

# Miss Nosy



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### Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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

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*Miss Nesy*

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### Prologue:

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

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

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

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.

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Sophie happens to be my favorite sex toy to pleasure myself with. Her tongue has two big advantages over my vibrator: one, it's very delicate and tender. Two, no matter how much I use it, its batteries never die at the worst possible moment! It's better than fresh bunny batteries, it just keeps going until I want it to stop. And I don't even have to hold it in place!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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I also have a circle of five other women friends, all of whom are Dommies as well. Andrea (28), Janelle (36), Colette (40), Diane (44), and Olive (46). we usually get together every couple of weeks for coffee and a little chat about who's doing what to whom lately. We sometimes share, or loan, our toys to each other, but not that often. Sometimes we do a favor for each other, such as providing something different for a toy. Mostly we do what girls do: we gossip.

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

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

I have dual citizenship. That's a benefit the Russian government bestowed upon me because my father was a junior

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



# Chapter One - Being Nosy

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Spring Hill College is a four-year Christian university here in Mobile, Alabama. It's a decent-sized school with about 10,000 students, counting the part-timers. That makes it no more than  $\frac{1}{3}$  the size of my college, USA. It doesn't have the programs that USA does, either. But the ones it does have, leaning rather heavily towards the arts and liberal arts, are rather good.

While I'm not a student here, campus life is campus life. This might a Christian university, but it also has a reputation for students who know how to party. Off-campus, naturally. They wouldn't dare have too much fun on campus. I'm not even Christian, but a fair percentage of the students here aren't either. Another percentage is in name only. I'm Jewish and moderately conservative. But I can still bland in rather well here. Since I am a college girl, I tend to look like one, at least during the days when I have classes.

I don't think anyone notices me sitting here. To them, I'm just some other student, passing time between classes with a cup of coffee. I'm not worried about anyone asking if I'm a student here. I doubt I'm the only non-student sitting here. If anything, if anyone recognizes me, they'll recognize me for my reputation. I haven't exactly been Miss Discretion. A number of my fellow students know that I'm a Domme and that I have a decent little toy box of toys I play with. I'm not so shy about letting people know what I'm into, either.

Spring Hill doesn't have as many little coffee and snack spots as USA does. But with fewer students, they don't need them. The one I'm at is just a little patio with some tables and chairs outside the student dining room. There are about 20 little tables, and maybe half of them have people sitting at them. Some of them trying to study something. Some of them chatting. It's not the kind of place for a date, obviously, but it does look like one or two of the couples chatting are getting to know each other. Or know each well and are just meeting up between classes. That doesn't count as a formal date.

I'm here for one reason. Elisha. Elisha is an 18-year-old girl whose father is a friend of my friend Nikolai. He asked me to "look after" Elisha while she was in Mobile and teach her "the things a wife should know." But he also wants her to stay a virgin. I don't know him that well, I've only met him a few times, but we

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talk often enough about Elisha. I do know that his wife is also his slave. So it didn't take me much imagination to figure out what he wanted Elisha to learn. He wants her to learn how to a pleasing, humble, polite, and proper wife. A slutty wife, too. And by that, I mean a total slut who will do anything but only for her husband and only then behind a closed bedroom door. In public, she should be subservient, but modest.

I've had some fun with Elisha, but I've also been careful to limit her contact with men. Elisha comes over to my apartment twice a week. It could be called a session. But for her, it's more than that. I ask her about everything, and I make sure that her studies are going well. I only allow her social activities that I approve in advance, too.

And I like to just pop up on Elisha. It's usually something like showing up unexpectedly in her dorm room at some odd time of the day. Or night. A couple of times, when Elisha had lecture classes where no one would notice me, I snuck in. I probably wasn't the only one to sneak in, either. Those classes, especially the entertaining ones that show movies and stuff, tend to have 200 students enrolled and about 400 occupied seats. Who doesn't like free movies? College students on a budget love them!

And sometimes I do just what I'm doing now. I'll find a place on campus close to Elisha's class to just wait for her. Then, when her class is over, I'll text her where I am and tell her to come immediately. I like to pick a place where I can see her coming, too. Like this place. There's a big green space between me and the building, but I can see the doors Elisha will come out of when her class is over. I can see a herd coming out the doors now, so I send Elisha the text. The herd tells me that her class is over. She'll be somewhere in that group. I wouldn't want her lingering with her friends when she could be hurrying to me.

I've only been waiting about ten minutes. Elisha's class is predictable enough that I can cut my timing close, which is a good thing since I have a rather busy schedule. I don't have much time during the day, between classes and an internship at USA Health, one of the bigger and better hospitals in Mobile.

But ten minutes has been plenty. There's a couple sitting beside me, at the next table over. She must be about 18. I'd guess he's about 19 or 20, which is pretty typical on campus. Any

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campus. And they are definitely not having a bible study. I can hear all of their conversation, even though they seem to think no one can.

It took me about a minute to figure out that they're together. And to figure that they've never been intimate yet, despite having dated for a few months now. In college time, that's about two millennia.

It took me maybe two more minutes to figure out why. She, I haven't heard her name yet, is clearly a submissive. He, however, is a vanilla. And as a vanilla, he doesn't recognize the signs. He doesn't know what she is. And thus, he can't know what she wants. She's not going to tell him, either. I'm not so sure she could put it into words. Younger subs, those with less experience, tend to have trouble telling me what they want. Part of it is shyness. Part of it is that they just don't know themselves. Some of that is from the lack of experience. There are so many things they've never tried, so how would they know how those things would affect them?

From listening to her, I doubt she's ever tried anything before. Maybe she knows what she is, maybe not. Maybe she just has graphic fantasies. More likely she just has fantasies that all involve her being completely under the control of her partner. A guy not asking her. Just taking her clothes off of her and carrying her to bed to have his way with her. Whatever his way might be. The more detailed fantasies usually come later. Once she gets a taste of what it's like, her mind comes up with more, and more intense, ideas. More ways she can please her partner. And she finds herself willing to do far more, even rather humiliating things, that make him happy. Pleasing him excites her. The humiliation, only seen by him, doesn't matter to her.

I've met plenty of girls like her. Plenty of guys like her, too. I've introduced my share of them to submission, too. It's kind of what a Domme does.

Elisha comes up and takes her seat across from me. She's young. 18. Just like the girl at the next table. Elisha sits the way I've taught her to sit. With her back straight. Her eyes forward. Her legs crossed right over left. And her hands demurely folded in her lap. It's probably the exact same way any finishing school would teach her that a proper lady sits. It looks feminine. It looks

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like something a classy lady would do. One who cares about appearances and posture. It looks cute nude, too. But I can't exactly undress Elisha out here.

I turn my attention to Elisha and start asking her how her classes are going. What she's doing when I'm not looking over her shoulder. Who she's spending her time with. If I should be expecting any guys to be calling me to ask my permission to take my girl, her, out.

Elisha sits still. She gives me all of her attention. She doesn't even glance at her watch to see how long she has before her next class. She knows I won't make her late. Unless I want her to be late. Elisha's answers are all very polite. "Yes, Ma'am," kind of answers. And Elisha doesn't hesitate to tell me anything I ask her. Even here, in public. Not even when I ask her if she's masturbated lately. Elisha just answers a polite "no, Ma'am." She doesn't even blush. And she doesn't hush her voice as if she's trying to make sure no one else hears her. But she's not loud anyway. She has a quiet voice.

It's not quiet enough. I can see that the girl next to us hears Elisha. But it doesn't surprise me. She's had her eye on Elisha since Elisha sat down. An interested, inquisitive eye. As if she's wondering what Elisha is. Who I am. Why Elisha is clearly so demure around me. It's not like I could be Elisha's mother or anything. I'm barely two years older than she is.

It takes a couple of minutes. But I see it. Whoever this girl beside me is, she's paying more attention to Elisha than to her boyfriend. Her eyes are feasting on Elisha. But not as if she's attracted to Elisha. It's more as if she's just overly eager to watch. Even though Elisha isn't doing anything more than sitting in a chair.

But finally, I get tired of being watched. I don't say anything, not even to Elisha. The other girl might hear it. If ears could grow, hers would be about a mile wide right now as hard as she's straining to hear, and look like she isn't. I just stand up.

The girl is sitting beside me with maybe four or five feet between our chairs. These are small tables, each with only two chairs. Her boyfriend is sitting across from her. I grab the back of my chair and spin it around. Then I drop into it. Only now I'm



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sitting between the girl and her boyfriend. And I'm sitting close to her, not him.

Immediately a look of surprise floods over her face. It's tinged with embarrassment. A definite deer-in-the-headlights look. As if she knows that I've caught her snooping into my business. I see her light white skin blush slightly. She tries to cover it up and pretend that she's not embarrassed. As if she thinks, or prays, that she can convince me she wasn't watching Elisha.

I stare into her eyes for about a second. That's long enough to push the tension way up. "What is your name, nosy?" I ask her in a rather firm, and definitely taunting, voice. I hope it will convince her not to bother denying it, I'll never be convinced. And to tell her to answer.

She blushes, this time bright red. Then she stutters for a second. Finally, she just says "Taryn." Just her name. It's all she manages to get out. Her voice is hushed and definitely embarrassed. But I can hear a faint note of excitement running through it as well.

"Oh, so you're not only nosy but rude as well, are you, Taryn? As much as you've been eavesdropping on me and that slave by now, I would have thought you might have figured out that I demand politeness from play toys. Or maybe you're trying to get your naughty little bottom spanked right here? Are you?" I ask Taryn in a rather teasing voice. But with some firmness in it. Enough that it leaves Taryn wondering if I might just be serious about spanking her right here.

I watch Taryn's eyes quickly, and very nervously, dart over and steal a glance at Elisha. I don't take my eyes off Taryn. I don't need to. I've been training Elisha since school started in August. I know that Elisha is sitting there still and silent, demurely waiting for me to tell her what she should do now. "NO!" Taryn blurts out, but still in a hushed voice. "I'm sorry... Ma'am!" Her voice is even more hushed than before as if she is doing everything she can to make sure no one hears her.

I can see her boyfriend, too, out of the corner of an eye. I thought he was about to stand up for her. But he doesn't. As soon as he hears the way Taryn suddenly got polite, he stays in his seat. His eyes stay on Taryn, but now they look as if he's

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wondering what's going on. And seeing a different Taryn than he's ever seen before.

"Didn't your mother teach you even the most rudimentary manners? Sit up straight! Like a lady." I don't raise my voice to her. But I do use a firm, imposing tone.

Then I watch as Taryn's back almost snaps. It straightens up that quickly. An instant later, I see her eyes dart back over to Elisha. Then I watch as Taryn crosses her legs. And folds her hands in her lap. There's no doubt that she's copying Elisha's posture. And doing it well. As if she's putting actual effort into getting it right.

I can already see that Taryn is a cute girl. She has a slightly oval face with the softest and fully rounded features. She has long, straight, medium brown hair that hangs down to the middle of her shoulder blades. Or would. Now there are a pair of pink barrettes holding it back. I can still see that her hair is fine and silky. And I can see a pair of bright green eyes to go with it. She has a small, and barely wide, nose. Beneath that, I can see a wide smile that goes almost from ear to ear. And a pair of light pink, rather full and plush, lips framing it. I can see a nicely rounded jawline, too.

Taryn is wearing fairly typical campus attire, especially considering it's almost 80 degrees out today. She has a slightly snug purple cotton top. It's sleeveless, showing all of her arms and most of her shoulders. It's snug enough for everyone to see that her breasts are ample, but not much more than that. It's just loose enough to hint at the curve of her waist, but not actually show it. She's also wearing a pair of denim shorts. Or maybe they're jeans that have been cut off. She has the bottoms of the legs folded up into a hemline, which could be the way they're made. Or it could be covering up where she cut them off. Whichever the case, those are just slightly snuggier on her body than her shirt. They're tight enough to hug her flesh and show a curve to her hips, but not to look tight. But also to show off a pair of lean legs.

But the thing I notice most about her is that she looks young. She could easily convince me she was sixteen. Maybe even 15. I'm pretty sure that she's at least 18. At the very start of a school year, you find a few girls on campus that are 17, but that

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number diminishes quickly as the days go by. This late in the year, anyone on campus that's not 18 is probably some genius who skipped a few grades or something. The textbooks on the table, like "college algebra," tell me that Taryn is taking more basic, general classes. Not the classes the geniuses take. Not even the classes I take. I'd already bet her major is something like liberal arts. Something with few hard requirements.

"Try to behave and be polite, Taryn. Just how old are you?" I ask her.

"I'm 18, Ma'am," Taryn answers, her voice gaining a trace of confidence, but still very hushed and embarrassed. But still that hint of excitement laces through it. Her voice isn't heavily accented, but I'm pretty sure it's southern.

"Stay. That means just sit still and say nothing. Show me that you can behave, Taryn."

"Okay... Uh, yes, Ma'am," Taryn answers. I guess manners don't come naturally to her. Then again, few girls would even think of using them around campus. If she did, she'd stand out from the crowd. No girl wants to be different.

"Newbie, come over here," I call Elisha. Very quickly Elisha is on her feet and on her way over to me. I point to a spot just behind Taryn and Elisha stands there. I'm sure that Taryn noticed how Elisha hurried over when I called her. As if whatever Elisha was doing didn't matter, only obeying me mattered to Elisha.

I tell Elisha "Nosy here seems to be rather tense. Ease it." And I wave a hand towards Taryn's shoulders.

In about a second I see Elisha's hands on Taryn's shoulders. Taryn's shoulders are lean and narrow. But not bony. I can't make out the lines of her collar bones despite how petite those shoulders are. I doubt there's much for Elisha to knead.

But it only takes a second for Taryn to purr very sweetly. I've taught Elisha how to very tenderly massage shoulders. I've yet to find anyone who won't melt with a soft little rub. Everyone seems to love it. Thus, a good wife, as Elisha hopes to be, should be able to give a very good one for her husband. A skill Elisha should know. One I have her practicing often.

Elisha is soft and gentle, using very little firmness to rub Taryn's shoulders. But Elisha has her fingers atop Taryn's muscles. And he's working them into the muscle's fibers, not against them.

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It has the tension flowing from her. Luckily, Taryn's blouse left most of her shoulder bare. And the rest covered only with a narrow strap over them that can easily be moved out of the way. It gives Elisha almost full access to Taryn's shoulders.

It takes about three more seconds before Taryn purrs out "Ooh... She's so good..." and closes her eyes.

"Open your eyes, nosy," I tell Taryn, but I soften my voice a little, taking some of the imposing tone out of it.

Taryn's eyes pop open. It makes her see me. And see that I'm watching her. She should be able to see her boyfriend watching, too. I can see that he is enjoying the little show as much as it's confusing him. I guess he likes seeing a girl put her hands on his girlfriend. Then again, most men wouldn't mind that, at least not in my experience. And it's not like they're having sex.

It's just a little shoulder rub. But maybe not as chaste as it could be. Elisha is a fairly lean girl, although not as lean as Taryn. Her fingers are as lean as the rest of her. And Elisha's skin is soft, giving it a definite feminine feel. They're also strong, easily able to knead the hardest of muscles. Not that Elisha is using much of that strength now. She doesn't need it. Taryn's body isn't strong. It's more delicate and girly.

I just sit quietly for about half of a minute. Then I ask Taryn's boyfriend, "Nosy there seems to be enjoying my newbie play toy, doesn't she?" He says yes, adding that it's pretty clear to him that Taryn likes what Elisha is doing. His voice tells me that he doesn't mind watching it, either.

I reach over to the table and pick up Taryn's purse. It's a huge one. She watches me with her eyes. I'm sure she's wondering what I'm doing. But she stays put letting Elisha rub her shoulders. And she stays quiet.

Taryn just watches as I open her purse. It's huge, and it's full of junk. But it doesn't take me long to find what I'm looking for. I pull Taryn's Mississippi driver's license out. I even hold it up so Taryn can see what I'm looking at. And I announce that Taryn will be 19 in three months. I wonder if Taryn realizes that I was checking up on her. I wanted to be dead certain that Taryn's 18, or older before I did anything more than I've already done. I toss it back into her purse, not bothering to tuck it back into her wallet where I found it. She can put it away later. I don't that much time

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now. I'd only planned to meet Elisha for a few minutes between classes.

I can see the tension flowing out of Taryn's body. It looks kind of weird. She's trying to sit up straight as I told her to, but at the same time, her muscles are trying to relax. She stays up, but the rigidity fades from her posture. It's as if her body stays in place, but softens.

"Nosy..." I coo softly, a heavy note of teasing in my voice, to get her attention. I know that Taryn was listening to us. She would have heard every question I asked Elisha. And Elisha's answers. "I already can see that this guy isn't taking care of your 'girly needs.'" I don't know her boyfriend's name. So he's just "this guy" to me. "It looks to me as if you're very tense. How long has it been since you've had a good orgasm to ease some of that tension?"

"A couple of days, Ma'am," Taryn answers. Her voice is still very hushed, and embarrassed. But now it has a slight dreamy note to it. I think just from her answering while trying to purr from Elisha's massage. But I can also see a faint blush on her face that tells me she's really embarrassed to be telling me about her sex life. Especially since she doesn't know who I am. I'm pretty sure that she's heard Elisha call me "Miss Rodgers," but that's a common enough name that it doesn't tell her much. But she doesn't object, either. Just very quietly confesses.

I'm pretty sure she's not thinking about her boyfriend sitting across from her, either. I don't think she even realized that she was implicitly agreeing, by not objecting to it, that her boyfriend isn't taking care of her "girly needs." I'm pretty sure she wouldn't want him to know the obvious, either. That's she's been masturbating since he's not. It tells me one more thing. He could. He could have her. He just has to know how to take her, and apparently, he doesn't. I would bet anything that he's tried to talk to her about the subject. To ask her, nicely, if she'd like to be with him. And that she's given him noncommittal answers. Neither saying yes or no. Answers that aren't answers at all. Unless he were to read between the lines. Then her answers would have said something "if you want me, don't ask, just take me, moron."

I can already hear it from her, and I met her about three minutes ago. Okay, I snooped on her for a few minutes before

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that, too. Just like with the massage. I didn't politely ask her permission, as political correctness would demand. I just started giving it. Taryn wasn't asked. She didn't even know it was a possibility, let alone that it was coming. She just felt Elisha's hands on her shoulders. And then she sat there, as I'd told her to do, and let me do it to her.

"Is my massage getting you hot now, nosy? You seem to really like it..."

"Yes, Ma'am..." Taryn confesses. And now her voice is so hushed that I can barely hear her. I wonder if her boyfriend can. He's a few feet further from her. And her voice is that mute. And very embarrassed. As if she's absolutely ashamed to admit that she's getting hot and bothered by another girl's touch. And definitely doesn't want him to know that. Probably not me, either.

I tell Elisha to "see just how hot this girl's getting." And not to stop the massage while she does. Elisha knows what I want her to do. Elisha has had plenty of practice with girls. I'm even more sure that Taryn doesn't have a clue what I've told Elisha to do.

Elisha starts using her hands a little more. She keeps massaging Taryn's shoulders, but she also lets her hands start gliding over Taryn's skin. Slowly at first, and always very tenderly. Elisha has a light touch when she wants to, like now. Her fingers just softly glide over Taryn's bare flesh, stroking it lightly. She gets her fingers on the top of Taryn's chest. And onto Taryn's back, massaging around Taryn's shoulder blades as she does. It's a great excuse to have her hands on Taryn's body. And slowly slipping down.

As Elisha's hands work, they're constantly moving gently. Up and down. From Taryn's shoulders down her back or her chest, to get a little bit more of Taryn's body before slipping back up. Slowly, Elisha's hands start inching even lower, massaging as they go.

Elisha's hands slip under Taryn's blouse. That way they stay on her skin, letting her feel the full effect of the massage. And the full effect of Elisha's feminine touch. Taryn's blouse is just snug enough that we can all see Elisha's hands moving under it. We can see where Elisha's hands are on Taryn's body. I watch, but I'm only paying attention to Taryn's reactions. I definitely don't

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want to make a scene here. Elisha is a student here, one of two who are my toys. A lot of people know that Elisha is mine. I won't let her hide it. If asked, she has to admit it. And if asked out, she has to tell the guy to call me and ask me if Elisha wants to go out with him. It was gossip fodder for about two minutes.

It takes Elisha a couple of minutes. I know Taryn's boyfriend is watching closely as Elisha's hands inch down Taryn's body. Even though her hands are under Taryn's blouse so he can't see much. I can see enough to know that Taryn has a tight bra on. A bra that has her breasts firmly held in snug cups. And we can both see Elisha's fingers moving under Taryn's thin blouse.

I watch Taryn, seeing her eyes snap wide and hearing her suck in a sharp breath. "uh-AH!" she squeals, but very quickly catches it and tries to mute herself before anyone notices and looks over. I can see the tips, about half, of Elisha's fingers slipping softly, and quickly, under Taryn's bra. Elisha's feminine fingers stroking the bare flesh of Taryn's breasts. Here, on the patio of the cafe. With her boyfriend watching.

"MMM!" Taryn purrs the next time Elisha's fingers are stroking over those mounds. Now the shock of it is gone. Now Taryn is just feeling the tender caress of delicate skin.

Her boyfriend is watching closely now, his eyes wide and eager. And very disbelieving. It's clear to me that he hasn't a clue how I've gotten Taryn to allow this, much less sit demurely and still while it happens. I'll bet he's wondering if he's been wasting the months he's dated her – if Taryn is actually a lesbian and just wouldn't tell anyone. She's very clearly giving up what he's been after to another woman, and doing it not just willingly but very eagerly. I'm sure he still thinks that it's hot to watch. He's not taking his eyes off Taryn's breasts.

Elisha uses her fingers to give those mounds a little, gentle squeeze. Taryn purrs, this time a little louder and more eagerly. She stays where I want her to as well, sitting still, her upper arms at her sides, her hands folded in her lap. She sits, not moving, just allowing Elisha to tease her breasts.

"Oh, this one has some very hard and eager nipples, my Queen," Elisha tells us all in a soft, eager, and slightly teasing voice. "you'll like these firm breasts, Ma'am."

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Taryn doesn't flinch or cringe or anything as Elisha describes her breasts. She just blushes a little more. And purrs again as I see the tip of one of Elisha's fingers stroking softly over the tip of Taryn's mound. I really wish I was somewhere I could get that shirt off of Taryn. I would love to see Elisha's finger teasing Taryn's nipple, as I know it is.

Elisha spends about a minute slipping her hands back and forth, alternate kneading Taryn's shoulders and teasing Taryn's breasts.

I decide that's enough teasing. "Newbie, show me how eager this nosy slut is," I tell Elisha in a very teasing voice.

"Yes, my Queen," Elisha tells me in a voice that so overly eager and sweet. As if she's very anxious to show me.

Taryn doesn't react to the instruction. I'm pretty sure she doesn't fully grasp what I've told Elisha to do.

Elisha's hands slip off Taryn's shoulders. They quickly go to Taryn's sides, slipping up under the bottom of Taryn's blouse. Elisha's hands glide over Taryn's stomach and sides, just above Taryn's waistline.

It's not long, just a few seconds, before Elisha's fingers deftly unbutton Taryn's shorts. I don't think Taryn notices it. She's too busy enjoying Elisha's soft caresses to notice a few fingers stray.

Once the waistband of those snug shorts is loosened, Elisha's fingers are slipping into it. And slipping under the waistband of Taryn's panties. It's kind of hard to see the action now. Sitting properly, Taryn's folded hands kind of block the view of Taryn's pubes. Her crossed legs don't help, either. But I can see how Elisha's fingers are steadily slipping lower and lower. If Taryn has a bush, something I can't tell, Elisha's fingers have long since started slipping through Taryn's fur.

It's not easy for Elisha to get her fingers down. It gets to the point where Taryn's crossed legs almost block Elisha from going any farther. Almost. Elisha's fingers are long and lean enough to slip into the loose crease. To glide all the way down Taryn's pubes.

"AH!" Taryn suddenly sucks in a very squeaky, and very shocked, breath. It tells me that she can now feel the tip of Elisha's finger on her pussy mound. "OOH! AH!" Taryn purrs far



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louder than she would if she could think about it. I see Taryn's shoulders shudder as a crisp shiver racks over Taryn's body.

"uh... AH!" Taryn's face starts to wrinkle slightly. Her purrs stay squeaky and eager. "Oh, AH!" I see a couple more hard shivers sweep over Taryn's body.

I can see Taryn's boyfriend just openly gawking at the girl. I guess he can figure out just how far down Elisha's fingers have made it. All the way. And he clearly is shocked that Taryn is sitting still and very submissively allowing two girls she's never met before to rub her pussy on this patio. I'll bet he's going to spend the next several months wondering how I managed to get Taryn to go along with it. What "secret girl thing" I knew that he, and apparently none of his friends, do. But that he would kill to know. What college guy wouldn't like to know how to make a girl give him her pussy in under five minutes? I'll bet, if he knew, he'd be going on the lecture circuit making a million bucks teaching other guys. Of course, there is no trick. I could just see what he was blind to. That Taryn didn't want to be asked. She wanted someone to take her. So I took her.

In about fifteen seconds, Taryn has her teeth gritted hard as she tries desperately to muffle the moans that she can't stop purring out. And she's shuddering nicely. She's still sitting properly, too, albeit with her hands now gripping each other instead of lying loosely folded.

"This nosy slut is very eager, my Queen! Its pussy is just so sopping wet, Ma'am!" Elisha teasingly, and very sweetly tells me. I know that Elisha is very slowly teasing Taryn's pussy. She's not trying to make Taryn cum. Not yet. Elisha will only do that if I tell her to. She's just teasing Taryn now because that's all I told her to do.

Taryn doesn't know that Elisha is just going to tease her. I'm sure she's already thinking about how good her climax will be. But not think about the audience she's going to have for it.

"Nosy... where do you live?"

"The dorms, Ma'am..." Taryn more breathes out than answers. Her voice still has that squeak to it, though.

"When is your last class over?"

"Four... Ma'am..." Taryn's voice grows slightly needier and more breathy. Definitely sultry, as well.

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"You will go straight from your last class to your dorm room and sit on your bed. My slave, newbie, will come for you sometime. You will obey her. You will not ask her any questions at all. Do as she tells you. Is that clear, nosy?"

"Yes, Ma'am..."

"Yes, Ma'am, what nosy?"

"Yes, Ma'am, after my last class I will go sit on my bed and wait for newbie, and then I will do as she says. I won't ask her anything, Ma'am, just obey."

"Remember that, nosy. I don't want to have to punish you for disobedience quite yet."

"Yes, Ma'am, I'll be good, Ma'am!" Taryn breathes out.

"Newbie, take this nosy thing to its next class now."

"Yes, my Queen," Elisha answers. Her hands are instantly out of Taryn's shorts. I can see a glistening coat of oily wet honey on one of Elisha's fingers. I'll bet her boyfriend can see it, too.

Taryn groans out with utter frustration at being left unsatisfied.

Elisha ignores it. She just takes Taryn's hand in hers. "Come on, Nosy let's go to class now."

Taryn grimaces. She gets to her feet, grabs her purrs and books with her other hand, and lets Elisha lead her away. She doesn't even say goodbye to her boyfriend. She follows Elisha.

I turn to her boyfriend. He's still got that look of total surprise on his face. Only now I can see a touch of... anger directed at me. As if he thinks he just watched me take his girlfriend from him. Taryn did sort of leave in a way that says he no longer matters to her.

"I'm Pepper, BTW," I tell him once Taryn is long gone. "and I don't have a lot of time now, so I'm going to be very direct. Nosy there belongs to me now. Her choice, as you just saw. Too bad you didn't know what she is. This evening newbie will be bringing her to me for a lesson. Nosy is going to very willingly come with newbie. If you want to remain nosy's boyfriend, that's fine with me. Just accept that nosy is going to do what I tell her to, and nothing else."

"You can decide if you want to walk away or not. If you like that nosy girl, give me your phone number and keep your phone

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close tonight. I'll call you when she's ready to show you what a slut is she is. You won't want to skip that."

He gives me his number. I leave him sitting there, almost certainly wondering what just happened. And more so, wondering what's going to happen tonight. If I call him. I'll bet he's wondering if I will call, not so much when. I know he'll come running once I do.

I send Elisha a text once I get to my car. I tell her to go get nosy and Uber to my apartment, arriving at 5:00. And when she arrives, Taryn's hands are to be tied behind her. Elisha can just find something to tie Taryn's hand with. She can also make sure that Taryn is still dressed exactly as she was today, and if Taryn has changed, Elisha is to watch Taryn change back. I told Taryn to do nothing but sit on the edge of her bed, and if Taryn does anything else, she's not minding her instructions. There have to be consequences for that.



## Chapter Two - Show Me, Nosy

## Chapter Two -Show Me, Nosy

I get a text from Elisha at 4:30. It's one of the rules she has from me, that she's always to text me before coming over, even when summoned. It's a fairly short text. "OTW. Nosy was OTB and ready." I guess that "OTB" means "On The Bed." That Elisha is telling me that nosy followed my instructions. And was waiting for Elisha. I guess Taryn was eager to come over here.

Elisha knocks at exactly five. It's what I expect of her, and she knows it by now. She'd be spanked if she were early or late, and Elisha hates getting spanked. It means she's disappointed me, and she hates that. I let Sophie, my 20-year-old live-in slave girl, answer the door. Sophie is wearing her collar, with its shiny padlock and dog tag on it. There's no mistaking her for anything but my slave.

As Sophie opens the door, I can see a little surprise on Taryn's face. Not much, and it's not an unhappy surprise. It's just enough for me to know that Taryn didn't expect to see another slave. She must have imagined that Elisha was my only slave. How wrong she is. She'll eventually figure it out. Naturally the hard way.

Elisha comes right. She has one hand on Taryn's arm and gives Taryn a slight prod. Taryn comes in as well. When Elisha stops just inside the door, Taryn does the same. I see Taryn... anxiously looking around. It's more curiosity than anything. I'll bet she's disappointed. There's nothing here for her to see. It's just a typical living room that could have come from any furniture store. All the stuff Taryn is looking for is the playroom. All the fun stuff. She'll get to see that later.

Sophie closes the door as I'm stepping over to it. She greets Elisha, a girl she knows pretty well by now, with a little smile and a "hey girl, come on in, Mistress is expecting you." Taryn just gets a little smile. Sophie knew that I had Elisha bringing someone, but she didn't know who. Or why. I never tell Sophie anything about the fun that I don't have to tell her. Just what I want her to do, and that's it.

Just inside the door there a few feet of empty wall. Part of it is the spot the door opens against, but there's more space after that. Elisha steps over there to wait, just as I have told her that she's to do. Sophie puts her hands on Taryn's shoulders and nudges Taryn back to stand close at Elisha's side. "Mistress wants

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all her toys to wait here..." Sophie very quietly tells Taryn. Taryn just takes her place and stands beside Elisha. She keeps looking around, too.

I have doubt that Taryn is anxious. And slightly, or more than slightly, nervous. It's clear to me that this is going to be her first time submitting to anyone. It's just as clear that she knows enough to know that she doesn't really have a clue what's going to happen to her. I'll bet that uncertainty has her as excited as the idea of submitting does.

It's time for Taryn to get a little show. Nothing intense, just enough for her to see something. For her to see it and know that she's going to be next for the same thing. Probably. I'm sure she'll enjoy the feeling of quietly waiting for her turn. Of thinking about what the tiny bit she'll see is going to be like, knowing it will be done to her next and waiting for it.

"Newbie, undress," I tell Elisha. It's the first thing that Elisha always does when she arrives. Almost always it's the first thing I have a toy do. I know some people like their toys dressed, or in something sexy. I prefer mine nude. It gives me much easier access to their bodies. All of those bodies. And that's what I'm after.

Elisha doesn't hesitate, and she doesn't need any instructions to tell her what I expect her to do. Or how I want it done. She's done it enough before. "Undress" is a specific command here. It tells Elisha how I want her clothes to come off. From the top down, not in layers. She doesn't get to save her underwear for last. The highest item on her body comes off first.

Elisha immediately hands her purse over to Sophie. I told Elisha not to allow Taryn to bring anything with her, and Elisha didn't. Taryn doesn't have a purse. I'll bet even her pockets are empty. But Elisha wasn't given the same instruction. Besides, Elisha needed her purse and phone to click up an Uber. She doesn't have a car here.

Then Elisha pulls her dress over her head. It seems like Elisha is always wearing loose-fitting and modest dresses. Then again, most of her wardrobe is dresses like this one. It has short sleeves. But it covers her down past her knees. It's white, decorated with some colorful and pretty flowers. Now it's folded

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up in Elisha's hands as she gives it to Sophie. This lets me see that Elisha is wearing a white bra and panties underneath.

It's not but a few more seconds before Elisha has her bra off, showing me her ample breasts. Then her panties are down, showing me her bare pubes. And then she slips her shoes off. Sophie now has a nice pile of Elisha's clothes. She hurries to take them to the playroom and lock them in a drawer of the file cabinet that I keep for just this. That cabinet locks and I have the only key. It means that Elisha doesn't have any clothes now, and won't have any until I chose to give her some. She's given me her clothes.

Elisha puts her hands behind her neck, lifting her long hair off her neck. She takes a couple of steps forward, towards me, and stops. She opens her feet about 18 inches, spreading her legs just wide enough that I can fully see the mound of her pussy. "My Queen, I am completely naked now, Ma'am," Elisha says softly, and sweetly, without any nervousness in her voice.

Taryn just stands there. I guess she's figured out that while I'm basically ignoring her, or seeming to ignore her, she's not to speak. Just watch. But I can see on her face that she's surprised to see Elisha undress so easily. Especially when there are four women in the room, and Elisha is now the only one without clothes. I can see her eyes glancing, almost curiously, at Elisha's backside, too. It's the only view of Elisha that Taryn has. It's as if Taryn is sizing Elisha's body up and comparing it to how she sees her own body. She's probably relieved not to see any marks on Elisha's body, either. I'd bet if she did, that Taryn would suddenly be very scared. But I don't believe in marking up my toys. I like my toys to look just like they did when I took them out of the box. Or found them, as is the case with the toys that breathe.

Elisha is a fairly average-shaped college girl. She's 18, almost 19, so that makes her the same age as Taryn. Actually, Elisha is a month or so younger. She's decently tall, at 5'7", and weighs 141 pounds. It's just enough weight to fill out her tallish figure and give her some rather full curves.

Elisha's face is slightly more oval than Taryn's. She has long, dark brown hair that hangs about halfway down her back. It's straight and fine at the top, but towards its ends, it develops some body and fluffs out a little. She has green eyes that are



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almost always hidden behind a pair of black plastic glasses with oval lenses. Not now, she handed her glasses over to Sophie, too. But she knows that she'll likely get those back very soon. She's fairly blind without them, and I like her to be able to see what she's doing. She does it so much better than! Elisha has a small nose, too. And a slightly narrower mouth, but one that's framed with just as full and soft of light pink lips.

Elisha has a pronounced curve to her waist. She has a flat stomach, too. And she has some nice, full, rounded hips. Below those hips, she has a pair of lean, long-looking legs.

I start at the very top. I pull a little penlight out of my pocket and shine it into Elisha's ears, quickly peeking not just at her ears, but into them as well. I tilt her head back and peek into her nose next. Then I have Elisha open her mouth and I use the light to get a quick look inside.

I always look my toys over when they arrive. But I usually don't look them over as fully as I am now checking Elisha. I'm pretty sure that Elisha knows this isn't about her. This is just a show for Taryn. I want Taryn to watch me see every last, tiny, forbidden bit of Elisha's body. I want Taryn to stand there thinking about how soon it's going to be Taryn showing me just as much of her body.

I let Taryn see my eyes slowly working their way down Elisha's body, and then stopping when I come to Elisha's breasts. Elisha has some rather pert and firm 36-C breasts. Her breasts are so firm that they're almost hard. They rise from her chest almost like little triangles, but with rounded sides. And they round nicely at their tips. A pair of wide rings, and equally wide nipples that are a light shade of pink-brown top each mound. And now those nipples are sticking their hard tips up nicely.

I take just a second to run my hands over Elisha's breasts. To use my fingers to stroke the sides of her mounds. To give each mound a gentle squish. And to stroke my finger over her hard nipples, purring softly "oh, good girl, those nipples are ready for some fun." That's just so Taryn can hear me, since she can't see this side of Elisha, and know that Elisha's nipples are hard.

I make my way down Elisha's stomach to her pubes. Even though Taryn can't see my hand, I'm sure she can see enough of my arm to guess where my hand is. To see that I'm stroking

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something. I run my hand over Elisha's bare, shaven pubes. Then I tell Elisha she's good, there's no stubble on her pussy. I go all the way down to Elisha's feet, checking her legs for stubble, too. And finding none. But I doubted I would. Elisha's mastered the concept of keeping her body ready for me.

I tell Elisha to turn around. She does, putting her back to me. And giving Taryn a close-up full-on view of her nude front. Of her firm breasts and her bare pubes. And a good view of Elisha's puffy mound. It's puffy enough that it looks as if Elisha's long, fine slit rises a good inch up into her pubes. But it's all just puffy lips jutting down that make that slit.

And now I have a view of Elisha's full, and very well rounded, bottom. I can see her cheeks. The pronounced rounded curve at their bottoms. I can see that they're firm enough not to sag at all, despite the fair-sized bottom edge of them. I can see her full crack, the inside edges of those globes flush against each other, too.

"Bend over, newbie, I want to see how slutty you're being," I softly tell Elisha.

"Yes, my Queen," is all Elisha says. Then she bends as far forward as she can without moving her hands from behind her neck. Without her hands to brace against her knees, or anything else like the wall, it has Elisha unbalanced. She's not able to lean over all the way and get her back flat, but she gets close enough to it.

Elisha opens her feet as well, stretching her legs wide. It pokes her puffy mound straight out and back at me. It also pulls her globes taut enough that her crack opens. It lets me see the long, silky smooth lips of her pussy, with the fine line of a slit between them. It lets me see the thin tip of an inner fold poking its pink tip out through her slit, just at the very center of her slit. It lets me see how it looks as if her lips flow up so far that they melt into the inside edge of her cheeks. It lets me see the light, purple-brown ring of Elisha's asshole, and the short little line of darkness at its center where her muscle closes against itself. It even lets me see the prominent wrinkle that seems to rise from her slit, folding upon itself, and flows all the way up and into her asshole. And the countless tiny wrinkles around her ring that flow into her asshole as well.

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Elisha stands demurely still, and calm. I'm sure she can guess what I'm going to look at now. I always closely check her pussy. Today I'm just going to be a little more closely.

I put the tips of my fingers to the edges of her thick, puffy lips and push them apart, exposing the rest of her thin, wrinkly inner folds. I push those apart too. Now I have a good view of the hard knot of her clit. And of her clit poking its eager tip above those little flaps of folds that nestle it.

I also have a good view of the entrance of her tunnel. Hers is rather narrow. But its walls are soft and spongy. They're kind of puffy too, swelling inward and closing off her tunnel so that I can't see all the way to the depths of it.

I put the penlight in my teeth so that I have both of my hands available. One I use to hold Elisha's folds open. The other I use to pull a thick plastic tongue depressor out of my pocket. I put the rounded tip of it to the entrance of Elisha's tunnel. Then I listen to Elisha purr a soft, "Mmm," as she feels me ease the thumb-wide stick into her pussy. I push it all the way to the very back of her tunnel until I can feel it touching her cervix. It does what I wanted it to do. It pushes her walls just far enough apart that I can see all the way into the depths of her tunnel. And it does it without damaging her membrane, the "proof" of her virginity.

It lets me see every bit of her spongy pink walls. All of them are nicely coated with a clinging layer of sweet honey. It even lets me see her cervix, the tiny pinpoint opening into her womb. It lets me see how everything is lightly flushed hot, too. "Ooh... this pussy is rather slutty wet now, newbie," I tell Elisha so that Taryn can hear me. Then I slip the tongue depressor out of Elisha's pussy and hand it off to Sophie.

Sophie hands me back a small anal speculum. It's not like a real one. This one is just a piece of plastic shaped like a small funnel. Most of them are steel, but I found them in clear plastic. I always want clear plastic for my medical toys. I figure if I have to see, I want to see everything.

I use my hands to push Elisha's cheeks a little wider apart. That stretches her asshole out a little, pulling a few of the faint wrinkles smooth. "Now let's see if this anus is clean, newbie," I say softly. Like everything I've been saying, it's for Taryn to hear, not

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Elisha, even though I'm addressing Elisha. I want Taryn to know that I'm very closely looking at Elisha's asshole. I want her imagining what it's going to be like for me to be looking at her asshole in just a few minutes.

I make sure that Taryn sees me shining the light on Elisha's tight asshole. "Decently clean, although you need to be pulling those wrinkles out and wiping a little better, newbie," I say, and I can see on Taryn's face that she's thinking about what she heard. She's wondering if her asshole is perfectly clean, as she hopes it is, or if I'm going to announce that she needs to wipe better as well. And that Taryn did not expect me to check her asshole at all, let alone closely.

I hold up the little plastic funnel spreader, letting Taryn see it. Then I put the small, round tip of it against Elisha's asshole. Its small tip isn't any wider than a pencil, but that's still wide enough for its rim to be pushing against the ring of Elisha's muscle. Not against the dark line that's her opening. But that's easy to handle. With a light pressure against her asshole, I wiggle the tip. As it wiggles, one side of it slips into that tiny line. And now that's pushing against the inside of her thick ring. It pushes her muscle enough that as I rock the tip the other direction, the rest of it slips into her opening.

So far, Elisha has been standing there calmly. Now that the tip is in Elisha's asshole, I just push softly, watching as the tip presses deeper and deeper into her asshole, stretching her muscle slightly and spreading her ring open a little as it passes through. Since it's clear, I can see the pink-purple flesh atop her muscle, the skin of her asshole, pulled around the outside of the spreader. And if I look through it, though its narrow end, I can see clearly right into Elisha's bottom.

It lets me see the pink walls of her rectum, now flushed almost bright red. It lets me see the thick, weaving veins lining those walls. It even lets me see how full she is. I ask Elisha just how long it's been since she's bothered to use a toilet, and Elisha tells me it's been since morning. I tell her that I can tell. Her rectum is slightly on the full side. Actually, it's not that full, but it's not like she knows that. And it lets Taryn know, instead of just thinking, that not only am I looking at Elisha's asshole, that I've

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looked into it. That I can see all the way into Elisha's depths. I pull the spreader out of Elisha's asshole and pass that off to Sophie.

Now I have Elisha stand up. I put a pair of police-issued leg irons on Elisha's ankles. Then I tell her to go to the kitchen. There's work for her to do there. And she can make sure that there's a fresh pot of tea ready for me. Elisha forgets all about Taryn and hurries to the kitchen, the chains of her shackles rattling as she goes.

I turn my attention to Taryn. And now I can see a little nervousness and a lot more reluctance on Taryn's face. She clearly didn't imagine that her body would be carefully inspected, all of her secrets laid bare for me. That I would see more of her body than she's even able to see. Her most private places, even deep inside her body. I'll bet she's imagining a thousand horrible reasons why I'd care what it looks like inside her bottom, among other places.

"Nosy, this is my slave," I point to Sophie, "Miss Slave to you. You are going to do nothing. Just stand there. My slave is going to undress you and take your clothes. You will not do anything, not even to help my slave. You will definitely not resist my slave, either. Just stand there and be undressed like a doll, nosy." I use a firm, slightly imposing, very commanding tone with Taryn. I want her to understand that her instructions are not a choice. It's what she's expected to.

Taryn trembles slightly, and just once. "Yes, Ma'am," she answers in a nervous little squeak.

I tell Sophie "this is nosy. Undress this nosy thing."

Sophie just grins. "Yes, Mistress," then she turns to Taryn, her grin growing. She starts by untying Taryn's hands and moving them down to Taryn's sides. That way it won't be in Sophie's way as she undresses Taryn.

Taryn is dressed in the same clothes she was wearing when I saw her a few hours ago. Sophie starts with the purple blouse, just casually lifting it up and over Taryn's head. As if Sophie doesn't care one bit about what it might expose. And that's mostly a slutty red bra. A bra with  $\frac{3}{4}$  cups. But half of those cups are see-through, along the insides of her cleavage, leaving at least half of her mounds visible. Her bra is lacy and decorated with some little flowers embroidered on it. It has a narrow band

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around her chest. And it has little straps over her shoulders that are nothing more than ribbons. But it does have a thick wire under the cups to help support her mounds.

It also lets me see that Taryn has a narrow and lithe body. She has a flat, toned stomach, too. I can even see a single, light brown, and wide, freckle on her stomach just below the right cup of her bra. It's kind of sexy looking, especially against her milky white skin. I can see the gentle, but sweet, feminine curve at her waist. And I can see the faintest blush creeping onto her face as she watches Sophie folding the blouse up and starting a pile. I'll bet Taryn is wondering just how long it's going to be before everything she has is in that pile, leaving her fully nude and exposed for the two of us.

Sophie doesn't hesitate. She wouldn't hesitate if it were her breasts she was baring now, so she definitely isn't modest about revealing Taryn's. She just reaches up behind Taryn's back and unclips the bra. The ends of its band fall loose at Taryn's sides. Sophie's hands tenderly caress their way up Taryn's body, gliding over her flesh and teasing her as Elisha did earlier. Once Sophie's hands are at Taryn's shoulders, they slip the straps off and bring them down Taryn's arms.

It bares Taryn's ample, and cutely unusual, breasts to my eyes. Hers are firm and pert, there's no question about that. They don't have a crease at the underside, either, despite their size. It's more as if the gently curving underside of her mound stands straight off of her chest. Then, at the tip, if barely round, giving the tips of her mounds a bit of a flat look to them, and making the tips wide. Then her mound turns back to her chest, angling almost straight back to her chest. Her mounds also seem to angle just slightly outward as they rise from her chest, leaving a sharp and deep V of cleavage between them.

Each of those mounds is topped with a rather wide, and rather faint pink ring. Her nipples are the same light shade of pink. Those are clearly hard and eager now, swollen up the size of half-marbles, and the same shape, atop her mound. But those nipples aren't quite centered. They sit right on the point where her mounds start to curve back to her chest, pointing a little bit upward and outward. Her breasts look to be a little narrow, like the rest of her body, and that makes them look pointy despite

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their wide tips. As if the mounds are pointy and the tips are very fully, gently, rounded.

Now I get to watch Taryn blush a little more as she thinks about the eyes that are clearly looking at her breasts. I can see that she's a little shy about showing them. It makes me wonder how many guys have gotten to see them before. I doubt many. I would be surprised if it's only one. I hope it's at least one.

Now, since Taryn is only wearing sandals, there's no reason for Sophie to take her shoes off yet. She can get on with showing me Taryn's body. Sophie puts her hands on the button of Taryn's shorts, and in about two seconds the button and the zipper are undone. Then the shorts are slowly slipping down Taryn's legs. Sophie's tender hands caress down Taryn's legs as they lower the shorts.

It lets me see a pair of faintly pastel pink cotton panties. Panties that Taryn definitely didn't expect to be seen in. They're modest enough to be a nun's! They are fairly high cut, with their waistband even with the top of her hips. They have wide sides around her hips. They have a full front that covers everything all the way down to include the creases of her thighs. But they do leave her thighs exposed. They're plain as well. The only decoration on them is a tiny little ribbon bow at the center of the waistband.

I can see that Taryn has a full bush. And not one that's neatly trimmed up. I'm sure, if she thought there was any chance of it being seen, she would have trimmed it. But I caught her by total surprise this afternoon. Trimming it, even if she would have had time, would have been a risk. Elisha definitely had her fingers all through it. She'd know Taryn trimmed it up. She might tell me. So Taryn played it safe and left it alone. But now I can not only see the fur puffing out the front of her thin panties, but I can see some hairs poking out at the tops of her thighs. Taryn is going to be fixing that. Or maybe just standing there while Sophie fixes it for her. I haven't decided yet.

And then, it's those panties coming down to show me Taryn's "natural" bush. It's dense, her hairs long, slightly curly, and silky fine. It doesn't have a straight line to it. I guess she hasn't worn a bikini in a while, either. And I can see that the fur flows down to cover her mound. That's a shame on her. Her fur is

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too dense. I can't even tell if her mound is puffy or flat, let alone make out her slit through it. Razor time!

Sophie finally takes Taryn's shoes off her feet. Then Sophie stands and quickly, but fully, looks Taryn's body over to ensure that she didn't miss anything. She takes Taryn's hands and lifts them up, lacing Taryn's fingers together and putting her hands behind her neck. Sophie puts her hands to Taryn's hips and guides her to take a couple of steps over to me. "Mistress, nosy is now completely naked for you, Mistress," Sophie tells me.

"Good slave. Go lock up nosy's things." I tell Sophie. Then I turn my attention to Taryn. I don't have to step up close to her. Sophie brought her to me. I just look her in the eye. "Let's see what shape this slutty body is in, nosy." I pull the penlight out of my pocket and hold it up so that Taryn can see it. Just in case she was hoping that I'd have some mercy on her, now she'll know that she's getting what Elisha just got.

I quickly check her ears, nose, and mouth. There's nothing there I want to see. At least not much. I don't care if she has a little wax in her ears. All I really care about is if she something wrong with her mouth that would stop her from sucking a cock. Whores and sluts do that. She's going to be one or the other. I'll see to it.

Then I make my way down to her pointy breasts. I give those the same complete inspection I gave Elisha's. I stroke the long sides of her mounds with the tips of my fingers. As my fingers slowly glide over her breasts, I can feel how soft and silky her skin there.

Taryn purrs softly as she feels my fingers drawing over her hungry breasts. And I see a light shiver flow over her. It tells me that she likes the touch. I'm pretty sure she liked Elisha's touch, too. She definitely purred for it.

Then I give each mound a light gentle squeeze. It lets me feel their firmness. They're just as I thought they would. Hard. They have to be to hold their long, slim shape. To me, it's like squishing a dry dough in my hand. Or a firm bath sponge.

And then I run my finger over her well-rounded, short and wide nipple. It's slightly rough to the touch as if its surface has tensed up so hard that it has shriveled and I can feel the tiny ridges on it. It's also harder than any rock. I hear Taryn purr a



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breathy "Ah!" as my finger runs over her nub. And she shudders again, faintly, but enough for me to feel it.

Then I'm done with Taryn's breasts. And it looks like she wishes I wasn't. I just run my eyes down her body, slowly looking over every bit of her nakedness.

Until I get to her bush. There I have to use my fingers again. Not that I wouldn't have anyway. I run my fingers through her dense fur, feeling that her hairs as soft and fine, not wiry. I can feel the silkiness of her skin beyond, too. Only I am supposed to be checking her body over, not just playing with it. I wouldn't want her to get the wrong idea. So I spend a moment at the sides of her bush, using my fingers to trace the lines where her bush should be trimmed. Seeing just how much of that fur should have been shaven away. And I'm sure Taryn knows what lines I'm tracing. I'll bet she's chiding herself for getting caught like this, too. I can feel the slight flinching of her body as my fingers run over it.

Then I'm going down again, my eyes and fingertips checking her legs closely. There's no stubble here. Nor did I find any in her underarms. But those are both places she knew would be seen today. Her shorts nicely flaunt her slim legs.

I tell Taryn to turn around. As she does, I can see the slightest of hesitation from her. As if she's thinking "here it comes!" As if she knows that now is when I'm going to be looking at those private parts of her body.

A minute later I have my hands on Taryn's bottom. Her cheeks are well-rounded. They're just full enough for her crack to be fully closed with her standing. It's a short crack. Her cheeks are small. They're also rather firm. And they have a nice rounded edge at their bottoms.

And then, I'm telling Taryn to bend over so that I can see her pussy. I have to instruct her how to lean forward and spread her legs, but it's the first time she's been here. She doesn't know my commands yet. I have Sophie standing near Taryn's shoulders, too, just in case Taryn starts to lose her balance. Like maybe if she flinches too hard when I touch her.

And now that she's bending over, I can see that her pussy mound is fairly puffy. I can see that her lips are long and wide, leaving only a fine line of a slit where their edges meet. And I can

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see the silky fine hairs standing almost straight off of those lips, rising a good inch, and trying to hide her mound behind them.

My first thought is to grab some of those hairs and use them to pull her lips wide. Taryn would definitely feel that. But I've already figured out that the rough approach isn't going to work with her. Taryn wants a gentle approach. At least for now, while she's still discovering her sexuality. She needs to feel like she can trust me. That I will take very good care of her, even as I use her shamelessly.

So I put the tips of my fingers to the edges of her lips and push them aside gently. It lets me see her long, but short, inner folds. And the dense knot as those folds flow together into a short, narrow ridgeline that fades into her pinkness just below the top of her slit. It also lets me see the tip of her clit, about as wide as a pencil eraser, poking its head out of that nest of folds. It lets me see how brightly flushed her pinkness is, too. And it lets me see the oily-thin, almost watery, honey that's coating everything.

I put the tip of my finger to Taryn's clit, just to feel it. It's clearly hard. There's no mistaking that. Not with it poking above the folds around it. I'm more wondering just how sensitive it is. How eager it is.

"OOH-EE!" Taryn squeals out the instant I touch her nub. Now a crisp, sharp shiver sweeps over her body, shuddering her hips. It wiggles her nub under my finger, too. And that lets me feel how slippery her honey is. I'm sure Taryn feels it too.

I don't make any comments just yet. I just shift my fingertips to push her wrinkly folds apart as well. And that lets me see the entrance of her tunnel. Hers is narrow, not much wider than my finger. Her walls are taut, but also soft and spongy. They just down swell inward much. They're hot and pink flushed brightly and covered with as much of her oily honey as can cling to them.

I shine my light into her pussy. It makes those walls look redder. Hotter. Her tunnel closes more gently, slowly tapering in until her walls are touching. But it still doesn't let me see all the way to her depths. So I use another plastic tongue depressor to gently ease her walls apart. And now I can see every bit of her pussy.

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"Ooh..." I say softly, and teasingly sweetly, but loud enough for Taryn to hear me. "This pussy is being very slutty. I'll bet it's aching for some attention, isn't it, nosy?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Taryn admits with a hefty note of embarrassment in her voice.

"Were you a good girl this afternoon, or did you diddle this sloppy pussy after newbie took you to class?" I almost always use my pet names for my toys, especially when I have more than one in the apartment at a time. There's no reason they need to hear each other's actual names. And, according to Elisha, Taryn doesn't have any idea who Elisha is. They've never met before today and don't share any classes. That means Taryn doesn't even know the name of the girl who masturbated her pussy earlier.

"I was good, Ma'am... I didn't have time to touch myself!" Taryn very shamefully admits. I'll bet she finds it even more embarrassing to talk about her pussy while I'm holding her walls open and looking right into it.

"You wanted to."

"Yes, Ma'am! I've been so horny since this afternoon that I can't stand it, Ma'am!"

"I can see that." I just can't resist reminding Taryn that I'm seeing every detail of her pussy. I know that it has her wondering just what I can see that tells me she's so horny. I gently ease the spreader out of Taryn's pussy.

Then I have my fingers on Taryn's cheeks. Her crack opened nicely as she leaned over. It's already plenty wide enough for me to see the tiny, light purple ring of her asshole. Hers doesn't funnel inward at all. It's more like a purple swath of flesh at the valley of her crack. A purple swath that grows wrinkly with fine, tiny lines as it flows into a small little pinprick of darkness at the center of those wrinkles. But all of her wrinkles are faint and small. She doesn't have any prominent ones as Elisha does. Just some faint lines. I'll bet Taryn's asshole is small. One that won't stretch quite as wide as average. Maybe one that will make anal sex uncomfortable for her. Or intense. It depends on her nerves. And the size of the guy.

I put another funnel-shaped dilator to the tight little ring. The pinprick of darkness that's her opening is so tiny that it's fully in the center of the funnel's opening, leaving the rim of the

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spreader to press against her muscle. It takes a little pressure, and a couple of good wiggles for me to work the tip of the funnel into her ring. But then it just takes a little pressure to push her ring aside, stretching her muscle, and opening her very last place. Taking away her last shred of bodily privacy.

"EEE!" Taryn squeals as she feels me working the tip into her ring and opening her bottom. It's a nervous squeal, not an uncomfortable one. A squeal that tells me she's never been touched here, and she "just knows" it's going to be awful. It's not. I'm gentle with her. All Taryn feels is the pressure of my pushing on the spreader to hold the tapered tip of it inside her ring. And the tip just being inside her ring, the smooth plastic firmly against the flesh atop her muscle.

Her bottom isn't much different than any other. I can see the medium purple flesh clamped around the outside of the clear plastic. I can see the widening taper of the funnel pressing against the outside of her asshole, pushing the light wrinkles flat.

Through the funnel, I can see into Taryn's rectum. It looks like any other to me. Medically, there's plenty to see, but from a less clinical perspective, there's not much to see. Just the pink walls of her rectum flushed hot and red. The veins lining it. And her waste inside.

I wiggle the spreader a little more, very gently, and not moving it much. As if I'm angling it to see a little more of her insides. "Your rectum is rather full, nosy. I won't bother to ask. I can see that it's been far too long since you've used a toilet. It's a good thing I looked. I don't like my toys with filthy bottoms. I couldn't put anything in such a filthy bottom with you getting it all dirty.

"Slave..." I say to get Sophie's attention, "fetch me a suppository."

"Yes, Mistress," Sophie giggles. Then she hurries to get me one. It's not my usual method of dealing with dirty bottoms. I prefer enemas. They tend to wash out a rectum so nicely. But I'm pretty sure that an enema so quickly would be too much for Taryn. So I'll do it this way.

Sophie comes back with one, the foil packet already opened for me, as I'm pulling the spreader from Taryn's asshole. I hand

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Sophie the used spreader for her to get rid of. They're called disposable for reason! Sophie hands me the suppository.

I only keep two kinds here. One is gigantic. Far bigger than it needs to be. As in about an inch wide and twice as long. Sophie knows only to bring me one of those if I specifically tell her to. She brought me one of the other kind. These are just regular, over-the-counter, fast-acting laxative suppositories. I think I bought them at Publix. But I do a lot of shopping there.

"Whoo!-EEEE!" Taryn squeals as she feels me put the bullet-shaped tip of it against her asshole. It's icy cold. That's because I keep them in the refrigerator, as you're supposed to. The coldness keeps them firm. The downside of it is that they're icy cold.

I push. "OH!" Taryn screeches nervously. She shivers, but only once. She fidgets badly. I keep pushing, and the slippery little suppository easily presses its way through Taryn's asshole. I keep the tip of my slim finger against the base of the bullet, pushing. Even as it slips all the way through Taryn's asshole. I keep pushing, using my finger to gently, but firmly, push it even deeper into her rectum. It is coated with a tiny film of lubricant, most of which is now smeared on Taryn's asshole. As the suppository vanishes into her asshole, my finger slips in right behind it, as if it's an extension of the suppository. I doubt Taryn can even tell that it's not part of the suppository.

Besides, Taryn is far too antsy to be noticing anything except the slippery bullet sliding deeper into her bottom. I'm sure she can feel the weirdness of my finger inside her ring, too, slipping right into her bottom. I push it as deeply into her bottom as I can. I stop only when all of my finger is inside Taryn's bottom.

I can feel the filmy, loose walls of her rectum against my finger. I can feel her waste against the backside of my finger, making me that G-d for inventing the latex glove in my size! I can feel the waxy base of the suppository just starting to soften against the tip of my finger. And I can feel the firm ring of Taryn's asshole squeezing lightly around the very base of my finger.

Taryn can feel the suppository slip into her and lie against the walls of her insides. And she can feel my finger deep inside her bottom. Unlike the suppository, which is starting to soften, my finger is as hard as ever. And I'm sure she can feel the webbing

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of my fingers against the outside of her asshole. It makes it impossible for her not to know that my finger is inside her bottom as well.

"There," I say with some finality to my voice. "That will get you nice and cleaned out. It needs several minutes to work, so you will be waiting five full minutes to use the toilet, is that clear, nosy?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Taryn's voice is now pure humiliation. And a very reluctant acceptance. It's slightly strained, too, as if she really does not want to be discussing her bottom while my finger is inside it. Most people would prefer to do this in silence.

"Here is what you are going to do. When it's settled into place, I will take my finger out of your anus. I will tell you to stand up. My slave will tie your hands. And then, once you are tied, I will start your time. Is that clear, nosy?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Taryn's voice begs me to hurry up and get on with it.

That makes me want to slow down. "Since I hate wasting time, you will stand up straight. You will be silent. You will be still for every second of those five minutes, or I will start the clock over until you do stand still and quiet for them. Is that clear, nosy?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Now I can hear her voice getting edgy as if she's wondering how bad it's going to get before I let her use the toilet. Just why I'm making such a fuss over her standing still for it.

"While you wait, my slave is going to measure your breasts. You will behave for her."

"Yes, Ma'am..." Taryn's voice is still squealy, and anxious.

I gently ease my finger back out of Taryn's asshole. Then I use my finger to lightly press against the outside of her asshole for a couple of seconds, making certain that the suppository stays put inside her.

I tell Taryn to stand up, and she does so rather quickly. As if she's glad to stand up and get her bottom away from me. I tell Sophie to tie Taryn's hands.

Sophie takes hold of Taryn's wrists and crosses them, into an X, behind Taryn's back. She winds a sash of cloth around Taryn's wrists, crossing it over them, and winding it both

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directions. Then she ties it off. It's a more firm binding than handcuffs would be. Cuffs simply keep her hands behind her back. They let her hands wiggle and squirm around. Bound as they now are, her hands are completely useless. She can't move her wrists more than a fraction of an inch. Her hands are facing out, away from her body, so she can't even touch her back with her palms. She can wiggle her fingers, or ball her fists up, but that's all she can do. And that's what I wanted.

I tell Taryn to turn around as Sophie fetching the measuring tape. I like to measure women's bodies. Fully. Taryn will be measured as well, just not quite yet. I'll get to that in a while. But I want to know what size those cute breasts are. And women tend to exaggerate that measurement.

"Ask her to measure your breasts, nosy," I tell Taryn. I just want to Taryn to think about it for another second.

I think I see her face wrinkle up for a fraction of a second. "Miss slave, will you please measure my breasts for Miss Rodgers?"

Sophie measures them. Very completely. She measures how far they stand up from Taryn's chest along the underside. The circumference of them. The distance from Taryn's chest, along the underside of her breast, and then over the tip and back to her chest. Around Taryn's chest under them. Around her chest over the tips of her breasts. The width of her nipples. The height that her nipple stands up from her mounds.

And then, Sophie does a little math and announces "Nosy's breasts are size 34-C Mistress."

As Sophie is measuring them, I watch Taryn. I can see the uncomfortable look starting to bloom on her face. That tells me that the laxative is doing its job. It tells me that Taryn feels a strong urge to use the toilet now. And that she's suffering it, waiting for me to tell her that her time's up. I'm sure she thinks that it's the easiest way for her. If she doesn't go along with this, I'll either throw her out, or make her do it again, or something she'll like even less.

I time her a full five minutes. The laxative's instructions say five minutes. But they time it from the moment it penetrates the asshole, not the minute I get the hands bound. I guess they don't expect people to have their hands tied while using a laxative?

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Once the five minutes are up, I take hold of Taryn's shoulders. I start leading her to the bathroom. Taryn follows eagerly. I take her in, Sophie following me. "Wait until you are told to use the toilet," I firmly warn her. I turn Taryn, steadying her as I sit her on the toilet. I sit her down with her hands still bound. Then I tell her that she has to open her knees wide.

The urgency she feels wins out, and Taryn opens her knees. I keep my hands on her shoulder, nudging her to sit up straight. And holding her so she stays up straight. "Pee and poop now, nosy, and make sure to get all of that filth out of that nosy little body," I tell Taryn.

She sits still for a fraction of a second. My hands stay on her shoulder. Sophie lingers along the wall, but her eyes are on Taryn as well. Taryn blushes to a bright, fire-engine red. She shirks back a little. "Are you going to watch me?" She blurts out nervously, her voice utterly humiliated.

It's time for Taryn to start learning to behave. I don't hesitate. I use my grip on her shoulder to yank her up off the toilet. I see her eyes snap wide open as she now stares at me with a horrified, and nervous, look on her face.

I glare back at Taryn. "You were told not to talk," I scold her in a very stern voice. "I told you to use the toilet. You will use the toilet, nosy.

"Oh... I know," I switch to a mocking, bullying voice. "You're feeling modest! That's just so silly! I mean, you never minded when your friends saw your Barbie dolls with their clothes off, did you?"

"No, Ma'am..." Taryn's voice is mute, embarrassed, and lost. As in she's trying to figure out what point I'm making now. Why I'd even mention her childhood toys.

"Well, you *are* my Barbie doll! I don't care who sees you do what! Modesty for people, silly girl. You're just a toy! You're no more than a hunk of plastic! You don't get any privacy or modesty. Just like your Barbie dolls never did. I'll just play with you as I wish. And I wish for you bottom to be clean!"

I hold my hand out and tell Sophie to get me a number 16. she knows that I'm asking for a sixteen-ounce enema syringe, already filled with a yellow fluid. It looks huge. And it has a tip already attached to it. I hold the syringe up in front of Taryn,



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letting her see it. The sudden near-panic-level nervousness on her face tells me that she can guess what it is. And imagine all of that liquid pushed into her bottom, filling her bowels beyond full.

"Now are you going to be a good girl and use the toilet?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Taryn blurts out, the panic rising in her voice. "I'll go!"

I guide her to sit back down, warning her not to go until she's told to. The same instruction I gave her last time.

But this time I make her ask.

"Miss Rodgers, will you please watch me use the toilet now, Ma'am, so you can make sure that I empty myself completely?"

"You may potty now, nosy," I tell her.

"Yes, Ma'am, thank you, Ma'am." Taryn barely gets it out before her bottom explodes.

She sits there, feeling me touching her shoulders. I do that just so she can't pretend that she's alone. She tries hard not to look at us, to avert her eyes. But she can't avert her shoulders. She has to feel me touching her, and know that I'm there, watching her. And know that I've stripped another little shred of privacy from her.

I don't give her any time to get used to it. As soon as I hear the torrent of her bottom exploding, I start telling her what's next. I tell her that she has five minutes to empty herself. Then, since her pussy seems to have a wild jungle growing on it, my slave is going to wash and groom her body. She won't have to do anything. Sophie will do everything.

I turn to Sophie and tell her "I want nosy's bush trimmed neatly and its mound bare."

"Oh, yes, Mistress! I'll shave that skanky pussy as smooth as a baby's bottom for you!"

"Good, and that pussy is rather skanky now. Wash it out carefully."

"Yes, Mistress," Sophie giggles. She knows that I want her to take her time washing Taryn's pussy out. That I want Sophie's fingers all over that pussy, teasing it more than washing it.



## Chapter Three - Girl Time

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Now that Sophie has Taryn washed up and groomed to my satisfaction, she leads her into the playroom where I'm waiting. I think Taryn looks better now. She still has her dense bush, but it's neat instead of unruly. And her mound is bare, standing down between her thighs where I can see every bit of it. And I can see her fine slit, instead of just black fur.

I plan to teach Taryn three things in this first session. She's already started learning the first lesson. It's a lesson that she's going to be working on all evening long. And beyond. It's to put her modesty, and her privacy, aside and just let her body be used. Now it's time to start on the second lesson. That orgasms are rewards and she must earn them. She'll figure out that she likes them far more when she earns them. Her third lesson is slut 101. She's going to learn so basic slut skills that she can put use. That she can use as she's being a slut. My slut.

I'm pretty sure that Taryn isn't a virgin. Her membrane is long gone, and that's a sign, but not really proof, of the loss of her virginity. I suspect she's had a boyfriend or two in high school. I'm confident that she's tried oral sex once or twice, maybe more, too. I'm even more confident, that like all teenage girls, she thinks that she's pretty good at it. That any guy would be thrilled with her fine service. Mostly because the guys she's been close to were thrilled with her limited skill. They were young, too. They were just thrilled that she was willing to do it. They wouldn't even know true skill. Taryn was as good as any other girl that they ever knew.

Most older guys would think about the same. They might recognize her inexperience, but they'd still be thrilled that she was willing to do it. And she wouldn't be much worse than the housewife they're married to. They might dream of a true slut, but they'll know that it's an urban myth. Or think that it is. They'll think all women are like their wives.

I prefer my toys to be very well trained in the slutty arts. When I use my toys with others, I want them to drive that person insane. Even if it is just another toy. I want my toys to perform like those urban myths. To show guys, and girls, that there are girls out there with those slut skills.

Taryn is going to learn a few basics tonight.

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Taryn's hands are again bound behind her back as Sophie brings her in. I know Sophie would have untied them to wash her. I have a chain hanging from the ceiling of the shower with a pair of cuffs attached to it for toys being washed up. Sophie would lock Taryn's hands in those cuffs, which will hold her hands up high to give Sophie better access to all of Taryn's body. Like her underarms. But after the shower, Sophie bound Taryn's hands as they were. As I'd last wanted them.

I have her bring Taryn over to the padded massage table I keep in the center of the playroom. It makes a great prop. It's the right height. It has a frame of tube steel that's perfect for tying toys to. It's even comfortable.

I don't tell Taryn anything. I just take hold of the nude girl and turn her to face the table. I nudge her up to it, standing her with the top of the table flush against her hips. Then I use my foot to nudge Taryn's legs open, spreading her feet about half of the distance they could be spread. I don't need to stretch her legs. I just want to make sure her pussy is easily accessible.

Then I lean Taryn down over the table. Across the table. I put her all the way down so that her chest is lying flat on the table and it's supporting some of her weight. I leave her there, walking around the table to the other side. I squat down, putting my eyes at the level of her head. It has me looking at the top of her head.

I lift Taryn's head up, setting her chin on the padded table. It has her looking me in the eyes. With her standing like that, I ask her if she's ever had her pussy eaten before. She tells me, yes, she has. She makes me ask her how many times, and then she only tells me a couple. I'm not sure if she means a couple, as in twice, but I doubt it's too many more than that. Younger guys are always so eager to skip the teasing and get theirs.

I ask her if she liked it. She tells me that she does. I ask her if she's ever cum that way, and she says no. It's always been a starter, never the main course.

I tell Sophie to go get the newbie. It's not long before Sophie is back with Elisha. Usually, it's Paige, my live-in slave-whore who gets the job of whoring. Of being used with others. It's kind of Paige's place.

But I wanted Elisha for several reasons. First, Elisha can always use the practice. Second, Taryn knows that Elisha attends

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the same school she does. At least she knows it after this afternoon. She should know that she's going to be seeing Elisha around campus. Or at least might. And I know that Taryn liked Elisha's fingers. I want her to appreciate how much more Elisha can do for that pussy. If I want Elisha to.

"Newbie," I say as I see Elisha stepping into the room. "On your knees." I point to a spot just behind Taryn. As Elisha drops to her knees, I keep my eyes on Taryn. I can see her eyes darting around, trying to see anything. I know she's wondering what I'm going to do with Elisha. And more so what I'm going to do with her. But with me there, and my hands on her head, Taryn can't see what's happening.

Elisha is quickly on her knees right behind Taryn. Right where I pointed her to. It has Elisha's eyes staring at the now smooth mound of Taryn's pussy. I'll bet Taryn's pussy is sloppy wet again, too, despite the thorough washing Sophie would have given it.

I keep a firm grip on Taryn's head. "Newbie, tongue that sloppy skank pit," I softly command Elisha.

"OOH!" Taryn shrieks out. I feel her body tense up. I feel her shoulders trying to rise up off the table. I use her head as a handle to hold her down. And make her keep looking me in the eyes. Taryn shudders, crisp and hard. And she keeps shuddering. She grinds her hips against the table. "OH, OOH!... OH, MY FUCKING G-D! OOH!" Taryn cries out, her voice now as sultry as it is squeaky.

I gave Elisha a specific command. I told her to tongue Taryn's pussy. And that tells Elisha not just what I want her to do, but how. It tells her to lightly lie her tongue against Taryn's hard clit. Then to swirl her tongue, just once, around the nub, caressing it with her hot, wet tongue. That's about as far as Elisha has gotten in the one-second since Taryn started shrieking. Elisha knows to go slow, not to rush. To take her time, moving her tongue slowly around Taryn's clit. That way it draws it out, making Taryn feel it that much more.

Once she finishes that single swirl, Elisha will move her mouth over to one of Taryn's long folds. Her folds are short, not rising that far off her pinkness, but they're also thin and loose. Elisha will suck one of those folds in her mouth. She'll slowly inch

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her way down the fold, or actually up the fold the way Taryn is standing. As Elisha's mouth moves along the soft flesh, she'll not only suck lightly on it, drawing it into her mouth but stroke her tongue over its inside. All the way down to its very end.

Teasing her fold, while arousing, isn't as intense as teasing her clit. It gives Taryn a second or so for the intensity of everything to ebb slightly. It also brings Elisha's mouth right beside Taryn's pussy.

Elisha just stretches her mouth wide, encircling the entrance of Taryn's tunnel with her soft lips. Elisha sucks lightly, just enough for Taryn to feel it. And to draw some of Taryn's thin honey into her mouth. As she does, Elisha puts the tip of her tongue to the rim of Taryn's tunnel. She lips her tongue just barely into Taryn's tunnel. And then she swirls her tongue, slowly, around the inside edge of the rim. That way Elisha's tongue is caressing the very tender walls of Taryn's pussy. It gives Taryn a moment to enjoy the soft caress of Elisha's delicate, and feminine, tongue.

That pushes Taryn right back to where she was. Whatever arousal might have begun to ebb while Elisha was teasing a fold, it comes back full force the instant Elisha's tongue slips into Taryn's pussy and strokes those spongy walls.

And then, after a single swirl around Taryn's pussy, Elisha's mouth is moving again. To the other, so far neglected, fold. Elisha will suck and tease her way back up that fold. She'll go all the way up to the point where Taryn's folds blend into a single knotty ridgeline. The knot that hides Taryn's clit.

And then Elisha's mouth is stretching out again, her lips surrounding the hard and eager nub of Taryn's clit. That's a single circuit. It's a circuit that Elisha will repeat endlessly, never speeding up or stopping until I tell her to.

It will drive Taryn crazy. Like she's already going. I watch as Taryn's trembling knees buckle. I watch as she stomps a foot against the floor. I watch her hands fight against the tie that holds them useless. I see her hands balling into fists. I see her arms pulling against the tie, trying to pull her hands from it. I don't see Taryn's hands going anywhere. They barely move. The tie holds them that well. I just see her fingers wiggling wildly as her hands clench into balls. It's the only thing her hands can do.

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I can see Taryn's hips grinding hard against the edge of the table. I can see her entire body shuddering sharply. Mostly I can hear her screeching loud, girly, squeaky, cries.

"STOP! OH, MY FUCKING G-D, STOP! IT'S TOO FUCKING GOOD! YOU'RE KILLING ME!"

"OH!" I blurt out, my voice as teasing and amused as it is firm. "You want to be a bad slut and beg instead of keeping your useless mouth shut while I play with my toys." I giggle lightly. "Fine, Barbie Doll, I think I'll just start over now. All that time we've been at it-" which is about twenty seconds, but I'm sure it seems like about twenty minutes to Taryn, "won't count. I want to watch my toys tease pussy for five minutes. Starting over... now."

"NO!!!" Taryn shrieks. "PLEASE! I CAN'T DO THIS FOR ANOTHER SECOND!"

"Is this the first time you've ever been with another girl?"

"YES!" Taryn screams out. I see Sophie grinning off to the side.

"Girls are better at this than boys, aren't they?"

"OH, FUCK ME, YES!" Taryn shrieks. I'm sure Elisha likes the encouragement of knowing that she's driving Taryn insane.

"You want my play toy, newbie, to make you cum like this?"

"YES! OH! YES! NOW!"

I laugh. "You'll cum when I want you to, nosy. Not before. Now you just stand there and behave. Oh, and since you whined a second time, we're starting over. Again. Are you ready to behave?"

"YES!" Taryn screams out a desperate plea. "PLEASE! DON'T MAKE ME START OVER AGAIN! PLEASE, I CAN'T! I CAN'T FUCKING STAND THIS! I'LL BEHAVE! I'LL SHUT UP! I'LL DO ANYTHING, JUST DON'T MAKE ME DO IT LONGER! I CAN'T FUCKING STAND THIS! I HAVE TO CUM SO FUCKING BADLY!"

"I see you haven't learned not to whine and beg yet," I tell her firmly. I keep hold of Taryn's head with one hand, making her look me in the eyes. I put the tip of my fingernail to Taryn's back, very slowly running it along her spine.

"OH FUCK ME!" Taryn shrieks. A hard shiver flows over her already squirming and shuddering body. Goosebumps erupt along both sides of her spine, following my fingertip down Taryn's back. "FUCK ME!!!! PLEASE!!!! FUCK YOU!!! I CAN'T!" Taryn's feet



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stomp the floor, taking turns. She kicks them back a little too. They miss Elisha. Taryn screeches.

I start drawing my finger back up her spine. It makes Taryn shiver again. Just as sharply. And screech. I go all the way to her neck before I take my finger from her. I put my hand back to her head so I can use them both to hold her down and still.

"Are you ready to behave now, nosy slut?"

"YES! I'LL FUCKING SHUT UP! PLEASE! DON'T TORTURE ME!"

"Then behave that slutty bottom, nosy. We'll start over again now."

"AHHHHHHHHH!" Taryn screams out. But she doesn't say anything this time. Maybe she is learning. I know her pussy is throbbing hard. That should make a nice punishment for opening her mouth.

There's really nothing Taryn can do. Except to stand there and suffer the teasing. She can close her legs. She tries it. It doesn't hinder Elisha. She can lift her legs up and clamp her thighs around Elisha's head. She can even kick her feet as she does, making the table support all of her weight. I know, she tries that, too. It doesn't hinder Elisha, either. Most Taryn just shudders and shrieks. And feels the intense arousal. The pounding, aching, throb in her pussy. I'll bet she's figured out by now that she's only being teased. That she's not going to cum anytime soon. Not like this. That she's going suffer every second of those five minutes until I decide to end it. I know that she's praying for it to end with a very powerful orgasm.

I just hold her head up, making her look at me the entire time. I like watching the faces she makes as she cries out so pleadingly and urgently. I like seeing the sweet agony on her face. I like seeing it finally dawn on her that she truly is a toy, at least now. I have control. I will decide when she cums. And there's nothing she can do to help herself along. She can't cum until I want her to. I know when she realizes that. I see it on her face. It's as if her arousal, and her agony, doubles. Her squirming definitely does.

Taryn gets her full five minutes. I have to raise my voice, something I almost never do. But if I don't, Elisha would never hear me over Taryn's cries. I just tell Elisha to stop.

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Elisha quickly releases Taryn's pussy and backs her head away. It lets me see Elisha's face. And it's a wet, messy face that grins up at me. Taryn's honey covers every bit of Elisha's face from her nose down. It's even made its way over to her cheeks. Elisha doesn't mind. She wants to show me her honey-glazed face. It tells me just how well she tongued Taryn's pussy for me.

"No... please.... oh, please! Don't leave me like this... please, please, please, I'll do anything you want me to, Ma'am, please, just don't leave me like this. Please, let me cum, Ma'am. Please, I'LL DO ANYTHING!" Taryn starts crying! I guess her pussy must really be aching her badly. She must have really liked Elisha's tongue.

"Are you misbehaving and begging me again?" I ask Taryn in my most bullying voice. "I guess you haven't learned your place yet, nosy."

"No.... no... no..." Taryn starts bawling. Hard. It's all she can do. But she doesn't beg again.

I lift her shoulders up off the table, standing her up. Then I walk around behind her and nudge her back from the table. "Too bad you weren't a good girl. Now you're going to have to earn your pleasure, nosy." I tell her in a very taunting voice. It doesn't look like Taryn notices the tease in my voice. Too bad, that would tell her that she's going to have some fun! Or at least I am.

"You can start by properly thanking newbie for tonguing that slop pit of yours so nicely." I grin. I snap my fingers and point to the table.

In about two seconds, Elisha has taken Taryn's place leaning over the table. I don't need to encourage Elisha, either.

A second later I'm pushing Taryn down to her knees, steadying her shoulders as she gets down without her hands. She won't need those. And she's more likely to behave without the use of them.

Taryn doesn't realize what's happening as I push her down. Nor does she figure it out as I use my foot to nudge her knees wide apart. Or when I sit her back, lowering her bottom between her heels.

But then my hands are on Taryn's head again, my fingers laced through her silky long hair. And I'm pushing her head forward, straight at the puffy mound of Elisha's wet pussy. I'll bet she figures it out then. I feel a sudden, hard, tension just appear

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in her muscles as she tries to stop her lips from getting any closer to Elisha's pussy. She doesn't have a prayer of stopping me. Not on her knees without her hands. I just push right through the tension.

I see her face wrinkle up, a nervous look erupting on it again. I can also see Taryn's eyes are now locked on Elisha's eagerly waiting mound. I'll bet she's noticing just how wet Elisha's slit looks. Or maybe she's noticing the tip of Elisha's fold poking out through her slit. Taryn's folds don't poke out. Her are fully covered by her lips. I'll bet Elisha's is the first pussy she's seen other than her own. I know it's the closest view she's gotten of one. And it's slightly different. That is going to make Taryn wonder if most girls look like she does, or like Elisha does. No girl wants to be different, especially not there. A month from now, she'll have seen enough pussies to know no two are quite the same. Some show their folds more, or less than others.

But for now, I imagine Taryn is wondering what Elisha is going to taste like. How gross it's going to be to taste another girl's pussy. If Elisha is going to squirm and grind her mound all over Taryn's face, just as Taryn did to Elisha.

"Open your mouth, nosy..." I tauntingly, but firmly, tell Taryn.

Taryn's nose wrinkles up even more now that her lips are less than an inch from Elisha's pussy, and still being pushed towards the steamy wet mound. By now, Taryn should be able to smell the sweet, hot, slightly sweaty muskiness of Elisha's private scent. I feel her cringing hard. I see her close her eyes. And open her mouth. She doesn't stretch it to its widest, and she doesn't open in eagerly, but she opens it wide enough.

I push her mouth flush against Elisha's mound, letting Taryn feel the softness of Elisha's thick, silky lips. I'm sure she's already tasting Elisha's honey, too. Luckily for her Elisha's taste is slightly sweet.

I firm up my voice until it's commanding again. Then I tell Taryn to stick her tongue out and lie it very tenderly against Elisha's clit. "It's the hard thing, nosy," I tell her. As if she didn't already know that much.

Elisha's clit is easy for her to find. It's big enough and hard enough, that it's prominent among Elisha's loose folds. And It's

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right under Taryn's tongue. I start telling Taryn what she's to do, giving her instructions to tease Elisha's pussy the same way that Elisha just teased Taryn's.

A few seconds later, I hear Elisha purr out a loud, "OOH!" the sweetness of Elisha's purr tells me that Taryn has it right. Or very close to right. I can see Elisha squirming against the table, too. I ask Elisha if nosy is doing it properly, and in a very throaty voice, Elisha squeaks out that she is.

It takes me about a minute to get Taryn to do it almost perfectly. I can still see her nose wrinkled up slightly. I can see Elisha's honey starting to glaze Taryn's face, too. I tell Taryn that I will tell her when to stop. Elisha deserves the same five minutes that Taryn got.

Elisha has a very well-rounded bottom. After about a minute, I get treated to the sight of those full, firm cheeks twitching backward sharply, knocking their sponginess against Taryn's forehead. It looks like it's driving Taryn's nose slightly into Elisha's crack, too. Not that Elisha minds. She's busy breathing out very hot and needy moans. And quivering.



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Now that Elisha has gotten her five minutes of teasing, but not an orgasm, I have Taryn waiting on her knees. I'm sure she's wondering what I'm going to do with her next. If I'm going to let Elisha give her the orgasm she's aching for. Or if I'm going to make her give Elisha one first. I can see a bit of an edgy look on her face as if she's wondering if it's going to be gross to make a woman cum with her mouth. If she'll be swallowing girl cum like she would with a man. If Elisha's legs are going to be clamped around her head, squeezing it snugly, while Elisha thrashes through her climax. I'll bet she's never even paid close attention to her own orgasms, how she thrashes through them.

I go to my cabinet. I pick a fairly large strap-on dildo. It has a cock on it that's about eight inches long and 1 ½" thick. It's "realistic" looking. It has a beige, almost white, shaft that's lined with thick veins. It's rubbery, but it's also stiff and hard. It has a bulbous, light purple head on it. The head is more rubbery. Spongy and soft, not rigid like the shaft. It has a pair of fake balls dangling in a loose sack at its base, too. Furry balls. It's about as close to a real cock as fake ones come. I casually toss it to Elisha and tell her to put it on.

"It's time you learn how to satisfy a cock with that slutty cock sucker of yours, nosy. I'm sure that boy you were with earlier would just love for you to actually be able to please his cock." I wave for Elisha to come over.

Elisha hurries to stand in front of the kneeling Taryn. She stands with the tip of the cock about an inch from Taryn's lips. I'm sure Taryn can figure out what I'm going to make her do with that dildo. She is on her knees in front of it. Elisha just stares down at Taryn, as if waiting to watch the show. I have to admit, with her ample breasts, Elisha looks funny with a cock. Even if I can see its straps holding it on.

"Show me how you suck a cock, nosy." I firmly command her.

Taryn glares at the dildo. Her eyes are wide. And the nervousness on her face seems to be exploding. It's as if she's never imagined a cock as big as this one, and wonders what I think she could do with it. As if she's wondering just how she going to get that in her mouth.

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Taryn moves slowly, despite doing something I can see she's done before. She opens her mouth. She puts her plump, pink lips to the very tip of it. She starts going forward, rather slowly. Then she slows down even more. The flesh at the corners of her mouth pulls taut. Her lips start to stretch a little taut, too. She goes forward a little more, finally managing to get the head of the cock into her mouth.

Taryn starts stroking it if these even qualify as strokes. She's barely moving her head. Her lips are stroking about the bottom half of the cock head. The head of it is about all that she's getting into her mouth. And her lips are just barely getting past that.

I let her go for about twenty or thirty seconds. It's long enough for me to see what she's doing. And for her strokes to grow as enthusiastic as they ever will. I can see that Taryn is having trouble with the thick cock. Her teeth are dragging along it. I can tell by the way they move the shaft as she moves her mouth. No guy would like this blow job. Guys just hate teeth on their cock. I'm sure Taryn does a little better with a more average-sized cock. This one is big, about as big as any woman is likely to ever see outside of the set of a porn movie. Unless she gets really lucky. I could sum Taryn's blow job up in one word. Amateurish. It's like something a younger woman would do the first time she tried it. When she didn't have a clue what to do, and just hoped that the guy wouldn't notice her fumbling.

"Is that how you suck a cock?" I taunt Taryn in a very mocking voice. "And a guy has come back for seconds? Wow, he must have been in jail or something!" I laugh at Taryn.

Taryn starts to blush. She hesitates, stopping for a fraction of a second, too. I swat the back of her head, telling her that I didn't say she could stop, despite "how utterly shameful" her performance is. She starts moving again, but it looks like she's trying to shirk inward at the same time. As if she desperately wants to stop demonstrating that she's not very good at this.

"I demand my fuck toys can actually please a person," I tell her mockingly. "It's time for you to learn how to be trashy slut, nosy."

I grab Taryn's head, holding it firmly in a tight grip. I have one hand under her jaw. My other hand is at the back of her head.



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I use the tips of my fingers and my thumb, to pinch the corners of her jaw. And I pinch hard. It forces her jaw to stretch even wider. As wide as it can. Wide enough that she can feel the muscles there starting to burn lightly with the strain.

And it instantly makes Taryn's nervousness triple. At least that's how it looks on her face. As if she's now thinking that I am going to make her do something. She just doesn't know what. But she knows that she can't close her mouth. And she knows that her hands are very firmly bound behind her back, where they are completely useless to her. Where she won't be able to use them to protect herself.

I'm sure the nervousness is mostly from the realization that she's utterly at my mercy, and this is likely to be at least somewhat uncomfortable for her. I know that's a new feeling for her. That I can truly make her body do whatever I want it to do. Even this intimate practice act. And there won't be anything she can do about it. Not even to ease her discomfort. I'll bet she's praying for me to go easy on her. Very easy.

I have no intention of going easy on her. I intend to do one thing. To teach Taryn how to suck a cock like the trashiest of skilled whores. Quickly. That way, when I chose to give her mouth to a guy, she will be able to give him a very skilled and slutty blow job. I just love to surprise guys with the sluttiness of my toys.

I wait until Taryn has the head of the cock into her mouth. Then I tighten up on her head. Taryn instantly panics. I feel the tension erupt throughout her entire body as her muscles stiffen and fight to pull her head back. But she's on her knees, and without her hands, she doesn't have much to fight me with. Her back and neck muscles aren't strong enough to overpower my arms.

It takes her just a second to realize that. To realize that she can't stop whatever is happening to her. While she's resisting me, I keep her head moving forward, setting a slow, leisurely pace. A pace that I keep steady. It has the soft tip of the rubbery, spongy cock head pushing deeper into her mouth. I haven't measured Taryn's mouth. But I am a student nurse and I've seen enough mouths to guess that hers has about three, maybe a hair more, inches between her teeth and the back of it, where the roof of her mouth curves downward and everything begins funneling to her

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throat. And I can see that head of the cock is only about 1½" long. Thus, there's about 1½" more space in her mouth. That's room for cock shaft. It's room even this amateur should have been using.

I know the cock is thick enough that it's stuffing her mouth fairly full. I wanted it that way. I want her to get used to the feeling of being stuffed. This way, when she gets her mouth on a real cock, it will be small by comparison. And easier for her to perform on.

I just keep her going. She realizes that she's helpless just about the same time she feels the very tip of that spongy cock head nearing the very back of her mouth. I'm sure she's wondering just how much cock I'm going to force her to take. I can see her starting to panic already. I wonder if she's naturally so nervous, or if it's just the unique experience that her so edgy. The idea of trusting another with all of her body.

I keep her head moving. I have to put a foot between her spread legs, my ankle flush against her pubes. Then, as I bring her head forward, I also crane her neck, stretching it. That straightens some of the bend at the back of her mouth, allowing a straight path to her throat. It's the same trick sword swallows use. It's why they're always looking up. I don't have Taryn's neck that straight, but fairly close to it. Then again, cocks are more flexible than swords. And far less dangerous.

Now Taryn fights hard, putting everything she has into pulling back or squirming away from me. And I know she can feel the spongy tip of the shaft as it now presses into the wide mouth of the funnel at the back of her mouth. As it just touches the very back and starts pushing around, heading for her throat.

I feel the sharp spasms rack her stomach. They snap her bottom up a little. That just makes her neck straighten even more, which is the opposite of what she wants it to do. It's what I want it to do. Her eyes water. Her face shows a pure panic. As if Taryn is more afraid than she's ever been in her entire life. And she's just starting to gag on the fat shaft.

I keep her head moving. Taryn keeps gagging. It seems each one is a little more powerful than the last, too. I can't feel them, but I can see how crisply her bottom is rising up with each one. And I can feel her neck muscles tensed to steel fighting me, trying to pull her head back.

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I keep her moving. It's not very long before I feel the light resistance as the head of the cock presses against what feels like a rubbery, but solid wall. By now it has the funnel of her mouth stuffed completely full. I doubt a drop of water could get past it. But a cock will do the same thing. Their heads are spongy soft, too. And spongy soft things tend to squish into the shape of whatever they're shoved into.

It all happens at once. I feel the resistance suddenly change. No longer is the dildo pressing against a solid wall of rubber. The wall yielded to it. Now that rubberiness is squeezing hard around the sides of the dildo, dragging against the latex as I push it forward.

Taryn chokes hard. Her bottom snaps up violently. I hear her making gross sounds as if she's puking. She probably would, if she could. She's definitely heaving strong enough for it. I see her face turn a deep, beet red. I feel her try one last time, thrashing against me with every ounce of her strength. She even tries to wiggle her head away from my hands. She tries to move her legs, too, but I can keep her on her knees with a little pressure downward on her head.

I ignore Taryn's desperate panicked resistance and force her head to keep going forward. After a fraction of a second, I can see the sides of her neck, just under her jaw, start pushing outward as the huge shaft stuffs her throat. And now it's in her throat. It's pushed past the little flap and pushed right into her esophagus. To her body, it's a huge bite of food. A bite that's far too big. Her reflexes try to push it back to her mouth.

My hands overrule her reflexes and force the shaft to keep slipping down, deeper into her throat. The rubbery, narrow tube of her esophagus squeezes tightly around the hard shaft, cradling it as it presses deeper into her body.

The dildo keeps sliding forward. Taryn keeps choking hard on it. I keep pushing her head down, shoving more and more of the shaft into her throat. Taryn realizes one more thing about now. That she can't breathe now. The cock has her throat stuffed so full that no air can get past into her lungs. That gets her panic ratcheting up another notch or three, too.

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I keep the pace steady and leisurely. Despite Taryn's choking, I don't slow down. Nor do I speed up. I just keep the dildo moving steadily into her throat.

Elisha just stands there. It's her only job. To be my dildo mannequin. To hold her body still while Taryn uses it for a practice dummy.

I push Taryn's head down until her plump lips come to rest flush against the fake balls. Then I stop her head, holding it there. Holding her down with the cock stuffing her throat full. Choking her. Blocking her from breathing. And with Taryn still in full panic mode.

"Oh, stop it, you whiny baby!" I scold Taryn in my bully voice. "It's just a cock! This is called cock sucking! And this is how you are going to do it. In case you have been too busy choking, I don't care if you choke! All I care about is that you swallow every bit of cock. That's how trashy gutter whores, the kind you see hanging out on St. Stephens, do it. And that's how you're going to do it. We'll just keep practicing until you learn and do it my way, nosy." I'm sure she's seen St. Stephens' Street. It runs through the bad part of Prichard, which is the bad part of Mobile. It's the part of town where you don't even trust the cops. They get indicted as often as anyone else. It's the part of town where you see homeless, drunks, and junkies. And the cheapest whores. The skankiest. The ones who will do anything, especially if you pay in product instead of cash. The part of town I avoid as if it were a raging inferno. I'm sure the cute, young, Taryn avoids it as well. She's still alive.

I hold her head down for a few more seconds. Then I start letting her rise up at the same leisurely pace that she went down. She's going to learn not to rush a blow job. To take her time and allow the man to enjoy her hot, wet mouth leisurely stroking along his hard cock. The sensations of her tight, rubbery throat squeezing all around his ungiving hardness as his cock slips in and out of her tightness.

The instant the dildo is out of Taryn's throat, but still, in her mouth, I hear her suck in the fastest, most desperate, breath through her nose. And it's noisy.

I keep Taryn going. For about the first dozen strokes, I have to force her every inch of the way. But then her choking starts to

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ease. Her body finally gets used to the sensation of the thick shaft slipping in and out of her throat. Her reflexes realize that it's not a threat. It takes another dozen or so strokes for her resistance to start easing off.

It takes me about five minutes, and about fifty strokes, so it seems, for Taryn to finally relax as if she's accepted it. It's far longer than anyone has made me work yet. But finally, Taryn gets it. She starts allowing the cock to stroke deep into her throat. And then, finally, I can release her head and scold Taryn into sucking it on her own.

I make her do it for five long minutes. Then I give her a rest. And then it's time for lesson number two. I hold her head again as she gets started, but I don't really need to. I feel only a faint gagging from her the first couple of times the cock presses into her throat. Probably not enough to even slow her down much.

I have no doubt that the first time Taryn felt that dildo pressing into her throat, she thought she was going to choke to death on it. Now, I'll bet she's thinking about doing this to a real guy. And about how the guy would be bragging about her ability. About her being able to swallow every bit of his cock. About how happy the guy will be with her. How much he'd want another one of these. I think I even see a faint twinkle in her eye now.

This time I teach her to add another trick to her blow job. At the top of her stroke, just as she's going to reverse and start taking the shaft back into her mouth, I teach her to swirl her tongue around the tip of the cock head. Just once per stroke. That's all she has time for, without having to pause her stroke. I teach her to do it smoothly, never breaking the rhythm of her stroke.

I give Taryn a full five minutes of practice. Five minutes that I don't start counting until after she's mastered the technique. And then I allow her another couple of minutes of rest.

But then it's time to begin the next part of her lesson. She has one more trick to learn. One more thing to add to her blow job technique. One last thing that will drive the man crazy.

As Taryn's going down, steadily taking the cock into her mouth, I teach her to slip her tongue out, through the space between her teeth and the shaft. It's a tight squeeze. It gets her

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tongue caressing the tender underside of the cock. I have her get her tongue out just before she reaches the depth of the stroke. That way, as her lips brush against his balls, the rounded tip of her tongue will also brush against his balls. And as it does, I have Taryn wiggle her tongue. That way, her tongue will stroke over the top of his furry sack, teasing his balls as she sucks his cock. While every bit of his cock is down her throat.

It takes her a little longer to master that trick. That's because it's hard for her to get her tongue out between the fat shaft and her teeth. And keep her teeth off the thickness. But she finally gets the hang of it. And gets to begin her five minutes of practice.

Taryn is definitely tired after all that cock sucking. And I can see it on her face that her jaw is getting sore and stiff. I figured it would. She's definitely not used to sucking a cock. Not used to giving a real blow job. She's only used to giving a little tease with her mouth. A quick tease. And on a much smaller cock.

I'll bet she's already imagining giving her boyfriend a blow job like that. Imagining that he finally decides that he wants her. That he takes her, pushes her down to her knees, and tells her to do that for him. She will. And he will be so pleasantly shocked by her skill. By how incredible she makes it for him.

I don't tell Taryn what I have in mind for her next. It would just leave her time to think about things. Instead, I take her by the shoulder and start walking her out of the playroom. I take her back to my living room, standing her in the open space by the front door. But that's about the only real open space I have. I seem to have acquired enough furnishings to have the room nicely decorated. And to not leave too much space.

Keeping my hand on Taryn's shoulder, I just tell her what's next. "I hope you've figured out that you are going to do as I tell you to do by now, nosy. I really don't want to have to turn you over my knees like a naughty girl.

"It's time for your final exam for cock sucking 101. You'll need a real cock for that. You will suck it, just as I've taught you to. You will suck it until it *stops* cumming in your mouth. Then you will swallow every drop of the cum and thank the man for allowing you to suck his wonderful cock. You will be very polite,

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and completely humble. What you will not be is shy or modest. I think you know better than to be modest by now.

"Since this is your first time here, I'll tell you how this will go. You are going to take your final exam. I'm not asking you. I am telling you. You can be a good girl and take it when you are told to. Or you can be a bad girl. Then you will be punished for your misbehavior. And then you will be told to take your final again. Eventually, you will decide that behaving is preferable to any more punishment. I promise you, punishment will suck for you worse than you think it will.

"Now, are you ready to be a good whore and take your final exam, nosy?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Taryn answers. Her voice is rather nervous, mostly, I think, because there isn't a cock in the room. It has her wondering just whose cock I'm going to have her suck. But I can also hear some excitement in her voice. As if she's eager to find out if a real man will enjoy her sluttiness as much as she thinks one will. As if she's eager to see the guy driven crazy. And lusting for her afterward. This little slut might be fun for me!

"Good. It is your responsibility to find a cock to suck," I tell Taryn. I pull the door of my apartment open. The hall beyond is empty. It always is. Here, in this little corner of the building, there are four doors. The one beside me is empty. It usually is. The one across from me belongs to Mike, a 30-something vanilla man who splits his time between Mobile and a few other places. The one beside him is a corporate apartment rented by one of the shipyards for its visiting executives. It might be empty. But I've been here a while now, and no one who's ever stayed there has complained about me using the hall. Or about me sending naked women into the hall. Sailors!

"I think my neighbor across the hall is home. Remember to be polite and humble, nosy!" I give her a hard swat on her bottom with my hand. Something to remind her that I really will spank her if she displeases me.

Taryn yelps. She jumps, too. She jumps just enough that she's almost out the door. I slam the door behind her, letting it bump against her globes as it shuts. As it locks her out in the hall. "And don't come back until you've swallowed a mouthful of cum, slut."

## Chapter Four -Boy Time

Taryn jumps back, her backside knocking hard against the door. She cringes, shirking inward. She tries to cover herself, but with her hands still tightly bound behind her, she can't. She turns around a few times, trying to stand where her front won't be on display. She faces the door. She cries for just a second.

Then Taryn takes a deep breath. I guess this is when she's figured out that she's stuck in the hall, naked, until she sucks a cock. And thus, she needs to hurry up and suck one so that she can get out of this hall before she becomes the laughingstock of the building. Probably of the whole world in her mind.

She steps across the hall, her eyes constantly, and very anxiously, darting everywhere to make sure no one is seeing her. She has to turn her back to Mike's door to knock on it. Then she turns back to face the door.

It's a setup. Taryn doesn't know that. I talked to Mike earlier and asked him "would you say no if a cute, 18-year-old, naked, college girl wanted to give you a blow job tonight?" Mike laughed. Then he asked me "would any straight man say no?" So I told him what I had planned. I just didn't tell him anything more than I'd already said about nosy.

Mike answers his door. It takes him less than a fraction of a nanosecond to realize there's a naked college girl standing at his door. Then his eyes start roving over her nakedness, thoroughly looking over her body with hungry eyes. Especially her perky, long breasts. "Yes?" He asks, not taking his eyes off her mounds.

"Excuse me, Sir... Miss Rodgers, across the hall... she taught me to suck a cock tonight. Now I have to find a cock to suck for my final exam. Would you mind... if I sucked your cock, Sir? Please, Sir?"

Taryn's voice is utterly humiliated. She blushes a bright red, too. But she manages to ask, her words hushed and coming a little quickly. As if she's just hoping to get out of this hall.

Mike reaches down to his pants. He pulls his cock out through the zipper. "Go on, little girl, get on your knees and suck it." Mike can't help but let a trace of an amused giggle slip into his voice as he recites a line I suggested. I told him to make her do it there, at his door, in the hall. This way I can see it! And I know it will be even more humiliating for Taryn. There really isn't much



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like getting on your knees in a public hall and sucking a guy's cock without even knowing his name to make a girl feel like a slut.

Taryn cringes. She had been sure that he would invite her in for it. Maybe he'd be nice, maybe not, but she was certain that he'd let her in. But she also knows there's no way she can say no, now. If she ever could have said no.

Taryn drops to her knees. It puts her eye level with Mike's fairly average cock. His is about six inches long, and somewhere just over an inch thick. It's not nearly as big as the dildo I had her practice on. She puts her lips to the tip of his cock.

A second later her lips are flush against his pubes, squishing his underwear between her lips and his balls. And Mike purrs out a nice, sweet moan. I open my door and just stand there, behind Taryn, watching her round bottom bounce as her lips slide along Mike's cock.

"MM!" Mike purrs out loudly, "she taught you good, slut!" then a moment later, Mike can't stand still for Taryn anymore. His hips squirm. His hands go to her head, not quite grabbing her by her ears, but coming close to it as he runs his fingers through her fine hair. I'll bet he would grab her ears, except that he's too afraid to interfere with the blow job. The light quivers coming over his body tell me he's enjoying it. "AH! Oh, so slutty! That's it, slut, lick my balls too!" I didn't tell him to say that. But I didn't tell him not to either. I'm sure he can figure out that I'm humiliating this girl. Thus, I won't mind if he insults her a little more. And I don't!

Taryn doesn't mind either. Steadily the blush fades from her face. It doesn't take her but about five strokes to really get into the blow job. That's about four more than it took Mike. By then, Mike is purring eagerly. And Taryn must know that he's loving it.

I can see the little twitches that start racking his cock. I'll bet those are new to her. I'd bet Taryn has never had a cock in her mouth long enough for it to start twitching before. Or to cum. But she doesn't let it slow her down. If anything, it makes her more enthusiastic about sucking him. And once she saw that he was enjoying it, she was pretty enthusiastic to start with.

Mike kind of leans against the door frame. Taryn keeps on sucking. Mike keeps on purring.

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One thing I like about Mike is that he's not the quickest guy to cum. It takes him about five or six minutes, even with Taryn's slutty deep throat blow job. But then he does cum. I hear the sated grunt from his lips just as I see the crisp thrust of his hips. And I see his cock twitching very sharply.

I see Taryn's eyes spring wide open, too. And I see her nose wrinkle up slightly. For a second she looks rather nervous. Then she calms again. Once she decides that his cumming in her mouth isn't going to choke her or anything. But it will give her a good taste of his hot, sticky salty cum.

Taryn keeps going for a few seconds. When she releases his cock, the twitches are gone from it. I see the knot moving down her neck as she swallows. Then she looks up at Mike. "Thank you for letting me suck your cock, Sir. I hope you enjoyed it."

Mike fixes his pants. "I'd take another," He coyly tells her. Then he looks over Taryn's head to me. "Well, neighbor, did this slut pass her final exam?"

"I don't' know. Did she get an A?" I ask Mike with a tease in my voice. "Bs are failing grades here!"

Mike sighs. "Oh, I guess she can have an A." But he's smiling wide as he says it.

I tell Taryn to get back up and come over to me. I have her open her mouth wide and prove to me that she was a good whore. I can see plenty of Mike's cum still clinging to the insides of her mouth. I'm sure Taryn can taste it as well. I tell her that she's clearly "been rather slutty." I let her back into the apartment. Mike steps back into his, laughing rather happily.



## Chapter Five - Demonstrating Her Sluttiness

## Miss Nosy

Now that Taryn has passed her final exam, it's time for the last lesson I have planned for her tonight. I have Taryn on her knees in the living room. Then I get my phone.

I select video call. I have Taryn recite her boyfriend's number, even though I already have it. He gave it to me earlier. But Taryn doesn't know that. She gives it to me and watches as I punch it in. I hold the phone, aiming its camera so that it captures an image of not just Taryn's face, but also the top of her chest and shoulders. From about an inch above the tops of her breasts up. Plenty for him to tell that Taryn is naked, yet not quite enough for him to actually see anything.

Taryn doesn't seem to mind the view he's getting, even though it's rather slutty for her to call a guy like that. Especially one she hasn't been intimate with. It pretty much says "want this?"

It doesn't take him long to answer my call. As if he was eagerly waiting by his phone for me to call. I'm sure he was. I'm sure he's thinking that, whatever I'm doing with Taryn, it's kinky and thus hot, and he's eager to join in.

All I've told Taryn is that she's to invite him over. And the usual stuff, such as that she's to be very humble and polite to him. "Hi... Sir," Taryn begins. I can still see a hint of a grin on her face, and that tinge of excitement in her voice that tells me that Taryn isn't opposed to the idea of inviting him over. I'm sure she expects he'll be offered to join in. Especially after what she's just done. I just wonder if she's going to try and keep that a secret from him.

"My Queen... has taught me to be a very good... slut, Sir. She wants to invite you over. Will you please come over, Sir? I would *really* like to show you what a total slut I am, Sir."

"uh, okay, I'll be right over." He tries to hide the eagerness in his voice, but I see Taryn's grin grow a little. So he didn't hide it very well. Not from Taryn. Or me, I could hear it in his voice and I don't even know him. I'll bet he's hoping to see her sluttiness first hand.

She gives him the address, and he says he's about 20 minutes away. He's in his dorm. And Spring Hill isn't that close to downtown. Plus, he's going to run into some traffic. She says she'll be waiting.

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While she's waiting, I have Sophie show Taryn how to serve properly. Now that Taryn has learned to kneel, serving isn't much more than that. It's a quick enough lesson. Taryn doesn't seem to mind it, but I can see that she doesn't know why I'm teaching it to her now. But it's also a lesson she needs her hands for, so I finally free them from the bonds. And that she's glad for.

Then, when her boyfriend knocks on the door, I have Taryn get down on her knees at my side. I remind her that she needs to behave unless the "show" she wants her boyfriend to see is her bare bottom turned over my knees. She kneels with her hands behind her back.

Sophie answers the door with a grin and shows him in. His eyes immediately pick out Taryn and lock on her. His face tells me it's the first time that he's seen her naked. And that he likes the sight. It seems he's especially drawn to the sight of her very perky breasts. His eyes spend so much time on those it's a wonder that he doesn't trip over his own feet. Then Sophie puts her hands around him and starts nudging him to the sofa. He definitely doesn't mind Sophie's hands on him either.

I quickly get the idea that it's been a while since he's been with a girl. That he was getting slightly... frustrated that Taryn wasn't taking to his advances. As if he knew she liked him, but couldn't figure out why she wouldn't go further than she had. Maybe now he realizes it was his approach, not him. More likely not. More like he's only thinking that tonight might just be his lucky night. Taryn definitely doesn't seem to mind showing him her nakedness.

I offer him a cup of coffee. He accepts, so I guess he's totally distracted by Taryn's breasts. I tell Sophie to fetch mine, "and take this nosy little thing with you. It can serve my guest."

Taryn grins widely now, realizing that I mean for her to serve her boyfriend the way I just taught her to serve. I'll bet she's thinking that he is going to get such a thrill out of it. That he will love her humbling herself for him. Maybe she even thinks that once he sees what she'll do for him, he's going to be asking her to do it all the time. Which would be fine with her.

Sophie takes Taryn to the kitchen, and they're back quickly. Taryn seems to have learned well. And she's definitely making an effort to get it right. She stands up straight, ignoring the fact that

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she's nude. She holds her hands out six inches in front of her breasts with her palms upturned and together, making a small tray. She carries his coffee atop her hands.

Taryn goes to him and drops down to her knees at his feet. "Here is your coffee, Sir. Thank you for allowing this slut to serve you, Sir." Taryn offers him the coffee with pure honey in her voice. Almost as if her voice is inviting him to demand more of her. To help himself to all of what she's displaying for him.

He takes the cup, moving slowly and leaning over close to her as he does. I can see how much he wants to touch more than her hands. His eyes don't even see the cup. They're too busy lusting over those pert breasts.

I almost tell him that he's welcome to touch her. My guests are always welcome to touch the toys serving them. And pretty much all of the toys here, regardless of what they're doing. But my inner imp reminds me that this is torture for him. Seeing the body he wants, and not being invited to touch it. My inner imp loves torturing people. She stops me from telling him. She wants to watch him squirm more.

He sips the coffee, but it shows that he's not very interested in it. He's far more interested in Taryn. "Do you like my slutty new play toy? Its name is nosy. It is, after all, a rather nosy bitch, since I found it when I caught it snooping on me earlier."

He laughs just a little, but it's honest. "Yes, she is kind of curious..." He still worries about offending her by calling her nosy or snoopy.

"As you can see, nosy belongs to me now. I own that body. Don't I, nosy?"

"Yes, my Queen... this is your body now, Ma'am," Taryn answers, a slightly playful note in her voice.

"The bad news," I turn my attention back to him. I still haven't caught his name. "is that this slut is only going to do what I tell it to. The good news is that this slut is going to do whatever I tell it to." I grin at him. "That means you're only going to get what of it that I tell it to give you. You can stop bothering to ask it for anything. Even a little kiss. You can ask me instead. It will give you whatever I tell it to, and nothing more. I hope that's not a problem for you." I don't add that if it is, Taryn won't be his girlfriend much longer. Three seconds isn't very long at all, and

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that's how long it would take me to tell her that she just broke up with him.

He stutters, unsure of what to answer. I can almost see the wheels spinning inside his head. He's thinking that it can't be much worse. He hasn't gotten her yet, despite weeks of his best efforts. I think I can see that he's recognizing the danger, too. That he might not be the only one I give Taryn to. That he might end up with the campus slut for his girlfriend. Or that I might have something worse in mind that he just can't think of. In the end, he decides to go along with it. Although I'm sure he's thinking that's just for now. Until he sees what I'm going to do with Taryn. If this is going to be good for him. As in if he's going to get plenty of those perky breasts. And more.

"Then you should know what an absolute slut this slut is," I tell him in a rather teasing voice. "Nosy, go find something skanky and come show this man what a cheap whore you really are."

"Yes, my Queen," Taryn answers. She gets to her feet and heads for the kitchen. He watches her firm bottom as she goes. Taryn doesn't know what she's expected to do. She knows that "skanky" is Paige's pet name, and thus she's to go find Paige. It's the rest she doesn't know. What I mean by showing him what a whore she is. I'll bet she has a thousand possibilities running through her head as she hurries to the kitchen where Paige is working. She only knows, or at least hopes, that Paige will tell her what I mean for them to do. And if not, that I will when she returns with Paige.

Paige has instructions. I've told her what to tell Taryn. I'm not surprised when Taryn is back in a minute, holding Paige's hand.

Taryn's boyfriend is the only one who looks surprised. Very surprised. Pleasantly surprised. Paige is naked as well. But she's always nude in the house, except for the two things that make up her slave-whore's uniform. The hot pink collar around her neck, and the leg irons around her ankles.

Paige is a decently tall girl at 5'7" but she's also very slim at 119 pounds. It gives her an almost stick-like figure with sides that are close to straight. Sides that have only the gentlest of a feminine curve to her waist and hips. It gives her long, lithe legs, too. And a very toned, flat stomach.



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Paige has a decently oval face. She has long honey-brown hair that hangs in curls down to her shoulders. She has green eyes. She has a wide mouth framed with plush light pink lips. She's rather cute, and looks young, as does Taryn.

Paige also has a pair of rather perky 34-B breasts. They're slightly smaller than Taryn's. But Paige's breasts are topped with a pair of wide, light pink nipples surrounded by wide rings. Her breasts have only a slight pointiness to them, giving them a little more fullness and roundness than Taryn's. Paige also has fully shave pubes, unlike Taryn, which leaves every bit of her puffy pussy mound fully displayed.

He gawks openly at the sight. It's now two nude women, neither of whom is being the least bit shy about showing off every bit of her body. One of whom is his girlfriend, a girl he still thinks he has a chance to be with. A girl who is now rather affectionately holding hands with the other nude girl. His eyes go very wide. Eagerly wide.

"This is skanky," Taryn introduces Paige to him in a very sweet voice. "She's very skanky." Her voice turns teasing.

Taryn turns to Paige. A second later, Taryn is kissing Paige. Their bodies are close, their breasts touching the other's chest. Both have their arms around the other. And both are kissing with a lot of hunger. It's a long kiss. A kiss that neither looks eager to end. He watches every second of it, his eyes seeming to grow wider with every second.

And then Taryn's hands slip down Paige's back. They find Paige's firm, round, and small bottom. And they stay there, caressing and squishing Paige's globes while the girls kiss. Paige's hands do the same, working their way down to Taryn's firm little bottom and eagerly playing with it.

Finally, it's Paige that breaks the kiss. She moves her lips back just a hair. Then she brings her hands up and uses them to softly stokes Taryn's breasts for just a second. Then Paige leans over and puts her lips to the tip of Taryn's breast. She swirls her tongue around Taryn's hard nipple, just once. Taryn just purrs a very sweet "MM!" as Paige licks her nipple. It's enough of a tease that I see the goosebumps erupting over Taryn's mound. And I see the crisp erotic shiver flowing over Taryn's body.

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It doesn't look like he notices any of the specifics. All he seems to notice is how "totally hot" it is watching two girls make out. And maybe that Taryn seems to like making out a girl. A lot. Maybe even too much, he thinks. To his male brain, that would explain why he's had such trouble getting her. Because clearly, to a male brain, only a lesbian wouldn't want him. It would explain this afternoon to him as well.

It's not true. I doubt Taryn has much if any, attraction to women. She just lusts for the power. To be powerless and used. It doesn't matter whether it's a man or a woman who can take her. As long as he or she can take her, and knows what to do with her once he or she has her.

Taryn turns back to her boyfriend, her eyes just a little dreamy now from Paige's tease. "Sir... This slut would *very* much like to show you what a complete gutter whore it is. May skanky *and* I please have permission to suck your cock, Sir? Please, Sir, allow us to show you how slutty we can be *together*, Sir?"

I can't imagine any college guy passing that up. Or most any guy. A blow job and two girls? I think that's a male fantasy. His face tells me it's definitely one of his fantasies. Naturally, he says yes.

"Thank you, Sir," Taryn says sweetly. Still holding Paige's hand, Taryn drops to her knees at his feet. Paige follows her down, kneeling so close at Taryn's side that their sides are touching each other.

Taryn reaches up to his zipper. It doesn't take her long to free his cock. It stands up straight, eagerly poking out from the wide-open zipper of his pants.

His cock isn't anything special, but it's not bad either. I'd guess it's just under six inches long, and maybe between an inch and an inch and a quarter thick. That makes it about two inches shorter than the practice dildo. But Taryn won't notice that so much. It also makes it over ¼" thinner, and that she will definitely notice. It won't stuff her mouth nearly as much as the dildo did. She should know that. Mike isn't much bigger than her boyfriend.

Paige takes the lead. She puts her lips to the deep purple head of his cock. She nudges Taryn to put her lips to the side of the cock head, putting the corner of her mouth flush against Paige's lips.

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He stares down at his cock. I'm not sure how much he can actually see. But it can't be much. With his cock standing up, Paige's head is almost straight above it. And that has her long hair hanging down around his shaft. Taryn's darker hair seems to be lying over this thighs and balls. But whatever little he can see, I'm sure he can feel the two of them. Both girls with their mouths on his cock at the same time.

I'll bet you anything he was wondering how they'd both do it. How they could share a single cock. I'll bet he didn't imagine that both of them would be sucking it at the same time.

Paige starts going down, steadily swallowing his cock the same way I just taught Taryn to do it. Only Paige has a lot more practice than Taryn. This cock is nothing for Paige. She's had real ones the size of the practice dildo.

As Paige goes down, her lips softly stroking over his cock, Taryn keeps her lips flush against Paige's. She lets Paige set the pace. Paige's lips pushing Taryn's down the shaft. As Taryn's lips move down his cock, her tongue is caressing the slice of cock that's trapped in her lips. And Paige's tongue is caressing along the underside of his shaft.

He purrs the sweetest of moans. "OH, YES!... WOW, this is good!" He sits back, relaxing, and allowing the girls to suck his cock. His eyes stay on the girls and what they're doing. "HOLY SHIT!" he blurts out as Paige takes the last inch of his cock into her mouth, "skanky is swallowing every bit of my dick!" His voice is pure excitement.

As Paige takes the last of his cock, Taryn's lips have no cock left to tease. Paige's descending mouth pushes Taryn's lips off the shaft. They flow smoothly down to his balls. She licks his balls. Paige's tongue slips out to lick his balls at the very lowest of her stroke, and when it does, it tangles with Taryn's tongue for a second. That puts one tongue on either side of a ball. "HOLY FUCKING SHIT!" He blurts out in the most shocked, and thrilled, voice "they're both licking my balls with my cock down her throat!"

Then Paige is going back up. Taryn's lips following closely, still flush against Paige's as if it's a single mouth with four lips and two tongues teasing his cock.

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Paige's stroke is leisurely. Its unhurried pace allows him to feel, and enjoy, the snug caress of Paige's mouth around his cock for a little longer.

As Paige reaches the top of her stroke, partly closing her lips as not only the very tip of his cock head is left between those lips. Paige starts to slide her mouth over to the side, turning her head as she does. Taryn's lips stay flush against Paige's, following Paige's lips around. It brings Taryn's lips to take the place of Paige's lips. Now the very tip of his spongy soft cock head is between Taryn's lips, and Paige's lips are on it from the side.

Now Taryn has the driver's seat. She starts inching her lips down his cock at the same leisurely pace that Paige used. She sets the pace, her lips pushing Paige's down the shaft. It's Paige's tongue caressing the side of his cock. The opposite side than Taryn's tongue caressed. And it's Taryn's mouth taking his cock at the leisurely pace.

Now he watches a little more interested. As if he's wondering how Taryn could possibly measure up to Paige. As if he thinks Paige is just the very best at this.

Taryn keeps going. She swallows every bit of his cock just as easily as Paige did. I see only the faintest tremor sweep over her as she gag, the cock pushing hard into her narrow throat. Taryn goes down until her lips are flush against his pubes as well, and her tongue flicks over his balls, teasing Paige's tongue as it goes.

He can't help but blurt out "Oh, SHIT! Tar--- NOSY IS SWALLOWING IT, TOO!" And I can tell that he never expected her to do it. To be able to. I'll bet he knows her well enough to know how experienced she is. And thought that she would be about average. About like every other girl. Not some slutty version of a slut, as he was so happily surprised to find Paige to be. His voice tells me as much as his words. He is very pleasantly surprised to find that his girlfriend is a slut. And that finally, he's getting the benefits of her sluttiness.

"Oh, I teach all of my toys how to be good little gutter whores!" I giggle with a lot of amusement in my voice. "my friends seem to like them this way."

"Oh, YEAH!" He blurts out just as eagerly.

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Taryn reaches the top of her stroke, and shifts back to the side, yielding the cock back to Paige.

It doesn't take him long to figure out the rhythm. They're going to trade roles every stroke. Every time his cock slips into a throat, it will be the other throat. The one it wasn't just in. That it lets him almost have two slow blow jobs at once. From two different girls. Girls who are obviously very close friends.

It doesn't take him any time to purr the loudest, happiest, of manly deep moans. Or to start squirming around, grinding his bottom down into the sofa. His hands fidgeting around for something to grip.

It takes about one second for his hands to decide that the girls would be something to grip. At first, he moves his hands to their shoulders tentatively, as if he's not sure if either girl, especially Paige, will allow it. But then Paige just uses a hand to nudge his hand over to Paige's breast. He takes that as an invitation and starts using his hand to explore as much of her body as he can reach. He can't reach too much of it. His other hand grows some courage and steadily starts exploring more and more of Taryn as well. But soon he has Taryn's breast in his hand, too. And she doesn't object. I've already told her that my guests, anyone I invite over, may touch her body as they wish. I'm sure Taryn wasn't thinking of her boyfriend when I told her that, but she is now.

They keep going, trading roles smoothly and sucking his cock enthusiastically.

It doesn't take him long. He doesn't even last close to as long as Mike did. He cums with a sharp thrust of his hips, and a very loud, satisfied grunt. He cums in Paige's mouth. That's a rule of the two-girl blow job, whichever mouth he starts cumming in stays put, no longer trading roles, and gets to swallow all of his cum.

As soon as he's done cumming, both girls rise up to their knees. They turn and face each other. They kiss. It's a long and very hot kiss. One that has Taryn's tongue all over Paige's mouth. And Paige's tongue all over Taryn's. A kiss that leaves his cum in both of their mouths.

"Thank you, Sir, for allowing us sluts to suck your huge cock, Sir!" Taryn obediently thanks him. She turns to Paige. "And thank

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you, skanky, for sharing that delicious cum with me!" Paige gives Taryn another long kiss.

Paige gets to tuck his cock back into his pants for him. The both of them rise to their feet and come over to me. They drop to their knees in front of me. And then they wait for their next instruction.

I sigh heavily. "I guess we can give nosy a reward now. She's been working so hard for it!" Then I turn to him and ask, with a sweet teasing in my voice, if he would care to watch nosy get her reward.

I don't know if he guesses what her reward might be. But I think he has at least an idea. I can see the twinkle in his eye. He says he "wouldn't mind watching it." I should do something awful, like give Taryn the enema I've been teasing her about, just to make him watch it. I actually think she'd cum quite nicely with her bottom so full. But I'm keeping her first session fairly tame.

I'm sitting on the second sofa, across from him. I just raise my foot up and put it on Taryn's shoulder. "Down you go, slut," I tell Taryn. As I do I use my foot to push her shoulders down. I push her all the way over until her shoulders are on the floor. It has her face on the floor, too, turned to the side, her cheek lying flat.

It also brings her bottom up a bit as she leans over. And bends her waist more, which pulls her bottom taut and hard. It pokes her now-shaven pussy mound out, pointing it right at his eyes. Without the fur on her lips hiding everything, it lets him see her fine slit. And the layer of her honey glistening in the light. A layer of honey that covers not just her slit, but all of her mound and has crept into the creases of her thighs.

He notices how wet she is. He sits up a little, his eyes going wide, to get a better view of Taryn's fully exposed pussy. I'll bet he's wondering if, when, and how he's going to get that pussy. And if I'm going to be a help or a hindrance to his efforts. It's clear that he likes what he's seeing.

"skanky, eat that sloppy thing," I tell Paige.

"Oh, so happily, my Queen!" Paige tells me. She scoots around and then lies on the floor behind Taryn. She lifts her head up, putting her lips right to Taryn's sparkling mound.

## Miss Nosy

"OOH!" Taryn screeches out. I feel her shoulders snap with a hard tremor under my foot. I use my foot to push down, hard, pinning Taryn's chest to the floor. "AH, OOH!" And then Taryn's toes curl up as a very crisp shiver flows over her body. Only now the shivers keep coming, racing over her body one after the other.

I've told Paige to make Taryn cum. This time she's not teasing Taryn, as Elisha did earlier. Paige has her tongue lightly against the side of Taryn's throbbing hard clit. She's swirling her tongue slowly, but constantly. And she's sucking lightly, just enough to draw Taryn's clit into her mouth. Now, with Paige's tongue dishing out a single, unending tease to Taryn's nub, Taryn will cum.

"That's it, nosy, just relax and that skanky whore will make your pussy cum all over the place now," I tell Taryn.

"YES, MY QUEEN! THANK YOU, MY QUEEN!" Taryn screeches out, her voice is deep and breathy, but rather squeaky as well. "OOH, AH! OOHHHHHHHH!" Taryn screeches out. Steadily the shivers racking her body grow more and more powerful. As does the thrashing of her bottom. Only with her knees spread and her shoulders pinned, there isn't much her bottom can do to move around. Mostly it just tries to grind her mound against Paige's mouth.

I know Taryn has never cum like this before. Maybe she's cum on her hands and knees. Maybe even her shoulders and knees, although I doubt either is likely. But she's never cum pinned to the floor. Never unable to move much. Never with anyone watching her, as if she were a show. Never by anyone's tongue. Definitely never with another girl for a partner.

Taryn screams. Her body snaps hard. I feel her shoulders trying to buck up against my foot. But it's easy to hold her pinned down. Her knees squirm, trying to close, and trembling too much to really move. Her feet kick around, but it's mostly at the ankle that her feet are moving. It makes it more of a squirming than a kicking. But those powerful tremors just keep hitting her, making her body snap as if it were getting jolted with a few million volts.

And it keeps her screaming. A long, drawn-out screeching, high-pitched, girly squeal. Until her lungs run out of air, then she sucks in another fast breath and screams again. And again, her body snapping with more and more powerful tremors.

## Chapter Five - Demonstrating Her Sluttiness

It's partly my doing. I haven't told Paige to stop. So Paige is still swirling her tongue around Taryn's hard nub, teasing it even as the waves of orgasm flow over Taryn. It keeps the orgasm at full intensity for Taryn.

I let Taryn cum for about two minutes before I tell Paige that it's enough. Paige immediately stops and lifts her honey-glazed face up. Paige shows me that Taryn's oily honey not only covers a good part of Paige's face, but the quivering thrashes of Taryn's bottom have smeared plenty of honey into Paige's hair as well.

Taryn stops screaming. She loosens up. I keep her pinned to the floor for another minute or so. Until, finally, the crisp tremors stop sweeping over her body. It's cute. She's now fully loose, relaxed, and limp. Then suddenly a tremor hits her, and her body snaps powerfully. Then she's limp and spent again. Taryn pants fast, deep and satisfied breaths, slowly catching her breath. As she does, her breaths slow. Then they start to sound like the happiest of purrs.

I leave Taryn on her knees. She doesn't even try to move now. She just stays where she is, no longer pinned, but in about the same position. Her eyes close as she basks in the afterglow.

I tell her boyfriend that he can give up on trying to have sex with Taryn. She'll only do it when I tell her to. However, since she's going to be a good girlfriend for him, that he may go to her dorm room three evenings a week. While he's there, Taryn may not speak. Not a single word. She will stand and face him, then undress while he watches. She will suck his dick. She will swallow his cum. Then she will stand and dress. While she's nude, he may touch her body as he pleases. But not her pussy. Anywhere else. He doesn't need to worry about Taryn's release, I'll see to that. His night are Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday. As soon as Taryn is dressed again, he is to leave and not return that night.

The rest of the time, Taryn will be a very affectionate, but chaste, girlfriend for him. She will not allow him to see her less than fully dressed. She will not allow him to fondle her, even through her clothes. Neither of them is to speak of her sessions with me, or me, or newbie, or skanky, or my slave. None of that exists. He may kiss her as much as he wants. She will kiss him. They may hold hands. They may hug. That's all. Except, of course,



## Miss Nosy

those three nights. But on those three nights, that's all they can see of each other. No spending time together before or after his blow job. Once their classes are over, that's it. She goes to her dorm room to wait for him to come and get his blow job.

I tell him that, should I wish to allow a special treat, either I will tell them, or newbie will. If newbie appears and tells them to do anything, they should do it. He should. She will. Otherwise, newbie will call me to come over and remind nosy that she's expected to behave. Nosy doesn't want that.

I tell him that I will summon nosy when it's time for her next session here. Then I have Sophie show him out, telling him that I will see to nosy. Elisha is still here, hanging around the playroom. Elisha can drive her back to campus and her dorm room. I need nosy here a little longer. I need to remind her of the rules once her brain wakes back up from orgasm land.

# THE "USUAL SUSPECTS"

My friends, family, and slaves who appear in this story and numerous others. Only those in this story are shown.



Slave-girl ("Sophie")

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

Debuts In: "Seducing Sophie"



Slave-whore ("Paige")

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

Debuts In: "Paige: From College Girl To Slave-Whore"



# Newbie Slut-Bitch (“Elisha”)

Age	Height	Weight
18	5'7"	141
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
36-C	31	38
Debuts In: “Georgia Girl.”		