

Diplomatic Intercourse



Nadezhda sarankhova

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Author's Note:

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

The complete archives of all my public-version stories are available on my website.

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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Diplomatic Intercourse

Diplomatic Intercourse

Introduction:

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

Diplomatic Intercourse

place I'm not small. I'm a 32-D, and I'm very pert. Which makes me popular with the boys.

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

When I want sex I never use one of my toys. I never allow a toy to 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.

Diplomatic Intercourse

Sophie is extremely devoted to me. So devoted, and so happy as my slave, that despite not being attracted to women, she's a virgin with men. She serves and pleasures only me, and those I give her to. And while I use her, even with my male toys, I won't allow any man to touch her pussy or penetrate her bottom. Those are mine. Only mine. I've owned her since she graduated high school, but I've known her longer. Since about two months after her 18th birthday, which was also about two months before she finished high school.

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 18th 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 a 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,

Diplomatic Intercourse

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.

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

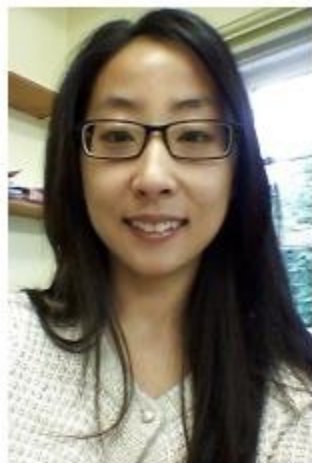
Diplomatic Intercourse

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 careful 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 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.

Miss Rodger's ShameBook



26 AUG 2021

The Playtoy

"Lien"

Birthday	Age	
██████ 95	26	F094
Height	Weight	
5'3"	117	
Eyes	Hair	Pubes
Brown	Black	Trimmed
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-A	29	34
Last Period	Last Orgasm	By
17 Aug 2021	24 Aug 2021	Masturbation

Date of Session

28 Aug 2021 @ 19:30

Intentions:

Favor for Nikolai. Probable one-off. Determine if sub is fully lesbian, as presents, or bi. "Teach sub some manners." Nikolai says sub has a "very bad attitude" which needs adjusting.

Results:

1. Sub presented with obnoxious / defiant attitude.
2. Sub is fully lesbian, no attraction to males.
3. Sub enjoys hard force to push past resistance.
4. Sub craves humiliation and use in ways that disgust her.
5. Sub took a long time to accept her place and submit fully
6. Sub is fully trainable and likely would be an excellent bitch once properly trained.
7. Sub unlikely to submit to a male, unless forced by a female.
8. Sub desires a return visit.
9. Sub has no prior experience submitting to anyone.

Notes:

Sub is a "diplomatic secretary" with the Vietnamese embassy in DC. Based in DC. Travels frequently but always with a superior. Due to her government's policies, her sexual orientation and submission can not be known to anyone. Mobile and e-mail probably monitored, requiring precautions. Does not have diplomatic status or US residency.

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<https://mistressnadezhda.wixsite.com/shamebook/F094>



*Chapter One - Saturday
Evening - First Sight*

When I got the text from my friend, and fellow Dom, Nikolai on Friday morning, I have to admit, this one surprised me a little bit. It didn't surprise me that Nikolai was asking me if I'd do him a favor, I do that somewhat regularly. Nor did it surprise me that he was asking me to see a plaything. He does that somewhat regularly, too. Nikolai is a middle-aged Russian businessman who lives in the Pensacola area. I'm a 21-year-old female. I'm as tiny as he is a "bear." Those differences often make for a very different session for a sub.

What surprised me was that he told me right off this plaything was a "full-blown" lesbian who "does not care for men the least." I've known plenty of girls like that. But I've never known one who shared anything about her intimate life with a man. At least nothing more than the mere fact that his gender was a giant turn-off for her. It made me wonder, instantly, how Nikolai even knew anything about her.

Like me, Nikolai doesn't care who knows, or sees, his lifestyle. He has three live-in slaves, all Russian women between about 25 and 35-years-old. I'm guessing, he's never actually told me how old any of them are. But I've met them all. Yesterday, when the plaything brought some business papers over, he had one of his slaves serving them in the nude. He had another outside, tied up with her hands and feet stretched out. Naked, as his slaves seem to always be. And with a very red bottom.

"Pizda," (Russian for "cunt") the slave serving them, happened to overhear a few comments the woman made under her breath. Both Nikolai and Pizda noticed that her eyes seemed to be glued to the other slave's body as well. While Nikolai was out of the room, she made a few more comments to Pizda.

And as soon as she left, Pizda dutifully reported everything the woman had said that Nikolai hadn't heard. Comments along the lines of "I wonder if she climaxed from that whipping?" and "no way should any woman ever

Chapter One - Saturday Evening - First Sight

allow a man to touch her like that.” And comments about the slave’s pussy being so wet it sparkled in the sunlight.

It didn’t take Nikolai long, maybe a whole second, to add her comments up and figure out that she would like to submit. But to a female, not a male. Knowing Nikolai, it took him even less time to figure out some way to use that to his advantage in business. I know he would never stoop to actually blackmailing anyone (I wouldn’t associate with him if he would, even though it’s a long-standing and well-used Russian business practice), he would use the information to his advantage. “Light bribery,” such as “do this for me, and I’ll arrange another session for you,” is definitely not above him.

I’m surprised when he tells me about the woman, too. Her name is Lien (a Google translation of the Vietnamese characters that are her given name). She’s 24 years old. She’s a “diplomatic secretary at the Vietnamese Embassy in DC but travels frequently with many of their diplomats. She speaks very fluent Russian, which I suspect is her main useful skill to them. She speaks, in Nikolai’s words, “very limited English.” That’s not an issue for me, since I speak Russian as well as anyone in Moscow does.

Nikolai is “certain” that Lien wishes to submit to a woman, and feels that she’ll find it even more degrading to submit to a younger woman. Knowing him, Nikolai would love to have her as humiliated as she can possibly be. He doesn’t care for “man-hating lesbians.” I’ll chalk that one up to his gender. I wouldn’t care for anyone who “hated” me because of my gender either.

And naturally, Nikolai would like to arrange something for her. I have zero doubt that he’s planning to use it to his advantage, at least by hoping that her attitude toward him will warm considerably. I’m sure he thinks that despite her low place on the diplomatic totem pole, like any secretary, she has some real power. She could get her boss to approve, or reject, most anything not too extreme. She could be a good friend to have for his business venture, whatever that might be.

I don't have a Vietnamese woman in my toybox. I don't have any Asian women in it. I never have. There just aren't that many of them in Mobile. I don't have any women who barely speak English, either. Since she speaks Russian, the language barrier isn't a problem for me. But it will be if I entrust her to my live-in slave-girl and handmaiden, Sophie. Sophie speaks only the most rudimentary Russian, all of which she's picked up the two times she's accompanied me to Russia. No one else in my toybox speaks Russian, either, unless I count the three toys I've played with in Russia, but I don't count them since I so rarely see them.

Plus, Nikolai tells me that the Vietnamese are "very paranoid" about spies. They track everywhere Lien goes. Sometimes she's followed, though usually only in DC where they have a far larger staff. He figures her phone and emails are monitored by them as well. To them, that's normal. But her government would never approve of her sexual orientation, which forces her to keep it secret. They'd approve even less of her doing anything "kinky." If her government got a hint of it, they'd likely have her on the next plane home. And revoke her passport the minute she landed. Along with her security clearance. And so on, until she was lucky to find a job as a waitress or something.

Nikolai tells me that Lien has a "very bad attitude" which desperately needs adjusting. And that she needs to learn some manners. To learn how to behave like a "proper woman." He also tells me to expect her to resist a lesson at first. She has plenty of reason to: the fear of her government finding out. With me, that will never happen. I take too much care to protect the identities of my toys for that to happen. Nikolai knows it. Lien doesn't even know that I exist.

I agree to see Lien if she's willing to show up here. I do it for two reasons. First, I always try to help out my friends whenever they ask a favor. And second, because Lien is different than most. It provides me with a new

Chapter One - Saturday Evening - First Sight

shade of the thing I crave most: variety. Even if she is the "one-off," a sub who I only see once.

My problem is my schedule. I'm a nurse and a full-time student. I have three shifts a week at Mobile's major hospital. I have a full course load. I volunteer a few hours a week at a free clinic in town. And I have a second job as a nurse at a county jail. It's supposed to be 12 hours on Sunday. But with covid running rampant we're very short-handed there. It's bad enough that last night they offered me overtime to cover the midnight shift. And that's too sweet for me to pass up. Even if it means I get about an hour of sleep in two days. I'm working my shift on Sunday, too. And covering the same 12-hour shift on Saturday. It's going to be a whopper paycheck for me. But it leaves me close to zero time to play. Last week wasn't much better. Next week isn't looking too much better, either. It's gotten so bad that the Sheriff is turning some of the criminals loose to reduce the numbers in the jail, yet at the same time, the city police keep dragging more in for the most minor violations (such as an expired license plate), keeping the numbers up. And the covid racing through the place. While now we do offer all new arrivals a vaccination, some refuse, and for those that accept, no vaccination offers immediate protection.

It doesn't give me much time for Lien. Less time considering that I have a few toys of mine in need of some close attention, too. But I can work with that if Lien's schedule is flexible. Which Nikolai assures me that it is. He tells me that she's in Pensacola through "too-early Friday morning." And that her weekend is generally free of any time commitments. They expect her, as a young woman, to have a little, but proper and cautious, fun. Maybe a trip to the beach or something like that.

Nikolai and I hatch a quick plan. I get off work at 19:00 Saturday night. Usually, I head straight home for supper, then relax an hour or so before bed. Normally, whenever I have toys over, I try to have them gone by 21:00, giving me time to settle things down before going to

Diplomatic Intercourse

bed around 22:00. I can, and have, pushed it to 21:30 before. But that's the latest I'll keep a toy who isn't staying for an uncomfortable night. Uncomfortable for the toy, not me.

Our plan is simple, and thus not likely to fool any professional security people who are actually watching Lien. But Nikolai is confident that they're not watching her that closely. More like just keeping track of where her phone goes. If that raises any eyebrows, then next trip she might be more closely watched.

I'll admit that it's an entirely new concern for me. While I take great care not to "out" my toys, unless I want to, I've never had to take any precautions to ensure that no one else found out what the toy was up to. I'm used to middle-aged American housewives. They can simply come over and not tell anyone where they're going. It's not like anyone is trying to track them. And they can't be. But Nikolai knows about precautions like that. He takes some of them himself. Russian business can be a bit cutthroat. Literally, if there's enough money involved.

Our plan is for Pizda to go fetch Lien Saturday evening. Nikolai thinks Lien will be far more likely to go with a woman than a man. She's clearly far more comfortable with women, and with no one knowing that she prefers women, no one will suspect any kind of a rendezvous is happening. More like two ladies going out for an evening.

Pizda will simply tell Lien that Nikolai's friend, "Mistress Rodgers," wishes to meet her. That I have something to discuss with her. She'll politely ask Lien to come with her, that she'll drive her since Lien doesn't have access to a car. She's not high enough up to be offered that perk.

Then, if Lien comes as Nikolai is sure she will, Pizda will text me that they are on their way. Pizda will also ensure that Lien brings nothing with her but the clothes she's wearing. She'll suggest that Lien leave her phone at

Chapter One - Saturday Evening - First Sight

the hotel "so no one tracks it to Mistress's house." Nikolai is certain Lien will understand that idea.

What Lien won't know is that a few minutes after she leaves with Pizda, Nikolai has arranged for someone else to "assume Lien's life." Whoever he has lined up, she will take Lien's phone and go somewhere benign, like a coffee shop. That way, if they're tracking her, they'll think she went for coffee. The phone will appear in Lien's room a few minutes before Pizda returns Lien.

I can only assume that whomever Nikolai sent to keep Lien's phone moving is another of his toys or slaves. He's only told me that it doesn't matter how late I keep Lien. Whoever it is is, and will be, available "for the duration."

Thankfully my relief nurse is on time Saturday and I get out the door a few minutes after 19:00. I only live a few minutes away, so I can get home rather quickly. Cell phones aren't allowed inside the jail (do any jails allow them?). Pensacola is over an hour away, too. By the time I'm outside and check my cell phone, I have a text from Pizda.

"Ma'am; As my Master instructed, I have the bitch Lien with me. I expect to be at Your place on time at 19:45, Ma'am. Pizda." It's in Russian, but Pizda is Russian. Her English is good, but not great. It doesn't matter, my Russian is as good as hers.

"Good bitch, Pizda," I tell the 30-ish, rather lithe slave with her long blond hair and distinctively Slavic face. She has small, but rather pert breasts that are nicely flaunted by the snug-fitting blouse Nikolai has chosen for her to wear today, too. I point to the sofa. "You may wait there for this thing." Pizda is rather tall, too. I'd guess she's around 5'10" and probably doesn't weigh more than about 130 pounds. It's a body that a model would strive for.

"Yes, Ma'am," Pizda says rather softly and agreeably. She steps around the smaller Asian woman and goes right to the sofa. She takes a seat, sitting demurely and crossing her legs. She waits patiently and quietly.

"I'm here. Why do I need to meet you?" Lien says to me the instant my attention turns to her. Her voice is rather abrasive, but not loud. It's more as if she just can't possibly figure out why she's here. She is definitely not being polite, either. More as if coming here is a huge imposition on her.

I figure Lien can't be the dumbest of women. Surely they have enough people there that good jobs are reserved for those smarter than the average goldfish. I figure she should have a good idea why she's here. Pizda should have told her she was to meet a mistress. How many reasons are there for a bitch to meet a mistress? Especially after some of the comments that she made to Pizda the other day.

I figure now is the time to set the tone for the evening, too. I can't imagine, even if Lien has never played before, that she could think a Mistress would tolerate anything but subservience from her. I guess, with her tone of voice and the moderately scowling look on her face, that I'll have to teach her that.

I move very fast as I reach up and grab hold of Lien's long black hair. It's rather fine and silky. I notice that as my fingers are twining it between them to get a tight grip. I yank hard.

"AH!" Lien gasps out in total surprise as her head snaps forward. I keep yanking hard, forcing Lien to shuffle her now-stumbling feet. She has no choice but to follow her head forward and step into my apartment. I swear I hear a faint giggling from Pizda, too. As if Pizda knew this woman was going to learn her lessons the hard way here. And Pizda doesn't know me well at all.

I twist around, as I keep yanking Lien forward. I'm pulling her along, almost throwing her toward the wall. The six feet or so of wall between the front door and the time-out room that I keep empty to make a place for my toys to strip upon arrival. She gets about halfway to the wall before I feel the resistance as she tries to stop me from pulling her forward.

Chapter One - Saturday Evening - First Sight

I just yank a little sharper and harder. A half-second later Lien is flush up against the wall. Her toes are against the baseboards. Her face is firmly on the wall. As is most of the front of her body.

Lien had no clue she was coming here, and I know Nikolai gave Pizda firm instructions not to allow Lien even a second to prepare for it. Not to fix her makeup. Not to change her clothes. Lien was to be brought as Pizda found her. At 18:30, in her hotel room, and thinking she wouldn't be going out anywhere tonight.

Lien is wearing a dark charcoal pullover blouse. With short sleeves. It's not exactly snug around her, but it's also far from loose-fitting. It's just loose enough to afford her the tiny modesty of not flaunting the shape of her small breasts fully. With that, she has on a pair of comfortable, black and white patterned, housepants. And sneakers. It's an outfit I'd expect a woman to wear around her home or her hotel, but not to work, or to go shopping or anything. Maybe to the hotel's cafe, if it's not fine dining, too. Comfy.

I'm prepared with a pair of police-issued handcuffs in my back pocket. There's about zero chance that Lien has seen them, too. I'm still moving as fast as I can. I have the handcuffs out, in my hand. Already Lien has figured out that something is happening to her. Her hands are starting to flail around, trying both to get control of something and get to the wall and push her face off of it.

I have a lot of practice doing this. I don't even grab hold of her arm. I just slap the cuff against her wrist. Its shackle snaps, flies around her wrist, and back into the cuff. It's the same way cops do it to resisting criminals. A deputy showed it to me. I feel a sharp tremor sweep over Lien as she feels the cold steel snapping around her wrist. A fraction of a second later I feel her arm trying to pull her wrist away from me.

My hand is around the short chain connecting the cuffs. I feel her arm pulling against me. But the cuffs make an excellent "arm leash." In less than a second, I have her hand at the small of her back. My free hand

grabs her free wrist. A rather sharp yank on it takes Lien by surprise, letting me bring her wrist down to the cuffs with minimal resistance. And then she's cuffed, behind her back, as if she were a prisoner.

Now my hand is flat on the small of her back, driving Lien forward and pushing her hard into the wall. I have the chain of her cuffs just over my wrist, forcing her to hold her hands up a bit and leaving her almost zero leverage to push against me.

I grab hold of the waistband of her pants. I saw a button and zipper in the front, but I also see an elastic band around them. They'll be loose enough around her narrow hips. I yank hard on them, letting my fingers slip under the waistband of her panties as I do. I don't feel much of a waistband to them. It feels like a thin band of taut elastic to me.

In less than a second her pants are down, their waistband around her knees. Her panties are still inside her pants. Almost as if she were still wearing them both. It lets me see that she is, or rather was, wearing a pair of thin, white cotton panties. A cute, fairly sexy pair, too. I can see the smallish triangle that's the front of them.

But most of what I'm looking at is Lien's bottom. There I can see a pair of well-shaped, fully rounded globes. Firm globes with taut flesh, too. Globes with a distinct rounded curve at their bottom edge, as well as in both directions across them. And I can see a moderately deep crack between them where the inside edges of those globes just barely kiss each other. Beneath her bottom, I can see a pair of lean, shapely, and narrow thighs. It's a pair of legs I'd expect on a petite woman like Lien. At least one who takes care of her body.

Using only one hand, my other hand needed to pin her against the wall, it takes me about two seconds to have my belt off. It's not the greatest belt for this. It's more of a fashion accessory than a real belt. It's white, made of a fairly soft leather, but nice and wide. It's thin, too. But it

Chapter One - Saturday Evening - First Sight

has a big, shiny brass buckle to it. I have to flip it up to get it doubled over in my hand.

Lien spends those seconds squirming energetically. Her hips grind against the wall. She tries to thrust them back, but I can hold her pinned. She tries to move her feet back but quickly realizes that's not going to work with her waist pinned against the wall. She tries to arch her shoulder back and push off the wall, too. It doesn't work much better for her.

"It's time you learned some manners, you stupid, obnoxious bitch!" I scold Lien rather harshly, my voice disapproving and icy. Then I swing the belt, bringing it back as far as my short arm will go. I put all of my power into it, knowing that this softer belt won't be nearly as hard on her bottom as I'd like it to be. I thought about sending Sophie to fetch a paddle or a whip but decided not to. Lien would have heard that. And there's definitely something a little extra degrading about using the belt I was wearing. As if she were a misbehaving child and I was the parent who just pulled my belt off to teach her a lesson.

The belt lands with a loud, splitting crack, squarely across the centers of both of the firm globes.

As its sting slices into Lien's bottom, she screeches a rather loud "OW!" Lien's hips snap forward, but they don't move. They just knock hard against the wall. Her knees do, too. Her hands snap as they try and thrust down, but the chain of her cuffs hits my wrist and stops them from going down to her bottom. Her feet snap into high gear, stomping slightly as they scramble to fidget her bottom out of harm's way.

"How dare you come into my realm and not show proper respect for people!" The belt snaps against her pink-glowing bottom for a second time.

Lien screeches another "OW! Stop it!" She starts fighting me a little more vigorously, too.

"Welcome to my Queendom, *BITCH*, I'll do whatever I wish with my subjects, especially the rude, filthy ones like you!" Now her bottom is glowing an even brighter,

angrier, shade of deepening pink. It's enough to tell me that she has got to be feeling the sting of a million needles shooting into those toned muscles of her behind.

A third stroke lands across her globes, deepening the pink glow even more. "OW! NO! STOP IT!" Lien cries out.

"You will be polite here, *BITCH!*" I scold her a little louder. And then, as the glow on her cheeks is starting to turn from the pink into a fiery red that will have her flesh burning as her muscles sting, I swat her pert bottom again.

"OW! IT'S TOO MUCH! LEAVE MY BUTT ALONE! NOW!" Lien screeches out with a hint of pain and panic in her voice. As if it's only now dawning on her that she's gotten herself into something that's utterly beyond her control. And even more, as if anything being beyond her control is going to be a new experience for her.

"You don't give orders here, *bitch.*" I swat her bottom again. "You obey!" Before Lien can do anything more than screech half of her "OW!" another stroke is landing on her cheeks. "Nothing else!" Another stroke lands across those globes, leaving them glowing a very hot, angry, bright red. It's a shade that will have her flesh burning as if on fire, while her muscles just beneath are stinging so badly she'll be gritting her teeth to keep from crying.

I don't want to kill her with pain right from the start. That's not what I want, and not what Lien needs to learn. She needs to learn to humble herself willingly, not to be forced to submit to spare herself unbearable pain. And I think, although I'm still relying on what I've been told, that's what Lien wants, too. Only now it's obvious she wants me to "make" her submit to me. To show her that I can not only demand her full subservience but that I can make her want to give it.

I still have only one hand. With Lien fidgeting hard and trying just as hard to free herself from my wall, It takes me a second to slip the free end of my belt through the buckle and make a giant loop with it.

Chapter One - Saturday Evening - First Sight

Once I've done that, I hold the belt by its end. I quickly drop the loop over Lien's head. I give a strong tug on the end, pulling the loop snug around her neck. I pull back just enough to keep a firm, but fairly light, squeezing pressure around her neck with it.

And then I take my hand from her back. As soon as I do, Lien is trying to move back from the wall and turn to face me. It's exactly what I want her to do. So I let her. But I keep the pressure around her neck even as the belt-leash slips around it.

Just before she's facing me, I snap down on the belt. I don't yank that hard, though. I don't want to choke her. I just want her to feel the squeeze of it around her neck. She must. The tug drops her quickly to her knees. Her eyes spring wide open, a horrified look of shock on her face.

I keep the pressure around her neck, watching to make sure she's not choking and that she's still getting blood to her head. But otherwise, keeping that firm squeeze on her. It's enough to instill a primal panic in Lien. Instinct has her hands scrambling as they squirm to free themselves from the cuffs and get up to rescue her neck. The cuffs keep them uselessly behind her.

I'm still wearing the sneakers I wear to work. The very comfy ones with thick insoles. I put one foot to Lien, my toe lightly touching her at the very bottom of her pubes, just above her pussy mound, and my heel standing atop the waistband of her pants and panties. My foot forces her to open her knees a little, too.

With my free hand, I grab hold of Lien's hair again. That I have no reservations about yanking hard on. So I do, snapping her head back so that she's looking up. Now I'm looming over her, looking down upon her. And at the same time, I'm pulling the belt upward to hold the pressure around her neck. The pull on her hair keeps her from rising up even a tiny bit to ease the squeezing pressure.

"This is what a filthy bitch like you needs to know, *bitch*," I firmly tell Lien in my strict, cold voice. "You will do

whatever you are told to do here. You will not do anything you are not told to do. You will behave here. That's not a choice."

Lien's eyes are even wider now. She makes a very faint, almost grunting, sound. It's probably all she can say with the belt squeezing her throat. I'd bet it's a "no." I tighten the squeeze just a tiny fraction. Enough to cut her protest off. It's also enough for me to see the panic bloom on her face.

I hear a very faint hint of throaty raspiness to her breaths now too. It tells me that Lien is feeling the squeezing as a tightness in her throat. And feeling the tightness making her work slightly to breathe. But not yet cutting off her air, although she must know I'm capable of doing that. She won't know that I wouldn't choke her that much. Good, I don't want her to know that. I want her to feel utterly powerless as if dependent on my permission even to just breathe. Maybe now I'll have her full attention.

"I didn't tell you to speak, *bitch*. You speak only when spoken to and given permission. When I want you to speak, I'll tell you what you want to say. You will speak only Russian or English here. Not a single word of that gibberish Vietnamese.

"I will do whatever I wish with you. With your body. And I don't care the tiniest bit if you like it. I care even less about you, *bitch*. In my realm, you're absolutely nothing more than a body with tits, a cunt, an ass, and an asshole to be used however it amuses me to use.

"Now, if you wish to save yourself more whippings, or worse, I suggest you try really hard to be a humble and polite bitch here. Before you come to truly regret your obnoxious insolence.

"Are you ready to take that top off and show me my new tits, *bitch*?" I ask Lien in a rather bullying, but taunting voice. It doesn't much matter. She's already shaking her head no. She was before I even asked her. As if objecting to the rules here.

Chapter One - Saturday Evening - First Sight

"slave, strip this unruly bitch," I tell Sophie.

Sophie is a rather devoted slave-girl. She doesn't hesitate to hop to her feet and hurry over to me. Nor does she hesitate to reach down and grab hold of Lien's shirt. Sophie doesn't care that Lien's bound hands prevent the shirt from coming off of her. She just yanks hard. The narrow straps over Lien's shoulders break as Sophie rips it down toward her waist. And that reveals a lacy white bra with narrow straps and sexy half cups to it.

Sophie unhooks the bra. It clips between the cups, as many bras in smaller sizes do. She pulls it roughly over Lien's head, then down her arms. A hard yank pulls the bra against the chain of the cuffs, breaking the ribbon-like shoulder straps, and pulling it away from Lien.

And that leaves Lien's chest completely naked. It lets me see the breasts Lien just tried not to show me. Her mounds are small. I'd guess they're solid A-cups. But they are rather well-shaped. On the bottom and sides, they swell out from her chest like half oranges, firm and almost fully rounded. On the top side, they have just a slight bit more of a sloping to them. Otherwise, they'd be perfectly rounded. And firm.

Lien has some surprisingly prominent nipples for her small breasts. She has small rings, maybe the size of quarters, that are a medium-deep shade of brown. But center in each ring is a nipple that's maybe as wide as a dime. A nipple that is standing up rock hard now, its tip rising just over a full $\frac{1}{4}$ " above the softly rounding tip of its mound. Her nipples have almost flat tips to them, with a rim that rounds sharply down to very gently sloping sides. All of which contrasts fully with the pale, milky white skin of her mounds.

As she kneels, her nipples are steely hard. And the rings around them are pulled up taut, covered with goosebumps like mountains. But it's not the least bit cold in here.

Lien fidgets only slightly, although it's clear to me that she'd like to struggle far more. The tight squeezing

pressure around her neck is keeping her fairly still. I'm still holding her head up. She's turned her head slightly, as much as she can with me holding her hair so tightly, and averted her eyes. She refuses to look at me or meet my icy stare.

Behind Lien, Sophie is on her knees, pulling, almost ripping, the sneakers off Lien's feet. She's not even bothering to untie them. But she knows I don't expect her to. It's why I use commands with a specific meaning. I told Sophie to "strip" Lien. "Strip," tells a playtoy, or Sophie, to get its clothes off as quickly as possible. Nothing matters but the speed they come off. I want that body nude. Now. And that's what Sophie is doing. I watch as Lien's socks are yanked from her feet.

And then Sophie, caring nothing about touching Lien's body, reaches up between Lien's legs to grab hold of the waistband of Lien's pants. She tugs the pants down from Lien's knees, along the length of Lien's calves, and over her feet.

That leaves Lien completely naked and on her knees before me. It leaves me seeing the panic flowing over her body. The horrified and shocked look on her face. Mostly the fear of the unknown. It's plain that Lien has never been so out-of-control over her body before. She's never been forcibly stripped. She's always had the choice to hide or show the intimate parts of her body. She's always been seen as an equal. Now she's discovering the feeling of being absolutely nothing to those around her. And the feeling of being powerless, even just to make the simplest, most intimate choices about her body.

I see a sudden, and very powerful trembling sweep over Lien's body. It must be then that Lien finally, for the first time, believes that she's utterly powerless. That she will have no choice, no say, no anything, about how her body is used. That whatever I whim, she will endure.

It's a decision point for Lien. I've seen other newbies at this same point. Enough times to know Lien's mind will see that there are two choices for her. She can submit, go

Chapter One - Saturday Evening - First Sight

along with it, and accept that she'll endure whatever I wish to do with her. Or she can resist. She can struggle and try to retain some measure of control. She can test me and see if I'll let her get away with some shred of control.

But the resistance doesn't mean she doesn't want to submit. It means, before she does, she needs to believe, and know, for certain, that I will not allow her the tiniest thread of control. If she didn't want to be pushed there, she likely would not have come. Nor would those nipples be so hard now.

"Kneel like a humble bitch, *bitch*," I firmly tell Lien. I know she's seen plenty at Nikolai's. I'm sure she's seen Pizda kneel countless times before. But like most people, since she wasn't planning to get on her knees, she didn't pay close attention to the details. The finer points of a specific pose she's expected to assume. I know she doesn't know exactly how she's expected to kneel.

I keep the pressure on her neck, and that keeps her fidgeting, as I use my foot to tap her knees while I scold her to spread them wide. Then I do the same to get her feet lined up with her knees. I use the belt leash around her neck to adjust the position of her neck, her shoulders having no choice but to follow it, and get Lien sitting up straight with her bottom in the gap between her heels. I use her hair as a leash to pull her head forward, grabbing it to turn it so that she's looking forward as I scold her to keep her eyes open and ahead.

Lien keeps fidgeting as she's pulled roughly into place. And then she still fidgets around as she kneels.

In this position, I get my first good look at Lien's pubes and pussy. From here I can see that her lips are furry. Her bush rises up onto her pubes, but there it's trimmed low and far inside the creases of her thighs. I'd say no more than half of her pubes are covered by her small, but dense, well-groomed bush. I can also see some prominent deep purple-brown folds peeking their loose, wide edges up and out between her lips. Not too far beyond her lips, less than ¼" but enough to be noticeable.

Diplomatic Intercourse

Their hairlessness, between her densely furred lips, only makes them stand out even more. Like a wide ridgeline through her jungle.

"I will ask you three questions. You will merely nod yes or shake your head no. Nothing more, *bitch*," I firmly tell Lien. I don't let off the pressure on her neck either, and that will ensure she doesn't answer with words.

"I've heard that you are a lesbian. Are you attracted only to females?"

Lien looks horrified for an instant. Then, as I just begin to very slowly increase the pressure around her neck, she very reluctantly nods yes. As if she was extremely ashamed to admit it. Maybe it's far more taboo in her culture than ours. She should have known that I knew that much about her. There are only women in this room.

"Have you ever had sex, oral, anal, or intercourse, with a male?"

Lien, slightly more confidently, shakes her head no. Maybe she considers that a virtue. Maybe virginity is in her culture.

"Have you ever had sex with a female?"

I see a single tear roll down the corner of her eye. Lien just sits there, paling, but not answering. I start tightening the squeeze on her neck to get her attention. It still takes her a second before the squeeze starts to grow uncomfortable enough that she gives me the tiniest nod.

And now I know a lot. She is a lesbian. She's attracted to women, and not men. At least in a vanilla way. I don't have to ask if she's ever been in a D/s experience before. She hasn't, and it shows. But I'd bet she's craved it for a very long time now.

Just as I'd bet that Lien has no idea that a male might well excite her in this kind of a relationship. Not that she'd want to give herself to one, but being given to one. Everyone, other than Lien, is fully dressed. The only thing intimate happening is the way Lien is being laid bare for us. It's not the sexuality that's arousing her now. There

Chapter One - Saturday Evening - First Sight

isn't enough of it. She must know that she has little hope of having sex with anyone in this room. She'll be used and subjugated, but that's all. None of us will ever be her lover. Just her owner. It's the power that's arousing her. The idea that she doesn't have it. That she's being owned and possessed by another. That's what has her so hot.

To remind her of her place, I release my grip on her hair. Immediately my hand moves down to Lien's tiny, rounded breast. I put my hand to her mound. It's spongy firm, like a hard wet sponge. Its flesh, however, is silky soft. And smooth. Her nipple, I can feel against the palm of my hand like a wide stone.

I give the breast a few little squishes to get a good feel of it. And more so to make sure that Lien feels me squishing it. Another intimate choice that no one bothers to care about her thoughts about what happens to her. I feel a faint, but crisp, erotic shiver flow through Lien.

I use a fingertip to stroke her stiff nipple. She shivers a little harder, far more obviously. I give the nub a firm, gentle pinch with two fingers. It's not much of a pinch, her nub is very stiff. But it sends a hard shudder racing through her body. And it gets me goosebumps all over her mound.

"I heard that you had a rather nasty attitude, *bitch*. You've been sent here to learn some manners. And learn to behave the like filthy gutter bitch you are. Make no mistake, *bitch*, you will learn here."

I'm still standing over Lien, holding the belt taut around her neck. And now I'm using my free hand to hold her head and keep her in the proper posture while I scold her. "If you want to go on acting like a nasty bitch here, you're going to quickly come to regret it.

"Now, I want to see my new pussy and butt. Your worthless self is going to show them to me. I don't care about modesty or privacy. You have none of either here. You are going to get to your useless feet, walk over to that sofa, and lean all the way over it with those flabby legs spread wide so I can see my property fully. You are not

going to do anything else. You are not going to make a peep. Come along, *bitch*, show me that disgusting pussy of *mine*."

I start pulling upwards on the belt, gently, but steadily. She gets the hint. She quickly gets up to her feet, and as she does, I allow the pressure around her neck to slacken up a bit. To the point where the belt is still snugly flush around her neck, but no longer squeezing around it.

Lien stands there, glaring at me. It takes about half a second for the nervous look on her face to be replaced by a pair of defiant eyes. In that instant, I know Lien is not done testing me. That she's going to fight me more, and leave me no choice but to push her to obey. She must want that harsh firmness. Otherwise, she'd already be leaning over my sofa to show me her pussy. Or she wouldn't have come. Or she'd be demanding to be allowed to leave. None of which she's doing.

I see her muscles starting to tense up as if she's going to offer me some real resistance. Maybe she is thinking about it. Not that there's much she can do with her hands chained behind her. But then all she'd have to do is tell me that she's not enjoying her time here and wishes to leave. And she's not doing that.

"No. I am not going to let you have my pussy like some whore would! I am not a plaything--" Lien says rather firmly, her voice scathing.

That's all I give her time to get out. After what Nikolai told me, I was ready and prepared for her to be obnoxious. And for her to try and resist. Or for her to leave.

I snap the belt, tightening it back around her neck enough to cut off her protest. As I do, I start pulling it forward and step back. I nod to Sophie as I go, her cue to fetch me the spanking belt. She already has it at her side.

I drop into a chair that I have ready. I keep the pressure on the belt as I do, leaving Lien the choice to choke or drop to her knees. She wisely drops to her knees, and that keeps the pressure fairly steady around her neck.

Chapter One - Saturday Evening - First Sight

I pull forward on the belt leash, drawing Lien's head forward at the same time. It pulls her shoulders across my lap as my legs are parting to support her. I see the horrified look sweep back over her face as if she realizes what's about to happen to her as she sees herself being pulled across my legs.

I keep pulling her hard by the leash, turning her over my knees. It's not long, despite the stiffness I feel in her unwilling back muscles before her chest is lying flat over the tops of my thighs. I have my legs opened to where my right is in the bend of her waist, and my left is up under her breasts. That leaves her small breasts hanging down the outside of my thigh with their undersides firmly against it. It has her chest and back flat now, too.

Her thighs should be hanging straight down. She's tiny enough that even in this chair her knees are up off the floor. But she's busy kicking her legs and feet around, trying to use them to push her bottom up off my lap. Her head flies around as well.

I let go of the belt leash. Instantly Lien tries to raise her shoulders up as she feels the squeezing pressure gone. She doesn't get the chance. I have my hand on her back, just below her shoulder blades, pushing her firmly down. It holds her chest across my thighs. I leave the leash to dangle from her neck. The thrashing of her head doesn't seem to be doing much to get it off, something I'm sure she's hoping for.

I hold my free hand out, and Sophie puts the spanking belt in it for me. This belt is perfect for spankings. It's a 2" wide man's leather belt, minus the buckle. It's thicker. It's longer. It's made of a stiff leather. And Sophie already has it doubled over for me, too. It's the stereotypical belt to take to a bottom. And it hurts.

I softly lie the hard leather against Lien's bare bottom. Her already stinging and sore bottom. "I don't do second chances here, *bitch*. I told you to keep your worthless mouth shut and lean over to show me that sloppy slut hole of *mine*. For opening your gutter mouth

instead of obeying, you'll get five spankings with the belt. Open your mouth again, and I will double it, *BITCH*. Try me."

I lift the belt up and snap it down hard, putting about $\frac{2}{3}$ of my power into the stroke. It makes for a lighter stroke than I used with my softer belt. But it's also a stroke that will hurt her more. This belt hurts far more than the soft, mostly decorative, belt that I was wearing. The one that's now serving as Lien's leash.

It lands with a loud, splitting crack squarely across the centers of both of her cheeks. It hits hard enough that I can see the rounded tips of her firm globes driven inward a hair by it.

"OW!" Lien screeches out loudly. Her body tenses instantly to steel from the shock of it. It's clear to me that she didn't expect it to hurt nearly as much as it did. She expected a playful spanking, not a serious punishment. She'll learn.

Lien's legs snap into high gear, frantically kicking down against the floor in an effort to lift her bottom up. They kick her feet up to cover and protect her bottom at the same time. Her feet are flying. Her hips snap hard from side to side as if trying to overpower my hand. Her shoulders try to raise up, too.

I'm ready for every bit of her thrashing resistance. It's nothing I haven't dealt with countless times before. As the belt falls away from her bottom, I can see the very bright red welt stripe across her cheeks. I know it will fade to nothing in a couple of hours. Lien won't think so. Not from the piercing sting slicing into her cheeks right now. She'll assume she's going to be badly bruised on her bottom. Something she'd have to work to cover up around her coworkers. Something I wouldn't leave her to do.

Lien is still screeching out as I lift the belt and snap it down a second time. This one lands just as powerfully as the first, searing a second bright welt line across her globes, slightly higher than the first. By the last stroke, most or all of her bottom is going to be glowing that same

Chapter One - Saturday Evening - First Sight

shade of painfully bright red. Lien is going to learn her first hard lesson here.

"UGH!-OWWWW!!!!" Lien screams out this time. Her body snaps into a higher version of panicked overdrive as she futilely tries to squirm free.

I can hear the surprise in her voice along with the panic. And the pain of it. I can see that there's no chance of Lien stilling and accepting another stroke, at least not now. She's fighting too hard to get free.

I snap the belt down again, landing a third stroke across Lien's red, sore, and beautifully rounded cheeks. This one I land just below the first, spreading out the sting. More of her bottom will hurt this way, but it won't hurt nearly as bad as it would if I landed a stroke atop freshly whipped flesh.

"UGH! OWWWWW!" Lien screams out at the top of her lungs, this time her voice even rising an octave or two. Her body flies into full-blown panicked thrashing, tossing her wildly against me as I hold her back down. "STOP NOW!" Lien screeches out. Then she screeches out a long string of Vietnamese. After a second or two, she must remember that I'll have no clue what she's saying and switches back to our common language. "STOP NOW! NO MORE WHIP! IT HURTS WAY TOO MUCH! STOP NOW!"

I ignore Lien's protests. That's another thing she needs to learn. She needs to learn how it feels to be so powerless that no one listens to her. No one cares what she has to say. No one cares how badly it's hurting her. A spanking has been decreed for her, so a spanking she will endure. She will not have a choice. Or a say in it. No matter how bad it is for her, she'll have no option but to endure. And to humbly submit to endure it, no matter how much she doesn't want to. Not to be forced to endure it, but to have to make herself endure it merely because it was decided for her that she would.

I lift the belt off Lien's bottom and raise it up. "I SAID NO MORE!" Lien screams out desperately. "DO NOT WHIP MY BEHIND AGAIN! STOP IT NOW!"

Diplomatic Intercourse

“OW!!!!” Lien screams out as the belt cracks against her cheeks for the fourth time. Now, as her head thrashes from side to side, I can see the redness in her face, too. And tears running down her cheeks.

“I warned you, *bitch*, open your mouth, and I would double it. Now you’ll get ten, not five. Six more to go, unless you want to open that mouth again and add another five to it.”

I snap the belt a fifth time.

Lien's body snaps hard, tensing up so fast that it arches her back, and for a split second, lifts her up despite my effort to hold her down. She thrashes as energetically as ever. She screams out another “OW!” but this time it’s not quite as loud and ear-splitting. But her voice is laced with a bawling sobbing note now. Tears flow down her cheeks. Her globes glow a deep, bright red now.

Lien sucks in some panicked-fast breaths that are rather raspy and loud. They have a pronounced sucking note to them. It tells me that Lien is honestly afraid. Probably of what she's gotten herself into. It makes me wonder if she came, knowing what was likely to happen, and thinking she could bully her way through it. I already know that Lien has no experience, that shows too plainly. Despite everything, she still hasn’t asked to leave.

I snap the belt again, delivering her sixth swat of it. The first of her “penalty strokes” for misbehaving. I’m sure that she’s now confident that I will add five more if she whines about it again. And that she’s just as confident that I can hold her down for them, no matter what she tries. What she doesn’t know is that I won’t. Ten is the limit of what I’ll give her. I don’t want to bruise her bottom.

“OW!” Lien screams out, her voice raising another octave at the same time it softens and fades into a hard, sniffing bawling cry. But that doesn’t do anything to ease her thrashing. And especially not the wild kicking of her feet. Those feet are all over the place at warp speed. So much so that it’s getting tough to time a stroke between them.

Chapter One - Saturday Evening - First Sight

"OW!" Lien screams out as the belt snaps again, delivering the seventh swat to her deep red bottom. Her entire bottom is glowing the deep, bright shade of red now as if a giant welt line covers every bit of those cheeks. It has to be hurting badly. Her toned muscles will be stinging almost as much as she can bear. Her glowing flesh will burn with fire.

As Lien cries out, her voice continues to rise in pitch and soften at the same time. Her bawling cry grows worse, too. Her thrashing stays just as wild as ever. I'm sure that it would intensify, too, if it wasn't already as energetic as she could manage.

Lien is keeping her mouth shut now. She hasn't said a word. But that's not stopping her from fighting, squirming, and thrashing hard to get up as she lies there.

I snap the belt again, landing the eighth stroke across her bottom. It gets the same response from Lien. As the pitch of her voice keeps rising, it's almost up to the squeaky high-pitch of a little girl. It's starting to be drowned out by her infantile bawling, too.

I snap the belt again, landing stroke number nine across her globes. She screams, her voice suddenly back to its loudest, and finding a new, much higher, pitch. Her bawling still half drowns it out. And she thrashes just as wildly as she possibly can.

I pause for a second. I raise my voice, something I rarely do. Now I do it so that Lien will hear me over her crying. "One more stroke to go, *bitch*," I firmly tell Lien. "Or not. You will behave for your final stroke like a big bitch. If you do not, then obviously you don't want it to be your final stroke, so we'll just keep giving you that last one until you're very happy with it and behave for it."

My voice is still raised a bit, but as I go on it's taking on a pronounced taunting note to it. "You will lie still for it. You will stay still for it. After it lands, you will say 'thank you for spanking my bare bottom, Ma'am.' You will not say anything else. You will not move until you are told to. It's time to grow up and be a big bitch for your spanking."

I give Lien about three or four, maybe five seconds, to process what I've told her. "Are you ready for your final stroke, or would you like a practice stroke first, *bitch*?" I ask her in my most taunting voice. As if daring her not to behave for me.

Lien sucks in a deep breath, mostly stalling for a few seconds. It takes her a couple more seconds, then I feel her entire body go loose over my lap. Not so much still, there's still a very nervous fidget to it, but she's no longer fighting or thrashing. Her head falls forward and hangs limply. "I'm ready for the last one... Ma'am..." Lien manages to squeak out in a very muted and equally high-pitched voice with her sobbing.

As she lies there, her feet are mostly still on the floor for the first time. She more trembles hard than moves over my legs. This is what I want Lien to feel. To really know that she's making herself submit and accept my whim to spank her hard. To behave for it.

I snap the belt down.

"OWWWWWWW!" Lien screams out a squeaking screech. I feel the tension erupt in her muscles, but I also see that she lies still. I see only the faintest twitch of her limbs as if her instincts almost have her thrashing before she catches herself and lies still. In under a second, the tension ebbs away, leaving her quivering body almost utterly limp over my legs.

"Thank you for spanking my bare bottom, Ma'am," Lien recites the line in the same voice. But I can hear it in her tone that she's reciting a line, not meaning it. She's only doing what it takes to end her spanking. But still, I know it had to be especially humiliating for her to thank me for that. Even if she is trying to tell herself that she doesn't mean it.

And then, Lien lies there demurely, crying hard and loud, and waiting.

I grab hold of Lien's hair. With a hard and swift yank, I jerk her head up, pulling her back and dropping her onto her knees again. I let go of her hair, grabbing the dangling

Chapter One - Saturday Evening - First Sight

free end of the belt leash. I pull it just tight enough to take the slack out of it, drawing the belt flush against her neck without squeezing it.

I take my time getting up to my feet. The extra few seconds are for Lien to get herself into a proper posture. Those seconds are wasted, as I knew they'd be. Lien just kneels there, crying, and not thinking much about behaving. It seems that she has a little more to learn.

Once I'm standing, looking down upon her again, I start scolding her sternly for "kneeling" like a slob instead of a "good bitch." And just as quickly, my belt is swinging through the air again. This time it's a light swat. One that lands with only the softest of cracks against the sole of her foot as I scold her for not having her feet spread. As soon as the belt touches the sole of her foot, Lien yelps loudly. And her feet fly apart.

She doesn't wait for the next swat of the belt. She straightens her back up. It takes her another fraction of a second, but then she remembers to get her eyes forward, too. Now she's kneeling properly as she cries.

I keep hold of the leash and belt as I loom over her. "Now would you like to show me *my new pussy, bitch?*" I ask Lien in a very taunting voice. It's a voice that, I hope, tells Lien that if she doesn't, I have plenty more punishment in store for her. That's my way here. The toy obeys, or it is punished until it decides to obey. It only leaves the toy to decide one thing: how much misery it will suffer before doing whatever I told it to do. Lien should learn that quickly.

"Yes, Ma'am," Lien sobs out. I can hear a hefty note of shame in her voice, too. And a very reluctant resignation, as if she's realized that she truly has no choice about it. Which isn't exactly the case. She does have the choice to leave and never return. I'm pretty sure that Lien knows it, too.

"Um..." I hum softly for a second. "But first, we should see if you're healthy. Especially with COVID running rampant again, and G-d only knows what gutters you've

been slutting around in.” As I tell her this, my taunting voice grows sweeter as well, as if I’m up to something. “Slave, fetch my rectal thermometer,” I tell Sophie.

In a couple of seconds, Sophie is putting it in my hand. It's just a generic rectal thermometer that I bought on Amazon, nothing special. The old-fashioned kind with shiny silver mercury in it instead of colored alcohol. I hold it up in front of Lien's face, maybe two inches from the tip of her nose.

“You don't have COVID or some other social disease nasty bitches tend to pick up in their gutters, do you, bitch?”

“No, Ma'am.” Lien's answer is firm. She's still crying hard, and despite that, I can hear the embarrassment in her voice. And a bit of distaste creeping into it as she says “ma'am,” as if she's having to make herself add the politeness. As if she doesn't believe that I'm better than she is, or worthy of that much respect from her.

I let it pass. I know it's more than Lien needs to tell herself that I'm not her better. At least for now. Until she accepts her place. And I know that in spite of her apparent submission now, I still have a lot of work ahead of me before Lien fully accepts her place. And gives herself to me fully. But, I think, once I push her there, I will own her for life.

“Then you will ask me, very humbly, to check your temperature. Now, *bitch*.”

I see a cringe flow over Lien, but only for a second before she manages to hide it. “Will you please take my temperature, Ma’am?” Lien asks, a hair more of the rude distaste creeping into her voice.

I scold her for asking so rudely. I must spend close to half a minute telling her what an obnoxious bitch she truly is. Finally, I tell her that she needs to be very detailed when she's allowed to ask for something. I tell her how she should be asking. And I tell her since she clearly doesn't have any manners, and I haven't told her that before, she may have another chance to ask humbly and properly. I

Chapter One - Saturday Evening - First Sight

never punish a toy for breaking a rule it doesn't know about. That wouldn't be fair.

"Will you please put that thermometer in my butt and take my temperature like a baby, Ma'am?" Lien asks. Now she's not even trying to hide the rudeness or the distaste in her voice. Or if she is, she's doing a poor job of it. I've noticed that she's crying less than she was, too. It makes me wonder if the tears aren't going to be necessary for her to humble herself. At least for now. Or maybe she likes the pain and won't admit it.

"Lean over the sofa, bitch," I tell Lien. I point to the sofa closest to where Lien is on her knees.

Lien grimaces as she glances at the sofa. Then she scoots up to it on her knees. She leans forward, lying her chest flat on its seat. She reluctantly spreads her knees about half of what she could open them. But even that's plenty for me to see the furry mound of her pussy poking out between her lean thighs.

It's the first good look I've gotten of her pussy, too. One I know she's not eager to give me. With her kneeling I could see the small, low-cut, dense black bush on the lower part of her pubes. As I'd thought it did, it flows down and fully covers her lips. But it's also trimmed well inside the creases of her thighs. On her lips, the fur is fairly short but just as dense. Through her fur, I can see a wide gash of a slit. Or rather see that she has one. Mostly what I see are the long edges of her inner folds standing out, and blooming wide. Their dark purple-black edges, and the light pinkness just beyond those edges, mostly covers her slit. Just beneath those flowering folds, I can see the hard knot of a very swollen clit, too. Maybe that's what Lien doesn't want me to see. That her clit is swollen up so much that it's rising from her slit. That she's obviously overly aroused right now. It kind of undercuts her rudeness and her feigned reluctance to be on her knees.

"Now show me your anus, bitch," I tell her firmly. I go right on to tell her that she's to use her hands, despite

them being cuffed, to pull her cheeks apart, stretching her crack open to reveal her asshole.

Lien fidgets around for a moment, trying to find some way to get her bound hands to her cheeks. She doesn't look too eager to find one, either. And she clearly hasn't spent any time handcuffed. Bitches seem to quickly learn how to use their hands in them. Lien hasn't a clue. After a few seconds, she gets her hands to the side and pulls her right cheek fully out to the side. That stretches her crack decently wide open.

"Here is my anus, Ma'am," Lien says, the abrasiveness growing in her voice with each word. "Will you please stick that thermometer in my anus and take my temperature, Ma'am?" It sounds as if she hates me as much as she hates saying it.

I suspect it's something different. I'm coming to the conclusion that Lien is truly scared now. Of herself, not me. I think that, despite her yen to submit, she never imagined that anyone would be strong enough to make her. To ignore her resistance and leave her no choice. Something she wants to be done. As if it's part of her game to fight as hard as she can to resist, but really wants to lose the fight and be forced to surrender.

And now, Lien is starting to think that I might just force her to her knees. Realizing that she might end up where she wants to be, utterly owned by another, has her afraid. And excited. But I can see that I have a lot more work ahead of me, too.

I can see the dark ring of Lien's asshole, too. It's a fairly wide swath of purple flesh, with a moderate darkness to it. Almost like a faint blue-black tinge. Even as light as the swath is, it contrasts with the light olive hue of her skin. Her firm globes form a deep cleft between them. Her asshole, the light pink ring at the center of the swath, is no larger than a dime. It has a decent bit of funneling to it, the pink flesh, gently wrinkled, flowing inward toward a small dark pinpoint. It looks almost as if it's inviting me to

Chapter One - Saturday Evening - First Sight

enter, despite Lien having it clenched as tightly shut as she possibly can. She clearly isn't inviting me into her bottom.

I ignore her, as I always do. I just put the tip of the thermometer against the clenched pink ring of her asshole. Its rounded tip rests slightly in the funneling before it tapers to narrower than the thermometer's silvery bulb.

"UH-mm!" Lien grunts softly as the thin glass bulb presses into her ring. I don't push it deep into her. There's no reason to. That's not how they work. I push it in only enough that her tensed muscle is clamped firmly around the bulb. That's where it's supposed to be. It also leaves Lien to feel the bulb in the squeeze of her tightly tensed ring. That will be far more mentally uncomfortable than anything. It's not big enough to be physically uncomfortable. But feeling it, knowing it's there, and knowing she doesn't want it there, will eat at her.

Like any old-fashioned thermometer, it takes a couple minutes for the temperature reading to stabilize. I give it the full two minutes recommended. During which, I say nothing to Lien. I leave her there, on her knees holding her crack stretched open for me, waiting in silence. And mostly, feeling the thermometer. Thinking about how she's allowing me to take her temperature, in her words, like a baby. I can just sense the opposition building up in her as she waits.

Finally, I pull it out and announce "37.6 degrees." That's 99.7 degrees Fahrenheit, but I doubt Lien is familiar with the English measurements. Most everyone outside of America uses the metric ones. I just want Lien to know that I actually took it, not just stuck something in her butt.

It leaves Lien still baring her asshole to me. And I leave her that way, knowing that she's anxiously awaiting permission to close her crack.

My goal is to teach Lien to be nothing. To teach her to ignore, or lose, the feelings she's having now. Feelings such as modesty - no one isn't a little shy about flaunting her asshole to a near stranger. Or choice. And especially the primness that keeps her from being willingly

shameless, such as openly asking me to enter her body. Pushing her through that will require a hefty dose of humiliation for her. So I'll make everything as demeaning for her as possible. After a while, she'll be used to the shame and won't even notice it anymore.

I tell Lien to ask me, very humbly to open her pussy up and get a good look at it.

Even though I can't see her face, her voice, and the sudden irritated tension taking over her body, is enough to tell me that she's cringing at the thought. "Will you open my pussy and get a good look at it, Ma'am?" Her acerbic voice asks.

I use the belt to very lightly tap the sole of one of her feet. "I didn't hear a please in there, *bitch*. You're being so rude! Next time, my belt will be on that tender bottom, *bitch*."

Lien sighs out. Her voice grows even more irritated, more condescending, as she repeats her request. "Will you *please* open my pussy and get a good look, Ma'am?"

I tap the sole of her other foot with the belt. This is more of a lesson, teaching her how to ask humbly, than punishing her for something she hasn't learned. My taps aren't enough to hurt her. But they are enough for her to feel the hard leather slap the very sensitive sole of her foot. And enough for her to know a real swat there is going to hurt badly. "Whose pussy, *bitch*?"

Lien sighs out again, even more distastefully and with growing frustration. "Will you *please* open *your* pussy and look at it, Ma'am?" Her annoyance is plain in her voice, and steadily growing every time I make her ask again. What Lien really wants to say now is "stop torturing me and just do it, get it over with."

I tap her foot again and scold her especially sternly. I tell her this is her last chance to ask humbly, like a proper bitch. She's had her last warning tap. Next time, it's punishment for being so insolent.

Lien groans this time. And I see that irritated tension blossoming over her body again. The groaning, the

Chapter One - Saturday Evening - First Sight

revulsion is more of her voice now than the sobs when she finally asks me. "Will you *please* open this pussy up and get a very good look at *your* new pussy, *Ma'am?*" It kills her to say the words.

I kneel behind her. Then I move slowly, dragging things out so that Lien has longer to feel not just what I'm doing to her most intimate places, but every little step of it. I first put my fingers to the edges of her long folds. Then I slowly pull those folds wide apart, stretching them very slightly, to reveal every last speck of her inner pinkness. I hold her lips open, not simply glancing at her pussy, but as if I'm taking my time and really looking it over. With her face in the sofa's seat, Lien can't see if I'm looking or not. All she can tell is that I am holding her fully exposed.

Only the tips of her folds have that dark blue-black tinge to them. It's a tinge I've seen before on "ethnic" women (those of another race) but very rarely on caucasian women. Lien is the first true Asian woman in my playroom, though. Beyond those darker tips, her lips and the rest of her pussy is a bright shade of light pink. Her folds are tall and fairly thick, but not too long. At the top, they thin out as they roil together and form a knot around her clit.

Even now I can see her prominent clit. It's rock hard. It's tall enough that it's the "highest" part of her pussy, too. It stands above its knot, and above the outside of her lips. It's fairly wide, and well-rounded, too.

It's covered with a very thick layer of her honey, too. But so is everything pink. Her honey is creamy, thick, but not pasty-thick. It has a slight whiteness to it, something that's not so unusual. It has a moderate musky aroma to it, enough so that I can whiff it from where I am. It's very clingy, covering everything. So much so that it partly obscures the entrance of her tunnel. Her flooded tunnel that's still steadily, very slowly, weeping more of that honey.

"Oh, that pussy is sopping wet, bitch!" I almost squeal with enthusiasm. She has to feel the hot, sticky

wetness. She knows how wet she is. And I know that she doesn't want me to know, much less see it. So I point it out, reminding her that I'm seeing it. A little extra touch of humiliation for Lien.

I add to Lien's humiliation. I've already seen that she hates asking me for anything, and the more intimate/invasive the request, the more she hates it. I make her ask for the next step. And this time, I remind her that I've already taught her how to be a humble bitch. There won't be any warnings or "love taps" with the belt. She can behave and be fully humbled, or there will be stern punishment.

"Will you please put your finger in this pussy and feel your new pussy, Ma'am?" Lien groans out the words with utter revulsion in her voice. She's so disgusted by doing that I see the quiver of irritation as it flows over her body. It makes me wonder how much more she's going to take before she challenges me yet again. When she does, I'm ready for it.

I hold my hand out, telling Sophie to glove it so that I don't have to get any of "this nasty bitch's disgusting pussy slop on my hand." Once Sophie has the latex glove on my hand, I put the tip of my first finger to the entrance of Lien's tunnel. Then I press it in, very slowly.

My finger has barely inched its way into Lien's pussy when I hear her. She sucks in a long, slow breath. She's trying hard to hide a raspiness to it, and even harder for it not to sound like the erotic moan she's covering up. She might think she masks it, but I don't. She definitely doesn't mask the faint shivering quiver that starts blooming in her body.

I can feel her heat, burning like fire, inside her tunnel. I can feel the softness of her spongy walls as they squeeze snugly around my narrow finger. I can feel the quivering in those walls as countless tingles sweep through them, too. The twitching that tells me Lien is almost too hotly aroused. She'd prefer to cum, and she could do so rather quickly if she wanted to.

Chapter One - Saturday Evening - First Sight

As I keep inching my finger into her depths, Lien's long breath takes on a bit more raspiness. Her quivers sharpen up slightly, too. I push every bit of my small finger into her tight pussy. And her pussy is nicely snug. I figured it might be since she's a virgin as far as men go, but that's not a certainty. Lots of things determine how tight a pussy feels, not how much use it's had. Just beyond the thin layer of sponginess, I can feel her firm walls. Those have little twitches flowing through them as well.

Now that my finger is fully inside her, I dally for a moment. She's small enough that even my short finger can reach to the very depths of her pussy. At least enough so that if I stretch and push in slightly, I can feel the very tip of her cervix. That should let Lien know that there isn't a single bit of her pussy that I won't have inspected after this.

As my finger lies there still, I can feel Lien's pussy twitching around it. For the first second, the twitches are fairly steady. But then, slowly, they start to grow stronger. As they do, Lien's raspy breath starts to sound more sultry, too.

I know that I can make Lien feel the sweet push of arousal. Easily. I don't have to tease her to know it. I'm less sure if Lien knows that I can. But I am certain she doesn't want me to know it. So I will make her realize that I know her body as well as she does.

With my finger inside her pussy, I caution Lien that her answer had better be humble and very polite. Now is not a time she would appreciate being punished. Then I ask her a simple question. "Is that pussy nice and hot with my finger deep inside it, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Lien answers in a voice that's as much disgust as it is a very hungry purr. A purr that she's trying hard to conceal.

I want to see for myself how sensitive Lien's pussy is. I already know that she's going to lie to me about it. "If I tease this filthy slut hole you call a pussy, is it going to slut

all around my finger? You know, cream on me, twitch around it, cuddle it like my finger is a cock?"

"No, Ma'am," Lien answers in the same voice.

I knew she'd lie. Well, not so much lie as say what she desperately wants to believe the truth to be.

I wiggle my finger. It's a tiny wiggle, no more than necessary for the pad of my finger to stroke over the inside of her walls. I'll bet my finger doesn't move more than $\frac{1}{8}$ ".

"Uh-AHHH!" Lien suddenly blurts out, her voice squeaky high and throaty at the same time. Her body snaps as a rather crisp and sharp shudder races over it. It's enough that the shudder has her hips wiggling from side to side. I have to let my hand move with her hips so that my finger doesn't stroke her pussy as she wiggles. I see her head reflexively lift up a bit, too. And I just know her mouth is hanging open as she purrs out the moan she's still trying to hide.

"You nasty little slut!" I mockingly scold Lien. She has got to know what I've seen, heard, and felt. She has got to know that I know how needy and aroused her pussy is. As she is. I feel another tremor, this one tighter and more of a cringe flow over as she hears me. She doesn't say anything. Just stays put and cringes.

I slowly ease my finger out of her tunnel. She tries to hide it, but she purrs sweetly under her groans and shivers erotically the entire time it's moving. Stroking along the nervy, hungry walls of her pussy.

Lien is still holding her cheek pulled to the side. I haven't told her to release it, and wisely she's decided not to. Likely because it gave her hand something to grip as she felt my finger teasing her. But no matter, it still has her asshole openly displayed for me.

I know Lien is going to hate me now. I know this will be nicely humiliating for her. I only wonder if she's still subjugated enough that she'll obey me, or if I'm going to have to discipline her again. She still isn't fully convinced that discipline here will be stern, swift, and unyielding.

I tell Lien what to ask for now.

Chapter One - Saturday Evening - First Sight

Lien breathes out the most disgusted sigh ever. Then she grits her teeth hard. Through them, she asks in the most reluctant, distasteful voice I've heard from her. "Will you please put your finger all the way up this bottom and explore your new behind, Ma'am?" It's a voice that tells me she'd rather shoot me than recite her line. It also tells me that I've almost reached the limit of what she'll do before she tests me again.

I put the tip of my finger to Lien's tight asshole. The very tip of my finger fits into the wider part of the funneling. Enough so that I can feel the firmness of her ring around the tip of my finger. Her ring is one of the firmer ones that I've felt, too. That's probably mostly because she's resisting me. Too bad for her, that's only going to make it more uncomfortable for her. I won't feel it. So I won't care.

I push, firmly, but with a very gentle pressure that I steadily increase. It takes less than a second for my pressure to overwhelm her muscle. Then, as her muscle yields, my finger would jump forward if I wasn't expecting the rubbery hard resistance to suddenly vanish. Instead, my finger starts a slow trek into Lien's bottom.

"UGH!" Lien blurts out as she feels the ache, and light burning, of her unwilling asshole, suddenly being stretched wide enough to let my narrow finger pass through. "Uh-OW! UH!"

Now Lien breathes deep but fast, almost panting, a note of discomfort in her breaths as she does. I can feel her asshole squeezing tight and hard around the side of my finger, too. If it wasn't for the thick layer of slippery honey clinging to my finger, it might be enough of a squeeze to stop my finger. But her honey is too slippery for that. My finger slips all the way inside her.

It lets me feel the loose, filmy walls of her rectum as they sag freely inward around my finger. And it lets me feel that her rectum is mostly empty.

"UGH!" Lien grunts out hard every time I move my finger inside her bottom. I keep moving it, poking and

prodding deep inside her bottom. Inside this last accessible place of her body. One she never expected to allow anyone into. I probe her rectum just firmly enough for her to feel it. For it to be barely uncomfortable for her. Each touch is a reminder to her of where she's allowing me to freely explore her body.

Then I stop with the pad of my finger down, but also with my finger rigid and straight inside her. "Is this bottom as slutty as your nasty slop pit, bitch?" I ask Lien.

"No, Ma'am," Lien answers very confidently, her voice utter disgust right now. And laced with a faint note of strain that tells me she finds it slightly physically uncomfortable to have my finger inside her. Very mentally uncomfortable, too.

"Let me just see about that, bitch," I teasingly tell Lien. Before she has a chance to really hear what I've said, I press very lightly downward with my finger. I can already feel the filmy wall of her rectum there. Neither it nor my latex exam glove will do much of anything to cushion the feel. In a fraction of a second, I can feel the firm solid wall of her pussy just beyond.

The backside of a pussy is lined with just as many nerves as the front side is. The same nerves, running like fibers, throughout those walls. And nerves don't care which side of them is stimulated. A tease is a tease to them. I use the pad of my finger to stroke tenderly over those walls. My pressure is so light that my finger only moves the wall of her rectum, drawing that loose film over her pussy.

"Uh-AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Lien screams out in the neediest, squeakiest of girly voices. Her entire body shudders hard as goosebumps erupt to cover her pussy mound. Her sweet cry goes on endlessly until her lungs run out of air. That's at least a full second after I stop teasing her.

It comes as an absolute shock, not just a surprise, to Lien. She'd never imagined she could be teased so sweetly in her bottom. Nor did her body. Her body only

Chapter One - Saturday Evening - First Sight

knows that it's the nerves of her pussy being nicely teased. It has no experience interpreting it in any other way. To her body, it's her pussy being teased. So that's how her body reacts. Her pussy snaps hard as intense twitching sparks erupt through her walls. Her fire burns a little hotter in her tunnel. Her honey flows a little faster. Her body can't tell that nothing is touching her pussy.

Once Lien has a chance to suck in a panicked-fast breath, I go for the humiliation. Before her mind is off the intense hunger in her pussy and she's thinking again. I want a more primal response from her. "Tell me you like it, you nasty butt slut. Now!"

"It feels very good, Ma'am, when you do whatever inside this butt, Ma'am!" Lien blurts out, her voice laced heavily with an erotic throatiness. I doubt she even realizes what she's said. "May I please have more, Ma'am? Oh, please, don't stop, Ma'am." Now there's no distaste in her voice. No shame. Just unbridled desire and hungry need.

I hold my finger steady inside her bottom, neither taking it away nor teasing her again. But I can feel the twitches as fresh tremors flow through her pussy. After several long seconds, those tremors start ebbing very slowly. And that's when I know that Lien will start thinking about her persona again. The obnoxious bitch will be back, not the horny slut.

I slowly pull my finger from Lien's bottom. She grunts another hard "UH!" as it pulls from her. Then, as it finally slips from her ring, she pants a few very relieved sighs.

I grab hold of Lien's long hair. A sharp yank brings her back up to her knees, lifting her head and chest off my sofa. "On those feet, *bitch*," I sternly tell her. Then I yank again, pulling her straight up and watching as she scrambles to get her feet under her and rise up. It leaves her no time to think. That means no time to argue or resist me, either.

I wave for Sophie to come along, too. "Let's get this bitch measured," I tell Sophie. That way she knows to grab the measuring tape as she hurries over to me.

I'll bet Lien is thinking she's going to get a break from the more humiliating, and invasive, things now. I know she has no idea how thoroughly I plan to measure her little body.

Keeping hold of her hair as a leash, I use sharp jerks on it to keep Lien moving and lead her over the few steps to the wall. That's where I keep the scale. I put my hands to her shoulders, spin her around to face me, and nudge her to step backward onto the scale. Sophie steps over beside me and hands me my favorite crop. I hold it up, waving its hard leather tip through the air casually, to let Lien see it. Hopefully, she'll know that it's not for show. It's to punish her if she doesn't obey.

Sophie looks down at the scale. "109 pounds, Mistress," Sophie loudly announces once the reading stabilizes.

"That's about... 49 kilos," I add so that Lien will know her weight. It's not too often that a woman is weighed fully naked. "minus 400 grams for the handcuffs. Make it 108 pounds."

Sophie holds a ruler across the top of Lien's head, lining it up with a tape measure hanging from the wall behind Lien. I have it positioned to account for Lien standing on the scale. "158 centimeters, Mistress," Sophie announces. That's about 5'2". I always use metrics to measure my toys. It gives more precise measurements without the fractions or decimals.

Lien stands there, a scowl slowly, but steadily, blooming on her face as Sophie takes her tape and quickly gets Lien's measurements. Sophie begins with Lien's breasts. She measures 85 cm around Lien's chest, then 89 cm around the tips of her hard nipples. That makes Lien a 34-A bra. From what I saw of it, the bra Sophie ripped off of Lien could well have been that size. I know it had small

Chapter One - Saturday Evening - First Sight

cups. Then Sophie measures Lien's 74 cm waist (29") and her 86 cm hips (34").

Next Sophie gets the typical tailor's measurements. As she does, Lien's scowl steadily grows. When Sophie gets to measuring Lien's bottom, it deepens rather quickly. I like to have full measurements of my playtoys in case I might want to order something for them to wear. But I also add several measurements that are essentially meaningless to the list. Ones that serve only to embarrass the toy. It's some of those Sophie is getting now.

She's measuring around the "widest" part of Lien's bottom, the tips of her globes (92 cm). Then along the length of Lien's globes, from the top at her back, around and under the curve to her thigh (20 cm). Next is the depth of Lien's crack, from the tips of her cheeks straight down to the base of its valley atop her asshole (51 mm). Then it's across her cheeks, from the valley of her crack over to her side (17 cm). It's a rather cutely rounded, and small, bottom with a moderately deep crack. But for me, the important part is that Lien hears Sophie announce each detailed measurement.

Sophie returns to Lien's breasts and measures those as well. 21 cm around the base, where it joins her chest. 31 mm from Lien's chest to the tip of her mound. Her nipple, as hard as ever, is standing another 8 mm out from her mound. It's also 7 mm across, surrounded by a ring that's a mere 19 mm across, albeit that's with goosebumps shriveling it a bit.

Now, as I stand there glaring at Lien with my crop in hand, and my crop conspicuously in sight for Lien, Sophie kneels down in front of Lien. Sophie measures that Lien's pussy lips are 64 mm long and, at their widest point, 29 mm across. She also measures that Lien's inner folds extend a full 14 mm beyond the outside of Lien's pussy lips, at their longest point.

Then Sophie pushes Lien's cheeks wide apart to again reveal Lien's small asshole. Lien squirms, snapping her hips as she wiggles them as if trying to thrash them

away from Sophie. It doesn't work, Sophie keeps her hand in place, holding those globes wide open.

I immediately grab hold of Lien's shoulder and use it to spin her around. She's not prepared for my sudden, hard shove of her body, so she offers little resistance. With a hand to her back, I shove Lien firmly into the wall behind her, pushing hard enough that her nose is grinding into the wall. I snap my crop, swatting a light pink, and rather stinging, little splotch onto the back of Lien's thigh. "You were told to stand there while my slave measures your disgusting body, *bitch*. Stand. Stay."

Sophie goes about getting the measurements. 27 mm from the end of Lien's slit to the rim of her asshole. Sophie loudly announces it, too. 12 mm across the ring of muscle. 4 mm across the pinpoint of darkness at the center, as it funnels inward. And that's with Lien tightly clenching her asshole shut, just in case, Sophie might want to put anything else into it. Sophie announces all of them. Loudly enough for Lien to hear how detailed of measurements I'm getting of her.

It leaves Sophie to measure the last intimate aspect of Lien's body. I think, with her face in the wall, at first Lien doesn't realize what Sophie is going to do. Not until she feels the cold metal of the caliber used for the finer measurements. Sophie starts by announcing that Lien's "clitoris is 9 mm across."

"ENOUGH!" Lien suddenly blurts out, rather obnoxiously. Now her voice has lowered back to normal, not the girly highness I'd heard earlier. "THIS IS STUPID. YOU DON'T NEED TO KNOW HOW BIG MY CLITORIS IS."

It earns Lien another, and slightly firmer, swat of my crop. A swat that lands squarely atop the small of her back, at the base of her spine, just beneath her bound hands. That's not a pleasant place to be swatted. It doesn't take that hard of a swat to hurt there.

"OW!" Lien yelps out as it lands.

"I said stay, *bitch*," I snap at Lien in an icy hard voice. I suspect it's more the embarrassment to Lien of

Chapter One - Saturday Evening - First Sight

having everyone know exactly how big her clit is swollen up right now. It seriously undermines her attempts to convince herself and me that she's not completely aroused. I use the tip of my crop to slowly trace a line up and down Lien's spine.

Sophie announces that Lien's clit is 14 mm long, rising 5 mm beyond the outside of her pussy lips.

Lien cringes hard as she listens to Sophie announce the measurements in a detached voice. I can not just feel, but actually see, the ripples of tension running through her body as her clit is measured. It lets me know that Lien is about to object to something again. And I don't think she much cares what she objects to.

I'm ready for Lien to protest again. I'm ready to overwhelm her when she does. And I'm ready to move this session right along, and that's not going to happen until Lien accepts her place. Besides, it's getting late, and Lien's attitude is far from properly adjusted. One evening, I now know, isn't going to be long enough. That leaves me only the choice of keeping Lien here or sending her back without her attitude being fully adjusted. I'm not one to leave a job half-done, especially not when the toy is eager to go on, but I also have to work tomorrow. And I have a 12 hour shift from 07:00-19:00 again. I'll be alone, too, the only nurse and health care provider on site. So I'll be busy.

I decide that the way to go is to push Lien to protest. That will make a nice and believable excuse to move the session along to where it must go. I nudge Lien to step over, off the scale, but as I do I use my hands to keep her face and chest close to the wall. Only once she's away from the scale do I allow her to move back. The instant she's away from the wall, I reach in front of her and grab hold of the dangling belt leash that's still around her neck.

I tell Lien to get on the wall. I know she doesn't know what I want her to do, so I go right on and instruct her on the proper position. With her feet spread wide apart. Her legs are straight and vertical. Bending over, her back flat with the floor. Back from the wall far enough that she can

extend her arms straight, out in front of her, and rest her forearms and hands against the wall to brace herself.

A single, gentle tap of my crop to Lien's back gets her to quickly assume the position. A position that pokes her bottom and pussy out for me nicely. I'm sure Lien realizes that, too. But by now, she must also know that I've seen it in great detail. She has no secrets left there.

"slave, measure this nasty bitch's pussy," I tell Sophie. And I see the cringing flinch run over Lien as I do. I'm sure she doesn't know, and can't imagine, what additional measurement I could possibly take. I'm just as sure that tells her that whatever it is, it's going to be embarrassing to have announced.

Sophie hurries over to my desk to fetch the measure. In a few seconds, she's on her knees behind Lien's bottom. I stay where I am, at Lien's side, crop in hand to ensure that the reluctant toy behaves for Sophie.

It doesn't take Sophie long to have Lien's lips spread wide to expose her tunnel. "This bitch's vagina is 18 mm, Mistress," Sophie announces after measuring the length of the entrance of Lien's tunnel. That's less than an inch, which is about average. Pussies are very elastic. They can stretch rather wide, around 100 mm, to allow a baby to pass through. But unstretched, untouched, they're fairly narrow. That way the walls cuddle around a cock snugly.

"UGH!" Lien groans out in a rather unhappy voice. It's the start of the second measurement.

Sophie has a little sliding measure, a tube that's a few inches long with a 1 cm tube that slides through it. That inner tube is about 10" long, with a rounded tip to it. It also has marks every mm along its length. Sophie starts by pushing the outer tube, just wide enough for the inner one to slip through, into Lien's pussy, all the way until a couple of little plastic tabs come to rest against Lien's pinkness around the rim of her tunnel. Then Sophie gently presses the inner tube, sliding it through the outer one until its tip bumps lightly against Lien's cervix.

Chapter One - Saturday Evening - First Sight

"This bitch's vagina is 107 mm deep, Mistress," Sophie announces as she reads the numbers off the side of the tube. It tells her that the inner tube extends 107 mm, roughly 4 inches, beyond the rim of Lien's tunnel. I'm sure Lien never knew how deep her pussy was. Who does? I know she can feel the narrow width of the tube as it runs through her eager pussy to measure its depth, too. Sophie pulls it out.

I don't give Sophie verbal instructions. Lien would hear them. I just point to Lien's bottom and the measure. That's all I need to do for Sophie to know that I want her to measure Lien's bottom as well. Sophie nods and hurries to fetch the "rectal measure" from my desk.

The rectal measure is similar to the pussy measure. There's only one difference. Well, two if you count the extra two inches it's capable of measuring. The main difference is that there's an extra tube on it that makes it a little wider. Around its outside, there's a layer that's a latex balloon running the full 3" length of the outer tube. Then, there's a thin layer of plastic over that. It makes the entire width closer to 1.5 cm. About as wide as a finger.

Sophie puts a thin layer of lubricating gel around the top of the tube. She kneels down behind Lien again. Then Sophie reaches up and starts to open Lien's globes to bare Lien's asshole.

"YOU'VE ALREADY MEASURED ME THERE!" Lien blurts out. "THERE'S NO REASON TO DO THIS AGAIN--"

I flick my wrist. That snaps my crop, swinging its tip down on the very top of Lien's bottom, almost where it meets her back.

"OW!" Lien screeches as the hard leather of my crop sears a light pink welt onto her globe. She screeches a second time as the tip sears a matching welt onto her other cheek. I grab Lien's hair and with a hard jerk bring her head up, bending her neck back, until she's staring at the wall instead of looking down to the floor as she was.

"Shut up, cunt!" I snap harshly. Then I snap my crop again, searing another welt onto each cheek just beside

the first. "Stay!" Then I soften my voice. "slave, measure this nasty thing's rectum."

Before Lien can object, Sophie has the rounded tip of the measure flush against Lien's asshole and is already pushing it into her body. "UGH!" Lien grunts out, her bottom shivering crisply as it pushes into her.

At first, Lien groans loudly and very unhappily as the first three inches of the outer tube push through her asshole. Sophie pushes it in until its little tabs are lying flush against the outside of Lien's ring.

"Ohhh, UGH!" Lien shrieks as, after the briefest of pauses while Sophie ensured the tabs were flush, Lien feels the inner tube pushing through the outer and deeper into her bowels.

Sophie pushes slowly and steadily.

"UH-OWWW!" Lien shrieks out, "STOP! OW! IT'S TOO DEEP!" Lien cries out.

Sophie pushed the inner tube in until she felt the light rubbery resistance as its tip pushes against the very back of Lien's rectum. It's something that's not comfortable for Lien. It won't injure her unless Sophie were to really push and force it through her rectum, but I've taught Sophie better than that.

A snap of the crop on the top of a cheek keeps Lien from moving. But it was close, I saw her muscles tensing to move her forward and away from what Sophie is doing to her.

"This bitch's rectum is 200 mm deep, Mistress," Sophie announces loudly, letting Lien hear exactly how deep that measuring rod is in her bowels. Then Sophie backs the tip-off a little. Enough to take the unpleasant pressure off the back of Lien's bowels, but that's it. She leaves the rod extended into Lien's rectum, forcing Lien to feel it inside her body.

Then Sophie attaches a small syringe of sterile water to the port of the balloon around the outside of the tube. She pushes its plunger, which isn't easy with Lien's asshole firmly resisting. As the balloon fills with the

Chapter One - Saturday Evening - First Sight

uncompressible water, it expands, spreading out the thin layer of plastic around it. And that stretches Lien's asshole wider with every drop filling the balloon.

"UGH!" Lien grunts out loudly, her voice now laced with a touch of panic, too. She can definitely feel her asshole starting to be stretched wide. And she must know that she's being measured. She should, if she has any intelligence, know that Sophie is going to fully stretch that ring to measure it.

"YE-OW!" Lien screeches out around the point where Sophie has about a quarter of the water pushed into the balloon. But that's no measure. There's enough water in there to dilate the tube to just over 2", and very few assholes will stretch that wide without tearing the flesh slightly. "OW!" Lien screeches more urgently. "THAT'S TOO WIDE! STOP! STOP! STOP! STOP RIPPING MY BEHIND OPEN!"

I see Lien's muscles tensing to move her again. Another swat of the crop, harder than the last, stops her in place.

Sophie knows how far to go. She watches Lien's asshole closely as she slowly and steadily pushes the plunger and stretches the muscle. She watches the pink flesh squeezed around the outside of the bright white tube. She watches for the fine wrinkles in the flesh to vanish, and the skin to be pulled taut around the tube. That's the limit of what Lien's asshole can stretch before risking a tear to her skin. And it's far beyond what her asshole has ever stretched before.

"OW! IT'S TOO BIG!" Lien cries out over and over.

"This bitch's anus is 31 mm in diameter, Mistress," Sophie loudly announces. After a second, Sophie starts letting the balloon relax and Lien's asshole with it.

I see the flinching cringe flow over Lien as she hears how wide her asshole has been stretched open. She cries out a steady stream of "IT'S TOO BIG, GET IT OUT!" that keeps earning her a steady stream of light crop swats to keep her from standing up.

After a second, the measure has released enough that Lien's gaping ring is getting to be only loosely snug around it. Sophie pulls the entire thing from Lien's bottom then. It leaves Lien's asshole gaping wide open for the several seconds it takes to close fully. Several long seconds for Lien to feel it hanging wide. To feel the cool air wafting over her insides. To know that Sophie must be able to see right up her butt.

I use Lien's hair to jerk her to stand as I command her to stand up.

"ENOUGH!" As soon as Lien is on her feet she turns to face me with a scathing look on her face. Her voice is just as acerbic, too. "YOU'VE HUMILIATED ME ENOUGH. I HAVE NOTHING LEFT YOU HAVEN'T SEEN. ENOUGH OF THIS EMBARRASSMENT!"

I turn my head for an instant. "Pizda, you are dismissed," I say in a business-like voice. A much softer and sweeter voice than Lien has gotten from me.

"Yes, Ma'am," Pizda says politely. She doesn't question the abrupt change in her instructions. Nikolai had told her to wait here so that she could return Lien to her hotel after the session. Instead, knowing full well what "dismissed" means, she rises to her feet and walks right to the door. She lets herself out. She knows that Lien isn't her concern. She's been told what to do by the Queen of this realm, and her Master expects that she'll obey. And she's smart enough to know that by the time she gets back to Pensacola, I will have spoken to Nikolai and told him whatever my new plan is. He'll know that Pizda didn't disobey her instructions. She was given new ones by me.

Lien has time to start to cringe and go wide-eyed, as she sees Pizda leaving her here. But that's all the time she has. I give a hard tug on the leash, snapping it and using it to drive Lien back down to her knees.

A second later, maybe not even that long, I'm pulling on the leash as I start walking away from Lien. But I'm also holding the leash down at my hip. That will prevent her from getting up to her feet. It also leaves Lien no choice

Chapter One - Saturday Evening - First Sight

but to shuffle her knees fast to crawl along and keep up with me lest the leash chokes her.

Luckily for Lien, we're not going too far. I just pull her along and lead her over to the corner of the playroom. There's a silkscreen blocking off that corner, keeping her and everyone else from seeing what's in it. It blocks off a space about five feet square. Not really big enough for too much to be hidden.

But as I drag Lien around the screen, she gets her first sight of what awaits her there. There are a pair of wire mesh dog kennels there. One's a bit larger than the other. Maybe sized for a Doberman or something like that. For a moment, it looks as if Lien assumes those are for the two dogs that she's seen roaming around my house. The giant love sponges that commanded Pizda to lavish them with pettings. One is a pit bull, Princess Lilly, and the other a hound-retriever+20 other things, mix, Prince Butt Monkey. But I would never cage the "royals," as I've come to refer to the Prince and Princess. Cages are for bitches, not royalty.

The larger one is Paige's bedroom. It's where she spends her nights. And it's where she stays when there's no one else home to supervise her skanky butt. And where she goes when I don't have anything else to use her for.

The smaller one is a spare. I keep it for naughty bitches.

I grab Lien's hair, and between that and the leash, I jerk her very roughly around, putting her backside to the open door of the smaller cage. Then I shove her head down until her face lightly hits the floor. Her shoulders, too.

"NO!" Lien screams out in a total panic as she realizes what the small cage is for. Her. "I AM NOT GOING IN A CAGE LIKE SOME DOG! I WON'T LET YOU DO THAT TO ME!"

I ignore Lien's protests. Instead, I pull the leash over her head and off, dropping it. Then I drop to my knees in front of her, putting my hands on her shoulders.

Diplomatic Intercourse

"I SAID NO!" Lien screams on in a desperate panic as she feels me starting to shove her shoulders. Her hands fidget wildly, trying to get to anything to brace herself. Her feet, too. "I AM NOT GOING IN A CAGE!"

I keep shoving, using more and more pressure to force Lien to keep scooting back. Otherwise, I'm almost shoving her hard enough to scrap her knees across the floor and shove her in.

"NO!!!" Lien shrieks out loudly enough to almost hurt my ears. By now her entire feet and a couple of inches of her calves are in the cage. Her bottom is just about to start backing into it. Lien suddenly starts crying hard. "PLEASE, MA'AM!" Lien screeches out in the most pleading tone. An unbridled begging. "PLEASE, MA'AM, PLEASE, DON'T PUT ME IN THE CAGE! I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT! I'LL BE GOOD FOR YOU. PLEASE, MA'AM, PLEASE DON'T MAKE GO IN THE CAGE."

It's gotten to where Lien's bottom is now in the tight cage. It lets her feel the cold steel floor of it under her legs. And the steel wire mesh around her side and just above her bottom.

I keep shoving as if I hadn't heard a word that Lien said.

"NO, PLEASE, MA'AM, PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE! PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME GO IN THE CAGE, MA'AM. PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE!" Lien now shamelessly begs.

I finish shoving her in as she begs, utterly shamelessly and desperately, for me not to cage her. Once Lien's head is inside the cage, I shut its door and latch it. With her hands bound behind her, Lien has zero chance of opening that latch.

She picks her head up and looks out through the bars at me through teary wet eyes. Still crying, she begs "please, Ma'am, please, will you please let me out of the cage. I promise to behave. You won't have to punish me ever again, Ma'am. Please, Ma'am, will you please be kind and allow me out of the cage, Ma'am?"

Chapter One - Saturday Evening - First Sight

I use a big, shiny brass padlock to secure the cage. And I make sure that Lien watches me lock her in. Now, not only can't she open the door, but no one else can either. Not until I deign to release her.

The cage is small enough to have Lien cramped in it. Not too badly, but enough that she can feel the steel bars at her sides and above her. She does have enough room to fidget around a little, to raise her shoulders a bit off the floor of it, but that's all. Her fingers are in the mesh atop the cage. And her bottom is flush against the back of it.

I ignore Lien. And I hum softly as I start moving around.

A minute or two later, Lien is still crying hard in her cage. And still begging me softly to let her out, even though she can't see me anymore. I'm back, but now I'm behind the cage where I can see her bottom flush against the mesh.

While I was moving around, I went over to the cabinets and got an enema. A bag-style one. It's just a common IV bag prefilled with a colored solution. The color, nothing more than food dye, reminds me what solution is in each bag. This one is green, telling me that it's sterile water laced with a laxative. It has a length of clear IV tubing already attached to it. And to the end of the tubing, I've added my choice of nozzles. This one is fairly rigid but still flexible, plastic. It's about 6" long, which will leave enough tube to reach a little more than halfway to the very back of her rectum. Most importantly, and the reason I selected this nozzle, it has an inflatable latex band around its shaft. Once inflated, that band will be wide enough to ensure that the nozzle stays in Lien's bottom, regardless of what she wants. Or tries to do. I hang the bag from a hook on the wall behind the cage.

And then, I kneel down. I don't have to do much else. Lien's bottom is flush against the back of the cage, and she just doesn't have the room to move it more than an inch or so from there. Or to thrash it around too much.

I put the tip of the nozzle to Lien's asshole, and casually push it into her bottom. The instant she feels it touching her asshole, her body snaps hard, banging her head against the locked door of the cage, as she tries to jump away. A second later it's slipping into her bottom.

"No... please, Ma'am, nothing more, Ma'am, please!" Lien pleads.

I push all of the nozzle's length into her bottom, inflating its band quickly. She'll feel it swelling inside her bottom to the point it's pushing firmly against the walls of her rectum and stretching them wide, but just where it has expanded. A gentle tug pulls the nozzle bag until the band is flush against the inside of her asshole. That leaves about an inch of the nozzle sticking out from her bottom.

There's a clamp on the tubing to prevent the fluid from flowing into her bottom. I leave it shut, keeping the water in the bag for now. I turn the lights off and leave Lien there, still crying and definitely wondering how long I intend to leave her crammed in the cage. Wondering what's in her bottom, and why, too.



*Chapter Two - Saturday
Morning - A Nasty Bitch*

Chapter Two - Saturday Morning - A Nasty Bitch

I usually wake up a few times throughout the night, but roll over and quickly fall back asleep. That's from sharing *her* bed with Princess Lilly. At least the Princess is certain it belongs to her. She's a "cuddle bug." She won't go five minutes after Sophie tucks her in before she's scooted over next to me and cuddled up. Then, she'll roll over or something, bumping me with her paws, and waking me. Anything other than just dealing with it is a losing battle. The Princess can be rather demanding and ornery until she gets her way.

As the night goes on, Lien is mostly out of my thoughts. I do have the security cameras on, and camera #8 is pointed right at the cages. That way I can peek in on Lien and Paige as they sleep in their cages without disturbing them. Or getting out of bed. I can bring the cameras up on my phone or tablet, and tonight I have the phone beside the bed, the camera app already open. The picture isn't that great - it's black&white, but that's typical for the zero-light infrared mode. It's enough for me to see her fidgeting her way through the night.

I usually start my day at 05:00. That gives me enough time to get up, get Paige going, and for Paige to have breakfast ready at 06:00. Today is Sunday morning, and I have to work a 07:00-19:00 shift at the Jail today. I'll be the only nurse there, too. The nurse I'm relieving has been alone there since 19:00 last night, so I know she's saying a quick prayer that I'm on time to relieve her. I will be. She's also my relief at 19:00 tonight. And she's nice.

It's just after 03:00 when Princess Lilly rolls over and decides that my legs will make a better pillow than her pillow. That's enough for me to open my eyes and see what's touching me. Or at least to see the bulldog-shaped bump under the cover scooting towards me. That's all I need to see. I know it's Lilly, up to her usual tricks.

But it's about the right time for me to do what I want to do. I call out softly for Sophie to get up. She's in her usual place, asleep on the floor at the foot of my bed where a proper slave belongs. Close at hand, in case I

might have some whim that needs to be catered to. I don't have to look to know that Prince Butt Monkey is cuddled up tight with her. He always is. More so on a night like this. He hates storms. And we're getting some killer storms as the edge of Hurricane Ida passes over us. Thankfully it's just the edge of it, not the center. But it's loud outside, and Butt Monkey is really such a total baby at heart! Sophie keeps him from crying.

Last night, I put the enema nozzle into Lien's bottom, but I left the clamp on the tubing so that the fluid wouldn't flow into her. That was about 21:30, the usual time that I cage Paige for the night. It means that Lien has been in her cage for about 5½ hours, with the nozzle through her asshole, wondering what it is and why I left it in her bottom. I'd suspect that, despite being cramped into the small cage, Lien is at least lightly asleep now, too.

I tell Sophie what to do. I'm not getting out of bed, at least not for this and not when I have a slave to do it for me. Sophie just gets to her feet, and eagerly hurries off to do as I wish. And I watch on the camera, my eyes already starting to close again. I don't even disturb Princess Lilly.

Sophie's task is simple. To go open the clamp on the tubing. I already have it set up, so the minute she flips it, the fluid will begin to flow. I have this one set up the same as if it were a drip IV. But I have the flow rate up to its widest. With the clamp open, the fluid will drip out of the bag over about an hour. Precision isn't required, it's an enema, not fentanyl! Still, it will be about an hour, plus or minus about ten minutes. To empty every bit of the ½ liter of enema solution into Lien's rectum. I'm sure Lien will try to resist it, but there's nothing she can do about it. Nothing beats gravity. The fluid will flow downhill, into her rectum, very slowly filling and stretching it over the next hour.

Sophie steps softly into the playroom and around the screen. She's being sneaky, trying not to let Lien know she's even there. Maybe because she thinks Lien will whine, screech at her, or beg her to let her out of the cage.

Chapter Two - Saturday Morning - A Nasty Bitch

Sophie makes it around to the back of the cage and very deftly flips the clamp off while steadying the tubing. Lien doesn't wake up. Sophie quickly slips out and returns to me. I tell her to go back to sleep.

I'm not back to sleep yet. It's probably about a minute since Sophie flipped the clamp off. Long enough, though, for Sophie to be long gone from the cages and playroom.

"OH, NO! NO! NO!" I hear Lien screaming out loudly from the playroom. The cameras have mics, but I have the sound off. Lien is loud enough now that I'm glad I do. I can hear her from here. "NO ENEMA! GET THIS THING OUT OF MY BEHIND, NOW! STOP!!! NO ENEMA! I WON'T DO IT!"

I close my eyes. It's what I planned for Lien to endure. By about 04:00 the ½ liter will have her bottom filled to a rather uncomfortable fullness. That leaves a full hour for Lien to kneel in her cage and suffer the unpleasant pressure before I rise at 05:00. It's two hours that are going to seem like a lifetime to Lien. She'll be stuck in her cage, wondering how long I plan to leave her there. As her bottom fills, she'll feel how powerless she is cooped up in there. She can't stop it. She can't get the nozzle out of her bottom. She can't do anything but endure it. And obviously, it's not something that's on her top ten list. It'll be a good lesson in feeling powerless for her.

"GET THIS THING OUT OF MY BEHIND NOW! I WON'T DO THIS! GET IT OUT OF ME!" Lien goes on screeching. She screeches for a couple of minutes. The first minutes, when she's only feeling the cool water slowly oozing into her rectum and landing on her hot insides. Enough for her to feel what's happening to her, but not to be uncomfortable yet. Probably to make her wonder how big the bag is and how full it's going to have her if I don't stop it, too.

Lien never stops shouting out rather bitchy demands for me to come to stop the enema. I would think, after several minutes of shouting, she would realize that I can

hear her and have no intention of stopping it. Maybe she does. Maybe, more likely, she just wants to protest it so she can tell herself that she's not willingly submitting to it.

It takes about eight or ten minutes before I hear Lien scream out the first, rather pleading "OW!" It's followed quickly by a screaming "IT'S TOO BIG! I CAN'T HOLD THIS! GET IT OUT OF ME, GET IT OUT, GET IT OUT!" A little math tells me that Lien has about $\frac{1}{6}$ of the 16-ounce enema inside her bottom then. That's around 3 ounces. A little less than that, actually. Less than two shots of whiskey. And that's definitely not enough for her to be more than minimally uncomfortable. At the most, she feels the same as she normally does when she starts looking for a ladies' room. She'll feel the urge to empty, but it won't be so strong that she's running for the toilet with her cheeks squished together yet.

It takes a few more minutes of Lien screeching out more of the same before her cries start growing in urgency. By that time, she'll have around $\frac{1}{3}$, or five ounces, of the fluid inside her bottom. Now she screeches out decidedly nervous "OW!s" And very demanding cries of "GET IT OUT OF ME, NOW!!!! I WON'T HAVE AN ENEMA! STOP THIS, NOW. I WANT IT OUT RIGHT NOW!"

I'm still ignoring her. I know that Lien can handle the full enema. I also know the balloon nozzle will leave her no choice but to endure it. She won't be able to push it out or even to pull it from her bottom, without deflating that band. And she doesn't have the syringe she'll need to do that. By now she'll be feeling very full. If she could, nothing would stop her from making her way to the toilet as fast as her feet would carry her. The cage stops her.

It's only another minute or so before I hear her screeching "LET ME OUT OF THIS INHUMANE CAGE NOW! LET ME OUT! I HAVE TO USE A TOILET NOW! LET ME OUT!" A few seconds later, not even long enough for me to get there even if I were going to release her, I see her on camera. She's trying to kick her feet against the back of the cage. She doesn't have a prayer of breaking it. Or of

Chapter Two - Saturday Morning - A Nasty Bitch

getting out of it. Not unless I let her out. But it doesn't stop her from kicking.

She stops about a minute later. Long enough for her to realize that she's not going to break the cage. And for her to feel the added pressure that moving around is causing in her bottom. The pressure does nothing but makes her urge stronger for a moment. It doesn't stop her from screeching out bitchy demands to be let out.

That takes a couple of minutes more. It's not exact, but she has somewhere around half of the enema now. She gives up her bitchy demands and starts bawling like a baby. I hear lots of very strained "OW!s" in there, too. Those she cries out loudly. But I finally have to turn the sound up to hear her sobbing. And the "it's too much!" that she mumbles under her breath.

A couple of minutes later, after a good cry, Lien shouts out in a very pleading voice "PLEASE, MA'AM, MAY I PLEASE USE THE TOILET, MA'AM? PLEASE, I'M GOING TO BURST! WILL YOU PLEASE LET ME USE THE TOILET, MA'AM?"

Lien goes on calling out to me, her voice growing more and more begging by the minute. She cries as she does, too. And she, both her words and tone, turn more humble by the second.

On camera, I can see her. The cage leaves her no way to get out of the position she's in. On her knees, leaning over, her breasts close to her knees. About all that she could do is close her legs partly, but she quickly finds that her insides are more comfortable if she doesn't, so she doesn't. She shivers. She fidgets and squirms. Her head rolls back and forth. Her bottom thrashes, not moving far, but moving crisply as if trying to shake the nozzle from it. The few glimpses I get of her breasts let me see that her nipples are rock hard. They stand out too far for there to be any doubt about how stiff they are. I'd bet her fidgeting is grinding those stony nubs over the tops of her knees, too.

Then come the usual begging offers. The “I’ll do anything you want, Ma’am, just please let me use the toilet,” lines. And the promises of “I’ll behave, I’ll be good, just please let me use the toilet, Ma’am.”

It takes a little longer for the last of the enema to flow into Lien's bottom. A tiny little valve at the end of the nozzle ensures that it stays inside her. Now, the bag is dry, the tubing empty of the colored fluid.

Lien is far from still. She fidgets and squirms as much as the cage allows her to. She sobs. She mumbles more pleas over and over again. I’m sure, by now, she’s figured out that nothing she can do is going to change anything. I’ve decided to give her this long, filling enema, and now she’s having it. That it will be over when I decide it will be over, and until then, Lien will just have to endure the too-full, explosive bursting imminent feeling in her bowels. She can’t do anything about it. Even humble begging isn’t working. It must be nicely humiliating for her to realize that she doesn’t even have the tiny bit of control over her own bowels to let go and explode. Try as hard as she wants, she can’t go, despite every fiber of her bowels screaming to her that she needs to go right that second. She’s that powerless over herself. She’ll go when I will it, and until then, she won’t. Can’t.

I get a little more sleep, turning down the sound and tuning out Lien's whining. I know that she’s okay, albeit very uncomfortable.

When I wake again, right at 05:00, Lien is just as I left her. Fidgeting and squirming hard, whining like a baby, and enduring her overly-full bowels. I have no doubt that this is by far the fullest that she’s ever been. On her own, no one would get this full before finding a toilet. Not even close.

My morning routine almost never changes. And it’s certainly not going to change for Lien. Not if it doesn’t have to. I start with a very quick shower, and I throw my clothes on. By then Sophie is awake and has my bed made. Now it’s time to let the others out of their cages.

Chapter Two - Saturday Morning - A Nasty Bitch

It's about ten past. For a few weeks, I've had Dawn staying here, too. She's graduated from college now and is beginning her life. We've gotten her a good job. She'll stay here until she saves up enough money to have a comfortable place of her own. But even then, she'll still be mine. She's sleeping in the time-out room, formerly the coat closet by the front door. I go let her out first and tell her to follow me into the playroom.

I go to let Paige out of her cage. As I'm doing that, Sophie and Dawn form a close line in the center of the room. They stand with their feet touching each other's, their legs opened just enough so that their thighs are not touching their pussy mounds. Naturally, they're both nude. All my slaves sleep nude. Or in chains. Even when they're in cages. They each put one hand to the small of the other's back, palm flat, and hold their free hand up behind their own backs. They stand facing the wall, which puts their bottoms to the screen where the cages are.

As soon as I step foot around the screen, Lien rolls her head to the side. She looks up at me with teary-wet pleading eyes. Sobbing, she pleads softly "please, Ma'am, may I please use the toilet, Ma'am?"

I unlock Lien's cage, watching as the hope and relief blossom on her face. But then, as the door is still swinging open, I reach in and grab Lien's hair. I yank it hard. Not hard enough to rip it out, but hard enough to get her scooting forward out of the cage as fast as her knees will go. "You nasty bitch!" I start scolding Lien harshly. "You are going to learn your place and some manners, *bitch*."

Once Lien's bottom has come forward enough that only her feet are left in the cage, I use her hair as a leash to snap her head and shoulders down, stretching out the bend of her waist as I do. Lien screams out a loud "OW!" as the sudden motion increases the pressure in her bowels, sending light cramps racing through her, just behind her pubes. I ignore her cries and almost throw her face down, flat on the floor, her feet still in the cage.

I already have my favorite crop in my hand. I need it for what usually comes next. And to teach Lien a lesson. I swat it down hard on her bottom, landing it squarely across her cheeks. The fiery redness on those cheeks from last night has already faded away, leaving the whip to sear a fresh red stripe across her tender globes.

"OW!" Lien screeches as the whip cracks loudly across her bottom.

"Did you hear me tell you not to ask for *anything, bitch?*" I ask Lien before she stops screeching.

"YES, MA'AM," Lien cries out loudly, her voice ringing with pain, her pride and bitchiness forgotten. This is the real Lien. The woman who emerges when her mind stops thinking. When she forgets to put on the airs she wants the world to see. The real woman.

I snap the whip again, searing another welt line just beside the first and getting another yelp from Lien. With her lying there, it has the tubing stretched almost to its limit. That's making me be careful not to hit the slightly protruding end of the nozzle with the whip. "Did you just ask me for something, *bitch?*"

"YES, MA'AM," Lien screeches out with her "OW!" She fidgets hard as she lies there, her hands squirming hard to get to her bottom, but also stays flat on her stomach as her bottom is whipped. She has her head turned to the side so I can see her wet and sobbing face.

I snap the whip again, leaving a third welt line across her globes. "You will potty when I wish you to potty, *bitch*. Until then, you will behave or regret it. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Lien sobs out lightly.

"And that means no accidents, *bitch*. Unless you really love enemas so much you want another, better, one. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Lien accepts with her sobs, her voice very soft.

"Say it, *bitch*," I firmly tell her.

Chapter Two - Saturday Morning - A Nasty Bitch

"I will be good and I won't have an accident, Ma'am," Lien sobs out in her little girl's squeaky voice, but also a voice so soft that I can barely hear her.

I get a syringe and release the balloon, then casually pull the nozzle from her bottom as she lies there. As she feels the tube pulling slowly through her impossibly tightly clenched ring, she mews a faint "ooh!" and tries to clench herself shut even harder. The tip slips from her asshole, as she barely loses a drop or two before the tightness of her asshole shuts it off. Then, still fidgeting and shivering, Lien lies there demurely.

I tell Lien to get to her feet. She moves rather slowly as she does. She groans a lot, and loudly, too. I'm sure she'd be grabbing her stomach if her hands weren't still bound behind her. I just let her roll to her side and bring her knee up, then rise to her knees, and finally to her feet. Now her wet face has a very uncomfortably strained grimace on it, too.

I ignore her for a second and turn my attention to the other cage. Paige is awake. In her larger cage, she's been watching Lien and smirking as the insolent woman learned this lesson. Now Paige is up on all fours, patiently waiting for me to free her from her cage. I unlock and open it, and she waits. She crawls out when told to. Then rises to her feet when told to, and stands quietly. I send her to join the line, a command she knew would be next. She's setting a very good example for Lien.

I tell Lien to follow Paige.

Lien follows Paige. Paige is wearing the police-issue leg irons around her ankles that she always wears around the house. Even so, Paige moves faster than Lien. Paige isn't hurrying, though, just moving at her normal pace as I like my slaves to do. Lien is barely moving her feet, taking the smallest of baby steps that have her putting her heel alongside her toes with every step. Even those tiny steps have her groaning as she walks. They have her clenching her cheeks tightly, squishing them together, as she walks.

And that has their toned muscles showing the firmness of her bottom.

Paige takes her place beside Sophie in the line. It's always been her place. She stands the same, her foot against Sophie's, her hand on Sophie's back. Sophie takes her free hand and puts it on Paige's back. None of them make a sound. They just wait patiently, their eyes still opening from the night's sleep.

I nudge Lien into place beside Paige. With Sophie in the middle of the line, Lien will either have to go beside Paige or Dawn, and Paige is, by far, the more experienced slave. Lien reluctantly takes her place. She very slowly opens her feet, sliding one foot along the floor, when I tell her what to do. Paige immediately puts her hand on Lien's back. Lien can't put her hand to Paige, she's still bound.

I start with Dawn. "Show me that pussy, Lezzie," I tell Dawn, using the name I've bestowed upon her, "lezzie bitch." She earned that through her strict, deeply religious upbringing. When she first came to me, she found the idea of eating a pussy to be disgusting. Thus, I made her do it enough that she got over her reluctance. And bestowed the name upon her to remind her.

"Yes, my Queen," Dawn says softly as if she doesn't have a care in the world about what's next. She leans forward, keeping her hand on Sophie's back as she does. She gets her back almost fully flat with the floor, and that has her ample, firm, breasts dangling straight towards the floor. With only one free hand now, Dawn reaches up under her stomach. She uses the fingers of her hand to spread her pussy lips wide open and fully reveal her inner pinkness. "Here is this bitch's pussy, my Queen," she says sweetly. Then she stands still and quietly waits.

I lean over enough to get a very good look at Dawn's pussy. I do this every morning. I look for two things. Cleanliness, to see if it needs a douching or a tampon today, and for arousal. Mostly arousal, I know when my girls will start their periods. Dawn's pussy has some wetness to it, a touch more than it would if she were fully

Chapter Two - Saturday Morning - A Nasty Bitch

unaroused. But her clit isn't rock hard or throbbing. She's... getting there, but not yet so horny it will be hard for her to make it through the day. Once I've seen that I glance up to her asshole to make sure it's reasonably clean. Call me a clean freak, but I insist that my bitches are always very clean around here. Even there.

"Stand up, lezzie," I tell her.

"Yes, my Queen." Dawn quickly straightens up, returning her hand to the small of her back beside where Sophie's hand still rests. "Thank you for checking this bitch's pussy, my Queen." Now Dawn does nothing. She just waits for her next instruction.

I step over behind Sophie. "Show me your pussy, slave," I tell her. She is my handmaiden, the slave that's always at my side. She does get a bit more from me than the others because of it. And I make a little fuller use of her body because of that. She's also a virgin, as a maiden should be, and the one slave I never allow anyone else to touch. But that doesn't mean she doesn't get the same treatment the others get, too, at least as much as is possible. And this morning inspection is something every slave or toy in the house gets.

Sophie shows me her pussy just as willingly as Dawn does. With both of her hands on others, she has to take one hand off of Dawn to spread herself wide. She is fairly wet, but she always is. Her pussy is what some call "juicy." Her clit is somewhere between soft and rock hard. But I know that her pussy was just relieved yesterday, so I doubted she'd need to again today. Her asshole is spotlessly clean, too. I have her stand back up.

Now I step in behind Paige and tell her "show me that skanky pussy, skanky." That's the name I've bestowed upon Paige, "skanky," short for "skanky whore." It fits her. She's my house-slave, doing many of the chores here, and my house-whore. When I need a female body for a toy to use, or whatever, it's Paige's body I use. I use it shamelessly, too. There literally isn't much of anything

Paige hasn't done here before, and nothing she wouldn't do simply because I wish her to do it. She'd do it eagerly, too.

Paige is a lithe woman with a narrow body and a small bottom. Just her bending over has her pussy poking out nicely for me. And it has her firm, taut cheeks pulled wide enough apart that her asshole is on full display.

Even before Paige reaches up to spread her lips, I can see that she's going to be sloppy wet. Her honey is all but dripping from her pussy. A second later she has her lips stretched out wide, showing me her throbbing hard clit, too. I figured she'd be aroused this morning. It's an open secret around here that Paige finds it too-hot to listen to, or see, a toy suffering as it learns that pleasing me is the only path here. I knew that Paige would be unbearably hot after spending all night in the cage next to Lien, listening to the woman screeching, sobbing, and begging me.

Now that I've seen how hot Paige's pussy is, I know that it needs to be relieved this morning. Otherwise that throbbing, that ache will pound in her all day long and drive her so crazy that her chores will suffer from it. That would end with Paige being punished for her sloppiness. I tell her to stand back up, too, and she quickly does.

"skanky, masturbate now," I softly tell her.

"Yes, my Queen," Paige says just as sweetly as ever, but I can already hear the note of excitement in her voice. She takes her hand off Sophie's back again, leaving her other hand on Lien's back, and puts it to her pussy.

Paige knows how I insist she masturbate. She starts off properly, putting only the pad of a single finger to her aching clit, pressing it into her slit to reach the stony little nub. She moves her finger slowly, drawing small circles over the tip of it with just enough pressure to keep her finger on her nub, gliding smoothly over its tip.

Paige lasts about ten seconds before her mouth is hanging open, as she's breathing fast, throaty deep breaths. Her body starts shivering. Then it's trembling as she struggles to stand still while she rubs her too-sensitive clit. A few seconds later and her jaw is chattering.

Chapter Two - Saturday Morning - A Nasty Bitch

A few more seconds and I see the faintest of squirms to her hips. It earns her a firm, but light, swat with my crop as I scold her for acting like an especially trashy skanky whore. It's a lighter swat than most of my toys would get, but I am also considerably more strict with the subs in my house than I am with my playtoys. A toy wouldn't have been swatted for that tiny motion. But Paige was, as would Sophie or Dawn. Those are the three that live in my apartment now. Even though Dawn is just here for a few weeks, or so. Maybe a couple of months. No longer.

Paige earns herself several more swats as she masturbates. I have a rule. Whenever I allow a sub to masturbate, with or without full supervision, the sub must masturbate for five full minutes, her strokes never varying, before I'll consider allowing her to climax. I can see on Paige's face that she's striving hard to be on her best behavior, and set a good example for Lien. She knows that will please me. I don't have to tell her. Like the others, she'd do absolutely anything to please me, no matter how badly she suffered doing it. And she'd suffer whatever it was so eagerly.

Paige easily lasts the five minutes, although after less than a minute I can see that she's fighting hard to hold her orgasm back. But then she's lived here over two years now, so she's had lots of practice. It's almost always the only release she's allowed. Almost always.

I let her go for a sixth-minute, just because I know how eager she is. I know that her clit is pounding so hard that it's the only thing she can feel as if her pussy had expanded to overtake her entire body. But I know the extra time is arousing her far more than the diddling is. She'll know that she's doing it for my pleasure. She's demonstrating how badly she craves pleasing me.

Then I tell Paige to climax. "Yes, my Queen," Paige humbly answers in a very throaty, hard-panted voice. Only once she's done answering me, does she let go. After about half a second, she screams out with relief. As she does, her entire body shudders hard enough that her hips

knock against both Sophie and Lien's. Her pussy snaps just as powerfully as the first wave slams into her. It snaps hard enough to shoot a small dollop of her honey straight down to splatter on the floor between her feet. She pretends not to notice. She goes right on rubbing herself with the same steady pace, screaming out primal cries of relief, and shuddering hard as wave after wave of orgasm flows over her body.

I wait until the waves begin to ebb. Only then do I tell her to stop playing with herself. Her hand leaves her pussy and returns to Sophie's back. Paige stands, quivering hard, with her pussy still lightly dripping honey, and panting to catch her breath. She stands on wobbly legs, too.

I ignore Paige now that her pussy is tended to and step over behind Lien. Lien keeps her eyes forward, but I see a hard tremor flow over her body as she senses me coming over to her. She knows it is her turn now.

Unlike the others, Lien's hands are bound. It doesn't stop me from ordering her to "bend over and show me that slutty slop pit" though. Lien bends over, getting her back fairly close to flat before she starts wobbling and losing her balance. Just bending over, as it is with Paige, is enough for her firm globes to part fully and bare her asshole to me. It's the first thing I look at, seeing it straining hard to clench even tighter shut than it is. And it's already at its tightest.

But with Lien's pussy, it's also enough that her lips pull apart, stretching her slit a little wider. Her flowering inner folds separate as well, revealing about half of her pinkness without the need for fingers to open her.

And that's plenty for me to see how aroused Lien is. She couldn't hide it if she tried. As her lips part, a droplet of her creamy honey falls freely to the floor. Her prominent clit is still as hard as any steel. And it stands up, poking its head above the outsides of her lips, even without her slit pulling open a bit. Now I can see it pounding just as hard as Paige's was. It is aching Lien badly, too. She'll be

Chapter Two - Saturday Morning - A Nasty Bitch

feeling every throb there, her body pleading with her to rub it and relieve that ache. Which she can't do with her hands bound.

I've already realized one thing about Lien. She's definitely submissive and craves being powerless. It excites her far more than anything else could. It's who she is. It's also the last thing she wants to be. And even lower on her list is for anyone to know it. However, when pushed hard beyond the limits of what's known to her, when she's afraid, believes that she's truly utterly powerless when she has no clue what to do, that's when she reverts to her primal self. That's when she'll finally submit, willingly and eagerly. That's where she wants to be, too. But she's learned long ago that it's not a demeanor that will serve her well in her homeland. She needs to be strong and powerful to succeed there. So she's learned to put on that front. A fake front. But one that's been her so long she's forgotten how to be anything else. Only when pushed beyond the point where she's thinking will her true self show.

She was there when I removed the enema nozzle from her bottom. I'm almost sure she's still there. When I told her to bend over, Lien merely answered with a humble, very soft, "yes, Ma'am," and leaned forward to show off her pussy.

Now it's time for me to see if Lien has put her modesty aside as well. "Does this pussy ache to cum, bitch?" I ask Lien in a taunting voice. It's a test. I think the discomfort and urgency of the enema, coupled with the burning ache in her pussy, is enough to keep her submissive. If it is, she'll answer like a humble, shameless bitch before her Queen.

There's no hesitation. Lien quickly, and very softly, answers in her little girl voice. "Yes, Ma'am." It's all she says.

"How badly does it ache, bitch?"

"It aches worse than I've ever felt it ache before, Ma'am. I can't keep my hands from trying to get to it, either Ma'am. I can't stand still, either, Ma'am."

"Oh it wants to cum right now, does it?"

"Yes, Ma'am... this bitch's pussy needs to cum right now so much so that it hurts not to, Ma'am." Lien must have been listening to Dawn and Paige. Sophie is the only one who I allow to refer to herself as my slave. The rest are bitches. Clearly, Lien is beyond the realm of what's known to her and now has reverted to her true self.

"When will that slop pit cum, bitch?" I ask her in a rather taunting voice.

"This bitch's pussy will cum when you wish to allow it to, Ma'am... no matter how badly it hurts it to wait, Ma'am."

Despite Lien's humility, I know that I still have work to do. She might be reverting to the primal now, but once the urgency is gone, she'll steadily return to her false persona. At least once more, maybe a few times, until she truly accepts that I am more powerful than she is and that it's okay for her to surrender control to me. The last half will be the harder part for her. But once she does, the mere sight of me or the sound of my voice will be enough for her to fully humble herself. She'll have learned her place. And how fulfilling it is for her to allow herself to exist there.

"I think... not now. It's bath time for my bitches, *bitch*. You'll come with me for your bath."

"Yes, Ma'am," Lien answers with a hefty groan in her voice, but a solid note of resignation as well. I'm sure she's praying that after showing me she will do that, I will grant her relief. I don't give her any hints whether I will or not.

She rises back to her feet when I tell her to, and stands there, quivering twice as hard as she was. Her nipples, already so long, seem to be straining to pull up tighter, and harder, and stand out a bit more, too. I even see goosebumps all over her bottom now. Up onto her pubes as well. Her pussy has got to be killing her.

Chapter Two - Saturday Morning - A Nasty Bitch

Now that I've done the morning's pussy inspections, I still have all four women lined up. And Lien is still very uncomfortable with her bottom full. I tell Sophie to take "the bitches" and get things going. Sophie knows what I want her to do. The three of them will share a quick shower, washing, and grooming completely without wasting any of my time. Sophie will inspect the other two to make sure they're up to my standards. Then Paige will be sent to start cooking my breakfast. Dawn, with no real chores of her own, will help Paige. Sophie will make sure everything is done.

It leaves me free to take care of Lien. I step around in front of Lien, bringing my face close to hers and looking her straight in her eyes. I keep my crop in my hand while I do.

Lien looks back at me, casting her eyes downward without moving her head. She has the most tormented grimace on her face. It's so tight that it's still squeezing little tears out of the corners of her eyes. She trembles slightly, too. She looks utterly miserable, except for her nipples standing up at their stiffest.

"Listen to me carefully, you nasty bitch," I tell Lien in a very stern, but soft, voice. A voice that I hope tells her that I mean business, there won't be any second chances, but also that I'm not yet upset with her. "I am going to unlock those useless hands. You *will* keep them behind your back until I tell you differently. You will walk one step behind and left of me all the way to the nasty shower. That's where nasty bitches like you get cleaned up. You will keep pace with me. I don't care even the tiniest fraction of a bit if your flabby tummy hurts, or if you cramp, or if that filthy bottom of yours is too full. You will walk like a big bitch. Anything else, and I will be very disappointed with your utterly worthless nasty butt. Is that clear, *bitch*?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Lien answers in a very shamefully muted, and groaning, voice. She doesn't move. Maybe, by now, she's figured out that if she doesn't obey me, I'll spank her again, or punish her some other way, so quickly

that by the time she realizes it, she'd already be feeling it. Or maybe she just knows that submission is the quickest path to the toilet she desperately wants.

I take my time as I shift around Lien to release her hands. She obediently keeps her hands where they are. But I can hear the faint groaning note to her breaths. It's more pronounced when she speaks. I can see her squishing her cheeks firmly together, too. I can only imagine how tightly she's straining to clench her asshole. And I just saw it.

Now that Lien's hands are unlocked, I tell her to follow me. I don't wait for her, either. I just start walking. But I do hear her groan out, with a heavy strain in her voice that tells me Lien is moving, "Yes, Ma'am."

My second bathroom, the one that I allow my slaves and toys to use, is directly across the hall from the playroom. Another of my rules is that its door is to be fully open at all times. Slaves and bitches don't get any privacy here, not even in there. As I step out of the playroom, Lien has a good view of the bathroom and into it. She can see the others already in their shower. All three of them crammed into the single typical apartment-sized shower that's made for one, not three. It makes for a very cozy showering for the three of them.

Then I turn left. I hear Lien gasp in surprise as she sees me turn away from the shower. And the toilet beside it. But she obediently follows me. I lead her down the hall. Straight to the front door.

I hear another gasp, this one deeper and far more horrified, as Lien sees me pulling the front door open. I live on the fourth floor of an apartment building. Beyond my door is an indoor hallway that leads to an elevator. I know that there won't be anyone in the hall this early. Maybe one person at the most. This floor is mostly corporate apartments, and most of those are usually empty on Sunday mornings. Some of them are just usually empty. I also know that my neighbors, at least the people who usually use those apartments, all know me and what I do.

Chapter Two - Saturday Morning - A Nasty Bitch

None of them will mind the sight of a nude woman marching down the hall. At worst, they might ask me to introduce them to her. Of course, Lien knows none of that. She only knows that I'm leading her out into a public hall where just anyone might see her marching along completely naked and humbled.

I glance back for a fraction of a second. Long enough to see the look on her face. The strain of holding her enema shows clearly through the mask of horror. And she's blushing deeply with embarrassment. She cringes hard, too. For an instant, she hesitates at the threshold, telling me that she's not yet fully past her false bitchy persona yet. Telling me that she'll test me again sometime fairly soon. I still have some work to do.

But then, cringing a little harder, Lien steps out of the apartment and starts following me down the hall. I lead her to the elevator. We pass no one, as I knew we wouldn't. When the elevator doors open, I step in. Lien quickly follows me into the empty car. I point her to the corner at the back wall and tell her to stand there with her face in the corner. I tell her that no matter what happens, she's not to speak or move. She's to stand there like a proper bitch and wait to be told what to do next.

Then I punch two buttons. The second and first floors. The second floor is just another floor of apartments like mine. I doubt there's anyone there waiting for the elevator. Or anyone there. But punching that button makes the elevator ding, stop there, and open the doors for a moment.

I'm watching Lien when it does. I only pushed that button as a tease for Lien. With her face in the back corner, she won't know who is entering the elevator. She won't know that no one is. She'll just assume that someone is. And that whoever it is is probably staring at her bare bottom, wondering what kind of a whore she is to be naked in an elevator like she is.

As the doors open, I see a crisp and hard shudder flow over Lien. Then I see her legs lightly tensing as if

getting ready to move. I ignore her, tapping my foot impatiently to make sure she knows I'm waiting, not getting off here. After a second she relaxes partly. And she starts shuddering harder. I hear a little embarrassed mewling creeping into her breaths, too.

Finally, the doors close again, and the car starts moving. Lien still doesn't know who, if anyone, got on and is now staring at her. No one did. There wasn't anyone in that hall either.

It doesn't take long for the elevator to finish its descent to the ground floor. Then the doors ding open again. Here it's a little different. I wonder if Lien remembers it from when Pizda led her up to my apartment or not. I'll bet, even if she does, she's too embarrassed and nervous to remember.

Here the elevator doors open to face the side of the building. Stepping off the elevator, it has a small lobby to my right where our doorman, Phil, is stationed. He knows me very well and enjoys my little shows. He's told me so. Actually, he said he'd enjoy more of them. He's the one who gladly opens the door for Princess Lilly when she walks a toy, but that's another story. Or maybe another session for Lien. To my left, there's really nothing but another hallway that runs behind some of the businesses that take up most of the ground floor, all of the small stores that open out onto Dauphin Street.

The hall runs behind them. None of them have doors that open into this hall, either. It's considered part of the apartments above, not the businesses here. I think they have a service corridor next to it, though. I know there's an extra door on the building for it.

I lead Lien down the hall. I don't know if she notices Phil glancing over and eyeing her nakedness or not, but he is getting as long of a look as he can. There's nothing on the right side of the hall. On the left, there are a few glass doors. The first one opens into a decently sized indoor pool. There's a hot tub in there with it, where I've been known to soak. There's also a small, and very open,

Chapter Two - Saturday Morning - A Nasty Bitch

shower in there. It's not even what I'd call a shower. It's more of a corner of the walls with a shower head and faucet, plus a little shelf. It's in full view of everyone in the pool and hot tub, or even just around it. I'm sure it's for rinsing the chlorine off. I'm just as sure that no one intended for anyone to use it nude.

But, as I thought, there's no one down here this early on a Sunday morning. The entire room is empty and quiet. There's a bathroom here, too. It's just a small room with a sink and a toilet in it, similar to what I see in fast-food restaurants. Its door stands wide open now, the room empty.

I point Lien to the toilet. "Go and sit on it, bitch. Do not use it until I tell you to."

Lien eagerly walks toward the toilet. She hesitates for a fraction of a second at the door, almost reaching to pull it shut behind her. Maybe she sees the disapproving glare on my face. She decides to leave it open. She sits. She squirms and fidgets so impatiently, too. She has her arms folded across the bottom of her stomach as if she's doubling over. It looks like she's leaning forward a bit, too. She must really be feeling the long, filling enema she's enduring.

I am not going to allow Lien to sit there like that. Not when I can make her sit in a more demeaning way, that is. No sooner does she settle into the position, clearly the position she would prefer to be in while using the toilet, than I start firmly, but softly, ordering her to "sit like a proper bitch." I first tell her to sit up straight with her eyes forward. Then I have her open her knees and feet to their widest, pointing out to her that it will let me see what she's doing. I know that be humiliating for her to have to sit there and think about how good of a view I have of the enema and her wastes, right as they're coming out of her body. I have Lien put her hands atop the middle of her thighs, and turn her palms up so that she won't be able to grip her thighs as she feels the sudden increase in pressure inside her the moment she lets go.

I hesitate for several long seconds, watching the grimace deepening on Lien's face. Her impatience shows, too. Sitting is by far the worst for her, especially on the toilet, as she struggles to hold her enema in when she's all set to relieve herself. After about ten seconds, I tell Lien that she's expected to sit still and silent. She has five minutes. She will not move during those five minutes, even if she finishes in less time. She'll sit there, her bottom messy, waiting until I tell her what to do. She very humbly accepts the terms.

I add one last rule. Once told to use the toilet, she's to thank me utterly shamelessly, count off three seconds, and then relieve herself, unless I stop her. I think she gets the hint, if her thanks aren't as shameless as they could be, I will stop her. I'll bet that bitchy corner of her mind is already telling her that I wouldn't actually rip her off the toilet as she was using it to whip her for going without my permission. I would, and Lien would be cleaning up her own mess before it was over. But I know that those last shreds of learned dignity are nagging at her. Even as she sits and waits, suffering demurely, for permission.

I finally tell Lien to "empty her filthy rectum completely, now." I suspect it's the first time Lien has ever had to do that on command. The blush on her face tells me that she feels the humiliation of it, even though she needs to do it so badly anyway.

"Yes, Ma'am," Lien says in her shamefully-hush, almost too soft to hear, little girl's squeaky voice. It's laced with the strain she's feeling, too. "Thank you very much, Ma'am, for allowing this nasty bitch to go poop and empty my bursting full behind, Ma'am." It's the most humble I've ever heard Lien. And it's the softest, squeakiest voice I've heard, too. It tells me that her voice is a display of her humiliation, or of her reduction into submission. Lien softly counts off the three seconds as I stare at her.

I keep my gaze wide on her so that I can see both her face and her pubes. Despite what Lien is definitely thinking, I can only see the front of her pussy mound and

Chapter Two - Saturday Morning - A Nasty Bitch

the "bottom" edges of her globes behind it. I can't see more than the end of her crack, where her globes part to begin opening into her crack, or beyond to her asshole.

But the instant Lien reaches three, and her bottom explodes, I can see the brownish torrent shooting powerfully down and splashing into the water. I'm not really watching it. I'm just making sure that Lien thinks I am. And that she sees me watching her closely.

"UGHHH!" Lien groans out loudly as she releases. The pressure suddenly increases inside her as everything tries to burst forth at once. Her asshole will only stretch so wide to allow it to pass out of her. Around 1", maybe a hair less. A bit less than its widest, as I measured it last night. Lien pants some very deep and hard breaths, too.

It doesn't take Lien too long, maybe a minute, to realize that there's no clock she can see. She'll have no idea how long it's been or how long she has left. She won't know when her time is up until I tell her. I watch her eyes dart around trying to find one, now that the pressure has lessened to the point where she thinks about anything more than going to the toilet. It puts a slightly more humiliated and edgy look on her scrunched-up, grimacing face.

She still pants hard. But she also begins to relax in spite of the nervousness. She keeps pushing hard, forcing herself to empty as much as she can, as quickly as she can. It will make it a little more uncomfortable for her, maybe even give her a few faint cramps. But it's obvious to me that Lien isn't taking a chance on running out of time before she finishes.

After a couple of minutes, I see the flow trickle off to nothing. Lien still pants but now shallower. She sits there, feeling the wet stickiness in her crack, and demurely waiting for instructions.

It lasts less than a minute. "UGHHH... OW!" Lien cries out, her bottom exploding hard with a second torrent that almost doubles her over. She starts panting hard again, her breaths taking on a strained note. I see the

surprise on her face, telling me that she hadn't expected the enema to hit her a second time. She thought she was done. She's not. I wonder if she realizes that I knew there would be a second wave and that's why I made her stay there.

It's about four minutes, or a little more, into it when the flow trickles off and stops again. A second later another quick little stream flows from her. And then a third. Lien isn't holding anything back. I didn't expect her to.

Still, she's sitting there for a good twenty to thirty seconds after the last of it has drained from her bottom. The first ten seconds or so aren't bad for her. But after that, she starts growing antsy as she waits. As if she really wants to clean herself up now. She doesn't move or ask, but she does fidget a little more every second. And her face looks more uncomfortable, too.

"Stand up, properly, hands behind you, nasty bitch," I firmly command Lien.

Her eyes pop wide, and she scrunches her face into a tighter grimace. Her voice raises another squeaky octave while hushing another decibel or two. "Yes, Ma'am," she answers. She gets up, leaving her feet right where they are, keeping her thighs wide apart.

I reach my hand out and grab a firm hold of one of Lien's nipples. It seems as if her nipples are as big as her little mounds. It seems it. I pinch her nipple firmly. Not hard enough to hurt her, but hard enough to have a grip on it. "Come, nasty bitch," I sweetly tell her. Then I use her nipples to pull her forward, quickly marching her out of the little bathroom.

I move quickly enough to force Lien to shuffle her feet a little fast to keep up. That makes it rather hard for her to keep her feet apart. After a few steps, she gives up trying and just follows me, and her breast. She must know I'd told her it was shower time. But I still see a little more of the embarrassment and reluctance on her face as I pull her into the corner under the showerhead.

Chapter Two - Saturday Morning - A Nasty Bitch

I turn the water on and tell Lien that she will ignore "those stupid thoughts filling your worthless brain," and follow her instructions. Lien treats me to a scowling grimace as I tell her to start by shaving her underarms when she really wants to wash her bottom first. Instead, she ends up almost weeping as she stands there messy and shaving her arms. Then her legs. Then trimming her pubes. Then shampooing and conditioning every hair on her body, not just her head. Her pubes and even her eyebrows, too. Washing her body is the last thing she gets to do, and I make her start at the top and work down. It makes her wait as long as possible to clean the last of the mess from her bottom.

As Lien showers, she tries very hard to keep her back to the room. The empty room, just in case someone should come in before she's done. It amuses me to watch her trying so hard to hide the body that I'm openly flaunting. But here I know it's safe to flaunt her. No one from Vietnam is going to be in this building. No one who has a clue who she is will see her. At most, a few middle-aged businessmen who will consider it a treat to peek at her petite, shapely body.

Lien finishes fairly quickly. I tell her that she will be inspected and that there will be stern consequences if she's not very clean. Everywhere. I have her turn the water off and wait where she is. Dripping wet.

I have her stand, facing me, with her feet stretched to their widest and her arms held rigid out to her sides. Then I take my time, looking over every last bit of her nude body. I run my finger over the places she shaved, too, checking for even a hint of stubble. I find nothing. I didn't really expect to, though.

I have Lien turn around and repeat her inspection from the backside. As I'm doing it, I use my hands to pull her cheeks apart and expose her crack. Then, when she feels me reach the soles of her feet, Lien thinks, for a second or two, that I'm done.

I tell Lien to lean over and brace her hands against the floor, keeping her feet wide open. She does, but now she's starting to move reluctantly again. That learned bitchiness is starting to creep back into her. I figured, now that her bowels were empty and no longer making her so uncomfortable, it would.

Leaning over like that pokes the mound of her furry pussy out between the tops of her thighs. It also pulls her toned globes wide enough apart that her crack is nicely opened and her asshole on full display for me. I leave Lien standing like that, her head held up to face the empty brick wall a foot or so in front of her. I take my time pulling a pair of latex gloves on.

I pull Lien's pussy lips wide open, baring her pinkness. I'd watched as she obediently washed her lips, folds, and pinkness off in the shower. It should be clean. For the most part, it is, but I can see a little of her honey has already flowed from her tunnel and started to cling to her. At this rate, it won't be five minutes before her pussy is sloppy wet again. I can see her big clit, too. That's as hard and throbbing as it's ever been. She's definitely just as hot as ever.

I get a little of her slippery honey on the tip of my finger. Then I put that fingertip flush against Lien's asshole and hold it there, pressing just hard enough for Lien to feel me pushing on her muscle. I feel her muscle snap shut, clenching to its tightest again. She's definitely not going to welcome another entry here. Not after the enema.

"Is this rectum fully empty, nasty bitch, or are you a filthy nasty bitch?" I give a quick little push of my finger, not pushing it into her, but just letting her feel the pressure as if I were going to.

"Yes, Ma'am, this bitch fully emptied my rectum when you told me to, Ma'am." Lien answers. Her voice is still plainly the squeaky little girl's voice, but it's starting to just faintly return to her normal brashness. So faintly so that I can barely notice it. I guess I have a few minutes

Chapter Two - Saturday Morning - A Nasty Bitch

before I have to deal with her bitchiness again. The effects seem to be staying with her for longer each time.

"Ask me to check it, bitch," I add in a touch more of the firmness while keeping my voice soft.

I feel Lien cringing. I think I even see it. I know her face has got to be scrunched into a hard grimace. "Ma'am, will you please stick your finger in this bitch's behind and see for yourself that I went poop properly, Ma'am?" I hear a tiny bit more of the distaste creeping into her little girl's voice. And I hear the squeakiness fade another tiny bit. Despite that, and what I've learned it means for her, she does ask rather humbly.

I increase the pressure against her tightly cinched muscle to just short of what it would take to push through it. It's still enough to be pushing her ring inward slightly, my finger filling the wide funneling of it. And I hold the pressure like that, just short of entering Lien.

I know what Lien must be thinking. "Just hurry up and get this uncomfortable humiliation over with!" Maybe with a few choice words added that she knows better than to say. That's why I'm stopping. I know that she's thinking mostly of getting out of this public place and back to the privacy of my apartment where she isn't at risk of being seen and ogled, too. It's all the more reason for me to make it take longer.

"You will behave like a proper bitch, nasty bitch," I firmly tell Lien, lacing a touch of hardness into my voice. "First you will stop fighting me. You did just ask me to inspect your rectum, so why is that disobedient anus fighting me?" I tell Lien to relax her asshole and keep it relaxed for the entire time that my finger is "probing around inside her bottom."

I feel the tightness slacken just the tiniest bit. Lien has no idea how to force her bottom to relax. In her mind, she probably is relaxing herself. It's a good thing it's a finger, not a dildo. That would hurt with her so tight. I firmly tell her what to do.

It takes Lien a second. I know she's wondering about her instructions, how it will help, and even more so, how this is going to feel. How she'll force herself to stay relaxed while I'm poking deep inside her bottom. After a couple of seconds, I hear Lien take a deep breath.

And then I feel a gentle pressure as her asshole starts to push back against my finger. She's definitely not pushing as hard as she can. But it is enough for her asshole to start loosening and flowing around the side of my fingertip, allowing my finger to push a little deeper, and then deeper.

"UH!" Lien squeals, "OHHHHHHHHHHH! EEEEEEE!" Her voice instantly returns to its full girly high pitch as she draws out the long squeal. Full squeakiness, too.

I feel her asshole now steadily turning to rubber and loosening as it lets my fingertip slip deeper. To the point where it's now lying loose, but flush, around the sides of my finger. And my finger is slipping forward through her loose ring. Lien must notice that it's not uncomfortable now, at least not nearly as much as it has been. She pushes harder, loosening her asshole more, and making it even easier for my finger to slide into her depths. It gets her squealing "WEEEEEEEEEE!" even louder and squeakier. It's not long until my finger is fully inside her bottom.

Lien stops squealing and pants some very fast squeaky, and muted, "uhm!s." My finger lies still inside her bottom for a second or so, letting her get used to the feeling of pushing against it while it's inside. And of her asshole being so loosely around its sides.

Then I angle my finger to the side, pressing very softly against the walls of her rectum. Here, towards her hip, there's nothing but intestines beyond her rectum. Not much to feel, I hope. And I don't. I'd bet she's empty there, too. I'd bet the laxative did its job nicely and her entire colon is emptied out.

I start moving my finger, drawing it slowly over the wall of her rectum. It takes about two seconds for it to make its way down to where it's drawing along the

Chapter Two - Saturday Morning - A Nasty Bitch

backside of her pussy walls. "UHMMMM!" Lien blurts out a very throaty, and squeaky, hot moan as she feels me teasing her pussy. She's felt that once before, so she should have known to expect it. Obviously, she wasn't prepared. For an instant I feel her start to tense back up, forgetting to make her asshole relax. Then she pushes back hard, with all her strength, loosening herself up more than she had been. "MM!" She purrs deeply, shuddering and shivering hard as goosebumps erupt over her pussy mound. My finger keeps going as if I'm actually checking her bottom instead of teasing her.

I spend close to a minute feeling around the inside of her bottom, making Lien stay relaxed for every second of it. She moans throaty, squeaky, purrs the entire time. Finally, I pull my finger from her bottom.

I tell Lien to stand up and face me, hands behind her back. Then I make her ask me if she passes her inspection. But first I make her ask me if her rectum is fully emptied as she promised me it was. The squeaky little girl's voice is back full force, her voice shamefully muted to near silence as she asks.

I tell her that she passes, and that earns her a towel to dry off. She gets one minute. Then she's following me back up to the apartment, her eyes nervously scanning everywhere for anyone who might catch sight of her.

By the time I get Lien back upstairs, and to my apartment, it's right at 06:00. Here, that's breakfast time. Paige is very diligent at having it ready, and perfect, on time. As if her bottom depends on it, which she knows it does. Spankings are assured should I be disappointed.

Sophie has the table ready. As I come in, she hurries to set a steaming cup of coffee at my place. That's a signal that breakfast is ready. She knows I never wait for it, as soon as it's ready, I come to eat. I'm usually hungry in the mornings.

I keep going, crossing the living room and heading for the table. Lien, not told otherwise, follows me. Good for her. I stop just beside my seat and turn to face Lien. I

order her to her knees and stand over her with my crop in hand as I wait for her to get down. I glare at her with an icy look on my face, too. It only takes me a single tap of my crop to her knee to get her to kneel in a proper posture, too. She's definitely learning.

I order Lien to "stay." Then, since it's really the first time she's gotten that command, and the first time she hasn't been bound or caged, I tell her that it means for her to be as still as possible. And very quiet. Not a peep from her useless mouth. I remind her that she's to keep her eyes forward, looking straight ahead and not to worry about what "people who matter more than nothing" are doing around her. I have her beside my seat, but facing the opposite way so that she'll be staring at the wall behind me. That way there won't be anything to distract her from anything. It should remind her that she's nothing here.

Sophie starts serving my breakfast. As usual, she'll have the seat beside me. She'll tend to my every need and whim, but also eat her breakfast with me. Paige and Dawn aren't worthy of a seat at the table. They'll eat standing up in the kitchen. In there, both can ensure that there's plenty of food waiting and hot.

Princess Lilly gets the seat beside Sophie. I know, she's a pit bull. But Sophie has taught her to sit in the chair as if she were human. She's a very patient and well-mannered princess, too. She won't eat the plate of food put in front of her. She'll wait for Sophie to feed it to her with a fork. Butt Monkey is on the floor beside Lilly. Dawn will serve him a plate. He hasn't quite mastered patience yet. He'll eat his plate like a... dog! Sophie is working on it, and knowing her, she'll cuddle him into settling down sooner or later. Then he gets his own place at the table, and a slave to feed him.

I just make sure that Lien sees the Princess waiting in the seat at the table for her breakfast before I have Lien kneel down on the floor. I want her to know that Princess

Chapter Two - Saturday Morning - A Nasty Bitch

Lilly eats at the table. The table Lien isn't sitting at. That she's not even worthy to sit beside a dog and eat.

Sophie serves leisurely, as I prefer she does. I hate rushing through a meal. I keep one eye on Lien as I eat, ignoring her, but making sure that she kneels demurely and waits.

It's long enough for Lien to grow bored staring at a blank wall. And, I suspect, long enough for more of that bitchiness to return. It's kind of an experiment for me. I want to see if Lien's bitchiness is as strong as it was when it returns. Or if she's losing some of it. The boredom will bring it back. At least some of it. I can't tell how quickly it will return. If I'll get the full force of it, or just a tease of it returning.

Once I'm done, and I can see that everyone else has eaten, I ask Sophie if Princess Lilly has had all the breakfast she wants. Sophie almost manages to hide the giggle in her voice as she tells me that Lilly is full. I just want Lien to hear that, while Lien hasn't been offered so much as a crumb, my dogs have been given their fill of "people breakfast." My dogs always get it. They eat what the rest of us eat. And they can have seconds or thirds if they clean their plates like good royalty! But not Lien.

I tell Sophie to "fetch some bitch chow for this nasty bitch." Lien won't know what "bitch chow" is, but after hearing that it's for "nasty bitch," she'll know it's for her.

"Bitch chow" is something that I make here. I had Sophie tell Paige to make some up this morning. The recipe is simple. Paige makes a plate, just as she would for anyone else. Then, every bit of that food is tossed into a blender. Today it's pancakes, beef sausages, scrambled eggs, hashbrowns, and a slice of melon. It's a good, hearty breakfast to start a day off right. Then I have Paige add in some peas as well. Those will ensure a greenish color to the pasty food. Vegetables are good for nutrition, too. Finally, Paige adds in some tiny bits of tofu. Those go in after everything else is pureed into a creamy paste, and mostly adds a few chunks for texture and appearance. It

makes it look like vomit. It has a weird, very unfamiliar taste, too, but that's just from everything being so well blended into a single flavor instead of the individual flavors of a typical meal. I got the idea from an ACLU newsletter. Apparently many prisons use food like this as a punishment for naughty criminals. The ACLU says it's cruel to make them eat their meals like this. I thought it was a good idea for naughty bitches. Criminals... They'd be lucky if I gave them this much to eat.

Sophie brings it out in a dog bowl. It used to be Lilly's bowl, but since she learned to eat like a human at the table, she refuses to use it. She must deem it beneath her now. Or she just loves being fed by a slave human.

Sophie sets the bowl on the floor in front of Lien. It's a decent-sized steel bowl. It even has "Lilly" hand-painted on it. It's also clearly well used, not new. I really hope Lien realizes that dogs have used this bowl before. And that my dogs eat off plates like people. Only the lowest forms of life, such as Lien, are served like dogs here.

Lien immediately shifts her eyes downward to look at the gooeey mess in the bowl. I can see her nose wrinkling up as she sees it. Or maybe catches the scent of it. It has an unusual aroma, too. She kneels still, but I can see it on her face. The "food" has her disgusted. And I wanted it to.

I allow Lien just a couple seconds to wonder if I expect her to eat it. "Eat your Alpo, nasty bitch," I firmly tell her, my voice as condescending as it is firm. "That's what nasty, rude, bitches get to eat here. Food is for humble, proper bitches."

Lien stays on her knees, hands behind her back. She doesn't move. She doesn't speak. She freezes for about half a second. Then, slowly, she turns her head down to get a very good look at the slop she's being told to eat. After another second, she still hasn't made any effort to lower her face or try to eat it.

I'm not known for patience with bitches. Especially not those in need of a stern humbling. I put my hand to Lien's head, her hair running through my fingers as I get

Chapter Two - Saturday Morning - A Nasty Bitch

my grip. I have to move fast. I need to catch her by surprise before Lien figures out what I'm doing and can resist it.

I shove Lien's head down. All the way down, watching as she flies forward, her bottom lifting up as her shoulders follow her head down. I keep going until Lien's nose is in the slop. "I said eat your breakfast, nasty bitch!" I scold her harshly.

Lien hesitates a fraction of a second. Then she jerks hard, lifting her head out of the bowl. She stays on her knees, facing me, a smear of the green-gray goo on her nose and chin. "NO!" Lien says with a new firmness in her voice. "I AM NOT GOING TO EAT LIKE A DOG, AND I SURE AS HELL AM NOT GOING TO EAT DOG FOOD! WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM? I AM A PERSON!"

Long before Lien is done, my hand is moving. I slap her face. It's a hard slap, too. Hard enough of a slap to leave a bright red handprint on her cheek and knock her head to the side.

"OW!" Lien blurts out, surprise in her eyes as she feels the sting of the slap shooting into her cheek. She sits stunned for an instant and then begins turning her head back to face me, fire exploding in her eyes. I can see her arms starting to tense up, too, almost as if she's going to ball her fists up. Maybe she is. Maybe she's going to fight me. "YOU WITCH!" Lien snaps venomously, "HOW DARE YOU SLAP ME!"

I'm not going to give Lien a chance to spew any more venom. She doesn't get to talk to me like that. No one does, much less a plaything. I grab hold of Lien's hair, yanking it hard to straighten her up on her knees. "You nasty bitch! How dare you speak to me that way! You will speak to me as befits a piece of crap scraped from the gutter, which you are, speaking to the Queen of the realm!"

As I'm scolding Lien, I rise to my feet, keeping hold of her hair with enough tension on it to keep her head up straight. Once I'm up, I snap hard, jerking her up to her

feet and coming pretty close to ripping her hair out. It takes Lien by surprise. It's the most violent yanking she's had here yet.

"You are going to eat your slop, *BITCH*, one way or another. And you are going to act humbly in this Queendom. For that insolence, you can spend the day in the dungeon. That's where Queens toss their filthiest misbehaving bitches."

With a snap of my fingers, Sophie knows what I want. She gets it from the playroom and hurries to bring it over to me. Like any sub who has been around me for more than two minutes, she too knows that I'd never tolerate such insolence from a toy.

Sophie brings me a gag. It's an inflatable tube gag. It has a wide, sturdy leather strap to go around her head. Centered in the strap there's a wide metal ring, a bit over an inch tall. Attached to the ring, there's a piece of pipe about 3 inches long. And then, around the sides of the last two-plus inches of that pipe, a heavy-walled latex balloon with a tiny tube to inflate it. There's a stretch of pipe next to the ring, maybe $\frac{1}{2}$ " long, without the balloon around it. That's to make a place for her teeth where they can't bite into or damage the balloon.

I want to completely overwhelm Lien. I'm not sure, but so far it looks to me as if she's unaccustomed to violence. So I move fast. And I'm not gentle with her. I put my hand flat to the center of her chest and shove her backward hard enough that she almost stumbles as she takes a step back. I step forward a hair faster than she moves back, keeping my hand flat against her chest, almost perfectly between her small breasts. I keep shoving, too, making Lien take a second step back that has her bottom flush up against the wall. I keep pushing her back, pinning her firmly against the wall.

I take the gag from Sophie's hand.

"STOP THIS!" Lien blurts out forcefully, her tone acerbic, but ringing with a faint note of nervousness. And I think I hear another faint note of hope that I won't listen to

Chapter Two - Saturday Morning - A Nasty Bitch

her. As if she's finally accepted that she wants me to push her through. I know one thing: so far, despite all her protesting, Lien hasn't asked, or tried, to leave. "YOU ARE NOT GOING TO MAKE ME EAT GARBAGE LIKE SOME SCRAPPY DOG IN AN ALLEY! I SAID NO! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! NO!"

I'm pretty sure Lien would go right on objecting if she could. But screeching angry protests at me opens her mouth nice and wide. I shove the hard, wide tube of the gag between her teeth. It shuts her up instantly. There's no way she can talk with this in her mouth.

The hard tube stops her from closing her mouth. Instead, it forces her to hold it wide open. I keep pushing, quickly shoving the entire length of the tube into her mouth. It's the right length to reach to the back of her mouth, lying atop her tongue, but no further. I'm sure, to her, it feels as if it's a tiny fraction of an inch from choking her. I know she feels her mouth being held wide, too.

I grab hold of Lien's shoulder and with a hard jerking, twist her around. Then I push her face against the wall. I grab both ends of the leather strap and fasten it, pulling it tight. That will hold the gag in place. I yank Lien back from the wall. And shove her back against it again, pinning her hard against it.

Now I see a bit of panic blooming in her eyes. I feel her hands come up and grab my wrist, trying to pull it from her chest. With my free hand, I reach down and grab hold of the curly hairs of her bush. The hairs that line her pussy lips, not her pubes. They're well-trimmed, and that means shorter than I'd like. So short I can barely hang onto them. I pull firmly upward on them. I keep tugging up on them, leaving Lien no choice but to start rising up to her toes. Then her tiptoes. I hold her there.

"Hands at your sides, nasty bitch, *NOW*." I firmly snap in a very scathing voice. Lien's hands don't move. I give it a second or two. Then I decide to let her think she's won. I take my hand from her chest. For the first instant, I see the victory in her eyes. Then she realizes that she

hasn't won, and her hands fly down to my other hand. She grabs that wrist and tries to pull it from her. She can't, I have too good of a grip and a better angle. I hold her up on her tiptoes.

But now I have a free hand. I use it to push the plunger on the syringe dangling from the end of the gag. It pushes sterile water into the latex balloon, swelling it up inside Lien's mouth. The balloon pushes her tongue down firmly. It pushes up just as firmly on the roof of her mouth. It pushes hard against the insides of her teeth and gums too. And it stuffs every nook and cranny of her mouth full. So full that nothing, not even air, can get around the gag. But the gag's open tube leaves her plenty of room to breathe. And it leaves me a good line of sight to her throat.

Now I see the panic blooming in Lien's eyes. She's figured out that she's not winning. She's losing this battle. Her situation is getting worse, not better, for her.

I take one step back, keeping hold of her bush as she's still trying to pull my hand from it. I yank hard, snapping my arm and forcing Lien to stumble forward a step. Then another step. And another, as she still tries to pull my hand from her pussy. After about six steps, Lien is back in the playroom.

"Down!" I snap the command as if I'm training a lesser dog. I don't bother to tell Lien what I want her to do. I just kick the backs of her knees with my foot, buckling them and dropping her down to her knees. As she drops, I release my grip on her bush. That way, my hand is free to smack the back of her shoulders, knocking them forward. It almost sends Lien crashing face-first to the floor. But she gets her hands out to catch herself, ending up on her hands and knees.

I use my foot to kick one of Lien's hands out from her under her. Then, as she's scrambling to get it back in place, to hold herself up and eventually rise back to her feet, I put my foot on her back. Right between her shoulder blades. I step down hard, driving Lien down until

Chapter Two - Saturday Morning - A Nasty Bitch

her shoulders are on the floor. I quickly move my foot to the top of her crack, and shove hard, almost kicking her, as I drive her forward.

Lien ends up flat on the floor, on her face. I hear a few gasps of shock from her, each one far more nervous than the previous, as I drive her down. And a hard grunt as she finally lands on her face. She starts squirming hard, trying to get herself back up.

I drop down, putting my calf across Lien's forearm and using my weight to pin her arm to the floor. Immediately Lien tries to pull her arm free. That makes her forget the rest of her body for a few seconds. Sophie is already bringing me the cuffs. The thick, heavy leather cuffs, each one with a small brass padlock already attached to it. It only takes me a couple of seconds to have one cuff around Lien's pinned wrist and click the lock shut. That cuff is not coming off of her. I shift over and pin Lien's other arm to the floor. In a few more seconds, I have a cuff around that wrist, too. I pull Lien's hands up behind her back and use a little plastic zip tie to fasten the cuffs together. They'll hold her hands in place as surely as any handcuffs would.

Now I don't have to worry about her hands. It doesn't stop her from thrashing around hard, eagerly struggling to free herself, though. It just makes her thrashes less and less effective. I know there's no way she's getting up. I casually pin each ankle to the floor and lock a cuff around it, too.

Then I get off Lien, no longer pinning her face down on the floor. Lien tries to pull her knees up as if she's going to rise to her feet.

Despite the appearance of things, I'm pretty sure that Lien knows she's not going to win. It's obvious by now. I also strongly doubt that she really wants to win, at least not deep down. This is, by far, the strongest resistance she's put up so far. I think she's fighting this with everything she has. And I think she secretly hopes that she'll lose. As if I still haven't proven to her that I can

dominate her. That I can force her to obey me, no matter how hard she fights it. Since this is her everything, I also think this might be her final test. I know it took a lot of humiliation to push her into fighting this much. And she doesn't even know what's going to happen to her next. I don't want her to.

I actually want her to get up to her feet. But more importantly, I need for Lien to know that she can only rise when I want her to. When I tell her to. It's more important that she believes that than it for this to be convenient for me. So I use the sole of my sneaker-clad foot on the crack of her bottom to shove her hard, sending her right back down to her stomach.

Then, as Lien is grunting out hard again, I step up to her head and lean over to grab the middle of her long hair. I lift it up, pulling it taut, and holding the mild pressure on it firmly. I also put my foot in the center of her back, pinning her flat on the floor. "I didn't tell you to get your disgusting butt up, you filthy, nasty bitch." Under my foot, I can feel the pressure as Lien tries to arch her bottom up and maybe get to her knees again. My foot holds her flat. "You will get up when I tell you to. Until then, you will lie on the floor like some shabby gutter mutt."

I keep her pinned there for several seconds, waiting as Lien struggles to get up. She doesn't let up. She gives it her all. She gets nowhere. I don't wait for her to stop. That might take a while. I just wait until I'm certain the Lien knows she's not going anywhere.

I take my foot from her back, snapping a harsh "UP," as I do. I yank hard up and back on her hair at the same time. That yank forces Lien to scramble. She has to pull her knees up, then strains her stomach muscles to lift her head. She almost does. I can feel the weight at the other end of her hair, telling me that I'm pulling about $\frac{1}{4}$ of her weight up while she's lifting the other $\frac{3}{4}$ of it. If I can feel it, so can she. She'll know that she's being yanked up by her hair. I don't bring her to her shoulders and knees. I bring her all the way up until she's on her knees with her

Chapter Two - Saturday Morning - A Nasty Bitch

chest up straight. And I keep yanking her up, making her get to her feet.

I don't let her get the last little bit up. She's on one foot, the second foot about an inch from reaching the floor when I start using her hair to pull her forward. She stumbles, almost falling over as she kicks her foot out and down to stop her fall. "COME!" I snap harshly. I never let off for even a fraction of a second. I keep dragging her along by her hair.

I drag her to the playroom wall. There's one spot of it, about six feet long, that I have empty, and that's where I drag her over to. I yank her around by the hair until she's about a foot from the wall, her feet still clumsily trying to keep up with me. I release her hair only long enough to get my hand on the center of her back. Then I shove her hard, sending her almost crashing against the wall with a single stumble of her feet. My hand pins her firmly against the wall.

"slave, get those feet," I tell Sophie in a soft voice. Lien won't know exactly what I want to be done, but Sophie does. At the edges of this little strip of wall, there are two large screw eyes bolted into the baseboard and the studs beyond. Each one has a strong rope threaded through it. The ends of the rope have little clips on them. Sophie drops to her knees, clipping one loose rope to each of Lien's ankle cuffs. Then she pulls the rope taut, using the eyelets as pulleys. She keeps pulling, forcing Lien to spread her feet wider and wider. I finally tell Sophie she has Lien's feet wide enough when I can see the tendons in the creases of her thighs starting to pull taut from the stretching. It has her feet about double the width of her shoulders apart. Sophie ties each rope off to its eyelet.

And now Lien's legs are spread and stretched wide. There are two more ropes, each dangling freely from another pair of eyelets along the top of the wall, at the edges of the blank spot. Those have locks attached to their ends, not clips. A naughty toy might somehow manage to get a hand twisted around enough to release a

clip on her wrist, but she won't get a hand even close to her ankles. I lock the end of the ropes to the cuffs binding Lien's hands behind her back. Sophie takes hold of the free ends of the rope, pulling almost all of the slack out of them. Then I cut the tie binding Lien's cuffs together. Immediately, Sophie takes a step back, taking the ends of the ropes with her.

The eyelets act as pulleys again. They quickly pull Lien's hands up and out. In about two seconds, the ropes have Lien's arms pulled taut, stretching her out into a giant X shape. It effectively pins her front against the wall, too. I have Sophie pull hard on the ropes, telling her to stop just before forcing Lien to start rising onto her toes. Her feet stay flat on the floor, but just barely. Just enough to hold her weight up. I hold one rope while Sophie ties the other off to the eyelet at the baseboards where her ankle is tied. Then she ties off the second rope, assuring that Lien won't be going anywhere until I allow it.

"STAY!" I snap the command to Lien. Not that I need to, she couldn't move more than an inch in any direction if she wanted to. I can see her squirming around and discovering that, too. "Now, time for your breakfast, bitch." I add in a very enthusiastic, taunting voice. I send Sophie to fetch the bowl of bitch chow.

Lien very nervously turns her head from side to side several times. I'll bet she's thinking, with her mouth braced so wide open and the tube almost to her throat, that I'm going to shove that slop down her throat now. I'll bet she realizes that she can't stop me, either. It wouldn't take anything but pushing her head against the wall to pin it in place, and I could shove anything I wanted through that tube and down her throat, and there wouldn't be a thing she could do about it. Except to swallow it so she doesn't choke on it.

She can't see what I'm doing behind her. She can't see the giant 16-ounce syringe that I have in my hand, the plunger pulled from it. Nor can she see that it doesn't have a needle on its end. It has a tube about as thick as

Chapter Two - Saturday Morning - A Nasty Bitch

my little finger and about as long. Maybe 2 or 2½" long. It's rigid and stiff, too.

In a short moment, Sophie is back with the bowl and a butter knife. She holds both for me. I use the butter knife to scrape the food out of the bowl and into the syringe. By the time I'm done, the bowl is empty. And the syringe is almost full. There's enough room for me to get the plunger back into the cylinder, but little more than that. Of course, there are a few air bubbles in the goo. It's probably about 80-85 percent as much as the drip enema Lien endured earlier.

I drop to my knees behind Lien. "Enjoy your breakfast, you disgusting nasty bitch!" I tell Lien in that same condescending voice that's almost giggling with amusement. I tell her as I use one hand to push her globes apart and stretch her crack the last bit wide open.

That Lien feels me doing. And she knows now that her asshole is fully accessible to me like this. She knows that I'm not the least bit shy about using it, either. The enema showed her that. I doubt she knows exactly what I'm going to do, though. I'm sure that she's heard idle threats to "stuff it up her butt" before. I'm sure she always considered those threats idle, too.

Instantly Lien tries to thrash her hips. They move no more than ½" in any direction. She's discovering how tautly I have her body stretched. To move those hips any more, something else would have to give. But nothing can. Her legs are held in place. As are her arms, and that holds her shoulders in place. Lien screams or rather tries to scream, something through her gag. Something very pleading and desperately urgent. But all that comes out is a long fast breath of air ringing with a single tone. I'll bet she trying to scream "no."

I just put the tip of the syringe's tube to Lien's asshole, watching as her rings snap hard to clench as tightly as it can. Then I push. With her asshole so tightly shut, the rim of the tube is pressing against her muscle,

not the smaller pinpoint opening at the very center. This tip isn't gently rounded, either. It's wide open to let the goo pass through. This is going to hurt a little. But that's Lien's choice to make it hurt. I've taught her how to relax her asshole and accept the entry. She isn't. So I don't care if it hurts a little. It's not like I'll feel it.

I hear Lien screech a loud breath of a grunt as the tip shoves into her asshole, its rim scraping along her flesh as it stretches her resisting muscle. I keep going, ignoring Lien and Lien's comfort. I push every bit of the short tube into her bottom, stopping only when the base of the syringe is almost flush against the valley of her crack. That has it deep enough into her crack that the base of it is pushing against the inside edges of her cheeks, making Lien feel how fat it is.

And then I start steadily pressing the plunger. It takes a bit of effort, the pasty goo not flowing too easily through the comparatively narrow tube. But it goes. I push. It only takes a second or two for me to see the violent ripple of a crisp tremor racing along Lien's body as she screams out a panicked, desperate something that the gag mutes. I know then that she can feel the pasty food starting to come out of the tube and fill her rectum.

"Eat up, bitch, I told you, you were getting your breakfast into that stomach one way or the other. You chose the other." I laugh hard as I keep pressing the plunger.

Lien keeps shrieking out monotoned panicked pleas that steadily take on a hint of the discomfort she's starting to feel as her rectum is again filled, then stretched out taut and filled even more. The only difference between this and the enema is that it's not water filling her. It's a thick paste that was her breakfast.

It takes me better than half a minute to push all of the food into Lien's bottom. But once every last bite of it is inside her, I just pull the tube out of her asshole and watch it slam shut again.

Chapter Two - Saturday Morning - A Nasty Bitch

Lien stands there. It's not cold in the playroom, I keep it at 77 degrees, but Lien is shivering violently hard. Her pussy, her globes, and her crack are covered with goosebumps, too. The line of them shoots up her spine, all the way to her neck where it vanished under her thick hair. I've already seen that the fur lining her pussy lips is soaked with honey, almost to the point of dripping. If she didn't have such dense curls on those lips, I'd bet her slit would have dribbled a few drops already.

I can hear her panting ultra-fast and noisy breaths, too. Breaths with a faint squeaking note in their monotoned sound. Breaths that are clearly panicked and strained with the discomfort she feels in her bottom. And probably more so from the uncertainty of wondering just how long she'll be left like this. Standing here, unable to move, stretched out taut, her bottom stuffed so full that the food is about to shoot from her asshole.

I have one thing left to do. "slave, fetch the naughty little girl paddle," I tell Sophie in a sweet voice.

Sophie giggles, "Yes, Mistress!" she squeals softly. I've asked her for the old-fashioned schoolhouse paddle. It looks just like the ones that schools used to have, and use on miscreants, 50 or 60 years ago. When real punishments were allowed. It's about 24" long and 6" wide, made of solid wood, $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick, but with holes drilled in it to lighten it and make it swing faster. Sophie gladly hands me the paddle.

I step over to stand mostly beside Lien. I hold the paddle up high for her to get a good look at it. "This is how insolent bitches are treated in this Queen's dungeon, insolent bitch. You're going to pay dearly for that sassy potty mouth of yours. Maybe then you'll remember your manners."

I swing the paddle, snapping it hard against Lien's taut and firm globes. It lands with a loud, splitting crack like lightning. It instantly has Lien's cheeks glowing a light, and very bright, shade of red.

“MMMMM!” Lien screams through the tube gag. Her hips snap forward, half propelled by the power of the stroke, and half by reflex. They go nowhere, instead just knocking against the wall in front of her. Her bottom goes nowhere. She tries to wiggle and squirm it around, to shake some of the stabbing sting out of those hard muscles, but there’s nothing she can do. Just stand there and feel the sting slicing into her fiery flesh.

I hand my paddle to Sophie. “Every hour, on the hour, this bitch is to get another of those swats. It will stay put until I release it.”

“Yes, Mistress,” Sophie enthusiastically accepts the assignment. “I promise to teach this bitch not to be so disrespectful to You, Mistress! It will get my very best and hardest strokes, Mistress.”

I knew Lien would. Sophie always makes her best effort at any task I give her. Lien doesn’t know that I work today. I doubt she knows anything about me. She won’t know that she’s going to be there for around 13 hours, standing snugly against the wall, her breakfast in her rectum, her bottom being slowly paddled. But maybe it will remind her that I will control her.



*Chapter Three - Sunday
Evening - Submission, Finally*

Chapter Three - Sunday Evening - Submission, Finally

While I'm at work, I can't have my phone on me. It's a rule at the jail: no phones in the "secure area," meaning nowhere prisoners have access to. I guess they don't want the prisoners stealing any phones. But I can, and do, take my breaks outside, in the lounge where the lockers are, and check my phone regularly. I have hourly updates from Sophie, telling me that Lien is doing fine. And that she's rather uncomfortable as she is, which was what I intended. I already knew she'd be fine. If there was an issue, Sophie knows to call the jail and have me paged. But only in an emergency. Otherwise, even she, my handmaiden, waits for it to be convenient for me to text her back.

When I get home, around 19:15, Sophie has supper ready. She tells me that Lien is fine but very uncomfortable and equally unhappy. She says it with a grin. Now sure that she doesn't require any immediate attention from me, I sit down to supper.

Over supper, Sophie tells me how Lien reacted over the course of the day. As she's tied, Lien has nothing to distract her mind. Just those bare walls to stare at. There's not even much in the way of noise in the playroom. Only Sophie has come and gone from it today.

Every time Sophie opened the door, Lien instantly became very nervous. She watched Sophie with the most pleading, and most resigned, eyes that screamed out that Lien thought the next stroke of the paddle would be unbearable. Her eyes grew more and more nervous as they followed Sophie as she picked up the paddle and stepped over to Lien. By the third stroke, Lien was sobbing before Sophie made it to her with the paddle.

Sophie would hold the paddle just behind Lien's globes. Then she'd remind Lien that she was "in the dungeon suffering for being 'such a total bitch' to the Queen." And then, Sophie would give Lien the hardest swat she could manage, searing Lien's cheeks to a deep, bright red that stung Lien worse than anything she could have imagined. Sophie really hates it when toys are

insolent to me. But I wanted her to swat Lien hard. Lien needs it.

I'd also told Sophie to "feed and water" Lien during the day. I meant for Lien to get two "drinks" of water and lunch, and I made certain that Sophie knew exactly what I wanted to be done and how I wanted it done. A "drink" of water meant a turkey baster full of water given to Lien as an enema. It works just as well, and faster than drinking the water. That's what a rectum does. It absorbs water from food. It wouldn't take Lien's rectum long to absorb the drink and distribute the water throughout her body as if it had reached her rectum from the normal direction.

Lien's lunch was to be fed to her rectally as well. The same as her breakfast was. That's a little more complex, biologically speaking. Her rectum, and colon, will absorb the water out of the food. Her colon will absorb some of the nutrients, but not as effectively as her small intestine would. It will leave more of the food slowly turning to waste in her rectum. And that means that lunch will fill her rectum rather fully. Well beyond the fullness of the morning's enema. But once completely stuffed to its limit, the food will start to seep backward into Lien's colon, and there's enough room for several more meals. It will just make Lien far more uncomfortable than she's been yet. Probably more uncomfortable than she's imagined being.

I set times for everything. 10:15 was drink time. 13:15 was lunchtime. 16:15 was drink time. That would leave supper to come at 19:15, or right about as I returned home. I would be here to give that to Lien, so I didn't leave instructions for Sophie to feed it to her.

The first time Sophie entered the room, Lien's bottom was still on fire from the stroke she'd gotten 15 minutes before. It made Lien far more panicked as she saw Sophie return and assumed that it was time for her next paddling already.

Lien watched Sophie nervously as Sophie fetched the turkey baster and filled it with water. As Sophie started crossing to Lien, Lien cried hard. Then she turned her head

Chapter Three - Sunday Evening - Submission, Finally

to Sophie, offering her mouth and the open tube to Sophie. Silly bitch.

Lien screamed a loud and very desperately panicked breath, still in a monotoned note, as she saw Sophie kneel behind her. Lien shook her head "no" just as urgently. It was the only plea Lien could make for mercy. I have zero mercy for insolent bitches. Sophie has even less.

Sophie didn't hesitate one instant to pull Lien's globes all the way apart and stretch her crack as wide as it would open. Even as Lien tried to resist and clench her cheeks together. It didn't make much difference. Sophie quickly had Lien's asshole exposed with its flesh pulled tautly. She put the tip of the turkey baster flush against Lien's asshole and pushed the entire short length of its narrower tip into Lien's bottom. I know Sophie didn't even think about Lien. She didn't take the least bit of care to make it easier for the woman. But she didn't try to make it harder for her, either. She just pushed it in as if Lien was an inanimate doll. Then she squeezed, pushing as much of the water as she could into Lien's rectum, adding it to what was already there and making Lien even more uncomfortable than she was. She tells me that Lien cried like a baby. And that she ignored Lien completely.

At lunchtime, Sophie came into the room with the syringe already full of the bitch chow. This time, the bitch chow was made with the same meal, leftovers, that my slaves had for lunch.

The instant Lien saw Sophie, her bottom already fuller than she's felt it before, she immediately began shaking her head no as vigorously as she could. She screamed "no" and tried to beg Sophie not to do it. But with the gag, all that came out was the single monotone. And the ringing note of panic in her screeched breath. Lien tried to resist, too. She tried to snap and wiggle her bottom away from Sophie. The ropes held her far too well. Her bottom barely thrashed, and Sophie didn't have any trouble "feeding" Lien. Lien screamed the entire time Sophie was feeding her. Mostly from the unfamiliar strain

of being way too full back there. And the cramping as some of the food pushed back deeper into her bowels. When Sophie left, Lien was crying like a baby.

The next time, when Sophie returned for Lien's last "drink," Lien just hung there, crying, but only lightly shaking her head in a plea for mercy. No mercy was shown. But this time, even as Lien screeched as the water was pushed into her bottom, Lien didn't fight Sophie. She just stood there, her body loose, her asshole straining to full tightness, and let it happen.

Sophie also tells me that each stroke of the paddle was worse for Lien. Her bottom didn't have nearly enough time between strokes to stop stinging before the next stroke set it on fire again. But after lunch, before her final watering, it was as if Lien gave up. She just stood there as Sophie swatted her too-sore bottom, screaming through the gag as it landed, and crying like a baby afterward.

I figured that would happen at some point. I wasn't sure what would do it for Lien. Sophie tells me. Every stroke made Lien's pussy so wet that her mound glistened. Her first drink had Lien's honey onto the tops of her thighs. But then, as Sophie finished feeding her lunch and was removing the syringe, Lien's pussy started dribbling hard. Almost running, according to Sophie. It did the same as Lien was given her second drink. And those were the two things that made Lien screech out the loudest. The two things that were the worst for Lien.

After eating my supper, I head for the playroom. Lien is standing, bound, exactly as I left her. Except all the fight is so clearly out of her. When I left her, Lien stood rigidly and fidgeting hard. She hated it, and she showed it. Now she's loose and relaxed, as much hanging from her arms as she is standing. Maybe it's just from being tired. Standing in one place for so long puts a hard strain on the muscles. Enough that if she were still as I'd left her, her muscles would be cramping and burning with fire. Lien sobs lightly. She turns her head as I enter, and relief floods her face the

Chapter Three - Sunday Evening - Submission, Finally

instant she sees that it's me, not Sophie. That I've finally returned to her.

I see the hope in her eyes. A slightly dull, but very eager and pleading, hope. As if she wants it badly, but doesn't think she deserves it. There's no secret that she wants off the wall. I take my time, Lien keeping her eyes on me the entire time.

"Are you ready to behave your filthy butt, nasty bitch?" I tauntingly ask Lien.

Lien just slowly nods her head. It's not a reluctant nod, just a tired one. Her face is mostly blank now, too. I can see the hard strain on it of her discomfort, that's like a mask on it. I can see the faint notes in it and her eyes, too. There's no reluctance. Just a dumb understanding and acceptance.

I tell Lien that I will remove her gag now. She is not to make a sound. Not a word. Not a sob. Not even a noisy breath unless told to speak. Lien nods her head, slightly more eagerly. I tell Sophie to take the gag off Lien.

It doesn't take Sophie but a few seconds to unbuckle it and pull the fat tube from Lien's mouth. Lien tries hard, but can't quite stop herself from choking as her mouth finally can close. It makes a little noise, but I let that go. I can see she's trying to behave.

I give her a few seconds. "Did you enjoy your lunch, nasty bitch?" I ask her in a rather mocking voice that should tell her I already know she didn't.

"No, Ma'am," Lien answers in her little girl's voice, a bit of a squeakiness to it. It's a soft and humble tone, too. She says nothing else.

"Is your little bottom too full, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Oh, would that bottom like to go poopy?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Lien's voice doesn't change. It stays the same, despite the obvious eagerness she must be feeling to go.

"Aw, does that little bottom have to go poopy so badly that it hurts?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"When will that bottom go potty, nasty bitch?"

"When you take it potty, Ma'am."

I stand back, my crop in my hand, and tell Lien to stay as she is while I have Sophie release her ankles from the cuffs and ropes. As Sophie does, Lien obediently stays put. She doesn't even flinch as if to try to close her feet the tiniest bit. And that lets me see the fresh glimmering on the mound of her pussy. Her mound is nicely wet with a thick layer of honey, and the honey is still flowing.

I tell Lien's that she's to be a "big bitch" and keep her hands where they are. I don't care how tired those useless arms are. She assures me that she will. I have Sophie release Lien's wrists. Lien doesn't move her hands much. As her wrists are free, the only thing I see is the tension in her muscles as she stiffens them up to keep her hands in place. And I see her hands pushing lightly against the wall to steady it. Once Sophie has stepped back, I tell Lien to put her hands behind her back. She immediately does it.

I leave Lien standing there, facing the wall, as I tell her to come over and kneel before her Queen. And as I tell her that her Queen doesn't care about the worthless peasant filth scraped from the most disgusting gutters, something that's a few rungs above whatever Lien is. I tell her that I don't care if her bottom hurts. I don't care if she cramps. I care about one thing only: her eager, obedient, and most humble subservience. She will turn, step to me, and kneel properly. She will not dally. She will move normally. Whatever her useless body happens to feel is of no concern to me. She will just have to endure it. I don't even want to see it on her face. Then I tell her to kneel.

Lien turns. By the time she's facing me, I can see that she has her teeth gritted hard. I can see her muscles stiffened up, too. And I can see a faint rippling flow over her pubes. It must be a fairly sharp cramp. It's enough to push a tear from the corner of each eye.

Chapter Three - Sunday Evening - Submission, Finally

Lien takes the step. I see it in her eyes as they explode to full popping wideness. I see her face scrunch up as she grits her teeth even harder. Another sharper ripple flows through her pubes. Then Lien drops down her knees and pulls herself up to a proper posture.

I know that her bottom has to be ready to explode. Kneeling, her legs wide has her body in the same posture as if she were sitting on the toilet and ready to empty. And that learned expectation will have her bowels feeling the urge all the more powerfully as if saying "come on, let's do it now!" But she waits in silence, not even trying to move or whine. I don't see any of the bitchiness creeping back into her either, but I didn't expect to. Not with her bottom straining so hard. It didn't this morning, either, not until I allowed her some relief from it.

I ignore her for a few seconds, just long enough for her to know I'm ignoring her. That her discomfort is nothing to me.

Directly across the hall from me is one of the corporate apartments this building is littered with. Maybe half of the units. It's leased to some mega-corporation that does some business with Airbus. But it's mostly used by a 40-something guy from somewhere up around the Great Lakes named Mike. He's there about one week out of every month. This happens to be that week. I know Mike rather well. He's been a regular tenant there for some time now. He didn't waste any time trying to get an invitation over, either. Eventually, mostly because he's so close and willing, I started using him to tease a toy now and then.

I tell Lien little. Only that she's to follow me, and obey her Queen. Whatever she's told. I remind her that her place is so far down it's below the bottom. She doesn't matter. Whatever she's told to do, I expect her to do it not just willingly, but very eagerly. As if she's dying to do it. Anything else will displease me.

Lien simply says "yes, Ma'am," in her little girl's voice. But I notice the change in it. I can hear the tone

getting even squeakier. Slightly so, but enough. I've already figured out that the squeakiness comes with her subservience. Her tone grows a tiny bit squeakier as I remind her that I have decided she will not have any modesty or privacy, either. I expect her to be utterly shameless. No matter how embarrassing, or degrading, things get, she had better not let it show. Lien accepts.

I tell her to rise. She demurely keeps her hands behind her back as she follows me down the hall towards the front door. I'd bet anything she's thinking that I am going to take her to the same bathroom and shower I did this morning. As if she can't imagine that I wouldn't let her relieve her need.

I ignore her as I lead her out, then straight across the hall to Mike's door. I knock. I glance as fast as I can at Lien's face, hoping that it's fast enough that she doesn't see it. If she does, she doesn't show it. It lets me see the surprise on her face, and the faint blush blooming in her cheeks. I know that some part of Lien wants to run. Or at least to try and cover her body. But she doesn't even flinch. She stands there, facing the door, and waits with her nakedness on full display.

It's not long before Mike answers his door. I guess he's not expecting anyone. The look on his face says that he was hoping it would be me "welcoming" him back to Mobile.

Immediately his eyes shift over to Lien and slowly make their way down her body, taking in every last curve and nuance of it. Especially her small breasts. And her furry pubes. As his eyes rove over more and more of her, his grin grows.

"This is nasty bitch," I tell Mike. I have no reason to tell him the name on her passport. Or where she's from. "She doesn't speak English. She's a lesbian who wishes to prove her obedience to her Queen, if I may borrow your cock for that purpose."

Mike's grin widens and steps back to usher me in. I guess he finds Lien cute enough. He definitely looks eager.

Chapter Three - Sunday Evening - Submission, Finally

I'm pretty sure, by the lustful look on his face, that Lien at least guesses that I have offered him something. Her, in some way.

"Is she really a lesbian?" Mike can't help but ask. And he barely has the door closed behind us.

Lien just stands there, not really understanding a word of what we're saying. I'd bet she knows it's about her, but that's all. It probably helps that Mike's eyes are locked on her breasts now. Though small, they are rather shapely, and those darker nipples stand out very nicely. More so with their long length.

"She is," I smirk as I tell Mike. "Untouched by any man," I add. I wouldn't know, but I have heard that many guys have a fantasy about being with a lesbian. Some of what I've heard is just curiosity and wanting to explore if there's any difference. The lower male lifeforms all think one night with them will turn her straight. Not going to happen!

"She definitely has a nice bottom..." Mike comments softly. It's not what he's staring at, though.

I'm not going to waste much time, especially since it's late tonight for me. I have classes in the morning, a hospital shift in the afternoon, and I have to have Dawn out of the house by about 06:30 to get to her job. So I have a full day, and I'd like to get a few hours of sleep tonight.

Plus, by now, Mike knows this routine. We've done it several times before when I wanted to degrade a plaything. So I don't need to beat around the bush with him. He's eager to join in the games. "This nasty bitch is learning her place as a piece of worthless garbage. As property. Silly little bitch actually thought it was a person!" I giggle, even though Lien isn't understanding the English.

I hold my hand out, palm flat, and turned up. "I figure her first-ever blow job ought to be worth twenty bucks."

Mike knows this is theater for Lien. He eyes her over, making a good show of checking her breasts and pussy over closely. He reaches out, putting one hand to a breast,

and gives it a little squish before saying "firm." I only wish Lien could understand him. But I still think she gets the idea of what he's doing. Sizing her up as if she's a piece of meat.

Mike sighs. He pulls a \$20 bill out of his wallet and puts it in my hand.

Now Lien's eyes are locked on me. She can definitely recognize the nature of our transaction now. Mike is paying me for something. And I only have one thing stripped bare for him to inspect.

I make sure Lien sees the money. And sees me shove it in my pocket. I'll give it back to Mike later when Lien won't see me. I never take money for my toys services. At most, donations to the SPCA. Mike can make one later if he wants. He knows it all by now.

"On your knees, nasty bitch!" I snap a soft, but icy firm command in Russian for Lien.

I'm expecting to watch the emotions sweep over Lien's face. Maybe revulsion, either at the thought of a man or at the thought of actually being sold. Maybe shame. Maybe reluctance. I don't see any of that.

"Yes, Ma'am," Lien answers in her squeakiest little girl's voice. Her face is almost blank, the only thing I can see on it is acceptance. I don't even see more than the faintest hint of nervousness. She quickly drops to her knees and opens her legs wide as she assumes the proper posture. And then, Lien just waits, even though she has to have a good idea of what her next command will be.

I just wave for Mike. It doesn't take him long to unzip his pants and drop them. Once they're down, his slightly above average cock is standing straight out, rock hard. I've never measured him, but my eyes say his shaft is around 5½" long and, an inch wide. And it has a nice, light pink bulbous, and spongy soft, head at its top. Mike turns to face Lien, and steps forward.

It puts the very tip of that soft head about ¼" from Lien's plush, silky soft, light brown-purple lips. He stands there.

Chapter Three - Sunday Evening - Submission, Finally

I could grab Lien and guide her through it. Usually, I would, at least knowing that it was her first time. Not this time. If I do, then Lien can tell herself that I made her do it. It wasn't her, it was me moving her head. I don't want that. I want her left with no way to lie to herself and tell herself that it was anything other than her doing simply because I commanded it. "Open wide, nasty bitch, and suck that cock."

Lien's face doesn't change. It's just that look of acceptance on it as if she's finally accepted that she's mine. "Yes, Ma'am," she answers.

And then her head is moving forward. An instant later, the pinkish tip of his cock is slipping between her widely parted lips. Her darker, browner lips, offering a nice contrast with his cock. She moves slowly, uncertainly, but steadily. And just as steadily, the head of his cock glides along Lien's wet tongue, inching deeper and deeper into her mouth.

Lien's technique is definitely amateurish. It makes it rather plain that I wasn't exaggerating. This is truly the first time Lien has had a cock in her mouth. She uses one hand to lightly grip the base of his cock and steady it, her lips still slowly making their way down his shaft.

Mike isn't a giant. Nor is his cock. Its average size makes for a good practice for her, especially since I'm not going to help her. She takes about three inches, maybe a little more of it, into her mouth. That's about the point where Lien should be feeling the spongy head bumping against the back of her mouth, where it begins to narrow and taper to her throat. The point where she'll start to feel her gag reflex if she goes any further. Lien reverses her stroke.

I give her a bit of instruction. I tell her to go slowly. I tell her to keep the head of his cock in her mouth, her lips softly wrapped around his shaft. And to suck lightly, as if sucking soda through a straw. No harder. I give her the lightest tap on the sole of her foot with my crop. It's light

enough that she barely feels it. But I hope it's enough to remind her that taking my advice isn't optional for her.

It's not like Lien can answer me with her mouth full of cock. I have zero doubt that this is as wide as her mouth has been stretched, at least before the tube gag broke her jaw in for this. I hope Lien recognizes that Mike's cock isn't much different from that tube, either. They're both rigid shafts, and they are about as thick. I'd bet they reached back to about the same point in her mouth, too. Although, I'd bet just as much that the spongy head feels different to her back there. More filling, as if squishing out to fill every last nook of space as it flattens against the back.

But Lien does stay slow. And now I can see her cheeks pulling slightly inward at the centers, telling me that she's sucking gently. Her head moves back steadily, the white shaft of his cock easily slipping through her soft lips. The head of it never appears. Instead, Lien just reverses her clumsy stroke and the cock is pushing back into her mouth again.

It takes her a couple of minutes. Her strokes, clumsy at first, quickly grow more confident as she gets used to doing it. She doesn't speed up that much, either. Not enough that she would be going fast as if trying to rush him to finish. It's just her inexperience. She doesn't know what kind of a pace to set.

As her confidence grows, so do the little purrs Mike makes as he stands there. He keeps his eyes down, watching the nude woman on her knees as she sucks his cock.

I watch Lien. Obviously, I want to make sure that she's doing her best, as not-too-good as that is, for Mike. But even more so, I want to see what effect it's having on Lien. Her nipples stay fully hard. It's a little hard to see Lien's pussy from here, but I can see the goosebumps that are rising from her mound into her crack and spreading over her globes. And, after about a minute, I can see a droplet of her honey fall to the floor.

Chapter Three - Sunday Evening - Submission, Finally

It leaves me no doubt that Lien is very aroused. I don't have any doubt that it's not the sex doing it for her, either. It's the thought of how far she's lowered herself. I'm sure Lien can't imagine that there's anywhere lower for her to go. She's still struggling to hold her bowels. She's naked on her knees, sucking a cock. She's been sold, actually turned into a whore, her body sold to this man. A man, something she finds about as sexually alluring as a house plant. And to top it all off, she's not just having to do it, but to do it leisurely and willingly. As if she actually liked men. All because her Queen wishes it.

A whore is a rather low thing for a woman to be, and feel like. Lien must be feeling it. She must be feeling as if I care nothing for her. As if her body is nothing to me. Just some toy to be used without even a flicker of a thought to it. And that's how she wants to be forced to feel.

A few seconds later, I see Mike's hips starting to tremble as if crisp tremors are starting to rack his muscles. As if he's ready to thrust his cock hard into Lien's mouth and cum. It tells me that he's about to cum.

I know Lien will be feeling his cock twitching hard. Jumping inside her mouth and knocking against the roof of her mouth. And the inside of her cheeks. Her tongue, too. But I have to wonder if the "virginal" Lien recognizes what those sharp twitches mean. Or can guess.

I don't have to wait long. It's about two or three more seconds before Mike grunts out hard and deep. His grunt laced with pure satisfaction. As he does, his hips snap forward once. They stay slightly forward, twitching crisply but not moving much.

At the same time, I see Lien's eyes pop wide again. The timing of it, at the very end of Mike's first thrust, tells me that it happens the instant Lien feels Mike's sticky hot cum splattering against the back of her mouth. Filling her mouth with his salty taste. A half-second later, I see a few lines appear on her face as if it wants to wrinkle up in disgust, but really can't with the cock holding her mouth so wide, and that pulling her skin taut.

I know that Lien doesn't know what's expected of her now. No woman can her first time. So I very softly tap her foot with the tip of my crop. "Keep going, you nasty whore bitch. I'll tell you when to stop. Change nothing. And don't let that cum dribble out of your mouth like a slobbering dog, bitch. Swallow it. Enjoy the taste. Just try to manage to find it somewhere in you to be a cum dumpster that can at least not leak everything that's dumped in it."

Lien keeps going, steadily stroking his cock. His cock keeps twitching with every new spurt of cum. Lien still looks as if she wants to scrunch her face up. I guess she doesn't like the taste of cum.

But, less than a second later, Lien's body starts to quiver sharply. One second there's a line of goosebumps along her spine. The next instant it seems as if they're covering her entire body. Her hips wiggle as if trying to grind her pussy against something. There's nothing under it except air. It drips steadily now, too. And then Lien's toes curl up. I can see tension stiffening every muscle in her body.

It takes Mike about half a minute to finish cumming. When he's done, he just pulls his cock from her mouth. That tells Lien to stop.

Now that Lien can close her mouth, her face scrunches up into a rather disgusted grimace. She shudders just as crisply as she kneels, though. Then, with the disgust deepening on her face, I see her swallow. The swallow sends a crisp tremor slamming over her body, shuddering it almost wildly. And it gives her face a slightly greenish pallor.

Now I have absolutely no doubt that it's the humiliation of being so carelessly used that Lien craves. It seems like the worse the degradation, the hotter she's going to get, too.

I turn to Mike and hold my hand out again. "Another \$20 and you can have her virginity, too." I wink, letting

Chapter Three - Sunday Evening - Submission, Finally

him know I want him to accept. If his cock is willing. It looks as if it is to me. It's still fully stiff.

Mike has to squat down to get to his pants and his wallet. Lien watches, a very lost look on her face as she sees Mike "pay" me again. I'm sure that Lien is wondering what I am selling him now.

I ask Mike to be slightly rough with Lien. He grins. He doesn't mind a little "less than gentle," but he's no brute, either. I suggest that he might use her hair to position her however he wants her.

Mike just reaches down and grabs Lien's hair. "Let's go," he says. Lien doesn't understand a word of it. But she immediately recognizes her hair being pulled, and instinctively follows it.

Mike doesn't do much. He brings her up to her feet, then puts his hands to her side. There's a small table beside us already, so Mike just pushes Lien over it. Her feet aren't exactly wide, but they are opened enough that the mound of her pussy is poking out a hair. And, bent over, her bottom is pulled nicely taut, spreading her crack wide to show off her asshole, too.

It only takes Mike a couple of seconds to pull a condom on. He knows that I always require their use on my toys. For everyone's protection. I'll let Mike go without for a blow job since I know that he's healthy. My doctor said so. But, unless I specifically say so, anything else requires a condom. In this case, I really have no idea if Lien is healthy or not. She says so. But, unless certified by my doctor, it doesn't count. Safety first. No one is getting sick in my realm, at least not if I can help it.

And then, Mike's hands are on Lien's hips. The tip of his cock is against the top of her slit, directly over her tunnel. Her sloppy wet slit. I'm sure Mike can see her very fresh, creamy honey clinging to everything. Even the tops of her thighs now.

He doesn't bother to part her lips. He just thrusts his cock firmly, but not roughly, into her slit. It pushes straight into Lien's tunnel.

“UH!” Lien cries out in the squeakiest little girl’s voice I’ve heard from her. A voice far squeakier than a mouse. But her cry is deep and throaty, too. The combination makes it very erotic. Her body shudders hard as his cock plunges into her. But, even though she’s not bound, Lien doesn’t try to rise up or resist it.

Instead, Lien stays as Mike put her. She doesn't even lift her head up, instead staring down at the floor.

Mike starts thrusting his cock into her pussy, each stroke growing slightly more urgent and powerful than the last. He never gets too powerful, too fast, or even a little rough with her. His strokes just steadily grow more urgent as he builds to another climax.

Lien doesn’t last a second. Her face scrunched up with a look of utter disgust the instant she felt his cock touch her. Her pallor turned about as green as a Christmas tree. Her face looks as if it’s all she can do not to puke.

Lien's body tells another story, however. She’s tensed up, her toes curled hard against the floor. She shivers violently as fresh tremors flow through her. Goosebumps cover everything. Her honey must be flowing fairly liberally, too. It takes a single stroke for Mike’s cock to be coated, and not much more for me to see her honey in his curly hairs. Or to see the fresh layer of honey glistening on her lips.

“UH!” Lien grunts out in her squeakiest voice with every thrust. Her grunts are loud, as her breath explodes from her lungs. And they’re very sultry. There’s little doubt that Lien is very aroused.

Lien shudders harder every time Mike thrusts into her. I’ll bet, seeing her reactions, Mike is starting to doubt that Lien is a lesbian. She definitely seems to be enjoying this. He won’t know that it’s the humiliation, not the sex, that’s getting her so aroused.

It doesn't take Mike long, maybe about five or six minutes to build up to his second orgasm. By the time he does, Lien is screeching her grunts loudly. She's shuddering nearly wildly, too. She obediently stays put,

Chapter Three - Sunday Evening - Submission, Finally

leaning over the table. Her honey has run an inch or two down the insides of her thighs. And her eyes are wet as if she's crying. Probably from the shame of it. And that's probably getting her even hotter.

Mike suddenly pulls his cock from her pussy. He moves quickly to grab hold of Lien's shoulders. He brings her up to her feet. He spins her to face him. She stands, trembling hard, facing him with her wet eyes. And with her bush sparkling from the thick layer of honey that's made its way into it.

Mike steps up close to her, backing her up until her bottom is against the table. He reaches down, grabs Lien's knee, and pulls her leg up. He pulls it out at the same time. And he steps into her, bringing his body almost flush against her. Then, as he stands there holding her leg up, his cock is back inside her pussy.

"I want this lesbo to see it," Mike tells me. "Can you tell her that I want her to see a man fucking her?"

"Sure," I tell Mike in a sweet voice. I'm already smirking as I shift into Russian for Lien. "Nasty bitch, he wants you to watch a man fuck your lesbian pussy. Keep those eyes open and on his face until your filthy pussy does its job as a cum dumpster, bitch." I think that's close enough to what Mike wanted to say.

"Yes, Ma'am!" Lien screeches out with a moaning grunt. "Yes, Sir!" She adds for Mike.

And then Lien goes on screeching out very squeaky, loud, erotic, grunted moans as Mike thrusts into her. Obediently, Lien keeps her wet eyes open and stares dumbly at Mike. It doesn't even take a fraction of a second for it to have an effect on her. Now a tear runs down each cheek. And her body trembles far harder. She screeches more pleadingly urgent grunts with every thrust.

"Some lesbo," Mike comments, "this lady loves a cock."

It definitely looks as if she does. As his cock thrusts harder into her now, I can see a few drops of her honey raining down to the floor. I imagine her pussy is as hot as if

she wanted him badly. And then, after several seconds, at the point where Mike is about to cum and his thrusts turn sharper, I see Lien's hips instinctively snap as if trying to drive the cock harder into her pussy.

"UHHHHHHHH!" Lien screams out in her too-squeaky voice as Mike drives his cock hard into her, the first wave of his orgasm coming. Lien should be able to feel his cock snapping and twitching with his spurts, but with the condom on, she won't be able to feel his cum inside her. She shudders harder than Mike does.

Mike finishes his orgasm. Lien screams her needy cry the entire time, shuddering more and more wildly with every second. As soon as the first crisp thrust came, Lien wrapped her arms around Mike and hugged herself tightly to him. Mike doesn't seem to mind that. Or having her little breasts pushed firmly against his chest. She shudders violently against him.

And then Mike finishes. He casually pulls his cock from her sloppy pussy and lowers her foot back to the floor. Then he steps back. It pulls him from Lien's arms. That leaves Lien standing there on very wobbly legs, quivering hard, and her pussy still dripping.

In about ten seconds, Mike's cock is fully soft. He barely has the condom off of it. "I take it you're done with this whore?" I ask him.

"Yeah... that's all I got." He tells me.

I snap my fingers and order Lien down to her hands and knees. She very obediently drops down. Almost falls down as she quivers.

I grab hold of Lien's hair, turning it into a leash. "Come along, whore. Since you're such a nasty bitch, you can walk like a real bitch. Crawl, bitch." without even glancing at Lien, I start for the door. I keep hold of Lien's hair as I do. I feel it go taut, and I feel some pressure on it for a fraction of a second. But then the pressure is gone, her hair slackening up as Lien crawls along beside me.

It's already late, and I still have two things to do with Lien before I can call it a night and get in my bubble bath.

Chapter Three - Sunday Evening - Submission, Finally

I don't waste any time walking Lien across the hall and back to my apartment. Nor do I waste much time once I get in the apartment. It's straight to the playroom. I never even let Lien's hair slacken up. I just keep leading her along by that leash.

First, I need to let Lien relieve her bottom. Although I could leave her full for the night, she hasn't had the use of a toilet since this morning. That's a very long time to wait, especially since she's been force-fed water and food the entire time. She's got to be about ready to burst. Both her bottom and her bladder. I just want to find some especially degrading way to allow her relief.

And then I need to cage her for the night. I never let bitches roam the house freely at night, except for Sophie. And that's a trust she's earned, and still only afforded to make it easier for her to cater to any need or whim I might have during the night. Even Paige and Dawn aren't allowed to be free at night. No way is a bitch like Lien being left free.

That will be a good test for Lien, too. Last night she cringed and cried and begged not to be caged. If she's finally learned to humble herself fully, she shouldn't object to it tonight. She should just accept that I've decided to cage her, thus she'll willingly allow herself to be locked in the small cage until I deign to free her again.

I lead Lien along, around the screen, and right up to her cage. I stop her, on her hands and knees, just before the cage. Then I use her hair to pull her head up, making her stare at the open cage less than a foot from her. When I release her hair, she stays put. She keeps her head up, too.

I order Lien to spread her knees wide. She does, and very obediently, she keeps her posture correct as she does. She opens her legs fully, keeping her thighs straight up and down, and not letting the rest of her body move. Once her legs are spread, she moves her hands a little further out to the side to get her back flat again. Otherwise, she doesn't move.

In my mind, so I'm sure to most any woman, it's embarrassing to have anyone see you use the toilet. Being watched closely is humiliating. The more someone sees, the better her view, the worse the humiliation of it is. I'm sure it will be the case for Lien. I watched her closely this morning as she used the toilet. She cringed and blushed, telling me she felt the humiliation. Now, I need to make it worse for her. That way, she might remember it and realize that being allowed to potty like a human is a nicety that I don't need to afford her. I can always make even that disgusting act far more degrading if I wish to.

"slave, fetch the bucket," I tell Sophie. Sophie giggles and says she will. I know Lien heard me. I wanted her to. I can't know if she knows what the bucket is for, but I hope she can guess.

Sophie is back quickly with the bucket. It's kept here in the playroom, which is about the only room it's ever used in. It's a small plastic pail. I think it's meant for kids to use at the beach building sandcastles. It's lined with a rather large baggie folded over the rim of it. The baggie is slightly bigger than the bucket too, so it holds just a bit more. Both the bucket and the baggie are plenty big enough to hold more than anyone could have inside her.

Sophie has brought a pair of latex gloves as well. She knows that I'd want them. I'd never go near waste without them. I tell Sophie to put them on. They're mine, the pastel green ones in size small that I buy for the playroom. Luckily Sophie's hands aren't more than a hair bigger than mine. She sets the bucket on the floor and pulls them on her hands. She's been mine long enough that she'll have no doubt what I'm going to have her do.

Just as Sophie is expecting, I tell her to "give this bitch the bucket." She knows what I mean. Sophie kneels down behind one of Lien's feet. That puts her both behind Lien, and well off to the side. She knows better than to be behind Lien. Or anyone like this. Sophie brings the bucket up between Lien's thighs, pushing it firmly up between them until its rim is flush against Lien's pubes. It's wide

Chapter Three - Sunday Evening - Submission, Finally

enough that bringing it up pushes it into Lien's thighs a little. Enough that I can see her flesh pushed inward at the rim.

Then Sophie tilts the bucket, bringing the back of the rim up until it's above the height of Lien's asshole. She also makes sure the front of the rim stays forward of Lien's pussy. Luckily, with Lien's legs stretched so widely, her taut cheeks have her crack opened well beyond what Sophie needs to see of Lien's asshole to get the bucket into position.

I'm sure, by now, Lien has figured out what the bucket is for. Still, I tell her. "You will pee, and only pee, now, nasty bitch," in a rather firm tone. I'm sure she's dying to pee by now. Maybe even as badly as she's dying to empty out her bowels. I also know those bowels are making her more uncomfortable than her bladder should be. So, just to add a little for Lien, I make her relieve the one with the less urgent urge first. Even though I know that with her bowels so full, she won't be able to empty her bladder more than halfway. Her bowels will have too much pressure against everything, even her urethra, for her to do it without straining too hard and exploding.

"Yes, Ma'am," Lien accepts in her squeaky little girl's voice. I hear the strain in her voice, but nothing else beyond it and the dull acceptance that this is her fate.

A half-second later, without Lien moving, I can hear a powerful jet of pee shooting into the bucket.

Immediately Sophie announces, "The nasty bitch is really peeing, Mistress. It's a huge stream of dark golden pee going into Your bucket, Mistress." She knows to do that just to make Lien hear how closely she's being watched. "Its pussy is still very sloppy, too, Mistress," Sophie adds. I figured it would be. Humiliation of any variety seems to have that effect on her.

It takes Lien close to a minute to finish peeing. At least to the point where her body shuts the flow off. Once Sophie announces that Lien is "finished peeing," I just wait several long seconds, leaving Lien to stay still on all fours.

By now, I'm confident that I have Lien. She didn't move, not even a flinch, as she peed. She simply accepted her fate and peed on command. Even with Sophie and me so closely watching her.

Lien keeps her head up, looking into the cage, and not fidgeting as she waits. I give her around a quarter of a minute. That should be long enough for her to be wondering what, if anything, is next. If I'm going to leave her bowels full or not. If she'll be allowed to clean herself off or not, too.

"Nasty bitch, poop now, and fully empty your disgusting bottom of every bit of your filth," I firmly tell Lien in a condescending voice. A steely firm, but soft, voice, too.

"Yes, Ma'am," Lien answers in a slightly squeakier voice. As soon as the words are out of her mouth, she grunts hard. Her bottom explodes, a long mass of thick, pasty goo steadily flowing out of her fully-displayed asshole.

Sophie announces that Lien is pooping, too. And she announces that Lien's asshole is stretched fully wide for it. She even describes the gray-brown waste flowing from Lien's bottom. All so that Lien will have to hear that absolutely everything is on display now.

"Oh, Mistress, you should see its anus snap shut now!" Sophie goes on to describe everything. A fraction of a second later, Sophie is describing Lien doing more of the same. I don't really want to hear it. But I do want Lien to have to hear it. I know that she is, even though she doesn't react to it. At least not beyond the faint blushing I see on her cheeks. Then again, pooping like a dog, with an attentive audience, should have anyone humiliated to a good blush.

It takes Lien several minutes to fully empty her bottom. I leave her be for the first bit, then I remind her that she only has permission to poop now, not to pee. She should have already peed. I add that reminder because I know that, as her bottom empties, she'll feel the urge to

Chapter Three - Sunday Evening - Submission, Finally

pee come back with force. I want her to have to think and hold that in. To deny herself, something she's undoubtedly never had to do before.

I don't allow Lien to tell me when she's done. I leave her there in silence, just waiting as she fills the bucket. And I leave her there once her bottom is done pushing the mess out. I just ignore her. After close to half a minute, when I'm confident that her bottom is completely empty, I tell her to stop. Then, after several more seconds, I tell her to pee again. And I wait for her to finish that, too.

When Lien is done, in my opinion, I tell her that potty time is over now and immediately have Sophie take the bucket away. Lien just accepts with another "Yes, Ma'am." She doesn't flinch or cringe when I tell Sophie to get a wet wipe and thoroughly clean this bitch up. Or as Sophie is wiping clean Lien's pussy and asshole.

"Were you a good bitch, nasty bitch, is that bottom completely empty as I wish?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Lien answers in the same squeaky tone.

"Would you like to show me what a good bitch you've been, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." Lien answers. Her voice trails off then raises an octave or two of squeakiness as she goes on. "Will you please stick your finger up this bitch's butt and see for yourself how empty it is, Ma'am?"

"Is your worthless butt going to behave like a good bitch, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am, this bitch's worthless butt will be on its best behavior for you while you shove your finger up it, Ma'am." Her voice gets even squeakier.

I take my time snapping on a latex glove. Then I put the tip of my finger to one of Lien's pussy lips and slowly draw my finger up along the soft lip. Tracing a line just alongside of her slit gets a thick coating of her creamy honey on the tip of my finger. As I reach the top of her lip, I keep my finger going, drawing it up the last bit to stop directly atop Lien's tight asshole.

"Open wide, bitch," I tell Lien. I don't push, instead just keeping a constant firm, gentle pressure against her ring of muscle.

"Yes, Ma'am," Lien says. It takes about a second. But finally, I feel her asshole pushing lightly back against my fingertip. She keeps pushing, forcing it to relax as if to use the toilet. That pushes her ring back, and as it moves back it has no choice but to stretch around my unmoving finger. It also turns rubbery and loose as it widens.

I start pushing slowly. "Umm..." Lien groans softly, not really strained, but mentally very uncomfortable, as she feels my finger start slipping deeper into her bottom. Obediently, she pushes back hard, forcing her asshole to stay rubbery loose as my finger plunges into her. I push all of my finger into her, too, stopping only when the webbing between my fingers is flush against the outside of her asshole.

"I suppose you want me to feel around and be very thorough, don't you, nasty bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Lien answers, then, somehow, that little girl's voice takes on a slightly squeakier tone as she asks "will you please poke all around inside my butt so that you can see that I was a good little girl, Ma'am?"

"Ugh!" Lien grunts softly as I wiggle my finger inside her bottom. Unlike last time, I use just enough pressure against her walls for her to feel it strongly, but not enough for it to hurt. I just want to remind her of the obviously unwelcome intrusion she's willingly submitting to. She grunts several more times as I slowly use my finger to explore her depths.

"I guess this filthy cum dumpster back here is cleaned out enough," I sigh out with a good deal of exasperation in my voice.

"Thank you, Ma'am, for poking around up this dirty butt so fully. I'm glad you can see that I'm being a good little girl for you, Ma'am." It's the second time that I've heard Lien, now at full subservience, refer to herself as a

Chapter Three - Sunday Evening - Submission, Finally

little girl. Interesting. And it gives me some idea of what her inner self is truly craving.

I take my time pulling my finger back from Lien's asshole. She behaves, staying still on all fours. And she keeps her asshole relaxed for me, something she's done the entire time I've been poking around inside her. I imagine that wasn't quite as easy when she felt me poking around, either.

Once my finger is out of her bottom, I don't bother to clean her up again. Her asshole isn't really dirty. It just sparkles slightly from the honey clinging around it. I do glance down to her mound, seeing that her pussy lips are covered with a thicker layer of honey. She definitely liked being made to submit to that.

"Get in your cage, nasty bitch. You can sleep there, then in the morning, I'll give you a nice big enema to really wash that filth pit out." Now Lien is going to be thinking of the enema to come all night. It wouldn't surprise me if she had dreams about suffering it. I know how uncomfortable that is for her. It's another test for her. I want to see if her bitchy resistance returns in the morning, as she crawls from her cage, knowing what's in store for her. Or if she's finally accepted her place.

Lien crawls forward into the cage. It's the same, small cage I had her in last night. It makes her pull her knees up under her chest a bit to get her feet in past the door.

I don't lock the door just yet. I tell Lien that I don't trust her not to diddle that sloppy pussy of hers. I hear a very frustrated breath from Lien as she follows my command to give me her hands. She stretches her arms out atop her back, getting her wrists almost back to her bottom. I lock them with a pair of handcuffs. And then I lock the cage door, shutting Lien in for the night. A few seconds later, the lights are off, the room still, dark, and quiet for her to sleep.

Fifteen minutes later, when I put skanky in her larger cage next to Lien's cage, I see that Lien is already asleep.

Diplomatic Intercourse

She looks rather calm and relaxed, too. Except that Lien's honey is still slowly flowing. Just enough to keep her mound glistening brightly.



*Chapter Four - Monday
Morning - My Nasty Bitch*

Chapter Four - Monday Morning - My Nasty Bitch

It's now Monday morning, and my mornings are always frantic, even though I get up at 05:00. I have to inspect all of my slaves, and this morning that will include Lien, although she won't be afforded the relief of masturbation, no matter how badly her pussy aches for it. She hasn't earned that treat yet. Then it's breakfast at 06:00. Dawn has to leave by 06:30 to get to work on time, and Sophie will drive her. I need to be gone by 07:30 to make it to a 08:00 class on time, too. It doesn't leave me much time for Lien this morning. It's also the reason I almost never have toys over in the morning during the week.

I texted Nikolai last night and asked if he could arrange for someone to pick Lien up at 07:00. He assured me that one of his slave girls would be here promptly. He didn't say which of his three he was going to send. I doubt he even knew that early. It'll be whichever has the least to do that morning. It doesn't matter. Lien has likely seen all three of them. I've met all three and I know they're all youngish, attractive, Russian, and very obedient. As far as I'm concerned, those three are interchangeable. Although Nikolai does consider Pizda to be the head slave.

The morning starts as all of mine do, with Sophie, Paige, and Dawn lining up for their inspections. They do that while I unlock Lien's cage. Then I unlock her hands. "crawl backward out of your cage, you nasty bitch," I firmly tell her.

"Yes, Ma'am," Lien answers. I notice that the squeakiness is still in her voice. That I take as a sign that she's still submissive now. A night's sleep hasn't done anything to bring back the bitchiness. And that, I hope, means that I've shown Lien who the Queen is here.

On command, Lien rises to her feet and goes to join the line of girls. She takes a place on the end of the line, next to Dawn. And she copies Dawn, puts her hand to the small of Dawn's back. Dawn puts her hand to the small of Lien's back, too. Then the four of them wait.

I start with Sophie, having each girl bend over and display her pussy fully for me to inspect. Lien shows me hers just as readily as the others do. Hers is the only one that I would allow to masturbate, too. It's sloppy wet with fresh honey, and her clit is throbbing so hard that I can see it. It has got to be aching her unbearably by now. I guess the thought of an enema this morning made for some sweet dreams last night.

It tells me one more thing, too. It tells me that I need to do this enema differently than the last. Instead of leaving Lien no choice about anything, and unable to resist it if she wants to, this time Lien needs to be willing to accept her enema. And I need to make it, just slightly, the most uncomfortable yet for her.

I dismiss Sophie, Paige, and Dawn to go get their showers and start on breakfast. As I do that, I leave Lien standing with her pussy on display. Once the others are gone, I tell Lien to straighten up.

Then I walk around and stand in front of Lien, looking her directly in her eyes. I tell her that it's time for a huge enema to wash her bottom out fully. An enema that will be very uncomfortable for her. More so than anything she's already endured. But that I wish for her bottom to be very clean this morning, not nasty with filth as it has been.

"Yes, Ma'am," is all Lien answers, but her voice is at its full squeakiness.

"Now you be a good little girl and go make up your enema for me, nasty bitch. Go over to those cabinets. In the top center one, you'll find the enema syringes. Get out a 750 ml one."

"Yes, Ma'am," Lien answers. I'm watching her face and eyes as she does, and I don't see anything but resignation and acceptance on her now. Lien turns around and walks to the cabinets without really dallying much. She reaches up and gets out one of the syringes, checking the package, and after two wrong ones, finding one in the right size. She opens the package. And now I see her eyes staring at the syringe that must look insanely huge to her.

Chapter Four - Monday Morning - My Nasty Bitch

I'm sure she's wondering how bad that much fluid in her bottom is going to be for her.

I tell Lien to get out the bottle of blue enema solution. She does. It's a gallon jug. The blue food coloring tells me that it's distilled water filling the jug. Plain water, with nothing added to it. I tell Lien to fill the syringe fully.

Lien pops the cap off and sticks the end of the nozzle down into the jug. She draws the plunger back to its stop, drawing very close to the full 750 ml into its clear tube. Then she lifts the nozzle from the jug and stares at it. I have her put the jug away.

I tell Lien to bring me the syringe. She does. When she gets to me, I tell her to humbly ask for her enema, as a "good little peasant girl" should ask her Queen. I don't tell her exactly what I mean by that. I want to see what Lien thinks she should do now.

Lien quickly drops to her knees and kneels properly. She holds her hands out with her palms upturned into a little tray and the full syringe resting atop them. She has her hands in front of her very perky, long nipples, and about 6" out from the tips of those steely nubs. That tells me something. Despite her resistance, Lien has been closely watching and paying attention to my slaves. It's the exact posture one of them would use to serve me something. I haven't taught it to Lien yet. She's copied it on her own.

"My Queen, this bitch is very sorry for being so filthy, Ma'am. Would you please be so kind as to give this bitch a very big enema and clean its behind out for it, Ma'am? I've brought you a gigantic enema, Ma'am... will you please give me every last drop of this enema, Ma'am?"

That's definitely a very humble request for the enema. It's a much better request than I thought I'd get from Lien, too. I reach down to take the enema from her hands.

Just before my hand touches it, I freeze. "Will you behave if I give you this big enema, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I'll be a very good little girl the whole time, Ma'am, if you'll be kind and give me all of this big enema, Ma'am. I promise, Ma'am, I'll stay very still and be very quiet while you fill my behind up as far as it can be filled, Ma'am."

I take the enema. "Stand up and show me your anus, bitch."

Lien doesn't stall. She rises unhurried to her feet and turns her back to me. She leans all the way over and then spreads her feet most of the way wide. Plenty far enough to pull her firm globes taut and stretch her crack open. Lien reaches around her hips, grabs her cheeks, and pulls them as wide apart as they'll go. It stretches her crack fully open and completely exposes her asshole. "Here is this bitch's anus, Ma'am, for you to stick that thing up and kindly give this bitch a huge enema."

Lien doesn't look nervous or tensed up. As if she realizes, no matter how bad this is, she knows that I won't go beyond what she can bear. Although, I'm likely to test the limits of what she can handle.

I don't hurry either. I put the tip of the nozzle to Lien's asshole, watching as her muscle reflexively cinches up as it's touched. But it quickly relaxes a little. Not as if she's forcing it, but more as if returning to normal. As if it's unconcerned about the pencil-thick tip touching the center of it. I casually push the nozzle into her asshole, not trying to be easy, nor rough, with it. I want Lien to feel it just slightly enough to think that I'm not even paying attention to her, or her bottom. As if I haven't even considered that she could be feeling anything, much less how it feels for her.

I push all of the nozzle's five-inch length into Lien's bottom. The only change I notice is Lien's ring cinching a little snugger around the plastic as if getting ready to clamp hard so that she can hold it in. Lien stays still and quiet while I push it into her.

I don't tell Lien that it's coming. Instead, I take care to hold the syringe steady so that Lien won't even feel it

Chapter Four - Monday Morning - My Nasty Bitch

moving. I just start pushing the plunger. Pushing the water into her bottom. I don't shove it hard, but I don't go slow either. I push as if I don't care how fast it fills her bottom. It will have a steady stream of water flowing quickly into her bottom.

Lien tries hard to behave, even as the first of the cold stream flows against the fiery heat of her insides. She mostly does, except that she shivers hard. Ignoring Lien, I keep pushing on the plunger, filling her bottom not-that-slowly. It takes me about 10 seconds to push 18 ounces of the fluid into Lien's bottom. That's about two ounces more than her rectum really can stretch to hold. Two ounces that do nothing for cleaning her out. All they do is make her very uncomfortable. As does the speed I fill her with. It doesn't allow her body any time to get used to the sensations of her bowels being full. And that makes the urge to empty, the light cramps she'll feel, far worse for her. Even though the enema isn't much different from the one she relieved in the bucket this morning.

She tries to be quiet as she promised me that she would, too. She doesn't cry out or say a word. But she does breathe rather noisily. I can hear the strain in those raspy breaths, too. Just as I can see her body tensing up. Her limbs stiffening. Her finger gripping her cheeks hard. Her asshole squeezing as tightly as possible around the shaft.

Once I've pushed all that I intend to into Lien's bottom, I pull the nozzle out just as casually as I pushed it in. I don't warn Lien that I'm taking it out, either. Or not to lose a drop of her enema. I let her only warning be when she feels the stiff tube pulling along the flesh of her tightly clenched asshole. She must notice it. She doesn't lose any of it.

Lien obediently waits as she is, her cheeks pulled wide open, not only baring her asshole fully for me but starting to stretch it a little. That will only make her strain more to clench it so tightly. I leave her there for a few seconds, watching the tight, dark ring to make sure she

doesn't lose any of the enema. Mostly what I see is below her asshole. I can see the fresh honey almost running from her slit and clinging to the outside of her mound.

Then I tell Lien to stand up and turn around and warn her not to waste my time. Lien straightens up slightly on the slow side, but obviously as fast as her body will allow. Straightening up will have those cramps hitting her stomach powerfully for a second, and it will have the enema pushing especially hard against the inside of her asshole as it strains her rectum even more while her body adjusts to the new geometry inside. When she turns to me, I can see that her face is scrunched up hard, her teeth gritted just as hard. I can even see the wetness in her eyes.

Lien says nothing. She just stands there, the ripples of the cramps ebbing slowly as they flow over her pubes and stomach. I hold the syringe out with two fingers gripping the edges of the plunger. I tell her to go empty it and toss it away, then return to me. Again, I give her no details of how I want that done.

Lien drops to her knees, her mouth opening as if to cry out as she does. She assumes a proper posture. "Yes, Ma'am," Lien answers in the squeakiest voice, now laced with a heavy note of strain. "Thank you very much, Ma'am, for filling this bitch's behind so very full, Ma'am." Lien reaches up and takes the syringe from my hands. She rises to her feet, turns, and tries to walk normally. She crosses to the door, then crosses the hall to the bathroom where she empties the remaining fluid into the toilet. She flushes it. Then she tosses the syringe into the trash there. Then Lien returns to me, her face scrunched up just as tightly, and looking just as miserable.

I tell Lien to put her hands behind her back. She does. Then I scold her for looking like a miserable wretch when she should be looking thrilled simply to be in the presence of her Queen. I tell her to wipe that nasty scowl off her face now. Lien tries rather hard to relax her face, and almost, mostly, succeeds.

Chapter Four - Monday Morning - My Nasty Bitch

I tell Lien to come along and warn her that if I catch her dallying, or looking miserable, she spends some time in the dungeon to consider how honored she should be feeling to be near her Queen. She assures me, in a too-squeaky and strained voice, that she's "a very good little girl."

I lead her out of the apartment and down the hall to the elevator again. We see no one. I have Lien stand in the corner of the elevator again, demurely waiting in misery until, a few seconds after the doors open, I tell her to follow me out. I lead her along back to the pool area. That's where the "shower" and toilet she used yesterday are.

Again, there's no one in here. I didn't really expect to see anyone this early. But now, on a workday morning, it's far more possible. Not so likely, but definitely possible. It's not unheard of for one of the businessmen using those corporate apartments to decide to start a day off with a swim. On Sunday, very few of the corporate apartments are occupied, at least not early in the morning. Those guys tend to come in during the day and stay for a night, or a week, or two.

I have Lien fully open the door to the bathroom. It stays wide open. I tell her to go stand in front of the toilet. Then I wait as she hurries, shuffling her feet with baby steps now, to get in front of it and stand as I told her to. With her back to it, the front edge of the seat against the backs of her calves. That's for a reminder of how close she is to the toilet. It also has Lien facing the open doorway.

I stand there for a few seconds, letting her wait. And knowing, by now, that Lien will think that's exactly what I'm doing. Waiting, just to make her feel the subservience of waiting for permission. I am, but since I think she knows that, I want to make it different for her. I want her to learn never to expect anything from me - whatever she's expecting, no matter how many times we've done it before, just might not be what she ends up getting.

I step into the stall. Then I reach my hand out to Lien's breast. I don't squish it, her mounds are really a little small for a good handful. Instead I stroke the top of her mound with the tips of my fingers, down to her nipple. Then I tease her nipple for a second. It doesn't take nearly that long for the goosebumps to cover that entire breast. I pinch her nipple, gently but firmly, and watch a crisp shudder rack Lien.

I drop my fingers down to Lien's bush and run them slowly through her dense fur. There I can feel the light ripples of the cramps flowing through her. I can feel her shivering from the tender touch, too.

As my fingers slip down, through Lien's bush, and reach the top of her lips, I can feel the hot, sticky wetness soaking her fur there. I let my fingers run over the outside of her lips, feeling the goosebumps covering those lips. And feeling Lien shudder hard. I hear her breathing take on a raspiness, too, that grows steadily as my fingers slowly creep along her pussy mound. I leave one finger to glide atop her sloppy-wet slit. I stop when that finger comes to rest atop Lien's clit, letting me feel its powerful throbbing. Lien sucks in a sharp breath and shudders crisply as I touch that bundle of nerves.

Then I pinch her steely hard clit between my fingers. Lien sucks in a very sharp, squealy, noisy breath as I do. She couldn't shudder any more violently if she tried. Her eyes go wide. She doesn't look surprised, or nervous. Just hungry. "Oh, *my* pussy wants to cum so badly," I comment in a teasingly sweet voice. "Come forward, nasty bitch," I add with some firmness. Then I use my grip on Lien's clit to pull her forward. She takes the step, keeping up with my hand, trembling so hard that her legs come close to giving out as she does.

I tell Lien to put her hands behind her head and leave them there. She does. Keeping my grip on her clit for an instant, I lean over and lift the seat on the toilet.

Now it's guesswork. There are just too many variables involved. But I think, as best I can guess, that I

Chapter Four - Monday Morning - My Nasty Bitch

have Lien in the right place. "Poop now, nasty bitch, I want *my* bottom nice and very empty," I add a little more firmness to my voice, just to let Lien know that I'm not asking. I release my pinch on her clit at the same time, sending a fresh tremor through her.

Lien blushes deep red. She freezes for a fraction of a second, undoubtedly with 1000 thoughts racing through her head. Probably that she's never pooped while standing straight up before. Definitely that her mess will be shooting out of her bottom for the world to see, and she won't even be sitting to hide at least some of it. Maybe she's wondering where that powerful geyser is going to go. More likely, she's realizing that she's not allowed to pee, and I know she needs to do that almost as badly. But, if she does like this, she'll miss the toilet completely, by far, and pee all over herself. I'll bet she's wondering, once she releases her bowels, how she'll manage not to pee.

"Yes, Ma'am," Lien answers in her overly-squeaky little girl's voice. I see the flash of a cringe sweep over her, but it's gone just as quickly. Then Lien's bottom explodes, shooting a powerful brown geyser out at full force. I guessed well enough. It might have missed, but towards the end, gravity pulls the torrent slightly downward. It lands towards the back of the bowl, but into it.

I give Lien a little pat on her pubes. "Good girl, show me just how disgustingly nasty of a bitch you are. Now, empty that bottom fully, bitch." I use a tauntingly sweet voice. Then I step well back, leaving Lien standing there, her body fully displayed, the brown torrent shooting out from between her cheeks.

I'm standing at the wide-open door of the bathroom, leaning against the frame. It's been about half a minute. I'd guess it will take Lien a couple more minutes before the torrent fades off. I hear the door of the pool area open. I'd bet Lien hears it, too. I know she sees me glance over to see who's coming in.

I don't know this man. I'm sure he's one of the executives that gets the use of one of the corporate

apartments in the building. But that's all. I won't even try to guess which company, or what he does for them. He sees me, too. He waves. I wave back.

For an instant, it looks as if he's going to ignore me and go about his business, which would be fine with me. But then, as he heads for the hot tub, he glances over again. Only now he has a better angle that allows him to see into the stall. To see Lien standing there with the torrent of filth shooting out of her bottom and raining down into the toilet a good foot behind the backs of her legs. It looks like the spray of a fire hose.

Lien cringes slightly and blushes as deeply as she can. I can see the mask of humiliation and shame cover her face. But she obediently stands there and doesn't try to stop the flow. I wonder if it's obedience or the urgency of her need that keeps her going.

"What?" I ask him in a polite, amused, voice. "Haven't you ever seen a nasty bitch using the toilet before?"

He stares at Lien. Openly. Gawking. I'm sure he's mostly staring at her breasts and pussy. But it's impossible to miss the rest. "Uh..." He stutters. "You must be the lady in 4G, right?"

Obviously, someone, likely the doorman, has warned him about me. Warned him that I like to play, so don't be surprised if you see a naked man or woman in the halls. If that's a problem, let our doorman know and I'll make certain you see nothing. So far, all of the businessmen using these apartments have been middle-aged or above. Almost all have been male. Almost none have brought their wives along. None have asked me not to let them see anything. I know our doorman would tell me immediately if anyone said anything. He likes me. "I am," I tell him. "I'm Pepper."

He introduces himself as "Jim." I wonder, from the way he says it, if it's really his name or not. I can see a wedding band on his hand. Maybe he doesn't want to take a chance of his wife hearing anything. Or maybe he's far

Chapter Four - Monday Morning - My Nasty Bitch

enough up in his company that it would matter to them. Or maybe he works for one of the shipyards, in some capacity that requires a security clearance that might be jeopardized if it was found out he was doing something he wouldn't want the world to see on TV. I don't know. And right now, I don't care.

Finally, he stutters out that he's never seen *this* before." It doesn't surprise me. Who has? I notice, that even while introducing himself to me, he never takes his eyes off Lien and her nude body. "Do you like this nasty bitch? She has some perky little boobs, doesn't she?"

He stutters badly and blushes slightly. Like a kid caught with his hand in the cookie jar. But finally, he says, or tries to say, "she does."

"Go ahead and touch them if you like. I don't care."

He doesn't move. He hesitates a half-second or so, the fire of hunger burning in his eyes, before finally asking "What about her... won't she-"

I don't let him finish. "Nasty bitch belongs to me. She does what I tell her to do. Touch her boobs if you want. You'll see."

His hand moves slowly. He watches Lien closely as his hand goes up towards the closer of her breasts. Lien watches him with her eyes, blushing brightly and cringing a little, but otherwise stays put. She keeps pooping, too. I haven't told her to stop, and her last instruction was to empty fully, something she's no more than halfway done obeying. She must realize that I will be rather upset with her if she stops now. And, I hope, she realizes that I know how degrading it's going to be for her. I just don't care.

Finally, his hand reaches Lien's mound. She stays still, allowing him to stroke her small mound. She quivers slightly from his touch. But it's clear it's an erotic quiver. It's all the encouragement, and permission, that he needs. He starts squishing her breast, gently, but firmly, in his hand. He plays with her long, hard nipple, too.

"Do you like those tiny boobs?" I ask him in a very sweet voice.

"They are very nice," He says. I still don't hear much confidence in his voice. It's more like he's wondering when this "dream" will end. When someone will object. After all, he has no clue who the Asian woman is. Only that she's standing still and letting him feel her up while she poops in a rather bizarre fashion.

He plays with Lien's breasts for a long moment. But then I notice his eyes are starting to wander. To wander over Lien's body, that is. They mostly stray downward, taking in her shape before lingering long on her bush and pussy. His hands stay busy with her firm breasts. I guess he doesn't dare try to move those, since I only invited him to play with her breasts.

For her part, Lien merely blushes even deeper. Otherwise, she stands stoic, allowing him to intimately play with her body, while the torrent of stinky water still shoots from her bottom.

He doesn't look at her bottom much at all. He must not want to see that sight any more than I do. I guess he's at least somewhat respectful of a man. He's not touching anything he hasn't been invited to. Or maybe he's just very surprised by this and unsure what's acceptable and what's not.

"Feel free to touch that, too. Or whatever else you want," I sweetly tell him.

For an instant, he blushes, as if he's been caught. "You mean, anywhere?" He tentatively asks, keeping his hand up and teasing Lien's nipple.

"Anywhere you want. I don't care."

He has no way of knowing that Lien doesn't understand English. Or a word we're saying. She only knows that she was told to stand there and empty her bottom. I'm right there and clearly seeing what's happening to her, thus I'm allowing it. And thus, she must have figured out, she's expected to allow it as well.

His hand starts moving slowly downward, caressing its way over Lien's side and hip. Feeling her silky smooth and soft skin. I see it raising some erotic goosebumps on

Chapter Four - Monday Morning - My Nasty Bitch

Lien as it goes. No way will he suspect she's a lesbian. But I know she is. I know it's not his touch that's exciting her. It's being forced to willingly submit to a touch she finds repulsive that's arousing her. Of being made to voluntarily lower herself to a depth she never imagined sinking to. Of how little I truly care about her wishes, instead obviously only caring about what use I might get from her body.

His hand makes its way down to her bush, where it runs through her dense fur for a few seconds. Then it starts making its way further down. "Wow!" He blurts out, "she's really wet!" From what I can see, his fingers have found her lips, but maybe not even her slit yet. I just felt those lips myself, and I know that their fur is soaked with her honey.

"Of course she is. She's a whore," I tell him. "My little pet shlyukha here loves being sold and used." I use the Russian word for "whore" or "slut" so that Lien will understand it. He won't, but I'm sure he can figure out that it's something like that. It might, I hope, give Lien the idea that I'm considering selling her body again. And maybe, Lien noticed the introductions earlier at least enough to believe that I don't know this man.

I see the disbelief on his face. As if he can't imagine that any woman would enjoy being whored. I see his hand glistening with a thick coat of Lien's honey as he strokes over the outside of her pussy mound, too. I figure, in a few more seconds, after Lien doesn't object to this, he's going to slowly inch a finger into that mound and really play with her pussy.

I don't really want that. Lien would like it too much. She'd love being so degraded. She'll likely cum very quickly from it, too. And that's what I don't want her to do yet. I can think of a 1000 even more humiliating ways to finally allow her that release.

"Would you like this nasty bitch to give you a blow job?" I ask him.

"Yeah," he says with a smile. "I'm just up on the second floor-" he goes on.

I ignore him. Taking Lien to the privacy of his apartment would allow her some measure of dignity. Instead, I snap quickly, my voice icy hard, and firm. And in Russian. "Stop pooping all over the place, bitch. On your worthless knees. Suck that cock, now, bitch."

"Da, Ma'am," Lien answers quickly, her voice as squeaky as I've heard it. ("Ma'am" is pronounced the same in Russian as it is in English). Almost instantly, she squeezes her asshole tightly shut to stem the torrent, or what's left of it. Then, without even looking down to see if there's any mess on the floor, Lien drops to her knees. She spreads her knees wide. Her hands move just as quickly, going to his zipper.

Before he really realizes what Lien is going to do, She has his pants and underwear slipping down to the middle of his thighs. And then her lips are on the tip of his cock.

And then, the tip of his cock begins to slowly vanish into Lien's soft lips. His cock, I can see, is very slightly thicker and longer than Norm's. It gives Lien just a little more cock for her second-ever blow job.

He immediately purrs out sweetly, even as a look of shock overtakes his face. Then he quickly scans the room, looking to see if there's an audience for this or not. There's not, and I doubt there will be. Not that I'd mind if there were.

Lien keeps steadily taking the cock into her mouth. I hope she feels rather low now. On her knees, on the floor of a dirty, very public, open, bathroom floor, sucking a stranger's cock. And probably thinking that he and I came to some sort of a business arrangement for her services. While I could make it more degrading for her, there's not much more I can do here and now to make it worse. This is about as demeaning as I can make it right this instant.

Lien keeps taking his cock into her mouth. To me, her inexperience shows. I can tell that her strokes are tentative and slightly clumsy at first. But willing.

He moans out loud, very happy, purrs. It doesn't sound to me like he's noticing her inexperience. Or he

Chapter Four - Monday Morning - My Nasty Bitch

doesn't care much. He watches Lien closely, too. His eyes stare down at her, watching his rock-hard shaft slipping in and out of her delicate lips.

Lien doesn't look at anything. She keeps her eyes forward, essentially unused, and obediently as she knows I want her to. They see little, just the thick curls of his unruly pubes above his cock. But even that sight is enough to remind her of what she's doing. As if the cock slipping all the way to the very back of her mouth, nearly gagging her with every stroke, isn't enough.

He seems to be at a loss for what to do with his hands. At first, they hang at his sides. That doesn't last long. Then they're on his hips. A little later, those hands are on Lien's head, although not gripping it firmly. More merely stroking through her thick hair. He doesn't even try to urge her to take more of his cock into her mouth, despite her strokes leaving the final inch or two of it outside her mouth. If she stays with me, she's going to learn slutty techniques. I'll demand that every bit of that cock goes into her mouth, no matter how far down her throat it has to go. But for now, with him so happy, I let her go.

He barely notices as I reach out and snap a quick picture of Lien on her knees, on the filthy bathroom floor. I take a good one, showing her calm, but humiliated face. A picture he's never going to get. It has her face in it. I can't let that "out there." somehow, someday, that picture might be seen by the wrong person. Anyone who could recognize Lien.

He doesn't last very long, either. In just a couple of minutes, maybe two, three at the most, I see his cock starting to twitch hard against her mouth. I know then that he's about to cum.

Since I don't know him, I don't want Lien to have to swallow his cum. I save that for men I know are safe. I firmly tell Lien to "stop being so slutty." I tell her to end this sucking now, and stroke his cock while it cums.

Lien obediently does as she's told, ending his blow job with that stroke. Even before his cock slips from her lips, she has her delicate hand wrapped around the base of it and begins stroking it. She keeps her grip soft and gentle and moves slowly.

She barely has the cock out of her mouth before it explodes, spurting his cum onto her face. Lien flinches as she feels it hit her face, but keeps stroking his shaft, keeping it spurting more cum onto her face. He keeps purring out moans that are now pure blissful satisfaction. I guess he didn't care where his cum went.

It takes him a moment to cum. A fair number of spurts, too. As if it's been a little while since he's come. Once his cock stops spurting cum, I order Lien to lick it clean. I go on to tell her to put her mouth to the side of his shaft, "kissing" it with her lips, as her tongue dances lightly over it.

He squirms slightly, groaning very loud, eager, happy purrs as she does. Now I have Lien look up a little, showing him her cum-covered face as she licks his cock clean.

The shower isn't too far from the little bathroom. Maybe about five good steps from the door to the showerhead. It's the same shower she was allowed to use yesterday, the one that's nothing more than a showerhead sticking out of the wall in a corner of the pool area. The one with two sides that have no wall, or anything else, for privacy. Instead, leaving every bit of the shower fully exposed to the entire pool area.

I point over to it firmly telling Lien to walk over there, properly, and stand against the wall. Facing the wall.

Lien blushes again. But she rises to her feet without delay and walks over there. Once her back is to us, I can see why she blushed. Her bottom is rather messy. I can see the wet goo clinging to her crack. She definitely feels it, there, too. She'll know that we're both getting a good look at her filthy bottom.

The shower does have one good thing about it. It has a hand-held sprayer of a showerhead. I slyly ask him if

Chapter Four - Monday Morning - My Nasty Bitch

he wishes to "scrub this nasty bitch clean, or if he'd like to watch her try to scrap the filth off herself." He glances at the shower, seeing the sprayer. Thinking of spraying her bottom off so he won't have to touch it, he says he "wouldn't mind" cleaning her off.

I tell Lien to turn around and face us. He starts taking his clothes off. At least the rest of the way off. I have Lien stand with her feet spread wide and her arms stretched out straight from her sides. I have her side to the showerhead now. And I have her far enough out from the wall that he can easily walk around her. I tell Lien that, no matter what, she's to stand like that until I say otherwise. I don't tell her that she's going to be washed.

I'm sure she figures that out when he steps over and takes the sprayer down. Turns the water on. Starts spraying Lien's body down with warm water.

Lien obediently stays put. I set out a washcloth, shampoo, conditioner, shave gel, soap, and a razor. I figure he can wash as much or as little as he wants, and then Lien can finish grooming herself while I demandingly supervise. To my surprise, almost, he does everything for her. It gets his hands all over her body. Leaving nothing untouched, especially her pussy mound.

Lien stands stoic, cringing at his touch, but trying hard not to show it. Especially at the beginning, as he's spraying her bottom off. His rush to wash that is all Lien needs to know that she looks as filthy as she feels. And that we're seeing every bit of it.

The shower takes about fifteen minutes. By then I can see that Lien's arms are tired from being stretched out so long. But she looks clean when he's done. Not perfect, he did a passable, at best, job of shaving her, but that's about all he didn't do well. I can't blame him, it could be the first pair of legs he's ever shaven for all I know. It's apparent that he doesn't shave his. I'd be worried if he did unless he was a professional bike racer or swimmer. And one look at his soft, but not flabby, body tells me he's no athlete.

When he's done washing her, he turns to me. Before he asks what to do, I tell him to "just leave the whore there." He does. Taking about 15 seconds to rinse himself off before stepping out of the shower.

I call Lien to come over to me and toss her a towel. They keep some here as a courtesy, and those are the ones Lien gets to use. Not mine. I even generously tell her that she has a full minute to dry herself off. After exactly 60 seconds, I tell her to toss the towel in the bin and follow me.

Lien puts her hands behind her back and follows me through the pool area, down the hall, to the elevator. Then down the upper hall back to my apartment. Mercifully for her, we don't pass anyone along the way.

I leave Jim, or whatever his name really is, there in the pool area. As we step out, he's still gawking at Lien. And undoubtedly wondering what just happened. I'm sure, like many men, he's dreamed of some woman, a stranger, surprising him with an offer of a blow job. He just never thought it would happen. Now that it has, he still has no clue who Lien is.

And Lien knows none of that. She couldn't even understand my conversation with him. Only that I referred to her as a whore.

When I get back to my apartment, it's a few minutes after 06:00. Sophie, diligent slave that she is, has made sure that Paige has breakfast ready. But not on the table. Paige's keeping it warm in the kitchen for me. Sophie is waiting patiently at the archway into the kitchen.

Lien follows me to the table. I take my seat. I point to the floor, ordering Lien to drop to her knees. She does so quickly, assuming the proper posture. She doesn't show any hesitation. I'm sure that Lien is wondering, now that she's behaving, if she'll be given real food today. Or if I'll make her eat the same disgusting slop that I offered her yesterday. Whatever is running through her mind, she doesn't show it on her face. She looks more relaxed than anything.

Chapter Four - Monday Morning - My Nasty Bitch

Sophie brings out my breakfast. Once I have everything I want, Sophie fetches a plate for herself, setting it at the place beside me. I like her close to me, in case I have some whim that she can cater to. Before taking her seat, she simply looks to me, as if to ask permission. To sit and eat, or to feed Lien.

I tell her to “fetch this nasty bitch something.” That’s all Sophie needs to hear. She knows.

A minute later Sophie is back. She's carrying Lilly's old dog bowl again. And it's filled with "bitch chow." What else would I feed a bitch? Lilly, probably hearing the noise, trots casually out of the kitchen and over to the table. She's a smart Princess and has learned the routines of my home well by now. She heads for the chair beside Sophie's. It's Lilly's seat. She always sits there. She hops up in her chair and sits. She waits patiently.

Sophie sets the dog bowl on the floor in front of Lien. Now I see Lien's nose wrinkle slightly. She must be imagining how that goo is going to taste. And definitely wondering what’s in it. It looks almost exactly like a cross between Alpo and vomit. Definitely not appetizing. And it has a rather unique aroma to it, too.

I decide to give Lien a moment to think about the repulsive slop, knowing that I’ll soon tell her to eat it. To think about what she’ll soon have to do. I’ve found that anticipation is often far worse than actually doing something. It will be now. Her mind will be telling her that stuff will be worse and worse every second.

Sophie fetches another plate. It’s identical to my plate and Sophie’s. The only difference is the plate itself. This one is white plastic instead of china. But it has the same servings of the same food on it. Sophie sets that plate in front of Princess Lilly. Lilly sits patiently, sniffing the air eagerly, but not making any attempt to eat it. Sophie has taught Lilly some good manners!

Sophie takes her seat. Today I have Lien facing the other way than I did yesterday. She's not staring at a blank wall. She can see the table. She can see Sophie, as

Sophie reaches over, cuts a huge bite of food from Lilly's plate, and offers it to Lilly on the fork. Lilly takes it very gently. She eats it quickly and then waits for Sophie to feed her the next bite.

Lien watches as my slave feeds Princess Lilly, an aged pit bull as if Lilly were a human. Real, "people food," too, not dog food. "The Royals" as we call Princess Lilly and Prince Butt Monkey, eat what we eat. But they get their fill of it. They never eat dog food. I used to buy Lilly some, but it wasn't long before she stopped eating it. Instead, she just waited for skanky to cook our meal, and slave to feed her plate (or, usually, plates) to her. Lilly can have seconds if she wants. And thirds. But she doesn't usually ask for more than seconds. Sophie, a true animal lover, tends to be generous on Lilly's plates. Soon Butt Monkey will be joining us at the table, too. He's still learning his table manners. But he's still a puppy.

I'm sure, and I really hope, that it's not lost on Lien that my dog is being given real food. And she's not. Thus, I see her as far beneath my dog. I want Lien to not just think, but truly believe, that I see her as lowly as possible. Sort of like... a bug!

Lien still kneels with her hands behind her back. "Eat it, bitch," I firmly tell Lien. At the same time, I put a hand to the back of her head and push her head down. Lien doesn't resist. Her face scrunches up a little as she allows me to push her head down to the dog bowl of food. As she gets a closer look and better smell of the food. As she leans down to it, her shoulders lower and her hips rise a little.

I push her head all the way down until the tip of her nose touches the slop. She leaves her hands behind her, but I can tell she wants to move them. To use them. I ignore it, not tell her to keep them there, but also not offering her permission to use them. It's time to see how obedient she is. I snap another firm command, "eat it, bitch. Like the bitch you are!" I hold her head down, too.

Chapter Four - Monday Morning - My Nasty Bitch

I hold her head for almost a full second. I figure, by then, she's heard the command and figured out what's expected of her. I take my hand away, leaving Lien to keep her own head there.

Lien freezes for another full second or so. But then I see her mouth starting to open. A moment later I see her nose wrinkling even more as she gets her first taste of her breakfast. It must be every bit as disgusting as it looks. I'm certainly not going to try any of it.

I know Lien is cringing hard. But I can also see that she's keeping her head mostly down. Albeit now with her nose out of the food. And she's steadily, but slowly, eating it. "I want my bowl licked spotless, you nasty bitch!" I firmly tell Lien. I want her to know that I expect perfection in everything I tell her to do.

Then I sit there, mostly looking as if I'm ignoring Lien while actually keeping a good eye on her. I finish my breakfast leisurely while Lien licks up her slop.

Finally, Lien finishes her food. She lifts her head several inches up. She stops there for a moment, clearly checking the bowl to make sure she didn't miss anything. Then she rises back up to kneel.

It gives me a view of her now-messy face. It lets me see the bit of chow clinging to her nose. And more around her lips. A small speck on her chin, too. It lets me read on her face that she found it disgusting. And humiliating to eat like a dog. More so not knowing what she was eating. By the look, taste, and smell of it, it could be dog food.

I ignore her, leaving her to wait on her knees, her face messy, while I leisurely have Sophie serve me a cup of coffee and enjoy it. As time passes, the look fades from Lien's face.

And then it's 06:30. It's time for Sophie to take Dawn to work. That requires about three minutes of my time to supervise Dawn as she gets ready. To save time, something I'm rather short on now, I have Sophie take Lien to the bathroom and "clean the nasty bitch's nasty cocksucker."

Sophie knows what I want to be done. She'll do it diligently, not hurrying, despite the time crunch. She takes Lien to the bathroom and then tells Lien to stand in front of the sink with her mouth wide open. Sophie starts by flossing Lien's teeth. Then she scrubs Lien's mouth out with my special "bitch toothpaste," which I reserve for the lesser of my toys. It's just baking soda and water made into a paste. So old-fashioned. But it tastes pretty bad and cleans very well. Sophie will scrub everything that she can reach with the toothbrush, not just her teeth.

And then it's time to rinse. Sophie will do that by having Lien lean over, face down over the sink, and spraying her mouth out with a little sprayer that hooks to the faucet. This way, Lien's doesn't do anything. She merely stands dumb and allows Sophie to tend to her hygiene for her.

Lien behaves. And, as a reward for behaving, once Lien's mouth is fully cleaned up, Sophie allows Lien to stand over the toilet and pee. Not to sit. It doesn't much matter to Lien. She hasn't been allowed to pee since last night. I would have let her, but things got sidetracked by an unplanned blow job. Then, after allowing Lien to clean her pussy up, Sophie brings her back to me.

By then I have Dawn ready to leave. I have a few firm rules for skanky and the toys who spend the night here that I seldom make exceptions to. Just because Dawn is spending a few weeks or so here, I don't see the need for an exception. One of those rules is that they're never allowed clothes inside the apartment. They strip at the door on their way in. They get clothes at the door on their way out. But only after showing me every bit of their body, in-depth, to demonstrate that they truly have nothing. Only then do they get clothes. And whatever else I wish for them to have. Once dressed, they may not step away from the door. The empty place beside the door ensures that they can't reach anything, either. This way, I know, and they're reminded, that they're leaving this house only with what I give them.

Chapter Four - Monday Morning - My Nasty Bitch

Sophie grabs her purse and Dawn's purse from the shelf where they're kept. Both purses have phones in them. Sophie will give Dawn her purse, but only as Dawn leaves the minivan. Until then, Dawn doesn't need a purse. Or the money in it. Or her phone. Whatever happens, Sophie will take care of it until then. Dawn knows to just obey Sophie.

Sophie leaves with Dawn.

And now, I have about 15 minutes before one of Nikolai's slaves arrives to fetch Lien and return her to Pensacola before she's missed. I still don't know which of them he's sending. So I check my phone and see that he's texted me that Mudak (Russian for "anus") is on her way. It looks like the text came in while Lien was on her knees. No wonder I didn't notice it sooner. I text him back "OK."

I have Lien follow me. There's only one more thing I really want her to do before leaving. I stop at the kitchen, leaving Lien waiting outside the archway into it, just long enough to whisper to Paige that if I'm in the playroom, she's to answer the door and usher my guest to me in the playroom. That's usually Sophie's job, but Sophie isn't here now. Paige is the only slave left in the house for the moment. Plus, it's a task she definitely handles well.

I want Lien to cum. That's why I brought her back to the playroom. I might leave a toy to suffer while it's here, but I would never send one away without relief unless that was a planned part of its humiliation. When I do that, I have a relief planned for it. Something like, when it gets back to its house, the babysitter I've arranged tells her to masturbate immediately. Just to add a bit of humiliation. Or even better is to make the toy beg the babysitter to allow it to masturbate before her. Of course, the babysitter I arranged is in on the humiliation, the toy just doesn't know that. It'll be one of the college girls I regularly use for babysitting for my toys.

The only thing that I've had to think about is how to allow Lien her relief in a rather degrading way. Sometimes I do that by allowing the toy to masturbate with

supervision. Sometimes I do it by having the toy allow another woman to do it for her. That works great with heterosexual toys, especially those who have never imagined allowing a woman to touch them. It's useless with a lesbian like Lien. And so is the idea of having a man do it. At least after "selling" Lien to a couple of men.

I do have a couple of ideas, and now I have to hurry up and decide how I want her to cum. Considering what's about to happen after Lien cums, I make my choice. I point Lien to a stand. It's one of the toys I use a lot, so it's sitting out over by the wall.

It's a small square of stout wood for a base, sitting on the floor. The base has little pink footprints on it. In the center, there's a steel pipe rising up. Atop that there's a vibrator mounted with its foam-lined bulbous head pointed straight up. The pipe threads into a fitting on the base, allowing me to raise and lower it a bit by twisting the pipe and threading it in or out further. The vibrator's power cord runs through the pipe, then out at the corner of the base. It's even already plugged in for me!

I tell Lien to stand on the base with her feet on those footprints, reminding her that she's to stand properly. Then I wait as she walks over, straddles the toy, and puts her feet in place. It has the very tip of the vibrator's fat and rounded head about $\frac{1}{4}$ " below Lien's pussy mound. And it has her feet spread only slightly, just enough that the insides of her thighs aren't touching anything. Not even the head of the vibrator.

Lien stands demure and patient as I twist the pipe, raising the head of the vibrator up. I bring it up a little over the $\frac{1}{4}$ ", so that the tip of pushes into Lien's slit, parting her lips, directly atop her clit. And puts a tiny bit of pressure on Lien's hard-pounding nub.

While Lien stands there, still but closely watching me, I take my time in selecting a whip. There's a fair collection of them in view, and more in the closet. The one I finally pick is one I don't use very often. It's long. A full meter (40") long. It's narrow, too, at a mere 2cm (less than 1")

Chapter Four - Monday Morning - My Nasty Bitch

across. And it's thin. Barely 3 mm thick (about $\frac{1}{8}$ "). It is made of aircraft spruce, a wood that's as light as it is strong. It's really used to build small planes where weight is very bad and strength a must-have. The lightness of it allows me to swing it easily, and quickly. That's the main reason I don't use it often. I have to pay careful attention when I do so that I don't bruise a toy with it. It's very easy to do.

The way the stand is placed, it has Lien standing with her left side to the wall. The door to the playroom is in front of her. She's a foot or two out from the wall, though, so I could circle around her if I wanted to. It would just be a tight fit.

I put the tip of the cane to Lien's still-sore, but not too sore, firm bottom. I do it softly, letting the tip of the stiff, smoothly-sanded, wood barely touch her naked flesh. Then I start moving it, caressing her bottom lightly with the wood.

The length of the cane leaves me standing a couple of feet back from Lien. It leaves me enough room to slide forward a bit so that I can see her face while still caressing her globes with the cane. I look into Lien's eyes. In my iciest, sternest voice, I tell Lien "you will act like a proper bitch, not some trashy cheap whore scraped from the filthiest of gutters. I know that will require some serious effort for such a nasty bitch, bitch.

"You will stand still. Very still. You may not climax. Period. You may not make silly whore noises, either. Just stand there and behave your worthless, flabby, butt, bitch.

"Don't bother to ask me for *anything*, especially permission to climax. If I decide it will amuse me to watch *my* pussy climax, I will tell you to cum. If I do, I expect *my* pussy to cum immediately. And I definitely expect your stupid butt to behave while it does, not to so much as think about enjoying it like a nasty bitch! Now, behave, bitch."

I turn the vibrator on.

"Uhhhhhhhhhh....." Lien blurts out a very urgent, and even squeakier, moan.

"OW!" Lien screeches loudly in an even higher little girl's voice. As I flick my wrist, tapping her globes with the cane and searing a bright pink stripe across her firm cheeks.

"I told you, bitch, no whore noises. Now shut up while you still have a bottom to sting," I harshly scold her.

Immediately I see a nervous, near panicked, look on Lien's face. As if she suddenly realizes that she's not going to be able to behave for more than a few seconds. And that her bottom is going to pay dearly for every tiny misbehavior. As if I didn't make that obvious long ago!

Lien tenses up, gritting her teeth hard.

Goosebumps erupt to the size of mountains, covering most if not all of her body.

Her body trembles. The trembles begin as faint quivers, but in a couple of seconds have grown to violently crisp ones.

She breaths fast, sucking in the noisiest deep breaths. Her breaths pick up speed as well, quickly turning to outrageously fast. And getting even noisier.

Lien's honey almost runs from her pussy. It takes only a couple seconds to have the entire head of the vibrator covered with a thick coat. And her mound. It keeps flowing just as quickly.

Lien's hands grip her wrists hard behind her back, her fingers cutting into her arms. Her hands start to take on a purplish hue.

Lien's toes curl hard against the floor.

Then Lien's hips being shuddering slightly, grinding her pussy against the toy with tiny, but sharp, tremors. I can see those shudders moving her hips, the head of the toy pushing her lips around beside it as she squirms over it.

"UGH!" Lien screams out, her voice shrill and squeaky-high. And beyond needy.

I snap the cane again, searing another bright pink stripe across her globes, sending a million fresh needles stinging into her toned globes while setting her flesh on fire with a fresh burning.

Chapter Four - Monday Morning - My Nasty Bitch

"OW!" Lien screeches out. This time her eyes pop panicked wide, too. And I see the first little tear well up in her eyes.

For an instant, Lien stills her hips. Her breaths grow fast and deeper, more sucking. She trembles a little more. And then, in maybe a second, I see the shudders returning to her hips. I see a fresh, thick coat of her Lien's honey on the tip of my vibrator, too.

"Mmmm...." Lien groans hard under her breath, trying to hide it. It's drawn out, lasting several seconds. Lien shudders hard and screeches "UH!" again. Then she screams "OW!" as the cane snaps another narrow pink stripe of fiery stinging across her bare bottom.

The slightly stronger sting helps get Lien's attention and still her for a second or so. I reach out with my free hand, putting it to Lien's shoulders. "Stop being such a nasty whore, nasty bitch!" I scold her in my harshest disapproving voice. "Stand still."

I watch Lien's body tense up hard like steel. I can see her muscles straining hard to keep her hips still atop the vibrator.

Now Lien's stiff muscles start lifting her body up. It's the muscles in her legs and feet tensing that have her heels starting to rise up.

"YE-OW!" Lien screeches the most pained yelp yet as I drop my cane and very lightly snap it down across the tops of her feet. There's no padding there, just skin and bone, making the stroke hurt more even though it's far lighter. She immediately drops back onto flat feet as I scold her for "trying to run away while I play with my toy pussy."

But it gets Lien quivering a lot sharper, too. I doubt she'd quiver any harder if she was standing on live power lines. The kind of electrical lines that power an electric chair.

Panic sweeps Lien's face as her shoulders shudder hard.

I don't even let them finish their shudder. I flick my wrist, bringing the cane snapping sharply, but lightly, across the tips of Lien's stiff nipples. It lands with enough power to drive her steely nubs into her mounds and seat a faint pink stripe across the tops of her milky white mounds.

"OW!" Lien screams out at the top of her lungs.

At the same time, Lien's hips shudder wildly. That earns her another cane stroke across her bare bottom, leaving a very slightly brighter pink welt stripe across her cheeks. And bringing another pained yelp from her. It has a thick dollop of honey falling from the vibrator, too, her honey now flowing faster than it can cling to the soft head.

It sends the wildest shudder racing through her body, too. A shudder that has every bit of her body snapping. I decide that I see her breasts moving the most. So that's where I snap the cane, still lightly so as not to bruise her, cracking it against the tips of her nipples and reddening the stripe across her tiny mounds.

That gets another scream from Lien. And it sends her hips into a wild squirm that grinds her pussy hard against the vibrator.

It guarantees Lien another, slightly firmer, stroke across her bottom that brings a louder, more pained, cry from her lips. It's one reason I wanted a narrow whip. It allows me to land more swats on her bottom before I have to start landing the swats atop already stinging flesh.

Lien doesn't even try to still. She shudders on. I land another swat on her bottom. More honey is shook from the head of the vibrator, splattering it on her thighs as even more flows from her pussy and rains to the floor. It gets her hips squirming harder, too.

I use my free hand to get a firm grip on the short hairs of Lien's bush. A tight grip. I use the grip to pull her forward, just an inch or so, barely enough to bring her hips forward enough that the tip of the vibrator is more between her cheeks than in her slit. I do that as my cane is already swinging upward.

Chapter Four - Monday Morning - My Nasty Bitch

Almost the instant Lien's pussy is off the vibrator, the tip of the cane lands its stroke. This time the stroke lands on the very tender flesh of her pussy lip. It lands with a fairly loud crack. Under its fur, the skin of her thin lip turns a bright and angry pink. I'm already pushing Lien's hips back hard, putting her back in place atop the vibrator, as she screams out with some real pain from that stroke.

As soon as I have Lien shoved back onto the vibrator, the cane is swinging again, this time snapping another faint strip across her breasts, and then another across her bottom. The strokes come so fast that Lien never stops screaming. They bring tears to her eyes. And they bring even more desperate squirms to her hips.

"PLEASE! I HAVE TO CUM!" Lien shrieks out as her pussy rains a few larger dollops of honey.

A flick of my wrist snaps the cane very lightly against Lien's cheeks, and part of her top lip, leaving a too-sharply stinging pink reminder. I scold her for asking. But my cane is already moving again. Lien isn't close to still, getting her a couple more swats to her bottom and another to her breasts as well.

In a few more seconds, her hips are back to grinding her pussy hard against the toy. That leaves me no choice. I grab her bush, pulling her pussy forward for the fraction of a second that it takes me to land an even harder swat atop her outer pussy lips, searing those lips to rather bright pinkness. Then I shove her back onto the vibrator.

Lien's shoulders snap suddenly backward, thrusting her chest out so roughly that her tiny breasts bounce upward.

I snap my cane again, bringing it up, letting its tip swat the tender underside of a mound. The stroke is a bit harder. Enough to throw the mound upward. That cushions the swat enough that it only leaves a light pink line on her breast. I swat the other one, too.

Lien screams, again. It's really more of a continuous screech now. It also has her shoulder snap back into place.

That seems to thrust her bottom back hard, almost poking it out, grinding her clit just as hard against the toy.

I snap the cane again. I'm snapping it constantly now, raining swat after swat somewhere on Lien's body. I bring the cane up, lined up with Lien's crack at the center of her bottom. The cane lands perfectly, thrusting hard into Lien's crack. It both pushes her cheeks aside as it snaps between them, and reddens the inside edges of her globes as it flies across them. Her cheeks slow it down, leaving it a light swat when it lands atop the valley of her crack. And atop her tightly cinched asshole.

Lien screams out the squeakiest cry I've ever heard. Her hips snap violently fast back into place. Lien stands there, frozen but quivering, for several seconds.

Then Lien starts sobbing. Hard and loudly. But as she does, her body loosens back up. It quivers harder, too. Her honey flows so liberally that the vibrator is constantly splattering her honey around now. Lien stands like that for about four or five seconds.

"I'm sorry, my Queen," Lien squeaks out in the mousiest tone, "for being such a nasty little girl, Ma'am. Thank you for making me behave, my Queen."

I should swat her for speaking. But I don't. Saying it seems to relax her body even more. And now, I see something I've rarely seen before. Maybe it's just the leanness of her small body. But I can see the muscles just behind her bush spasming hard. That means her pussy is spasming as well. As if cumming, only not cumming yet. But I know it has to be an ache far more unbearable than Lien has ever felt before.

"Are you ready to be a good little girl, nasty bitch?" I tauntingly ask Lien.

"Yes, my Queen, this nasty bitch will be a very good little girl now, Ma'am."

"Show me, bitch."

"Yes, my Queen."

I stand there, carefully watching Lien's hard quivering body. She doesn't move. She stands there, her muscles

Chapter Four - Monday Morning - My Nasty Bitch

loose, sobbing harder and harder. And with her pussy twitching harder and harder. So hard, after half a minute, that I wonder what her pussy is going to do when she finally gets to cum.

That's when Paige comes in, showing Mudak to the "slut bench." I don't have a chair set up for Mudak, so that bench is the only seat available to offer her. It's just behind where Lien is standing. It's a simple wood plank bench along the wall. I use it for toys to sit and wait their turn in here. It's not designed to be comfortable. But Mudak is a slave, so it's good enough for her. Paige leaves Mudak there.

Mudak is a former Moscow "party girl." Never a woman of the highest morals. She's also the youngest of Nikolai's slaves, or at least looks it. I'd guess she's in her early 20's. She has long blond-brown hair that hangs down in tight curls. She's petite, with a slim, lithe body and small, but pointy and perky, breasts. She's pretty, with bright green eyes and a wide mouth framed with plump red lips. I wouldn't mind owning her.

Mudak takes the offered seat and sits properly, as Nikolai has taught her. She ignores Lien, keeping her eyes forward.

I ignore Mudak. She's irrelevant for the moment. I watch the time. My five-minute rule applies to this as well. Lien will have to stand on the vibrator for a full five minutes before I consider allowing her to cum. I've decided that I won't start counting the time until she started behaving. I wonder if, now that she's surrendered, if she can last those minutes without a single swat of the crop. Maybe, I think, there isn't much of her body that isn't already stinging her badly.

Lien does. Barely, the quivers grow stronger and stronger, as do the spasms in her pussy, almost snapping her hips and getting her a stroke. But not quite.

I tell Lien that, now that she's proven she'll behave and mind her Queen, she may cum. If she stands there

and stays put on the toy as she does. And definitely doesn't screech out like a trashy whore.

"Yes, my Queen, this nasty bitch will cum now, Ma'am," Lien answers in her little girl's voice.

It hits Lien hard. I see it. She lets go, no longer holding back the tidal wave of her orgasm. Instantly her body snaps to full rigidity. The spasms behind her pubes keep snapping as powerfully as ever. The quiver on her body triples in speed while turning shallower at the same time until she's almost not even moving. More vibrating.

I see a huge dollop of honey shoot from Lien's pussy lips, just behind the tip of the vibrator. Right where her tunnel is. I see Lien's face scrunch up hard, too. Then she screams out a squeaky loud "OOH-AHHHHHHHHH."

Lien stands like that, quivering, tensed, and screeching for about five seconds. It's long enough for me to see more dollops of honey shoot out of her tunnel, through her slit, and to the floor.

I move as fast as I can to grab Lien's bush and yank her forward. It surprises her, but she's clearly not paying attention to anything now. Just the climax exploding from her pussy and overtaking her entire body.

Lien stumbles badly this time, her legs completely rubbery. Plus I yank her far further forward than she expected. Far enough that she has to take a step, taking her throbbing pussy away from the vibrator.

"You nasty bitch!" I scold Lien harshly as I pull her forward, "cumming so hard that you're skanking all over my floor! Do you think I want pussy skank on my floor, bitch?" I keep Lien moving, pulling her hard around by her bush. I can see her pussy still shooting little dollops of honey down, telling me that Lien is still cumming.

With my free hand, I wave for Mudak to come over now. She quickly gets to her feet and walks over to me, greeting me with a "yes, Ma'am?"

"Get your nasty butt out of my Queendom, nasty bitch!" I tell Lien in the most disgusted, disapproving voice

Chapter Four - Monday Morning - My Nasty Bitch

I can manage. "This is Mudak, obey her and she'll take you to the landfill where trash belongs."

I nod to Mudak.

Mudak quickly snaps a command for Lien to display her body for search.

Lien gets into the position I've taught her, moving a bit slowly, and very unsteadily. A dreamy, blissful look overtakes her face too. She stands still and demure, allowing Mudak to very diligently touch and search every bit of her body.

And then Mudak has her get on the wall, leaning all the way over and spreading her legs to display her pussy and asshole. Mudak searches those just as fully. It gives me a chance to see Lien's pussy. It's beyond sloppy wet. And I can see light twitches still racking the entrance of her tunnel. Lien doesn't even react as Mudak slightly roughly sticks a bare finger into Lien's asshole and very fully searches Lien's bottom.

Mudak has a set of clothes for Lien. If you can call them clothes. I see nothing more than the sluttiest fishnet catsuit. It's all fishnet. It leaves her pussy fully bare, not even having the mesh to cover her mound or pubes. Or much of her bottom. It has mesh to cover her breasts, which hides nothing. Not even a little. But up the center, from her waistline to above her breasts, there's a wide strip of laces, like fine, silky shoelaces, instead of the mesh. I can see her nipples just as plainly as I could without the suit. It has mesh to cover her legs and feet as fishnet stockings would.

It's a good thing that Nikolai sent the crotchless outfit for Lien. Her pussy is still spasming lightly. But even that has her honey flowing so fast that a tiny rivulet of it still runs from her pussy. And dribbles down to my floor. It's thick enough that I can see the strand of creamy honey hanging down from between Lien's open thighs.

Mudak has a very simple black dress for Lien to wear as well. It's silky and solid. Shoulderless. And it just barely covers her pubes. That leaves the thin filmy strand

Diplomatic Intercourse

of honey visible hanging beneath its bottom hem before it drips. It's a dress that's appropriate for hard-partying and slutting. It's also the only thing Lien is given to wear. A pair of spiked, slip-on heels four inches tall, complete the outfit.

I bind Lien's hands behind her back. Then I tell Mudak that "the nasty bitch is all hers."

Mudak snaps for Lien to follow her.

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”



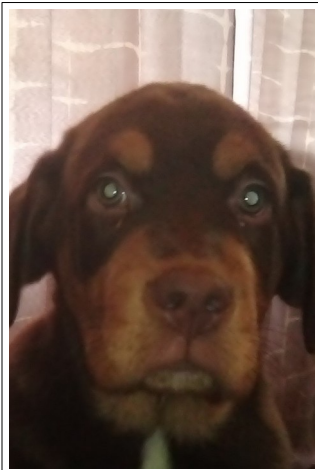
Lezzie Slut (“Dawn”)

Age	Height	Weight
23	5’5”	125
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-A	30	35
Debuts In: “The Dorm.”		



Princess Lilly

Age	Height	Weight
5 (Human)/35 (K9)	2’2”	
Hair	Eyes	
Black & White	Puppy Dog	

	Prince Butt Monkey		
	Age	Height	Weight
	3 Mo.	1'3"	10
	Hair	Eyes	
	Brown, Tan, White	Puppy Dog	