

Caught Smoking

Nadia Saran



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Prologue:

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

My name is Pepper Rodgers. I'm a 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

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advantages over my vibrator: one, it's very delicate and tender. Two, no matter how much I use it, its batteries never die at the worst possible moment! It's better than fresh bunny batteries, it just keeps going until I want it to stop. And I don't even have to hold it in place!

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

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

Sophie is my 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

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put on a show on their account.

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

I get all of my toys through networking. It's almost always either one of the women in our circle who has a toy she doesn't want and offers to point it at another who is interested. Or sometimes one of my toys tells someone, who tells someone, and so on until someone asks my toy to introduce someone to me. Rarely it's someone I don't play with, but who knows what I'm into, who asks me to meet someone. I get plenty of emails inquiring about meeting me, and while I will email and maybe chat with a sub online, I haven't yet met any. I won't rule it out, but meeting online is risky enough that someone would have to convince me before I'd think about it. A girl's gotta be careful!

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

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A friend of mine has a BEARCAT STOL. It's a small airplane, in a class commonly called a cub-alike. That just means it looks, and kind of flies, like a Piper Cub. Two seats, one behind the other. One little engine up front with a propeller. This particular variant is designed specifically to fly low and slow. And to land about anywhere, like on a football field. I have a pilot's license, but even this tiny plane is well beyond my budget. In Mobile (where the economy was long ago flushed down the toilet) you could buy a house for the cost of an airplane. However, my friend is very generous. He lets me fly his whenever I want, as long as I leave the fuel tanks full. No problem there. The fun is well worth the cost of the AVGAS.

It's a warm, clear summer day. I've just spent an hour and a half buzzing the beach at 500 feet and going as slow as I could fly while I did. In this baby, that's around 40-45 MPH. I picked 500 feet because it's as low as I thought I could get away with. Lower, and I have no doubt there would have been a deputy waiting on me to land. The plane is red, so there's not much to following it to the runway. Just look up. And the deputies' car can go faster than this plane. But it is way so fun! Naturally, I took my slave-girl, Sophie, with me. She makes an excellent co-pilot in a plane that's designed for one pilot. She's very good at looking out the window, taking pictures, and giggling. You'd be surprised what you can see from above!

We've just landed and secured the plane. I'm about to get in my car – it's a rebuilt Mazda Miata convertible and the top is down. I'd hate to waste a day like today with the top up. I mean literally about to get in the car. As in my hand on the door handle. My phone rings, Sophie glances at the caller ID and answers it. A few seconds later, about when my butt is hitting the seat, Sophie looks to me, the question in her eyes telling me she wants to speak. So I let her. She tells me it's my friend Andrea calling, and Andrea wants to talk to me. I take the call.

Andrea starts by asking if I'm busy. When I say "not really," she asks if I'm up for a "weird one-off." Andrea is one what my BFFs call my

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kinky friends. Meaning she shares me taste for BDSM, and like me, she's a Domme. We get together about every three weeks or so and swap gossip, tips, stories, and sometimes toys to play with. Two-legged toys.

Andrea tells me a story. Like all of her stories, it's long-winded and tells me a million irrelevant things. A couple, whom she is friends and neighbors with, but not "play-partners" with, have an 18-year-old daughter named Chloe who has been nothing but trouble for them lately. The girl is very quiet and very demure. The problems arise when she's left unguarded. Thinking for herself, she's liable to do about anything. Her parents, who've never shown any interest in our BDSM lifestyle, have asked Andrea about it. As in, did Andrea think it might be appropriate for Chloe, and did she think Chloe might be happy in this life. Andrea tells me that she's certain Chloe would be in heaven. Apparently, on the few chances, Chloe has had, she's asked Andrea questions that make Andrea "just certain" Chloe is dying to be owned.

A few minutes ago Chloe's mother called Andrea. They caught Chloe smoking, something that's completely against the house rules Chloe agreed to live by while she's still in her parents' house. Her parents are obviously upset. And have no idea how to deal with Chloe. Mostly because they've tried on the several occasions they caught her before, and yet they keep catching her. Tina, Chloe's mother, finally came out and directly asked Andrea what to do, or better yet, might she somehow convince Andrea to "help" them out. Andrea, however, is in Charlotte (she's a flight attendant, so she can be anywhere, anytime). She suggested that she has a friend, who is also a Domme, who might be willing to handle Chloe for them. She didn't say that she was uncomfortable doing it herself, since she's friends with both of Chloe's parents. But the eagerness and relief in Tina's voice told Andrea Tina thought it would just as uncomfortable. And that Andrea had figured out exactly what Tina wanted to try with Chloe.

I make no promises to Andrea. I'm not going to do anything with a girl who isn't interested in it. But I do get Tina's number and

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call her.

As soon as I introduce myself to Tina, she thanks me prolifically for calling her. Apparently "I'm Andrea's friend" was enough of an explanation for her to know exactly who I am. I can immediately tell that they're at their wits' end with Chloe. I can hear her father screaming at her in the background. And I can hear the light sobs in Tina's voice that she's trying hard to hide. She's slightly (very slightly) less wordy than Andrea. She tells me all of the trouble they've been having with Chloe. To me, it's just the typical teenager kind of thing. Nothing that serious. Just bratty. But still, it takes Tina around ten, marginally-rambling minutes to tell me the story.

I tell Tina that I refuse to touch anyone who doesn't wish for me to touch him or her. I won't force anyone to play or to accept a punishment from me. If Chloe willingly submitted to it, great. If not, they're on their own. I am not forcing Chloe, or anyone else, into anything. I get their address and tell Tina that I just landed at the little airport in Saraland, so I should be there in about fifteen minutes.

They are to immediately stop screaming at Chloe. They are to tell her that a friend of Andrea's is coming to deal with her "naughty little bottom." Chloe is to sit and sit still, in a chair until I arrive. No TV. No music. No nothing beyond her bottom in a chair. A dining room type chair, not a sofa or a recliner. Beyond her instructions, they were to refuse to speak to her. But both of them are to stand in the room and never take their eyes off of her. Just watch her. Watch Chloe sit in that chair and squirm. Tina happily agrees. I head over.

When we arrive, it's Tina who greets me at the door. I introduce myself as "Miss Rodgers," the same as I did on the phone, never telling her my first name. Sophie is beside, and one step behind me at the door. Despite the leash, Sophie's on, I politely introduce her as my slave-girl. I never offer a name for Sophie. "Slave" is all the name she needs. Tina invites us in and leads us to the kitchen where Chloe is waiting. It was

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the room she was in when I gave them my instructions, so they just picked a chair and demanded she sit in it and wait for me to get here.

Chloe is sitting. Not properly, but no one has ever taught this girl how a polite slave should sit. She fidgets around nervously and uncomfortably. She's wearing jeans that are neither snug nor loose on her, with a plain bright yellow t-shirt. It is so not fashionable! Then again, neither is her simple, straight long hair. Or much else about the girl. She's not a slob, just unstylish.

She fidgets a lot harder as soon as she sees me. She doesn't know me, at least I'm sure we've never met before. I guess the leashed Sophie demurely follows me must be a clue?

I don't waste any time. I walk directly up to Chloe. I stare into her eyes for about half a second. "Sit. Stay. Do not speak. I will tell you when you want to do anything else. You do not want to disappoint me, bitch. Got it? Say a very polite, 'Yes, Ma'am' now, bitch." I use a very firm, but not unkind voice with her.

Chloe sobs and blurts out a hushed "Yes, Ma'am" that rings with a nervousness. Not fear, just the nervousness of being a few light-years beyond her experience and into the unknown. She fidgets more.

"And stop sitting like a complete slob! I don't care if you are an impish little bitch, I won't tolerate any disrespect from you! Sit up straight! Hold your head up! Cross your legs, right over left... all the way! That's right, now fold those hands neatly in your lap. That's a good bitch! Now stop squirming around like a little weasel and sit still. Got it, bitch?"

Chloe flinches hard with my first command, even though I neither use a harsh tone nor raise my voice. I'm just firm in my instructions to her. She very quickly obeys, pulling herself into a polite posture as I instruct her along. She manages all of it, except the part about not squirming. She still fidgets around, now a little more nervously than

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before. She answers again in her hushed, edgy tone. "Yes, Ma'am!"

I glare at her, waiting for Chloe to stop fidgeting so much. It has the opposite effect on her. She fidgets more. I see her eyes start casing downward a couple of times, but Chloe quickly catches herself and brings them back up.

After a few long moments, I turn my attention to Tina. "Tina, you will tell me exactly what this naughty bitch did. Tell me only what you saw, nothing that you think."

Tina stands, leaning against the countertop. "I thought I smelled something, so I went around back. I saw Chloe hanging half out her bedroom window with a cigarette in her hand."

"I understand that Chloe was told she was not permitted to smoke in this house, is that right, or was Chloe told that she wasn't allowed to smoke at all?"

"I... guess we weren't so specific about that... we just told her she couldn't smoke while she was here..."

"If I agree to handle this for you, you must agree that, whatever I decide, no matter how much you or Chloe dislikes or disapproves of my handling it, you will abide by my decision. No matter what. And abide by it literally and strictly, no wiggle room or interpretation. Do you want me to handle Chloe?"

"Yes." Tina sighs out. To me, she looks frustrated with Chloe and slightly concerned that I may have something hideous in mind for Chloe. I've already figured out that discipline isn't their strong suit. If it was, Chloe would behave her naughty butt and I wouldn't be here.

I ask Chloe's father if he accepts my terms as well. He does, a little less hesitantly than Tina did.

I turn my attention back to the fidgety girl. "You know whose friend I am, so unless you're dumber than a goldfish, you know what I'm

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like. Are you dumber than a goldfish?"

"No, Ma'am." Chloe answers in her hushed voice.

"We'll see about that, bitch," I grin. "This is your one, *and only*, chance. You have a choice. This will be the last choice you get. You may choose your consequence. Since you clearly do not wish to live by the rules of this house, you may leave it now and make your own way in this world. Pay your own bills, feed yourself, keep a roof over your own head. All the things grown-up girls do. Without any help or gifts of money from mommy and daddy. I do it, so you can too.

"Or, you may accept whatever punishment I dream up. You will hate it. It wouldn't be much of a punishment if it was fun, would it? I will own you. I will do whatever I wish with you, and your body. I won't care about your shyness or comfort. Your worthless butt will be truly punished, I think for the first time in your waste of a life.

"Make your choice, bitch."

"I don't want to get kicked out, Ma'am," Chloe answers nervously.

"Obviously you need to learn so proper manners, too, bitch!" I scold her, still not raising my voice. "Pick one. Then very politely *ask* me for it. In a full sentence that tells me what you're asking for."

Chloe hesitates a moment. "Will you please punish me, Ma'am?"

"If I do, I will punish you for *everything* I think you are doing wrong. Not just the one thing mommy caught you at. You will be a proper little bitch from now on. I will do whatever I fancy with you. And that means literally anything. There is no limit, nothing I can do to you or any part of you. Still want me to punish your naughty butt?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Chloe squirms a little more, her edgy eyes locked on me as if waiting to hear how utterly hideous her punishment is going to be.

"Where are your cigarettes, bitch? All of them."

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"In my purse, Ma'am." Chloe's voice is still hushed and shy, but also now reluctant.

"Slave, fetch this bitch's purse."

Sophie glances around the kitchen to make sure it isn't here, then hurries for Chloe's room. Chloe sits nervous and unhappy, warily watching Sophie rush off to invade her privacy. Sophie is back in less than a minute. She drops to her knees facing me and holds Chloe's purse out atop upturned palms that are flat with her nipples and out six inches from those nubs.

I take Chloe's purse and ask her if it's hers. She says yes. Then I ask her if there's anything else a "good little girl" shouldn't have in her purse in it. I glare at Chloe hard for a few seconds, watching her fidget more by the second. I dump Chloe's purse out on the table, making sure I get everything out of it. And watch Chloe cringe as I do.

I find a pack of Newport 100s. Yuck! I flip the box open and see that it's about half full. I wonder how long these were going to last Chloe. Hopefully, Chloe realizes that they're gone now. I find a Bic lighter, too. I put both off to the side. Then I keep going, looking through everything from her purse. I don't find anything else.

I pick up Chloe's phone, which was in her purse. It needs a PIN number or a fingerprint to unlock it. I say nothing. In just walk the two steps to Chloe, take hold of her finger, and press it to the little sensor. I watch as the phone unlocks. And I watch as just as quickly a look of utter horror sweeps Chloe's face. But that doesn't surprise me. Phones are the world to teenagers, especially girls, and more especially socialites. Chloe being all three. Her entire life is going to be in this little gadget.

I look through it, seeing Chloe cringe even more by the click. It doesn't take me but a second to see that she has Snapchat, but so do a lot of people. Including me. Since I know it can be used inappropriately, that's where I start. I find a bunch of messages to Jacob. No mention of

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who he is. And I can't read the messages, they've been auto-deleted. But I can open her pictures folder and see every picture Chloe has taken. It doesn't take me long to find out why Chloe is squirming around so hard. There's a very revealing naked selfie.

I turn to Tina and ask her who Jacob is. Before Tina can answer, Chloe blurts out, very nervously and desperately, "he's a friend!" I spin around quickly, slapping Chloe hard across her face as I do. It's enough of a slap that it rings out with a loud crack that startles her parents. And leaves a pink handprint on Chloe's cheek. "Shut up, bitch. I didn't tell you that you wanted to speak. I asked your mommy who he was." I turn back to Tina and apologize for the interruption, then ask her again who Jacob is. She tells me she doesn't know. She's yet to hear the name from Chloe.

I sigh, shaking my head as I do. I show Tina the selfie, watching as Chloe blushed a deep beet red. As does Tina. Then it shows it to her father. He doesn't so much blush as take on an angry redness. The redness that says Jacob would be smart not to show his face around here.

Finally, I turn my attention back to Chloe. "Who is Jacob, and don't give me that 'he's a friend' line. I am not your parents. If you haven't noticed, I am a young woman. I know all the lingo and all the young girl tricks."

"He's a guy I kind of like, Ma'am..."

As if I couldn't have guessed that. "Has he taken you out?"

"No, Ma'am..."

"So you just send naked pictures of yourself to guys hoping they'll like what they see and ask you out for your tits and ass instead of the person you are. I see. Don't you think that's rather trashy, even by cheap slut standards?"

I see the first tear roll down Chloe's cheek as she says "when you

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say it like that, I guess so. Yes, Ma'am."

I turn the phone off, now that I've found what Chloe desperately wanted me not to find. Mission accomplished. "We'll discuss your skankiness once we've dealt with your smoking, bitch." I hand her phone to Sophie. Sophie slips it into my purse, where I won't forget it. Chloe cringes hard and a couple of more tears roll down her cheeks.

"I guess I'll just work from the bottom up. Come over here and get your spanking, bitch."

Chloe's eyes almost pop out of her head. She sits there, squirming hard, and staring at me as if I'd just told her she'd be sold to aliens or something. I tap my foot. Once. It's all the count she gets. I snap firmly, "I said come get your spanking, bitch. Stop stalling and bring your naughty bottom over here to get blistered. The longer it takes you to girl-up and come get it, the worse I'll make it. Now, bitch."

I tap my foot again. Chloe starts dragging herself up onto legs that don't want to work. I give her three taps. She's only two steps away. "That's one more for wasting my time, bitch." I start tapping my foot again. This time, by the third tap, Chloe is standing beside me, right where I'm pointing her to.

I sit down in one of their chairs, turning it so that I'm facing Chloe's parents where they're leaning against the counter and watching. Once I'm seated, I move fast. Fast enough that Chloe stands paralyzed, not really sure what's happening until I'm done. First I unbutton her jeans. Then I pull her down to her knees, quickly pulling her shoulders forward to make her lie over my knees. As I'm lying Chloe in place, I spread my knees, putting my right one in the fold of her waist, my left up under her ample breasts, leaving those mounds hanging just outside my leg.

I hold my hand out. "Slave, I think a nice rubber paddle will properly educate this little bitch." In two seconds, Sophie, the designated bag carrier, is gently placing the handle of my rubber paddle in my hand.

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The paddle is moderately long, about 18 inches, and about 4" wide. But it's only about ¼" thick. It's made of two layers of soft rubber with a thin sheet of spring steel between them to stiffen it up as hard as a board.

I touch the paddle to Chloe's bottom, through her jeans. Chloe immediately fidgets so hard I think she might squirm herself off my knees and fall on the floor. "I take it that it has been quite a long time since you've been spanked, bitch?"

"I've never been spanked, Ma'am!" Chloe squeals out nervously.

"No wonder you're such a naughty little girl!" I lift the paddle from her bottom. Then I reach to the waistband of Chloe's jeans and quickly shove them down. Chloe shrieks a loud, panicked squeal. I shove them all the way down to her thighs until they're about an inch or two beneath the bottom curve of her cheeks. And I take her panties down with her jeans, leaving her bare bottom poking up.

Chloe is an average-sized girl. She stands around 5'5" and I'd guess right at 140 pounds. It gives her body a thin-ish look, but also a look as if she has just a couple of pounds of baby fat she's yet to lose. It gives her a nice bottom - for spanking. Her globes are shapely and rounded, but also just a hair jiggly and loose. They're a pale white devoid of tan lines. And while I'm not looking at her pussy, I can see a few long hairs of fur peeking out from under those spongy globes.

Chloe squirms around hard. I lightly lie the paddle along Chloe's bare cheeks. She gasps out a panicked squeal when it touches her. I give her a second to realize it's just touching her, not whipping her yet. Then I tell her that she's required to count her strokes, apologize after each for smoking, be polite, otherwise not say a word, hold her butt still, and not try to cover her bottom. All for the entire duration of her spanking. "You will get ten strokes on each of those cheeks, bitch. Misbehave for me, and I'll just start over until you finally decide to be a repentant bitch and behave. Got it?"

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Chloe starts crying. "Yes, Ma'am." Her bottom is anything but still. Her hips fidget hard enough that there's alight jiggle to her globes.

Chloe's parents haven't said a word. Glancing up, I can see that both are trying hard to look anywhere but at Chloe. To my eyes, they look as nervous as Chloe.

"Slave, light me one of those smokes."

"Yes, Mistress," Sophie answers immediately. She knows I don't smoke. I never had, and never have any intention of starting. I'm sure she doesn't know why I want one. And she doesn't care. She obeys. She knows I don't want her smoking either, so she doesn't put the cigarette to her lips. She holds it in front of her mouth, puts the flame to it, and blows gently over its tip until it's lit. She turns it around in her hand, holding it midway down its length, and hold the filter out to me.

I set the paddle Chloe's back and take the cigarette with my hand. I'd bet anything that Chloe thinks I'm going to keep her lying there, squirming away, while I enjoy a leisurely smoke.

Lying over my knees, Chloe's bottom is tight enough that her cheeks don't touch, leaving a crack about the width of a finger between them. I use my left hand to push her cheeks wide apart. It lets me feel them. I feel a thin layer of sponginess over a layer of decently hard muscles.

It bares Chloe's asshole as well. Her ring is fairly small, about the size of a pencil, and funneling inward as sharply as the tip of that pencil. It's a light-to-medium shade of pink, which quickly fades to the pale whiteness of her cheeks. Maybe an inch from the tightly cinched muscle, there's a sparse ring of long brown hairs. Just spreading Chloe's cheeks was enough to make her clench that little hole even tighter. At least she has very attentive nervous reflexes.

I turn the cigarette putting the tip of its filter square against Chloe's tensed ring. Chloe screeches as it touches her, confirming her worst fear.

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I see her parents cringing, too. I ignore everyone. I press the cigarette steadily against Chloe's ring. A cigarette isn't wide. It doesn't take much for it to start slipping through her muscle. Chloe screeches a little louder as she feels it starting to slide in. I keep it moving, stopping it only when the tan-colored filter has disappeared into Chloe's narrow hole. It leaves me the sight of the wrinkly pink flesh of her asshole wrapped around the white of the cigarette paper. I'd guess this one has about three inches to burn before its smoldering tip reaches her asshole. I let go of Chloe's cheeks, letting them relax. Neither touches the cigarette poking up between them, but both are a scant fraction of an inch away. It leaves about two inches to burn down before that flaming hot tip is between those globes.

Chloe shrieks nervously. Her parents look at me, studiously avoiding the sight of Chloe's bare bottom, more so the sight of it with a burning cigarette sticking out of her butt. Both look unhappy and almost as nervous as Chloe.

I pick my paddle back up. "Now be a good bitch! I don't think you want to waste my time and make me start over. You'll waste the whole cigarette if you do!" I say it tauntingly, in my mean-girl bully voice. I have so perfected that voice!

I hold the paddle with its blade running up and down over Chloe's closer cheek, not across her bottom where it might strike the cigarette. I don't spank Chloe that hard. I bring my arm up about halfway and snap the rubbery paddle down, landing it exactly as I'd aimed. A loud, splitting, crack rings out as the paddle finds its mark.

Chloe screams. I'm not sure if she's a little actress, unused to any pain, or just naive enough to think it might get me to ease up. Probably all three I decide as I lift the paddle off her bottom and see the bright pink splotch it left on her spongy cheek. I freeze, holding the paddle up in the air.

Chloe busts into a fully-blown bawling cry. Her hips squirm

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around hard on my knee. It takes her a couple of seconds to realize what I'm waiting for. "One, Ma'am... I'm sorry for smoking, Ma'am."

I snap the paddle down again. This time Chloe really screams out a pitiful "OW!" as she sobs away. It takes her a second to get herself together enough to count this second stroke, her voice pure sobs as she does. The burning end still isn't anywhere near her skin. But a steady coil of smoke wafts up, lacing the air with the disgusting scent of smoke. I'm sure Chloe smells it.

I swat Chloe's bottom a third stroke. This one is just as hard, and no harder, than the first two. All of them will be the same. Of course, landing on the already-stinging flesh of her globes, each one will hurt a little more than the last.

Chloe screams out again, a loud, squealy, and frankly annoyingly so, "OW!... "PLEASE, MA'AM! Please, I swear, I'll never smoke again, Ma'am! Please, Ma'am, I can't take it! It hurts too bad! Please, Ma'am, I'll never even look at another cigarette... PLEASE!" Chloe bawls, crying like a baby instead of counting the stroke like a good girl.

Chloe lies over my knees. Her bottom squirms desperately. Her hands, which started out bracing herself against the floor under her shoulders, now come up, almost reaching her bottom before she stops them. Her feet kick up and down against the floor. There's nothing still about her.

"Bad bitch!" I firmly scold her. "I told you that you were not allowed to say a word. Begging in a futile attempt to weasel out of the punishment you earned counts as speaking. Just for that, the last stroke doesn't count. It will be your punishment for misbehaving for your spanking. The next word I hear will cost you double – two strokes. Now, this will be number three for the left cheek. Only 8 more to go on this one! If you behave, that is."

I swat Chloe's cheek again. She screams and squirms. Her parents

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cringe hard enough that I'm starting to wonder if they'll have the strength to last Chloe's entire spanking, or if one of them is going to break their promise to me and interfere. I'm sure Chloe is expecting them to. It's so clear that she's used to weaseling her way out of punishments.

It takes Chloe a second or two to stop screeching and finally count out the stroke. "Three, Ma'am. I'm sorry for smoking, Ma'am. I am sooo sorry, Ma'am! I will never smoke again, Ma'am!" Her words are jumbled with her infantile sobs.

I snap the paddle against Chloe's fiery-sore bottom again, landing stroke number four. Chloe screams. Her hands flail around wildly for a second, finally grabbing hold of her hair. Chloe's hair is long, down onto her shoulders. It's light, a shade something between light-brown and dark-blond. It's straight and stringy, too. And unlike most girls I know, she's done nothing with it other than brush it out. No styling at all. It gives it that plain look. She instantly grabs two big handfuls of it and yanks on them. Then she counts out her stroke and falls back into her crying.

I snap the paddle again. It has the same effect on Chloe. That's five swats on her left cheek now. It has her cheek glowing a bright shade of medium-pink. I know the rubber stings worse than wood or leather does, but it also doesn't bruise flesh anywhere near as much. Now I don't see even a hint of bruising on Chloe's cheek. Just the angry pinkness. It'll take an hour or so, but it will fade away and leave her bottom just as I found it. Sorer, but looking the same. The sting will take several more hours to fade away. And, I'm guessing, several more after that for Chloe to admit it's gone.

As many spankings as I've dished out, I'm pretty sure Chloe is faking it. Not all of it, but she's definitely making it look like it hurts worse than it does. A lot worse. I figure she's hoping to cajole some sympathy and mercy from her mom. I'd hope by now she's figured out she'll get neither from me. She wants to misbehave like a big girl, she can

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accept her consequences for it like a big girl. Or like a baby, if she prefers. It's her dignity.

"That's five. One-half of the spankings for that cheek," I tell the sobbing girl. I lightly lie the paddle against Chloe's untouched right cheek. "Now it's this one's turn. You'll get five on her, too. Then you'll get the second half of your spanking, five more on each."

Chloe says nothing. She just lies there, her hips grinding hard against my thigh as she squirms. As if wiggling her bottom is going to ease the sting.

To me, and I'd guess any non-smoker, the scent of the burning tobacco is strong and repulsive. The scent fills my nose. Luckily cigarettes don't burn that quickly. I know enough smokers that I know roughly how long it will take the cigarette to burn down. I figure about three or four more minutes before her bottom really feels the heat of its glowing tip. Another minute, minute and a half, and it'll reach her asshole. Obviously, I'm not going to let it burn its way through her asshole. But she doesn't know that.

Under the acrid aroma of the tobacco, I catch a faint whiff of musk. I hadn't expected that, but now that I think about it, maybe I should have. Andrea did tell me this girl has been dropping coy little hints. I decide to pretend I don't notice it, at least not right this second. I have a bottom to spank before this cigarette burns down. But, as I lift the paddle off her globe to raise it up for the first stroke, I let my thumb lightly brush over Chloe's pussy. It's casual enough that Chloe should think it a mere accident. I feel a thick coat of fur on her lips. I feel long, narrow lips under it. I feel loose folds of pinkness poking out prominently between them. And I feel a moist heat on the insides of those wrinkly folds.

Chloe definitely feels the glancing touch of my thumb. I feel her body tense up hard and shiver once before it relaxes back into it's squirming. Chloe sucks a shocked gasp. It's fast and comes between a couple of sobs. I catch it. I'm not so sure her parents did. But it came

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right along with her little crisp shiver. Hmm...

I swat Chloe's other cheek, her first stroke. It's no harder than the others. Chloe sobs a little harder. She counts it as number six.

I give Chloe four more strokes on that globe, all of them just the same. They leave Chloe crying like a baby, but she's been doing that since about the second swat. And they leave Chloe's cheeks matching! Both are now glowing a bright pink. A pinkness that covers most of each globe and thus has almost all of those cheeks stinging her equally.

And I can smell her strong muskiness a little more than I did on the last pause. Her scent is strong but musky, not unpleasant. I don't have much time to waste. There's only about an inch and half of the cigarette left before I'll have to take it out, and I so don't want to do that before her spanking is over. Now, it's glowing tip is about ½" above the top curve of her cheeks.

Last time, I gave Chloe about half a minute between "sets" to catch her breath. Screaming like that has got to be hard on the lungs! I'll give her the same this time. I hold the paddle in my hand, keeping it off her stinging cheeks. I pretend to be checking on the cigarette. "Aw, are you starting to feel the heat from your cigarette, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Chloe sobs out. She still wiggles just as much as always. Which lets me notice that her cheeks are just soft enough that as she squirms, their inside edges bump against the cigarette's paper. I'm going to have to be careful. In another minute or two, those jiggling cheeks will be able to burn themselves. I won't allow that. Nor will I allow Chloe to know I won't allow that.

I put my hand to the very bottom of her crack, a scant hair above Chloe's pussy. I spread her cheeks gently, just enough to get a good look at her pink ring clenching down on the white paper of the cigarette. She's clenched to full tenseness, hard enough that her asshole has squeezed the cigarette, partly crushing it.

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I spread her cheeks from the bottom. I hope Chloe is thinking I picked there because it's one of the few places that's not fiery pink from her spanking. While my hand is there, the side of bumps against her furry lips a few times. I make sure the bumps are light and casual, as if completely unintentional as if I don't care one iota about her pussy. But it's what I'm really trying to do. It lets me feel the moist heat has been flowing, slowly, but enough that her fur is starting to feel damp around those wrinkly folds.

I start with the paddle up, not on her cheek. Resting it against her pained cheek would just hurt her a little more. But this way, as it lands on her left, and stinging, globe, it comes as a surprise to her. She didn't get the usual "warning" that the swat was coming. Even though it's no harder, she screams louder, more panic in her cry. It takes her a few seconds to quiet her sobs enough to make some semblance of a count. She counts it as number eleven.

For the second half of her spanking, I've got my left hand resting on the small of Chloe's back, gently, but firmly, pinning her down a bit. I'm hoping to steady her, to stop some of the squirming that has her cheeks jiggling before one of them jiggles too close to the glowing embers. It does keep her hips stiller, which keeps her globes from moving too much, but the thin layer of looseness still has a slight jello-like jiggle to it.

She gets four more on that cheek. They brighten her globe up to a hot, angry, red. It glows like a neon billboard advertising her suffering. As if her shrieking sobs didn't already do that.

This time Chloe doesn't get the full half-minute's rest. I have to speed things up just a little. There's not quite ¼" of cigarette remaining before those soft cheeks are going to jiggle against it. Her musk is as strong as ever, which I guess must be its full aromatic strength. I doubt her parents can smell it, though, they're a good six or eight feet away from her bottom. And where they're standing, they have more of a side view from her head, so they won't see her pussy either. But as I move from one

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cheek to the other, I manage to graze a thumb through her long fur and feel the wetness. It's still blooming nicely.

Chloe takes the last set of her spankings badly. She screams continuously through them. She even screams while she counts them. Overacting again. She'll never convince me that they hurt any more than the last set did. Both were strokes six through ten, on separate cheeks. As if they hurt more on her right cheek than on her left. Now I'm certain that Chloe is a little actress, taking her last chance to evoke a little more sympathy for herself.

As soon as I've given her the last swat I lie the paddle across her back. I use my left hand, sliding it down Chloe's crack from the top, to push her cheeks wide apart. This way I don't touch any of the stinging red flesh. I bring my other hand up from the bottom to reach the shaft of the cigarette. As I do, I have plenty of leeway to brush the side of my hand against her long, and dense, fur. All of which feels very wet now. Almost soaked. I put two fingers to the cigarette, the sides of my fingers lying flush against the tense ring of Chloe's asshole.

"I'll bet that naughty little bottom was feeling the heat from this!" I give a tiny tug on the cigarette, enough for Chloe to feel it move inside her ring, but not enough to actually move it. Chloe sobs out a definite "yes."

I gently pull, easing the cigarette slowly out of Chloe's bottom. I hold it up, letting her parents see that there's about an inch of white paper left above the filter. I glance down to Chloe's pussy, seeing the dense brown hairs that almost fully hide her pussy. I take my free hand, releasing Chloe's cheeks, and brush a few ashes from her fur. A few more, wet with her honey, cling to her hairs. I leave those there.

"On your feet, bitch." I tell Chloe firmly.

She hurries to get up. I guess she doesn't want to be over my knees. She straightens up, her hips scooting back off my thigh the instant

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her chest isn't on me any longer. She continues straightening up as she lowers to one knee. She's about halfway up from my lap when I see her hands going for the waistband of her jeans. I swat her hand with mine. Chloe yelps. "What did I tell you to do, bitch?"

"You told me to get up, Ma'am." Chloe nervously blurts out with her sobs.

"Did I tell you to pull your panties up?"

"No, Ma'am." Chloe, now very nervously, reluctantly admits.

"Then why are you, bitch?"

By now Chloe's made it to one knee, her chest up straight. She starts rising up to her feet. "because I'm... exposed, Ma'am! If I stand, everyone is going to see everything!"

"Do I look like I care if your pussy and bottom are hanging out for the world?"

"No, Ma'am," Chloe's nervousness grows, as does her reluctance to confess.

Now on her feet, Chloe stands with her feet together, squishing her legs together to hold her jeans up above mid-thigh. It does nothing to hide her pussy, or her full, dense bush. She holds her hands down in front of her pubes, modestly trying to cover herself.

I just hold out my hand and Sophie very quickly puts my crop in it. With the cigarette in my right hand, I have to hold the crop in my left. I tap Chloe's hands with the tip of the crop. She yelps, loudly from the surprise of it. There's no pink splotch on her hands, and I know this little flick of my wrist didn't actually hurt her. But it certainly got her attention.

"Did I tell you to hide your pussy, bitch?"

"No, Ma'am," Chloe admits in a tense, muted tone. It takes her a

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second. She moves slowly as if she has to force herself to move her hands away from her pubes. I tell her that a "proper lady, or a proper bitch, politely keeps her hands behind her back when they're not needed. Like now. Once Chloe has moved her hands enough that every hair of her bush is bared again, she moves them up behind her back quicker. As if there's no reason to stall any longer.

She's partly facing her parents. Enough so that they can see her face. Her bush, too, but both are obviously not looking at that, and making sure Chloe sees that they're averting their eyes from it.

I step around to face Chloe. It lets me see her face clearly. Her eyes are wet. Her cheeks are blushed light red and stained with tears that have rolled down them. Her face is still scrunched up as she sobs. At least she's getting quieter. I can even see a little snot under her nose. She looks exactly like a toddler that's been bawling to me.

"Oh, you poor bitch!" I say tauntingly, "I'll bet you're just dying for a cigarette after getting your butt blistered! Would you like a few puffs now, bitch? Answer honestly."

"Yes, Ma'am... But I won't smoke! I promise I'll never smoke again!" Chloe adds with a desperate, pleading nervousness as if her life depends on me believing her.

"I'm not cruel, bitch," I grin. It's my evil, impish, mischievous grin. Chloe doesn't recognize it. But the smirk on Sophie's face tells me she does. And that she can guess what I'm going to do. "You may have a few goodbye-to-tobacco puffs. You will not be punished for them, since I said you could."

I hold the cigarette up to her lips.

Chloe's eyes spring wide. "It's been up my ass!" She blurts out panicked. A second later she adds "Ma'am" far less enthusiastically.

I slap Chloe's face hard again. "I didn't say you could speak. I said

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smoke, bitch. We'll discuss your potty mouth later." I shove the filter end of the cigarette between Chloe's lips. "Smoke it, bitch!" My stern voice, I hope, leaves no room for Chloe to doubt that her choice is to smoke or suffer.

Its end glows briefly as Chloe sucks in a tiny puff. She exhales it quickly.

"Go on, get a good lung full while you can. It's not like it's going to taste any worse now!"

Chloe takes a couple of more quick puffs. That's all the cigarette that remains. I take it from her lips and toss it in the sink. I hear the sizzle that tells me there was enough water in the bottom of the sink to put it out. It's not like there was an ashtray in here!

I grab Chloe by her shoulder. "Come along." I quickly push Chloe along with me, taking her to a corner. I push her into the corner, putting her with the tips of her toes touching the baseboards. And nothing else of Chloe touching anything else. I keep Chloe's hands behind her back. As she walked over, her pants fell to her ankles. But her panties are still mostly up, hanging around her legs just above her knees. With her feet together, as I put her, her legs hold her panties there.

"You will stand in the corner. You will not say a word while you are here." I very lightly tap the back of Chloe's thigh with my crop, just enough for her to know what the price of breaking the rules will be. "You will not move a hair. Not even to scratch an itch! You will keep your eyes open. You will feel the fiery sting in your bottom. I strongly suggest you use this time to think about *why* you are sorry for smoking in this house. I do corner time like time outs. One minute for every year old you are. Thus you will be here for eighteen minutes. Don't worry about the time. When your time is up, I will come to get you. Now behave, bitch." I tap the back of her thigh again, so lightly, but enough. Chloe flinches from the tap, so I'm pretty sure she's gotten the point.

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Luckily I can see the kitchen, and more importantly the corner I have Chloe standing in, from their living room. I “suggest” we all head in there and talk for a few minutes while Chloe “serves her corner sentence.” they agree, their eyes linger on Chloe as we walk.

I snap my fingers lightly. “Slave, serve us all coffee.” Sophie scurries back to the kitchen and hunts around to find the stuff she needs. The coffee maker on their counter, clearly well used, told me they enjoy coffee. But who wouldn’t?

I pick a seat where I can see Chloe. They do, too. I start by apologizing that they had to see Chloe's punishment. And for Chloe acting like a little baby for it. Both tell me they'd never even considered that I might punish Chloe with a spanking and corner time. It's far too juvenile of a punishment for an eighteen-year-old, in their opinion. "Despite its infantile nature, it's proven very effective, even with girls much older than Chloe."

We all have an excellent view of Chloe’s glowing red bottom as we talk.



Part II: Inappropriate Behavior

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Chloe has stayed rather still for her entire eighteen minutes in the corner. I've timed it, keeping a close eye on my watch as I discussed Chloe with her parents. I know Chloe had to hear every word we said. And I know, like any girl her age, it had to kill her to listen mutely as she was talked about openly. I won't tell Chloe, but that was part of her punishment. And I'll bet it was worse than standing in the corner was.

I walk over to Chloe, putting my hand on her shoulder. She flinches slightly as she first feels my touch, then still herself. At least by now, she's finished crying. I turn her around and look directly into her eyes. "I hope you did as you were told and thought about why you were sorry for smoking." I reach down and take Chloe by her hand.

I walk Chloe over to her parents. Her jeans, still hanging around her ankles, limit her stride, so I take it a little slowly for her. As she walks, her panties inch down her thighs as well until they're at her ankles. It leaves nothing covering her pubes. Just the bottom hem of her yellow t-shirt, but that hangs just above the top of her bush, and no amount of wiggling and walking is going to lower it.

As soon as we get to Tina, I instruct Chloe to kneel. Then I have to use my foot to nudge her to spread her feet as much as her pants will allow her to. And to spread her knees just as much. She fairly readily keeps her back up. But she tries hard to cast her eyes downward and not see her mom in front of her. A little tug of her hair brings her head up, turning her eyes to her mom's face. A firm word is enough for them to stay there. I don't let move her hands. Those stay behind her back.

I tell Chloe that she's to apologize to her mother for smoking. Her apology is to be from her heart and honest. It will not be a simple "I'm sorry." She will tell her mother why she is sorry as well. She will not be shy, either. She will "spill her guts." If I don't think her apology is humble and sincere enough, she can go back to the corner, for double the time, and try again. Sooner or later, she'll truly be sorry.

"Mom, I'm so sorry for smoking in the house. I know it's your house, not mine, so I guess it's fair you get to make the rules for it. I do appreciate being allowed to live here for free. I know it was wrong of me

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to break your rules when you're supporting me. I'm sorry."

I decide, that even for her first apology, it's not polite enough. Barely sincere and humble enough, too. Instead of just sending her back to the corner, I give her one more chance to make her apology "polite, as befitting the woman of this house whom you have disrespected openly." Chloe gets the hint. She apologizes again, this time with the word "Ma'am" in every sentence. Twice in one.

I deem her apology acceptable. I tell Tina to simply tell Chloe she's forgiven for smoking. Once Tina does, I have Chloe move to kneel before her father and apologize to him as well. I can tell Chloe is a lot more uncomfortable kneeling before him, likely because he's a man and her pubes are on display as she kneels. He has the same thought. He studiously makes sure Chloe sees that his eyes are on hers, not her bush.

And then, It's time for Chloe to kneel before me. I'm not owed an apology. She didn't break my rules. But I am owed. "Thank you, Ma'am," Chloe says to me, "I appreciate you being so kind as to spank my naughty bottom for smoking, Ma'am. I know I was bad, and I knew I wasn't allowed to smoke here, so I deserved to be punished. Thank you, Ma'am. I want you to know I've learned my lesson, Ma'am, I swear I will never touch another cigarette, Ma'am!" She adds the last a little urgently, as if desperate that I believe her. Which makes me less sure about her honesty.

I leave her on her knees and take my seat right in front of her. "Then this will be the end of your punishment for smoking," I tell her. For an instant, a look of utter relief washes over her face. "And now we will discuss your inappropriate behavior." The look of relief on her face is quickly replaced by a look of horrified fear. I'll bet she thinks she might be in for another spanking. I would, except for a "spank virgin" I think she's had enough for now. At least until the bright redness fades from her globes.

"This is your mommy and daddy's house. You are their daughter. While you live here, you will behave appropriately for a teenage school girl. I don't care how old you are. If you wish to run around like a

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grown-up slut-bitch, then you can move out and support yourself like a grown-up bitch. You belong to them. You will obey all their rules. You will accept whatever punishment is handed down for your misbehavior. You will not hide anything, anything whatsoever, from your parents. Schoolgirls shouldn't do that. Schoolgirls still need their parents' guidance.

"Since you chose to submit to my punishment this afternoon, you will do so. You will answer my questions just as if I were your mother. That means completely and openly, regardless of whether you want to answer or not. I do not permit bitches any modesty. It only interferes with mommy and daddy fully knowing their little bitch.

"Are you horny right this instant, bitch?"

Chloe totally did not expect that question! She blushes a very deep beet red. And the look on her face is one of absolute horror. She stutters, not intentionally stalling, but so shocked by the question that she's having trouble forming the words to answer it. She shirks inward on herself, hard.

I glare at Chloe with a very hard look on my face. I hope it's enough to discourage Chloe from anything but an honest answer. I already know the answer. Coming up behind her, while she was in the corner, I could the hairs between her thighs matting together they were so wet. That's all I needed to see. Now the question is will Chloe admit it. She starts fidgeting, which isn't all that easy to do on her knees.

Chloe answers in a very hushed voice, barely above a breath. And there's a little squeaking shyness in her tone. Her voice is so muted that I know she's hoping her mother doesn't hear. And probably praying her father doesn't. "Yes, Ma'am."

I scold her for answering like a mouse. I tell her that she's to answer questions in her normal voice, at a normal volume. There's no one here except me, my slave, and her parents. No one "a proper bitch" would have any shyness around. She repeats her answer, fidgeting harder as she does.

I don't even give her the mercy of leaving it at that. I make her

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admit that her pussy is wet. I make her admit that she feels a pounding ache in her clit.

Then I ask her about her masturbatory habits. She was reluctant and shy before. Now she's utterly humiliated as I make her detail that she usually masturbates three to five times a week. Sometimes more. And I make her tell me that while she's playing with herself, she has fantasies in her mind. Then I make her describe her most frequent, and thus favorite, fantasy.

She describes, in as few words as possible, a fantasy about her hoped-for very cute boyfriend. He doesn't just have sex with her. He is in complete charge. He tells her what he wants her to do, and she does it. But he also takes care of her ache. Tenderly, but only after she's obediently tended to his first. While he's kind and gentle with her, he's also firm and unyielding. He doesn't tolerate any disobedience from her.

I ask Chloe if she hated her spanking. She eagerly admits that she did. It hurt, badly. And being turned over my knees like a toddler was humiliating for her. I ask her if she felt she deserved to be punished like that. She very reluctantly confesses "I guess so..." I ask her if she flaunted the rules like a naughty toddler might, and she says she did. Then I ask if she behaves like a naughty toddler, isn't it appropriate that she be punished like one? Again, she admits "I guess so..."

That's when I ask her the really humiliating question. I ask if she liked being properly disciplined for her naughtiness instead of some half-baked punishment. I see a little tear again roll down her eye. She confesses "I deserved it..." I scold her, reminding her that isn't what I asked. Did she like it? She shyly says she hated the punishment, but yes, she liked that she was properly punished for her misbehavior.

I ask her why she liked it. It takes me a few firm warnings. Finally, she tells me, and thus her parents, that by disciplining her and not allowing her to weasel out of it, I made her feel like I truly cared about her. As if what she does, and thus she matters to me. "So you liked the fact that I won't allow you any disobedience." She admits she likes that.

Then I ask her about the naked selfie she sent to Jacob. By now,

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she's gotten somewhat used to the idea that she won't be allowed her modesty. She's going to confess the truth. She admits that she didn't think about it. No one has ever told her she wasn't allowed to send naked selfies, and she is eighteen now, so it is legal for her to. She wanted Jacob to be interested in her. He's talked to her, flirted lightly, but never seriously. She thought it might entice him to ask her out. And she wants him to ask her out. She admits she didn't think it through. Didn't think that she'd come across as slutty by doing it. Or think about the chances of the picture ending up online for the world. I ask her if she "would like" for Jacob to "correct" her for doing it, to let her know, in no uncertain way, that she can't be acting the whore like that. She grins when she confesses that she would love that.

Now that I'm confident Chloe is at least somewhat desensitized to an utter lack of modesty, at least with her words, I ask her the questions I want to. I ask if she "is eager to masturbate right now." Yes. "If I sent you to your room would you?" Yes, but I'd have to do it with my butt of the bed! "Do you think it would feel better or worse with your bottom sore, bitch?"

Chloe cringes. "I think it would feel better, Ma'am." I make her go on, and she tells me that her "bottom stinging so badly she's dying from it" will ensure that she can't think about anything else, except for the way I didn't let her get away with it. And that thought... would make it better for her.

"I will see for myself just how horny you are. I never trust a slut about her horniness. Sluts are slutty, and try to sneak in more slutting than is proper. And you have been rather slutty. You will stand up now." I say it firmly.

Chloe uneasily rises up to stand on legs that quiver slightly. It's the first quivering I've seen from her. But she doesn't turn away from me, even as I rise to stand facing her.

"Take your clothes off, bitch. Fold them neatly and make a single pile on the coffee table. Your shoes my go under the table. You will take care of the clothes your parents were nice enough to provide for you to

wear. Strip.”

Chloe shirks back nervously as she hears what she’s going to have to do. She hesitates a second. I’m sure thoughts of disobedience, and what consequences that might bring, are running through her head. Before the idea can take root, I scold her sternly for not obeying me.

Chloe reluctantly squats down and takes her shoes off. She shoves them under the table. I scold her, reminding her that I said neatly. I tell her to tuck the laces in and square them up. She does. Then her socks come off. She stares at them for a moment, then straightens them, turns them right side out, and folds them together. She starts her pile. Her jeans are next on it. Then her panties. Those were already around her ankles, so taking them off seems like a logical next step. A step that won’t bare any more of her body to our eyes.

Chloe finally rises back up. She stays facing me, which has her left side mostly toward her parents. She keeps her eyes on me, pretending they’re not there. That’s probably a good thing. They look more uncomfortable than Chloe does! And I can see them starting to fidget in their seats; not too hard, but enough that I can see it.

Chloe really has no choice. She lifts her t-shirt up, over her head. She modestly holds it in front of her chest as she folds it, mostly hiding my view of her bra. But once it’s on the pile, the bra is all Chloe has left. As she reaches up behind her back for its clasp, she can’t help but show it to me. It’s not a sexy one. More what I’d call common. It’s simple cotton, with full cups that completely cover her mounds. It’s white, with little pink bows decorating it. No lace. It is cute, though. It’s the kind of thing a girl wear for comfort when she just knows she won’t be seen in it. Too bad she had to sit in that chair while waiting for me. She didn’t have a chance to change it!

She unclips the bra, hanging onto one strap while letting the other fall free. She brings it forward, pulling the thin straps off her shoulders. As soon as those are free, the cups fall from her mounds, baring her breasts to me. A second later the bra is going on the pile.

And now Chloe is standing, hands obediently behind her,

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completely naked before me. Now I can really see Chloe, not just her bare bottom. She has a fairly plain face, cute, but not model-pretty, more girl-next-door than anything. It's fairly oval in shape with a rounded chin. She has brown eyes and a long, but not too prominent, nose over a wide mouth framed with fine, light pink lips. All of that framed with her stringy, unstyled, brown-to-blond hair that hangs freely over her shoulders and onto the top of her chest.

But not down to her breasts. She's definitely ample. I'd guess she's a 36-D. But her breasts, like so many that large, are soft. They hang freely against her chest but also look as if they were meant to. Her light pink nipples, a little wider than that cigarette that got her in trouble, stand out perky and hard, straight from the front of them, poking right at me. It's surrounded by very wide rings of an equally light shade pink.

Below that, she has a flat stomach and a pretty cute girly curve to her waist. Slightly narrow hips, without a trace of boniness, but also without a trace of fat. And then her legs, lean enough that I can see the hint of their muscle behind her skin.

Between those legs is a slightly puffy pussy mound. I think. There's a very dense bush of medium brown curls. Its hairs are long, for pubes, and tangly to add to their density. It's trimmed from the creases of her thighs, but that's all. Otherwise, it's as natural as they come. And it's dense enough to mostly conceal her mound.

Chloe stands with her feet together, trying to do what she can to preserve at least a shred of her modesty.

"Turn around, bitch." I command. Chloe almost happily turns her back, not thinking about why I might want her butt to me. I have her spread her feet wide. Now her feet move a little more hesitantly, but she obediently opens her legs. I'll bet now she's guessing what's next. "Bend all the way forward, bitch. I want your elbows on that table."

I can't see Chloe's face, but I can just imagine the wincing cringe on it. I can see that she leans forward slowly and reluctantly. As soon as her elbows are on the table, I tell her to lie her entire forearms flat on the table. And then I have to tell her to un-ball her fists. And to pick her head up

and stare ahead.

It pushes her pussy out towards me, giving me a much better view. Now I can see the thick mat of brown curls reaching towards me. I use the tips of my fingers to brush her curls aside. Then I see her narrow, long lips, puffing out slightly with her mound. They're some of the narrower ones I've seen. It looks more like the creases of her thighs just flow over a bit and then end. Between those lips, her medium pink inner folds stand out, rolling over her outer lips at the back and opening like the petals of a flower. They run together as they head for the top of her mound, nearest her pubes, into a giant wrinkle. From that nest, her light purple clit swells up proudly, like the tip of my pinkie sticking up above the folds.

I can see a coat of her milky-white honey clinging to everything. It's not thick, just almost as white as paste. And it has a strong, sultry musk to it. It glimmers with sparkles in this light, so I'd bet it's especially slick. It clings to everything, not just her pinkness. Not only is her fur damp with it, but I can see a thinner film of it in the creases of her thighs. Enough for me to know she wasn't quite this wet at the end of her spanking. She must secretly have enjoyed the corner. And secretly enjoyed having her privacy stripped away in front of her parents.

There's only one way to find out. I get a good look at Chloe's pussy, paying attention to the glistening details of its arousal. Then I tell Tina to "come get a good look at Chloe's sluttiness."

I can see that Tina really wants to decline. But for some reason, she doesn't. She very uncomfortably glances at Chloe's most intimate place, then just as quickly turns her eyes away. I'd never let Chloe get away with that. Sophie would get whipped for such a cheating look!

I put my hand on Tina's head and turn it back toward Chloe's pussy. "I said a good look. Now tell me everything you can see." I don't care about Tina. She's not my project. But I want Chloe to have to listen to her mom describing her horny pussy to us all. I can't imagine how that could be anything other than utterly humiliating for Chloe.

Tina sounds embarrassed as she describes Chloe's pussy in the

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most generic terms. She begins with "uh... she has hair." I don't let her get away with that, either. I ask her what color hair. How dense is it. Is it wet? And so on until Tina has described Chloe's pussy in exacting detail.

Then I let her return to her seat. I see Chloe cringe again as she hears me call her father over and tell him to get a good look, too. He takes a fraction of a second longer than Tina. Clearly, he hopes that's going to be enough for me. I make him describe what he sees as well, and I refuse to let him use the same words Tina did. It leaves him no choice but to actually look. He, nor anyone else, can describe what he hasn't seen.

Once both have gotten a very good look at Chloe's pussy, I have her stand back up and turn around. She does that eagerly, closing her thighs snugly as she does.

I quickly scold Chloe to spread her feet, but I don't make her open them nearly as wide. Just enough that her pussy is fully bared between her thighs. "Now that everyone here knows exactly what your pussy is doing, I will ask one more time, bitch. Would you like to masturbate right now? Are you that horny?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Chloe admits shyly.

"If I allowed you a few minutes of privacy, is that what you'd do?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" She's firm and eagerly hopeful, but equally ashamed since now everyone knows what she'd be doing.

I just take hold of Chloe's hand. "Why be so shy, bitch?" I ball her fist up, leaving one finger sticking out. "You weren't being shy when you sent that sext, were you?" I put the pad of her finger lightly atop her plumply-swollen clit. Chloe sucks in a sharp breath at the touch. Her eyes widen again. She shirks inward. I start her finger stroking a tiny circle atop her throbbing little nub. I hold her hand firmly, keeping its movements very slow, and it's touch so feathery light that her finger easily glides around on the tip.

Chloe purrs out a deep, sensual, moan with heavy whiskey note to it. She shivers. "That's my bitch! You want to be shameless, now you are shameless! You can diddle yourself in front of everyone!"

Chloe tenses up, resiting me as it sinks in that everyone is going to

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see her do this. It doesn't stop me. I keep her finger moving. Chloe winces, scrunching her face up tight. It lasts about a second. Then she exhales a long purring and deep moan that's pure ecstasy.

It takes a couple of seconds, a couple of more circles on her clit before a crisp shudder sweeps over Chloe. She moans out with it. I release Chloe's hand. In an instant, her hand uncurls, another finger or two flying to her clit. She begins rubbing herself quickly and very enthusiastically. Her eyes gently close.

She manages maybe a second of that before I grab her hand and pull it from her pussy. She sighs out an agonized groan. "Slut!" I scold her. Chloe's eyes snap open at my stern tone. "'Hasn't anyone ever taught you how to masturbate?"

"Uh... no, Ma'am," Chloe says nervously.

"No time like the present," I say. I put the single finger back to her clit and start it moving lightly and slowly again. I steady her hand with a snug grip to keep her at my pace. "Just like that, bitch," I tell her. "No faster, no slower, one finger only, and don't press any harder on that aching little thing. Got it?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Chloe answers with a deep throaty moan in her voice.

"You will keep your eyes open. You will not speak. You will stay still." I tap Chloe's thigh very lightly with my crop. "Just behave. And do not cum. I told you to masturbate, not cum." I let go of her hand. It speeds up for a fraction of a second, then slows almost all the way back down.

In two more seconds, Chloe is crying out sensual, deep, moans. Uninhibited moans. She's loud and throaty.

A second after that the first of the really crisp shivering shudders start sweeping over her body. They look intense. They're certainly sharp enough to get her shoulders thrashing lightly. Which is plenty to get her soft breasts jiggling. Those almost dance around on her chest, waving their stiff nipples at me.

And then Chloe's hips start to squirm. That I'm not going to

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tolerate. I did warn her to stand still while she plays with herself. I use my crop. Its stroke is light, a mere casual flick of my wrist that sends its tip swatting squarely atop Chloe's rock-hard nipple. Despite her nipples jumping around, I land it perfectly.

Chloe screeches a loud yelp. She shudders hard as she does. I lift the tip of the crop from her mound. There's just a tiny pinkness to the light pink ring around her nipple, a barely noticeable crop print on the tip of her spongy mound. Her shoulders shudder hard, jiggling her mounds wildly for a moment. A look of horror takes her face.

"You will stand still," I remind Chloe.

Chloe glares at me with pure fear in her eyes. Her parents glare at the two of us with even more of the edgy fear on their faces. Especially Tina, who obviously has a better understanding of what Chloe is going through. And a better guess of what she's about to go through.

Chloe manages to still her hips. As she does, in an instant, her moans double in urgency, deepness, and throatiness. Chloe's mouth hangs wide open. Her eyes want to squish shut. She struggles to keep them open.

A second or two later I see her finger starting to speed up again. Another casual flick of my wrist snaps the crop lightly, a little firmer than the last stroke, landing its tip in the middle of Chloe's bush. I gave her a slightly firmer stroke since her pubes, especially with her fur to pad them, are less sensitive than her nipples. Still, Chloe screeches another panicked yelp. "You will not go fast. Slow back down. Just enjoy your pussy, bitch."

Chloe slows down. It makes the throbbing in her pussy worse, not better. Her toes curl even as she stands on them. Her moans double their urgency again. They deepen a little more, taking on a slightly pleading note. She makes it a second before her hips snap into a powerful squirm.

I swat her other nipple, this one a touch harder than the first. "Bad bitch," I snap sternly, "you will stay still."

Chloe cries out a moan, more pleading, throaty, and urgent, than any so far. But it's also laced with a heavily anguished frustration. Her

hips still for a split second, then snap with another shudder.

I swat her nipple, returning to the first one, and leaving a slightly more noticeable pink crop print on its soft tip. Chloe cries out a yelp of utter erotic frustration. A cry that tells us all it's killing her to even try and stay still. There's no real pain in her yelp yet, just the shock, the frustration, more frustration, and sheer horror.

Chloe stills and lasts a few seconds. This time it's her free hand, her left, that should be behind her back unused. Instead, it starts flailing around wildly, slapping against her thigh, her fist balling and un-balling as it does. And a few tears running freely down her cheek.

I swat her hand with my crop, a light-but-decent swat that lands on the back of her balled fist. Chloe yelps, a tiny hint of actual pain in her voice. Then again, the back of her hand is a rather bony place to get swatted. I sigh out heavily, as if fully disappointed in Chloe. "bitch, you may ask daddy to hold your hand if you wish him to."

Chloe grits her teeth hard. She moans out through them, one of a stressed, but sensual, agony. She shivers crisply. As the violent shiver ebbs, her jaw drops open again. She blurts out, her voice panicked, her words running together, her tone nothing more than another sensual moan. "Daddy, please! Please, hold my hand while I play with myself, Sir! Please! I need you, Daddy. HELP ME!" I guess Chloe isn't taking any chances of my deeming her plea insufficiently humble or polite.

Her father looks very uneasy and very tentative as he reaches for Chloe's hand. I have no doubt he never expected to be seeing, much less sharing, such a private moment with his daughter. Maybe not with anyone. He takes her hand, holding her clenching fist in his loosely.

Chloe moans out again. As her moan begins, she un-balls her fist and quickly takes his hand. He's a decently strong and manly man for his age, which I'd guess to be around 50. But his hands still look strong to me. Chloe grips it. Her knuckles turn white. I see shock on his face, quickly with a little discomfort lacing into it. Chloe must really be squeezing that hand.

Chloe's other hand, not just the finger she's touching herself with,

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is coated with a clingy layer of her honey. To me, it looks like she's dipped her hand in a jar of paste. If paste were as slippery as any grease. Maybe Crisco? I can't help having that thought!

"I can't do this!" Chloe cries out in her now deep, whiskey voice.

I flick my wrist, snapping the crop against Chloe's cheek. With her mouth hanging wide open, it has her cheeks stretched taut for my whip. I leave a nice, but light, pink splotch on her cheek. Chloe yelps. "You will not speak, bitch."

Chloe shudders hard, sending her hips into yet another wild squirm. It earns her another, slightly harder, stroke of the crop on her jiggling breasts. It gets a yelp from her, this one the first to be laced not just with horror and panic, but a trace of pain as well.

The pain does nothing to dampen Chloe's enthusiasm. If anything, it makes her more aroused. At least judging by her pussy. Not I can see her whitish honey clinging to the tops of her thighs as well. It must be really flowing! Nor does the pain do anything to still those hips. So I swat her other breast and get another yelp from Chloe.

Chloe's hips still. At the same time, her head snaps hard backward, which has her looking up. I grab Chloe's hair, its stringy locks lacing through my fingers, and jerk hard. It takes a hard jerk to pull her head back up. I hold her head there by her hair for a moment. And I'd swear the strands of her hair are so tense that I could play guitar strings on them! I flick my crop, this time landing its tip a little firmer on the top of her soft mound instead of her nipple.

Chloe yelps as I sear a light pink crop mark on her white flesh. Her shoulders shudder hard, tossing her spongy mounds around wickedly. I swat her other breast the same way. It gets me another yelp. It keeps those shoulders tossing her mounds around for a few more seconds, too. "You will keep your eyes forward. Looking away is just like closing them. You will stay still. All of you. You will not wiggle those flabby boobs around like some whore advertising her butt!"

Chloe moans, this one pure erotic agony. It happens suddenly: one second Chloe is normal, a second later her skin has flushed to the

brightest shade of pink! She trembles. She moans. She comes close to getting herself cropped. She squeezes her father's hand hard, with all her strength, enough to squish his hand up in hers.

I have no doubt Chloe is long past ready to cum. I doubt it would have taken her more than half a minute if id' let her. She's that excited. And it's only been a couple of minutes. Maybe three. Usually, I require a toy to force itself to last five minutes even the first time. The first time for anything. But Chloe and I haven't discussed her becoming my toy yet. And I'm still contemplating offering it. Chloe really doesn't have anything to offer me, nothing to add to my toybox that isn't already in it. I'm pretty sure she'd eagerly accept if I offered it, though.

I decide to have mercy on Chloe. It'll be the one and only time she gets mercy from me, too. I tell Chloe if she'd like to cum now, first she has to ask her mother to watch her cum. To share the orgasm with her. And she needs to ask nicely, politely, and humbly.

"M- Mommy, PLEASE!" Chloe cries out in a sensual moaning, "Will you please watch me cum, Ma'am? Please, Mommy, please, I really want to share my orgasm with you! Please, Ma'am, please will you watch me cum like a slut?"

Tina looks completely embarrassed, and just as uneasy to be here while Chloe masturbates. Clearly, she doesn't want to see it. Or feels that she shouldn't be, that it should be private for Chloe. But she's a smart woman. Smart enough to realize, without being told, that Chloe will be suffering this erotic agony until Tina agrees to watch it end. "Sure, sweetie." Tina reluctantly accepts.

I tell Chloe that now she has to ask her father, just as nicely, to share her climax by holding her hand through it.

Chloe stands mute for a fraction of a second, a hard shiver flowing over her body and pushing her hard to let herself go. She doesn't hesitate to ask, all modesty and pride forgotten. "Please, Daddy. Daddy, please hold me... my hand, and watch me cum, Sir. Please, Sir, please allow me to share my orgasm with you, too. PLEASE, Daddy!"

He's just as reluctant to share it with Chloe as Tina, or so his voice

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sounds. But he accepts. Not that he could get his hand out of Chloe's vise grip if he tried.

I lean up to his ear and whisper, keeping my voice quiet enough that Chloe can't hear me. I tell him it's his choice if he wishes he may release her hand. Or he may hold it through her climax, whether it's now or whenever. Or, if he wishes, he may hold Chloe as long as he keeps his hands above her waist. I remind him of Chloe's stuttered misspoken word. Chloe wants him to hold her. More than just her hand. And I tell him that this is very intense for Chloe, far more so than anything she's experienced before. She could use "Daddy's hug" as she works through it.

Then I stand in front of Chloe, facing her. I tell her that since I am the one supervising her while she "diddles her sloppy little pussy," she must ask me for permission to cum. And I warn her that she only has one chance to push aside her modesty and ask me very humbly, like a proper bitch should beg, or she can wait another "eternity" before I give her a second chance.

"Please, Ma'am!" Chloe eagerly blurts out, her voice so throaty it's hard to understand her, especially with her whiskey-ness. "Please Mistress, please! Please, allow this skanky little bitch the privilege of cumming like the skanky whore I've been acting like Ma'am! I am so sorry for slutting myself and sending that picture. My... my... my pussy aches so badly! It's all I can feel, Ma'am! Just that throbbing ache filling me! Please, Ma'am, I am sorry for being a whore! Thank you so much, Ma'am! Thank you for caring enough about me to discipline me! Thank you for caring enough about me to teach me how to diddle my sloppy little pussy like a big bitch! Thank you so much for being strict with me, Ma'am! It means the world to me that you are such a kind Goddess that you made me behave like I really want to! Thank you, Ma'am! Please, Ma'am, please, may this slutty bitch please be allowed to cum, Ma'am?"

I am a sucker for a good begging! And I'm certain Chloe has never begged for anything before. At least not since she was a toddler in a checkout line and saw some tasty candy! The look of shock on their faces tells me that neither of her parents expected Chloe to beg anywhere near

as shamelessly as she did.

"You will say 'I am a skanky slut, please watch me cum like a gutter whore,' ten times. You will add a count after each. Then you will say, 'Mommy, Daddy, Miss Rodgers, I am going to cum now.' And then you may cum immediately. If you don't cum right then, I will not allow you to. Begin."

"I am a skanky slut. Please watch me cum like a gutter whore. One, Ma'am!" Chloe moans out, her voice pure unbearable strain as she holds her climax back. She counts quickly, her words running fast together, her recitals all running together into one long plea. Finally, she announces "Mommy, Daddy, Miss Rodgers, I am going to cum all over the place like a completely skanky gutter whore RIGHT NOW!"

Chloe stiffens, her muscles straining hard with the tension and quivering sharply from it. Her teeth clench tightly together, the tendons in her neck standing out. Tears flow down her cheeks. Even the hand rubbing her swollen clit trembles as it strokes her nub. Her father shifts slightly and wraps his arm around her back, taking care that he doesn't touch her jiggling breast as he lies his hand against her side. He hugs her to him.

Chloe screams. It's a loud scream, as girly-high as it is breathy and deep. Her trembling body snaps hard. It's more like a convulsion than a shudder. It so violent that one minute she's stand up as stiff as steel, and then, in less than the blink of an eye, her knees fly up for her chest. They fly up so suddenly that Chloe doesn't even have time to drop to the floor. For a tiny fraction of a second, it looks as if she's hanging in the mid-air.

Chloe obviously falls. As she does, her father desperately grabs to catch her. His hand slips around her front and unintentionally glides across Chloe's spongy breast. But then it's down on her stomach. He pulls her tight against him. He barely manages to keep Chloe from crashing down. He catches her, taking all of her weight, with her bottom maybe a foot above the floor.

Chloe spasms in his arms, her body trembling between snaps. She pants long, deep, and very passionate moans. He lowers her gently to the

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floor, setting Chloe on her side instead of her freshly-paddled bottom. She snaps away, moaning loudly. Her second snap pulls her forward, lying her on her stomach. Then quickly her legs snap up again, pulling her into a near fetal position. It's then I see that her father's hand is trapped under her. She snaps more, her spasms not even thinking of ebbing off. A couple of snaps later Chloe is back on her side. And her father's hand is covered with a film of Chloe's aromatic honey.

Her orgasm goes on for a few minutes. I don't time it, but I'd guess it's about four minutes. Maybe a minute longer than she masturbated to get the orgasm. When it finally does ebb, Chloe lies on her stomach. She falls limp and spent, lying still except for a slight quivering still in her muscles, with her red bottom poking up in the air. And with the coat of honey having worked its way all over her thighs, even the backs of them.

I suggest that we all sit, that we "will discuss Chloe once she returns to this planet." I see Tina smirk at that. It's a tiny break from the look of discomfort on her face as if she's a part of something she thinks she shouldn't be.

It takes Chloe several very long minutes to catch her breath. A couple more to start moving around. While Chloe is lying there, I have Sophie fetch a chair and set it facing at an equal angle to the sofa where her parents are sitting, and the end of the love seat where I intend to sit. Like a triangle. Then I send Sophie to fetch everyone an "after slut show coffee." Sophie serves everyone humbly, properly, on her knees.

Eventually, Chloe almost opens her eyes. It's enough for me. I firmly tell her to get up and sit in the chair. She barely manages to get into it and doesn't sit any surer. She tries, but her body has a sated looseness to it. She stares forward, maybe seeing, maybe not, with glassy, dreamy eyes.

"Listen carefully bitch." I say firmly, hoping that I have Chloe's full attention. "Obviously you can't be trusted to behave on your own. You will learn to act like a grown-up bitch. Until you do, you so clearly need to be supervised like the child you've been acting like. Now that you have been punished for your misbehavior - both smoking and

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slutting – it's time for you to learn a lesson about behaving and prove to everyone that you can somehow manage to be a big girl.

"You are grounded until a week from Monday morning. Grounded by my rules, not whatever sham of a grounding your parents have passed off as a lesson for you. Here are the rules:

"One, no electronics whatsoever. Not even a TV or radio, let alone a laptop or that phone you live on. Two, no guests in the house. Three you may not leave this house. I believe you have a whopping three classes on two days. You will be taken to your classes and picked up at the classroom door. You may take nothing to class except what you need for the class. Four, you don't deserve the trust of being home alone. When your parents can't be here, you will have a babysitter. Five you will do one hour a day of hard work on chores. Six you will have no privacy whatsoever. Your parents may go through whatever of what they provide for you to use whenever they fancy it. Anything. Even up your butt if they want. And you may not close a door, not even a bit. Not even the bathroom door or your bedroom door. If your parents want it closed, they will close it. You will not. Nor will you ask them to. Six you will eat properly, but no junk food or snacks. Your parents will see that you have three nutritious meals, and you will eat everything on your plate, and nothing more. Seven, you will keep your body clean. Daily showers, including washing your hair and shaving yourself. Eight, your bedtime is ten o'clock. That means you will be naked in bed under the covers, fully tucked in by mom or dad before ten, not at ten. You will remain in that bed until six o'clock when one of your parents will come get you out of it. If they forget your skanky butt, then you will wait until they remember you. Then you will go wash your butt before putting anything on. There's no sense in skanking up some of those nice clothes with your night skank. Nine, you will be respectful and polite. You will address everyone as Sir, Ma'am, Mommy, or Daddy, and nothing else. There will be no potty mouth, either. You know the naughty words that good little girls don't say, and you won't say them. That also means you will have proper posture like a girl should. I've taught you how to sit, how to

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stand, and how to kneel. You will always sit, stand, and kneel properly. I don't care if it's comfortable for you. You have to act like a girl! Ten, you will be properly dressed from after your shower until your parents tell you to take your clothes off for bed. Fully dressed, including shoes. Your parents will choose your clothes for you. You will wear the outfits they chose without comment. At least I can trust they won't let you walk around dressed like a whore.

"You will be punished strictly for any violations of my rules. Immediately, on the spot, wherever you happen to be, by whoever catches you. Even if it's the babysitter who catches you. In addition to your punishment, every infraction adds one full day to your grounding. I don't care if you get ten infractions in one day, you just added ten days. Any serious misbehavior will be reported to me immediately. You do not want that to happen.

"And every night you will write me a nice letter telling me all about your day. I assume you still know how to use a pen and paper. Your parents can email it to me. And they can read it if they want. It will be the last thing you do before going off for bed. They will tell you when it's time to write to me.

"When you've learned your lesson, the four of us will have a conversation about your future. Is all of that clear to you, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Chloe answers in a voice that's equally thrilled and pleased and just as much horrified. "Thank you, Ma'am, for... caring enough to teach me to behave, Ma'am... I won't disappoint you, Ma'am."

"You should hope I'm not. Now, ask your parents nicely to supervise you like a naughty little girl, since that's how you've been behaving."

"Mommy, Daddy, I'm so sorry for acting like a naughty little girl, and a slutty little girl. I don't want to be bad or slutty. Will you please supervise me like a very naughty, very little girl? Please, Mommy, please Daddy, will you please help me learn to be a good girl?"

Both look surprised by the sincerity in Chloe's voice. Both look rather uneasy by the idea. Both agree. What parent wouldn't?

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I turn to her father and ask him nicely if he will go take everything electronic from Chloe's room and store it somewhere, maybe the garage or attic, or wherever. I tell him that in my vocabulary "electronic" means anything with a plug or a battery in it, even things he normally wouldn't think of as electronics, like watches, alarm clocks, nightlights, and even those digital electronic picture frames. I tell him to "be thorough" and go through all of Chloe's things, all of her drawers, even under her mattress to make sure Chloe isn't hiding anything. If he finds anything Chloe shouldn't have, like more cigarettes, he's to bring them to me. He agrees and heads for her room. I tell Chloe that she's to sit still and silent until he's done.

It takes him about half an hour to finish. When he's done I leave Chloe in her chair, sitting on her stinging bottom, with mom watching her while I peek my head in and make sure he's gotten everything. Though I was pretty sure he did. He carried a lot of stuff out.

"You will go to your room now, bitch. Wait there while I discuss you with your parents. When I leave one of them will come in and find you some clothes to wear. You may come out of your room once you are dressed. Don't try eavesdropping at your door either. I think your butt is sore enough, don't you?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I think my butt is definitely hurting enough, Ma'am!" Chloe blurts out eagerly. "Thank you again, Ma'am. Thank you, too, mommy, daddy, for agreeing to take care of me. I really am so sorry for being a bad girl." Chloe adds the apology in a shameful voice. Then she gets to her feet and heads for her room.



Part III: Parental Guidance

Part III: Parental Guidance

Now that Chloe is in her room, the three of us sit in their living room. For a good part of an hour, we talk about Chloe. And we sip coffee. About every fifteen minutes, I send Sophie to sneak a peek at Chloe. Sophie reports that Chloe is lying on her, red butt up, and looking very uncomfortable with her face buried in a pillow. I figure sitting on that stinging bottom refreshed the spanking nicely before I sent her in there.

My mom used to be a social worker before I was born and she discovered that the internet could pay far better than the state. She's still a foster parent (she has one foster girl today). And she has a little sideline teaching parenting skills. I've been helping her for years, especially when she wants her students supervised 24/7, so I'm no stranger to teaching parenting. Even parenting "big girls" like Chloe. Even slutty parenting, which is always for parents of big girls.

"Let me let you both in on a secret. Girls, even big girls like Chloe, really want to be girls. They want to be treated like a girl. They only act so bratty and independent because their friends all think that's how they should act. But secretly they want to be girls." I begin my lesson.

"And girls thrive, and are happy, with structure. Actual rules, albeit it age-appropriately loose ones, with concrete consequences, not quasi-punishments like skipping a party or something." the look on their faces tells me that I just hit on one of their preferred punishments for Chloe. "And girls want their parents close. Chloe wants you to know everything about her. She's just afraid to let you see her true self because then you can disapprove of it and that would be worse for her than anything.

"First, her smoking. She doesn't care if she smokes or not. Nor does she want to misbehave. But she needs some structure in her life. You heard her. Disciplining her made her feel like we care about her. Yes, she hated her spanking. And yes, it hurt. But it showed her, for the first time really, that she will have to think before she acts because we care enough about her not to allow her to go too far. It frees her mind up. Those concrete rules let her know what's acceptable for her and what's

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not. The punishment lets her know that we will not allow her to go beyond those limits. Thus she can just be herself and be confident that she's behaving like a big girl should because she's not breaking the rules.

"Then there's the picture. What Chloe really wanted was someone, anyone, to make her feel like her body is okay. That she looks normal. All girls are so worried about how we look. We wonder if our bodies are as pretty as the next girl's. Chloe just needed that reassurance. She'll never admit it, probably not even to herself, but in girl logic, if that boy still flirts with her, then he liked what he saw. Thus she's pretty enough. Stripping her naked, even just here in front of family, puts that body on display. When no one said anything about it, she grew comfortable with us seeing it. Which means she accepted that she's not too fat, or too flabby, or too skinny, or too anything else. Believe it or not, but the more I make her show her naked body to you, the less she's going to want to show it to anyone else. She won't crave that acceptance of it.

"So here's what we're going to do this week..." I go on, laying out a few things that I didn't tell Chloe. Mom and dad are to alternate nights putting her to bed, and then returning for her in the morning. Chloe won't mind a bit. She'll just accept that both are there equally for her. Then, when they take her to bed, preferably several minutes before bedtime, they are to tell her, not ask her, to show them her pussy so they can see if she's getting too horny again. If they see any wetness or a hard clit, they're to tell her to masturbate, right then and there. And they're to stay and watch her do it. They can hold her hand, or her, if they wish. Chloe might say otherwise, but if they pay attention to the tension in her muscles, they'll notice she's more relaxed with the contact. They should supervise her while she does. Not as exactly as I did, but close. She should stay fairly still and not talk. And she must ask very humbly and politely before climaxing, just as she did today.

I suggest several real punishments for Chloe, such as standing in the corner for minor infractions, washing her mouth out with soap for potty mouth, paddling her for moderate infractions and such. I suggest they don't send her to her room. Instead, send her to a chair and make

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her just sit there for an hour or two. Not even a potty break.

I tell them that they should look through her things. Not just her school things, but her room too. And look closely. Start by asking Chloe if there's anything in there they shouldn't find. Then have Chloe stand there and watch as they go through her things. If they find anything, it's ten strokes with a belt or paddle. This, I assure them, will let Chloe know that she can't hide things. She'll get caught. It removes the temptation to try and get away with anything when she knows her bottom will pay too high of a price when she's caught.

I have Sophie email Tina some menu ideas, telling them both that while it's an inconvenience for them to prepare proper meals, Chloe will love it. Give it a week and they'll see it. It will make her feel part of a family, and she needs that. Plus then she won't worry about what she's eating.

And then, I ask them to make up a schedule for their lives, so I can arrange a babysitter for Chloe. One who knows what to do and will take very good care of her. But not mind turning Chloe over her knees if she deserves it.

Since Chloe doesn't have regular chores, I make some suggestions for what she could do. I know Chloe won't like doing any of them. But she will appreciate being made to contribute to the household, at least if she's told she's contributing and told that her work was good if it is, and bad when it is. I suggest things like cleaning the bathrooms and scrubbing the toilets. And polishing the table/chairs we're sitting at. I also ask that one of them stands over her while she works and very strictly monitors her work. Point out every little flaw, as she goes, and make her fix it. Then at the end tell her "it sparkles nicely," or some such. Try it and see.

And not to close any doors for Chloe, except for her bedroom door and only that after she's asleep. Otherwise, even using the toilet, the doors should be open. However, should she see something "private" such as Chloe using the toilet, they have to act like it's nothing. No "excuse me," no averting their eyes, and no looks of embarrassment. Just pretend

she's sitting in a chair or something. If you were looking for her, go ahead and tell her whatever you wanted to tell her. It teaches her that you accept her and that she doesn't have to be shy around you. You don't want her to be shy. You need her talking to you openly.

And yes, she has to be very polite. It's mommy or ma'am, not mom or ma or anything else. And everyone, even a two-year-old, is sir or ma'am to her. They should never talk about themselves to her. And they should never let her see them with more than their shoes off. They shouldn't answer to her, not even simple things like telling her where they're going. Just go out and leave her with the sitter. Not even when they'll be back. And never, under any circumstances, explain their logic to her. If she asks why they told her something, or why she has to do something, the answer is "because I said so," and nothing more. It instills a rank in the house. That she's not an equal, which she isn't since she's not equally paying for it. She's the girl, they're the parents. They say, she obeys. And she just has to trust that they're taking care of her. I suggest a punishment of a spanking, maybe two good swats, for even the tiniest of disrespect to anyone. Immediately, on the spot, in front of the person whom she disrespected, and where she did it. Right then, just swat her butt. And make her screech.

Both reluctantly agree they will try. Hard. But, as Tina says, "it'll be like she's two again." Yes, I agree, but only she can do more things than she was hopefully allowed to do at two.

And then I ask them about their relationship, claiming that it's because Chloe wants and expects "real parents." And obviously, that means a healthy relationship between the parents. I only ask because I say the look on Tina's face when Chloe came. While there was plenty of "I shouldn't be seeing this" in there, there was also a bit of jealous disbelief. Enough that I'm confident that an orgasm like that is new to Tina's mind as well.

They discuss it rather uncomfortably, but after a while, I get a pretty good idea that their lives have been a monotonous rut for years now.

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Then I turn to where I was heading all along. I ask Tina bluntly where Chloe got the money for those smokes since she doesn't have a job or a formal allowance. Tina tells me that she gave it to Chloe. Chloe often asks for a few bucks, and she always tries to give it to her since Chloe never wants much.

I ask her what Chloe said the money for and she tells me Chloe only said she needed a few things. So I ask if Tina suspected Chloe meant smokes. It would be a logical thought since they've caught her a few times before. "I guess... I wondered if that's where it was going, and prayed I was wrong."

So I follow up by asking why she didn't just ask Chloe what "things" meant. Tina tells me she wanted to show Chloe some trust. Besides, Chloe would be humiliated if it was for something like tampons. I ask how much Tina thought it would go to smokes, and Tina confesses that she was about 90% sure that what Chloe meant.

"Do you think that was responsible parenting, to give her money you thought would be used inappropriately without even asking her about it?"

"Well... when you put it like that... I guess not."

DUH, I think to myself. "So can we agree that was a moment of irresponsible parenting?"

"Yes," Tina admits, a little embarrassed and a little reluctantly.

If you hadn't given her that money, do you think Chloe would have gotten a pack of smokes some other way?"

"Probably not..." Tina hesitantly admits. I tend to agree. Chloe might have easily bummed a smoke or two, but not a pack. And she's the industrious type to have found a way to buy them. Not is she the felonious type to have stolen them. She'd break her parents' rules quick enough, but she's not the brainless or hardcore felon type that would risk breaking a law like that. She's too sure there would be a real punishment for that.

"Would you say that your irresponsible parenting enabled Chloe to break the rules?"

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"I guess it kind of did..."

"That's a yes or no kind of question, Tina."

"Yes..." She answers rather hesitantly. Enough that I think she at least suspects where this conversation is leading.

"This is a yes or no kind of question, too, Tina. Do you think your irresponsibility should be overlooked?"

"No..." Tina reluctantly admits.

"So there should be some consequences for your bad parenting?"

"I guess so..." Tina answers each question less surely, less enthusiastically, and definitely less happily.

"Should you be punished?"

"I guess..." Her voice is hushed, fully of a very nervous hesitation.

"Would you prefer to continue sitting there and hating yourself for being so irresponsible, or would prefer to be punished, as you just said you deserved to be?" I ask it firmly, looking Tina straight in her eyes.

Tina starts fidgeting, lightly at first but quickly picking up the pace. And growing just as steadily uncomfortable under my gaze. She turns her eyes to the side, looking at a wall instead of me. In a voice so hushed I can barely hear from two feet away, Tina finally answers "I... don't know..." She sounds just like a little girl.

"Bad girl!" I snap firmly, but without raising my voice. "You will answer properly, Tina. Ask your husband to punish you. Ask me to punish you. Or mean it when you say you shouldn't be punished." I glare at her.

Tina first looks to her husband, who looks very surprised. Then she turns back to me. After a second, in that little girl's voice breaking with an anxious nervousness, Tina asks me "What's my punishment?"

"Bad girl!" I snap again, still not raising my voice or sound cruel, just unbendingly firm. "First sit up straight, like a lady." I don't have to tell her how to sit. She moves very quickly and straightens up, sitting just like I made Chloe sit. But I do have to lightly scold her to look me in the eyes. Then I tell her that she has to do as I told her, not as she wants to do. If she wants me to punish her, she has me politely to punish her,

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nothing else. Whatever she does, I tell her this time she'd better do it like a lady.

It takes her a second, which she spends very anxiously fidgeting in on the sofa. Finally, her little girl's voice even quieter and breaking just a bit more nervously, Tina asks "would you please punish me, Ma'am?"

I pause for just a second, mostly giving her husband time to process what he just heard. Then I firmly, but nicely, tell Tina "as of now, you are in my realm. You will follow all my rules just as Chloe did. Just as any girl, or woman, must. And you are stuck in my realm until you've learned your lesson and paid the fair price for your behavior. When I'm satisfied, I will dismiss you. Until then, you are my subject. Now sit and wait for your punishment."

"Yes, Ma'am..." She's even more nervous now. But she sits, kind of still, definitely squirming in her seat, and certainly conjuring up images of what her punishment is going to be.

I turn to her husband. "As you can see, 90% of women are just bigger, older girls. Women want their man to take care of them. Women want their man to want them. Part of taking care of a woman like this one is keeping her from doing anything stupid, self-destructive, or such. Giving Chloe suspected cigarette money counts as stupid, even by stupid standards.

"Right now she's mad at herself for allowing Chloe to do something that brought that hideous punishment on Chloe. Tina doesn't so much want to suffer a punishment as she feels that she should be punished. She should get her fair share of the misery of Chloe getting caught smoking. And a punishment is going to motivate her to think next time."

Then I turn my attention back to Tina. I stand, leaning over slightly to look into Tina's eyes. I lightly stroke under her chin, nudging her eyes to look up at me. "You will behave yourself. You will act like a big girl." I reach down and gently take Tina's hands in mine, holding them firmly while leaving them to lie in her lap for a moment. "Enabling is half of misbehaving. Thus, you will get half the punishment for smoking. Come

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along, Tina, it's time for your spanking." I feel Tina tense up hard. Her hands grip mine tightly.

I half pull a very reluctant and nervous Tina to her feet. It's a mere two steps to the chair, the same chair I used to spank Chloe. I nearly have to drag Tina the two steps. She comes without a word, but she moves hesitantly, her feet unwilling. She sobs light, nervous sobs. But no tears. She pure anxiety in everything she does.

I drop into my seat. Tina shirks back from me, now realizing that she's going over my knees just as her daughter did. I guess, in deference to her age (she's 46) she expected, at the very least, a grown-up spanking. On her feet, bending over, instead of turned over my knees. I'm sure a wave of humiliation sweeps over her as she realizes that she's about to over the knees of a woman a generation younger than herself.

Tina is wearing higher-end discount-store grade khaki slacks with a peach blouse. I'd guess her outfit came from Target, or someplace similar. Better than Wal-Mart, but not exactly designer. Being a woman, and obviously not fashion dumb, I'm just as sure that she can recognize that both Sophie and I are wearing high-end clothes. Stuff that's likely beyond her middle-class budget.

It takes me all of a second to get her zipper down. Tina stands there while I do it, still shirking back from me, and trembles a pair of light tremors as I pull it down. Getting her over my knees isn't that hard. I just push her down to her knees, then take her by the shoulder and pull her over. I immediately put my hand to the small of her back, pressing lightly to pin her down. It lets me feel the stiff tension in her muscles, too.

Tina squirms. Too nervously for it to be considered fidgeting. Her feet are all over the place, as are her hands. Her hips wiggle against my thigh, too. I put my other hand to the backs of her thighs, her pants still up, and push them snugly forward, stilling her legs from the knees up. "Tina," I say firmly, "you have to be a big girl. You will lie still." It takes her a few seconds, and not because she can't get comfortable.

"You will get five strokes on both of your cheeks. That is half of the ten Chloe got. You will count them, just as Chloe had to. I know you

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didn't expect to be spanked like a naughty girl, but here's the truth: you are no better than Chloe. You are both just naughty girls. She was bad, she got spanked. You were bad, you will be spanked."

I reach for the waistband of Tina's slacks, hooking a thumb under her panties as well. I push them down in a single, quick, motion. Tina sucks a very sharp and nervous breath in, half squealing, as her pants move off her bottom and bare it. I push her pants all the way off her bottom, leaving them in about the same place as I put Chloe's, an inch or two below her bottom.

Tina is not exactly my type. I admit I have a penchant for spanking middle-aged toys. Gender doesn't much matter to me. But I prefer my toys in their 30s. Or should I say with a body that looks like it's in its 30s. Tina looks her age, as does her body. Plus she's a little "thick." By no means fat or flabby. Not even chubby. It's more like she's just carrying a few extra pounds. One look at her, and I couldn't imagine what she could add to my toolbox. However, that doesn't mean I won't give her the occasional lesson, especially when it's as much for Chloe as it is for Tina. I'm still thinking about whether there's some way Chloe might add to my amusements. I have 10 days, probably a couple of more once "penalty days" are added to Chloe's grounding, to decide.

Tina's bottom has a little more padding to it than Chloe's does. Her globes are full and fairly soft. I'm sure if she were standing, they'd hang just a little, maybe even jiggle lightly as she walked energetically. But they're not fat. They still have a decent roundness to them. They still look like a girly butt to me. But they are full enough that, even bent over my knees, the inside edges of her cheeks are touching lightly, just enough to hide her asshole from my eyes. I can tell that Tina has a full dense bush as well. Its curvy fine hairs are long enough to poke into my field of vision beneath her globes. Her pale white, probably never-tanned, globes.

Sophie puts the handle of my paddle in my hand. I lie its blade gently against Tina's bottom. "This is for being a bad mommy by enabling your little girl to harm herself by smoking."

Tina jumps hard, her hips crushing against my thigh as she tries to

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move her bottom away from the paddle. She gasps, loudly, again. "Tina, when was the last time you were spanked?"

"Probably 40 years ago, Ma'am." Tina blurts out nervously.

"No wonder!" I lace a bit of disbelief into my voice even though I completely believe Tina. "How could you possibly be a responsible mommy and guide Chloe when no one loves you enough to guide you? Well, don't you worry! I'm going to give you an extra good spanking, just because it's been so long since you've felt any real guidance!" It makes Tina flinch against my thigh again.

I raise my paddle up, not all the way, but maybe about $\frac{3}{4}$ of what my little arm can reach. Then I swing the paddle down, aiming it's 4-inch-wide blade directly for the middle of her bottom. It lands exactly where I wanted it to, right at the point where her cheeks are pulled the flattest, at the apex of her bent hips. It lands with a loud splitting crack. According to my arm, it's exactly as hard as Chloe's strokes were. Which is exactly what I wanted.

Tina screeches a very loud, and equally squealy, "EE-OW!" Her hips squirm hard into my thigh. Her feet anxiously fidget everywhere, kicking around the floor. Her hands flail around for a second or three, finally gripping back onto the leg of the chair. Tina pants a single very strained, sharp breath, the screeches "OH, FUCK THAT HURTS!" She pants a couple more breaths.

"Bad girl!" I snap sternly. "You are not allowed to talk during your spanking. Now, that stroke doesn't count! Plus, afterward, we'll deal with your potty mouth. I overlooked Chloe's, since no one had told her she wasn't allowed to use dirty language, but you were told. Now you have to be a big girl for your spanking. Five strokes to go."

I swat Tina's bottom again, landing the stroke just as hard, placing it about an inch lower on her bottom. That puts it roughly directly over her asshole. Tina screeches another "EE-OW!" as the paddle sears another angry red stripe across her soft globes. She squirms a little more desperately against me. She pants a few squealy "OH, OW!s" as she stills. Then, her voice already beginning to break with a light sobbing to it, she

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counts. "One, Ma'am. I'm sorry for being an irresponsible mother, Ma'am."

I correct her apology, but let it count for this stroke. I just tell her that she has to be very polite and suggest a proper wording for a naughty girl who is really sorry. As she lies over my lap, I can feel the dull quivers in her body. She tries hard not to cry, sucking in fast breaths as she mutes herself.

I swat her bottom again. Just as hard, as all her strokes are going to be. I shift the landing site down another inch, which is as low as I'll go. It sears a very angry, very bright, very red stripe across the bottoms of her cheeks. Right at their bottom curve, where they hang free, flowing inward to the tops of her thighs.

Tina screeches a very strained "EE-OW!" before sucking in a sharp, gasping, and pained breath. She stiffens hard, her muscles snapping to steel, pulling her knees into the chair. She cries out a few rapid-fire "OH, OW!s" laced now with as much panic as pain. After a second, her bottom shudders hard, jiggling her red globes. Then she slowly loosens up. By the time she's relaxed the tension from her muscles, she sobs out "two, Ma'am. I'm so sorry for being a bad mommy. I know my little girl wouldn't have been naughty if I weren't so irresponsible, Ma'am." Isn't that so much better of an apology? I think so.

I swat her bottom again. Only now she's out of virgin bottom, so the paddle has to land atop the already stinging top of her cheeks. As it does, searing the red stripe deeper and brighter across those globes, Tina screams her "EE-OW!" then she screeches a few more of them. She stiffens hard again, this time her body trembling it's so stiff. It takes her about ten seconds to stop screeching and finally count her stroke out, the tension only beginning to fade from her body. She counts in a voice that's broken. And she's crying.

I can see that her husband isn't happy watching this. It looks to me like he wants to stop me. Then again, he had that same look while Chloe was spanked but didn't interfere. I just hope that he can see the truth. I'm not holding Tina down. She's not bound. She could get off my knees if

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she really tried. But she's not. She's lying there and taking it. Taking just what I made her ask me for. A real, but fair, punishment.

I swat her bottom again, her fourth stroke (OK, fifth, but one didn't count!). She screams again, this time drawing the single cry out for close to ten seconds. She snaps to a steely stiffness, her back arching up high off my lap. She trembles. Her cheeks jiggle slightly from it. Then she loosens up just enough for her stomach to lie on my lap again. And she cries shamelessly. Through her bawling sobs, she counts out "four, Ma'am. I am so sorry for being a bad mommy!..." I can tell she wants to plead for mercy but doesn't. Chloe tried that, and it didn't work for her. Finishing her apology, Tina forces herself to loosen back up.

I give Tina her last stroke, and she screams a very pained cry. Her hips squirm hard, jiggling her deep red globes around. She stiffens, her back snapping up in an arc again. This time her head snaps forward as it does, almost bumping itself against the chair. She takes a long moment to stop screeching and finally count her stroke off.

I hand Sophie the paddle. By her shoulders, I lift Tina's chest up off of me and put her on her knees. I look down, into her wet eyes. "Now it's time for the corner!" I stand and grab Tina by her shoulder. Then I walk her to the same corner Chloe stood in, and position Tina the very same way. I remind her that she's not allowed to move or speak, or even close her eyes. That's the worst part of being in my corner, keeping her eyes open and staring at the nothingness of the blank wall. I tell her to think about her irresponsibility, how it affected her family, and why she's so sorry for being a bad mommy. "You're 46, so I'll come get you out of the corner in 46 minutes," I add tauntingly.

Then I return to the sofa, make myself comfortable, and send Sophie to fetch some coffee.

Tina stands in that corner rigidly still. Her hands are at the small of her back. Her feet are together, her toes barely touching against the baseboards. But that's all of her that's touching the wall. There's maybe ½" of space between her shoulders and the wall. Her pants and panties have fallen to her ankles as she walked over there, and they're still there.

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Her bare bottom stands out, her cheeks slightly loose, having a little flatness to them, and hanging down just a hair. They're also shining a deep shade of red. Her legs are bare as well. They both look as though they carry an extra pound or two, all of it at the tops of her thighs, but they're still moderately shapely. And even with her thighs together, I can see a few curly stray hairs peeking out between them.

Her husband stares at her bottom. "Do you know why I send bad girls to the corner after a spanking?" I ask him. He says no, but what else could he have said? "It's the worst part of the spanking. Sure, the spanking hurts. But now she's standing there, with absolutely nothing to distract her mind from the stinging pain in her bottom. That's most of her punishment, feeling the sting of the spanking.

"You don't have to worry about their bottoms. I used a rubber paddle. It stings worse than the traditional wooden ones, but it doesn't bruise. The redness will be gone tonight. The sting will take a little longer. But by morning, both of those bottoms will be back to unspanked normality.

"There's one more part of the punishment you need to enforce. Their bare bottoms are their faults. They earned those spankings by doing something they both admitted they knew was wrong. Now that they've been spanked for it, life goes on. No concessions are to be made to their sore bottoms. Living normally with the sting is part of the punishment of a spanking. So, for example, at supper time tonight, both of those girls will sit at the table, in their regular chairs, and eat just like always. If they hadn't been spanked, they'd sit through supper like humans do. So they can sit through supper on spanked bottoms. The discomfort of sitting on their sore butts is part of the spanking." I'm sure Tina heard every bit of it.

As we wait for Tina's corner time to pass by, we chat. It's just small talk. But luckily we quickly discover that we are both huge Jaguars' fans. USA Jaguars. And luckily we both know plenty about their football team. So we have plenty to talk about, especially not that the "bully conferences, like the SEC," have canceled their non-conference games because of

COVID. Seriously? There's a bigger risk of people getting sick by playing the Jaguars instead of Vanderbilt? OK, there's a much bigger risk of the Jaguars making the other team's fan sick, but only because the Jaguars kicked their butts! Who loses to Vanderbilt? And we were scheduled to play the Gators this season. That would have been an epic victory for us! I'm sure our animated conversation does nothing for Tina. He tells me she's not into football. Clearly, her non-support for the Jaguars merits another, and far worse, spanking! But I'll save that one for a game day. But the mention of it gets a little chuckle from him.

Once Tina's $\frac{3}{4}$ hour in the corner is up, I go get her out. Without offering her a chance to pull her pants up, I march her right over to her husband and push her to kneel in front of him. She must not have paid too close of attention when I made Chloe kneel. I have to nudge Tina into a proper kneeling position. And remind her that she has to look her husband in his eyes as she apologizes to him, and be a very polite girl when she does.

"I'm sorry for being a bad mommy, Sir. I know that, had I been a better mommy to our little girl, Chloe wouldn't have had to suffer that God-awful spanking. It's all my fault, Sir! I'm sorry! I should have been there for her and taught her not to do stupid things like that, and all I did was fail her. And I failed you, Sir. I know you count on me to be a good mommy for her, and I was just so lazy. I am sorry, Sir!" Tina lightly sobs her apology, but not the sobbing of her spanking. That faded long ago. This is from shame.

He forgives Tina. I summon her over to kneel before me and thank me.

"Thank you so much, Ma'am," Tina says to me, the light sobbing still in her voice. "I honestly know that I deserved to be spanked just like I got Chloe spanked, Ma'am. I want you to know that I truly appreciate you making me see that I wanted to be made to accept my punishment, Ma'am. You were right, Ma'am, I do hate myself for being so stupidly irresponsible. At least now I feel that I've gotten what I deserved for it, Ma'am. I know that next time I will remember this spanking, how much

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it hurt, and how humiliating it was, and it will make me think before I do anything, which I should have done in the first place.

"I... uh... we asked Andrea for help with Chloe, Ma'am... And we don't even know you. I never expected you to even think about me, Ma'am. It was very kind of you. I doubt you can imagine how much it means to me that you were willing to guide me as well as Chloe. I really mean it when I say thank you, Ma'am.

"And I'm very sorry for my potty mouth, Ma'am. I knew better. I just... I didn't expect the spanking to hurt so much, and it kind of shocked me, Ma'am, and I didn't think. I deserve to be punished for that, too, Ma'am... You suggested that we wash Chloe's mouth out if she uses bad words, Ma'am. Will you please wash my mouth out for using a bad word, Ma'am?"

It was exactly the punishment she was going to get. I'm only slightly surprised that Tina has so easily slipped into her place. It's been apparent to me since she saw how well Chloe responded to firm discipline, that Tina deeply respects me as a strong woman. That she considers me to be a better woman than she is. And I can see that she's eager for my approval of her as a mother. Her husband, on the other hand, looks absolutely shocked that Tina asked me for the punishment.

"Yes, because you deserve it, I will wash the filth out of your dirty little potty mouth. Stand up." Tina gets to her feet. She doesn't tremble, but I see the slight edge of nervousness on her face. But I also see a little confidence and a little resignation.

I take hold of Tina's hand. I still haven't let her pull her pants up. I walk her to the kitchen. She comes along willingly, but also hesitantly. It's as if she accepts that the punishment is for her, and good for her, but she knows it's going to be bad and has to force herself to allow it. I stand her beside the sink, her side to it.

I root around in the cabinet under it. I still don't find what I'm after, so I send Sophie to the bathroom. She returns with a fresh bar of soap as I'd asked. And a toothbrush. I get a bowl of water and soak the bar of soap in it for a few seconds, softening it up.

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"Tina, it is impolite to use dirty words. In my realm, ladies, even if they're just the lady of their house, are proper ladies. And ladies are polite. Since your mouth was so filthy, it needs to be washed out. How long has been since your mouth was washed out?"

"I don't think it ever has been, Ma'am."

"Your mother didn't wash it out when it was filthy? No wonder you act so filthy now!"

I get a good, thick, creamy lather on the toothbrush. I take hold of her jaw, pinching its corners to make her open it. "Stand still until I'm done, Tina."

I put the toothbrush into her mouth, starting with it on her teeth. The least unpleasant place for me to put it. I start scrubbing, coating them with a thick, slightly gooey, layer of soap.

Tina immediately cringes hard from the bitter taste. In a fraction of a second, her face has scrunched up into a hard wrinkling. A fraction of a second later, she's gagging and tears are welling up in the corners of her eyes. I know this is far worse than she was expecting it to be, but she still stands there.

"Tina, you know it's important we get all that filthy potty out of your mouth, so I am not going to rush," I tell her, mostly to torment her with the knowledge that this won't be quick. And it's not going to be. I take my time, not stalling, but definitely not hurrying either. I scrub her teeth first. Then her gums. Then the insides of her cheeks.

I finally move to her tongue, scrubbing it as well as its underside and her mouth underneath it. That makes her really taste the acerbic, burning bitterness of the soap. And that makes her start choking on it. I can even see the little ripples of heaves starting at her stomach, telling me that she's starting to get nauseous from it. As if the slightly-green hue of her face doesn't! Finally, I scrub the roof of her mouth.

When I'm done, I'm really done. Every bit of the inside of her mouth is covered with a film of gooey soap, not just lather. And it's been well-scrubbed in. All the way to her hanging tonsils. As far back along with her tongue as the toothbrush would reach. I end by scrubbing her

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lips with the soap, too.

When I finally set the toothbrush down, I tell Tina, "now your mouth is nice and clean! You will apologize for being such a filthy girl."

"Yes, Ma'am. I am so sorry for being such a filthy girl and using such disgusting potty mouth bad words, Ma'am. Thank you very much for washing my mouth out for me, Ma'am." Tina answers, still gagging, her voice unsteady.

"You may rinse your mouth out now, Tina." I even turn the sink on for her, setting the water cold to break up the suds.

Tina's face about flies under the flowing water. She sucks a deep gulp of it into her mouth and spits it quickly into the sink. Then repeats several times. It does little, judging by the sickly hue on her face. Now she's swishing the water around in her mouth. It has her spitting out mouthfuls of suds water, choking, almost puking them out. It takes her a couple of minutes to rinse. Even then, I'll bet she can still feel, very slightly, the burning tingliness of the soap in her mouth. She'll never rinse that completely from her mouth. But it will fade quickly. I'm just not sure her brain will allow her to realize it's faded!

Once she's done, my firm glare is enough for Tina to straighten up and stand properly. "When Chloe gets potty mouth, I expect her mouth to be washed out exactly like that. It should get good and clean. Got it?"

"Yes, Ma'am... I'll do it exactly like you did mine for me, Ma'am."

"Good girl," I tell her, now letting some sweetness creep into my voice. "I have no doubt that you are Chloe's primary care-giver. Thus I suspect most of the work of monitoring Chloe's grounding will fall on your shoulders. I expect, and demand, that Chloe is supervised very attentively, and very strictly. I know it will be difficult for you to punish her, especially the real punishments, but should Chloe earn it, I expect you to properly take care of her, even when that means turning her over your knees and spanking her bottom red.

"Obviously, since I have some further things to discuss with Chloe, we will be seeing each other again. I'd say in ten days when her grounding is over, but I am rather confident Chloe will manage to add a

few penalty days to that grounding.

"Since you willingly agreed to supervise Chloe, I am going to hold you to it. If you fail to punish her when she earns it, or fail to do anything you've agreed to do, and doing it less than fully and attentively will count as failing, I will be over to punish you for your disobedience. You voluntarily agree to supervise her, so you will do it.

"Behave yourself very well, and once Chloe is un-grounded you will be offered a reward. I can allow very sweet rewards. Since you have been such a big girl today by admitting your failures and willingly accepting your punishment, I've decided to you may have a very small reward. That way you will fully understand what lies ahead for you. Pain and humiliation for misbehavior, but also very pleasant rewards should you work hard to please me.

"Would you like me to teach your husband how to give you that tiny reward now?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Tina answer rather eagerly.

"Fine. As you supervise Chloe over the next days, I want you to remember your reward. And remember that the more you please me, the better your rewards will be, the more you displease me, the more your punishment will be. When you send me Chloe's letter each day, you will add an email letter of your own and tell me about your day. I don't want to hear that you went to work. I want to hear the hard stuff, like what you made for supper, that Chloe doesn't like this or that, yet you made her eat, and how you felt making her eat it. Don't be even a tiny bit shy. Just tell me everything. Nothing is private or personal. You'll have to trust me completely.

"Now, take all your clothes off and make a neat pile on the kitchen table. Just like Chloe did. When you are done, and you have absolutely nothing whatsoever, not even a hairpin, left on, you will tell me that you are fully naked. Strip now, Tina."

Tina doesn't hesitate to take her clothes off. She takes care to fold them very neatly, squaring up her pile and smoothing any wrinkles out of everything. And she manages to ignore her husband, now openly

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gawking at her with utter disbelief on his face. Clearly, he's seeing a side of Tina he never thought might exist.

Tina stands up, her hands behind her back, showing off her body to me. "Ma'am, I am fully naked for you now, Ma'am." She says, her voice eager, but laced with a good bit of shyness that gives her the slightest stutter.

Tina's eyes flick nervously to and from my eyes. It's enough for me to know that she's not nervous about the reward. She's only nervous about showing me her middle-aged body and thus feeling very shy about it.

Tina doesn't have too much to really be shy about. She's not an ugly woman. Nor is she overweight. She's a hair taller than Chloe, I'd guess her to be about 5'7" and maybe 160-165 pounds. She has the same oval face with a rounded chin, only Tina's face is less lean. She even has the same hair as Chloe, except that Tina styles hers, adding a bit of body to it, and a little fluff. It looks pretty good on her.

Her body isn't lean, but it's still proportional. Her sides are almost straight, having only a slight feminine curve to them. Her stomach is mostly flat, but now having a looseness to it that I am certain comes from carrying two girls in it. (Chloe has a 20-year-old sister who is away attending college in Miami.) I can see only very few, and faint, wrinkle lines on across it. Her shoulders have just enough body fat on them that I can't see any of her bones. Her hips are the same. Her arms, however, are slightly leaner.

I suspect a good part of her shyness is over her breasts. She's just as amply-endowed as her daughter. I'd guess she's a 38-D. And like Chloe, there isn't a tan line on Tina's body. But her breasts have a moderate sagginess to them. I kind of expected them too. Pregnancy tends to take its toll on them, all that swelling up with milk and whatnot. They have a look as if they'd be soft and rather spongy in my hand. She has the same light pink shade of nipples, only Tina's nipples are smaller, more like pencil erasers, and they have smaller rings of the same color around them. Her rings are slightly larger than quarters. They point very

slightly downward as the hard nub just forward towards me.

Tina has a very dense light brown bush. Hers is even thicker than Chloe's. And it's all-natural. It doesn't even look like she's trimmed it up, but then again I can't picture her in a bikini, either. And I'm sure by now her husband has seen it so much she no longer cares if it looks its best for him, or just looks the way G-d made it for him. She stands with her feet slightly apart, as I taught her to. It's enough for me to see that her mound is slightly puffy with narrow lips. And for me to tell that her inner folds stick out rather prominently even though I can't see them. It's just the way they push her longish, very curly, and it looks like it's very silky, fur aside, matting it a little denser around them.

"You have to be a very good girl for a reward, Tina. Very good." I tell her in a honeyed-sweet voice. Then I reach out, neither fast nor slow but just casually, to her breasts. I take one of her mounds in my hand, hefting it up until it's completely off her chest. I peek at its underside, seeing a few faint stretch marks there, all of which have faded over the years. I give it a very gentle squeeze, feeling how soft it is in my hand. A hair more so than I'd expected, like squeezing an overfilled water balloon. My first thought is how energetically they'll dance around.

Tina must not have expected me to touch her so casually as if it's no different to me to be touching her bare breasts than touching her arm would be. I can feel a very slight quiver run through her body as I touch her mound. Then a slightly sharper one as I stroke my finger tenderly over her nipple, feeling the rocky hardness of her nub. And I hear a deeply muted purr from her at the caress.

Still cupping her loose mound in my hand, I softly tell her in my sweetest voice, "after your reward, you will wait in your room. You will stay fully naked. You will leave the door just as fully open. You will do nothing to cover yourself. You will do nothing but wait. When it's time, your husband will bring you your clothes. He will give them to you. You will thank him. You will dress in front of him. Then he will take you by your hand and lead you out of your room. That will be the end of this for you. Then you may do as you think appropriate. Until he comes for you,

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you will just wait nude for him. Wait patiently. Whatever happens around the house, in the whole world, your husband is quite capable of handling it for you. You will just wait patiently until he thinks it is time for you to come out. Do you understand that, Tina?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Tina says in her eager voice, still with the tiniest bit of edginess to it. "I promise, Ma'am, no matter what, I will patiently wait for Alex to come get me, Ma'am."

"That's my good girl, Tina," I say happily. I release her mound, casually lowering my hand to Tina's pubes. I gently take a good handful of her hairs. They are as silky as they look. I can see Tina is surprised that I'm touching her there just as casually. "Now come with me and I will show your man how to give you a very tiny reward."

I keep my grip on her bush. This time I don't have to drag her along. She comes eagerly, her stride confident and matching mine. I motion with a crook of my finger for her husband to follow along as I walk Tina into their bedroom.

They were so not expecting company! I can tell. Their bed isn't even made. The room isn't messy, though. It just looks like they didn't expect anyone to see it today. I can see a few of the typical trappings of long married life: there's a glass of tea on a nightstand, and on the other, there's a remote for the TV.

I walk Tina over to the bed. I feel the slightest hesitation in her, just enough to let me know that she's feeling a little trace of embarrassment that I'm seeing this room un-made-up. I release my handful of her bush. "Tina, you will get on the bed, across it, not longways, on all fours. Do that now, Tina."

"Yes, Ma'am," Tina answers, a little more eagerness creeping into her voice. But mostly her voice is full of deference, of her demure acceptance that she's going to be obediently following directions that will not be explained to her, not knowing what's going to happen to her body, and whatever it is, she will be submitting to it.

She crawls up on to the bed. Her posture is anything but proper. It's utterly relaxed, casual, and unconcerned about anything. I don't scold

her. I haven't taught either of them to get on all four yet. Instead, I adopt the tone of a teacher in a classroom. Maybe a kindergarten teacher instructing a tot in something that would be so simple for a bigger girl.

"Now Tina, you have to kneel like a big girl!" I tell her, "Let's start with those legs. Can you spread your knees really wide for me? Oh, that's such a good girl, now how about we get those feet just the same bit apart!" From there I have her straighten her thighs so that they're straight up and down, even though they're extending out roughly forty-five degrees. Then I have her get her back straight, flat with the bed. And then she obediently brings her hands under her shoulders and locks her elbows with her arms straight up and down. From there I have her move her hands up and out equal amounts so that her back is again flat and straight. Finally, I have her pick her head up so she's looking forward. I tell her to stay just like that for a minute, I want her husband to get a good look at her body.

I see a shy flush bloom over her for just a split second. It's not because he's going to see her nude, or even that he'll see her like this. It's that she knows he's going to have to look at her in detail and see everything fully. Even the parts of her body that have aged along with her. The parts she hates because they're not as firm as they were in her youth. Women can be rather vain. Even on their knees.

I nudge him around to the foot of the bed. "Get a good look. This is a proper posture for a lady to get on all fours. See how I have her arms up and out? This way they don't get in the way of your view of her breasts. See how those breasts just hang down, fully exposed so you can see every bit of them? Even the undersides of them, and who ever looks at that side? Do you get to see her breasts like this often?" He tells me no, that he doesn't really remember how long it's been since Tina was like this. Sometimes he gets a quick glimpse as she bends over dressing or something, but never such an "open" view of them. I point out her slightly narrow nipples and how in their steely stiffness they poke down proudly. I ask if he "enjoys Tina showing him her breasts like this." He says he does. Tina nipples seem to stiffen just a little more as he says it.

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I have him move around to stand behind Tina. It's my first view of her pussy. And like this, it's an excellent, fully unhindered view. It's like her bottom just flows down to become her thighs, which then quickly narrow into fairly-shapely legs that form an upside-down V shape. And at the very apex of the V, her furry mound stands out eagerly, sticking just a little bit past the backs of her thighs and her bottom.

Now I can see her pussy better, although I still don't have a perfect view. Her bush, definitely "Brazilian," is dense enough to hide the details of it from my eyes. I use the back of my fingers to very tenderly brush the mat of her fur aside, baring her slit fully. With even that touch, only to her hairs, I hear Tina purr again.

Now I can see just how narrow her lips are. And how long. I can see the wide gash they leave as they don't come close to meeting. I can see the purple-tinged pinkness of their edges. And there's no way I can miss her purple-pink inner folds as they stand out so far above her lips, wrinkling together into a tight, but large, knot at the top, then sloping into her at the bottom. "Ooh!" I purr sweetly, "can you see how wet Tina's pussy is? Look at all that honey! It's like it's begging for you to slip right into it." It is wet. Her honey is thin and slippery, shining brightly like oil, with only a faint whiteness to it. Tina's scent isn't nearly as strong as Chloe's, but I do get a whiff of her light muskiness.

Her husband tells me he can see all of that. I ask if he thinks her pussy looks eager for his attention, and he tells me that it does.

"Well, let's get an even better look at Tina's pussy." I very gently ease her lips aside and spread her inner folds wide. It bares every speck of Tina's pinkness to us. Inside, everything is covered with a thick layer of honey clinging to her. I can see her tunnel. It's not wide, but its entrance seems to gape open in invitation just a bit. I can even see the very edge of her walls budding slightly outward as if offering up the spongy-meatiness of her plush tunnel. "See there!" I lace a little excited squeal into my voice, "can you see how Tina's clit is just so swollen up and hard! Oh, I'll be that is just throbbing and aching for you to play with it!" He agrees. I know Tina is hearing every word of it. If she wasn't, I

wouldn't be pointing it out in such graphic detail to him. I want Tina to hear how she looks to another. And I want her thinking about the blatantly obvious display of her arousal her body is shamelessly making.

I release Tina's folds. "That only leaves one little part of Tina that she's yet to show us. Has Tina ever shown you her butt hole before?" He says no, she hasn't. He doesn't even remember ever seeing it, not even in a shared shower. But, most certainly, Tina has never overtly shown it. "Oh, I just know she really wants to see it! I know Tina wants you to know every tiny bit of her body! Let's just see what she's been hiding!" I casually put my hands to her globes, taking care to avoid the 90% of them that's still red. It puts my hands at the bottom edge of her cheeks, right where they curve downward and then flow into her thighs. I push her cheeks apart, spreading them wide and opening her crack just as wide. It leaves her asshole fully exposed.

"There!" I say to him, "now you can see Tina's butt hole." I describe her purple-pink ring in detail. In my words, it looks like a little ring, the size of a dime with a little pinpoint of darkness at its center, poking out just slightly. And with her untrimmed bush, there a small, but dense, ridge of fur flowing around it, but leaving a little bare skin between her hairs and her ring. I even point out how tightly clenched it is right now as if it's just so afraid that I might violate it!

"Yeah..." He tells me with a tiny little chuckle in his voice, "she's never been into anal. She's certain that will hurt and never been up for it."

"Oh, I just hate it when a woman doesn't know her own body and lets dumb, unfounded, fears get in the way of her body's pleasure!" I hold my hand out to Sophie, splaying my fingers. Sophie knows what that means I want. She very quickly and quietly pulls a latex glove onto my hand. I keep Tina's cheeks spread with my other hand. Now that I'm gloved, I ask him if he's gotten a good look at "Tina's butt hole." He says yes, he could describe it to sketch artist if I wanted him to.

I slip my fingers up along the un-spanked insides of her cheeks, keeping her cheeks spread as I go. I stop with my fingers spanning her

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ring. I push her cheeks even wider apart, stretching the wrinkly flesh over her muscle taut, smoothing out some of it's rippling wrinkles as it starts to pull her ring. "Watch this!" I say it sweetly and eagerly.

I touch the tip of my finger to Tina's gash, getting a liberal coat of her slick honey on it. Then I touch it to her tensed asshole. Tina instantly flinches hard. I press gently against her muscle, not quite hard enough to push my narrow finger into her, but firmly enough that she feels a little bit of pressure against it. "Tina, listen to me closely. I am going to begin to teach you something a woman should know, that according to your husband, you don't know. If you are a very good girl and obediently do as you are told, this will not hurt you the least bit. You'll have to trust me.

"You will make your best effort to immediately do as you are told. Take a deep breath, Tina." I pause a second and hear a sharp, now edgy, intake of breath. She holds it in. "Good girl, Tina. Now, pretend you are on the toilet and really have to go, but can't. I want you to push really hard. No matter what your butt hole feels, you will keep pushing your very hardest. I will tell you when to stop. Do that now for me, Tina."

Tina pushes. Not very hard at first. I ease up the pressure just slightly, giving her a chance to get over her initial fear before she feels anything. After a second she pushes a little harder. This time I don't ease up. As she pushes, her asshole presses back against my finger. Her muscle steadily turns rubbery, until soon her asshole is pushing itself onto my finger. Her rubbery muscle stretches easily, allowing my finger to start slipping into the relaxed hole. Her purplish flesh snuggles gently around my finger. She obediently keeps pushing. Lubricated very well with her oily honey, my finger softly glides through the snuggle of her gentle ring.

I know Tina can feel it. As my finger first presses into her asshole, Tina shivers slightly. Then she exhales very slowly. At first, her breath has an anxious light squeal to it. But as my finger so easily enters her bottom, her squeal vanishes into an erotic purr.

In a couple of seconds, the web of my finger is flush against the outside of her ring. "Tina... do not tense up. Just relax completely and

stop pushing. Do that now." She relaxes. Instantly I feel the tension as her asshole wants to clamp around my finger, but just as quickly it fades into a more rubbery snuggle. Tina exhales the rest of the breath quickly. She sucks a few nervous breaths, but those quickly fade into softer breaths with an anxious, but very erotic, purr in them.

"Tina, You will tell your husband what you feel now. All of it. Do not think about being the tiniest bit shy. Not now."

"Yes, Ma'am," Tina answers. I can hear the sultriness taking root in her voice, and I suspect her husband can, too. "I was so wrong, Sir! I can feel Miss Rodgers' finger up my behind. I... uh... I can feel it going into me, my... butt just lying snugly around it. It doesn't hurt at all, Sir! It mostly just feels weird, Sir. It's a feeling I've never felt before. I can even feel her finger all the way up inside my behind, but it's like... I can tell it's there, but that's it! It's just there, it's not making me uncomfortable or anything, Sir!" Tina makes her reply humble and polite, even though I didn't tell her to.

"Good girl, Tina!" I tell her sweetly as if I am proud of her and want her to know it. I move very gently, very slowly, and very casually. I press down with the slightest imaginable pressure, just barely enough for me to feel what I'm pushing the pad of my finger against. The membrane of her bowel is so thin, nothing more than a sausage casing, that it's nothing. What I want to feel is what that filmy membrane is lying against. The backside of her pussy walls. And now I feel them. Or rather I feel the very hint of them, their sponginess, their softness, and I feel the burning heat stoking inside them.

I give a small, slow, very tender wiggle of my finger, stroking it feather-light over the virginal backside of those walls. Tina immediately tenses up hard. A very crisp shiver racks her body. She exhales a startled "AH!" blurting it out, then sucking in a panicked-fast breath. She loosens back up quickly and exhales her breath with a squealy "OOH!" that she draws out so long two more shivers sweep over her body.

I keep massaging the backside of her pussy. Tina keeps shivering, her shivers growing stronger, almost turning into shudders. And Tina

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keeps purring those "OOH!s" sucking fast breaths between them. Each purr sounds more sultry, more urgent, than the last. In maybe fifteen seconds, Tina's purrs have turned to outright sensual moans.

"Tina," I use as much honey as I can put into my voice, adding just a hint of firmness to it. "now tell your husband what it's like to have your butt fingered."

"Yes!" Tina blurts out in a moan, "Ma'am!" She pants a fast breath before moaning on. "Sir, it feels incredibly good! I know this sounds strange, Sir, and very slutty of me, Sir, but I swear I don't feel anything in my behind! I feel everything in my pussy, Sir! Everything! It feels like I'm having sex, Sir! I'm sorry for being so slutty, Sir!"

I feel a hard twitch snap in the sponginess under my finger. At the same time, Tina squeals out an erotic "AH!-AH!" as the twitch fades, she resumes moaning out her long purrs. "Ooh, you felt that, didn't you, Tina. Tell him what you felt."

"I felt... absolute pleasure suddenly shoot into my--" Tina suddenly cries out another "AH!-AH!" before finishing her sentence, "pussy! It's too good, Sir! Way too good, I can't believe it. And please, I can't stand it!"

He grins. I lean my head close to his and whisper to him very softly, so Tina won't even know I do it. "Tina, is there something you want to say to Miss Rodgers?"

"Yes, Sir!" Tina blurts out, "THANK YOU, MA'AM! Thank you so much for teaching me that I like it. Thank you so much for fingering my behind, Ma'am! Thank you, Ma'am!"

I give her a little more of it, watching as the shudders grow crisper as they rack over her. I point out to her husband the "erotic chills" that are sweeping her, and ask if he can see "how they make her dangling breasts just dance around they're jiggling so energetically." He says he's already noticed that, and yes, he is very much enjoying the unimpeded view of that Tina is offering him.

She's been treated to maybe a minute of that when I still my finger. I give her a few seconds to calm, then gently ease my finger back out of

her. I hold my hand out and Sophie pulls the glove off for me, finding a trash can to toss it into.

I step back. Tina lightly pants, her breaths still purring slightly. I help myself to a seat on a little love seat against the wall. It looks like a leftover from their last living room set, but it provides a comfy place to sit in a room not primarily for sitting. I send Sophie to fetch me some coffee.

Then I tell her husband to "take his time and fully enjoy the body being openly offered to him." I add "consider Tina's body to be like a blow-up doll, there for you to touch however you wish. For your feeling pleasure. Don't concern yourself even a tiny bit with Tina. Don't care if she likes something or hates it, or whatever in between. Just play with her body however you most enjoy it. Pleasure yourself with this toy." Silently I mouth to him "trust me." I think he caught it.

Then I sit back and sip another cup of coffee. Thank G-d it's still hot! And I watch him caress Tina's body. It's doesn't take him very long at all before his hands are under her, stroking those freely dangling breasts, and caressing their always-neglected undersides. He seems to be really enjoying toying with her body. He takes his time, I'd guess he's at it around twenty minutes and caresses almost all of her. The only thing he really avoids is her bottom, and I won't scold him for that.

While his hands are exploring her body with an eagerness, almost as if it's all new and exciting to him, Tina kneels and purrs away. Her purrs quickly take on a deep honeyed urgency to them. And some very sweet chills sweep over her body.

When I think Tina has suffered enough waiting for her reward, I return to stand behind her. I take his hand in mine. Then I very softly open Tina's folds, fully baring her clit. Now it's so eager I can see it throbbing along with her heartbeat as it stands up. "Tina, you will be given your reward now." I tell her in a firm sweetness, "You will be a big girl for your reward. You will stay still on your knees, and enjoy it."

I put his fingers to her aching nub, pinching them lightly onto it. As I pinch his finger softly, just enough to steady her nub, Tina blurts out a needy erotic cry. He grins a little more. I ignore her. I take hold of his

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other hand, extending a single finger and putting the pad very softly atop her captive nub. I start his finger moving over her nub, caressing it with a touch as light as feather, his finger not really even moving her clit as it glides over the slippery nub.

Like most men, he hasn't a clue what a woman best enjoys. Certainly, he knows what he's rubbing and that women like it rubbed. He even knows to be gentle. But I have to slow him down a few times and lighten his touch a few more before he catches onto the rhythm.

Once he does, Tina's very loud, very deep, and very needy moans are all the encouragement he needs to keep going. In just a few short seconds, Tina's body is shuddering hard. And her moans are turning into outright screeches.

I leave him to it and move around in front of Tina. I lean over slightly, putting my eyes right to hers, and only an inch or so in front of hers. I use one finger to tenderly stroke her cheek. Once I have her attention, I tell her firmly "Tina, enjoy your reward. You may have five minutes of reward. Trust me on this, you do not want to cum, not until the very end. I'll bet if you ask your husband very politely, he'll tell you when you should cum."

Tina screeches a slightly squealing and very needy moan. "Sir, PLEASE! Please, Sir, will you please tell me when you want me... when I should cum? Please, Sir! This is so good I can't even think! Please, Sir, please will you please tell me when I should cum?" Tina doesn't wait for an answer. As the crispest-yet shudder racks her body, she cries out a very sultry moaning squeal.

"Relax and enjoy your reward, Tina." He tells her, "I'll tell you when you've had all of your reward and it's time for you to cum."

"THANK YOU, SIR!!" Tina screeches out along with a moan.

I step back, keeping my eyes on Tina. I could of times I have to firmly remind her that she's being given a reward and that a polite girl will stay still to make it very easy for her loving husband to give her a reward. She tries, but the chills have her shuddering to hard as those shivers sweep her. He doesn't seem to mind. The smile on his face tells

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me that he's enjoying watching her suffer this.

I time the reward. I wouldn't want Tina to have to endure too much on her first time. And judging by the flush of her skin, the hardness of her shudders, and the very loud urgency in her screeched moans, I doubt Tina could last much more than the five minutes I typically demand of first-timers.

With about ten seconds left on her time, I get up and move around to her husband. I whisper to him, although with the loudness of her moans, I doubt she could hear anything less than a bull horn. I tell him how to end this even more pleasantly for Tina.

He does as I tell him. I'm certain that he's learning just as much as Tina is right now. That this idea has never even occurred to him. Men! They all think there's only one part of them us girls want them to use on us! Pigs!

He leans forward, putting his lips very softly on Tina's flaming red cheek. He plants a very soft and sweet kiss on her globe. As he lifts his lips away, goosebumps now cover her entire globe. He kisses the other. "Tina, you've had your reward. Go ahead and cum for me, Tina."

Tina doesn't need any encouragement. She screams, her body stiffening up hard and trembling. A second later, her body still straining to tighten beyond what's possible, I see a huge dollop of her honey suddenly squirt hard out of her pussy. It hits his elbow, clinging to it even as some of it falls to the bed. Then a second later another dollop shoots back just as powerfully. "Oh, that pussy much be cumming so hard!" I sweetly announce. Another sharp spasm sends another dollop of honey spurting out of her pussy.

Tina's scream fades to silence as her lungs run out of air. Her pussy spasms harder than ever, shooting more honey out and all the way to his shirt. She "hangs" like that, screaming without sound, trembling violently as her muscles still try to stiffen even more for a couple of seconds.

I can tell by the look on his face that he's surprised. I assume this orgasm is different from what he's seen her have before. And It's obvious

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that he knows it's better for her.

Tina sucks in a lightning-fast breath. She explodes, screaming out as her muscles snap. It sends her crashing onto her stomach, dropping her face onto the bed. And it yanks her clit from his hand. She lies there, her body twitching violently, her pussy flowing liberally with honey, and screeching. In half a minute, with nothing changed, her cry ebbs. A few seconds later she's panting for her breath, lying there shuddering and sweating, and flowing.

I look at her husband, a wide grin on my face. Mission accomplished. And now I motion for him to walk with me to the door. Silently he follows me.

Once we're well away from Tina, he finally speaks. "I see why you told her to wait in there. How long should I leave her?"

I grin. Maybe he's not completely male – I mean dense. "at least twenty, and maybe thirty minutes, if you want to be kind. I guarantee you she won't even remember the first fifteen. After that, she'll bask in her bliss for a while. It'll take around ten minutes for her legs to be steady when she gets up. I'm sure, a half of an hour from now, you'll find her lying exactly where you left her."

"So I should go let Chloe out of her room?"

"Yes. And if she asks anything, don't tell her. Whatever her parents do together isn't a girl's business. Just say something like 'Don't worry about mommy and daddy, honey. Mommy's fine.'"

"Oh," I add at the door, "and I'd strongly suggest leaving her butt alone for now. It takes some skill on the woman's part to use that pleasantly, and Tina doesn't have close to the skill for it yet. I promised her another reward if she supervises Chloe very closely. I'm sure that will motivate her, but it won't hurt if you remind her of it once in a while. Just something like 'You're doing great at keeping an eye on Chloe. Miss Rodgers is going to have a very sweet reward for you.'"

He agrees. I leave and while I'm driving home I have Sophie get Andrea on the phone. Andrea can keep a secret. Tina will never know that Andrea is hearing all about Chloe's lesson. And Tina's. But as the

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one who sent Chloe to me, Andrea deserves the full amusing story. “Good!” Andrea leaves me with, “That little brat deserved a good spanking!” and she giggles. She means Chloe.