only for a fraction of a second. In that instant, it goes from his cock pushing against the soft wall to his cock squishing against it, to the rubbery wall giving way and his cock plunging into the tight tube of her throat. Her throat squeezes snugly around his shaft. His cock keeps right on going, smoothly slipping deeper into Mia's throat.*

*Mia takes it all. She stops with her top lip flush against the dense dark curls and his pubes. Her bottom lip is flush against more dark curls, these lining his sack. There's just no more cock for Mia to swallow.*

*Mia has nothing on except for her glasses. She's fairly blind without them, so she tends to leave them on for about everything. She glances up and is thankful to have her glasses on. It lets her see the awed look on Tariq's face.*

*Mia reverses her stroke, releasing the cock just as smoothly from her mouth. She goes all the way until only the most-sensitive head of his cock is still inside her mouth. She reverses her stroke. As she does, in that instant, Mia swirls her tongue quickly around the captive head in her mouth.*

*Tariq purrs out a loud, manly-deep moan of sweetness as he feels that swirl. His cock twitches in Mia's mouth. Mia ignores everything and smoothly reverses her stroke, inching Tariq's shaft into her mouth again. "You..." Tariq stutters, his voice lost. Amazed. "All of it... I never... imagined."*

*Mia's lips reach his balls again. With Tariq's slightly narrow shaft fully into Mia's throat, Mia decides to try another trick her mistress taught her. She thinks Tariq's cock is just narrow enough to allow her to do it. She presses her tongue out, slipping it between the underside of his cock and her teeth. She presses her lips firmly against Tariq's body, her bottom lip snug against his dangling sack. She pushes the tip of her tongue against his sack and wiggles it, teasing the tip over his furry sack.*

*Mia feels Tariq shudder as a crisp chill sweeps over his body. He gasps in shock. Mia reverses her stroke. She keeps going, making every stroke the same. She keeps her pace leisurely, not trying to rush the blow job, but letting him fully enjoy it. She never seems to tire, either.*

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*Mia doesn't have much chance to tire. Tariq only manages to last about two minutes. He cums with a loud, and very pleased, grunt. He cums with his cock all the way down Mia's throat. She doesn't even taste it. His first spurt erupts into her throat, well past her mouth and taste buds, and heads right for her stomach. But Mia feels the sharp twitches of his cock as it spurts. She knows he's cumming.*

*She ignores it. She pretends that she doesn't know he's cumming. She keeps sucking on his cock just as if he didn't cum. Even when his third spurt comes with her tongue swirling around the head of his cock, shooting his hot cream against the back of her mouth, and getting it all over her tongue. She just keeps on going until his cock stops spurting. Then she sucks harder, drawing her lips snugly along his shaft, and sucking every last drop of his sticky cream off, and out of, his cock. Now she releases it.*

*Mia immediately looks up to see Tariq smiling from ear to ear. "Thank you, Sir, for allowing me to suck your wonderful cock and swallow the most delicious cum. I can't wait for more of it, Sir." Mia politely thanks him.*

*Mia, knowing that Tariq's cock would enjoy a rest, or at least get harder after one, she asks if she may be allowed to give him a very sweet massage. He accepts. She undresses him, her hands more teasing and caressing his body than taking clothes off. She gives him a very sweet hour-long massage. She uses both hands. And she uses her nipples, leaning forward just enough for her nipples to graze along the bare skin of his back. Only her nipples, not the rest of her mounds.*

*After the massage, Mia gets Tariq on his back. It doesn't take anything, just a single lick with her tongue, to get his cock standing back up at full hardness.*

*A moment later Mia has straddled his hips. She rides his cock with the same deliberate, leisurely pace. Only this time, it's her tight, wet, and fiery hot pussy that's swallowing Tariq's eager cock. She keeps riding it. Tariq moans urgently. Mia rides it. Tariq lasts a few minutes and cums.*

*Mia ignores his cock as it spurts a second load of his hot cum into her pussy. "I'm going break that huge cock!" Mia purrs out in a very*

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*throaty, hot, moan. "Please tell me when you wish for me to stop, Sir, because I want to ride you all night long!"*

*Mia keeps riding his cock, ignoring the cum squishing out of her pussy and running past her lips. She keeps riding it, never varying her pace. It takes Tariq about six or seven minutes to cum again.*

*Mia keeps going, ignoring his third orgasm of the night. She ignores his cock, too, even as she feels it starting to lose some of its stiffness while inside her pussy. It stays hard enough, and she keeps riding it.*

*Several minutes later Tariq cums again. This time his cock softens too much for her to really ride it. He tells her to stop. She rises off his cock and leans over to tease his chest with her breasts. His hands toy with her perky mounds.*

*It's around 5:30 in the morning. The first rays of daylight have yet to rise over the horizon. Tariq hasn't slept. Mia has kept her word. She's kept him awake all night, very sweetly teasing every bit of his body. Tariq asks if she'd prefer room service or the dining room for breakfast. Last night there was a buffet for Mia to help herself to. And to serve Tariq from. Mia tells him whatever he'd care for is fine with her. He picks room service and asks what she'd like. Mia tells him to order her whatever he'd like to give her.*

*Then Mia suggests a shower as they wait for their food. She suggests it in a very sultry voice, asking if she might also be allowed "the honor of washing his delicious body." No man is going to refuse an offer like that, and Tariq doesn't.*

*Mia takes him to the shower. She washes him, her hands tender and overly affectionate as she does. She starts with his hair, shampooing it for him. Then she washes his body with the soap. She saves his cock and balls for last.*

*Mia gets on her knees to wash those. She very gently washes his balls with her fingers. She rinses them under the spray. She gets her hands lathered up with the suds and takes his slightly-stiff cock into her hand to wash that. She strokes it with her hand, lathering up as her hands glides*

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*tenderly along its length. His cock very quickly stands up hard again. Maybe not quite as hard as when she first got him to the room, but definitely hard.*

*"Mmm..." Mia purrs seductively, "I know what this huge thing wants!" Mia moves her hands behind her back, letting the water wash the suds from her hands. And letting the sudsy water run down her back, through the crack of her bottom, before it rains down into the shower.*

*Mia rises to her feet. She turns her back to him. She backs up gently, wiggling her rounded bottom and its hard, toned cheeks as it touches it. Her wiggling bottom nudges his cock into her crack. She changes, rotating her bottom up and down to stroke his cock with her crack. She hears Tariq purr happily as her bottom strokes his cock.*

*Mia doesn't hesitate. She shifts her feet forward a bit, opening them to the edges of the shower. She leans her shoulders forward, taking them all the way down until the silky mound of her pussy is stroking over his cock. Then she rises back up a little. As she rises, she pokes her bottom out shamelessly at him. She moves it a bit forward, just a few inches. She reaches to his cock, gripping it lightly around its base, and guides its spongy tip into her crack. She stops moving when the tip of his cock head is flush against the gently funneled, and rather small, pink ring of her tight asshole. She shifts her bottom back a tiny hair, just enough for him to feel the hard ring of her muscle pressing against the tip of his cock. And to feel how his cock fully eclipses her tiny hole, and beyond. It lets him feel how firm the muscle of her asshole is, too.*

*Mia purrs softly. "I'm so tight here, Sir... Will you please allow me to have your huge cock here, too, Sir?" Mia pauses for about a second. She doesn't hear an answer from Tariq. She glances over her shoulder, and in that split-second, she sees the look of total astonishment on his face. "Please, Sir! Please! I just have to feel that gigantic cock inside my so-tight little bottom, Sir... Please, Sir, may I please have that cock in my bottom, Sir? Oh, please, Sir, let me have it!" Mia tries begging.*

*Tariq doesn't believe his ears. He doesn't believe any woman could possibly want that. His wife certainly didn't. It's considered very shameless in his world. It's something only the lowest of whores would not slap him*

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*for thinking about, much less wanting. But it's something he's always wondered about, too. Like most men. Just something he was also certain that he'd never meet a woman willing to consider. But to beg him for it? He wonders if it's possible if somehow, Mia might actually want it.*

*Mia pushes back, forcing her asshole to relax. She shifts her bottom back about two hairs at the same time. It's enough for Tariq to feel the spongy soft head of his cock squishing into the shallow funnel of her asshole. To feel it pressing hard against the rubbery ring of her muscle. A muscle that's rubbery enough, like her throat he thinks, to possibly accept his cock.*

*Tariq, very tentatively says, "You want it this way?" His voice saying he'll never believe it.*

*Mia takes that as acceptance of her pleas. She pushes even harder, opening her asshole a bit wider. She slowly, but steadily, pushes her bottom backward. It pushes the head of his cock against her rubbery ring. It lets him feel her ring slowly stretching wide until his cock begins to slip into the rubbery muscle. Then it lets him feel the muscle squeezing gently around his cock. As his cock slips even deeper into her bottom. A few seconds later, with Mia only purring a long, very hungry, erotic moan, Mia's globes are flush against his hips. Her bottom has taken every bit of his length, just as mouth and pussy did earlier.*

*Mia relaxes and stops pushing. Her asshole tightens up around the base of Tariq's cock. Her ring now squeezes firmly around it. The walls of Mia's rectum just don't have the muscle to squeeze his cock as her asshole does. They simply snuggle around it.*

*Mia decides that Tariq is shy. More so about having Mia this way. She moves her bottom, letting it stroke Tariq's cock. She uses fairly long strokes that let most of his shaft slip from the tight clench of her pink flesh. She stops and reverses her stroke when the head, and a small bit of his rigid shaft, are left inside her bottom.*

*Mia reverses her stroke. She pushes back with a slightly harder stroke. Then, on her next stroke, she goes a little harder. And then a little harder again. Quickly she's almost ramming her bottom back against Tariq, driving his cock hard into her bottom.*



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*Mia steadily grunts harder, but more needy, erotic moans with each thrust. Moans that leave Tariq no question that Mia is enjoying it. He doesn't see the goosebumps that erupt over the lips of her pussy. He's too busy staring at her bottom, and the hot water flowing over Mia from the shower. Mostly her bottom. Almost as if he doesn't believe what his eyes see. His cock fully inside her bottom.*

*"Please, Sir, give me that cock!" Mia cries out in a throaty, sultry voice, "PLEASE, POUND MY BUTT WITH THAT GREAT COCK, SIR!"*

*Tariq moves dumbly, almost as if in a trance. He puts his hands to Mia's narrow hips, gripping the bones he can feel just under her soft skin. He starts thrusting his hips, giving it to her about the same as she was doing it. He grunts very happily along with Mia.*

*In a few thrusts, Mia screeches out a very sultry plea for him to ram it into her. She cries out for him to pound her. To put everything into it. "YOU WON'T HURT ME, SIR, PLEASE! RAM IT. POUND MY SLUTTY BUTT WITH THAT HUGE COCK, SIR! POUND ME GOOD!"*

*It takes her a couple of more times. Each time Tariq thrusts a little harder. But in half a minute or so, Mia has egged him up to thrusting his cock, ramming his cock, as hard as he can into her bottom. Her bottom only squeezes a little tighter around his length every time he ups the power.*

*It's got his cock as hard as any steel ever was. It's got him grunting the most erotic manly-deep grunts along with her. It has Mia screeching out the neediest of cries. It has Mia trembling.*

*Tariq, despite the four orgasms he managed to last through last night, only lasts about two minutes like this. He cums with a loud and very satisfied grunt. He breathes out the deepest sigh of relief. He spurts his cum into Mia's tight little bottom. Mia purrs sweeter than any kitten. "Ooh... YES... Let me have every drop of that hot cum, Sir!" He lets her have it.*

*He pulls his cock from her bottom when he's done. Mia sees his eyes locked on her bottom, the curious look on his face telling her that he's wondering if he bruised her up. And just how big her asshole is to have*

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*taken his cock so comfortably. Or at least he assumes it was comfortable for her, she certainly enjoyed it.*

*Mia is used to not having any privacy over her body. I've given her body to Tariq, so she thinks nothing at all of her privacy. It's his body for the morning, not hers. It's never her body. Mia just reaches around the outside of her thighs. She grips her cheeks and pulls them wide apart to stretch her crack open. It shamelessly shows him her asshole. The very last part of her body that he hasn't already had a good look at. It lets him see the light pink flesh of her ring. A ring no larger than a dime, lined with only the faintest little wrinkles. A ring that funnels gently inward to a sing, pinprick of darkness. All of which now glistens with a few droplets of his cream that cling to her pinkness. There's no bruising. There's not but the thin film of his cum to make her asshole look freshly fucked. Mia lets him look until he turns his eyes from it.*

*Mia turns around and drops to her knees. She washes his cock again, just as sweetly, telling him that she doesn't want to leave any of her dirty mess on his delicious cock.*

*By the time they're out of the shower, Tariq barely finished dressing, the room service comes. Mia is still nude, and not shy about letting the waiter see her body. Tariq just hurries the waiter along. The waiter steals a few peeks and grins.*

*Mia insists on serving Tariq. And she stays nude while they eat, Tariq finds that strange, but welcome. He doesn't mind looking at her naked pert breasts just beside him as they enjoy the meal.*

*Tariq, finally realizing that Mia doesn't have any clothes with her, tells her to find something in Ayşe's room to wear. Mia just asks him to pick something for her, whatever he thinks he'd like to see her in. HE picks a sexy pair of pink panties and a matching bra, commenting that Ayşe shouldn't own such "womanly" things. He picks a pink wand white striped cotton, short-sleeved blouse, and black cargo shorts for Mia. And a pair of ankle socks and sneakers to go with it.*

*Mia suggests to him that he doesn't need to pick anything else for Ayşe. Mia will be taking his clothes off when he returns her, there's no reason Ayşe can't wear them home. It will save him the trouble of carting*

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*more clothes around for her. She makes it clear that Ayşe's clothes are his clothes to her. He provided them, so they're his. She will wear them at his pleasure, as should Ayşe.*



# Chapter 06: Morning Masturbation

## Chapter 06: Morning Masturbation

Ayşe has a rough night. It's not a bad night, but by the time I send her to bed at 11:00, she's had to endure about four hours of the masturbating lessons. Never once did she come even close to earning her orgasm. She was far too wiggly. She was far too into it.

I saw the horrified look on her face at bedtime, too. I don't know what she expected. I'd made it clear to her that she was my slave for the time being, until her guardian came to retrieve her, and would be treated like the naughty slave she'd been. The look on her face tells me she expected a guest room or something. Isn't that so silly? Who'd offer a guest room, with a bed in it, to a slave? Let alone a naughty slave!

Ayşe spends the night in the spare cage, right beside Paige. But it is one of the big cages I have. I think the clerk at Pets Mart told it was for a Doberman. It's big enough that Ayşe, or Paige who is taller, isn't crammed in it. There's enough room for her to curl up nicely on the floor of it. There's even enough room for her to sit up in it. Just not to stand or stretch out.

Ayşe cringes when I tell her to get in the cage. It's where she'll be spending her night. The only difference between this cage and Paige's cage is that Paige has a nice thick blanket in it for her to lie on. But Paige is a good slave. Not a naughty brat. Naughty brats sleep on the steel floor of their cages.

She crawls in. Reluctantly. Then I tell her to turn around and put her hands behind her back. I watch her face fall faster than a jumbo jet without wings. It tells me that I guessed correctly. Ayşe was planning to masturbate and take the edge of the unbearable ache in her pussy as soon as I wasn't looking. I pull her hands together, putting the insides of her wrists against each other. I bind them a heavy plastic zip tie. "There," I say with far too much satisfaction in my voice. "Now you'll behave for the night."

I shut the door of her cage. I lock it with a large padlock that opens with a key. A key that only I have. "You didn't really think I didn't know you were planning to diddle your pussy like a shameless whore, did you?" I laugh.

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In the morning I let Ayşe out of her cage at the same time I let Paige out. Around twenty or twenty-five minutes after five. Sophie's with me when I come in. Sophie's still nude as well. Only I have clothes on. Sophie stands in the middle of the room. Paige hurries over to stand close beside Sophie. Close meaning that their sides are touching each other. I cut the tie strap binding Ayşe's hands and send her over to stand beside Paige.

It's been a while since I've allowed my slaves a treat. And they've been very good slaves. I haven't even had to spank either of them in well over a week. That says something. I'm known to be quick to spank slaves for even the most minor infractions. It keeps them on their toes to please me.

I decide that I have the time. The schedule isn't so important this morning. Neither Sophie nor Paige has a class before nine. I don't have one until ten. Tariq won't be here until eight, so if breakfast is five minutes late, it won't matter to me. My slaves deserve a little treat.

I reach my hand out to Ayşe's breast. Her nipple is already hard. It was hard when I let her out of the cage. It might have been stiff all night long. I'd bet that ache in her pussy gave her some sweet dreams! Hot dreams. I lightly, but firmly, pinch Ayşe's nipple in my hand. It is definitely not tired of being stiff. It's as hard as any nipple ever was. And sticking out so fully.

"Come along, brat. It's time you learned another lesson. Behave and I'll consider allowing you to have that orgasm you're dying for after your guardian gets here."

Ayşe comes with me. She really doesn't have much choice. She kind of has to follow her breast, and I have a firm enough pinch on her nipple to pull her along. But I see a very edgy, and uncomfortable, look on her face. As if she's wondering how she's going to last the hours until Tariq is here. As if she's wondering what shameful way I will make a spectacle of her orgasm. As if she's wondering how Tariq will not stone her after seeing the lewd display she knows she's going to put on.

I lead Ayşe around to stand in front of Sophie. Instantly Sophie grins wide, a very thrilled look flooding onto her face. Sophie says

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nothing. She does nothing. She waits for me to give her instructions. Anything else would get her spanked.

I have a routine in the mornings. I have Paige and Sophie stand side by side, just as they are. I have both of them show me their pussy. After inspecting it, I decide if they're horny enough to merit relief. Then I decide if they've been good enough to get that relief, or will suffer as naughty slaves deserve to. If I decide to allow them some relief, they're allowed to masturbate. With my supervision. It's the only time I allow either of them an orgasm. And it's the only way I ever allow them an orgasm. There's only one exception to that rule. When I want someone else to give an orgasm, and I'm merely borrowing their pussy to get it. Like now. I want Ayşe to learn a lesson. It's not about Sophie. It's about Ayşe. I just need a pussy for Ayşe. But it does make for a nice treat for Sophie. It gives her something to look forward to. That someday I might reward her again.

"slave has behaved. Slave may have an orgasm. You will give it to her, brat," I firmly tell Ayşe.

Ayşe cringes. She almost cries as it dawns on her that I'm telling her to touch another woman. I'm sure she never considered doing it. Never imagined that it was even a possibility, even if she wanted to. She starts reaching for Sophie's pussy with a hand that's trembling so badly her fingers are almost a blur to my eyes.

I laugh at Ayşe. I put my hand to Ayşe's shoulder and push hard down. "On your knees, brat!" I snap a firm command as I push Ayşe down to her knees.

Ayşe gasps, sucking in a very nervous, shrill breath. Now it's her entire body that trembling. And cringing harder than she has yet.

I don't give her the time to think about what she knows I expect her to do, as much as I'd enjoy making her kneel there and think about it. And watching her cringe into a tiny little ball! I snap another firm command for her to put her fingers to the lips of Sophie's plump mound. And Sophie has about the puffiest pussy mound ever. She has thick, long lips, shaven silky smooth. She has a wide gash that lets the tips of her



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long, tall, wrinkly inner pink folds rise through her slit and stand out at least ¼". They rise down from her mound like a tall, narrow ridgeline.

I snap for Ayşe to use her fingers to part just the plump lips of Sophie's pussy.

Ayşe freezes. She stays still, her hands about halfway to Sophie's pussy, trembling hard but not moving. "You are such a bad brat!" I scold her. I doubt a scolding is going to be enough to get Ayşe's hand moving. So instead of waiting for her to get them moving, I grab her wrists and put them to Sophie's sweet mound. I put the tips of Ayşe's fingers to the edges of Sophie's lips and push them gently to part Sophie's lips.

I tell Ayşe to stretch her mouth open. When she hesitates I put a hand under her jaw and pinch the corners of her mouth, forcing her mouth to open wide. "You are seriously in need of a good spanking to teach you some obedience, brat. You are going to tongue her pussy for her. And you are going to love it when she cums on your face." I say it as if I am telling her what she is going to do, whether she wants to or not. More of a command than a prediction.

"Now, before I get my belt out, stick that slutty tongue out. It's time to be the whore you've been acting like!" I mockingly command Ayşe. Somehow it gets through to Ayşe. She sticks her tongue out. Slowly, hesitantly, but fully. I nudge her head forward. In a couple of seconds, Ayşe's lips are on the loose folds of Sophie's pussy.

"Mmmm....." Sophie purrs sweetly, her voice soft, but eager.

I tell Ayşe what to do. To gently close her lips around the prominent nub of Sophie's eager clit. To suck very lightly, as if she's sucking soda through a straw. To leave her lips wide enough that she's able to just lie her tongue against the side of that nub. Then to swirl her tongue around the sides of Sophie's clit slowly, with the same rhythm that she used masturbating last night.

It takes a couple of seconds. Then I hear Sophie purr out a very hungry "UM!" It's honeyed enough for me to know that Ayşe is doing as I told her to do. Sophie would never purr if it wasn't being done the way I wanted it done. She wouldn't disappoint me like that.

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I watch Sophie's body. It doesn't take long for me to see the tension building in her muscles as they tighten up. It doesn't take long for Sophie to grit her teeth hard either. She stands with her hands behind her back, as I always have a slave stand. I never told her to move them, so that's where they stay. She doesn't even get to move one as she usually does. The one she'd have to use to masturbate. She just has to stand with her hands uselessly behind her and suffer the teasing caress of Ayşe's tongue.

After the first minute, I can tell that Sophie is ready to cum. I've seen her hanging over the edge of an orgasm too many times not to be able to read her body. She's really loving Ayşe's tongue. As much as she's loving the idea of having the orgasm given to her instead of doing it herself.

Sophie cries out rather impassioned, and hungry moans. She trembles, her body shuddering lightly. But she stays relatively still. Not squirming her hips around. As Ayşe did last night. Sophie tenses up fully, her body rigid and hard as she endures the tease.

Sophie is going to wait the full five minutes. She knows that. I'd bet she's wondering if I'll make her wait even longer this morning, just because she's getting a much better treat. I'd do something like that. She screeches out more urgent moans.

I watch the time. Paige stands beside Sophie, her side flush against Sophie's. It makes Paige feel the tremors flowing through Sophie's petite body. It lets Paige feel how sharp and powerful they are. And Paige to wonder if I will offer her the same treat next.

At first, Ayşe kneels there tense. Her face scrunched up uncomfortably. I'm sure her tongue is moving just as unsteadily. As uncertainly.

It takes a moment for Ayşe to get used to Sophie's taste. To the light, sweet musky aroma filling her nose. To the faint sweetness of the hot honey covering her taste buds. And to the pounding throb of Sophie's hard clit against her tender tongue.

As the seconds begin to tick off, Ayşe's confidence builds. It's clear. Her body begins to relax. Her movements become more

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affectionate and less robotic. That gets Sophie even more eager in her moans.

Ayşe slowly gets used to the heat of Sophie's pussy. To the feminine taste of her pussy and honey. To the quivering tremors, she can feel running through Sophie's most intimate parts. To the loud screeching, and very needy, cries she's making Sophie cry out.

Ayşe must decide that it's not so bad after all. The taste doesn't bother her. The goosebumps I see sprouting up on Ayşe's breasts, along with her stiff nipples, tell me that she finds it hot, not disgusting. And best of all, no lightning bolts from heaven shoot down and zap her. No stones from her male relatives either.

Sophie lasts the five minutes. I knew she would. To Sophie, there's nothing worse than disappointing me. She'd rather suffer any else. Even this too-sweet agony.

"Oh, fine, slave. Go ahead and cum on the brat's face."

Sophie doesn't answer. I don't expect her to. I know she's just not capable to answer now. Not when she crying out moans as urgent as she is now. She just lets go and stops holding back the tidal wave. It crashes over her body instantly.

Sophie screams a hot cry. Her hips thrash, thrusting forward and back again. Her legs buckle, straight, and buckle a few times. Her head snaps forward and back. Her shoulders thrash from side to side, making her pert breasts dance for my eyes. She cries out again. And again.

It takes Sophie a good minute to finish cumming. As I see her thrashes grow duller, less powerful, more sinuous, more tired, I know Sophie is now drifting through the afterglow of the sweet climax.

I grab Ayşe by her long hair and pull her head back from Sophie's pussy. It lets me see the sticky glaze of Sophie's honey clinging to Ayşe's face. Around her lips. On her chin. Even on her upper lip all the way to her nose. Ayşe allows me to pull her head back. It's clear to her that Sophie is done. Sophie got the climax that Ayşe is burning for. Ayşe pants a few breaths. Her eyes are slightly glassy as they glare at Sophie's sloppy mound.

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Sophie barely stays on her feet. She stands on wobbly legs, waiting for her instructions and enjoying her time drifting through the sweet fog.

I tell Ayşe that she's to do the same to Paige. Ayşe glances over to Paige, a woman she's seen far less of. I'd never let Paige do anything like supervise a toy. Only Sophie gets to do that. Paige is just the house whore. But Ayşe has seen her around. Doing chores. Doing her homework in her cage. Ayşe even slept next to her, separated only by two layers of wire mesh cage.

Ayşe just kneels down and does exactly the same thing. Only this time Ayşe isn't hesitant to do it. Not even at first. She must just assume Paige's pussy will taste, and quiver, just as Sophie did. I've never tasted either pussy so I wouldn't know. But I do know that Paige's pussy has a smaller clit. It throbs just as powerfully, though. I know Paige squirms more and shrieks louder, but her pussy quivers a little less. And Paige doesn't have the tall inner folds that Sophie does.

Paige lasts the same five minutes. She cums loudly, shrieking and thrashing wildly.

When Paige has finished her reward, I tell Sophie to lead the three of them to the shower. "And keep an eye on this naughty little lesbian brat. I don't want her diddling that slutty pussy."

"Yes, Mistress," Sophie tells me.

"Whip her if she thinks about it."

"So gladly, Yes, Mistress," Sophie tells me.

Ayşe follows Paige into the bathroom. It's another part of their morning routine. My slaves share a cold shower. However many of them are here. They all cram in the standard-sized shower and bathe together. Two is cozy. Three is tight. It has them bumping their soapy bodies against each other. It's also their opportunity to use the toilet for the morning. I don't care that they don't have any privacy for it with all three of them crammed into the bathroom.

As soon as they've washed, and Sophie doesn't let Ayşe waste any time, Sophie brings Ayşe to me. Paige goes to the kitchen. As house slave, it's Paige's job to cook our breakfast.

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# Chapter 07: The Price Of Brattiness

## Chapter 07: The Price Of Brattiness

I send Sophie to fetch a toy. It's a small vibrator, one of the smallest ones that I own. It has a small head, no bigger than a marble, and just like one. It has a small shaft on it, rising from the marble head, the size of a Q-tip stick. Then it has a slightly larger handle, just big enough to hold the pair of AAA batteries that power it.

Sophie brings it to me while I leave Ayşe standing there and just watching. Ayşe eyes the toy, fairly confident that it's to be used on her, but clueless about how. I'll bet she thinks it's for her pussy. Or maybe for that clit I've been making her torment all night long. Her face tells me that Ayşe is a little edgy about it. I'm sure it's going to be her first experience with a vibrator. I doubt a young woman can just walk into a sex shop and buy one in her world. Probably in Istanbul, but not in the more rural and conservative areas. Where she's from.

"Brat, show me your butt," I tell Ayşe. My voice isn't hard, just firm enough to let her know I'm not asking. I'm just stating a fact, something that's going to happen.

For a second I see a lost look on Ayşe's face, as she wonders why I'd ask for her bottom. Her eyes fix on the toy as she figures out that's where this toy is going to go. Her eyes go to the head of it, now warily sizing up how large it is. Ayşe shirks a little. She turns her back to me, moving hesitantly, and spreads her legs wide. She slowly leans forward, getting her back close to flat. She reaches around the outside of her thighs and grips her cheeks. She pulls them wide. Her voice is rather tense and on edge, and very embarrassed, as she tells me "Here is my anus, Ma'am." She's learned that command well.

I can tell that Ayşe is reluctant to offer her bottom to me. She hasn't gotten used to that yet. She's still very hesitant to allow me access to her bottom, still thinking that it's going to be bad for her. Sooner or later she'll realize the truth, what she's experienced so far. It can be quite good for her if she accepts it, and it's done by someone who pays attention to what she's doing.

I put a tiny droplet of lubricating gel on the tip of the vibrator. "Stand still, and relax brat," I tell her. I put the rounded tip of the toy against Ayşe's tightly clenching asshole. I give Ayşe just a second to



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remember her instructions. And the lessons I taught her last night. But then I hear Ayşe suck in a raspy deep breath. I see her asshole start to loosen up from its tight squeezing.

I press lightly. It doesn't take much pressure. The round head is fairly small, and Ayşe's asshole is moderately relaxed. She's relaxed enough that the narrow head slips through her muscle quickly, stretching her gently as it does. Ayşe grunts out a loud cry of "OOH!" as it presses into her bottom, but it sounds like it's all surprise and no discomfort.

I turn the vibrator on at the same time as I angle it slightly. I move it so that its rounded head, now about an inch past Ayşe's asshole, is lightly pressing against her insides directly atop the backside of her pussy walls.

"OOH!" Ayşe screams out, her voice instantly an unusual mix of complete shock and erotic hunger. Her voice is suddenly deep but laced with a squeakiness. Ayşe shudders hard, especially her hips. She shivers at the same time, goosebumps erupting over the lips of her pussy and into the creases of her thighs.

"EEE!.... OH, MA'AM... LIKE THIS???" Ayşe screeches out with disbelief and urgency in her voice. "MY BUTT... UHM!" Ayşe grunts out hard, "oh... UHM!" Ayşe shudders hard again. "OH, MA'AM... OH... MA'AM!!!!"

I watch Ayşe's asshole clenching tight around the very narrow shaft. The shaft is just too small. Her asshole really isn't clenching against it, but just clenching shut. It will make the shaft feel more annoying to her than anything. She'll feel it there, but that's all. Just that it's there. It leaves her to feel nothing but the vibrations. And the hot sparks that those vibrations are shooting all through her pussy. I'm sure her pussy is twitching hard by now, too. I can see the honey flowing, coating her gash and starting to creep onto her lips.

Ayşe pants very deep, sultry, fast breaths. Breaths that have a slight squealing tone to them. It's the same deep, panting moans she'll make when she finally has sex with a man. And they're very hot.

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"I told you to stand still, brat!" I swat her bottom with my hand, stinging a very faint handprint onto her firm cheek. Ayşe doesn't even grunt from the swat. She deserved it. She's wiggling around almost wildly. But that saves me the trouble of teasing the vibrator over her walls. Her squirms are doing that for me.

"I CAN'T, MA'AM! PLEASE! I CAN'T STAND STILL LIKE... THIS! I... MY... IT THROBS TOO BADLY! IT HURTS! PLEASE, HELP ME, MA'AM... DON'T MAKE ME DO THIS... LIKE THIS!" Ayşe screeches out.

"Bad brat! I told you no talking. Only behaving. You'll be spanked after your lesson. Now stand still before you get a whipping!" I firmly tell Ayşe.

It doesn't do much good. Ayşe tries hard. She tenses her muscles as hard as she can. It dulls her squirms, but only a tiny bit. It also gets her crying out needier moans. And crying them louder.

I count off a full sixty seconds. One minute. A good first lesson for Ayşe. It's long enough to teach her that she likes this toy in her bottom. But not so long that the newness of it, and the intense sensations, push her out of control and over the edge into an orgasm.

I turn the toy off and shift it a little to take the pressure off her pussy walls. That lets Ayşe breathe out a deep sigh of relief and frustration. It gives her a couple of seconds to pant and try to catch her breath, too. I pull the toy from Ayşe's bottom. Her bottom lets it go easily. Ayşe grunts another moan of frustration.

I tell Ayşe to face me and kneel. Then I wait as she stands up and turns to drop to her knees. It gives me a look at the mask on her face. a mask of unfulfilled desire. As if her pussy is aching even worse now, begging her to get it some relief. And she knows that won't be happening now.

"Did you hear me tell you to behave while I played with your butt, brat?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Ayşe answers, her voice slightly nervous and very reluctant.

"Do you remember me telling you that means no talking, brat?"

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"Yes, Ma'am." Ayşe sounds even more reluctant now. And slightly ashamed.

"Then you'll understand that you deserve to be punished for disobeying." I make it a statement of fact, not a question. "I don't tolerate any disobedience here, and frankly your guardian shouldn't either. You'll get to strokes for disobediently speaking out of turn. Is that clear, brat?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Ayşe sounds like she's almost crying. Her face scrunches up. She quivers slightly. Her voice hushes and sounds afraid.

"It's been a very long time since you've had a good spanking, hasn't it, brat?"

"Yes, Ma'am... like since I was about seven, Ma'am!" Ayşe nervously blurts out.

"No wonder you're such a disobedient and sassy little brat! I will so be having a long talk with your guardian about proper discipline for unmarried girls." I know enough about her world to know that all girls, regardless of age, are girls until they're married. Then they instantly become women, regardless of age. At least in the eyes of their community.

"There is a belt on my desk. You will go get it and bring it to me properly. You will not waste my time by going slowly. It's only two steps from where you are. Walk normally, like a lady. You misbehaved, now be a big brat and accept the consequences of it. Go fetch it now, brat."

Ayşe gets to her feet. She quivers harder, her body showing the tremors. She walks over to my desk, only slightly slower than she normally walks. She picks up the belt with two fingers, her eyes wide and locked on it. As if it's a rattlesnake or something! She carries it the two steps back to the sofa where I'm waiting.

Ayşe drops to her knees. She clumsily shifts the belt to lie atop her upturned palms. "Here is the belt, Ma'am," Ayşe offers me in a very hushed and nervous voice. I tell her that her offer is perfect – if it were a cup of coffee she was serving. I tell her since this is the first time she's being punished by me, I will tell her what to say. Ayşe cringes as I do. "Here is the belt, Ma'am. I'm sorry for being disobedient, Ma'am... May I

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please have my whipping now, Ma'am?" Ayşe sounds as if she's forcing herself to recite the words.

I take the belt from her hands. I reach my hand over and grab a good handful of her long hair. I pull lightly on her hair, mostly to keep her from going very slowly. I tell her to lie over my knees like the naughty little brat she's acted like. The pull on her hair keeps her coming at a fair pace.

Ayşe groans out an edgy "Umm..." in a muted voice as I pull her over my knees. I position her with her waist fully bent over my right thigh and my left thigh under her chest, the underside of her ample breasts flush against the outside of it. It has her thighs hanging down, her knees just above the floor. And her hands bracing against the floor. It has her bottom taut, her firm globes poking up for the spanking. Ayşe fidgets nervously as she lies there.

The belt I keep in my desk is a man's belt. It's long, and about 2" wide. It's slightly stiff. Naturally, it's leather. I lie the smooth leather very lightly against the tips of Ayşe's hard cheeks. She sucks in a squealy breath as she feels the touch.

I tell Ayşe what's expected of her. She's to lie there and be spanked. She's not to make any effort to get up or to cover her bottom. She's to keep her bottom still and bared while it's spanked. She's not to say a word. But she is to count her strokes for me, even though she's only getting two. I warn her "they will hurt. This is a punishment, and it wouldn't be a punishment if it felt good. Next time, maybe you'll remember this before you act up, brat."

I lift the belt up. Ayşe fidgets a little more intensely. I snap the belt down with about half of the power I could have put into it. It lands with a splitting crack against her taut flesh. It's loud, but not nearly as loud as most.

"YE-OW!!!" Ayşe screams out. "OW! OW! OW!!!!!" Ayşe's bottom wiggles on my thigh as I lift the belt off her globes and reveal a bright, very angry, but light pink stripe across them. It's a tame welt, one that will fade in an hour or so but will leave her bottom sore for several more hours. She will remember this spanking every time she sits down today.

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But she'll be able to sit. I'd never give her too hard of a spanking for her first offense.

Ayşe is in tears after the first stroke. "One, Ma'am," Ayşe counts out in a sobbing, sniffing voice. "May I please have my next stroke now, Ma'am?" I can tell she'd rather do anything but ask for the second stroke. She's making herself ask. Maybe she believes that her spanking will be worse if she doesn't do as she was told.

I swat her bottom again. It's the same stroke, no harder. Mercifully I land it just below the first stroke, widening the pink welt to cover most of her little bottom, instead of landing it atop the first stroke and letting its sting lance into the already stinging flesh. It will make more of her bottom sore, instead of making less of her bottom more sore.

Ayşe screams. Her body snaps to a hard tension. Her feet kick up and down, rising up to where they'd be blocking her bottom if she had another stroke coming. Her hips squirm hard on my thigh. It takes her a second for her body to relax and lie across my lap again.

"Two, Ma'am, Thank you for giving me the spanking I earned by being naughty, Ma'am." Ayşe's voice breaks with her sobs. She's crying like a baby now. I'm sure her bottom is stinging her, countless needles of pain stabbing into those hard muscles. But I'm just as sure it's not as bad as she's making it look to be. Or maybe it is by her frame of reference.

I put my hand to her pink cheek, my touch so light that I'm barely touching her at all. I very softly caress her stinging bottom. "That hurts, doesn't it, brat?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Ayşe answers with her bawling cry.

"You'll be fine. You won't even have a bruise. Now remember this spanking and behave, brat. I don't want to spank you, but if you're disobedient again, I'll have to give you three more. Got it?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

I casually let my finger "accidentally" brush along Ayşe's slit as she lies there over my knees and crying. Ayşe jumps, her body thrusting forward against my thigh. She squeals loudly, with surprise. She falls loose on my thighs again. A hard shudder flows over her body.

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"Ooh... I see a spanking didn't bother that pussy. It's just as eager as ever for relief, isn't it?"

"Yes, Ma'am... I ache very badly... down there, Ma'am!"

"I think skanky has breakfast ready. after breakfast, you'll have another lesson with the vibrator. And another every twenty minutes until your guardian comes to pick you up. You'll want to behave for your lessons," I tell Ayşe.

I grab her shoulder and help her back to her knees. Then I tell her to follow me to the kitchen. She'll eat just as she did last night. Nude. Standing in the kitchen with Paige. She'll get the same breakfast everyone else gets, only hers will be served on a paper plate. She'll be required to clean her plate. She'll have five minutes to eat the meal. She didn't have a problem with any of that last night, so I doubt she will this morning.

After breakfast, Ayşe gets another vibrator lesson. She isn't still for it. She squirms wildly. She screeches loudly, very breathy and hot moans. But she doesn't say a word. Not a single plea for mercy.



# Chapter 08: A Girly Ending



## Welcome To America

Tariq arrives right on schedule. Mia is with him. She has her arm around his waist, hugging him closely, as Sophie opens the door and shows them in. Mia has a huge smile on her face. Tariq has an even bigger smile on his. It tells me all I need to know. Mia has made him quite happy. She'll be rewarded for that.

Sophie shows Tariq to a seat on the sofa. Mia follows him but doesn't dare to sit on my sofa. No one has to warn her either. She's been around long enough that she knows what I expect of her. Mia drops to her knees at Tariq's side. He hasn't given her back to me yet, so in her mind, she's still "his."

I offer Tariq a cup of coffee while we talk. He accepts. I tell Sophie to fetch me one and see to Tariq's. Sophie hurries off to the kitchen. I've had Ayşe in there since her last lesson. Her fifth lesson with the vibrator this morning. Lessons which have Ayşe's pussy mound glistening with a heavy coat of honey that I will not allow her to wipe away.

Sophie returns and serves my coffee to me. Ayşe, still fully nude, follows close behind Sophie. She goes to Tariq and drops to her knees in front of him, a little to his left and beside Mia. Ayşe humbly holds his coffee out atop upturned palms that are six inches out from her exposed nipples. Ayşe blushes very slightly. "Here is your coffee, Sir," Ayşe offers sweetly. Her voice is still breathy from all the moaning. I wonder if Tariq picks up on it.

"Thank you... brat," Tariq says as he takes the cup. He sips it and decides it's made the way he likes it. He grins. He thanks me yet again for the loan of Mia, telling me that she's been a very "polite and affectionate woman." Hearing him, Mia's face lights up as she beams with pride.

I'm not shy. I ask Tariq directly if "Kitty took care of all of his manly needs last night."

Tariq tells me that Mia kept him up all night. And "pleased him fully." It takes me a few more questions before Tariq tells me that Mia is a very skilled woman, and "tended to him in ways that he did not expect." I decide to spare Tariq. I'll get the details from Mia later. It's

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clear that Tariq is rather pleased with Mia. Whatever she did for him, it definitely made him happy. Then again, I don't know many guys wouldn't be thrilled if a pretty young woman kept him up all night in bed.

He asks if Ayşe has behaved herself, or been sassy with me. I tell him that he should ask Ayşe whatever he wishes to know about her lessons, and her time, here. He asks her "have you gotten in trouble here?"

"Yes, Sir, but only once, Sir. Miss Rodgers told me not to speak while she taught me a lesson, and I spoke. She spanked me twice with a belt on my bare bottom for being disobedient, Sir." Ayşe sounds ashamed of herself as she tells him.

I grin at Tariq. "I don't tolerate disobedience here," I tell him. I also tell him that Ayşe would do well if he would turn her over his knees and take a belt to her bottom when she was sassy or disobedient.

"The belt really hurts, Sir!" Ayşe blurts out when I ask her to add her opinion. "I really do not want to be whipped again, Sir. I haven't dared to disobey Miss Rodgers since then!"

I make Ayşe tell him about her lessons.

Ayşe blushes brightly. She tells him that her lessons began with "a horrible enema that made her body ache in places it shouldn't have." Then she was taught to masturbate properly, with a technique that "makes her throb badly." Finally, I taught her how "to use a vibrator for her relief, but not in her... place where nothing should go before her wedding." I don't let her get away with that. I make her tell him where the vibrator went, and just how crazy it drove her. Tariq looks very surprised when she finally admits that how she got herself spanked. By pleading with me for relief while she was supposed to not speak for the lesson. I see Tariq glance quickly at Mia, then at me.

I tell Tariq that Ayşe has not been allowed the relief she wants. I tell him that Ayşe is learning a very important woman-skill by waiting. She's learning to control herself. She'll need to know that so that she can focus on pleasing her husband first and only then worry about her own desires. Tariq agrees that a "good wife" should be able to do that.

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I tell him that now that Ayşe is done with her lessons here, she may have her relief. If he wishes to allow it for her. He has a choice. He may take Ayşe as she is now, and once they're gone, she'll likely find a way to slip away and relieve herself improperly. Unless he watches her very closely. Or he may allow her to masturbate and take her relief now. Or, if he's feeling very generous since Ayşe has tried hard to behave here, he may reward her by allowing Mia to relieve Ayşe for her.

Tariq look shocked to hear the third option. He turns to Mia and asks her "have you ever... done that with a woman?"

"Oh, yes, Sir. I'm very skilled at pleasing women, too, Sir," Mia tells him.

He asks Ayşe what she would like as her reward for behaving.

"I want whatever you wish for me to have, Sir," Ayşe says very humbly, with a trace of nervousness in her voice. It's the answer she's required to give. It's an answer that tells Tariq nothing, leaving him to choose what she gets.

He turns to Mia and asks her if she would like to relieve Ayşe.

"Would you like to see me do that, Sir?" Mia asks while batting her eyelashes. She uses a very sensual voice, too. "Would you like to watch me use my mouth to please her very well, Sir? I will be thrilled to do that for you, Sir..." Mia licks her lips. I have her so well trained!

Tariq stutters a bit as if he's ashamed to ask Mia to do it. Or maybe as if he's very unsure what Ayşe is going to think of it. Or worse, if she's going to tell everyone back home what he made her do and watched. For a second I think he's going to change his mind. then he tells Mia to "give brat a good reward."

I tell Ayşe to rise to her feet and open her legs. Ayşe blushes a very deep red. But she doesn't hesitate to get up to her feet and open those legs. I leave her in front of Tariq, and just a little to his side. He'll have a very good view from where he is. Ayşe puts her hands behind her back.

Mia eagerly gets to her knees in front of Ayşe. She doesn't hesitate to put her mouth to Ayşe's pussy.

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"AHHHH!" Ayşe screeches out loudly, her voice pure erotic bliss. Her hips instantly wiggle wildly, grinding her pussy shamelessly against Mia's face. Her body shudders just as wildly. So crisply that her pert mounds jiggle around in front of Tariq's eyes.

"UH!" Ayşe grunts out a deep breath, her lungs exploding. She quickly draws in another fast and squealing "AH!" before grunting out again. And on and on, over and over again. She shudders harder with every second that passes by. And she grinds her mounds against Mia's face eagerly.

I let Ayşe go for about a minute. I figure that's about all of it she can handle. Soon she'll cum no matter how hard she tries to obey. "Brat, do you like having a girl eat your pussy like a shameless whore?"

"YES!" Ayşe screams out in a very urgent and begging voice. "IT'S INCREDIBLE, MA'AM! MAY I PLEASE... END IT NOW, MA'AM? PLEASE! IT'S SO GOOD I CAN'T BEHAVE MUCH LONGER! MY... PLACE IS ON FIRE!"

"Don't ask me, brat. Mr. Demish is giving you this reward. Ask him." I tell her.

"MR. DEMISH, PLEASE, SIR! OH, PLEASE, SIR! I CAN'T STAND IT. IT'S TOO GOOD! MAY I PLEASE HAVE PERMISSION TO CUM ALL OVER HER FACE, SIR? PLEASE! I HAVE TO CUM RIGHT NOW! PLEASE, SIR, LET ME CUM ON HER FACE, SHE'S KILLING ME!" Ayşe forgets her modesty and begs shamelessly.

Her shameless begging surprises Tariq. I'd bet he's never heard words like that from any woman before and imagines only the cheapest of whores even know those words. Maybe I'm wrong. But it's clear he didn't think he'd ever hear them from Ayşe.

"You have permission, brat," He tells her.

Ayşe does say anything. Not even a thanks. She screams, loudly. It's rather high-pitched and girly. Her body snaps into an even wilder, thrashing shudder. For a few seconds, her body is everywhere, thrashing around as she stands there. Moving so fast it's hard to keep my eyes on her.

Mia ignores Ayşe and keeps tonguing Ayşe's clit.

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Ayşe's knees buckle. Her legs give out. It drops her, her weight driving her pussy hard onto Mia's face. I see Mia's hand go behind her and brace herself against the floor. Ayşe's dropping body starts to drive Mia backward, but Mia's arms stop her. Ayşe crumples forward, falling over the top of Mia's head. Ayşe's falling body finally pulls her pussy from Mia's lips. Ayşe keeps falling, her head and shoulders landing on Tariq's thighs. The shifting weight pulls Ayşe's legs up. Mia isn't going to support Ayşe's body, even with Ayşe lying over the top of Mia's head. She doesn't have to. The next squirm has Ayşe's hips thrusting to the side. They lip off Mia's head, bump her shoulder and drop to the floor, pulling her legs along with them.

It leaves Ayşe mostly on the floor, her head and shoulders still on Tariq's lap. Ayşe lies there, her body trembling crisply as if an electric current is jolting her every second or so. She pants fast, needy, breaths. Her mouth hangs wide open. She drools just a little. Her eyes close. Slowly, the sharp tremors sweeping her begin to ebb, leaving her body loose and fully spent as she lies on Tariq.

Tariq says nothing for a couple of minutes. His eyes seem entranced by the sight of Mia's face. The way it sparkles in the light, with a huge coat of Ayşe's fresh, oily honey covering everything from Mia's nose down. Finally, he glances at Ayşe a few times, seeing her body as relaxed as if she were sleeping. And drooling just a bit onto his pants.

He nudges her side, trying to wake her. Ayşe doesn't even react to it. Nor does she react to Tariq calling her name. "Brat... seems to have rather enjoyed her reward..." Tariq comments to me.

I grin. "She earned it."

It takes Ayşe ten more minutes to finally get to her feet. And then her legs are so wobbly that I wonder how she's staying up on them. Her entire body is just as loose. Her body more hangs atop her legs than stands there. She drifts lightly. Her eyes are glassy and dreamy. Her voice a sultry, breathy purring.

I tell Mia to stand beside Ayşe. Then I tell Mia she's to dress Ayşe. She's to undress properly. Once she has her bra off, she's to put the bra

## Chapter 08: A Girly Ending

and blouse on Ayşe. Ayşe is to do nothing but stand there and allow Mia to dress to her. It looks like that's fine by Ayşe. It looks like Ayşe doesn't trust her hands to dress herself.

It leaves the girls standing side by side. Mia nude from waist up. Ayşe nude from the waist down. I have Mia take the shorts and panties off, and put those on Ayşe. It leaves Mia wearing just the shoes and socks, and Ayşe dressed but barefoot. Then I have Mia move the shoes from her feet to Ayşe's.

I have Ayşe kneel down beside Tariq. I have Sophie take Mia back to the playroom for a moment. I chat with Tariq for a few more minutes, mostly giving Ayşe a few more moments to pull herself together before she has to walk on those legs.

Tariq tells me that a few of his associates were curious about Mia. Especially two single men who would be very interested in finding a companion for functions who was as polite, humble, and interesting as Mia. I laugh. I tell Tariq they're on their own. My slaves are mine, and I don't rent them out like that. He laughs. He didn't think I would. But he was thrilled to have her. She made a powerful impression on everyone with her shameless subservience to him.

I have Tariq take Ayşe's hand and walk her to the door. As I'm letting them out, and Sophie is handing Ayşe her purse, I whisper very quietly to Ayşe "I let you a surprise in your purse, brat. Have fun." I left the little anal vibrator in Ayşe's purse. Sophie slipped it in when Tariq wasn't looking.

Ayşe blushes brightly. I see her eyes pop wide at the same time. and then I see a little grin creep onto the corners of her face as she imagines what I might have left her. And what fun she might have with it.



# Epilogue



## Welcome To America

For three weeks I hear nothing from Ayşe or Tariq. But I hadn't really expected to. I knew that it was going to be a one-time lesson for the girl. But that hasn't stopped me from wondering what happened after she returned to Turkey a day after leaving my apartment.

I've wondered how much she liked her lessons. I've wonder even more what she's done with them. If she's been masturbating more often, and properly. If she's used that toy I left her. If she's dared to tell any of her girl friends about her lessons. To share some of the knowledge she found. I doubt she'll dare to admit she was with a woman. But if she would, that would make for some very giggly, and intense girl gossip.

Then, finally, I get a long text from Ayşe. All Tariq had was my phone number, not an email.

"Miss Rodgers," Ayşe's text begins, "thank you for having me over, Ma'am. And thank you very much for the gift. I've... made good use of it, Ma'am... I have to admit, at first I was reluctant to put it in my own butt, but after I did and figured out how to hold it... I had to bite into my pillow so as not to wake Uncle Tariq!

"Uncle Tariq is returning to the US in two weeks. He said he would bring me with him again if I wanted him to. I was wondering if you might be willing to... have me over again, Ma'am? Uncle Tariq says I can come if you'll have me.

"I want you to know, after we left, Uncle Tariq told me that if I ever back talked him, or refused to obey him again, he'd take your advice and turn me over his knees and I wouldn't sit for the rest of the day! I don't know if he'd really do it or not, but I am not going to find out! I didn't want to sit for the rest of the day after you spanked me! my bottom stung every time I tried to sit! It was an awful ride back to Biloxi! And it's not like I could say anything about it to Uncle Tariq in an Uber!

"May I please come back, Ma'am?"

I sent Ayşe a text back, and it wasn't easy. I have T-Mobile, and apparently, I need a special plan to send texts to Turkey. The international plan I have for Russia doesn't include Turkey. There's

## Epilogue

always a catch! I tell Ayşe that it's not appropriate for her to ask me such things. She should ask Uncle Tariq to ask me.

It's a few hours later when Tariq calls me. He asks if I told Ayşe that he had to ask just to tease her. I tell him that was part of it. But since he's her guardian, in my world it's as if he owns her. As if she's his slave. It wouldn't be polite of me to invite her because she wants to come. It's her place to ask her guardian such things, and if he wishes them for her, his place to arrange. He seems to appreciate that sentiment.

I tell him That Ayşe may come back. If she does I will teach her some more 'womanly arts,' such as things that Mia knows. And showed him. Things that Ayşe's future husband will appreciate her knowing. Naturally, she'll learn them all without involving any men.

He tells me that he's only coming for three days, arriving on a Monday and returning on Thursday. I suggest that he fly into Mobile and bring Ayşe straight here. He can fetch her on his way to fly out of Mobile. Ayşe can stay here while he does whatever he's doing. He likes that idea.

He tells me that he just has a couple of meetings, one in New Orleans and one in Hattiesburg.

"OH! I have just the slave for you!" I tell him sweetly. "If you'd like to borrow her while Ayşe is here, that is. She'll make a very good personal assistant for you. She's very professional. You'll benefit from having her at your side for those meetings. You can borrow her while you're in the US."

I'm thinking of Penelope. She turns 19 next month. She's a freshman at Bishop State College, aiming for a certificate in "Office Management." She'll love the chance to play secretary for a couple of days. And she'll make sure Tariq loves having her.

# 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

# Other Appearances

	Also Appears In These Stories
Mia	"An Unexpected Lesson"