

The Spice

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I usually invite Sophie's family over to my apartment every couple of weeks for supper. I do it so Sophie can easily keep up with them, especially her two younger siblings whom I know she adores. I kind of adore them too. They're still at that age where they just sort of grow on you! Plus I know that Sophie's family loves the gourmet cooking and fancy meals I always have, company or not. I can cook as good as any chef, and I love to eat. Especially to try new, preferably exotic, dishes.

I know over the year-plus that I've owned Sophie her family has come to accept her choice. It's kind of hard not to at least accept that it is her choice. Sophie is so clearly happy. There's no mistaking the glow on her face. In high school she was a C+ student. Since coming to me, she's been an all-A student in community college. She has nice clothes, and everything else. As nice as my own. She even has a very girly pastel pink moped, something she's wanted since she was 10 and totally loves.

It's not unusual for Sophie's family to invite us over either, even though both of her parents work and have fairly busy lives that leave little time for socializing. I'd say around once a month. Her mom is good about giving me several days' notice, so I'm always able to accept. I'd hate to have to decline. Sophie loves going to visit, and I know they enjoy having her back home for a couple of hours.

Sophie's mother has come to understand how our lifestyle works, at least somewhat. At least enough to know not to call Sophie with an invitation, to call me; Sophie would just tell her to call me anyway since it's up to me where we go. But I always accept. I want my slave-girl to be happy. Plus I value family.

So when her mom calls me and suggests we might come for supper on a Friday evening, I don't think much about it. The invitation isn't unusual. But then she tells me that she's also having another couple over, some neighbors from down the street, whom they've been friends with since they moved in a decade ago. I've never met the couple, but Sophie has. I know, she's mentioned them a few times. Always in the context of

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her mom being good friends with the woman. My only concern is how they'll react to Sophie's status as my slave, a role Sophie wouldn't dream of stepping out of even for a second. After all, they've clearly known Sophie for a very long time.

I ask if there's going to be "raised eyebrows" at Sophie's collar. I gave her a pastel green collar that's very soft leather and trimmed with frilly white lace. And locked around her neck with a very shiny padlock that Sophie keeps sparkling. It's a clear sign of her status as my property, just as a wedding ring would mark her as someone's wife. The collar marks her as someone's property. As does the dog tag on it which outright says she's my property. Sophie keeps that just as sparkling shiny.

"No, they know all about your unique relationship." She assures me. I take it to mean she's been talking about it with her friend, but what mother wouldn't talk about her children with her friends? Certainly not me! If I had any kids, no one would shut me up about them! I boast about Sophie enough, and she's only my slave-girl.

"They... have been wanting to meet you..." She adds with a little hesitation in her voice. It tells me this invitation is as much a set up as it is a chance for Sophie to see her family. If I objected, I'm pretty sure we'd still be invited over, the other couple would be put off. I half wonder if they haven't been told we'd be invited and if we agreed, they could attend as well. Her mom is the kind of woman to handle it like that. I like her.

I just wonder why she's hesitant to tell me. Several months ago, maybe around nine now, she pointed another woman in my direction. A friend of a friend of a friend. Maybe of a friend, I'm not sure how long the chain was, one never can really be sure about those chains of friends. They tend to get kind of knotty. But she knows I met with the woman, and she knows the woman has been happy since then. Never had a bad thing to say about her time in my playroom. Any of her times in my playroom. Times that she's still coming for. She squirms so energetically! I wonder why she's a little less comfortable introducing this couple to me.

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Are they going to be disapproving of my lifestyle? I doubt it unless their reason for wanting to meet me is to preach to me, but she should know if that's the case I'll leave quickly before my inner rude bitch pokes her head out. I don't think I'll get much of a reason out of her, even if she knows why they want to meet me. More, I think, she has a good guess but not a direct answer. She's always been honest with me, and she knows I have zero tolerance for liars, so I settle for asking her if there is going to be any uneasy tension. She says no, there won't be. I accept.

Friday, late afternoon, about when it's time to start supper, I tell Sophie to get my keys and purse for me, we're going out. Now. I haven't told her anything about the plans, or even that's as much as spoken to her mother. There was no reason for me to. I've made my decision. And Sophie is my slave, not my wife. She'll go where I go and attend her Mistress as any slave should.

As soon as I hit the I-65/I-10 interchange and keep going on I-10 I see a grin on Sophie's face. She's from Theodore, a little redneck area just outside of Mobile. From downtown Mobile, it's a quick ride out I-10. But there's nothing else out that way that we'd go to. The rest of Mobile is up along I-65 or I-165. So once I've passed I-65, there's nowhere else I'm likely to be going. It's not like I'd drive across town for a Winn Dixie, which about the best Theodore has to boast.

The other couple is there when I arrive, and I'm a touch early. Maybe ten minutes. Sophie's mother greets us and welcomes us, quickly introducing the couple as David and Kim. Both appear very happy to meet me, but I can also see a touch of something else on their faces, something like uncertainty, that comes across as a tiny hesitancy. Like they want something but aren't sure how to ask me for it, or even if they should ask for it. I make a guess what it is. There aren't many reasons why someone would be so eager to be introduced specifically to a Domme, are there? From the questioning look that flashes across Sophie's face I know, she's caught it as well. But she seems happy to see the couple as if they've always been nice to her.

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Sophie's mom isn't known for her gourmet cooking ability. She's more of a modern working mother type of cook. The kind of working mother who really works. Supper is catered Theodore style: rotisserie chicken and sides from the deli at the super Wal-Mart. And I know the lemon pepper rotisserie chicken is for me, otherwise, it would likely be fried. I try to eat healthy, which means avoid fried stuff mostly (I do have my weak moments). She knows that, so I'm sure she went with a slightly healthier roasted bird. It's not gourmet, but I knew not to expect that, but it is as tasty as anything take out can be. And I know she doesn't have the time to roast a bird while marinading it herself, at least not without taking a couple of hours off work.

Over supper everyone chats politely. It's all meaningless small talk. I allow Sophie to talk freely, which lets her catch up with the younger siblings she's helped to raise, despite being not-too-many years older. She is only 19 now. They don't hesitate to tell her all about their young lives, and eagerly listen to her about her college classes.

Once we're done we move to the living room. It's not too long before Sophie's mom sends the younger kids off to bed, around 9:30 I'd guess. With them out of the picture I decide to... test this couple just a little. I send Sophie to fetch me a coffee. It's something she does for me a few times a day, and something her parents have seen her do enough times.

Sophie returns quickly. She kneels beside me with her knees spread wide and her bottom back over her heels. She keeps her back up straight, holding her hands out 6" in front of, and even with, her nipples (even though she's fully dressed). She balances a cup of coffee atop her flat, upturned palms. "Here is your coffee, Mistress, thank you for allowing me to fetch it for you, Mistress." She offers it with an honest and wide smile on her face. A little glow, too. It's a face that says she truly enjoys serving me like this and wants to be right where she is.

I thank her for it, take the cup and sip it. As I do I affectionately

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stroke her head, letting her long honey-blond tresses flow through my fingers. And I tell her she's a good slave. I appreciate her service. She smiles even wider. And stays put, waiting very patiently for me to dismiss her.

It's a very subservient display the way Sophie so eagerly humbles herself and kneels before her Mistress. While I try hard not to let it show, what I'm really watching isn't Sophie. It's the other couple. I want to see their reaction to the little show. I see a near-surprised look on their faces as if they had expected only to (maybe) hear about somethings, but not actually see even this little of it. I also see a bit of... admiration on David's face, as if he wouldn't mind being so served himself. Kim's face is a little harder to read, more like she's lost in deep thought, but I can't guess what she's thinking. Maybe she's wondering how Sophie can lower herself so far and clearly so eagerly. Maybe she trying to imagine herself on her knees. Maybe she's even trying to figure out how to object politely. I just can't tell.

"slave, don't be rude. Serve everyone."

"Yes, Mistress." Sophie answer very happily. But I can see the twinges of that wry, evil, smirk on her lips. The one that says she's figured out why I want her to serve the others. She has more than a little mischievous imp in her. She loves to see me tease others, something I'm merciless about. She rises, then drops back to her knees facing David and offers "may this slave please be allowed to fetch you a cup as well, Sir?" I even see her bat her eyelashes flirtatiously as she offers.

He stutters. But he accepts. And there's a hint of a grin on his face, the kind of hint that says he's trying not to let the smile show through. I'm sure he knows Sophie's not truly flirting from interest, just teasing him, but what man wouldn't want to be served by a very humble and polite, very young, and attractive college girl? None that I know.

Sophie returns and serves his coffee just as she served mine. He takes it, smiles and thanks her. He politely avoids petting her as I'd done.

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Probably a good idea. I'm not so sure the friendship with her parents would survive his touching their daughter so affectionately, whether I allowed it or not. Which is about as likely as the moon turning green tonight. Sophie was a virgin when she came to me, and I intend to keep her that way. A good handmaiden should be a virgin. And her parents know that. I'm sure they know, or rather *just know*, that I use Sophie myself, but that's not exactly the same as Sophie being with a male, is it?

Sophie moves on to Kim. By now she's gotten past her surprise and accepts the coffee. As do her parents, both of whom get the full service as well. They've had that before. Sophie always serves humbly at my place, and everywhere else. And she doesn't care who sees her please her Mistress with her selfless service.

"Now that the kids are gone, Kim, why don't you just come right out and tell me why you were so eager to meet me?" I say directly.

I see Kim's face as first shock flashes over it, then as she starts to blush. She glances quickly at her husband, who doesn't look so surprised that I was either told or guessed that they wanted to meet me. She turns back to me and stutters. Her words stumble for a few moments as the blush in her cheeks deepens. It's enough modesty that I guess Sophie's mom, her "good friend" might not know the reason either. Maybe she has a guess. Probably she does.

She finally spills it out, her words nearly running together. She is curious about "things." Not so much about serving anyone, but instead she tells me that after 14 years of marriage their "private moments" have become "more of the same." No matter what they do, it's always something they've lost count of how many times they've done it before. That I'm the only person she's ever heard of with a "differing appetite" and she thought maybe I'd be willing to talk with her, with them, and "offer some direction" that might "reinvigorate" things for them. She adds that she just doesn't have a clue where to go, who to ask, or what to do.

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This is a working-class neighborhood. It's decidedly blue-collar. As are Sophie's parents. And I'm guessing as are Kim and David. Those who can afford nicer, tend to have nicer. Not to say it's not nice here, it is. It's just not fancy nice. I know there are plenty of sex therapists out there who would welcome their business. I just doubt they know that. And I doubt they could afford the rates even if they do. I suspect a few of their other friends might have some of that diversity in their sex lives. Just as much, I suspect they don't share. Most everyone I know of with other-than-plain-vanilla tastes tends to be discrete about them. Except for me. I don't care who knows who I am. Besides, with Sophie wearing her collar everywhere, and sometimes even her leash, it's not exactly easy to hide. Not that I'd want to. I'm not ashamed of myself. And Sophie would be crushed if I hid the wonderful gift she's giving me: herself.

What's a little advice? Nothing to me. "can we talk openly then?" I ask Kim with a grin on my face that should tell her I'm asking if she cares if her friends, Sophie's parents, hear whatever she has to say. Sophie hears nothing. Not ever. She's too good of a slave to eavesdrop on her Mistress's conversations. In one ear and right out the other.

Kim tells me we can. But she's still nearly as red as a beet. Her eyes dart around the room, trying hard not to make eye contact with anyone. As if she wishes there were some other way instead of having to talk openly about her sex life. I ask her what they're into. What they've been doing that grown "common" for them.

Kim shyly dances around a direct answer but tells me enough for me to get the picture. "Common" would be a perfect description of it. They favor "vanilla" sex in one of four positions, with some occasional oral thrown in. Her receiving slightly more than she tends to give. I'd say, from my experience in the area, that their repertoire of positions consists of numbers one through four in popularity, too: missionary, doggy style, spooning, and cowgirl. When I ask if they tried any others, she tells me they tried a few things they've "discovered" online, but they're essentially variations on a theme.

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"OK, now lose that modesty and tell me what your secret fantasy is. Every girl I know has one. One that she never thinks about seriously acting out, but still, one that really gets her hot. What's yours?"

She blushes so deeply a beet could take redness lessons from her. And she stutters. And she lowers her voice to where her friends may, or may not, even be able to hear it. She tells me a story about being a young maiden walking through an open-air market. A handsome man says hi to her, and almost immediately another man, just as handsome, starts a fight over her. The first man wins, grabs her up off her feet, and carries her a few steps behind a haystack where he has his way with her. It's a fantasy I've heard before, in more than a couple of variations. In other words, it's as common as the rest of their sex life is. Pure vanilla. Not my thing. My thing is excitement and variety. And I indulge myself liberally in every form of variety most can imagine, and some they can't.

For this evening Kim has worn a somewhat modest black dress. It covers her almost fully up to her neck, with very little of a neckline to entice anyone, and down almost to her knees. But it also hugs her body. Not too snugly, but enough to tease with her shape. I think I saw a matching blazer with it when we arrived, but that's long gone.

I'd guess she's around 45, which seems to be a common age for women who come to me. Too common. It seems to be the point women start getting bored with the first half of their life and finally work up the nerve to explore some of their honest and deep desires they've long fought. Plus it seems to be about the point where that first half ends and they find themselves divorced or available again. And about the time the kids start leaving their nest, which gives her the space to play around without them learning of it.

Nor is she the prettiest woman out there. She's still attractive, just more not-quite my type. But not so not-my-type that I wouldn't play with her. She's a hair taller than average, around 5'7" or 5'8" and I'd guess around 150 or 160 pounds. She has a distinctly oval face, with a long,

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moderately sharp-featured nose, but equally decorated with brilliant blue eyes and a very wide mouth with full, brilliant pink lips. All of that surrounded by dishwater blond hair, well-bodied, hanging down to her mid shoulders. Even with her clothes on it's patently obvious that she has ample breasts under that dress. And she still has a noticeable curve at her waist. 20 years ago, she just might have been the kind of maiden those men would have fought over. Before motherhood anyway.

What I get from her story are three elements: first, she fantasizes that she's the kind of woman men will fight over; second, she's not asked or wooed, she's taken by the victor; and third, it's all in public for the world to see. Likely, despite her not mentioning it, even the sex. Surely a few steps away, more than one peeked upon them. Maybe she left that part out, she's modest enough to have skipped more than one of the saucier details. Or maybe she was so into it she didn't notice anyone but the nameless victor.

Although I couldn't likely swing the open-air market or the old-timeliness of it, I could likely arrange her fantasy. I have more than enough attractive male toys in my toy box that would gladly fight over her, although not a real fight. Still, it would be as close as is possible in today's world without getting arrested. But that's not what I do. It's not what my toys are for. I'm a Domme because that's who I am. I'm not the Mistress of Intimacy on Fantasy Island. I hope they understand that.

I ask if she's told David and if they've talked about "playing around" with it. In my experience with couples I've found men, despite a reluctance to admit it, enjoy fighting for and winning their women. As long as David was the victor in the fight, it wouldn't be much different from what they're doing now. Except it would be a world different. She tells me he knows about her fantasy, something he learned more by accident than intention, but they haven't talked about doing anything with it. And even if they did, where would they find the extra guy? And it just wouldn't be the same if the victor was preordained. Plus, despite their ennui with their sex life, neither is really interested in an affair, even a one

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night stand. Or the risk of a ten-minute stand.

With the COVID-19 scare it's been a while since I have any amusement. Three whole days! Which is about as long as I ever go between play sessions. A girl just has to amuse herself, doesn't she? I think... why not? Even though I don't have any delusions that Kim wishes to be a toy, or to be used for my amusement, I can think of a thousand ways she might amuse me without it seeming like it to her. I lean over and whisper to Sophie, asking her if the younger ones are "sound sleepers." With the vilest of grins on her face, she whispers back that they are.

So I turn to Sophie's parents and ask politely if I may "avail" myself of their living room for "a bit." Vicky, Sophie's mother, blushes just enough that I know she's considering that I might be thinking of amusing myself. And humiliating Kim. I guess she's heard a few stories from Shelbie, the other woman she pointed my direction. Likely through the same chain of gossiping friends that introduced Shelbie to her in the first place. She glances at her husband, who looks to me not have figured anything out, then says "OK..." but with enough reluctance in her voice to let me know to keep whatever I'm conjuring up in my head, very tame.

I turn back to Kim, seated on the sofa close beside her husband. "Would you like a good spanking, Kim? I mean the kind that leaves your bottom far too sore to sit on."

"NO!" She balks, a slight nervous squeal in her voice that screams she never anticipated anything close to that would be a possibility. It's a nervous enough squeal that it says she's about to politely excuse herself and run home at full speed.

"Then I suggest you remember your manners. You're old enough to have learned some, so there's no excuse for acting like a naughty little imp. 'No, Ma'am' would be a proper answer. And after you manage to politely tell me you would prefer not to spend some time over my knees tonight, you may get to your feet, Kim."

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She sits frozen for a few seconds as her cheeks blush blood-red. After a moment's hesitation, her eyes are everywhere, looking to everyone for some sign. Instead all she sees are ten eyes staring back at her, all curiously wondering what she's going to do. Will she submit even this much to me, or will she resist it? She looks around, her nervousness increasing exponentially with every second. She finds no help. I'm certain she expected Vicky and Mike, Sophie's parents, to object to anything happening in their living room. But they don't. Worse, to Kim, Vicky has clearly given me permission to do... something.

"No, Ma'am..." Kim squeaks out so softly I can barely hear her. Then very slowly she stands up on her near-trembling legs. She looks directly at me, so clearly wondering what where I'm going. I just know she's asking herself how far she'll allow things to go. Especially in front of an audience. More so in front of an audience of her friends and neighbors, people who will always be around and thus can't be ghosted. People who might well tell tales around the neighborhood. I know they won't, Vicky has already told me she understands my requirement for discretion. She proved that with Shelbie. But I'm certain that same discretion means Kim doesn't know that.

She's as nervous and edgy as anyone I've ever seen. I just can't tell if she's also excited or not. If I didn't think the odds were better than even that she would be aroused, I wouldn't do it. Women have to be aroused to squirm in that ultra-sensual way that I so enjoy. Besides, I'm dominant, not sadistic. I don't want to torture her, except maybe sweetly, and only then if she at least secretly wishes it.

"Unless you're a complete slut, you have underwear on under that prudish dress. So there's no reason you can't give that dress to your husband, is there? Let's see what those guys want to fight over. Give him your dress, now Kim." I let my voice go firm on the last two words. "And don't forget to be polite."

It takes her a good quarter of a minute that seems to stretch on

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forever. Finally she squeaks out an even more timidly muted “Yes, Ma’am.” Her hands move slowly, now trembling enough I can see it. It’s not far, maybe six inches, from where they are to the hem of her dress. That takes another quarter minute. Her eyes close. Her breaths turn faster with a little raspiness to them. Her eyes close. I’m sure she’s pretending that she’s anywhere but here, and no one is watching. Just as slowly her hands begin lifting the dress up. It takes at least a minute for her to get it over her head and off. She more tosses it in the general direction of her husband than hands it to him, her eyes never opening.

Kim stands, fidgeting hard, eyes squeezed shut, and waiting to find out what torture I have in store for her next. Without the dress, I can see that she's wearing black underwear, a matching bra and panties set. They're cute, only slightly modest, with a decent high cut triangle over her pubes and narrow straps over her hip bones. The same can be said for the bra, it's lacy and cute, but its cups almost fully cover her huge breasts. It has typically narrow straps over her shoulders, but like any of its size, it has a wide strap around her back with three clasps. I can't see it, but I'm sure it has a strong wire under those mounds to help support them. I also see pantyhose, by far the stockings of choice nowadays, and low-heeled slip-on shoes. Comfortable shoes, not the extra spiky and sexy kind I'd have her wearing.

I tell her to get those pantyhose off, that I hate the very sight of them on women. That’s true, there isn’t a pair in my house. She doesn’t mind that order much, taking those off doesn’t reveal any more of her body. They’re see-through enough that everything is already on display. At worst they just take away the little bit of support that’s firming up her thighs and bottom a hair. I doubt she thinks about that. Without opening her eyes, those get tossed at her husband as well, landing on his shoulder as he misses a catch. It also makes her slip those shoes off, which stay on the floor beside her feet.

Now Kim essentially has her bra and panties left, and not much more. Just a little jewelry and make-up. Were she in the playroom, that

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wouldn't be there. If she dared to wear it, she'd lose it. But not now. There's no reason for me to take it from her.

"Kim, have Mike and Vicky ever seen your breasts?"

"NO!" She blurts out with a desperate, pleading, nervousness to her voice. She quickly catches herself and adds a very muted "Ma'am." Even as now her whole body quivers lightly as she stands there.

"David, can you slide over a little so you're behind Kim?" I ask him nicely. Without a clue why he slides over to sit in the seat that she vacated a few minutes ago. It puts him right behind his wife. "Now please take Kim's hands and hold them... Don't let go, she needs her hand held now. She's blushing so brightly! She must be feeling so shy and embarrassed."

With the evil grin back on my face, lighting it up as bright as a star, I turn to Mike and Vicky. "I need a volunteer."

Mike starts to raise his hand. "I will." Vicky quickly blurts as she sees Mike trying to volunteer. But he's already hopping to his feet. Which one counts? Getting up? Or actually, volunteering? How am I to decide this? I compromise!

"Well, Mike, since you're up come over here by Kim..." I wait as he walks over, looking equally eager and cautious. Kim sees nothing, not yet daring to open her eyes. But she can hear me, and that has her quivering even more. "Mike, please don't touch Kim, just take her bra off for her. Let's all see those big breasts she's been hiding from us."

Mike now looks as disappointed as he looks eager. He knows it has to be showing on his face, too. He keeps his head turned so that neither David nor Vicky can see his face. Not touching her is impossible, and we both know it. He touches only her back, alongside her spine, as he quickly pulls the bra's strap away from her. Kim shudders at his gentle and so-unfamiliar touch. He deftly unhooks all three clasps. Then he pulls the bra casually down, its straps slipping from her shoulders as it finally falls. And finally falls free to bare those large mounds. It stops at her wrists.

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With David holding her hands there's no way for it to come fully off. I thank Mike and send him back to his seat.

Kim has huge breasts. I'd guess she's around a 38-DDD. As with any breasts so big, they're too heavy to stand up straight and pert. They'd actually look funny, like watermelons sprouting from her chest, if they did. Instead they hang a little, not so much sagging as just lying back against her chest, taking on a pear shape. A shape like a pear would have, was it cut in half longways and each half placed against her chest. As if her chest just gently slopes out at first, then quickly swells out as her mounds turn more rounded. They're light white, but her skin only has the faintest of tan to it, so there's little difference. Atop each milky mound sits a very rounded, and wide, light-pink nipple, surrounded by an equally wide and light ring of color laced with prominent goosebumps. Those nipples stand up a good $\frac{1}{4}$ ", rounded all the way from their tip to her mound. Almost like half marbles only stretched out. But half ellipses doesn't sound right. They're now free and jiggling just barely enough to be seen from the trembles sweeping over her nervous body.

I stand and walk the two steps to where she is. I take hold of a wrist, gripping it gently, then taking her hand from David's long enough to slip the bra's strap off her wrist. I put her hand back in David's, then slip the bra free from her other wrist. I toss the bra over to where David has her dress.

I reach a hand up to her breast, letting my fingers touch the top, just below where it meets her chest, as lightly as I can. Even that touch gets a crisp shudder from her, and a sharp sucking breath. It's a shudder so hard that her breasts dance around, enough that the mound briefly leaves contact with fingers. But then it's back. I slowly draw my fingertips down her ample mound, inching steadily towards her nipple. She shudders a few more times, her breathing deepens, and more goosebumps erupt to cover her entire mound.

As my fingers near her nipple I glance from the corner of my eyes.

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I'm not sure what to expect. I see two sets of eyes staring intently, their owners enthralled by the erotic display. It could have gone the other way. I didn't know if Mike and Vicky would enjoy the show, or be offended by its overt sexuality. It's like watching porn. Only more intense. And everyone knows you're watching it. Plus it's their friends.

Seeing no distaste from my hosts, I allow my fingertips to continue the short distance left, and right onto the rock-hard nipple. That gets a very crisp shudder from Kim, and the first little purr creeps into those deepening breaths. But her eyes still stay closed. I give the nipple a light pinch, just enough for me to feel that it's as hard as a stone. Kim gasps out as another powerful shudder racks her shoulders. As I back away, I can see her tightly gripping David's hands. But standing still, still breathing deeply and a little fast. And so clearly those nipples at least, are interested.

I slip back into my seat. "Vicky, do you wish to volunteer this time since Mike got to last time?" That's my compromise, letting them both have a turn and giving Vicky the more intimate turn. She nods and slowly gets to her feet. I can sense her reluctance and her resolve. She's clearly doing this only to keep Mike from volunteering. Can't blame her for that.

Vicky moves a touch slowly as she follows my instructions to the letter. She puts her hands to the top of Kim's hips, letting two fingers slip under each strap of her panties. Then she allows her palms to rest lightly on the bare skin of Kim's hips. She slides the panties down, not hurrying, but not wasting much time either. About mid-thigh there's nothing left to hang onto those panties, and Vicky releases them, letting them fall to the floor around Kim's ankles.

It lets me see that her pubes are shaven silky smooth, something less common with women of her generation than women of mine. It lets me see that she has a fairly flat pussy mound with lips that are as short as they are narrow but very plump. Plump enough that even her outer lips

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have wrinkles to them. They don't come close to meeting each other, leaving a wide gash that would be gaping if it weren't for the liberal purple folds of her inner lips filling them with their own wrinkles. All of which are glistening brightly with a light coat of honey.

She's quivering nervously. She's fidgeting hard. She's breathing deep, fast, and unsteady. She still hasn't dared to open her eyes. But her pussy is getting wet and her nipples are staying just as hard as ever. Kim has to know she's naked, and everyone is seeing everything. I imagine that with her eyes close she's pretending that's not the case, even though she knows it is.

“David, why don’t you let me see that pussy? It’s new to me. Let me see what Kim has...” When David doesn’t object, more just looks a little surprised, I continue on. “Go ahead, turn Kim around.”

I watch as he takes his hands from her, Kim clutching them as he pulls his free. Sitting he's a little limited in his choices, so he puts his hands to her hips. Definitely the best of the options. HE has to nudge her firmly to get her moving. As she does, she pulls her feet out of the panties dangling around her ankles.

In a few seconds I have a good view of her soft, somewhat rounded cheeks. Definitely spongy soft, and a little loose, but nowhere near plump. Just no longer youthfully toned.

And then David takes her hands again and pulls her, urging her quietly to lean forward and “just go with it.” She resists him, but it’s only a token resistance. Not a real fight. I wouldn’t go for that. She just won’t loosen up, making David pull her body forward against her tensed, but not hard, back muscles. She doesn’t make it too hard for him. He gets her leaning over. All the way over. He puts her forearms on his legs and holds them there as best as he can while again holding her hands to comfort her. She grips his tightly.

She’s so uneasy that her bottom is fidgeting. Not enough to jiggle her cheeks, just to put a little rippling it to them. And she has her legs

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close together. It really does nothing to hide her pussy. It's still fully visible between their tops. But it gives her the knowledge that she's at least not trying to display it.

I rise up again. Normally I'd use Sophie for this. Even though I'm sure her parents can guess that much, there's a big difference between assuming it and seeing it. So I've decided not to use Sophie for anything more than coffee service here. I'm just as sure her family realizes that and appreciates it.

I come up behind Kim, kneel down, and get a firm grip around her ankle. I pull. "Kim. Let me open your legs so everyone can see you. Behave." She still makes me pull fairly hard, but I'm pretty sure it's not all of her strength. More of a token. Enough resistance for Kim to convince herself she's being overpowered and forced to display her pussy, but not enough that she actually is. I call it immodest modesty. Trying to appear modest, even really wanting to be, but not being so modest. In Kim I take it a sign of her desire. Not a desire to do this, but a desire to reinvigorate her sex life and an optimistic hope this might help.

She resists, but also allows me to move both of her feet, spreading her legs wide. That leaves every bit of her pussy on display to me. So fully bared that I can even see the goosebumps that have sprung up on her loose, wrinkly, lips. And the wetness as it slowly but steadily blossoms on her purple folds.

I take hold of those lips. They're soft, but outer lips always feel soft in my hands. To me they feel like... a spongy soft rubber. I slowly ease them apart, steadily baring her inner pinkness. It's not a second before I notice that she's even wetter inside. And one more before I know her clit. It's wide, like her nipples, and it has the same pointy roundness to it. It's a little deeper purple than the folds around it. It's hard, probably as hard as it can strain to as it pokes up nicely from its little nest. She can't hide that from me, either. Lastly I have a full view of her tunnel. It's neither tight nor wide, more average. But clearly well slickened with honey, ready for

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use. To me it looks a little flushed, but it's hard to say on my first sight of it. Her walls could always look so eager.

Now the question is what should I do with the pussy that is being offered up to me as eagerly as it is reluctantly. The imp in me, and I'm extremely impish, wants to push a little more and see just how far Kim is willing to submit herself to me. The wise girl in me knows that's not a good idea. She might well allow me to subjugate her now, but she'll hate me afterward, no matter how hard she climaxed from it. With her being friends with Sophie's parents, I don't want her hating me. It might make things uncomfortable and tense around here. Why push things?

Instead I decide to keep this tame and simple. To not have her do anything she hasn't done a million times before. And not much differently, at least not physically. I'll show her that there's far more than the physical to sex. The different setting will be enough.

I release those lips, then let my hands caress their way steadily up to her shoulders. "I have her, David," I say sweetly as my hands get a light grip on her shoulders. I pull, and she doesn't resist a bit as I straighten her up. I step back as I do, moving my feet from their place along the insides of her feet. As soon as mine are no longer holding hers wide, she closes her legs.

Once she's standing up, I take her hands. It's only a few steps. Steps that Kim takes very hesitantly, very unsure. Unsure if she should trust me to move her around. Not that I'd walk her into anything, I think she's confident I won't, more that she's unsure what's next and whether it will be even more embarrassing for her. Luckily for me it takes her those few steps to start getting that nervous tension back in her body.

I stand her at the side of the love seat I just vacated, facing its arm. One nudge gets her up against it, the cushioned arm against her hips. I start easing her over it gently. It takes her a second, but then I feel her tensing up. I've always felt the quivers coursing through her body. Now she realizes I'm bending her over the arm of the love seat. She offers me a

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moderate, but still token, resistance. It doesn't stop me. Maybe this is the real reason she thought of me; she suspected I would see right through her reluctance and push her into whatever. I keep her going until her elbows and forearms are resting on the cushion.

Then I nudge her feet, repeatedly, with my foot. It gets her to slowly spread her feet, maybe an inch at a time, until her feet are wide apart, but not so full as they were. Still it's wide enough that her pussy is fully exposed, access to it unhindered by anything. I'm sure she realizes that, too. But it's not new, it was only a minute or so ago that I was looking right at that pussy in all it's shamelessness.

"Mike, can I borrow you for a few minutes?" I ask.

Mike eagerly comes over to me, even though I'm certain he knows nothing is going to actually happen. At most I might allow him to touch Kim. It's a bigger maybe that Kim would allow that. Vicky is more of a firm no on it. I ask him to sit on the love seat, right in front of Kim's hands, and hold them for her.

Kim neither helps nor objects, as Mike takes her hands and gently holds them. I give her a few seconds to get used to unfamiliar touch, even if it is chaste and just her hands.

I ask Vicky if she'd care to "help her friend for a few minutes."

Seeing that I at least have Mike relegated to the chaste role, she comes over as well. I have her sit on the edge of her coffee table facing Mike, which puts her beside Kim's head. I take her hands and put them lightly atop Kim's bare shoulders. Vicky doesn't shirk away, but she doesn't exactly get into it either. She caresses Kim's shoulders, gently and casually, more just to have something for her hands to be doing there, instead of just sitting there.

I take Kim's head, one of my hands on top with her fine tresses through my fingers, and the other under her jaw. I nudge her head up, so that her eyes are looking forward, or would be if she'd ever open them.

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"keep it up, Kim... don't make me spank you."

"Yes, Ma'am." Kim squeaks out, or more accurately mouths out. It's so quiet I doubt anyone hears it. I release her head and she keeps her head up.

I take David by his hand and walk him around behind Kim. I'm sure he's seen this view a few times before. Probably in the last week alone! It's kind of hard to do doggy style and not show your bottom. "Does Kim do anal?" I ask him, even though I know the answer. She told me what she does, and it wasn't even close to the list. So it's safe to assume that she doesn't. Then again, it's by far the least common way for a woman to have sex.

"NO!" Kim blurts out. This time her voice is loud, firm, and desperate.

I swat her bottom. Not hard. Just enough for a little slapping crack to ring out and faint handprint that fades in seconds, not minutes. She doesn't yelp, but I'm sure she feels it. "I didn't ask you. I asked him. Behave, girl." I think my message is clear. I ask him again.

He tells me no, Kim's never done that for him, and as far as he knows, for anyone else. I put my hands to her cheeks, touching lightly, and let them steadily stroke their way across her globes until my fingers press their way into her crack. Gently I ease her cheeks wide apart, fully baring her asshole to David's eyes.

All I need is a single glance. I've seen enough of them. Kim's isn't any different. It's a dark, deep purple little ring, the size of a dime, like a little funnel with wrinkles of flesh disappearing into it its pinpoint. After the thick, and tightly shut, ring of muscle, the coloring of her skin quickly fades from the dark to her natural light whiteness. And yes, it is clenched very tightly shut, already resisting an invader that's not even there yet. Clearly it hasn't gotten much, if any, use beyond the obvious over the years. I don't see any of the usual signs of excessive use.

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What I do see is David isn't shying away from looking at it, even though it's an asshole. Men! I tell him to go ahead and take a good look at it, Kim isn't going to be keeping any secrets from anyone tonight. I give him close to half a minute before I release her cheeks, much to her relief.

I touch my fingers to his lips, hopefully signaling him to be quiet. Not that I'm hiding it from Kim, but if she wants to put her head in the sand, then I'll let her. I think he gets it. I reach down to his pants and unzip them. He stays quiet, but his eyes get very wide, very fast. I gingerly tease his very hard cock out. He twitches a little but still stays quiet. I deem his cock decidedly average. I do that to myself, so he doesn't know it.

I get a gentle grip on his steely shaft, about halfway down its length. He still doesn't object, but he does watch me with a wary eye. I'm pretty sure this is about as intimately as I'll get away with touching him, at least with his wife so close. Alone, men can sometimes forget they're married. I don't stroke it. It's nothing special, not that really excites me. I just pull lightly, using it as a leash to guide him to turn and face Kim's bottom. I guide him towards her pussy. I put the tip of it against her slick, wet, lips.

Kim shudders from the touch. I'm sure she recognizes what it is, and likely whose. It's not like there are a lot of possibilities. There are only two men here, and the other is holding her hands. I don't delay in nudging him forward slowly, but steadily, watching as the fat head of his shaft starts to press through her purple folds.

Kim gasps out loudly with a mixture of surprise and pleasure. Her shoulders start to rise up. I still have plenty of room, so I swat her bottom again as I scold her "No. Stay!" I push her shoulders back down again until her forearms are flat on the cushion beside Mike. I don't stop David. I make sure he keeps going, his cock steadily easing into her pussy.

As his shaft disappears inside her, I release my grip on it. I put my hands on his hips and keep him going until every bit of his length, maybe

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5 ¾" of cock, is inside her, and her lips are flush against his pubes. I stop him, holding him still for an instant, then start him going. I can tell by the resistance I feel that the leisurely rhythm I'm using is new to him. That's no surprise to me. It seems men always want to race to the finish line, instead of enjoying the trek there. It's not a real resistance, just from his hips trying to go at a different pace than I'm allowing. It only takes a couple of strokes for him to get used to my way, the resistance steadily fading ever second of the way.

Kim is definitely getting into it. The first stroke alone gets a deep moan of bliss from her lips. The second, a slightly more girly, and louder, moan. I keep him going, setting his rhythm.

He's had maybe five good strokes, all of them full strokes from fully inside her, until only about half of the head of his cock is left between her dark folds. Then I turn my attention to the others. Kim is now moaning very sultry, and fairly loud, eager moans. She's gripping Mike's hands hard, too. Mike is watching her, more under her chest, getting a good view of her huge breasts hanging free and jiggling all over the place. Vicky is more watching Kim's head and face, more interested in seeing what this is doing for her friend than seeing the actual sex. Although I did catch her sneak a curious peek at David's cock. I guess girls can be... girls!

I move around to the front. "Kim, open your eyes. Now!" I raise my voice a little and firm it to a steely sternness on the "now." Kim doesn't think, she just opens her eyes, forcing her eyelids to full wideness. Instantly she blushes deep beet red as she's forced to see that everyone, especially her friends, are watching her have sex. She doesn't stop moaning so sweetly, though.

"Vicky, Mike, it's your job to keep Kim calm. Reassure her. Be good friends. And enjoy her little show." I get Vicky's hands rubbing Kim's shoulders lightly. I have them both talk to her, telling her to relax, don't be shy, enjoy herself. It's not to reassure her, or even help her relax.

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It's to force Kim to constantly think about her friends watching her have sex. Up close and personal. Just like people would be doing if she were behind that haystack of her fantasy.

It has the desired effect. Kim blushes brighter. And moans out more urgently. IN a few more strokes her hips are starting to buck backward, driving herself onto David's cock. Or at least trying to. The arm of the sofa limits her movement to about nothing. But she's trying to, and I'm sure she doesn't even know it.

Her show steadily gets sluttier. She moans, not louder, but definitely more urgently, more sensually, and more girly. It seems like her moans are getting hotter by the stroke.

Everyone sees it. Even David. He tries to go faster, but I quickly have him slow back down. "Don't rush it. She's being so slutty. Let us have a minute to enjoy the show!" Again, I say it to make Kim remember she's being watched.

She's not that loud, but her moans are very desperately eager. I look quickly and see that David's cock is covered in a thick layer of her honey. And her pussy is sopping wet. I swear, I can hear it, it's gotten so wet. Maybe I can. It wouldn't be the first one I've seen get the sloppy wet. I'm sure David can see that this is definitely doing something for Kim, too. She's squirming around hard, like her butt's on fire, bucking hard back as much as she can manage, and screeching those girly fast moans.

A quick nod to Sophie is all it takes for her to get my iPhone out and make a little video. Not a long one, I doubt we even have much time, but about 30 seconds of Kim screeching and wiggling around, David taking her from behind, Vicky and Mark watching the whole thing. I always like to have a souvenir.

It's a good thing I get it when I do, too. Kim doesn't last much longer. Maybe two minutes total, and that's tops. I know she cums. Everyone knows it. She stops moaning, holding her breath in. after a

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second, her body starts snapping hard. So hard that feet even come up of the floor and flail about. Then she lets her breath out with a very deep and equally primal moan. She grips Mike's hands hard, her entire body shuddering just as crisply.

I tell David not to ease up. To keep going. Enjoy himself. He does, keeping the steady rhythm I've set for him. One that is obviously new and fresh and different for them. One that so clearly is doing the trick for her. Now that she's cum, and David isn't letting up, Kim squirms around furiously, and she moans desperately. She's so energetic, she could be in a porn movie. Only she wouldn't be faking anything.

It only takes her another minute or so to cum again, this time harder. I know only because of her feet. They kick around wildly. And it looks like Vicky is kind of holding her down. As she's finishing her climax, David has his with a very loud and satisfied grunt.

He switches to hard, urgent thrusts for the moment it takes him to finish. Kim spends the minute moaning just as eagerly as she had been, and squirming hard against the sofa. Once David has finished, he lets his cock slip from her. He stands behind her, quickly tucking himself back into his pants. Kim lies spent over the arm of the sofa, panting hard and fast, and twitching lightly. Her grip loosens, but she hangs on to Mike's hands. Vicky, understanding Kim's satisfaction better, now strokes Kim's bare shoulder affectionately as she calms.

I take my seat and wait, giving Kim a minute to lie there and get herself together. Then I ask David to stand her up. When she does, her legs are a little rubbery, her eyes definitely dreamy. She no longer thinks about standing here nude in front of her friends. Friends who just watched her get used like a whore. And cum hard from it.

"Was that satisfying for you, Kim?"

"Yes, Ma'am." She answers, her voice now all tired and breathy. But honeyed. I ask David if he "enjoyed having Kim like this," and he says yes, he did. As if we hadn't noticed how stiff his cock was before I

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even got it out of his pants.

I have Sophie fetch a green sharpie marker from my purse. I call Kim over to me, and with her standing facing me, I take that marker and write my phone number on her smooth, bare pubes. "Think carefully before using it, Kim," I tell her.

"David," I say with a lot of honey in my voice, "It looks like Kim is still a little weak in her knees. Since Mike and Vicky undressed her, why don't you be a loving husband and dress your wife before she realizes she's standing her naked and sloppy." I grin.

David quickly gets her dressed, not perfectly, but close enough. He helps her to sit on the sofa, by now unnecessarily and sits beside her. He holds her hand.

I apologize to Mike and Vicky for "having fun in their living room." Then I send Sophie to fetch coffee for everyone, even Kim. As we sit and sip it, and the full realization of what Kim has just done sinks in, the blush steadily returns to her cheeks. I'm sure, long before the coffee is gone, she's ready to slink away.

Twenty minutes later, as we're going to leave, Vicky whispers to me, "I thought you might... help her out... I didn't think you'd put on a show!" But she has a girlish grin on her face. It's enough for me to know she's not mad about it. I could guess that she wanted me to something for her friends. I was less sure if she wanted to know about it. The way Kim can't leave fast enough, I'm sure she'll be avoiding Vicky for a few days.

"Oh, I almost forgot!" I squeal out with a giggle in my voice. "slave, hand out the souvenirs."

Now it's Sophie who giggles hard. She takes out my phone and punches in everyone's numbers. In under a minute all four phones are dinging. She slips my phone back into my purse.

The other four turn their attention to the message they just got. They all start the video playing. It takes about half a second for Kim to

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squeal a very embarrassed groan, even as her eyes are locked to the screen. Vicky giggles a little. David watches it, as does Mike. Kim looks like she's about to cry, she's blushing so hard.

"I know, Kim, you were so into it, you didn't have a clue what you were doing! Thank you for entertaining us tonight! Oh, and thank you, too, Vicky for hosting us all!" I add with another giggle. Then Sophie and I are gone. I'll bet Kim is slinking away before we're out of the driveway.