

The Bitchy Bitch

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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.

My name is Pepper Rodgers. I'm a 19-year-old Domme, living downtown Mobile, Alabama. I have a decently well-stocked playroom in the second bedroom of my fourth-floor apartment (most of my neighbors are corporate types who aren't always around, giving me a lot of privacy, even in the halls and elevators). I also have a decently stocked toybox. I prefer my toys to be older than I am, around 30-42 years old. I prefer men for myself, however not for my toybox. When it comes to toys, I find women and couples to be far more amusing. Single men tend to be needier, and often too clingy. But that doesn't mean I don't have a few of them in my toybox. I do. They just don't have the same chances of getting there as couples and single women do.

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

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

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

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

I also have a circle of five other women friends, all of whom are Dommies as well. Andrea (26), Janelle (35), Colette (39), Diane (43), and Olive (44). we usually get together every couple of weeks for coffee and a little chat about who's doing what to whom lately. We sometimes share,

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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!

[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!]

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"Get naked, bitch," I snap in my harshest, most bullying voice. I pause a mere fraction of a second and then I slap her face. It's a hard slap, one that leaves a stinging bright red handprint on her cheek as it snaps her head to the side. "Stop wasting my time and get you skanky butt naked. NOW, bitch!"

I pause again, not much longer of a fraction of a second than I did the first time. I slap her face again, landing another hard slap on the same cheek. It lands almost exactly atop the handprint I just left. "Keep wasting my time and I'll rip those rags off your skanky butt. NOW GET NAKED, stupid bitch." I add a little contempt to y voice, the tone a woman uses with another woman she thinks is beneath her, like a housewife would use talking to the whore she caught her husband with. Pure scorn.

This time I don't have to wait long. Tears start to well up in the corners of her eyes. That's no surprise, not with the stinging her cheek must be doing by now. Her hands move quickly to the front of her blouse and find the bottom button. Her hands fumble slightly as they work faster than she's used to, trying to get it undone. Trying to show some progress before I slap her again.

The bitch is Karla. She's a 36-year-old executive with a European airline, in town for some meetings with executives from Airbus. I haven't a clue what they're meeting about, nor do I care. I might have a private pilot's certificate, but my business interests lie in another industry. Nor can I think of anything Airbus builds that my private pilot's license would allow me to fly unless you count flying business class.

Karla is Danish. She lives in Denmark and as far as I know, has never spent more than a couple of weeks in America. This time she's here for four weeks. All I can figure, it must be some serious meetings. Good for Airbus. Good for Mobile, since some of that money I imagine changing hands will hopefully be spent here in town. This town can use all the outside money it can get.

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I'm kind of famous for my D/s lifestyle, but I'm not delusional. I know my fame doesn't extend much beyond the college campuses that I and my live-in slave-girl Sophie attend. Maybe a little beyond, thank you to the big mouths of a few of the toys in my toy box and some networking on my part, but certainly nowhere near Denmark.

However, one of the ladies in my little circle of Domme friends does have a toy in her toy box that's some kind of hotshot at Airbus. He's French and spends about two months out of the year here. I don't know him, but I've heard a few stories. Our little circle is good for one thing: gossip over coffee. And I know she has a tight grip on him. Tight enough that she can commandeer his fancy boat whenever she wants.

I first heard about Karla last week at one of our gossip sessions. Diane (the one with the toy at Airbus) mentioned her. She told us all that Karla was going to be in town for business and was looking for a single session with a Domme while she was here, about halfway through her stay. Diane asked if anyone was interested in "taming a bitch" as a "one-off" play session. I said Diane could pass my email and phone number along, and I'd talk to Karla to see if I was interested in playing with her.

Karla quickly got in touch with me. She told me that she's heterosexual, and only does anything with a woman when "forced" to. She's married to a man whom she described to me as "sometimes strong." With a little prodding from me, she explained that she meant that he's usually rather "vanilla," a typical husband, but every once in a while he suddenly turns rather dominant and takes her.

I have a rule against "whipping behind the back of a spouse." It applies to all my toys, and "spouse" includes any significant other. I asked her to have to get in touch with me just to give me his permission to play with his wife. But when he did, I asked a bunch of questions about her.

In his opinion, Karla is a "super bitch" at work. She'd have to be to have risen so high up in the world of high finance. And she works long

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days. As those days go by, the bitchiness tends to steadily creep into the other aspects of her life. Once she gets bitchy enough to him, he'll surprise her with a session that "reminds" her that she's really not "super bitch businesswoman;" that instead, she's nothing. That she's not "miss important" as she thinks, but in reality doesn't matter to anyone. After his session, Karla always reverts to the sweet woman he married, at least to him. She takes the humiliation she goes through out on her business associates, driving an even harder deal and being even bitchier to them. It's served her well professionally.

He was very helpful to me. He told me as much as anyone could about Karla and what she liked and what didn't arouse her. Quickly I learned that Karla liked it rough. That she wasn't going to get on her knees and serve me just because she was told to. I would have to make her. And it will take some force to make her. But once she's on her knees, she'll willingly stay there. And then she'll become more obedient by the minute.

I've always loved a challenge. Not that I think Karla is going to be that much of a challenge to get on her knees, but who knows. I do think it's going to make for a very enjoyable evening. And an even better video for my private collection. Few things turn me on as much as humiliating a middle-aged woman. I just love it when they finally accept that I'm a stronger woman than they are.

Karla arrived here a few short moments ago. Usually, I have Sophie answer the door, but this time I answered it myself. I knew it was Karla. She was right on time. Plus I already had a picture of her, one I'd found on her LinkedIn profile. Sure, it's not the full-nude picture of Karla that will soon grace the pages of my "Shamebook" site (which is limited to my close friends only), but it's enough for me to know it's her.

I didn't welcome her. I didn't even say "hello" to her. I grabbed her by the waistband of her slacks and jerked her hard into the apartment. Then, without any hesitation, I pushed her back against the bare wall and

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told her to strip.

Now, maybe a full minute after Karla arrived here, she stands there with a look of hatred on her face, her hands fumbling at the bottom button of her blouse. She might be undressing, but I have less than no illusions that she's cowed yet. Instead, I'd bet she's stalling for time while she figures out what resistance is next.

I can see the tension rippling through every muscle in her body, too. I can so totally do impatient. Forget a masters degree, I have a doctorate in impatience. With honors! This evening Karla is wearing a rather expensive designer business suit. It has black slacks and a matching blazer over a white blouse. I grab the blazer and yank hard, more ripping it down her shoulders rather than pulling it off of her. It comes down sharply, catching at her elbows.

I give it another tug, this one a little sharper, and it flies off Karla's arms, pulling her arms away from the button they're working on. Karla gasps in surprise. Her hands move back up to the button. At least now I can see that her blouse is short-sleeved and that her arms are lean. "You are so going to learn not to waste my time, bitch!" I scold her with a harsh grin on my face.

I don't have to ask for my crop. I hold my hand out and before I get a chance to ask, Sophie has the crop in my hand. I swat Karla on the back of her hand, searing a bright red crop-print as Karla yelps. "get your skanky butt naked, bitch!"

"I am!" Karla snaps back at me. "I can only---"

I swat her cheek again, this time with the crop. It's second nature for me. It takes the smallest flick of my wrist to send the crop's tip flying at her face. My aim is perfect, the crop leaving a very red print on her cheek at the corner of her mouth. And making Karla screech a loud yelp. Her head turns back to me, her wet eyes now glaring at me with unbridled hatred, but also with a tinge of fear.

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Karla's hands start working fast to get those buttons undone. That look on her face tells me what's running through her head: now she's going to obey, to strip as fast as she can, but only while she's figuring out a way to defy me without suffering the punishment she's now certain defiance will bring upon her. I won't be happy until the thought of defiance is gone.

It only takes her a few seconds to get her blouse unbuttoned. Another second has the silk blouse falling down her arms to the floor even as her hands are moving to her belt. She fumbles once, recovers quickly, and gets it unbuckled. She whips it out of the loops on her pants and drops it to the floor as her hands move to the zipper of her slacks.

My eyes quickly take in the peach-colored bra on her chest. I'd given her only 30 minutes notice of the session, something I'd warned her I would do. It's plenty of time to get here, and she did, but it's not enough time for her to do anything else, like stop at her hotel and change clothes. I'd more expected her to be wearing a comfortable, everyday kind of bra. The kind that a woman doesn't wear when she expects to be seen in it. Instead, her bra is lacy with half cups that push her small breasts into a bit of cleavage. It's a bra that maximizes what she has. Its small cups are about half lace, with a small swatch of real silk over the center of her breasts. Silk that's thin enough for me to see her nipples standing up hard and prominent through it.

Karla's pants fall down her legs to her ankles. She starts trying to kick her shoes off so she can slip the pants over her feet. Her hands work to push down her pantyhose.

"Pantyhose???" I balk with disgust in my voice. "I hate pantyhose. Don't you dare wear something so repulsive to my house ever again! No matter how ugly the bottom it's on."

Karla's shoes slide a few feet over the floor as they come off of her feet. She squats down, her hands still on the waist of her hose, and takes her pants off her feet as she pushes the hose off. They land just in front of

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her, and wisely she forgets them rising back up to her feet. As she stands, her hands move to the center of her chest and the clasp of her bra. It lets me see that her panties match her bra. And they're sexy, with a wide band of lace around her hips then a narrow triangle of lace-fringed silk to cover her pubes. Behind I can see bare cheeks, with only a tiny strip of fabric rising up between them before quickly flowing outward just before the waistband. Nice panties.

Karla unclips the bra. It's cups falling to hang free of her breasts. It doesn't take much of a tug for it slide down her shoulders and fall to the floor. She shoves her panties down to her ankles, steps quickly out of them, and stands.

I admit when I first heard that Karla was Danish, I had a mental picture of a Viking woman. She's anything but the stereotypical Viking woman. She's petite, standing about 5'3" and weighing, I'd guess about 110 pounds. She has short medium-brown hair that hangs just above her shoulders and green eyes. She has a slightly small nose over a flat mouth, neither wide nor narrow, framed by distinctly average light pink lips.

Karla has a flat stomach with taut skin that's smooth. She has a moderate feminine curve to her hips and waist and lean, shapely hips.

Just above her flat stomach are a pair of small breasts. I'd guess she's a 34-AA, with breasts that look more like her chest is swelling outward than pert mounds. They're perfectly rounded, rising maybe an inch off her chest. They're topped with a pair of nipples the width of pencil erasers that stand up about ¼" with nicely rounded tops. Around them are rings of color the size of quarters. Both are the same shade of deep pink-brown against milky white skin.

I can see a bush of black fur on her pubes. It's neatly trimmed, well inside the creases of her thighs. It's neither sparse nor dense. Underneath that fur, I can see a set of long narrow lips forming a flat pussy mound. And I can see a fairly wide gash of light pink between those lips. The flatness of her mound makes it look as if her long lips, and pink gash, rise

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up her pubes a bit.

I don't hesitate, not even to check out Karla's nude body. I don't want her to have a chance, even a brief one, to think about defying me. I know there's more resistance left in her. I also know that this is starting fairly different from what Karla usually experiences at the hands of her husband. He told me that he prefers to pull her clothes off himself, at least enough to get to her.

I grab a good handful of the bushy hair atop her head. I jerk hard on her hair, moving fast to lead her away from the wall and over towards my desk in the far corner of the room. Karla stumbles a few steps as she's caught off guard by the suddenness of the pull. She gets her feet back under her and comes along.

As we near my desk, I jerk her hair hard again, getting her to stumble one more step. It's enough of a step that her hips bump against the edge of my desk as I release my grip on her hair. My hand moves to Karla's back, high up between her shoulders. I shove hard, pushing her down to lean over my desk. Or at least to begin leaning over my desk.

I shove again, harder this time, and I keep my hand pushing her shoulders down. I feel the muscles in her back tensing to resist me, to keep her standing up as much as she is. I'd like to say I'm strong enough to easily overpower her, but the truth of it is that I caught her by surprise. By the time she's reacted and she's fully resisting the push, her chest is flat against the top of my desk. Holding her there, pinned down, takes much less effort than pushing her down would have.

Now it's Sophie's turn. Before Karla arrived, I gave Sophie specific instructions, breaking my usual routine, and telling Sophie enough of what was in store for Karla that Sophie would know when to do what. She moves as fast as I would, and she catches the cue before I have Karla all the way over the desk. Almost as soon as Karla is down, she starts struggling. Karla's arms come up, trying to grab hold of me and push me away. As Karla is flailing behind her back for my arms, Sophie drops a

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choker collar around Karla's neck. Its chain is something I got from the pet shop that's made for a Doberman or such. It already has a pink leather leash attached to it. As the collar falls onto the back of Karla's neck, Sophie lets the leash droop down to the floor. She steps on the long leash, pulling its handhold up hard. Sophie's foot serves as an improvised pulley and leash pulls Karla's head down, pinning it against the desk with twice the force of Sophie's pull. And Sophie pulls hard. As the leash pulls down, the collar tightens around Karla's neck, choking her.

Now I don't need to hold Karla's shoulders down. I take my hand from her back, stepping away from her flailing hands just as they're about to catch hold of me. I take a pair of handcuffs out of my back pocket. I have a wide selection of cuffs, everything from leather one, to padded ones, and even fuzzy ones. These are simple regulation police handcuffs. Ones that are less than comfortable to wear. I have no trouble slapping one around Karla's wrist, bringing her arm up behind her as I do. I grab her other wrist. As I'm lifting it, I feel the tension growing quickly, letting me know that she's figured out what I'm doing and plans to fight me. I already knew that. Towards the end, it takes a good bit of force to keep her arm swinging up to meet the other, but in a couple of seconds, I have them cuffed. With her hands no longer an issue for me, I release them and watch as Karla tries to use them for something. For anything.

Karla coughs a hard choke and by now I'm starting to see a little pinkness come into her cheeks. I'm okay with that. I did tell Sophie to pull that leash hard, and I didn't care if she choked Karla. It just means I have to move fast before I end up having to ease up and let Karla breathe again.

Karla's legs start kicking up hard, bending mostly at the knees. The desk she's lying over supports her weight as she struggles. I kneel down at the side of the desk, watch her foot flying up, down and back for a few seconds, then catch it when it's starting to move down. I shove it suddenly and hard, pushing it flush against the desk. Then I very quickly wrap a heavy plastic tie strap around her ankle. Karla starts to kick up, to

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pull her foot away from the desk. I pull the strap, tightening it and snugly binding Karla's ankle to the desk's leg. Then I move to the other side and in a few more seconds I have Karla's other ankle bound just as tightly.

I move around to her head and take the leash from Sophie. By now Karla's cheeks are turning light red. I figure she's been choking for about half a minute. It's not too long. She could hold her breath longer than that. But it's long enough for her to know that she's really choking. That she can't breathe. And to start to feel the dizziness, the lightness, of being without air. I loosen the pull until I see the chain collar begin loosening up. Instantly I hear Karla sucking a deep, very raspy, breath in.

I grab Karla's hair again with my free hand and pull her head up so she's looking forward, at me, instead of down to the floor. I had a very long talk with Erik, Karla's husband. I know that he's pushed her and shoved her around their bedroom plenty. He's ripped her clothes off. He's held her down, bound her, taken her, had his way with her, teased her, and done a whole litany of other things to her. But he's never actually overpowered her, he's never choked her, and he's never taken her fully by surprise before. Which is why I am. I want this to be different for Karla, to have some new elements for her, and to push her envelope.

When I first talked to Karla she insisted on one hard limit: that nothing goes up her butt. She was fairly firm about it. I refused and explained to her that I have a rule: I own my toys. My Barbie doll never set limits – I did whatever my whimsical mind conjured up with Barbie. I never asked, nor cared, what Barbie wanted. Okay, Barbie is just a hunk of plastic, and Karla is human. But to me, Karla is every bit as much my toy as Barbie was a decade ago. And just as I made the plastic doll do then, now Karla is going to do whatever I fancy it doing. I made it clear that she either accepted my rules or looked elsewhere for her session. She very unhappily accepted.

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"I believe it is time for lesson number one, bitch." I say in a very soft, very casual voice. A voice that says this is just a fact I'm stating and doesn't concern me one iota. I hold my right hand up in front of her face, my fingers spread, making her see it and not too much else. "lesson one: I own you, bitch. I'll do whatever I want with your body. I'm not going to ask what you think about it. I don't care. And I care even less about you."

In my left hand, I hold up a dangling latex glove. It's pastel green, my favorite color. I hold that close beside my other hand. I move as slowly as I can to start slipping my right hand into the glove. "From now on, you belong to me. You will serve me as a shameless little slave bitch. I will do whatever I fancy with every little bit of your skanky body. You will like it. Whether you want to like it or not. But first... since you made such a fuss about leaving your butt alone, I think I'll find out why you were so insistent." I snap the glove tight on my hand. I wiggle my fingers.

"N-" Karla starts to say something. I'm sure she's going to say "no" and a bunch of other objections to remind me how much she wants her bottom left alone. I pull the leash again, snapping it hard, and violently cinching the chain collar around her neck. It chokes her again, cutting off whatever Karla was going to say. Now that my hand is gloved, I use my free hand to jerk her hair and bring her head back up. I give the leash a little tug, tightening it a little more around her neck. "I didn't say to look at the floor. I didn't tell you to move. Now try to behave. Stay, bitch!"

I release her hair. Her hands start thrashing across her back trying to reach something. I can see the muscles in her legs trying to make her feet move, too. Her head starts to move. I grab her hair and pull her head up. I give the leash another tug, this one sharp and sudden, cutting the chain into her neck for a fraction of second. "I said stay. I know you're skanky worthless bitch, but you're going to stay. Sooner or later."

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I release her hair again. Her hands and legs never stopped struggling futilely. It only takes about a second for her neck to tire and her head to start turning down again. I jerk it back up. This time I punish her by pulling the leash tight enough for the chain to cut into her throat. I hold the leash there, the collar cutting into her, and slowly count to three. Then I let up to where it's no longer cutting into her neck, but it's still tight enough to cut off her air. "try again. Stay, bitch." I let go of her hair.

Karla gets the message. I watch as the muscles in her neck strain hard and stand out as she holds her head up, her eyes looking forward where they'll see my gloved hand. I count off the seconds silently. When I get to fifteen and Karla's head is still up, I loosen up on the leash and let her breathe again. She sucks a couple of desperate breaths through her mouth. I give her a few seconds to get her breath back. A few seconds I spend admiring the light pink bruise starting to form around her neck.

As Karla watches, I take my time putting a little drop of lubricating jelly atop my first finger. I hold my fingertip right in front of her eye, making certain that she sees it and sees the tiny bit of jelly on its tip. I wiggle my finger. "Now I wonder what this finger is going to find all the way up your dirty little bottom?" I taunt Karla.

I return the leash to Sophie. "This bitch can breath as long as it behaves it useless self." I take my time moving around behind Karla.

Karla still squirms against her bonds, even though by now she has to have realized that she's not getting out of them. They hold her full bent over my desk with her feet spread wide. That pulls the cheeks of her bottom tight. I take my time slipping my left hand into Karla's crack, directly over Karla's asshole. With the back of four fingers against one cheek and the back of my thumb against the other, I push Karla's cheeks out, spreading them as wide as they'll go.

I keep pushing her globes apart, stretching the dark ring of her asshole taut. Her ring looks small, maybe the size of one of my fingers. A dark purple-brown ring of color, its wrinkles now pulled smooth, with a

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dark little pinpoint at its center. I put the tip of my greasy finger against the dark point. I can feel the hardness of her muscle under my finger as it tenses up to resist.

I press lightly. Very slowly I ease the pressure up, feeling her muscle tensing even harder under me as if to desperately fight off the imminent invasion. It doesn't take long. Assholes are far from the strongest of muscles. As my finger overpowers her little muscle, it starts moving suddenly, slipping through Karla's forbidden ring.

Karla grunts hard. I catch myself and slow my finger up as much as I can. This way Karla will have more time to feel me entering her backdoor. I'm sure she wants to feel it fully. Karla sucks fast, noisy breaths. Behind her back, I can see Karla's hands balling up into fists. I have to lean over to see even the side of Karla's face, but I can see that her eyes are almost squeezed shut and her face scrunched up into a giant wrinkle as she pants strained breaths.

I don't stop until all of my finger is inside Karla's bottom, the web of my fingers flush against the taut dark skin over her muscle. I am so definitely not being quick. I take my time, first keeping my finger still for a second before moving it around to prod everything it can possibly reach. Every tiny movement gets another strained grunt from Karla.

Karla still struggles against her bonds. Her bottom moves a couple of times, pulling against my finger. Each movement makes her grunt so uncomfortably. After two pained grunts, Karla's bottom stays still as her hands and feet continue squirming. That's when I start wiggling my finger around.

Just below Karla's asshole, her pussy is on full display as well. Two long lips lightly furred with black hairs. Between them a light pink gash as wide as my finger. And now that gash glistens brightly with a thick layer of Karla's creamy honey.

Moving very slowly, as I usually do, I stroke the tip of a finger

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along Karla's slit. Her honey is slick, like a light grease, and hot. The instant I touch her pinkness her body snaps tight, every muscle she has tensing fully. Goosebumps erupt over both lips. After a fraction of a second, Karla shivers crisply, as if she's freezing. I stoke my finger a little further down, closer to Karla's clit, and watch as another crisp shiver racks her body.

It takes me a long moment for my finger to finally reach the nest of soft, wrinkly, pink folds. As soon as it's there, I can feel the steely hard nub of her clit buried in them, like a little BB. Karla cries out a long, sultry moan as she shivers the hardest yet the instant my finger finds that bundle of nerves. As the shiver racks her body, her butt tightens up, squeezing hard around my finger. Not just her asshole, but all of her butt. I hold my finger in place as her muscles try to push me out, feeling them tighten even more around my finger.

I push the pad of my finger gently downward, pressing it lightly against the thin membrane of her bowel and the backside of her pussy beyond. I feel the burning heat of her pussy. And I feel her thick, spongy pussy walls twitching as little sparks erupt randomly along them. I wiggle my finger, tenderly massaging those hungry walls.

Karla's body snaps hard. It's more like a spasm than a shiver that racks her. She cries out a loud slutty moan as goosebumps now erupt over the cheeks of her bottom as well. I keep my finger massaging her pussy through her bottom. Another spasm racks her, this one hard enough that the chain of her cuffs rattles. Karla starts to moan out, crying out a panicked "stop!" over her moaning. She gets the first syllable "ST-" out before Sophie jerks Karla's leash unmercifully hard.

In a single fraction of a second, Karla's head snaps down, then back up. Her eyes snap open as wide as they can possibly go. Her jaw drops. I see the muscles in her back and sides tense as she vainly tries to draw a breath. I see the cheeks of her face start turning a deep red. And I see unbridled panic sweep over her face. Sophie holds the leash tight.

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In that same second, I feel Karla's entire pussy twitch crisply under my finger. Not as hard as if she were climaxing, but close. I feel her entire body shuddering hard. I see a droplet of her honey fall from the pinkness of her gash and drip to the floor. Goosebumps now wash out onto the tops of her thighs.

I ignore Karla completely and massage the backside of her pussy a little more.

For those few seconds, Karla shudders harder as her squirms snap to full desperation. Every bit of her body thrashes against the bonds holding her over my desk. I feel her pussy twitching a little harder with every spark. And then I feel the tension as her pussy starts to squeeze together hard, ignoring the tingles and twitches that still rack it.

I yank my finger back, tugging it suddenly out of her tensed asshole.

Karla lies over the desk, half limp, half squirming, half shuddering hard.

I nod to Sophie. Sophie lets up on the leash, allowing Karla to breathe again.

Karla sucks in a deep gasp of air, letting it out with moan laced with abject frustration. Now her pussy weeps honey, her lips quivering lightly.

I snap my crop, landing it across both of Karla's cheeks with a loud crack like lightning. "Bad bitch!" I scold Karla in a harsh tone. I'm not sure she hears me, she's busy yelping out a loud pained "UH-YE-OW!" I lift my crop off Karla's milky white, taut globes, seeing the light red strip of the welt freshly seared across them. "What kind of gutter whore are you, bitch? I said behave. I did not say to cum all over my floor." I snap the crop again, searing another welt just below the last. As Karla cries out again, I scold her. "You think you're some slick cunt, don't you, bitch? As if I can't see that you're thinking about cumming on my floor. I told

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you, I own that body. I'll fuck that butt with whatever I fancy. That pussy will cum when I tell it to, and not a second before then." I swat her bottom again, this time waiting for her yelp to finish.

"I told you, in my realm, you *will* do whatever I say. You will stand there while I finger your filthy butt. You will not cum like a cheap gutter whore. Now would you like to try and behave your slutty butt again, or shall I just whip you three more strokes and ask again?" I say it in a taunting, teasing, bullying voice that's as sweet as it is sinister. With a big grin on my face, too, but Karla can't see that.

"Just do it... Miss." Karla sighs out her voice firm and resigned.

I swat her bottom again with the crop and wait while she cries out from the sting. "That's for being a rude bitch, bitch. Now would you like to try and behave your slutty butt again, or shall I just whip you three more strokes and ask again?" I repeat my question.

"I'll behave, miss," Karla says in a voice that's pure unhappy resignation.

I swat her bottom again. By now she's had enough swats that the welt is close to the very bottom of her globes, almost to her thighs. "That's for being a rude bitch, bitch. Now would you like to try and behave your slutty butt again, or shall I just whip you three more strokes and ask again?" I repeat the question again. I haven't taught her anything about humility, and I know her husband hasn't either. But I think she's smart enough to get it right if she wants to. I think she's just trying to hang onto some pride and dignity. What a naughty girl!

"I'll behave my butt, miss..."

It earns her another swat. No scolding, just a hard swat that sears a light red welt across the last of her cheeks. "That's for being a rude bitch, bitch. Now would you like to try and behave your slutty butt again, or shall I just whip you three more strokes and ask again?"

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By now the painful strokes of the crop have Karla crying between strokes. With a fair amount of sobbing in her voice, she answers. "Miss Rodgers, please allow me to behave my slutty butt, Ma'am."

Now that's a humble answer. It saves Karla another stroke of the crop. "No. If you want a second chance, you'll ask me humbly for it." This time I tell her what to say. I'm confident shameless humility is new to her, and I don't want to whip her while she guesses. Although I doubt her husband would object to such shamelessness, I equally doubt he's pushed her to it. "Ask. Tell me exactly what you want a second chance at. And be polite you stupid little bitch."

"Miss Rodgers, will you please allow me to behave my slutty butt while you finger fuck my ass, Ma'am? I promise to stand still and not to cum for you, Ma'am."

I spread Karla's cheeks again, baring her asshole and stretching it taut. I touch the tip of my finger to her clenched muscle without bothering to lubricate it again. I press lightly, holding a steady pressure just short of enough to push my finger into her. "Ask for it, bitch. Politely."

Karla sobs once. I can hear the trace of resignation in her voice as she asks "Miss Rodgers, will you please put your finger back up the butt, Ma'am?"

"That wasn't very polite, bitch." I say as shove my finger fast and roughly into Karla's butt. I'm rough enough that Karla yelps. "Maybe next time you'll forget about that fake pride and ask like the gutter skank we both you are."

I press downward again and begin tenderly massaging the backside of her pussy walls. I'd thought them burning hot before, but now they feel even hotter. At first touch, I can feel the twitches racking over them are harder and come faster than before, too.

In about two seconds, Karla is moaning like a porn star as I

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massage the backside of her pussy. And her butt has clamped around my finger with every ounce of its strength. Her butt is so tight that it's almost hard to move my finger to massage her. She shivers, shudders and squirms as if she'd never gotten that little rest.

I tell Karla that she's going to count out the time for me. Starting at 100. When she gets to zero, she can thank me, and then I'll consider stopping. Until then, she'd better behave. "One hundred, Miss Rodgers," Karla counts out in a sultry, breathy voice, "I promise to be a good bitch and stand still, and not cum, while you finger my slutty butt, Ma'am," I warned her to speak normally while she counts, not to try and rush the count down to zero. I figure the sentence is long enough that it will take her about 300 seconds to count it off. That's five full minutes of standing there.

Already, Karla only down to 99, I can feel the sharpness to the tremors in her pussy, and I know that Karla is soon going to be ready to climax. I'm equally sure that Karla is smart enough to read between the lines of what I've already taught her: she's going to stand here, and we're going to do this until she lasts the entire count. If she disappoints me, she'll be punished for it, and then I'll start over. Sooner or later, she'll fight her climax back until she lasts. Sooner or later.

By the time Karla has counted down to 85, her teeth are clenched. I can feel the walls of her pussy squeezed up as tight as ever, the tremors flowing through them, sparks tingling it as she holds her orgasm back. Her entire body stiffens to steel as she stands over my desk and tries to count off 84.

By 75 her voice is almost gone. She still counts, but now in a raspy, throaty breath that more moan than anything. Her face is scrunched up hard, little tears welling in the corners of her eyes. She trembles from head to toe, her muscles too taut to be still. And her pussy weeps honey, all but flowing.

By 50 I can barely understand her as her moans turn to an overly-

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urgent, pleading, screech. Now her pussy, still squeezed to full tightness under my finger, snaps with twitches hard enough to almost squirt little dollops of honey at me. I can see it. With every tremor that racks her pussy, her lips quiver, and suddenly another dollop of creamy honey blossoms atop the hot pinkness of her gash. Then it falls to the floor having nothing left to cling to.

By 25 I can't understand her anymore, her words nothing more than a deep screech over her throaty moans. Barely I manage to make out the numbers. Her hips thrash wildly, going nowhere, as they try to squirm her butt against my finger. I just let my finger move with her bottom. Her hands now try fiercely to get to my hand, the cuffs stopping them just short as their chain rattles. The rest of her shudders sharply.

I thought it would take her more than one try. But somehow Karla manages to count off zero. I didn't tell her to count zero, but I didn't tell her to skip it either. It tells me that she's desperate to get this right, to get this over with and not have to repeat it. Her pussy long ago told me how desperate it was for a climax. "Thank you, Ma'am, for making this worthless gutter skank behave while you finger my slutty butt, Ma'am. I'm sorry for being such a whore that I have to cum, Ma'am! Please, Ma'am, please, have I been a good enough bitch, Ma'am?"

I yank my finger out of her butt as suddenly and hard as I can. Karla cries out, her voice going from uncomfortable surprise to abject frustration in an instant.

I roughly pull Karla's pussy lips wide apart, baring every bit of her pinkness to my eyes. Her inner lips, those light pink folds, are long like her outer ones are. They end in a giant wrinkle of a fold. Even now, her body begging for a climax, I can barely see the swollen red tip of her slit peeking up from its nest. But I can see a thick layer of her honey coating everything. Several drops of which fall as I spread her lips. And I can see the entrance of her pussy tunnel with its meaty thick walls clamped so tight the edges of those walls puff outward a hair. I watch as a few

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tremors sweep over her pussy, making it snap hard. I'm treated to the sight of a little dollop of honey squirting from her channel with each tremor. I release her lips. I don't dare touch her pussy. I'd bet that would make her lose control and cum instantly. I bet shoving my finger back into her bottom would, too.

"I think you liked that, bitch! No wonder you were so adamant that I leave your butt alone! You didn't want anyone to know what a complete utter skanky slut you are! You love getting it up your tight little filth hole, don't you, bitch?"

Karla sobs for a moment then answers in a very deep, throaty breath, "yes, Ma'am."

After a couple of seconds of silence, I very lightly bring the leather tip of my crop down, landing it squarely atop Karla's pussy lips. It's a very slight stroke. Karla cries out a loud, pained yelp as her body shudders hard. She shivers violently for a second, and then I watch a couple more drops of her honey rain down. "Slut. That's for thinking with that cum dumpster!"

With Karla still quivering lightly from head to toe, I walk around to stand in front of her. She still holds her head up. I hold the finger that just slipped from her butt up, right in front of her nose and eyes where she can both see and smell it. "You told me you hated anything in your bottom, bitch. Liar! Does your husband know just how slutty that tight little behind is?"

"No, Ma'am!" Karla blurts out desperately.

"Would you like me to tell him for you? I'm sure he has something that will fuck that tiny little ring so well?"

"No, Ma'am!" Karla blurts out desperately, "please don't tell him, Ma'am! Please, Ma'am, please, don't tell him! I'll behave perfectly all night, Ma'am. Anything, Ma'am, please don't tell him!"

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"Your husband... would use that bottom if he knew, wouldn't he, bitch?" not that it's a real question. Few men wouldn't. They're men after all, and for some reason, it seems they all want to try it there.

"Yes, Ma'am... Please, Ma'am, please don't tell him, Ma'am." Karla begs.

"Aw..." I coo, "the skanky bitch doesn't want her hubby to know what a total gutter slut he married!" I laugh hard. And long. "What a liar, too! Don't touch my butt, I can't stand it. I'll behave. You're *already* misbehaving! You're faking pride. Like you were a person instead of a gutter whore!"

I sigh out deeply as I reach to open one of my dresser drawers. "You are so full of it, bitch!" I reach in. A second later I'm holding up a giant eight-ounce syringe topped with a pencil-thick, somewhat-flexible, enema nozzle right in front of Karla's eyes. Her eyes snap nervously wide as she has no choice but to stare at it and see that it's full of a light green colored solution. The solution is nothing more than commercial enema laxative with a small drop of green food coloring mixed in, but she doesn't know that. "I have ways of dealing with bitches who are just too full of it," I say tauntingly sweetly.

I twirl the giant syringe in front of Karla's eyes, giving her a few seconds to contemplate what it is, and how much it is. "You *will* stand still and quiet while I fill that slutty butt of yours up. I'm sure it will be far fuller than you've ever experienced before. Behave the first time and I'll tell you what I've decided, whether I'm going to tell your husband what a gutter whore you are or not."

I take my time getting around behind Karla and spreading her cheeks wide again. I hear the faintest, and most nervous little squeal form her before she manages to mute herself, the instant the tip of it touches her tensed ring. I ignore it just as I ignore Karla. I slowly ease the thin tube through her ring, pressing all eight inches of its length into her. Karla stays quiet except for a single sucking breath that she draws out the

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whole time it's sliding into place.

Once the tip is all the way to the very back of Karla's bowels I stop and release her cheeks. "This is what a bitch gets for being so full of it in my realm! Maybe afterward you'll forget trying to feign pride and be an honest skanky bitch." I taunt. Then I slowly press the plunger.

It takes a second for Karla to feel the cold water begin to fill her bottom. I'm sure it's coolness (room temperature of about 75 degrees) feels colder than ice against the fiery hotness of her burning pussy. She gasps a squeal, doing her best to mute herself. I keep pushing, slowly, and steadily filling her bottom with the cool fluid.

Eight ounces isn't a lot. It's somewhere around enough to stretch her bowel taut. Enough to make her feel a very uncomfortable, very urgent, maybe even desperately urgent, need to find the ladies' room. Now. Right now. It's enough to make her very uncomfortable. But it's not enough to make her feel cramps or be painful. Nor is enough to make it unbearable, or even too-desperately hard to control. It's a mere quarter of what her bowels could stretch to hold, and at least double what she should be able to hold in on her own.

By the time I have it all inside her, she's fidgeting around urgently. And she breaths fast, deep, strained breaths. Her face is scrunched up hard. "Now don't be a bad bitch and have an accident. Id' hate to have to start over!" I slide the tube slowly out of her bottom. As it pops free of Karla's asshole, not a single drop falls. I guess she doesn't want to start over again, either.

I hand the syringe to Sophie. Then I snip the tie straps holding Karla's ankles to the desk, warning her to keep her feet where they are. She does. I take a handful of Karla's hair and tell her to stand up as I pull her head up. I turn her around to stand up straight with her feet together and now facing me.

I pause for a long minute. Then I step close until my nose is almost

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touching Karla's. I look straight into her eyes. But I leave her hands cuffed.

"You *will* sand there still and silent. Completely silent. You *will* wait until it's convenient for me to have my slave take you potty like a little toddler. Do not move. Do not even fidget. Not a sound. No moans, groans, or squeals. Just stay still and silent. Sooner or later I'll have a minute for my slave to take you. Of course, it's not like it's urgent. Well, not for me, and only I matter. I don't feel a thing. I don't feel my bottom pumped so full it's aching to explode. I don't feel my little butt hole burning from the strain of clenching tight enough to hold it instead of going all over myself. I don't feel a thing. So I'm in no rush."

"Yes, Ma'am." Karla goes with a generic reply, trying to hide the nervousness and unhappiness I see in the strain on her face. She stands there.

"Oh, and I'll keep my promise. I'll tell you. I've decided not to tell your husband what a total gutter whore you and your dirty little bottom are. It's not like he'd believe me anyway." I watch as relief floods Karla's face for an instant before the urgency in her bottom takes hold again. "I've decided to *show* him!" I say it in my most evil, impish, bullying voice. And I point at the video camera that Karla is now staring directly at. "Once he sees your pussy dripping while you get a mere finger up your bottom, he'll know what an utter skank you are!" I laugh.

Tears start rolling down Karla's cheeks.



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I take a seat on my sofa, leaving Karla to stand in front of my desk. It gives me a view of Karla about halfway between head-on and side-on. It's enough of an angle for me to see Karla's butt cheeks tensed up and clenched together. I have to admit, tensed up hard, Karla's cheeks make a shapely pair of rounded globes. Relaxed, they're rounded as well, but then they're also a little spongy loose instead of tautly firm.

"Slave, fetch me a coffee. It's just so tiring to whip such an obnoxious bitch."

"Yes, Mistress." Sophie answers. While I prefer Sophie to be naked (she has such a cute bottom and breasts!) tonight I have her dressed in one of the slave-maid outfits I've designed for her. This one is lavender. It's an all-lace stretchy dress that runs from her breasts to about an inch below the bottom curve of her butt. It's fringed with white lace. She has nothing at all on under, and the lace does little to cover Sophie. It just makes one look hard to see through it. It's accessorized with fingerless lace gloves and a plush fabric horseshoe clip to hold her long hair back. And boots. Boots made of a stiff lace, also fringed in white, instead of leather that rise up to her knees. Boots with five-inch high heels. And of course, the pastel green collar of soft leather also fringed with white lace and locked around her neck with a shiny brass padlock. That collar never comes off Sophie's neck. Nor does the dog tag attached to it that names her as my property.

In a minute Sophie is back. She kneels down in front of me with her legs spread wide apart. She sits back, lowering her bottom over her heels. She holds her hands out, palms turned upwards, even with her nipples and six inches in front of her. Atop her palms rests a cup of steaming hot coffee. She smiles wide as she offers me the coffee.

"Put a proper collar on that bitch," I tell Sophie. As Karla stands, she still has the chain choker collar around her neck, it's leash dangling down her chest. Sophie fetches a hot pink, plain leather collar. She lifts the choker collar over Karla's head, then buckles the pink collar around Karla's neck. Sophie unclips the leash from the choker and clips it to

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Karla's new collar, leaving it to dangle down to the floor.

I take my time sipping the coffee, entertaining myself while I do by watching Karla standing there so clearly uncomfortably. She tries hard not to fidget around, something I warned her not to do. Even so, she's not exactly as still as a statue. Mostly I can see a very slight squirm at the tops of her thighs, as if she's trying to squeeze them together and somehow rub her pussy against herself. I have little doubt that's exactly what her subconscious has in mind.

Another thing Erik told me was that he usually takes Karla twice. Once soon after asserting himself. As soon as he gets her clothes off, bullies her down and gets her tied. According to him, when he does, Karla cums quickly and hard. I don't know what Karla expected, but I'd bet anything her body expected some relief after that butt fingering she just endured. It's one reason I didn't offer her any relief, and with her hands useless behind her, she won't be taking any by herself. I did tell her that I wasn't Erik and I wouldn't be following any kind of a script with her.

Besides, it's entertaining for me to watch her squirm around. For me to watch as the shiny coat of honey in the crease of her thighs is slowly smeared around and grows, fresh honey quickly replacing any that's moved. For me to watch her grit her teeth hard with her face all scrunched up. For me to see the slight quivering in her muscles. And for me to watch the goosebumps sprouting up on her tiny breasts as her nipples constantly strain for a new level of hardness. And even to watch the little tears roll down from the corners of her eyes. I can only imagine the pounding ache in her pussy, it's throbbing driving her crazier than ever.

Despite her apparent obedience, I strongly suspect she's only behaving out of expediency, not submission. Not yet. She has to know that, with her hands cuffed, she has no chance of relieving her aching need by herself. She could certainly run for a toilet, and she so clearly wants to,

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but she has to be wondering how easy it would be to use without her hands. And how long she'd be able to stay there before I pulled her from it. I'm sure she's holding out some faint, unrealistic hope that I might not tell her husband everything, too. At least not in all it's slutty details.

When I finish my coffee I stand and casually walk over to Karla. As I rise I see the hope and relief blossoming on her face. It tells me that she thinks I'm going to allow her some form of relief now. She adds a little extra effort into staying still now.

"Spread your feet, bitch." I say it coolly as if it's all business to me.

Karla slowly slides her feet apart without lifting them from the floor. She stops with them about eighteen inches apart.

I put my hand to Karla's thigh and slowly caress it over her bare skin. Karla shudders hard. I feel the muscle of her thigh, already tense, twitch crisply under my hand. As I near the crease of the thigh, I can feel the slippery heat of her honey.

I keep my hand moving up her thigh. At the very top, I move so that a single fingertip is touching her long furry lip. Her fur is soaking wet. I tease my finger across the lip, watching Karla shudder again until I'm touching her sopping wet gash.

Moving it very slowly, I stroke the tip of my finger along Karla's wet slit. My finger slides easily over the looseness of her wrinkly pinkness, lubricated by her slick honey. As it teases her, Karla shudders hard a couple of times. Then, despite her best efforts, she purrs a light, very sweet, moan.

"Oh, you are such a complete skank!" I chide Karla, feeling the quivering of her furry lip under my finger as I pause my tease at the back of gash. Were I to press my finger into those pink wrinkles it would find her pussy tunnel. I'm sure that's twitching as well. "You're standing here with your filthy butt pumped full, and instead of thinking about the potty like a person, you're thinking about how hot it's making your skank pit!"

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What a total slut! Don't you dare cum, bitch, not until I tell you to."

I tease my finger back up her slit, caressing her loose folds. Karla purrs another moan, shivering hard, as I stroke over her flesh. As I near the top of her slit, I feel the hardness of her clit, like a tiny rock, nestled among those soft folds.

"AH!" Karla cries out in a sultry, desperately urgent, tone the instant I feel that hardness. She shivers crisply, her hips snapping over my fingertip. I stop moving and after a second Karla regains enough control. She sucks a sharp breath in as she stills, then pants fast-but-light purrs.

I take my fingertip away, pausing for a second. Then in a sudden and swift motion, I swat her bottom with my hand. As the slapping sound rings out, Karla yelps, and I feel the steely hardness of the tensed muscle under the tender flesh of her bare bottom. "slut!" I snap harshly, "behave your skanky butt."

I start over, my hand on her thigh caressing it's way up. Then my fingertip again caressing along her slit. Karla struggles hard, but manages to behave, right up until my fingertip first finds her swollen clit again. Then she shivers sharply and cries out another "AH!."

This time I leave my finger where it is. I'm not even touching her slit itself, just the loose flesh of her folds all around it. "slutty slut!" I snap harshly, "now I have to spank your naughty butt!" I press my finger lightly, feeling it so easily slip into the folds and now touch her throbbing nub.

Karla's eyes spring wide as she feels my touch. She shivers hard, her hips snapping from side to side. And she gasps out a very sultry "AH-OHH!" drawing out the "oh." I feel a rippling flow through the tensed muscles of her entire body.

I move my fingertip in a tiny circle, my touch so light that my finger glides across the slippery tip of her honeyed nub. Karla's jaw drops

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open as she gasps another "AH!" then quickly snaps shut. She moans a long "MM!" as her hips snap with small, but violently crisp, thrashes. It doesn't take a second before I feel the fiery heat of her honey flowing and covering the tip of my finger. I can feel her clit pulsing with her heartbeat, too.

I slap her face, not too hard, but hard enough to leave a light handprint. Then I grab hold of her jaw, holding it still as I glare into her eyes. All while I still very slowly caress her swollen nub. "I can feel that skank pit quivering! It must want to cum so badly! Do you want me to allow you to cum now, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Karla cries out in a loud breathy voice, "may I please?"

I'm sure she's only resisting her urge to climax out of fear. Fear of what horrid torture I would inflict upon her if she came. A torment that would surely be worse, and last longer, albeit a sweet agony, than what she's now enduring. And she's right. If she cums, she's going to start from the beginning all over again. With her bottom still full. "You want to cum with your butt so full?"

"Yes, Ma'am!... May I please cum... with my butt over-full?"

"That's just so slutty, isn't it? Aren't you just a complete whore?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Karla cries out in a breathy, overly pleading tone, "please! Yes, it's too slutty. Yes, I'm a complete whore! Please, ma'am, please, may I cum!" Karla cries out a desperate moan, long and loud, as her body shivers again. She sucks a crisp breath, then begs "please!"

"No." I say tauntingly firmly, "not until you've been spanked for your sluttiness! I told you to be quiet, and you've been moaning like a cheap street tramp, haven't you, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am! I'm sorry! I can't help myself! Please, ma'am, just spank me then and let me cum!" Karla begs her voice now throaty, deep, and very sultry. And very desperate.

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I stop caressing her clit and lightly pinch her nub between two fingers. Karla cries out again, loud and squealy, but in that same deep throaty voice as she trembles. And she keeps trembling as she starts sucking deep, fast, panting breaths that ring out with their raspiness. Her teeth grit tightly as her face scrunches into a giant wrinkle.

“Oh, you slut! Do you want me to spank you now, with your butt so full?”

“Yes, Ma’am!” Karla cries out in a voice that trembles as much as her body does, “please, Ma’am, please spank me right now! Spank me with my butt full! I don’t care! Just spank me and let me cum, please!”

I’ve never been know for being easy on my toys. Especially ones like Karla who respond better to sternness than sweetness. I pinch her clit a little tighter and she cries out another deep, throaty squealing cry. Her trembles grow more intense. “Will you behave your slutty bottom while I spank you?”

“Yes, Ma’am! I’ll do whatever you say to do! Please, Ma’am, please! Stop torturing me! Just please spank my slutty butt and let me cum!”

“You’ll lie still while I spank your slutty butt? You won’t move that bottom a hair no matter how much your spanking hurts? And you’ll be very quiet, except of course to count your ten strokes off?” I ask Karla in a tauntingly sweet voice.

“Yes, Ma’am!” Karla begs in her throaty squeaks, “I’ll keep my slutty ass perfectly still while you do whatever you want to it, Ma’am! I won’t make a peep! I’ll count all ten strokes! Twenty if you want! I don’t care, just please stop killing me and let me cum!”

“I’ve changed my mind. You’re being too slutty for a spanking. I’ll paddle you instead. Will you be a good whore and fetch the paddle for me?”

“Yes, Ma’am!” Karla squeals out. I’m sure she’s at the point now

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of just agreeing to anything, not even really thinking about what she's agreeing to. "I'll bring you the paddle so you can paddle my slutty butt, Ma'am! I'll do anything! Please, just let me cum! Whip me, I don't care, just stop this!" Karla's hips snap with a sudden and violent wiggle. Karla strains hard for a second, then as her hips snap again she cries out a long, unending "EE!"

I let go of her clit. Karla stands frozen, the "EE!" still coming from her gritted teeth for a second. Then she loosens up. Her body quivers hard. She pants "OH!-AH!" over and over again, her voice so deep and throaty that it sounds like "OH-OW-AH!" She stands there a long minute, hanging on the cusp of climax before her pussy starts to ebb back from the brink of disappointing me. I knew she was too close to cumming whether she wanted to or not. That's why I stopped when I did.

"There's a paddle on my desk. Bring it to me, you slutty bitch." I tell her in a firm, but calm and soft, voice as I walk towards my sofa. I take a seat on the edge of the sofa, spreading my knees a little to make a nice lap to turn Karla over. Then I watch.

Karla walks on slightly wobbly legs the few steps around to the side of my desk. As she moves, every step smears more of her honey around, coating more of her thighs. Her entire pussy mound is already drenched, and it stays drenched.

Once Karla gets to the edge of the desk, she realizes that her hands are still locked behind her. She turns her back and fumbles around for a moment until she gets hold of the paddle. She picks it up, holds it behind her back, and crosses over to me. "Here's your paddle, Ma'am," Karla says as she stands facing me.

"On your knees, bitch, like a skanky cum dumpster should be before an actual person!" I snap sternly.

Karla drops to her knees. After a split second, she spreads her legs and sits back as she saw Sophie do earlier. "Here's the paddle, Ma'am," Karla says again.

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"I don't see a paddle, bitch? Are you trying to get a stricter paddling by being a rude bitch?"

"No, Ma'am!" Karla blurts out. She turns around, putting her back to me so I can see the paddle in her hands. "Here's your paddle, Ma'am, will you spank me now?"

"No!" I snap it in my harshest, most disapproving tone. "You stupid bitch! Face me! That'll be two more paddlings for being so rude as to turn your back to me!"

Karla hurries to turn around. I see the tears in her eyes. She fumbles for a few seconds, trying to figure out how to follow both of my instructions: face me, and show me the paddle. It would be easy, except that her hands are stuck behind her.

After maybe five seconds, fewer than most toys, she settles on a solution. She really has to twist her arms around, past the point where the cuffs cut into her bony wrists, but she sets the paddle on her thighs. "Here's your paddle, Ma'am, will you please let me have my spanking now?"

"What a stupid bitch." I sigh out. Then in my harsh voice, I scold Karla "that's three more for being so stupid. How am I going to reach that paddle? Do you expect me to lean over or something? You forget you exist for my pleasure, and I don't please to do anything your worthless butt could alleviate."

Karla hesitates several more seconds on her knees while she thinks. On her knees. Facing me. Paddle in front of her. Paddle up within my easy grasp. All of that adds up to only one possible solution. But if she'd come up with a different one, I'd just add another rule. I can do that.

Karla struggles again to get her hands around to the front enough for her to pull the paddle to one side. As it moves off her far thigh, it's tip drops between her legs. She closes her legs, standing the paddle up on its end. She leans over, not quite reaching her mouth down far enough. She

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strains her back and finally gets the end of the paddle in her teeth. She straightens up, lifting the paddle.

Karla kneels, facing me, the paddle held out straight in front of her by her teeth. "Here is your paddle, Ma'am. Will you please spank my rude, slutty bottom now, Ma'am, please? Please paddle me now, Ma'am." Her words are a little hard to understand as she talks with the paddle stuck in her mouth.

I sigh again and take the paddle from her teeth. Yet I have no disillusion. I know she's only asking so humbly for the paddling out of desperation. Desperation to get it over with so she can hopefully get the orgasm her body is begging her for. Desperation as she wonders what else I might add to the list of requirements. "Over my knees, bitch."

Karla gets up to her feet, takes the one step to my side, and kneels back down again. She leans forward, stretching herself up a little as she lies over my spread legs. She squirms forward, putting the bend of her waist firmly against my thigh. She stills and lies there, her cheeks still tensed and hard, now their skin pulled taut as she bends.

The paddle looks like the paddle they used to use in schools eons ago when schools were allowed to discipline miscreants properly, only much thinner and therefore lighter. It's no more than ¼" thick. But it's about 6" wide with a blade 18" long, not counting the handle. I rest its blade gently against Karla's already pink and sore cheeks to give her a moment to think about the spanking she's about to get. I want her to properly anticipate the sting of it. Anticipation can often be worse than the paddling.

I lift the paddle, then bring it down with about one-third of the power I could. I want Karla to feel it. I want it to hurt. It wouldn't be much of a punishment if it felt good, would it? But I know her bottom is already stinging from the crop. I don't want to bruise her up. I don't want to give her more than she can handle. Ideally, her bottom will still be sore when she goes to work tomorrow, but not so sore that she skips work.

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Fifteen strokes are going to be a hard paddling anyway. I set the number high because more, but lighter, strokes bruise less while stinging more. It's something to do with paddling already-stinging cheeks.

The paddle lands with loud crack square atop Karla's tightly tensed globes. I feel Karla's entire body stiffen up on my knees. She stays silent, the only noise she makes is exhaling a sharp breath as she loosens back up.

Usually, I put a woman over my knees with her breasts hanging against the outside of my left thigh. Karla's breasts are too small for that. I tried opening my knees until I felt her mounds, but I never felt them. Instead, now, I feel the hard nubs of her nipples against my thigh. And I feel them rubbing against my thigh as she stiffens with the stroke.

I lift the paddle an inch or so off Karla's bottom. Lying over my knees with her waist bend, Karla's pussy lips are about even with the backs of her thighs. It makes her mound easily accessible to me. I use the tip of my ring finger, tenderly, slowly, and lightly, running it along Karla's sopping wet gash. It starts at the "bottom," the end of her slit closest to her butt, and traces a line down towards Karla's clit.

Karla sucks in a very crisp, almost nervous, breath as she feels the touch. I see the light goosebumps atop Karla's lips erupt to full force. A fraction of an inch further down her slit and her lips are again quivering ever-so-lightly under my finger. A hair further and I feel a fresh wetness of honey creeping onto my finger. I feel the wrinkles of her loose folds as they come together. An instant before I feel the rock-hardness of her clit, Karla shudders hard and gasps out a startled, intense moan of needy delight.

"Bad bitch!" I snap sternly. "Don't you dare moan like a porno whore while your worthless naughty bottom is paddled! Now we'll start over and see if you're ready to keep your promise and behave that slutty butt."

I swat her again. She stiffens again, sucks a pained breath, but

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stays still and doesn't make a sound. I tease another line down her slit. At the same point, just before I get to her clit, Karla shudders sharply. This time she manages to stay quiet. As my finger leaves her gash, Karla breathes out a heavy sigh of relief. "One, Ma'am." Karla counts.

"One what, bitch? Are you lazy now, too? Or just stupid?" I sigh. "Oh, well, we'll just start again and maybe this time you'll count like a skanky bitch instead of a stupid lazy bitch." without hesitating even a second, I swat her again.

After teasing her slit again, Karla counts out "One paddling on my naughty, slutty, butt, Ma'am."

"Oh, now you're just an ungrateful bitch!" I scold harshly, "guess we'll start over yet again!"

I swat her now light red, and sharply stinging bottom, again. This time, as I tease Karla's gash, she shudders the entire stroke, and I end up with a very thick fresh coat of her honey on my finger. "One paddling, Ma'am," Karla counts, "thank you very much for paddling my naughty bottom for being so slutty, Ma'am."

I swat her again. She counts it as two and I don't correct her.

Number five, which is actually the ninth swat her red cheeks have had to endure, is the magic one. It's the one that finally makes her start sobbing lightly between strokes. And it's also the one that makes her pussy drip a single drop of honey as I tease her burning hot slit.

By the time Karla has counted to ten, her bottom is the brightest and angriest shade of red. I don't want to imagine how badly it has to be stinging her. She sobs and cries constantly. Except for a brief instant while I tease her slit. For that moment, Karla is silent, holding her breath and gritting her teeth hard until my finger lifts off her tender wrinkles. Then she exhales a crisp breath, each one throatier, deeper, and more sultry than the last. And by now, she trembling constantly.

Fifteen strokes, a total of nineteen with the ones I wouldn't let her

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count, leaves her crying hard. Tears running down her cheeks. It leaves her outer lips and now her inner folds, quivering ever so lightly. It leaves her fur utterly drenched with a fresh layer of clingy honey. It leaves her pink flesh hotter than fire.

I lie the paddle across the small of Karla's back, freeing up both of my hands. I hold my right hand up for Sophie. Sophie quickly, and silently, pulls a fresh latex glove onto it. "Now, bitch, let's see if you've learned your lessons. Stay. Hush." I take the tip of a single finger and draw a lazy line up and down Karla's lips, my finger slipping through her wet fur.

Karla grits her teeth hard. She exhales a single, long breath through those teeth. Towards the end, it starts to take on a very muted "MM" sound. Her body quivers the whole time, too. I just keep teasing around for about half a minute. "It would just be so slutty if that skank pit was all hot and bothered now," I tell Karla. After her paddling, even as I lightened up my strokes a little, her bottom is now beet red. I lightly rest my hand on one of Karla's firm cheeks and slowly caress her stinging flesh. "That naughty behind has to be stinging after that paddling." I caress it for a few more seconds, feeling the skin under my hand shirking from even this soft touch. I part Karla's cheeks wide, baring her asshole. It's so tightly clenched that's it's clearly straining hard. So much so that every second or two it starts to relax for an instant before she catches herself and it tenses again. I put the honey-slickened tip of my finger directly atop the tensed ring. "And this butt has to be so full it's just begging to explode!"

I pause for a second. "Is this filthy butt so full it's begging you for a potty?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Karla answers in a throaty voice. "My slutty butt is too full, Ma'am. It wants a toilet so badly that I don't know how much longer I can wait, Ma'am."

I take just a second to gently massage Karla clenched ring with the

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tip of my finger. Then I take it away and release her cheeks. I put my ungloved hand on her cheek and start tenderly caressing it. After about fifteen seconds of that, I ask Karla "Does this naughty cheek sting, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Karla answers, her voice now a little throatier than before. And before it was deep and throaty with a distinct sultry-hunger to it. "My bottom stings worse than it ever has before, Ma'am. It hurts! I'm so sorry for being such a slut, Ma'am!"

I see Karla has learned the unspoken lesson of the evening. Humility. Shameless humility. And that anything else, like modesty or pride, will only bring her another lesson. I'm confident her husband has made her show some humility in his sessions, he's told me so, but I'm even more confident that he hasn't demanded the utter shamelessness that I do. That's obviously new for Karla. She seems to be accepting it well.

"I wonder just how slutty that skank pit is being now..." I muse. "is that pussy all hot, wet, and horny now, even with that butt pumped up full and that bottom stinging so badly?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Karla answers in her sexy deep-throaty voice. "my pussy is very wet, on fire, and dying to cum, Ma'am. I'm sorry my pussy is so skanky-slutty, Ma'am!"

I put the tip of my finger back to Karla's slit directly above the entrance of her pussy tunnel. I hold it there, still. "Hmm.... Maybe that butt isn't full enough... that would explain why that skank pit is dripping wet. Let's see how full that butt is." As I'm saying the last word I thrust my finger hard and suddenly forward, shoving all of its length through Karla's pink folds and into her pussy.

Karla cries more shrieks, out a very impassioned moan in her now sexy-deep voice. She shudders hard as my finger thrusts hard into her.

I feel her pussy. On fire was an accurate description. I can feel its heat. And it's flooded, her slippery honey taking up every bit of space around my finger. I can feel her pulpy walls, like a hard wet sponge,

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squeezing together and tightly snuggling even my narrow finger. I can feel the muscles of her walls rippling slightly as electric tingles race through them. And I can feel them twitching slightly, so close to climaxing. As snugly as Karla's pussy cradles my finger, I'll bet Erik loves her pussy. It has to be very tight on his cock, even if he isn't so well equipped.

I move very slowly to turn my finger. It takes a quarter turn before my finger is in the position I want it in, the pad of it facing up towards Karla's back. I press upwards very lightly, using almost no pressure at all.

I can easily feel Karla's bowels. The enema still inside her makes her rectum swell up. It feels like a water balloon about to bust would. Hard, but also soft, yielding slightly to my touch. It's swollen up fully, or close to it, feeling huge to me.

I can feel the meaty wall of her pussy trapped between my finger, the proverbial immovable object, and her full bowel, the proverbial hard place. Her wall feels almost soft, like a wet sponge. I can feel its muscles tensed. And I can feel what has to be a zillion little twitches, each like a pinpoint, erupting across her walls from the hot sparks she's feeling.

As I push upwards with even that tiny pressure, Karla cries out a loud, desperately needy moan. Her body stiffens to pure steel. With her feet on the floor, her stiffening legs thrust her bottom up sharply as her hips snap from side to side wildly. I let my hand move with her pussy, leaving my finger where I want it. I feel her pussy tighten even more around it. Karla stays stiff for several seconds before she finally loosens up and lies on my knees again. It takes several more seconds for her moan to ebb off into a deep panting breathing.

"That is by far the trashiest skank pit I've ever been forced to stick my finger in, bitch! I just hope I don't catch some kind of skank-itis from it! I suppose you're always so filthy of a slut?"

I start easing my finger out of her pussy as slowly as I can manage.

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"No, Ma'am!" Karla says firmly in a voice that's pure erotic moan, "I'm sorry for being such a complete filthy slut, Ma'am. I've never been this slutty before, Ma'am! I'm sorry, Ma'am, I don't know what you're doing to me, but I can't help myself! Please forgive me for being so skanky of a whore, Ma'am!"

Once my finger is out of her pussy and beyond her folds, I can see that it's covered with a layer of honey that has got to be a full 1/8" thick. Without thinking much about it, I move quickly and push Karla's cheeks wide to again bare her dark asshole. I put the tip of my honey-slickened finger firmly against Karla's asshole. Karla tries to mute herself, but I hear the light gasping moan that escapes her lips.

I shove my finger hard, thrusting it violently through Karla's tightly clenched asshole, and pushing it fully inside her bottom. Karla squeals a pained yelp as my finger forces her ring wide to let it slip through. She stiffens hard, too.

I ignore Karla. As soon as my finger is completely buried in Karla's butt, even with Karla still as stiff as steel over my lap, I push downward lightly. I don't really need to push at all. I can feel her pussy twitching hard under my finger, the thin membrane of her bowel doing nothing to shield it from me. I wiggle my finger back and forth, so lightly massaging the backside of Karla's hot, twitching pussy wall through her bottom. Only now, with the enema stretching her rectum fully, I have plenty of room. Her swollen bowel now expanded, it allows me to touch so much more of those walls. I take full advantage of that, caressing every bit I can reach.

Karla screeches a long, pleading hot moan. She stays tensed up fully, her muscles straining to such tension that her entire body trembles hard. And I can see her pussy flowing with honey so liberally that it begins weeping out through her gash, into her fur.

"Stop it, bitch!" I scold in my harshest tone. The tone I use to let my toys know their behavior won't be tolerated here. "stop being such a

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cheap gutter whore!" I pause for a second. Karla stays just as she was. "Or haven't you learned that you'll behave here?"

It takes a second. Finally, Karla loosens up a little, just enough for her body to again lie on my thighs. Losing the tension only makes her body shudder even more crisply. She tries hard to mute her moan, clenching her teeth, scrunching up her face, and even squishing her lips together to leave only her nose for the air. It helps, but I can still hear the sultry need in her breathing. She pants hard, sucking short greedy breaths through her nose. Breaths that take a distinct raspy, almost rattling note to them over the inherent moaning. Goosebumps erupt over everything, cheeks, lips, and thighs. Her hands, already balled into fists, pound against her back. It's all they can reach. And it rattles the chain of her cuffs.

I show no mercy. I keep tenderly stroking the backside of those walls, even as feel the twitches start growing into spasms that will soon be an orgasm. "I don't think even the skankiest of dope house, diseased, gutter whores are so slutty as to get off by having their butt pumped full with a big enema and finger-fucked. Especially with nothing even touching their pussies." I say scornfully, "but it seems like you are that cheap and slutty, bitch. Do you want to cum while I finger-fuck your enema-full butt, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Karla screeches desperately, "May I please cum while you finger fuck my enema-flooded full butt, Ma'am?"

"Absolutely not, bitch!" I snap forcefully. "In my realm orgasms are earned. You've done nothing but misbehave, be a complete bitch, lie, and mostly skank up my house with your sluttiness. None of which is going to earn you anything besides enemas, spankings, and frustration. Would you like to know how to earn an orgasm in my realm?"

"Yes, Ma'am, please tell me what I have to do to earn an orgasm, Ma'am!"

"You have to be a good little skanky bitch." My voice is as taunting

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as it is honeyed. "You have to be shamelessly humble. You have to be completely, eagerly obedient, no matter what. And you have to enthusiastically serve your new Queen. I'm a very demanding Queen. And you are a very skanky bitch, bitch. Would you like to earn an orgasm?"

"Yes... my Queen!" Karla screeches out eagerly, "May this skanky bitch please be allowed to serve and worship you, my Queen, please my Queen, have mercy of this repulsive little gutter bitch and allow her to please you, Your Majesty!"

"Are you done pretending you're a person and being a bitchy?"

"Yes, my Queen!" Karla screeches, "I swear, my Queen, this gutter filth of a whore is done pretending it's anything but a complete skanky slut, my Queen!" Karla's teeth chatter hard as she answers firmly, her voice so fast her words almost run together. Her voice now in the deepest, throatiest, most sensual tone I've heard from her. "I'm sorry for lying to you, my Queen. Please, your Highness, please have mercy of this filthy gutter whore!"

Karla definitely has the humility down now. That doesn't surprise me. Not after she told me that she needs to be reminded she's nothing. Not superwoman, just a slut. It makes sense that, once reminded she's absolutely nothing, she'll act like it.

"And will you obey me?" I add the tiniest bit more of eagerness to my teasing caress of her pussy walls.

It has an immediate effect on Karla. She shudders violently now, and constantly, as she lies there. She screams out, her voice all deep-moan, "Yes, my Queen! This skanky worthless, disgusting gutter whore will do absolutely anything your wonderful Highness wishes it to do, My Queen! I'll do anything, my Queen! Anything! Please, my Queen, please allow this useless slut to show you how much it wants to please you, my Queen!"

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One more. "And will you serve me, bitch?"

"Yes, my Queen! I don't know why you'd want this filthy whore, but I swear, my Queen, this skanky bitch will serve you eagerly! Please, your Highness, allow this slut to kneel before you and serve you shamelessly! Please, my Queen, please, just allow me the chance to show you how much this whore wishes to cater to your whim and serve your pleasures, my Queen!"

"And you'll be a good slutty bitch? And not touch your pussy or butt unless I tell you to?"

"Yes, my Queen!" Karla moans out loudly with a sobbing, begging tone to her voice. "I won't touch my pussy or bottom unless it pleases you for me to, my Queen. No matter how badly it aches and burns and throbs, my Queen, I swear I won't even think of anything but pleasing you, Your Highness. Please, may I please just have the chance to prove that I can serve you, my Queen?" Karla shudders as hard as ever. On my finger, through her butt, I can feel Karla's pussy spasming crisply. She can't be more than a couple of seconds from losing control and cumming.

I yank my finger out of Karla's butt suddenly. Karla stiffens as it pulls through her over-tensed ring, then falls loose and shuddering across my thighs. Honey drips from her fur to the floor. She shivers a few times.

I grab Karla's hair. With a hard jerk, I pull her head and shoulders up, shoving her back onto her knees beside me. The paddle flies off her back and lands on the floor where Sophie picks it up. Karla straightens up. Still quivering lightly, she kneels properly, her legs apart. I stare at her for a few seconds. It's long enough for me to see two more drops of honey fall to the floor.

I give her a few seconds to get herself together. Still sitting on the edge of my sofa, I turn to face Karla. I stare into her eyes, looking slightly down into them. Karla kneels, her eyes glassy, but now relaxed as if just waiting to hear what I wish to do with her body. "Since you're a lying bitch, you may start by proving that you wish to behave for me, bitch.

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You will stand still while I tease that so-eager little skank pit for one full minute. You will count the seconds off for me, too. Now, go to my desk and lean over it, bitch, so I can get to that cum dumpster between those cum-covered thighs."

"As you command, my Queen," Karla says. Her voice is just as throaty as ever, but now it has a plain sweetness to it as well. "Thank you, my Queen, for allowing this slut to prove her devotion to you, your Majesty." Karla rises to her feet. She walks the couple of steps to my desk, putting the edge of its top firm against her hips. She leans fully over it, lying her chest flat on it. And she spreads her feet to offer her pussy to me.

"slave, fetch me... the pink box."

Sophie giggles hard. She knows what's in that box. It's both her favorite and the box she hates. She knows what it's going to do to Karla. Sophie hurries to fetch it from the playroom. Sophie sets it on the desk next to Karla's hips.

I have Sophie get a clock. A digital one, with giant numbers that include the seconds. And it has a stopwatch function, which Sophie sets it to. It shows "00:60" as Sophie sets it on my chair right in front of Karla's eyes.

I open the box. Karla hasn't a clue what's in it. Not a clue what I'm about to do to her. Yet she stands there still. Her chin rests on the desk, her eyes glued to the clock. She doesn't even flinch a hair as I open the box. Nor does she try to see what I'm getting from it.

I get two things. The first is a little spreader. It's plastic, with blades like a tongue depressor and about that size. I put the tips of those blades, with them closed and flush against each other, to Karla's slit over her pussy. I push them forward gently, letting them steadily slide through her pink folds and into her tunnel. I slide about three or four inches of them inside Karla. With a single squeeze of the handle, the blades spread apart, stretching Karla's pussy open with them.

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Karla stays demurely still and accepting as I stretch her pussy open to expose the insides of her meaty walls. I spread her open until there's maybe an inch of bare fiery red-flushed pussy between the blades. The blades are towards Karla's sides, leaving me the stretch of pussy facing her pubes and butt. Her walls are thick with honey.

The second thing I took from the box is a long feather. I slowly ease the feather between the blades, taking care not to let it touch any part of Karla. She doesn't even know there's anything there. "Show me your obedience, bitch. Behave."

"Yes, my wonderful Queen." Karla answers, "this slutty bitch will show you she's utterly devoted to you, my Queen."

I start drawing the feather along the bare flesh of Karla's spongy pussy walls. The instant it touches her, Karla stiffens to steel. She stiffens so suddenly, so uncontrollably, that I hear her knees bash against the desk. Her hands, still bound, rise up from her back, her fists balling. They slam down against her back.

"Sixty seconds left, my Queen!" Karla counts, her breathy voice already stuttering and breaking. "Fifty-nine seconds left, my Queen." Karla's chin beats down against the desk. Her bottom shudders hard as a violent shiver racks it. "Fifty-eight seconds remain, my Queen!" I can see the honey appearing on the flesh of her pussy walls. I can see the twitches in her walls as icy hot sparks explode everywhere the silky bristles of the feather touch. "Fifty-seven seconds remain, my Queen!" Karla's still lying over my desk, but already her voice can't kind hide the burning desire, the need aching in that pussy for release.

As she counts off the seconds, Karla's voice grows less and less sure. Steadily her breaths turn to urgent and pleading moans. Her words run together. Her pussy quivers and weeps honey. I ignore everything and unmercifully stroke her bare walls with the edge of the feather, watching as her walls twitch sharply as it touches them.

By the time Karla counts off zero, her words are more desperate

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screams than words. Her breaths are a long, begging moan. She hasn't moved a hair, but she's anything other than still. She trembles hard. Her pussy twitches and spasms hard. But she hasn't climaxed yet.

"That slut hole of yours must really like this." I lament.

"Yes, my Wonderful Queen, that slut hole loves this!" Karla gasps out.

I slide the feather a little deeper into her pussy until it's tip is touching her cervix. I wiggle it, stroking her walls with its edge while its tip caresses the muscle of her cervix.

Karla's already as stiff as steel and trembling. Her jaw snaps shut. A long primal moan rings out anyway. I watch as her walls spasms sharper and sharper. After about one second I finally see the tip of her clit swell so much that it pokes above the edge of her long folds. It's head throbs so hard I can see it pulsing. It's so flushed that it's now deep blood-red.

I take the feather out immediately touching its tip to the throbbing tip of Karla's clit. "Behave, bitch." I say tauntingly as I begin stroking the feather over her clit.

Karla screams. It's a long, pleading, scream of pure blissful agony. Her pussy flows with honey. As I hold her walls spread wide, the honey drips. A few drops rain to the floor. A few more land on the feather. Her walls twitch hard. She screams. After a couple of seconds, she screams out "I love you, my Queen! I will not cum, my Queen!" Then a spasm racks her body, slamming her chin against the desk hard. Her head snaps back up and, her voice so throaty I can barely make her words out, Karla screams again, "I will not cum, my Queen! I will be a good whore for you, my Queen!"

I take the feather away. Karla falls limp on the desk, her body still trembling. She pants fast for several long seconds. In a stuttering breathy voice, Karla moans out "thank you, my dear Queen, for allowing this

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disgustingly filthy gutter slut to show you how fully it's devoted to you, my Queen. Will you please use this awful body some more for your pleasure, my Queen?"

I take the spreader out of her pussy, letting her lips close. I walk around to stand in front of her. I want her to be able to see me. I want her to see the look on my body that says she means nothing to me. I don't care a single iota about Karla. Only about what amusement I may use that body for. Not about her agonizingly delayed-release. Or her sweet suffering.

I reach into my desk and bring out another enema syringe. This one is smaller, only two ounces, but with the same 8" long tip on it. Inside, the fluid in this one is dyed baby blue. Yes, I color code the solutions. Blue is for plain water. I hold it right in front of Karla's eyes.

As Karla stares at the syringe I see a faint tinge of nervousness creep into her eyes. "You've never had anything up your slutty butt before, have you bitch?"

"No, my Queen," Karla answers quickly.

"That's why you didn't know how skanky slutty your butt is, isn't it, bitch?"

"Yes, my Queen. I'm so sorry, my Queen. It hurts to have anything put there, so I just assumed I wouldn't like it, my Queen. Thank you for showing me how slutty I am and how great it feels to have your finger inside my slutty butt, my Queen."

"I think I'll just fill that slutty butt a bit more. That way you can feel the enema stretching your insides even more. You can feel even more pressure inside as it strains your little asshole to burst out. Would you like that, bitch?"

"This bitch would love to pleasure you, my Queen. If you wish my butt to be even more full, my Queen, then please, I beg you, please, my Queen, give me even more of an enema than that tiny one you have, my

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Queen. Please, my Queen, please, give me more, let this skanky bitch show you how much it wants to please you, your Majesty."

I didn't expect that. I know she hates the enema. I know it has her uncomfortable. But I'm always prepared. I return the enema to the desk and get out an identical one the next size larger. It's double. Four ounces. Half of what she took the first time. It would put a total of twelve ounces into her, but by now her rectum has absorbed some of that water. I'd guess close to two ounces of it. And through experience, I know that most any woman can hold about 16 ounces, albeit very uncomfortably. I hold this one up in front of Karla's eyes.

"This one is double what that one was. Would you like me to put it up your filthy butt, bitch? You won't be getting to use my potty anytime soon, so you'll be holding it all inside your naughty butt."

"Yes, my Queen, please, please, will you please put it up my slutty butt for me, my Queen. You are far too kind, my Queen! My butt has been so naughty tonight it deserves far more than that little enema, my Queen, do you have a larger one you could put up my butt for me, my Queen, please? Please, my Queen, make my butt suffer properly for being so naughty! I deserve to suffer far more than that enema will allow me to! May I please have them both, my Queen?"

That would be around fourteen ounces, minus whatever she's absorbed, so about twelve. "Well, since you asked so politely," I say in a faux-sugary voice as I get the first one back out. "Let's see just how slutty that butt is!" I step around to Karla's bottom.

Karla, without being told to do anything, stretches her hands down to her bottom. She takes hold of her angry red cheeks, ignoring the sting she has to be causing herself and pulls her cheeks wide apart for me. "Thank you so much, my sweet Queen. Here's my slutty asshole for you, my Queen. I'm sorry it's so filthy for you. Will you please put both of them up this tiny little butt hole for me, my Queen?"

I push the first tube, the smaller one, through her tense ring. Karla

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makes only a faint grunt as the tube presses through her resisting muscle. I push the plunger, adding two ounces to the enema. Karla clenches her teeth, and groans a strained, but muted, "UM!" as the fluid stretches her insides. When it's empty, I pull the tube back out.

Karla breathes a fast, pained breath. "Thank you, my Queen!" Karla says. I can hear the strain in her voice. "Thank you for putting that up my slutty butt for me, my Queen. I'm so sorry my butt has been so awful and naughty for you! Please, my Queen, that just isn't enough! My bottom deserves so much more punishment, my Queen. Please, my Queen, may I please have the larger enema now, too! Please, my Queen, please give me some of what I deserve!"

I give it to her. Karla's clenched teeth mute her squeal as I push the water into her bottom. I see her fists ball up. Her face is already scrunched up. Towards the end of it, I even see her toes curling up. Then her muscles lose their stiffness, instead of trembling violently and knocking her knees against the desk. But she keeps her bottom still and holds her cheeks wide for me.

"Thank you, my kind Queen!" Karla struggles to say, "for allowing my naughty bottom to have the punishment it deserves for being so slutty and lying about it, my Queen!"

"Stand and face me, bitch."

Karla rises up slowly. She doesn't have quite enough in her to make her stomach cramp, but even so, I know she feels it so much worse as she moves. Moving flexes her bowels, and that makes her urge suddenly grow stronger. Like double. She turns to face me. She stands her face all scrunched up hard. She forces her eyes to open enough to see me. She stands with her legs closed.

I stare at Karla for a long moment. "You don't look too sorry, bitch." I scold her. Then I slap her face hard. "You look like you're trying to make me feel sorry for you!" I keep my face blank.

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I put my hand down to Karla's pubes, taking a good handful of her curls. I give them a firm, but light, tug upwards. "if you were really sorry for being naughty and slutty, you wouldn't have that pitiful look on your face!"

As I wait, holding a firm upward pull on her little hairs, Karla forces herself to open her eyes fully and relax her face. A second later I see her toes uncurl, then press down against the floor hard. I see her arms relax and guess that she's unballled her fists. With each effort, her breathing becomes more strained. I can hear her measured, deep breaths as she struggles to control herself. Her cheeks, however, stay rock hard and fully squished together.

"I'm sorry, my Queen, thank you for reminding me that I deserve to suffer every bit of the agonizing fullness in my naughty bottom, my Queen." Her words are as measured as her breaths, but laced with a bucket full of sugar. "You are so kind, my Queen. This will certainly teach me not to be slutty and naughty anymore, my Queen!"

Slowly, I release her hairs. I allow my hand to tenderly caress its way up to her stomach. There I can feel her stomach muscles tensed up. I expected to. I caress them affectionately for a second. "That's a good little bitch! Just stand there and feel that awful pressure in your slutty butt. Every time you feel yourself about to explode all over yourself, just think that if you'd been a good bitch, instead of a bitchy cunt-bitch, your bottom wouldn't be so full now. Your skanky pussy wouldn't be aching so badly either. Maybe you might even have been allowed a reward by now. But, no. you had to go and be a bitchy, bitch." I say it in my faux-sweet voice.

My hand slowly caresses its way down her body again. My fingers weave lightly through the long hairs of her bush, moving slowly. I stare into Karla's eyes. My fingertips slip downward, brushing lightly over her skin under her fur. My fingertips reach her lips. The tip of my first and third fingers glides along a lip. My middle finger glides over her slippery wet slit, feeling her hot, loose folds.

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The tip of my middle fingers brushes her clit. Karla squeals out a desperate and loud cry as her body shudders. "Still acting like a whore, bitch, are you?" I laugh in her face. My fingertip stays on her clit. I massage it tenderly with a slow circling. Karla screeches needy cries. She trembles as she stands there. Her jaw hangs open, her head snapped backward. "You'll never cum if you keep acting like a slut, bitch!"

Her honey flows onto my hand. "slave, fetch some chains for this bitch."

Sophie hurries back with the chains. I order Karla to open her feet a little, and she slides one foot, inching her feet open as she breathes needy moans. Sophie kneels down behind Karla. For Karla's legs, I'd set out a pair of chains that have wide, thick, and rough leather cuffs for each ankle. Those are connected with 20" of chain. Over the chain is a black rubber tube, like a hose that hides the surprise I've installed. It's the guts of a Taser, with lithium button batteries to power it, and one of its little wires running out to each ankle cuff.

Karla stands there while Sophie fastens the cuffs around her ankles, then locks them on with little brass padlocks.

I step back, taking my hand from Karla's clit. Karla pants immediately with relief, then with abject frustration. Her trembles still to light quivers as Sophie comes around. Sophie fastens the end of a chain to Karla's collar, taking the leash off. Sophie unlocks one of Karla's wrists, then brings Karla's hands around to her front. Sophie keeps a good hold on Karla's hands the entire time. Sophie locks them again, this time with a pair of handcuffs with a longer chain, about a foot long, between the cuffs. Sophie takes the first cuffs off Karla's other wrist and sets them on the desk. Then Sophie puts Karla's hand to her chest, holding them in place between her breasts and her navel while she locks the chain of the cuffs to the long chain hanging from the collar. Finally, Sophie locks the end of that long chain to the center of the chain on Karla's ankle cuffs. It leaves the long chain hanging down Karla's front, between her breasts, and along

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her pubes.

"You will not touch you pussy or your bottom, bitch."

"Yes, my Queen, this slutty bitch won't touch her skanky pussy or naughty bottom, my Queen."

"Good. I can always use a galley slave for the evening. Slave, take this bitch to the galley, and find something for it to do."

Sophie grins as she takes hold of Karla's pubes and uses them as a leash to lead Karla to the kitchen. Sophie takes Karla to the sink and points out some pots that need to be scrubbed from the supper Sophie made for us. Nasty pots. She gives Karla a toothbrush and tells her "Mistress likes her pots clean. After all, she has to eat what comes out of them. I won't let you disappoint my Mistress."

I relax on my sofa. Sophie stands over Karla.

It only takes a couple of minutes for me to see Karla start fidgeting as she stands at the sink. I'm sure the mindlessness of the menial labor has left her mind nothing to think about, except the ache throbbing in her pussy and the swelling about to explode her bottom.

I walk into the kitchen. From behind Karla, I gently caress her red cheeks with my hand. Karla purrs! After a long moment of that, I let one finger slip between her tightly squished cheeks and come to rest on her asshole. I massage that for an instant. Then I slide my finger back down to her pussy and just as tenderly massage her clit.

As soon as I touch her clit, Karla stops scrubbing. Every muscle in her body tenses instantly. She moans deep and sultry.

I pick up a wooden spoon. I swat her sore cheeks with the spoon. Karla squeals a yelp. "Naughty bitch!" I scold her harshly. "don't think about that skank pit, scrub my pots, bitch!" I slide my finger back down, under Karla's cheeks, and forward to her clit. I start rubbing it again.

Karla moans out urgently. Her hips shudder crisply, again. Her

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hands move with jerking motions as they try to scrub the pot. I count to ten, then slide my finger from Karla's clit.

"Slave," I say to Sophie, "this bitch is clearly not very devoted to me. The slut is thinking of her pussy! You'll diddle that sloppy thing ten seconds of every minute. Come fetch me when this naughty bitch learns to think about me and my pots, instead of its pussy! As if anyone would want to think about that pussy! I swear, this bitch still thinks it matters!"

Sophie smirks wide and eagerly promises to do exactly what I told her to do. She hurries to set a big clock on the counter where both she and Karla can see it. And Sophie eagerly watches it.

I return to my spot on the sofa. A few seconds later I hear Karla cry out a loud and needy-deep moan. Exactly ten seconds later I hear the slapping sound of the spoon on Karla's butt and Sophie scolding, in her most disapproving voice, "ungrateful slut!"



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Karla spends the next 40 minutes moaning like a porn star, yelping and scrubbing. Since the yelps continue without even easing up, as do the moans, I take it Karla is still aching for that orgasm. And Sophie is being her ever attentive self.

This evening I've invited three couples to supper. Izzy, my BFF #1, arrives first with her "plus one." Instead of her boyfriend, for her "date" she's brought a boy named Zach who has been after her all semester. He doesn't stand a chance with her. He's an electrical engineering major. He's wiry and thin, about as geeky as they come, and somewhat effeminate. But I know he's straight. He's way too hot for Izzy not to be. He's just very socially awkward. And I think half the allure of dating Izzy is that everyone knows she's one of my BFFs, and thus dating her is a sure way to get a foot into my realm. Without coming in butt-first that is. I have no doubt Izzy invited him because she knows roughly what I have planned for this evening. He will definitely be interested. I think Izzy would prefer not to find out if her boyfriend would be.

Next to arrive, about one minute (or one elevator) later is BFF #3, Ellie. She's "half a hippie" in my words. And she doesn't have a boyfriend. She brings another college-aged boy. Judging by the longish hair and loose-fitting clothing he's wearing, I'm sure she knows him from one of those hippie gatherings she frequents. Her body language tells me they're not a couple either. But they are friendly and close.

Last to arrive is Jack. He's a frat boy from USA who happens to be in one of my classes. He's also on the wrestling team, so you can guess how he's built. Effeminate is not a word I'd use. I don't know him all that well. I know him well enough to know that he doesn't have a girlfriend, instead "playing the field." I think he's been with a different girl at every party I've bumped into him at. He's also been lobbying me hard for an invite to any party, or anything, I might be having. When I asked if he wanted dinner here, he jumped on it.

He's brought a girl I don't know as his date. He introduces her to

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me as Sherry, a girl he knows from his "old neighborhood." She's cute, but not exactly a cheerleader. I immediately wonder why he's chosen her for his date. I assume he could have his choice of a number of girls on campus. Maybe not the homecoming queen, although that wouldn't be unthinkable, but definitely some of the prettier sorority girls.

We take seats. I have some music playing in the background. I call for Sophie, asking her when supper will be ready. She hurries out, drops to her knees before me, and answers she can serve in ten to fifteen minutes if I please. I tell her to get things ready. She hurries back to the kitchen, almost running. As soon as she's in there, I hear another moan, then yelp from the kitchen. That's just like Sophie, being so diligent with her assigned chores.

The moan and yelp raise a couple of eyebrows among my guests. Everyone except Izzy and Ellie. Those two already know I have a toy around somewhere that I plan to humiliate. Even if they didn't, a sensually moaning slut in my apartment wouldn't raise their eyebrows. They've been here way too many times for that. Around here, as often as not, I have some "entertainment" somewhere in the house.

"Would anyone care for tea? My slave girl has brewed up a fresh pot of iced raspberry sweet tea." Everyone accepts my offer. I call out for Sophie to bring me a glass, adding "and have that skanky bitch serve my guests one as well. I might as well get some use out of her slutty butt!"

"Oh, Yes, Mistress!" Sophie answers in a very impish tone.

A minute later Karla comes walking out of the kitchen, her chains rattling with every movement. She has a small serving tray balanced atop her upturned palms and held even with her nipples. A few inches out from her chest. I have no doubt Sophie has just schooled Karla in serving. Karla's hands do nothing to hide to her breasts, letting everyone see her flat mounds and perky hard nipples. There's nothing close to covering her pubes and pussy. Everyone can see every hair of her bush. And the flat mound of her furry lips between her thighs. They can see the very tip

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of her pink gash as well. And we can all see just sopping wet her lips and thighs are with their glittery bright coat of honey.

Karla starts with Aaron, Ellie's date. He's the one seated the furthest from me. She kneels down in front of him with her legs opened wide and sits back on her heels. "Here is your tea, my Lord." Karla offers with a smile on her face. I can hear the strain in her voice. And I can see the tension in her stomach. I can see her cheeks still adorably squished together as well, so I know she's still suffering. She almost manages to cover it with sugar in her voice. She manages well enough that Aaron doesn't notice it. Then again, he's busy staring at her nipples. Men!

He takes his glass. Karla rises, turns around to Sherry, and kneels again. "Here is your tea, my Lady." Once Sherry has taken hers, Karla moves over to Jack and offers him one. Then she turns to Ellie and offers her one. Zach is next, and Izzy last. Once everyone has been served, Karla rises to her feet. She turns so everyone can see her. "My Lords, my Ladies, thank you very much for allowing this worthless naughty slut bitch to serve you." She curtsies, then returns to the kitchen.

I make a mental note of it. I know she's never been that subservient for Erik. He's told me as much. And I know Erik is the only other she's ever served at all. I wonder where she picked up the medieval humility. I wonder if she might have seen it in a movie, or read it in a story and it somehow got incorporated into some fantasy of hers. Whatever it was, the humble subservience will serve her well here.

Ten minutes later we're seated at the table. All eight of us, Sophie joining me. I'm seated so that I can see the kitchen. Sophie has everything ready so all that Karla has to do is serve it. Hopefully, she can get that right. Those guests who haven't been here before, I notice, are looking funny at their place settings. In addition to the usual, I've included a wooden paint stirrer with each place setting.

I snap my fingers. Karla shuffles out of the kitchen and stands in front of the table. The attention turns to her. "My wonderful Queen,

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Lords and Ladies, I am bitch. My kind Queen has given me the honor of being your serving bitch this evening, an honor I am utterly undeserving of."

Karla blushes brightly. "Unfortunately I have been a very naughty and slutty bitch for my Queen this evening. However, my Queen was so kind as to correct my insolent ways first by paddling my naughty bottom so very thoroughly!" Karla turns her back, showing off her glowing red cheeks. "As you may see, it's well-tanned and it stings me worse than sitting on a beehive that's on fire. But it's far less than I deserve!" After a moment she turns back around. "My Queen was far too kind. In addition, she has so graciously filled my bottom with an incredibly huge enema, which it is my delight to hold in while I serve you this evening. It is almost unbearably huge, and it's straining my bottom badly to remind me that I have to behave that bottom no matter how slutty it is."

Eyes, of the uninitiated in the ways of my realm, go wide as Karla shamelessly describes the punishment she's enduring. "The little sticks with your place settings are for me. In the event I fail to absolutely please you, even the teeniest little thing, please use them to spank me immediately! My Queen welcomes you all to do whatever you wish with this ugly old body of this bitch as well, so please, please, help yourselves to do absolutely anything you wish while I serve you! I will, however, warn you that I am a completely skanky gutter slut, as you can well see between my thighs. I apologize for being so trashy, and if I get my filthy skanky on you, please be sure to spank me harshly for my sluttiness."

Karla bows. As she leans forward, it puts her little breasts right in front of Zach's too-wide eyes. He stares at them as if they're the prettiest thing he's ever seen. Karla turns for the kitchen.

Karla hurries in with my plate balanced atop her upturned palms. She kneels down beside me. Karla has to stretch to reach the table with her hands chained to her neck. She scoots my plate onto the table in front of me. "Thank you for allowing me to serve you, my kind Queen." Karla

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risers up to her feet and hurries to fetch another plate. I wait for everyone to be served.

That's when my phone rings. Sophie takes it out, glances at the screen then turns her head to me. I nod. "It's an unknown number on your private line, Mistress, may I answer it for you, Mistress?" I nod. Anyone with my private number knows me well enough to know Sophie too. She answers "Miss Rodgers' phone, this is her live-in slave-girl speaking, may I help you?" She listens for a few seconds, then goes on, "One moment, Sir, while I inform my Mistress." I nod again. "It's a police officer, Mistress. He says they are taking Mister Bill to the hospital again and he got your number from the sign. May I be allowed to fetch Miss Lilly, please?" I just nod and Sophie assures the officer she'll be right down. Karla goes on bringing plates out.

"Oh, bitch..." I call out in a sweet tone, "I have another guest for supper. Fix another plate for Lilly." Bill is my neighbor two floors down. He's about 85. Lilly is his dog. She's the only companion he has. Unfortunately, he goes to the hospital a lot, usually by ambulance. Whenever he's unavailable I dog sit for him. Lilly is a pit bull with breed identity disorder. She thinks she's a toy poodle, not a pit. I love her. Sophie does, too.

"Ooh!" Izzy blurts out with an excited squeal, "Lilly's coming over!" Izzy and Ellie love her just as much. She's just too adorable not to. Too silly, too.

By the time Karla has finished serving the plates, Sophie is coming back in. She didn't bother with a leash. Lilly trots alongside Sophie. Sophie retakes her seat. Lilly doesn't hesitate to pick a seat on the floor between Sophie and me. "Hurry up, bitch!" I call out harshly, "Lilly wants her supper too!"

Karla hurries out with another plate. She kneels down beside Lilly, then leans over to set the plate on the floor in front of the dog. All the while she keeps a wary eye on her. I guess she recognizes the breed.

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Clearly, it's a matter of breed-based prejudice! I swat Karla on her red bottom. "that's for being a prejudiced bitch! Don't think I can't tell you're leery of my guest! Just because of her breed! Can't you see she's a dog? A much higher life form than the common gutter bitch!"

Lilly stares at her plate. She drools. I can't blame her. Sophie has made an excellent chicken marsala tonight. "Thank you for allowing me to serve you, my Lady," Karla says to the dog. Lilly just makes a little "Aroo" sound that I take to mean "go away dumb human, can't you see that there's food to be eaten here?" Karla stands. As soon as Karla steps back, Lilly dives in. The rest of us do as well.

As told to do, Karla stands off to the side, facing the table, and keeps her eyes on the meal. As serving bitch, Karla's duty now is to ensure that none of my guests want for anything at my table. I figure Sophie warned Karla that there would be harsh penalties for disappointing me.

Karla doesn't have to wait more than a few seconds before Zach drops his fork. I'm not blind. And his drop isn't exactly worthy of an Emmy as an accident. Karla hurries to kneel down and offer him a clean one atop a napkin on her upturned palms. He takes it with a wide smile. I wonder how he manages to find it with his eyes on every part of Karla but her hands. Karla must notice as well. She rises up to her feet, then leans over to pick the fork up. She leans in such a way as to put one her tiny breasts right in front of his eyes.

Everyone watches Zach's so obvious leering. Izzy, seated next to him where his date should be (even if it's not a real date, which is apparent to everyone except Zach) whispers "go on, Zach, Pepper won't care if you touch that bitch."

Zach's jaw drops as literally as it does figuratively. Izzy elbows him. "stop gawking and go on!" Zach moves slowly, reaching out to Karla's bottom. Tentatively, he touches the unbruised side of her cheek. Karla stands still, uncaring and without the tiniest of flinches.

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Izzy isn't known for her patience. She reaches right across Zach, takes his wrist, and gently yanks his unresisting wrist around. She puts his open palm on Karla's bare breast. Zach gasps out with surprise. Karla stands just as still. Izzy takes her hand from Zach's. "Tell him, bitch, that he can touch you." She sighs out with a little firmness in her voice.

"Of course you may touch me, my Lord!" Karla says immediately in a very sweet voice. "My Queen has decreed that this bitch's body is available to whoever wishes something so skanky. Please, my Lord, touch away."

Zach caresses her breasts for a few seconds. It shouldn't take long, there's not much for him to play with. He finds her nipple and toys with that as well. Karla stands there and allows him to play with her. She waits until his hand is gone before she returns to her place.

Lilly finishes her plate. It doesn't take long when you eat an entire chicken breast filet in two bites. Her plate is licked spotlessly clean. She sits up for a moment. Then she starts trotting around the table in a casual loop. She immediately stops when she sees (or maybe sniffs) Ellie. She sits, looking up at Ellie as she lies her head on Ellie's thigh. She whines. Ellie pets her head. A moment later Ellie slips her a bite of chicken. Isn't Lilly so smart? She remembers Ellie! And she remembers that Ellie is the softest softie at my table! She knows right where to beg for more! Dogs! If they were bipedal, less hairy, and not so cute, they could be men! Lilly parks herself beside Ellie, whom we all know is by far Lilly's best chance for a few more bites. Lilly must know it as well.

Over the next several minutes, All three of the boys at my table make some excuse to summon Karla over. All three take the opportunity to get a good look at everything Karla has to offer. And all three touch. All three touch her breasts and play with her nipples. Jack, apparently the boldest of them, also runs his fingers through her bush. When Karla doesn't shy away from that touch, he lets his hand slip down to her lips. His hand spends several seconds there. I can see Karla tensing up then

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and measuring her breathing as she tries hard not to react to his touch. She breathes out a long sigh when his hand comes away. He immediately grabs his napkin and wipes his hand. Karla hurries to fetch him another, without being told to, and apologizes for “skanking up his hand with her filthiness.”

None of this is anything Izzy and Ellie haven’t seen here a hundred times before. They’re immune to it by now. Sherry, however, isn’t. I’m sure she’s never seen such a shameless display of sluttiness before. She’s never been here before. How many places could one see it? She watches intently. Which gets me paying close attention to her. I wonder if she’s somehow interested in Karla, or maybe in playing herself, or maybe just amazed that such things go on. Since I just met her tonight, it’s hard for me to tell which. She doesn’t hesitate to summon Karla whenever she wants something, and she doesn’t turn away from seeing Karla’s nakedness, but she doesn’t make a move to touch her, either.

The boys all order seconds from Karla. She brings each another full plate, serving it humbly.

Once everyone has finished their meal, I ask Karla “Is there any chicken leftover?” And she tells me yes, there are two more in the warmer. “Oh, goodie!” I squeal enthusiastically, “Lilly looks like she wants them! Bring them. Serve them to her with your hands, bitch.”

Karla has kept a wary eye on the pit bull the entire time, despite Lilly being nothing but a soft ball of fur. Maybe she’s heard stories about pits. Who knows? I don’t care. I see an opportunity to further degrade Karla and there’s no way I’m passing it up!

As soon as Karla heads for the kitchen, I whisper to Sophie to collect the plates from Aaron and Zach, those plates with some scraps on them and combine the scraps. She does, setting the plate on the table beside me just before Karla returns.

Karla returns holding the warm chicken fillets atop upturned palms. I have Karla kneel beside me. Mystically sensing the food coming

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down to her level, Lilly almost runs over. She sits beside Karla with the most eager look on her drooling face.

"Here are the extra chicken breasts, my Lady." Karla obediently offers them to Lilly. Lilly very gently takes both from Karla's hands in a single grip. No sense in giving Karla time to change her mind. It is food! Dogs! Lilly sets the fillets on the floor beside Karla and starts eating them.

I set the plate of scraps on the floor in front of Karla. I stroke the top of her head for a second. "You didn't think I'd forget to feed you too, did you bitch? A meal worthy of a truly skanky gutter whore! Eat, bitch."

Karla looks at the plate of table scraps with utter disgust on her face. She reluctantly tries to reach for something. The chains stop her well before her hand makes it down to the plate. I laugh. "Bitches don't eat with their paws, bitch!" I shove her head down hard, pushing her nose into the plate. "EAT." I hold her face in the half-eaten food for a second. "I want that plate licked spotless, bitch!" I take the paint stirrer and swat her bottom hard enough that the slap ringing out draws everyone's full attention.

Karla starts to nibble at the scraps. I let go of her head. She lifts it up just enough to get her nose out of the vegetables. Lilly finishes her fillets and sits up. Lilly stares at Karla. I swear, the look on Lilly's face says she's laughing at Karla! As if Lilly's saying "Ha! I got the people food and you, dumb human, got the scraps for once! How do you like it?"

Karla eats slowly, reluctantly, and very unhappily. But obediently she eats without her hands. Just like a dog would. Everyone watches her. The guys seem to think it's amusing. Izzy and Ellie think it's just yet another humiliation I'm heaping on yet another bitch. Sherry, however, watches the display with equal amounts of scorn and disgust on her face. Presumably for Karla, so willing allowing herself to be degraded by being treated openly worse than even my foster dog. Then again, Lilly is far better behaved!

Karla licks her plate clean. When she finally rises back up to her

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knees, the plate is as clean as Lilly would have left it. I'm sure Lilly is disappointed, too. Karla's face is messy, too, with little smears around her mouth and on her nose. I guess the nose is my fault. I tell Karla to lick her face clean. She licks her lips, cleaning the mess from around her mouth. But her tongue won't reach her nose. I have Sophie wipe that for her.

Then I take my guests to the living room for coffee. Sophie serves me, and only me, staying on her knees at my side the entire time. Her hands make an excellent coffee table! I have Karla serve my guests. Lilly starts with Izzy, lying her head on Izzy's knees and looking up to Izzy with the saddest look. Izzy pets her. Lilly smiles and stays there. Dogs!

I let my guests steer the conversation. For the first few minutes, they stick to tame topics. Then it's Zach, the shiest and quietest so far, who stutters slightly as he asks me "uh... she just does... anything you say? Like, anything?"

"Answer him, bitch." I snap my fingers and point to Karla who is demurely kneeling in front of my guests.

"Yes, my Lord. This skanky gutter bitch is very happy to serve her beloved Queen. It is completely devoted to its Queen. It shall do anything at all to please its dear Queen. Its Queen has already offered all of this disgusting whore, my Lord, is there anything this bitch may do to please you?"

We don't know for sure, but both Izzy and I suspect that Zach is a virgin. We're pretty sure the 19-year-old college boy isn't all that happy about it, either. Neither of us has seen him with any girls, at least not closely. Plus he's far too geeky, in our opinion, to interest any typical girl. Only a girl attracted to his intellect would be interested. In short, a girl as geeky as him. But he's also kind, and always willing to help the girls with assignments and questions; and he has a great grasp of every STEM subject. Izzy and I love good grades, and neither of us is above pumping his over-sized brain for our benefit. All of it is the reason he got the invite to be Izzy's "plus one." Not only can we make his evening, he's the

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perfect “less desirable” boy.

I snap my fingers before Zach has a chance to answer. There’s no reason to let him answer. I know what he’s dying to say, and I figure he’s too reserved to say it. Especially in this setting, with eight people, one dog, and one bitch in my living room. “bitch, show me you’re enough of a whore that you can suck a cock. Now.” I point to Zach.

Zach’s eyes pop out of his head faster than his jaw can drop. They lock on the naked Karla. I think, for the first time, they even see her face.

Karla doesn't show much on her face. "Yes, my beloved Queen." She rises to her feet and quickly kneels down in front of Zach. He sits frozen. Karla reaches up to his pants and begins to unbutton and unzip them. I catch a glimpse of colorful underwear, briefs I'd bet, as Karla pulls them aside. Her hand slips into his pants. I see her hand moving as if to free his cock. She seems to be having some trouble freeing it as if it's stuck in his underwear or something.

Zach stutters a “wh-- wh--?” that never goes any further. After several seconds I see a very fat deep purple head slip up above his waistline, almost at his hip. A second later Zach’s cock is standing straight up, as hard as steel, like a missile ready for launch. Now I see what Karla’s problem was. Zach is hung like a proverbial horse. His cock has got to be a bit over eight inches long, and close to two full inches across. It looks to be so hard it’s straining. As if the hardness is squishing and pushing out against the thick veins along his milky white shaft.

I take a very fast glance around the room. The other guys are clearly as shocked as they are envious of that cock. Izzy and Ellie are just shocked. Sherry looks to be equal parts shocked, horrified, repulsed (presumably by the overtness of this little display and Karla's sluttiness), and enthralled.

Karla looks shocked as well, but mostly nervous. She wraps her hand around the base of his shaft.

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I lean forward and snap my crop hard, bringing its tip around to land square in the center of one of her globes. Karla screeches a loud yelp. I scold her firmly "I said suck it, not jerk it, bitch. Hands off!"

Karla takes her hand away from the shaft. She lowers her mouth to the tip of its head, stretching her mouth as she puts it to the cock. She starts moving downward, letting his cock slide into her mouth. She goes down about two inches, taking the head and just a tiny bit of his shaft, into her mouth before starting to reverse her stroke.

Zach purrs with delight.

I spring up to my feet. I'd love to crop her butt again, but I don't. I'm afraid if I do the shock and pain will make her bite down on the poor boy. He hasn't been naughty enough to deserve that! "You worthless cow!" I scold her abrasively as I grab hold of her under her jaw. "You don't even make a decent whore! You are utterly useless! Not even worth of those table scraps I allowed you. The garbage can was more deserving!" I clamp my other hand firmly on the back of her head.

"I can't imagine why your husband would tolerate such an amateurish attempt!" I pinch the corners of her jaw with all of the strength in my grip. It forces her jaw to stretch as wide as it can, pulling her muscles so taut that she can feel them burning. It keeps her from biting down, too. "When your Queen says to suck a cock, you will suck it like the sluttiest of skanky whores. You will suck all of it. I don't care if it is as big as a telephone pole! Do you think I care if you choke on it?"

I feel Karla instinctively stiffen up to resist. It's useless for her. I push her head downward slowly, but steadily, driving Zach's cock into her mouth. "I couldn't care less if you choke to death on it, bitch! This man wishes his cock sucked. You are a filthy gutter tramp. You will suck it for his pleasure. No one cares about you, bitch!"

I get to the place where Karla reversed her stroke. As I'm now in control of her head, I can feel the resistance. The fat head of his cock has filled her mouth, its tip now ticking the very back of it. It doesn't take me

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that much pressure. I see a wave of fear sweep over Karla's face as the tip of that fat shaft pushes past her tonsil and continues down.

Karla stiffens up hard, her neck and back muscles trying to stop me from shoving it any further into her. It's little use. It just makes me push her head forward harder. And that pushes even more cock into her mouth. I feel her gag. I see the fear on her face shoot up another couple of notches. And I keep pushing her forward.

I shove even more cock into Karla's mouth. With about three of his eight inches into her, I feel the tip of it reach her throat. It's a hard resistance, almost as if I'm pushing his cock against a solid sheet of stiff rubber. That's the entrance of her throat, far smaller than his cock, and unwilling to open for anything that big.

I have to push hard to keep her head moving at a steady pace. I feel the resistance as his cock is pushed firmly against her throat. Then, suddenly, the resistance is gone. His cock slides forward. Not exactly easily, but without the hard effort.

Zach moans out a deeply sensual cry.

Karla chokes hard. Hard enough that I can see her muscles snapping stiff. Her chains rattle loudly. Her bottom flies upward. She tries to lift her head off of it. Her toes curl. She thrashes against my firm grip.

I keep pushing her head down, shoving more and more of his cock down her throat. I can feel it dragging as her throat muscles squeeze hard against it. In a second I can see his cock as it's fatness stretches her throat so wide that the sides of her neck push outward.

Karla struggles, her hands flying around rattling their chains as the chains stop them. Her bottom snaps up as she heaves again. Little tears run down her cheeks. And I push her down further. "I know you can't breathe, bitch!" I snap tauntingly. I switch to a teasingly sing-song voice. "And I don't care!" I giggle. "Your Queen commands you to suck cock

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like the lowest of gutter whores, slutty gutter bitch! So you'll lick his balls or it's off to the dungeon with your useless butt until you decide to obey your Queen."

It takes a long moment for me to push her head all the way down. There's that much cock there. Finally, after about ten or fifteen seconds of slowly pushing her head on it, she has it all down her throat. She kneels, still choking, her throat stretched so wide its muscles have got to be burning. I'm sure her body thinks she's swallowed a huge bite of food, like an entire leg of lamb whole, and that's what's in her throat. She heaves, her reflexes trying to push the "food" back out. I hold her down. I imagine that cock has to be halfway to her stomach.

"See, you can raise yourself up enough to be a skanky whore!" I say it as if I'm surprised by it. I hold her down, Karla's lips flush against Zach's pubes. I order her to stick the tip of her tongue out. For a couple of seconds, she doesn't. Maybe that's when she realizes that I'm not going to let her up until I get that tongue. It slides past her teeth and peeks its tip out past her bottom lip. Its tip touches the top of his sack. I order her to tease his hairy sack with the tip of her tongue, watch as she slowly draws her tongue across the bit of skin she can reach with it.

Keeping a very firm grip on her head so she doesn't hurry, I slowly move her head back up. After several long seconds, I hear Karla suck a desperately fast breath of air through her nose. It's a noisy breath. A second later her gagging stops. I keep her head moving until only the tip of his cock is left between her lips.

I tell Karla to swirl her tongue around the head of his cock, or rather the part of it that's still in her mouth. Zach moans loudly, letting me know Karla's done it. Then I push hard and feel her muscles desperately tense to resist as I move her head forward again.

I make her go back down with the same slow and steady rhythm as last time. And I make her go all the way down until her lips are flush against his pubes. She obediently licks his balls again. Then I let her

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slowly rise up until she's left with the top of his cock head in her lips again. After a tongue swirl, I start her down again.

Zach moans loudly, and eagerly. He can't sit still. His hips squirm as the grind back into the sofa cushion. His hands grip the arm of the sofa for a second, then fly down to grip the cushion as well. His head lolls back, mouth open, and he screeches out louder moans.

Slowly Karla gets used to it. Her body comes to accept that the cock forcing its way into her throat, blocking her from breath and stretching her wide. Her choking ebbs. By about the tenth stroke it's gone, leaving her only gagging as the cock nears her now-sore throat.

I keep her moving. The gagging eases up. "Don't think about speeding up, bitch." I warn her, "he doesn't want you to race to get him off like some trick! This man wants it slow. He wants to feel your tight throat squeezing his hard cock you shove it down your throat! Let him feel how slutty you are, bitch."

After about twenty strokes I release Karla's head completely. Even her jaw, warning her "exactly as I taught you, bitch."

Karla keeps going. Now that she's worked past the choking and gagging, she's able to go all the way down on her own.

Zach sits there, moaning ever more eagerly with each stroke. He squirms hard as well.

Izzy and Ellie don't bother to watch. They've seen enough slutty blow jobs before that it's nothing to them. Both know I can give them far more skillfully than Karla is doing, though neither has seen me. I have some self-respect! Neither can, and neither showed any interest in learning. I figure both have been prejudiced by the graphic displays of their discomfort my toys have shown as they learned.

Jake and Aaron watch Karla's performance with a touch of jealousy on their faces.

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Lilly, the foster dog lifts her head. She sees Karla kneeling beside her. Lilly walks around Karla. She lies her head on Ellie's thigh, looking up at Ellie with her "sad" eyes. Ellie pets her. She appears to smile. Lilly is nothing if not an equal opportunity dog. She'll ensure everyone has an equal opportunity to lavish affection upon her.

Sherry watches Karla's blow job as well. "What a slut!" she says under her breath.

Zach doesn't last long. Maybe a whole minute after I turn Karla loose. I see his hips slowly rise up, arching his back as they lift. He cries out a loud, satisfied groan as his hips fall back onto the sofa. His hips thrust gently forward, driving his cock into Karla's mouth.

Without her hands, Karla is too inexperienced to manage Zach's light thrusts. She gags once as he unexpectedly drives into her. As he stills she regains control.

I see Karla's face scrunch up as Zach begins to cum. It scrunches up hard as if she were sucking on a triple-strength lemon. "Swallow every last drop, bitch. Be a good little gutter whore!" I warn her in a bullying voice.

Zach falls spent in his seat, still groaning sweetly, when he's finished. I grab Karla's hair and pull her head off of him. "That's enough skankiness, bitch!" As the last of his cock slips from her lips, it glistens with a few shiny droplets of his cum. As do the corners of Karla's mouth. The look of distaste stays on her scrunched up face as she sucks a few fast breaths. "Thank him, bitch."

"Thank you, my Lord, for allowing this disgusting bitch to suck your huge cock and drink your delicious cum, Sir," Karla adds a large heaping of honey to her voice.

"Uh... you're welcome." Zach stutters, almost concealing the amazement in his voice.

I lightly swat Karla on her tender bottom and tell her to "put it back

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where you found it." She leans forward to get her hands to his pants. It takes her a moment to work his still-stiff cock back into his underwear, and then to zip him back up. Another little swat to her behind gets her to plant a sweet kiss atop the bulge in his pants.

"Since I'm a very generous hostess, you will offer your skanky services to each of my guests, bitch." I swat her bottom again as she tries to say "yes, my wonderful Queen."

Karla rises up to her feet. She steps sideways, putting her directly in front of Izzy. She starts to take the next step, to where Aaron is sitting. I snap my crop firmly across Karla's bottom. She freezes in place and yelps out. "I said *all* of my guests, bitch!"

"Yes, my Queen, please forgive this bitch for being so stupid, my Queen," Karla says as she begins to weep silently. She drops to her knees in front of Izzy. "My lady, would you please allow this filthy bitch to pleasure you as a gift from my incredibly kind Queen?" Despite Karla's unwillingness to be with a woman, she offers sweetly.

"Sorry, slut, I don't go that way," Izzy answers much to Karla's obvious relief.

Karla rises again and moves to kneel in front of Aaron. She offers "My lord, would you please allow this filthy bitch to give you an extremely slutty blow job as a gift from my wonderful Queen?"

Ellie, sitting beside Aaron, reaches over and squeezes his shoulder gently. "Go on," she says in a soft voice, "I'm sure you'll love it." She wraps her arm around his shoulder, holding him. The intimacy of it surprises me since I know they're not dating. "Pepper is very good at teaching her playthings to be slutty.

"Suck on," Aaron says.

"Thank you, my Lord," Karla says. She quickly unzips his pants and frees his decidedly average cock. She puts her lips to it and kisses the tip of it. "Thank you, my Lord. This bitch is going to swallow every bit of

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it, Sir." And she does, easily taking Aaron's 5 ½" of cock into her throat.

Aaron sits there, purring happy moans, while Karla sucks him slowly. It only takes him a few moments before he's squirming. Ellie holds him and says "enjoy it, Aaron..." softly. He lasts longer than Zach, maybe three or four minutes before he cums in Karla's mouth.

After Aaron is done, Karla rises up to her knees, thanks him, fixes his pants for him, and gives him a goodbye kiss atop the bulge in his pants.

Karla moves on to kneel before Ellie. This time she edgier than ever as she offers herself to Ellie. Maybe it's Ellie's obvious happiness. Or maybe it's the way Ellie was so openly close to Aaron while Karla serviced him. Whatever, it's clear that Karla is far more worried that Ellie might accept her offer than she was about Izzy.

Ellie declines. "I'll pass, bitch, I prefer not to be a public spectacle." I'm not sure that's so true. I've heard stories about Ellie – from Ellie, too – about her joining in an orgy or five. Then again, there everyone was having sex with everyone. Here, she would be a bit of a spectacle. It would surprise me, but I wouldn't care. Ellie has never done anything with any of my toys, despite a few offers from me. Come to think about it, I've never heard of her one-on-one with a girl either. I have heard of her being with a woman, but in those stories, she was always with a man and the other woman was just... ancillary. It doesn't sound like she was about it, though!

Karla turns around and moves to Jack. She offers him a blow job, and he accepts. As Karla thanks him, I see Sherry's eyes widen beside him as they turn away just enough not to see the "action." In a few seconds, Karla has his 6" cock standing up straight and hard for her.

Karla easily swallows his length as well. After that horse cock of Zach's, anything should be easy for her.

Jack sits back, relaxed at first. He quickly tenses. Then he starts

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purring very enthusiastic moans. His hands fidget for something to grip.

Sherry seems not to be able to help herself. She keeps her head turned slightly away as if trying not to see but shifts her eyes to where she can see out of their corners. As Jack's hands fidget around, Sherry sighs lightly, trying to hide it, and takes Jack's hand in hers. He grips her hand snugly.

Jack only lasts a few minutes as well.

Once Karla has Jack tucked back in, she moves along to Sherry, the last of my guests. She offers herself to Sherry. The look on Karla's face is hopeful as if she expects Sherry to decline.

Jack wraps an arm around Sherry, holding her close, and very quietly says "come on, Sher, we both know you've always wanted to. It's safe, you don't know anyone here, and I'll be right with you."

It answers one question for me. Now I know why Jack chose Sherry as his plus one. He was hoping for an opportunity just like this. Obviously, he knows Sherry rather well, too. Well enough to know about her secret little dream. Now I wonder if Sherry didn't avert her eyes from Jack's blow job because she didn't want to see him with another woman. I wonder if she hasn't done that, and likely more, for him before.

Karla fidgets, too, suddenly very nervous that Sherry might be the one to accept.

Sherry squirms, fidgeting in her seat and Jack's arm. She stutters a few beats with her eyes closed. When she finally manages a coherent answer, it's in a whisper. "Okay" is the only word she says.

Karla shirks back hard. Enough that everyone but Sherry sees it. Sherry would, too, if her eyes ever open.

I grab Karla's hard and jerk it hard. "Oh, goodie!" I squeal eagerly, "I'd hoped for a chance to teach this bitch to eat pussy like an eager little lez-slut!" I'd look Sherry in her eyes, but that's awfully hard with them

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squeezed shut. So I turn to Jack instead. "My bitch will make your friends first 'girl time' so incredible for her! Or else this bitch will be off to the rack for displeasing her Queen!" My voice hardens as I turn to Karla, "lift her dress up very sweetly, bitch."

"Yes, my Queen," Karla answers with a slight tremor in her voice. She leans over to reach the bottom hem, then spreads her hands, stretching the chain of her cuffs taut, to get her hands to Sherry's knees. Very slowly, Karla slides the hem up, keeping her hands softly flowing up Sherry's thighs.

Karla gets the dress up to Sherry's waist, deftly keeping her hands on the tops of Sherry's thighs. It's as far from Sherry's intimate areas as Karla's hands can reach. The dress bunches up at Sherry's waist and with Sherry sitting, it's loose folds manage to almost completely hide Sherry's panties. Karla hesitates.

I swat Karla's bottom hard with my crop. Karla cries out a pained yelp as it lands on her cherry-red bottom. "All the way up, bitch. Get that dress all the way up and out of your way."

Karla's hands move upwards again, taking the dress up. Jack decides to help out. HE nudges Sherry and "helps" her to lean forward a bit so the dress can slide up to her shoulders. Karla, not wanting to risk another stroke of my crop, decides to slip it all the way off.

Sherry is a few inches taller than I am, maybe 5'5". She's also slightly heavy. I'd guess somewhere around 145-150 pounds. Just enough to give her a slight chubbiness, but nowhere near enough to make her look fat. She has a rounded face with just the slightest touch of plumpness to it, framed with long, fine, and straight brown hair that hangs to the bottoms of her shoulders. She has pretty green eyes, hidden behind a pair of black wire-framed glasses with squared-oval lenses that are fashionable with a hint of nerdiness to them. Below those are a side nose, and a set of full light pink lips that make a wide, straight, mouth.

Her eyes are still closed. Only now Sherry sits on the love seat with

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a slight quiver sweeping over her body. A quiver that screams she's as nervous as she is excited. She's still wearing her underwear, too. Her dress, a short-sleeved pink cotton number with a floral print, was decently modest. Her bra and panties aren't. They're sexy. They're a matched set, although they look to be Wal-Mart grade. The bra has a pair of triangles in deep-purple, shiny silk, framed with a wide border of black lace. Its half cups are offset to the outsides, covering almost none of her cleavage and little more than her nipples on the inside of her front. She has ample breasts, too. And her bra pushes them up and together, maximizing her already large mounds. On her bottom, I can see thin bands of black lace stretching around her full hips and a moderately-narrow swath of bright deep-purple over her pubes.

Sherry's skin is a solid light white that says sunning isn't going to be in her datebook. Even with the immodesty of her bra line, I don't see a hint of a tan line on her chest. Or a hint of tanning to her skin. But I do see the quiver in her body slowly blossoming.

I tell Karla to treat Sherry's things as if they were mine. I make sure she understands. As Karla is working with her bound hands to very neatly fold Sherry's dress up for her, I lean over putting my lips less than an inch from Sherry's ear. On the opposite side from Jack. "Relax, Sherry. I know this your first time with a girl. I am going to make sure my bitch makes it very good for you. You don't have to worry about anything. Don't be shy. Most of us here have done and seen this all before. I'm going to make sure you're taken good care of."

I know Izzy has seen girl-on-girl here before. Ellie, Sophie, and I have all done it, to one extent or another. Although I'm only confident that Sophie has done what Karla is about to. I know I haven't. I'm not so sure, either way, about Ellie. There's enough hippie in her that I know she wouldn't be opposed to it. At least not if it was part of something bigger. I'm sure Aaron, her hippie friend, has been in a few of those orgies with Ellie, so I'll just assume he's seen it. Jack seems to have done his best to engineer it for Sherry, so I'm assuming he's at least not opposed to it. That

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only leaves Zach, the eager-but-geeky boy I'm all but certain just lost his virginity to Karla's throat. He's gawking, fully enthralled even though nothing has happened yet. I guess he's more eager to see it than opposed to the idea.

I tell Karla to take Sherry's bra off. "You'll be taking my time to pleasure this sweet girl, bitch." Jack urges Sherry forward. Karla has to rise to her feet to lean over Sherry and get to the clasp of her bra. Once it's undone, Karla returns to her knees, slipping the bra from Sherry's shoulders, as she goes. It bares a pair of milky-white mounds. They're soft, hanging against her chest like water balloons, albeit shapely balloons. I'd guess they're 38-DDs. They're topped with huge rings of a pink hue lighter than her lips. So light that it fades to faintness at its edges. She has a pair of wide, well rounded, nipples in a shade of pink only a hint darker. Those nipples are now hard, straining to a perky stiffness so hard they look to be darkened by the flush of blood. They stand up just over ¼" from her mounds, sticking almost straight at me.

Nipples make great practice for clits. I command Karla to pick one. Karla moves hesitantly towards Sherry's right nipple. I have Karla put her mouth to Sherry's mound, allowing only her lips to touch Sherry. As Sherry feels their heat gently around her hardness, Sherry gasps out a hungry squeal. Karla's lips obediently close to snuggle against the nub.

As I tell her to do, Karla sucks lightly on Sherry's nipple. She lies the underside of her tongue against the top of Sherry's nub. Then Karla slowly circles her tongue around to tenderly caress the steely hardness with her tongue's moist heat.

Sherry screeches a loud, squealy, "AH-MM!" as Karla's tongue starts to move. Sherry's voice has so far been just a hair on the deep side, but now, it's several octaves girlier. Goosebumps erupt all over her soft mound. Her shoulders snap into a sudden shuddering.

Jack gently kneads Sherry's shoulder. He whispers softly to her to relax, that he'll take care of her and won't let anything bad happen. Her

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eyes never open. After a second her shoulders settle into what's more of a shivering than a hard shuddering. She lies back, screeching out another hungry moan.

After a moment I tell Karla to repeat on Sherry's other nipple. Karla moves her mouth. Sherry screeches out another squealy, loud, and very-girly "OH-AH..AH-MM..." Another wild shudder racks her shoulders before she stills. She squeaks "AH!. OH-MM..." and then a long "OOH!" that she draws out until she runs out of breath.

"Mm..." I purr softly, "you like that, don't you, Sherry?" I ask sweetly.

"AH!" Sherry squeaks out, "Y-Yes! OH-OOH... AH-OH-OH!"

I let her enjoy that a little longer before I send Karla back to the right mound. I have Karla kiss it again, this time also having her tenderly stroke it with the tips of her fingers. Sherry cries out a little louder and a little more urgently. I give her half a minute to enjoy that before having Karla switch breasts again.

I have Karla tease both nipples a few more times. Even as Sherry comes to know what to expect, it does nothing to ease her reaction. Every time Karla licks around her nipples, Sherry shudders hard and wild and screeches more squeaky moans. I think the pitch of her voice even rises as we go on.

As she sits, there's only the slightest of a wrinkle to Sherry's stomach, just above the waistband of her panties. It's not even close to enough to cover the narrow elastic lace. Just enough to be seen. Otherwise, her stomach is taut and smooth, puffing out, but only maybe an inch from flatness.

I whisper to Jack and have him nudge Sherry to scoot her bottom up to the edge of the seat. Sherry does, lying back even more against the backrest. I reward Sherry by having Karla suck each nipple one more time. Then I tell Karla to inch her lips down Sherry's stomach, lightly

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kissing her way down to Sherry's panties.

I tell Karla to take Sherry's panties off. Most girls I know take panties off (their own or someone else's) by slipping their hands under the waistband at their hips. Except that the chain of the cuffs keeps Karla's hands from spreading all the way to Sherry's hips. She slides her hands under the band of lace as close to Sherry's hips as she can manage and begins inching Sherry's panties down. Sherry's bottom lifts a hair to allow them off.

I slap Karla's face. "Prude!" I scold her harshly, "whores use their teeth, *whore!*"

Karla puts her teeth to the center of the waistband, gripping the lacy fabric in her teeth. It forces Karla to allow her nose to brush against Sherry as she lowers the panties. Quickly I see that Sherry has a full, natural bush. Almost as quickly I see Karla's nose slip between the longish, curly black hairs of that bush. Obediently Karla inches Sherry's panties down. Maybe a minute later they fall to Sherry's ankles.

I have Karla plant an affectionate kiss in the center of Sherry's dense curls. Then Karla slips Sherry's panties from her ankles. Karla folds Sherry's panties and bra neatly before setting the atop Sherry's dress neatly.

I have Karla put her lips to one of Sherry's knees and plant another tender kiss there. I have Karla inch her lips up Sherry's thigh, moving her steadily up and towards the inside of Sherry's leg. Instinct takes hold of Sherry. As Karla's lips creep up, she opens her thighs bit-by-bit to allow Karla to kiss her.

By the time Karla's lips have made their way up to the crease of Sherry's thighs, Sherry's knees are wide apart for Karla. I'd bet Sherry doesn't even realize it. It lets me see that Sherry's bush is all-natural. I doubt it's even trimmed. It's dense on her pubes and denser over her lips. It's not a look I prefer, but so what? It's not like Sherry is anything more to me than a prop to humiliate Karla with!

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Sherry has an excellent pussy for training Karla. I can see long, narrow, thin lips through the dense fur. They leave a wide gap between them that bares the edges of her hot pink folds. Folds that are now covered with a sticky layer of thick, creamy, honey. Towards the top, her folds come flush together into a giant wrinkle. In the center of that wrinkle, Sherry's clit, as wide as my pinky, sticks it head up above the folds enough for everyone to see it. To see that it's flushed almost purple-red and swollen rock-hard. It's coated with a thick layer of Sherry's honey, too. I catch a whiff of Sherry's moderate-to-heavy muskiness, so I know Karla has to be getting a good whiff of it. Especially with the fur on Sherry's lips being damp with it.

With Sherry's slit sticking up so prominently between her folds, there's no reason for Karla to spread even Sherry's outer lips. I swat Karla on the back of her head hard enough to snap her head forward almost to Sherry's pussy. "mouth open, bitch. Put those lips gently around her pretty clit and don't touch it with your slutty lips!"

Karla puts her lips lightly against Sherry's pink folds, her mouth fairly wide open. She's not taking any chances of touching that clit. I have Karla press her lips down gently, just enough to push Sherry's folds back and bare as much as possible of the hard, wet nub. I have her close her teeth very slowly until they're touching Sherry's clit with barely any pressure at all. Just enough clamping to steady the nub for Karla.

Sherry screeches out a louder and far squeakier cry than ever. She pants a few fast breaths.

I tell Karla to lie her tongue against the top of Sherry's clit and, after a brief second's hesitation, to swirl it around the nub even slower than she did with Sherry's nipples. "I'll tell you when to stop, bitch."

A fraction of a second later, about when I'd guess Karla's hot tongue first touches Sherry's eager, throbbing clit, Sherry cries out "AH-OH-WEE!" drawing out the "wee" endlessly. Her voice is suddenly so squeaky it's hard to make out what she's squealing. Like a mouse. At the

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same time, her hips launch up off the sofa. Her thighs slam shut, clamping Karla's head firmly between them. Her entire body trembles. And more goosebumps erupt over the tops of her inner thighs.

Karla starts swirling her tongue. Sherry tells me so. Her hips thrash wildly from side to side as she screams out "OH-EE-OH-OH-" for a few seconds. Her hips snap crisply. Her jaw drops open. Her hips arch up even further from the sofa. "OHMYGOD!" Sherry screams in her mousy squeak, "OHMYGOD! OHMYGOD! OH-AH-OH!"

Ellie, sitting across from Sherry and Jack, grins and winks to Jack.

Izzy blushes slightly, shakes her head, and covers her eyes for a second with her hand. As she takes her hand away she silently mouths "slut." I'm not sure which of them she's referring to. Probably both.

Aaron watches intently. Zach glares raptly at the girls. Even Jack can't help himself and keeps one eye watching the display.

Sherry screams on as her hips thrash away.

It goes on for maybe a full minute. Sherry screams out desperately "NO! NO! NO! STOOOOOP!"

Before Karla has a chance to think, I thump her on her head and remind her "obey your Queen, bitch!"

Sherry's hips thrash even more violently around. Her shoulders, lying hard against the sofa to support her weight, thrash as well now, lifting one at a time up. Her head even thrashes from side to side. She screams out again, her squealing voice urgently pleading "OHMYGOD! PLEASE! STOP! I GOTTA CUM SO BAD IT HURTS! OH MY GOD, DON'T MAKE ME!" Sherry's entire body trembles visibly hard. She pants an urgent "UH, UH, UH!"

"Jack!" It's Ellie who speaks up, "hold her! Let your friend cum in your arms. She'll love that!"

Jack doesn't need much encouragement. He wraps his arms

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around Sherry and holds her tightly. Her body trembles so hard against his embrace it's almost as if she's fighting him.

Sherry screeches out "OHMYGOD! MY PUSSY IS GOING TO EXPLODE! HELP ME!" Jack squeezes her tighter in her arms.

Sherry's pussy explodes. Not literally, but close to it. In a single instant, her hips crash down on the sofa. Her body falls loose. She screams "YEE-OW!" Her hips snap into a violently hard shuddering. Her feet rise up off the floor and stomp back down hard. Her hands, pinned against her by Jack's hug, grip the cushion hard. Her head snaps from side to side until it crashes into Jack's head. Then it beats itself back against the sofa. Her hips snap up sharply.

Sherry's legs tremble blindingly fast, snapping open and shut of Karla's head. She screams out "YOU'RE KILLING ME! HELP!" Her cry is so loud I pray (as is often the case) that my neighbors aren't home lest they call the police and report a woman screaming for help. Her feet stamp away, no longer in time, pounding hard against my tile floor.

It takes a couple of seconds, not long at all, for Sherry's legs to get out of time. Her right leg slams her foot down with every bit of its power. At the same instant, her left leg trembles wildly, her foot kicking up. She falls limp and shuddering for an instant. And that's all it takes. Every thrash of her climax comes together in sync. Her stomping foot throws her over, sending her around. She ends up lying atop Jack, his arms still snugly around her, face down. There's no way Karla, or anyone else, could have kept her face in place for that. She'd be upside down if she had! I grab Karla by her hair, snapping at her "obviously that's enough, bitch! Look what your sluttiness has done! I didn't tell you to stop, either!"

Sherry, her butt poking up as it lies on Jack's knees, quivers. She pants "UH! UH!" over and over again, her voice slowly fading. Her legs tremble as well, hard. They lie parted, leaving Sherry's pussy on full display. Everyone but Jack can see it. We can all see the little dollops of

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her thick honey squirting out from between her lips with enough power that they make it through her fur. Even her slightly loose buns quiver as she lies on her friend. I'm sure Jack figures out that Sherry is leaking honey; a few of those dollops now stain the knee of his jeans.

Eventually, Sherry falls spent and loose. She lies still in Jack's arms. After a few seconds, Jack loosens his embrace. Sherry instinctively cuddles close to his chest. He holds her. Her head turns to its side and lies against his strong shoulder. Eyes shut. Mouth slightly agape. She pants quite breaths now.

Sherry lies there, nude, for a long time. Maybe ten minutes.

I send Sophie to fetch me another coffee. And Karla to fetch coffee for everyone else who wants some, except Jack and Sherry who are otherwise occupied.

Eventually, I see Sherry's eyes slowly open. She blinks hard against the light. A few seconds later she shrieks "OHMYGOD!" She jerks upward, her hands flying to her body. "I'M NAKED!" One arm flies to her chest, pressing hard against her breasts to hide them. Her other hand flies down to her pubes and tries hard to cover that. There's no help for the thick coat of honey glimmering on the tops of her thighs. Her face scrunches up as if she's about to cry. "OHMYGOD!" She squeals with embarrassment. She turns her back to us and hurriedly grabs the pile of her clothes. She scurries away, heading towards the bathroom and bedrooms. "WHAT HAVE I DONE!" She doesn't seem to realize that gives everyone a nice view of her soft, full, cheeks jiggling as she hurries off.

It takes her a long time to come back. When she does, she looks unimaginably uncomfortable. Her face is blushed bright red when she comes in, and quickly deepens to a beet red. She sits next to Jack and quickly whispers to him that she'd like to leave now. It's all I can do not to smile! She is so embarrassed!

"You don't want to stay?" I tease Sherry, "my bitch stopped before

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I told it to! That is so naughty of it. Slave... off to the rack with this bitch!"

"Yes, Mistress," Sophie answers. She hops to her feet. Her hand almost flies to Karla's pubes and grips a big handful of Karla's hairs. As Karla struggles to hop to her feet, Sophie all but drags her to the playroom. The rack awaits.



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I lead my guests into the playroom. Very reluctantly Sherry agreed to stay so Jack could see the rest of the show. At least after Jack confessed he hadn't a clue what the rack was, and wanted to see it. And we promised Sherry that nothing would happen to her again. Silently I added, "unless you want it to."

Sophie waits patiently beside the rack. It's a fairly close replica of one I saw in pictures that was used by the Spanish Inquisition a few centuries ago. It's a solid slab of rough 2x12's each ten feet long. It makes the table four feet wide and ten feet long. At the top and bottom are wide wooden spools that span the width of the table. Both have ratchets on them to stop them from unspooling.

Karla lies face up on the rack, roughly in its center. There are no padded leather cuffs here. Not even metal handcuff cuffs. Sophie just has a help rope tied snugly around each of Karla's wrists and ankles, their other ends wound around the wooden spools. She's also tightened the spools, taking all of the slack out of the ropes and stretching Karla's body taut. The ropes pull her wrists and ankles to the four corners of the rack, spreading her legs wide enough to offer uninhibited access to Karla's sopping wet pussy. The chains that had bound Karla now hang from Karla's collar and over the side of the rack.

Everyone gathers around the rack. Karla looks up, a bit of nervousness on her face.

Sophie holds out a little sliver tray to me. She holds it over Karla's stomach where Karla can't see what's on it. Sophie has a small variety of feathers laid out on the tray. I select one that is long and narrow.

Karla finally sees what I have as it rises above the tray. She gasps, but not too loudly.

I hold it up letting Karla see it. "You disappointed me, bitch," I say firmly, "and now your slutty little behind is going to pay dearly for it."

The rack has Karla's entire body stretched tautly. Including her

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chest. It's pulled her small breasts flat, making her chest look rather androgynous. Her dark nipples, however, stick up straight and hard. I take a long moment, moving the feather slowly to make sure everyone, especially Karla, has a good show of it. I stop with the tip of the feather just barely touching the tip of Karla's narrow nipple.

I flick the feather over her nipple. Karla gasps out a loud squeal as her shoulder shudders hard. The rack keeps her in place. I flick the feather again. "Torture time, bitch!" I giggle. "while your skanky butt is on the rack, anyone may do whatever they wish to it. You'll be there until I'm satisfied you've suffered enough for being such a worthless whore, bitch." I slowly swirl the feather around the edge of her nipple. Karla cries out another squeal.

Sophie offers the feathers to my guests. "My slave will be offering up a wide variety of implements. Use as many as you wish. Do whatever you wish to this skanky bitch. Have fun. An eternity or two on the rack should teach this bitch not to forget its devotion to its Queen."

Izzy takes a feather. She uses it to gently stroke the sensitive place where Karla's neck meets her shoulders. Aaron takes one and teases Karla's other nipple with it. Ellie is offered one next. She uses hers to tease the insides of Karla's thighs. It's enough to get Karla struggling hard against the ropes and moaning out sweetly agonized cries. The ropes easily win. Karla stays stretched out splayed on the rack.

Sherry is offered the next choice of feathers. She selects a long, thin, one as well. I see the faintest hint of a smirk on her face. "payback is a bitch, bitch." Sherry takes her feather, and without touching Karla with anything but the feather, she strokes the tip of it up along Karla's slit.

Karla screeches out an urgent "OH!" as she shudders against the ropes again.

Sherry strokes the feather up and down, teasing Karla's slit mercilessly. "I'm not stopping until you scream louder than you made me scream, bitch."

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Jack takes a feather and teases Karla's other thigh with it.

"I can do anything?" Zach asks me tentatively. "Do I have to use a feather?"

"Nope." I say sweetly, "you can do whatever you wish with this bitch." To prove my point I slap Karla's face and scold her "Take it like a bitch, bitch."

Zach looks eagerly at Karla's pussy for a few seconds. It's sloppy wet. He puts the tip of his finger to it, all the way at the bottom to allow Sherry as much slit for teasing as he can. He starts to press his finger into her slit. After a second he hesitates, adjusts the angle of his finger, and presses it again. Now it slips into Karla's pussy.

Definitely a virgin, I think. I'll bet Karla's is the first naked pussy he's been within ten feet of. Clearly, he hasn't a clue about us girls. He starts stroking his finger in and out of Karla's pussy. It quickly gets a thick coat of slippery honey on it.

After a few seconds, Izzy stops teasing Karla's neck. She whispers something into Zach's ear. A seconds after that, Karla cries out with an even more agonized moan of ecstasy. Izzy returns to Karla's neck. "Thanks, Izzy," Zach says with a wide smile on his face.

Sophie comes around with the next tray of toys. It has a wide assortment on it, everything from pinwheels to feathers, vibrators, even a miniature cat-o-nine tails. Clamps, too. Both Ellie and Izzy stick with feathers. I take the little whip and crack it's fine leather strips down on Karla's breast. She screeches. I whip it again. Then I return the whip to the tray.

Zach sticks to fingering Karla's pussy. Clearly, he's thoroughly enjoying himself. Even so, I wonder if he's sticking to one thing hoping the rest of us don't notice that he doesn't know what to do with a girl. What boy would ever admit that?

I get a hemostat. It's a surgical tool that's just a little clamp with

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handles like scissors. I spread Karla's lips wide, baring her pinkness. Zach glares at the sight, especially watching his finger now that he can see the pink tunnel it's disappearing into. I open the blades of the clamp and touch them to Karla's pinkness around the tip of her clit. Unlike Sherry's huge clit, Karla's isn't sticking up above her folds. I press the clamp down, pushing Karla's folds down and exposing the top the BB-sized nub. I close the clamp, lightly locking Karla's nub in place. Karla squeals.

Sherry sees what I'm doing. She takes the tip of her feather and flicks it over the tip of Karla's clit. Karla cries out a loud moan. Sherry takes her feather and starts slowly swirling it around Karla's nub, just as Karla's tongue did to Sherry's clit. Karla's nub starts pulsing hard enough that we all can see it throbbing. Karla screams the sweetest scream of agony. Sherry grins. "payback, bitch!" Sherry keeps the feather swirling around the nub, even as Karla's clit pounds harder.

I see Zach watching what Sherry's doing intently. I put an arm around Zach's shoulder and whisper to him "see how she's moving the feather?" after a second, Zach nods mutely. "That's what you want to do with your tongue. Just like it was the feather." Zach nods more. "Come, you can practice on her nipples."

Zach lets me ease his finger from Karla's pussy and guide him over to her nipple. He leans forward as I tell him to put his lips wide around her nipple. "I'm sorry this bitch doesn't have any boobs to play with. She's just so boyish and ugly!" I say tauntingly more for Karla than Zach. I have him suck gently, telling him to suck just enough that he can feel her nipple begin to pull into his mouth. Then he places his tongue against her stiff nub and swirls it slowly.

Karla cries out a loud sweet moan as his tongue caresses her nipple. I nudge Zach to lift his head. I reach over and get the little whip from the tray. I snap it down hard, landing its strips atop Karla's freshly licked nipple. Karla screeches with the crack. "Slutty bitch!" I snap as I scold her sternly, "stop liking it!" I snap the whip on her nipple again. Now with

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little red welt lines decorating Karla's breast, I nudge Zach to put his lips back and "practice some more." He does.

Aaron, already having claimed Karla's other breast, decides to help himself to it as well. He puts his lips to her nipple. Karla moans a little more urgently.

"You really want to get even with... bitch?" Jack quietly asks Sherry. As Sherry nods, Jack chooses a rather large, maybe 1.5" wide, dildo from the tray of toys. He holds it up and Sherry smiles to him. A second later, Jack is pushing the dildo into Karla's pussy while Sherry teases her clamped clit with her feather.

At first, Jack strokes Karla's pussy slowly with the toy. Karla screeches desperate moans, her body shivering hard as she squirms against the ropes. Then, after about a minute, Jack grins to Sherry. Suddenly he starts pounding her pussy hard and fast with the shaft. Karla screams her moans and struggles against the ropes with everything she has. They hold her tight and still while we tease her.

Karla steadily screams urgent moans and squirms more desperately. She lasts about two minutes before Jack pulls the dildo from her pussy. "You weren't kidding, this bitch is sloppy!" He points to her pussy.

I glance over. Karla has leaked so much honey there's now a little puddle of it on the rack just below her pussy. "You skanky slutty bitch!" I snap in my most disgusted voice. "What kind of filthy whore are you? You've skanked all over my rack!" Moving fast I grab the little whip and snap it down, landing it atop Karla's pussy lips and the narrow slice of her pinkness still exposed between those lips. "Bad bitch!"

Karla scream and squirms.

I snap the whip down on her pussy mound again. "Bad bitch!" Karla screams again. I whip her pussy again. "Skanky bitch!" She screams. I use my left hand to spread her lips wide and bare all of her

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tender pinkness. "Just look at how slutty this skanky whore is being. Bad bitch!" I snap the whip down three times, landing each blow on her nervy pinkness. The strokes come fast, not allowing Karla even a full scream between them. With the second I scold her for being a "skanky bitch." For the third, I scold her for being a "sloppy cum dumpster bitch."

As soon as I finish whipping her, I borrow the dildo from Jack. Then I hesitate for a fraction of a second before I hand it back to him. "You'll just have to learn not to skank my rack up, bitch." From the tray, I get a short, inch-wide butt plug. I ask Jack politely for his help. When he agrees, I have him pull her butt cheeks wide apart.

With Karla tied down on her back, spreading her cheeks isn't easy. There's really only a small slice of butt available beneath her pussy. But it's enough. There's just enough room for me to push the tip of the butt plug under her, then pivot it to bring the tip up to press against Karla's tightly clenched asshole.

I push it up, pressing it hard against Karla's tensed ring. After a second Karla cries out a strained grunt as the toy stretches her taut muscle wide and slips through. Her muscle clenches tightly around the hard shaft as the shaft slips into her enema-filled butt, taking up even more space.

Karla groans hard as her bottom is invaded. I see a faint ripple flow over her stomach as a light cramp sweeps over it. It lets me know her bottom is nicely full. Fuller than she's ever experienced.

I get the toy back from Jack and push it into her pussy. I stroke her pussy slowly with it, maintaining a steady rhythm.

Karla screeches out moans that grow more pleading and hungry by the breath. She squirms hard and goes nowhere. Her hips buck up a fraction of an inch before her taut body stops them. Her hips buck up and down without really moving much. She cries out hungrier moans.

"Isn't this bitch just the skankiest thing ever!" I tease aloud.

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"Seriously! The more I stuff its butt full, the loud it moans. What a slut!" I laugh. Then in my most disapproving tone, I say to Karla, "you really ought to be ashamed to show your face, bitch!"

After a few very intense minutes of Karla's slutty suffering, I can see that Sherry is starting to lose interest in teasing Karla's clit with the feather. It gives me an idea. I whisper to Zach. He stops playing with Karla's breast and goes over to Sherry. Softly he offers "Pepper taught me how to do it to her the same way... if you want me to, I'd be glad to give her what she really deserves... as payback... for you."

Sherry hesitates for a second. The faint tinge of a smirk creeps onto her face. "You wouldn't mind?"

"I'll be happy to help if that's what you to do to her, that is."

"Okay." Sherry lifts the feather away. I reach over and quickly take the clamp off Karla's clit. Jack, now manning the dildo, steps back and stretches out his arm to work it. That way Zach has room to get to Karla's clit easily.

Zach puts his lips to Karla's clit. He uses his tongue the way I just taught him to. Karla screams the hungriest moan she's made all night. Then again, not only is her butt stuffed full, but Jack is still steadily stroking her pussy while Zach tongues her. She screams and screams begging moans.

I see Sherry grin as she watches the show. Karla thrashes against the ropes shamelessly as she moans. There's little else Karla can do to show how badly she's suffering the sweet agony. It's clear to me that Zach paid close attention and learned well what to do to a girl. Karla is proving that now.

I let the show go on for a few minutes that must be a few eternities to Karla. Everyone except Jake and Zach stops what they're doing to watch. Jack watches as well. Zach has his face in Karla. I doubt he can see anything except for the slight rippling of her flesh beneath the hairs of

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her bush.

"I guess we're about even..." Sherry admits reluctantly. I accept that and ask the boys to stop for a minute. Karla falls limp, her body shivering with crisp twitches as she lies on the rack. She pants hard. Every breath brings another deep moan of frustration. And the puddle of sticky honey beneath her pussy has doubled. And that's despite enough of it clinging to Zach's mouth and chin to make it glisten with its thick film.

Sophie offers him a wet wipe to clean "the bitch's disgusting skank from his face." He accepts, even though I'm pretty sure he doesn't mind having his face covered with her cum one bit.

I give Karla a moment of rest. Then I ask Jack if he'd mind resuming his dildo duty. "Clearly this bitch still hasn't learned not to skank all over the place! I can't have my Queendom getting skanky just because of this bitch's sluttiness!" I taunt in my bully voice.

Jack resumes slowly fucking Karla's dripping wet pussy with the dildo. Karla screams out more of her deep, urgent moans as she squirms. Everyone else watches for the few seconds it takes before Karla is suffering just as graphically as before. Then we all watch some more.

A nod to Sophie is all it takes for her to bring me another toy, one I haven't had out for my guests to use. It's a fat syringe, about an inch across, with its tip cut off leaving an open end like a tube. It's long, too. I plunger it about halfway up. In the space between the rubber plunger and the open end, there are a bunch of little rubber "fingers", all of which are connected to a vibrator's motor.

I put the open end to Karla's now unteased clit, centering its opening over the tiny nub. I pull on the plunger very slowly. I watch carefully as it draws her hard nub into the clear tube, pulling it deeper and deeper and stretching her pink flesh taut. I pull it in until her flesh is fully taut. It puts her swollen clit about $\frac{3}{4}$ " into the tube. The suction also makes her clit swell up more, almost doubling its size. So swollen, it

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throbs so hard it pounds, and everyone can see it. The suction also pulls her clit against the little rubber fingers.

I turn the vibrator on. The fingers vibrate against Karla's swollen, throbbing taut clit. Karla screams. It's loud and desperate. It's a scream that begs for an orgasm like the sluttiest of sultry moans. She doesn't squirm. She lies on the rack, her body trembling violently hard. Her pussy weeps a steady flow of honey around the fat shaft of the dildo.

In a matter of seconds, Karla's body flushes the brightest shade of pink and she begins sweating worse than if she were in a sauna. Her clit throbs hard in the tube. It flushes as well, turning redder than a beet. Karla screams more moans with her head thrashing from side to side.

I doubt she could last too much longer, no matter what I wanted her to do. There's only so much orgasm a woman can fight back before she'll cum. "Fine, bitch." I sigh with disgust laced in my voice, "show us all what a complete piece of filth I've scraped out of that disgusting gutter. Go on, bitch, let us all watch you cum like a cheap whore."

Karla cums. It's not that easy to see either. She lies there trembling the same as ever. I only notice because her scream fades off to be quickly replaced by loud, deep, panicked-fast pants that sound to me like "UH!s" Jack notices too. I look down at Karla's pussy, where Jack is looking and see why. Karla's honey now squirts around the thick shaft. The puddle grows, now to the size of a half-dollar.

After about a minute, Karla screams out "I'm done!" in a desperate, pleading voice. I ignore her as she screeches moans. It's not long before Karla screams out again, her voice begging even more. "STOP! I came! It hurts!"

Instead of stopping, I stretch my hand up and slap Karla's face hard.

"Please, my Queen, it's too much, it HURTS!" Karla cries out.

I slap her face again. Karla's moans take on a hard, strained note.

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But she wisely doesn't beg for any more mercy. She lies there, her body trembling hard, her pussy weeping honey, moaning like a porno star. Her clit stays just as swollen as ever, pulsing hard in the tube as the fingers tease it.

Over the next minute or so the note of stress fades from Karla's urgent moans, replaced by a primal note of sensuality. Her moans grow steadily hungrier by the second until it's clear she's resisting the urge to climax again. This time I don't give her permission.

I just let the vibrator do its thing. I let those tiny fingers, about 50 of them, tease all around her aching clit. After her first climax, her clit is far more sensitive to their teases. So sensitive that at first its teases hurt as much as they excited her. Now they just torture her sweetly. She manages to last a whole minute before she cums again.

I ignore that one, too. A couple of minutes later, as it begins to ebb, Karla screeches out, her voice laced with a heavy note of pain. Again, the teasing hurts her too-over-sensitive nub just as much as they arouse her.

This time her moans stay laced with the tinge of pain. Despite her trembling body being held flat, I can see the waves of her climax as they wash over her. It's like a light rippling, her muscles snapping a bit crisper as they hit her. The waves ebb, but never fade off completely. Before they have a chance, a fresh storm of waves begins crashing over her. These are by far the most powerful yet.

Karla screams deep moans. The waves keep coming. Karla keeps thrashing and screeching. The waves keep coming, just as strong as the first.

It's about five minutes later when Karla finally surrenders. Or rather her subconscious instincts do. Her body falls limp, her desire fully spent. A faint quivering replaces the hard trembling of her body. Her moans fade into quiet panting breaths with only a tinge of moan to them. Her pussy weeps honey as fast as ever. And I can still see the powerful waves flowing along her muscles as she drifts away into a cloud of bliss.

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I release the suction on the vibrator, watching as her clit retracts. Even once there's no suction left it pokes its head up slightly, more than it ever did before. I take the vibrator away. With a little nudge to his wrist, Jack takes the dildo from Karla's pussy. Karla lies there just the same as if we were still working her over.

I step back. "Well, if *that* wasn't the epitome of sluttiness." I giggle to my friends. They all agree. I turn to Sophie "slave, get this skanky bitch out of here."

"It would be my pleasure, Mistress before it skanks up your rack anymore," Sophie says with a grin on her face. Everyone glances between Karla's splayed thighs to see her pussy still oozing honey. And to see its lips twitching away crisply. It tells me she's still cumming hard.

I lead my guests out to the living room. On the way, I notice Izzy pull Zach aside. A hurried, and very hushed, whispered conversation ensues. It piques my curiosity, although I'm certain Izzy-the-gossip-girl will tell me all about it later.

It's only a few more minutes before Sophie follows. Karla, too. Except that Karla is on all fours, crawling along on very wobbly legs. Legs so wobbly that I see them faltering. No wonder Sophie has her crawling. There's no way Karla would stand on only two feet. Sophie has a good handful of Karla's hair as well, using it to drag Karla towards the door. I do mean drag. Karla looks like she's lost in a sweet fog, her limbs moving slowly and clumsily, as she tries to keep up with Sophie.

Sophie leads Karla over to the door. I hop up and meet them there. The first thing I notice is the day-glow pink end of the butt plug between Karla's cheeks. Then again, I didn't tell Sophie to take it out, so she wouldn't have. Right below that Karla's pussy mound is soaked with honey, her thick fur drenched in its stickiness. The coat is so heavy that I catch a whiff of its muskiness.

I nod. Sophie opens the door wide. It's late, and this floor of my building is always quiet and empty this time of night. "Skanky bitch!" I

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chide Karla coldly, “you’ve skanked up my realm too much already with your obscene sluttiness. I just can’t have you dripping whore-skank all over the realm. You’re banished, bitch.”

I put my foot to Karla’s butt, squarely atop one of her globes, and shove her hard forward. She tries to crawl, stumbles, and ends up on her face, naked, in the hall. I take Karla’s clothes from Sophie and drop them. They land on her legs. I nod. Sophie slams the door.

Sophie serves everyone another round of coffee.

Fifteen minutes later, when my guests go to leave, Karla is gone from the hall. I wonder how long she lies there nude before she realized she was out in the public hall. I wish I had a camera out there to catch to look on her face as she scrambled to pull her clothes back on before she was seen. She wouldn’t know it would be morning before anyone would see her.

As they leave, I notice Zach clumsily offer Sherry a ride home. Then I notice the beginnings of a faint smile on her face as Jack says he doesn’t mind. He offers to drive Izzy home, and Izzy quickly accepts. Sherry accepts as well. I guess she really is just close friends with Jack. A few minutes later I’m looking out my window and I see Zach and Sherry crossing the street to a smoothie bar. That’s so clearly Izzy’s doing. Izzy loves that place (I kind of do, too), but Zach wouldn’t know it existed. I guess I know what Izzy was whispering to Zach about.

I keep my promise. It takes me about fifteen minutes to edit up a video of Karla’s night and email it to her husband.

For three days I don’t hear anything from Karla. I hadn’t really expected to hear much from her since this was a one-off. But then I get her email:

My Beloved Queen;

I apologize for intruding with the email, Ma’am. Please allow this utterly worthless bitch to thank you so much, my Queen.

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My night in your realm was everything I'd hoped for and more. I've never had an enema before, let alone been forced to hold it all night. It was more uncomfortable than it sounds. It was also very arousing. I just have no idea why having my behind filled too full aroused me, but it did. Nor have I ever been given to virtual strangers before. I have no idea who those boys, and that girl, are. Every time I go anywhere in Mobile I cringe thinking that I may run into one of them. I think I'd die of embarrassment if I do. The way you gave me away without the slightest thought of me made me feel like I was absolutely nothing but some cheap whore in your stable. Like there were so many more where I came from that I didn't matter. If I disappointed, another would just take my place. That made me so hot I couldn't stand not being attended to. I swear if I wasn't chained, I would have done myself right then.

Then you banished this bitch. You kicked me out into the world naked! It took me a moment to realize where I was. Once I did, I was so scared, so humiliated, all I could do was scramble to pull my clothes on before I was caught. Despite the orgasms I'd just had, the entire time I burned so hot I couldn't stand it. I needed a fire extinguisher for myself!

Erik called me the next morning. You were serious and kept your word. He got your video. I thought or maybe prayed, you were just taunting me. He told me it was my most libertine performance by a few million kilometers! He also told me that he couldn't watch the part with that girl without touching himself. He's very eagerly awaiting my return. He's said that as soon as I arrive, he intends to make me demonstrate my new oral abilities right there at the door. I'm sure he's eager for that. I'm not... unhappy about it either. I fear the thoughts that must be running through his head. That's the reason I didn't want him to know all of it. Right now, he's probably thinking about arranging something with some other woman and him. I'm sure, after

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seeing your video, he'll be able to make me do it with her, too. Even worse, now he is going to take my butt. I'll hate that even as it arouses me so much I can't stand it. Every time I have to stand or lie there and feel him putting something up my butt I am going to think of you sending him that video.

My Beloved Queen, please, please, Ma'am, I know it's an awful inconvenience for you, and a bitch as worthless as this one has no right to beg for anything, but please my Queen, if you can find it in your heart, would you please consider allowing this skanky bitch one more chance to prove her undying devotion to you, your Highness? Please, my Queen, please! I'll do anything for you, my Queen! Please allow me to prove my devotion to you, Ma'am!!!!!!!!!! Please!!!!!!!!!!

the gutter whore, bitch.