

Teaching Teacher



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Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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

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Prologue:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I have three BFFs, (Isabelle, Reagan, and Ellie) none of whom are into my little games. But all of whom occasionally creep into my stories. After all, they are my BFFs so they tend to be around. Luckily they're not

offended by anything they happen to see. They're just not eager for me to put on a show on their account.

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

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

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

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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.



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My mom is a foster parent. She has been for as long as I can remember. But she only takes in kids that are "short term," usually just a few days. Such as kids who don't have anywhere to stay while their parents are in the hospital, or those waiting on a long-term placement. When I was growing up, we had a steady parade of kids through the spare bedroom. Most were fairly nice, a few weren't, none stayed more than a week or two. The downside to the short-term ones is that they're subject to show up at any hour of the day. Or night.

Since I've moved out, I haven't even tried to keep up with the kids passing through mom's. They just move too fast. Half of the time, I don't even know if she has one, or two, or none. When we find the time to chat, we seem to have far more to catch up on. But she does tell me about some of them.

I know she's had a 13-year-old girl named Kayla for about three weeks now. It's close to a record for her. Kayla's father ran off long ago, and the state hasn't been able to find him. It's the police looking for him, so sooner or later they will find him. But he won't be returning to see Kayla, at least not for a few years after they find him. Kayla's mom had some sort of breakdown and is in the hospital. I'm not sure what her prognosis is, but I gather it's not too good, at least for a speedy recovery. According to mom, DHR is trying to locate a grandparent in Vermont, who hopefully will take Kayla in, but they seem to be having trouble. Grandma is on vacation, and they haven't figured out how to reach her wherever she is. So Kayla is at mom's. And from the way mom talks, she'll keep Kayla until she has somewhere to go. I think she likes the girl. Maybe Kayla reminds her of me. Or maybe I'm just egotistical.

I'm not surprised when mom calls me one morning and asks for a favor. She isn't shy about asking. It seems that mom has an appointment that she can't change. And Kayla's teacher just called to ask mom to come in this afternoon. They couldn't work out a time that worked for both. So mom wonders if I might go in her place.

It's nothing we haven't done many times before. Mom tries to make all of the school events for the kids in her care, even those who are only there for a day or two. And sometimes there are conflicts. When

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there are, she'll ask if I will stand in for her. She knows she'll get a full report from me. And she knows I won't let the teachers give me any flack. I know what school should be like. I've known good teachers and bad teachers. I've had both and a bunch in between. I'll bet everyone who went to public school has. I'll stand up for mom's kid when it needs to be done. And I'll make sure mom knows about any problems when there are any.

I've even been to a couple of these parent-teacher things for her at Kayla's school, although I've never met this teacher before. But when mom told her that she would have to send me in her place, and explained that talking to me *was* talking to her, the teacher didn't object. I'm not sure what else mom might have told her, or what impression the teacher has. Maybe she thinks I still live at home, which I don't.

None of which matters to me. I don't care what the teacher is thinking. I will go. Because I have the opening in my schedule, and I like helping mom out with her kids when I can. I will hear what the teacher has to say. I will report back to mom, and mom will be getting all the details. If Kayla's done something, mom will take care of that. If Kayla hasn't done anything, I will let the teacher know what mom and I think. I'm like that. And so is mom.

I barely have the time, I should say. My last class today gets out at one. Then, from three until seven, I'm doing a shift as a nursing intern at USA Medical Center, a hospital that's part of USA, where I'm a second-year nursing student. In just a few months I'll get my license as an LPN. Then it's on to RN, and BSN, and then with some luck, I'll get into a medical school and get my MD. I love nursing, but I have only one problem with it as a career. Taking orders from doctors. I'm good at taking orders, I just hate doing it. I'd much rather give the orders! And it doesn't take a rocket scientist, as the saying goes, to figure out that a BSN is a better bachelor's than, say, liberal arts, when applying to medical school. And nursing will be a great career if I don't get into medical school or decide not to go.

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With the driving time, it gives me from 1:30 until 2:30 to meet with Kayla's teacher. This works out exceptionally well since the teacher's planning period is from 1:15 until 2:05. Thus she won't have a class when I can be there, and she won't have to stay after work to meet with me.

I get to the school a few minutes earlier than I'd planned. Traffic was actually moving in the tunnel! It so seldom does that. Or so it seems. I sign in at the office. The secretary there takes one look at me, then a second, longer one. She says she'd offer to have one of the aides show me to the classroom, but "you know your way as good as they do." She grins. And I never got sent to the office! I wasn't even notorious when I went here. So I thank her and head for the room she's told me is the teacher's.

I don't knock. I just walk in. It is a classroom, not a house. "Hello, I'm Diane Rodger's daughter," I introduce myself to the teacher, "You must be Ms. Cutler." I see Kayla sitting at one of the desks. It's front row center, so I doubt it's her regular desk. But maybe, it has to be somebody's desk, so why not hers? At least I'm pretty sure that it's Kayla. I've met her exactly once, an evening about a week ago when mom had me and my live-in slave-girl, Sophie, over for supper. And mostly to catch up.

I remember Kayla as being kind of shy and quiet, but also polite. She seemed fairly sweet. She seemed fairly normal, which isn't always the case for foster kids. She seemed smart, too. Mom is rather diligent about keeping her toys away from her foster kids. She never lets one see the other. And none of her foster kids are there long enough to figure things out on their own. So Kayla doesn't know about mom's version of evening fun. And I'm not going to tell her.

But Kayla does know about me. With Sophie wearing her collar that night, something that never comes off Sophie's neck, no matter what, mom just explained that Sophie and I have a unique relationship. Kayla asked me a few questions, and I answered them, but they were mostly of the "are you gay or bi?" type of questions. She didn't ask

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anything too probing. I'm not sure what she assumed. Only that she was just as nice to Sophie as she was to everyone else.

"Yes, I'm LeighAnne Cutler," she says. It's the first time I hear her voice. I hear pure Texas twang in it. Otherwise, it's soft, slightly high-pitched, and girly. She points to a chair beside her desk. "Have a seat and we'll get down to business." She says.

I take the seat. LeighAnne takes her seat behind the desk and swivels her chair to face me. She sits, folding her hands on the desk. She takes a minute to fish out a paper, obviously something Kayla has written. The paper, lined and clearly torn from a notebook, kind of gives it away. It dawns on me that LeighAnne could have had it out and waiting, rather than making me wait while she found it. It's clearly a power play on LeighAnne's part. A rather... prim but amateurish one in my opinion. It really just makes me wait and wastes another minute of my time. As if my time isn't valuable enough. Or maybe as if she didn't think I'd actually show up.

I take the paper. It looks to be some sort of essay. "We're doing a lesson on families in today's world. Kayla's assignment was to write an essay on family dynamics. You can see what she's written..."

LeighAnne goes on to tell me, rather than give me a minute to read it myself. She tells me that Kayla has described a family where everyone is kind to each other. Where there are rules, and those rules have consequences. Consequences that can't be "whined" out of suffering. Where the kids have everything they need and are treated nicely. Where the parents care about their schooling and stuff. It sounds exactly like mom's house to me, and I should know since I lived in that house for 18 years. The very same house Kayla is now staying in. It sounds to me as if mom has made an impression on her.

I ask what the problem is with it.

"It's not realistic," LeighAnne tells me. She says that Kayla's essay describes a foster family, and even "several other students" called Kayla out on it. They'd all be in, or were in, foster care and were certain that a foster home like the one Kayla described doesn't actually exist. They have what I call horror stories about foster homes. Homes where the

parents only want the check and would prefer the kids didn't come with the check.

LeighAnne tells me that even “real families” aren't like that now. They have two parents with jobs. No family has a parent always home when the children are. That's just the way it is. She tells me that Kayla's description is too “Leave It To Beaver” to be believable.

I stand up for Kayla. I tell LeighAnne, rather directly, that Kayla's description is accurate. It describes my mom's home. The foster home that Kayla is currently living in. Thus, it is factually accurate. Whether LeighAnne wishes to believe it or not there actually are parents who find a way to raise kids, even foster kids, properly.

LeighAnne tells me that she doesn't believe it. She's been teaching for three years now and she's never read a single essay with an obsolete “traditional” family in it. She suggests that I might be idealizing mom's house.

I take offense. I tell LeighAnne that Kayla's essay is accurate. If she doesn't like that, well, I don't care. Kayla's assignment was to write about family dynamics in a real family today, and it seems to me that she's done that. Mom's house is a real family since it's the one Kayla is living in. If LeighAnne wanted Kayla to write about the dynamics of LeighAnne's version of a real family, then that should have been the assignment given. I ask bluntly, “What's the problem, she did the assignment as you gave it? Give her an A move on.”

Out of the corner of my eye, I see Kayla grinning. Whatever assignment she had, is long forgotten. Maybe she didn't expect me to stand up for her. Or, maybe after learning about my lifestyle, she wondered if I would be as firm as her uninformed mental image of a Domme is? In the short time that she was around me, I never had to get firm with Sophie. I almost never do. Sophie loves catering to me too much.

“It seems this was a mistake. I should be discussing this with your mother...”

“Why?” I ask LeighAnne, and now my voice is getting a little sharp and firm. “She'll tell you the exact same thing I am. She sent me. You

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get me. Neither of us cares what you want." I know, I'm starting to sound a little bitchy. But she deserves it. She basically just called me a liar! As if I don't know how my own mom runs her house.

We go on for a few minutes. It goes downhill. LeighAnne just won't believe it. I wonder what LeighAnne's childhood was like. My imagination says it wasn't so great. I, naturally, stand firm. I am not going to let anyone tell me that I am wrong when I know that I am right. Especially not someone like LeighAnne who has never set foot in mom's house.

"This is a waste," LeighAnne finally blurts out with a good deal of exasperation in her voice. "You just aren't listening to me."

"No. It's you that's not listening to me. I am telling you that Kayla's essay is accurate. I have set foot in that house. You have not. Thus, you have no clue what that house is like. And thus, no business telling me what it's like."

"I think we're done here. Kayla's F will stand," LeighAnne says rather firmly.

"Kayla, would you please wait in the hall until I ask you back in?" Now my voice is sweet and polite.

"Yes, Ma'am," Kayla says very politely. And unnecessarily. I've already told her that she's welcome to call me "Pepper," and that's how she addressed me last time. It leaves me no doubt that Kayla put the "Ma'am" on it just for LeighAnne. I can only imagine what's running through Kayla's mind. But clearly, from what I can see, she didn't expect me to stand up so firmly for her. And she's enjoying it. Her face says she'd prefer to stay right where she is and see the rest of the show. But she knows better. She gets up, leaves her things where they are, and steps out into the hall. She even shuts the door behind her.

I stand up. I stand facing LeighAnne. She must not like me looking down on her. Or she isn't used to it. She gets up to her feet as well. It doesn't faze me, not one bit. LeighAnne isn't much taller than I am. I'm just under 5'2", so I'd guess she's about 5'4". I still stare right into her eyes.

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"No," I say it confidently, and rather firmly, but without raising my voice to her. "Let me tell you how this is. My best friend is Ellie Newell. She has been in and out of mom's house for years, and *she* knows how that house really is. Her father is Ken Newell. Maybe you know the name? He's chairman of the County Commission. He has also been in and out of mom's house for years. I have his cell number, and he takes my calls.

"Kayla's work will be fairly graded. You *will not* allow your personal bias to enter into her grade. Otherwise, I will call Ken. He will call the superintendent and *personally* vouch for the accuracy of Kayla's essay. I doubt it will be lost on the superintendent that it was necessary for Ken to call him. I am confident that his first call will be to the principal of this school. Who has dealt with mom and her foster kids for years. I'm just as confident, that after reading Kayla's essay, he will adjust her grade. I have no idea how that would reflect on you or your future with the school board. And let me be crystal clear, I don't care. Not one iota of an iota. What I do care about is that Kayla is graded fairly. On her work. Not on your prejudice.

"Have I made myself clear, Ms. Cutler?"

LeighAnne stares back at me. "There's no reason for you to get bitchy--" She begins, raising her voice. Now it takes on a slightly shrill tone. I'm just not sure if that anger or nervousness.

I take a small step towards LeighAnne, closing the distance until there's only about a foot between our noses. Invading her space, but just a little. "Do not raise your voice to me, *bitch*." I cut her off. I've never been to tolerate anyone being overtly rude to me. Especially not when I know that I'm right. I'm still not raising my voice to her. But I am using that steely hard firmness and icy tone that use with naughty toys in need of a harsh scolding.

I guess it's the tone of my voice. But for the first time, I see LeighAnne start backing up. Now her eyes go wide. "If Kayla were to speak to anyone like that, she would be over someone's knee and learning some manners. I have no idea how old you are, but I will assure you that if you don't start showing me some respect, *bitch*, you will

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discover that you are not too old to find yourself over my knees. Or to learn some manners like a proper lady.

"I have made it clear to how things are. You will not change them. You will show me some respect since I have shown you far more than you deserve to be shown. Do you understand that, *bitch*?"

LeighAnne stands there for several long seconds. Slowly, her thin body begins to quiver slightly. Finally, I see her head fall forward just a bit, but enough to allow her to shift her eyes down to the floor. "Yes, Ma'am," LeighAnne answers. This time her voice is different. The Texas twang is still there. But it's hushed. And it's humbled. And it's the first polite words I've heard from her mouth. She takes a very small step back from me. It lets me see her body pulling in, shirking back and inward on her herself. She stands mute.

"Good," I tell her in my firm voice, but taking the icy coldness out of it. I've seen that posture too many times before to miss it. Usually in my playroom. But not always. Every bit of the bitchiness is gone from LeighAnne's voice. As is the firmness. And the confidence. Now her voice is sheepish. It's as if I've broken through some barrier.

And I admit, my evil imp takes over. She just hates it when people are rude to me! I very casually reach to my waist and unbuckle my belt. It's pure accessory, not so much functional. It's wide, white, and made of thin, soft leather with a big shiny round buckle on it. It goes so well with my jeans and blouse. Even loosely fastened, as it's meant to be worn. Just as casually I slip it out of the belt loops. Then I double it over in my hand.

LeighAnne watches my every move very closely. She tries to pretend she isn't. She's horrible at hiding it. I can see the nervous quivering blossoming on her body with every little move I make. I'll bet her eyes never leave the belt, watching it as I slowly double it over. That should make my intent fairly obvious. Yet LeighAnne isn't running, or calling for security. She's just standing there, quivering and cowed.

"I think it's past time for you to learn those manners. Since you've acted like a sassy little brat, you can learn your manners like a sassy little brat. Over my knees, *bitch*."

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"Please don't spank me, Ma'am!" LeighAnne blurts out urgently, her voice nearly panicked, her words all running together. But her voice is still soft. And it's still deferential. I've noticed that she's not objecting to being called a bitch, too. More importantly, she didn't tell me that I wasn't going to spank her. She asked me not to. Politely. As if it were my choice to make, not hers. As if I have some power to spank her if I chose to, and if I chose to, there's nothing she can do about it. That may be the case, but if so, it's only because she's giving me that power.

"Shut up, bitch," I tell her firmly. "I didn't ask if you wanted to be spanked. I told you that you are going to learn your manners. I most certainly did not say that you may speak."

LeighAnne stands there. She quivers a little more. She sniffles a few light, panicked, sobs. She shirks inward even more. She says nothing. Not a single word. She hugs her arms to herself, crossing them over her chest and pulling them snugly. I have my answer.

I grab LeighAnne's nicer chair from behind her desk. I pull it back from her, almost to the whiteboard, putting about two feet of space between it and the desk. I don't hurry. I just leisurely take my seat. Formerly her seat.

I really don't know how old LeighAnne is. She has kind of an ageless face. She could be in her mid-20s. She could be in her mid-30s. I doubt she's much older than that, I'd see some signs of that. Wrinkle lines on her face and a looseness of her skin that I don't see. I doubt she could be any younger than that. She did have to get a college degree to teach in this state. I think even the lowest of schools, those with no standards who take just anyone willing to go there, like Auburn, take four years. But hey, not everyone can go to Alabama. Roll Tide!

She's rather petite, too. I'd still guess she's about 5'4", and maybe 110 pounds. She looks to be rather thin. But it is slightly hard to tell what her shape is really like. She's wearing a loose-fitting dress that covers her to her knees and sandals. That I can see. It has long sleeves, all the way down to her wrists. It leaves a small slice of her chest bare at her neck, but not nearly enough for cleavage to be close to visible. It doesn't look like she has much of that. I don't see any mounds pushing

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out the front of her dress. So, B-cup or less, even in this blousy dress. It's black but decorated with pretty, colorful flowers. It looks cute enough. And it's modest. Appropriate for school. But it does let me see her calves, and those are slender. Not quite toothpicks, but not so far from it, either.

I'm close enough to reach my hand out and take LeighAnne's. I hold it with a firm, but gentle, grip. She doesn't hold my hand back, but she doesn't fight it either. She just leaves me holding a limp hand on a limp arm. Both of which are trembling as much as the rest of her is. I pull her towards me.

LeighAnne comes forward very tentatively. She doesn't walk. She shuffles her feet, dragging them over the floor. She takes the tiniest baby steps. But she comes. And she must know what she's coming for.

I wait until she's close to my side, only a few inches back. Still holding her hand, I grip it tighter and start pulling her forward, over my knees. She trembles more by the second as she starts leaning over me. I put my other hand, the one still holding the belt, to the back of her knees. I feel just how lean her legs are. As LeighAnne is leaning over me, almost fully now, I pull on the backs of her knees.

She comes forward a few inches until her knees bump lightly against the seat of the chair. I slide the chair to the side, keeping my pressure on the backs of her knees. As the chair moves aside, her knees bend and follow it.

It leaves LeighAnne lying over my knees. My right thigh is in the bend of her waist. It has her thighs hanging straight down, her knees about an inch above the floor. Her feet slip out of her sandals, leaving them bare and on the floor. The tops of her feet on the floor. I have my left thigh up under her ribs, with the underside of her breasts against the outside of my thigh. I release her hand, leaving them to hang down to the floor as well. LeighAnne lets her head hang forward.

LeighAnne isn't still. She fidgets rather nervously. And energetically. Already I feel her hips squirming against my thigh. I feel that her hips are narrow, and slightly bony, too.

I lift her dress up, lying it over her back.

"Oh, no!" LeighAnne blurts out even more anxiously, "not her, not at school, not like this! What if someone comes in and sees me!"

I ignore her, completely. I have Kayla standing guard, although neither Kayla nor LeighAnne knows it. Kayla is standing up against the door. Blocking the narrow window in it. For anyone to open the door, Kayla would have to move first. I'm keeping the corner of an eye on Kayla. As long as she doesn't move, I have free reign with LeighAnne.

And now that her dress is lying on her back, I can see her panties. They're basic, simple, cotton ones. They're plain. They're rather modest, too. They cover all of her bottom. They have moderately wide sides, but they are cut slightly low on her hips. Just slightly low. They do leave her legs bare. Just no more. They are definitely not something a woman would wear to be seen in. It tells me that LeighAnne wasn't expecting to be seen in her underwear today. I'd bet nothing about this afternoon is going anything like she expected, though.

I use my hand to push her panties all the way down to her thighs. As I do, the soft leather of my belt, still in that hand, brushes over the flesh of her thighs. She flinches every time it touches her.

"Please! Not my bare butt, not here in school, Ma'am! Please, let me have some clothes on here!" LeighAnne very nervously pleads, her words all jumbled together.

I take the quickest glance at her bare bottom. And I see a pair of petite, but nearly perfect, cheeks. They're firm and well-rounded. There isn't an ounce of flab to them. Or softness. Just two toned globes. They have enough rounding to them to have a defined curve at their bottom, both outward from her thighs, and across to her crack, but they don't hang or sag even a millimeter. I see a short, tight crack, too. The insides of her cheeks lying flush against each other, but just barely touching. I don't see her pussy poking out, even just slightly, between her thighs, telling me that her mound is going to be flat. But I do see the tips of a pair of light purple inner folds standing out. Those look slightly thick and soft. And they have got to be standing out decently above the outsides of her lips, or I'd be seeing those lips, too.

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I lie the soft leather of my belt across her cheeks. "I can't stand a rude little bitch, *bitch*." I tell her firmly, letting her shirk hard, cringe against my thigh, and feel the leather against her bare cheeks. "You'll get five strokes for being so rude. Say one word, to her than 'Yes, Ma'am' and will be seven."

"Yes, Ma'am," LeighAnne squeaks out in a very sheepish voice. A voice far more demure than any I've heard from her yet.

I reach up to the desk and pull the center drawer open. As I figured, that's the drawer with all the "junk" in it. It seems everyone keeps the odds and ends in this one. I pull out a wooden ruler. I bring it around under LeighAnne's face and put it firmly against her lips. "Since you're so worried about being seen as the bitch you are, you'll want this. Don't make too much noise now." I tell her. LeighAnne gets the message. She opens her mouth and bites on the ruler.

I lift the belt up. It's a lousy belt for spanking. It's just too soft. But it's what I have. I didn't come prepared to spank anyone. Who would? That doesn't mean I'm going to pass up the chance, especially when LeighAnne so deserves it. I snap the belt down, putting every bit of my strength into it.

It lands with a sharp crack. It's not so loud. I'm pretty sure that even Kayla, standing against the door, doesn't hear it. I'll bet it sounds like lightning to LeighAnne, though. It lands squarely across the tops of her cheeks, right about where they're the tautest. At the peak of their bend over my knees.

"UH-MMMM!" LeighAnne cries out loud as she bites down on the ruler. She tenses up hard as the belt lands on her cheeks, her back jumping up and aching, her knees bumping against the legs of the chair. The tension only lasts a fraction of a second. She falls, almost crashes, back onto my lap. Her legs fly out, straightening out fully. Her feet kick wildly up and down for a second or two. Her hands flail around just as wildly. LeighAnne sobs a few "mm-OW!s"

Oh, this is going to be so much fun! LeighAnne just squirms so energetically. It's almost too amusing for me! I just love squirming!

It takes LeighAnne just a few more seconds to calm down. I give them to her. Then the instant that her body is lying back over my knees and her thighs are hanging down again. I snap the belt down for another stroke. It's just as hard of a stroke. I'm not trying to hurt her, but I am putting all of my strength into these strokes to make up for the soft belt. And it's soft. I'd bet my hardest strokes with this one aren't as bad as my usual, ½ strength strokes with my usual punishment belt. I even land this one slightly off-center of the last stroke. At least it won't be cracking down on the already stinging flesh. Just right next to it. It will leave LeighAnne's bottom more evenly pink. And leave more of it stinging her.

LeighAnne immediately screeches another loud, "UH-MMMM!" as the stroke lands on her bottom. She stiffens. Her back arches up again. This time her knees snap forward, bashing against the chair, and immediately her feet kick back out hard, straightening her legs. Her leg muscles never lock. Even as they're stiffening, her feet are kicking around wildly. It's comical to see her legs sticking straight out, her knees bending as her feet kick through the air.

LeighAnne starts to calm after several long seconds of it. As the tension fades from her body, she loudly sobs out "oh, OW!" several times. It takes her a few seconds to loosen up after that. She's still sobbing when I raise my belt for the third stroke.

I snap it just as hard. Her cheeks are fairly petite, and my belt is fairly wide. It leaves me nowhere to land the stroke that isn't already glowing a light pink. I think about easing the stroke a little, but then I remember that I never do that. So I don't. It lands with just as loud of a crack as the first two.

"UH-MMMM," LeighAnne cries out. With her biting on the ruler, I think it's about the only sound she can make. She snaps up hard, her feet kicking wildly the instant they're off the floor. Now her hips thrash from side to side as well. LeighAnne is crying hard from this stroke, too. I can hear her. Her hands flail wildly against the floor, grabbing and letting go of everything they can reach for a couple of seconds. Then

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her hands start to come towards her bottom as the tension begins to ebb from her body.

I'd never let her use those hands to protect her bottom. I bring the belt up high and snap it down, making it beat her hands to her bottom. I didn't wait for her to loosen up this time, either. She didn't give me the chance. I wanted to beat her hands to her bottom. So the belt lands on her cheeks while her muscles are still about half tensed up.

LeighAnne screams into her improvised gag. Her body snaps violently back to full hardness. Her feet never made it back to the floor, so they're kicking around the instant the belt lands on her bottom. By now I have her entire bottom glowing a medium bright shade of pink. It will be on fire. It will be stinging her badly. But it should be so bad she can't handle it. To me, LeighAnne is clearly overreacting to the spanking.

It does have the desired effect. Her hands stop moving for her bottom. At first, they jerk hard, flying up along her sides. Then they just flail around without any sense of direction. LeighAnne cries, loudly.

"Stop!" LeighAnne begs, still biting on the ruler. It's not a great gag, but it does make it hard for her to talk. Or at least hard for me to understand what she's saying. Her words run together in panic. And they're hidden behind her bawling cry. "Please, stop! It hurts too much, Ma'am! I tried to take it! I can't! It's killing me. Stop!" LeighAnne screeches through her cries. Her feet are still kicking. Her hands start moving for her bottom again. "OH... PLEASE! Stop, Ma'am, please don't hurt me anymore! I'm sorry! PLEASE! Don't hurt me anymore, Ma'am!"

I grab her hands, using one of my hands to pin hers against the small of her back. "I warned you, *bitch*. Begging is talking. Now you have three more coming." She's had four. She had one more coming, but I did tell her if she said anything, it would be seven. So she now has three coming.

I don't bother waiting for her to relax. She's squirming and fidgeting too much. And time is limited. I just snap the belt against her bare, stinging cheeks again. LeighAnne screams. I don't give her any time to do anything. As soon as the belt cracks the fifth stroke onto her pink globes, it's rising back up into the air.

LeighAnne starts kicking, her hands struggling hard against mine to get free. Her shoulders thrash and snap from side to side as if she's trying to get off my lap. With her pinned, I don't wait. The belt is snapping down about two seconds after the last stroke.

LeighAnne screams again. It comes so quickly that it's almost like one long scream, barely broken with a panicked sob. And the belt is already rising back up. Only one more stroke to go. I might as well give it to her before she can misbehave and earn herself more. LeighAnne thrashes hard against me, both squirming, flailing around out of control, and bucking to get off my lap.

I snap the belt down again, landing the last stroke on her bottom. It leaves her bottom glowing a bright, but light, shade of red. And an angry shade of red, but a light one. It definitely leaves her bottom stinging like a few hives of African Killer Bees. And burning, as if she's were sitting on hot coals. But that's what I wanted. That's kind of what a spanking is supposed to do. It is a punishment.

It leaves LeighAnne bawling like a starving baby in a dirty diaper. It leaves her squirming every which way. Energetically. Her hands pushing and pulling along her back, against mine, trying to pull free of my grip. Her bottom thrashing wildly.

I let go of LeighAnne's hands. They quickly fly to her bare bottom and start rubbing it to soothe it. It just makes her cry. I grab her shoulder and push her up and back, off my lap. It drops her to her knees.

I quickly rise to my feet in front of LeighAnne, leaving my hand on her shoulders as I do. I use a foot to lightly tap the insides of her knees, urging her to spread them wide. She takes my hint. It only takes me one nudge to her foot to her to spread those wide, too. Now I push down firmly on LeighAnne's shoulder. It pushes her to sit back, putting her red bottom between her spread heels. Her dress has fallen back down and now covers her again. But her panties are still around her thighs, not up on her bottom.

I nudge her into a proper posture with her back up straight. With LeighAnne still crying hard, I take the ruler from her mouth. She lets me have it. Immediately, I notice the teeth prints on it. It looks as if she's

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bitten about halfway through it! LeighAnne is so not good with pain. That spanking was that bad. I've given much worse.

I put my hand under her jaw to nudge her to look up. Her neck is stiff, making me work for it. But I win. I push her head back so that she's looking up. I step close to her, my feet between her knees. Standing over her, I look down into her wet eyes.

"I do hope that taught your impudent little bottom some manners, *bitch*."

"Yes, Ma'am!" LeighAnne blurts out nervously, and slightly loudly, with her sobs.

I look around the classroom for a few seconds. It's empty. The only thing I see is Kayla's books at the first desk where she left them. There are somewhere around two dozen desks in here, all neatly lined up.

"Then unless your bottom would like another spanking, I suggest you behave that little bottom. I believe you owe Kayla a rather polite apology. You will apologize to her when she returns. You also owe Ms. Rodgers an apology. You will handwrite her one, and seal it in an envelope. If you ask her nicely, perhaps Kayla will come to get it after school and take it home to her. Is that much clear to useless little bitchy brain?"

"Yes, Ma'am," LeighAnne answers. Only now she sounds humiliated, even as she still sobs. But it also sounds to me as if she's accepted her fate.

"Good." I point to the desk right beside the one Kayla was using. Front row, one off-center. "Go. Sit at your desk like a good student, bitch. And I don't care how sore your naughty bottom is. That's your fault, so it's your problem. Fix your panties, too. Go."

LeighAnne says yes, then gets up to her feet. She tries reaching up under the dress to pull her panties up. She gets them up to the bottom of her behind. "OW!" she cries out, sucking in a noisy breath. I sternly tell her that I don't care how sore her bottom. She's to pull her panties up and go sit at her desk. Or I will pull them up for her. She

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squeals again as she pulls them up. She must be smart enough to figure out that I would not go out of my way to be gentle.

LeighAnne goes to the desk. She sits, sucking in another noisy breath and squealing as her tender bottom touches the hard seat. She fidgets in the chair, trying to find some way to sit that doesn't have her weight on her stinging bottom. There isn't one.

I help myself to Kayla's things. I get out several sheets of notebook paper and one of Kayla's spare pens. A rather girly pink one, with blue ink, that she wasn't using. I set them on the desk in front of LeighAnne. "Your assignment is to write an essay explaining why your behavior was inappropriate and warranted a spanking. It's due at the end of class. I will grade it. Exactingly. Penmanship, grammar, spelling, and especially the honesty of the content all count. You really want to get a good grade. You will present yourself at my apartment tonight at 8:00 pm to get your grade. Do you understand what you *will* do now, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," LeighAnne answers. She does not sound happy. She sounds utterly humiliated.

"Good, and remember, in Miss Rodger's class, the class rules are strictly enforced," I tell her with a grin on my face. I'm sure LeighAnne has no doubt what the punishment for breaking the rules will be.

I step over to the door and gently crack it open. I only open it a hair with Kayla standing against it. Just enough to tell her to return to her seat now.

Kayla is a very slightly thick young woman with brown hair. She's cute. She opens the door and takes a look around. She seems surprised to see LeighAnne sitting at a desk. I'd bet she notices the change in LeighAnne's face too. Not just the different look on it, but more the way her makeup has run a little. Kayla heads for her seat. But she watches me out of the corner of an eye as I walk up to the teacher's desk. I take LeighAnne's chair behind it and lean back. I prop my feet up on LeighAnne's teacher's desk as if it's mine. I doubt Kayla noticed that I was no longer wearing my belt. She takes her seat.

I glare hard at LeighAnne.

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LeighAnne gets the hint. She turns to Kayla, her voice soft and humbled. "Kayla, I'm really sorry for not believing your essay. I was wrong, and I apologize for it. I'll regrade your essay."

"Uh... wow, great. Thanks." Kayla tells her, unable to hide the surprise in her voice. She immediately looks at me again. I just grin at her and wink. I'll never tell Kayla what changed LeighAnne's mind. After a minute Kayla returns to doing whatever assignment she had been working on.

LeighAnne doesn't waste a second. She starts working on her essay.

I recline in LeighAnne's chair as if I own this classroom.

Maybe fifteen minutes later the bell rings. Kayla starts grabbing her stuff to head for her next class.

LeighAnne very nervously holds a paper out to me. And she politely returns Kayla's pen to her, thanking her for the loan of it. I take LeighAnne's paper. I hand her a sticky note with my address on it. Below that, I've written "8:00. Don't be late." I smile as I hand it to her. I fold her essay up and stick it in my pocket.

LeighAnne starts getting up, moving her bottom very slowly until it's off the chair.

Kayla calls out "Thanks again!" to me as she vanishes. A couple of students start filing into the classroom for LeighAnne's next class.

I leave. I have to get to work. Interns don't get to be late. We're lucky if we get to sit down! But I take LeighAnne's essay with me. I don't really care what she has to say. I just wanted her to join Kayla in doing an assignment. I wanted her to feel that to me, LeighAnne isn't any better than Kayla.

It's about 4:00 when I feel my phone vibrate. While I'm working, it only does that for "priority contacts" like close friends and family. It's another ten minutes before I get a chance to check it. It's a text from mom, telling me that she gave Kayla my number. And it says that Kayla brought home a *very* humble apology from the teacher. She even sends me a picture of the note LeighAnne wrote. It does *not* mention spanking. It just apologizes for not believing Kayla when Kayla told her

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that her essay was accurate. And for calling mom in for an unnecessary conference because of it.

Mom says she got part of the story from Kayla, who rather eagerly told mom how I stood up for Kayla. But Kayla doesn't know what happened while she was in the hall. So she can't tell mom. She can only say that LeighAnne was "Ms. Nasty" when I left, "like in her full witch mode," and "Miss Timid Mouse," when Kayla was allowed back in.

"Don't tell me you taught her teacher a lesson..." Mom's text asks.

I quickly text back "She was being so naughty! She deserved to be spanked!"

Mom just as quickly sends back "LOL. I just can't send you anywhere, can I? Only you would go to school and spank the teacher! Really LOL!"

I call Kayla back on my way home. It takes me a minute to figure out which of the numbers is hers. She wasn't in my contacts, but I go ahead and add her. Just not to the priority contacts.

Kayla gushes praise. She tells me that LeighAnne regraded her essay, as promised, and now Kayla has an A. Which Kayla firmly believes that she earned honestly. She probably did. Mom says Kayla is a good student. She thanks me for so firmly standing up for her. She tells me she didn't expect me to. Her friends assured her that foster families don't really stick up for their foster kids.

She repeatedly asks me what I did while she was gone to change LeighAnne's mind. But I won't tell her. I think she has a good guess, though. But that's different from knowing.

Now I have to get home and get ready. There's no guarantee that LeighAnne will come. But I think she will. I think she wants to come. And I think she's scared to. Not so much scared that I'll hurt her, but more scared of the unknown. I think she realizes that if she comes, she'll be under my firm power while she's here. I'll find out in less than an hour.



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I glance over LeighAnne's essay. Just enough to be able to pretend I actually read it. Then I give it to Sophie and tell her to grade it. Sophie is as creative as she is diligent in the tasks I give her. She asks to use the laptop, then types LeighAnne's fairly short essay in verbatim. She lets Grammarly assess the grammar and spelling for her. It finds enough errors. Sophie marks the paper up with a red pen. She gives LeighAnne a C. She returns it to me, giggling "I've always wanted to grade the teacher!"

The knock on my door comes at 7:52. That's my fault. I only told LeighAnne not to be late. I forgot to tell her not to be early as well. Then again, I was trying not to give her too many things to think about at once. I didn't want to overwhelm her. So I send Sophie to answer the door.

I'm on the sofa, so I can both see and hear everything. I'm only about ten feet from the door. Sophie opens it. "You must be the naughty bitch my Mistress is expecting," Sophie greets LeighAnne. "I am Miss slave, Mistress's slave." She introduces herself, just in case the collar locked around Sophie's neck was enough of an introduction for LeighAnne. "Come in."

LeighAnne steps in and her eyes are nervously darting all over the room. I don't know what she's thinking she might see. But there's nothing for her to see. It looks like any other living room. There's nothing different for her to see. No torture racks. No chains dangling from the walls. I'm still wearing the scrubs I changed into for work. Slightly blood-stained from my shift, most of which was spent in the ER. I must look like a tired nurse after a long shift. No leather dress with spiked heels and a bullwhip in my hand.

Sophie pushes the door shut and quickly puts a hand to LeighAnne's shoulder. She firmly nudges LeighAnne over to the wall. There's a small empty space along the wall that I intentionally keep empty. It provides a place for toys to wait. A place with nothing for them. Just an empty wall to stand along.

Sophie nudges LeighAnne to stand there. LeighAnne stands with her hands hugged across her body. She trembles just slightly. Sophie

guides her to stand with the backs of her heels, and her back, against the wall. To stand up straight. Then Sophie tells her "Mistress warned me you were ignorant!" in a rather exasperated voice. "Put your hands behind you, at the small of your back. Then stand still. And keep your mouth shut. My Mistress will deal with your naughty bottom when it's convenient for Her." Sophie stands there while LeighAnne slowly gets herself in place. Only then does Sophie come over to me, drop to her knees, and when I nod for her to speak, she tells me "Your bitch is waiting until You wish to play with it, Mistress."

I send Sophie to fetch me another cup of coffee. I want LeighAnne to stand there and wait for a few minutes. She can see me ignoring her. It should nicely remind her that she's here for my pleasure. And that I don't much care about whatever silly things she might want.

Finally, I get up, pick my crop up off the table and walk over to where LeighAnne is waiting. Her eyes lock onto the crop the instant I touch it. It's just a regular riding crop, except that its soft leather is pastel green, and it's fringed with delicate white lace. Only its tip is hard leather. It does look rather girly. I love it. It was a present from mom for my 18th birthday. I'll bet LeighAnne is already imagining herself being whipped with such a girly crop. Imagining that it will hurt as badly as it is cutesy. I'll bet she'd find it just a little more humiliating to be whipped with the girly crop, instead of a more plain one.

LeighAnne has a rather oval, and narrow-looking face. She has a prominent jawline with well-rounded, soft features. She has short black hair, wavy with tiny curls, that hangs down to the tops of her shoulders. The waves are s, not natural. They're too precise to be natural. It has a slight bushiness to it. And it has a wet look to it, even though it's clearly not. She has green eyes that aren't especially bright or dull. She has a longish nose that's decently narrow as well. It has soft lines too, except along its top where the line is sharp. She has a wide mouth that seems to stretch clear across her face. That's framed with a pair of deep pink, plump lips.

She hasn't changed. She's still wearing the same black dress that she had on in school today. I really hadn't expected her to change. It

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does look like she's fixed her makeup. The smudges are gone. But I'll bet she did that the instant I was out the classroom door. Before anyone else saw that "I've been crying" look to it. That would draw some questions! Questions LeighAnne definitely does not to be answering.

I stand in front of her. I've already decided what approach I'm going to take with LeighAnne. What I don't know, and can't yet know, is what LeighAnne likes. What she's craving so much that it brought her here in spite of her anxiety about coming. I'll have to figure that out as I go. But I have figured out that LeighAnne is rather whiny. That was so obvious when I spanked her.

For now, I'm going to be exacting with her. And I'm only going to tell her what she needs to know. I look her over, fairly quickly. Just enough for her to see me looking her body over. "You will take that dress off. Stay just where you are. Do not think about trying to hide any of that scrawny body. Fold your dress neatly. Politely ask my slave to hold it. Do not drag your feet. Take it off just as if no one were watching you. Now, say 'yes, Ma'am,' and do it." It lets LeighAnne know quite clearly what I expect her to do. It should leave her no questions about it.

"Yes, Ma'am," LeighAnne answers. Immediately I notice that the brassiness is back in her voice. I guess it came back as the pain of her spanking ebbed. She says the polite words, but without the humbled tone, I heard earlier. It's a warning to me. It tells me that the bitchiness comes naturally to her, and I'm going to be seeing more of it tonight. Not that I mind. I love those cheeks of hers! I'm looking forward to spanking them again!

LeighAnne moves just a little bit slowly. About as slow as she figures she can get away with. She lifts her dress up and over her head, pulling her hands out of the long sleeves after it's over her head. She tries to look casual as she does that, holding the dress in front of her chest. She holds it there to fold it as well, trying to block my sightline of her bra and look like she's not.

I find it slightly interesting. It tells me that, given the choice, she'd rather show me any part of her body other than those small breasts. Those must be what she's most self-conscious about.

"Will you please hold my dress, Miss Slave?" LeighAnne asks Sophie in the same tone of voice. I nod, a cue to Sophie, and Sophie takes the dress. Then I wait as LeighAnne moves her hands reluctantly behind her again. She knows she has to. I've told her that. But it also means that she has to let me see her bra, and she clearly is uncomfortable about doing that.

Now that LeighAnne's dress is off, I can see most of her body. It's as lean as I thought it would be. I can see the lines of her collar bones standing out along her shoulders. Less prominently I can see the lines of her hip bones as well. I can't actually see her ribs, but I can tell where her rib case is, even though its lines aren't showing. I can see arms that are almost as narrow as toothpicks. And legs that are just as narrow, but have a nice shape to them. Their narrowness makes them look long and lithe. I can see a flat, toned stomach. I can see light white skin that's youthful and elastically taut. I see a prominent feminine curve to her waist. There's less of a curve to her hips. But it's not as if they're not shapely, they just don't have enough meat on them to have a full curviness.

LeighAnne is wearing the same panties she had on, too. It lets me see that they cover her pubes just as fully as they cover her bottom. I don't see any hair sticking out at her legs, or any puffing out the front of them, so if she has a bush, it's not going to be much of one. I can see the crotch of those panties riding flush and flat between her thighs as well. There's no plumpness swelling her mound out. It's going to be flat. But I knew that. As I look closely, I do see a small, narrow, little ridge poking the panties out just a bit, right in the center of that flat mound. LeighAnne must have so rather prominent folds rising from her pussy lips. I'll get to those.

I can see that she's wearing a simple black cotton bra. To me, it's little more than a sports bra. But it's not. It has a narrow band around her chest. Two black triangles rise up from that, fully covering her

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mounds. Then narrow straps flow over her shoulders. Its cotton fabric hides every bit of her mounds. But it is lace trimmed to look sexy. Or sort of sexy. I can see that her mounds barely rise off her chest. I can't really make out their shape, the snug fabric has them pushed flat against her chest. But I can see a pair of wide nipples prominently straining against those cups. If those strips of fabric count as cups.

"You will take that bra off the same way and ask my slave to hold it. Do not even think about covering those ant bites. Show me those tiny boobs, bitch." I tell LeighAnne, adding a little firmness into my voice. I picked her bra to come off next because it's the thing she least wants to take off.

"NO!" LeighAnne blurts out again. Only this time her voice is as hard as it is nervous. "I came here to get my grade. Not to strip! You don't need to see my boobs to give me my grade! Just give me the grade and be done! I am NOT taking my bra off!"

I grab LeighAnne's shoulder. Quickly, and rather roughly, I spin her around to face the wall. I put my hand to the small of her back and shove, pressing her front side firmly against that wall. I reach down to the waistband of her panties. I roughly yank her panties down to her thighs. LeighAnne yelps as she feels them pulled off her bottom. I leave them around her thighs.

"NO!" LeighAnne blurts out, "you are not doing this! Stop! I said NO!"

"And I said behave, *bitch*," I scold her in my sternest tone.

I snap my crop, cracking its tip against one of her globes. The redness had faded from them, leaving them nice and white for me. With her standing, instead of bent over, those cheeks are even more rounded for me. It's only about half of my strength. The crop's stiff tip snaps against LeighAnne's little bottom with a loud, splitting crack. It sears a bright welt onto the center of her globe.

LeighAnne screeches out a loud "OW! Oh, OW! It hurts! Don't spank me again! I don't want to be spanked! I said NO!"

I feel her body pushing back against my hand. Her hands fly to the wall as if to push her off of it. I snap the crop again, searing a matching

crop print welt onto her other globe. Cheeks should always match! Welts and all! "I said no talking!" I scold her as she's screeching another "OW!" from the stroke.

I bring the crop back and snap my wrist, sending its tip soaring back to the first cheek. It lands right beside the glowing welt and sears another one onto her cheek.

"STOP! Stop hurting me! Don't spank me again!" LeighAnne screeches out, her voice now panicked.

I snap the crop again, stinging a second welt onto her second cheek. She screeches another "OW," and this one sounds rather sobbing. "I said take your bra off, *bitch*."

"I'M SORRY! OWW!!!!" LeighAnne screams out, her voice sobbing and pleading desperately. I ignore her. I snap my crop again, searing a third welt onto her globe just above the other two. "I'LL TAKE MY BRA OFF! I'M SORRY! PLEASE, STOP! PLEASE DON'T HURT ME ANY MORE MA'AM! PLEASE! DON'T HURT ME SO BADLY, MA'AM! YOU CAN HAVE MY BRA! YOU CAN SEE MY LITTLE BOOBS, MA'AM! I'M SORRY!"

I snap the crop again, searing a third welt onto her second cheek. She screams. I scold her. "That's three. I've already told you the price of being a bitch is five. You have two more coming. Behave, or it will be worse, *BITCH*."

I don't give her the time to answer. Not that she could if she wanted to. She's bawling too badly already. I just snap the crop. Three times, in rapid succession. It sears a fourth welt onto both of her globes. And a fifth onto one of them.

LeighAnne screams with each stroke. She squirms against the wall. That's about all she can do pinned against it. But she doesn't beg me to stop again. I guess she learned that lesson.

"You have one little stroke left. Just one. You are going to behave for it, *bitch*. This is your chance to show me that you're truly sorry for being a bitch. You will not make a sound. Not even a yelp. Stand there and feel the sting of the whip on your bottom like a naughty bitch."

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I snap the crop. LeighAnne clenches her teeth hard. Her body stiffens to steel as the strike lands. She sobs. But she doesn't scream out. As soon as the leather tip of the crop leaves her bottom, she loosens up. And sobs loudly, bawling and sniffing. "I'm sorry, Ma'am..." LeighAnne sobs out. "I didn't scream, Ma'am... See, I really am sorry, Ma'am..."

I grab her shoulders and turn her back around. I push her back against the wall. I leave her panties down around her thighs. It lets me see her flat pubes. It lets me see the neat little bush on them as well. Her hairs are trimmed short. Her fur is trimmed with neat lines on all three sides. Her lips are shaven silky smooth. It's just the way I like a bush. Neat. It also lets me see how flat her mound is.

I can barely see her lips from the front. But now I can see that she does have a little mound. It's not perfectly flat. It looks like it would be if her legs were parted instead of almost together. Now it looks as if her lips have been pushed into a mound. I can see the wide ridgeline of her pink inner folds, rising up with their wrinkles at the front of her pussy. I can see that her lips don't ever meet, at least not in the front. Her wide gash rises up the line of her bush. Her lips just flow into her pubes. The ridgeline of pinkness just stops at the top of her gash. I can even see the tips of those folds standing out from beyond her lips.

I stare into LeighAnne's wet eyes as she cries. "Do you know what your problem is? You think you're a person! You need to accept that you're not a person! You're nothing but a worthless, sloppy fuck hole!" I tell LeighAnne. "Now behave your worthless butt, bitch. Ask me to let you show me your boobs."

LeighAnne sobs away. "Ma'am, may I please take my bra off and show you my tiny boobs, Ma'am? Please, Ma'am, I'm so sorry for being bitchy. I'd really like to show you my boobs. May I please, Ma'am?"

"Show them to me, bitch," I tell her.

LeighAnne reaches her hands up to her bra. I don't see a clip in the front. And I don't remember seeing one in the back, either. Just the narrow strap around her. But her bra isn't what I was paying attention to. She puts her hands to the bottom of the cups and lifts them up.

Over her head. Then pulls her arms out of it. She folds it and asks Sophie to hold it. Then she puts her hands behind her back.

LeighAnne shirks back against the wall. Her sobs are just beginning to fade. But not the sting in those cheeks. She stands there, cringing and now blushing, something I've yet to see her do, with her little breasts on full display.

I'm guessing that her chest is a 34. If so, it's on the small side of that band size. To me, she looks just a hair too wide to be a 32. It would be tight on her. I guess that her breasts are AA cups. They look it. They're tiny. And they're fairly pointy. The undersides are mostly flat, with a gentle roundness to them, as they rise off her chest towards the tips of her mounds. The tops are just as softly rounded. It makes the tips look pointy. But her breasts are topped with a pair of quarter-sized rings of light pink with a faint brownness to it. And a pair of wide nipples that rise a full $\frac{1}{4}$ " off the tips of her nipples. Those nipples have a gently rounded tip, and they're long enough to have straight sides as they stand up. They're about half as wide as the rings around them. They're the same shade of the same color. They're as hard as rocks now. And, with the pointiness of her breasts, they look as if they're angling to point just slightly upward from the tips. They're nice breasts. Too bad they only rise an inch or so off her chest.

"Look, slave!" I say sweetly to Sophie, "have you ever seen breasts so tiny?" I have. Sophie has, too. Not every woman can have great, and ample breasts.

"No, Mistress!" Sophie tells me with a giggle in her voice. She knows to just play along. "But those nipples are big!!! They will so love to have clamps on them, Mistress!"

LeighAnne cringes a little more. I put a hand to her breast, using the tips of my fingers to stroke over the small mound. There isn't enough for me to cup it. But I can feel its silky soft skin. And I can feel the stiffness of her nipple. I get to watch goosebumps erupt to cover the entire mound as my fingers run of the nipple, too. I guess she likes them played with.

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I tell LeighAnne to give Sophie her panties now. She really doesn't hesitate to slip them the rest of the way down. Her pussy is already bared, so they're not hiding anything anymore. Nor does LeighAnne hesitate to give her sandals to Sophie.

Sophie takes LeighAnne's clothes and heads off to the playroom with them. LeighAnne watches, her eyes rather reluctant and edgy, as her clothes disappear. Sophie locks them in a drawer of a file cabinet that I keep in the playroom for just that reason. She hurries back without them. LeighAnne cringes again, realizing that her clothes are now gone. She won't be getting them back anytime too soon. She's going to be staying nude.

I send Sophie to fetch a collar "appropriate for such an insolent bitch." Sophie knows that I mean the "hard" collar. The one I save for those who misbehave the most. I call it a punishment collar. It's for those being punished. It's heavy iron. It's 2" wide and ¼" thick. It has a hinge in the back and a hasp at the front for a padlock. It looks like something the Spanish Inquisition used 1000 years ago. It's cold and heavy around the neck, too. Sophie hurries to bring it to me, bringing a lock along with it.

LeighAnne cringes again, her eyes going wide as she sees the heavy collar. I lock it around her slim neck. I clip a leash to the padlock. I tell LeighAnne to come along with me and to keep her hands behind her. She's not to hide my breasts from me. I own those. Just as I own the rest of her "skanky butt," and will do as I fancy with all of it. Whether she likes it or not.

That's all the time I have before I get her across my living room. That's where I have my desk, angled in a corner. It's a nice, professional desk that I use mostly for studying. But I use it for this, too. It has a small stool beside it. The stool is Amish-built. It's plain wood, with four legs and a 12" round top. There's no back to it. There's nothing else to it. It's also just a hair low to sit on. As if it were built for a pre-teen, not an adult.

I tell LeighAnne to sit on the stool. It has her left side against the side of my desk. It has her facing a blank wall, too. I remind her that

she's to keep her eyes straight ahead, and not to be worrying about what I'm doing.

LeighAnne sits. I firmly instruct her that she's to sit like a proper lady, even if she is just a cheap whore. She's to fully cross her legs. She's to sit up straight. And she's to sit still. I tell her that she's only to speak when spoken to. And then she's only to answer my questions, very politely and humbly. "Remember, you are my property, bitch, not something worthy of some shred of respect, like a person!"

I boot up the laptop and bring up a form I use for all my subs. It just keeps track of the basics, and I don't know anything about LeighAnne other than that she's Kayla's teacher. "What is your full named, bitch?" It seems like a good place to start.

"LeighAnne Monica Cutler, Ma'am," LeighAnne answers.

"How old is that sloppy butt?"

"I'm 27, Ma'am." She tells me. It's right in the range I guessed. After seeing her body more fully, especially how taut it is, I figured she'd be on the lower end of the range I'd guessed.

I ask her if she's seeing anyone. She tells me she's not. I ask when her last date was. She says several weeks ago. She went out with a fellow teacher twice before they discovered they didn't make a great couple. I ask her when the last time she has sex was. She blushes. She tells me it was several months ago. She'd had a summer romance while school was out, but it ended, rather badly, just after school started. He was her last lover. I ask how many lovers she's had. She tells me four. None of those seem to have lasted that long, at least not to me. Interesting.

I ask her "When's the last time you masturbated that sloppy pussy?"

LeighAnne shirks back. She blushes brightly. Every bit of that brassiness is suddenly back in her voice. "What does that--" LeighAnne beings to balk.

I flick my wrist. LeighAnne must have forgotten that I brought my crop with me. The flick sends its tip arcing up and soaring to her face.

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But it's a very light stroke. It snaps against her cheek, searing a faint little pink welt onto it. It's a welt that will fade in a minute or five.

"YE-OW!" LeighAnne screeches out. She lets the light slap of the crop knock her head sideways a bit. I'm sure that's mostly to ease the strike. She very quickly turns back to me, her eyes so wide they look as if they're going to pop out of her head. "I'm sorry, Ma'am!" LeighAnne blurts out very nervously. Her voice is humbled back to its sheepish tone, too. Message received. "I masturbated about two hours ago, Ma'am!"

That's an interesting answer. To me. It tells me two things. The spanking, which probably still stings her bottom slightly, didn't do much to turn her off. Neither did the thought of coming here, where she'd again be under my power. It only leaves me to wonder if it's the pain, the humiliation, or both that are exciting her. Because something clearly is.

I ask her if she climaxed. She did. I ask her how many times. She tells me once... then she confesses that she masturbated twice. Once when she got home from school, and again before leaving. I ask her if I were to check her pussy now, would I still find it sloppy wet, and hotly aroused? She very reluctantly admits that I "might." I won't accept that answer. She changes it to a yes. As if I didn't know that. I just want her to say it. And to learn that when I ask a question, I expect a real answer, not the kinds of answers she gets from students. I remind her that I don't care about her modesty. I might care about her privacy if such a concept were to actually exist for her. It doesn't. She's not allowed any privacy, no matter how intimate the subject.

I ask her when her last period was.

"That's none of your—" LeighAnne balks hard, the brassiness coming right back into her voice.

I flick my wrist. It snaps another stroke onto her cheek. She yelps as her head tilts away. I flick my wrist again, snapping another stroke onto her other cheek as she's still yelping from the first stroke. She screeches a little louder. "OW!... I'M SORRY, MA'AM!" LeighAnne sobs a

few rather sniffly sobs. "I'm sorry, Ma'am... my period ended last Friday, Ma'am."

I scold her, telling her I asked when it started. She tells me that Tuesday. I ask her how long it lasted. As if I couldn't do the math. She tells me four days. I ask her how heavy the flow was. Whether she used tampons or pads. How many tampons a day? How often did she change them? It's far more questions than I'd normally ask. I usually ask only what I need to know. But since LeighAnne is so clearly reluctant to talk about her period, I make her tell me every intimate detail of it, even those I forget as soon as I hear them. She answers, her voice sheepish. I guess she learned that lesson, too.

I ask her whether she's ever given a blow job. She tells me she has, but she's never let a man cum in her mouth. I ask her if she's ever tried anal sex. She tells me no. And she tells me that she doesn't want to try it. I give her another flick of the crop, scolding her for adding that. I didn't ask if she wanted to try it. I only asked if she has. I tell her firmly, "I'll tell you what you want to try. Right before you try it." And I grin at her as I do.

I make her tell me about her sex life. It sounds boring to me. Far too vanilla. It seems almost all of her experience is rather typical, mostly missionary position.

And I learn that she's never tried D/s, or anything else considered "kinky" before. She tells me she has no idea why she "allowed herself" to be spanked. She didn't want to be spanked. She found it the most degrading and painful thing. But something just made her stand there. Even when I took control and she knew she was going actually going to be spanked. She didn't want to be spanked, but her body wouldn't move for her.

I tell her to stand up. I tell her that there are some things I don't ask because I know she'd just fudge her answers. My slave will weigh and measure her. Then I'll have real numbers. Not the numbers she wants the numbers to be.

I step close in front of her. I tell her that she's to stand still. And most importantly, she's to keep her hands at the small of her back. No

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matter what. She's to pay attention *only* to me. She's to ignore everything else.

I wiggle a few fingers at Sophie, letting her know to do what I've told her to do earlier.

I stay very close in front of LeighAnne, looking her right in her eyes. "You will answer my questions. My slave will take your temperature, just to make sure you don't have COVID or some other skanky disease. You will not move." I remind her again. Then I ask her about that last boyfriend. The one with the bad breakup.

LeighAnne starts telling me about him. It was a guy who she met at her gym. He was nice to her, and "great" in the beginning. She thought she liked him.

Sophie steps over behind LeighAnne. Sophie moves quietly, and with LeighAnne staring into my face, LeighAnne doesn't notice that Sophie's even joining us. Sophie puts both of her hands to LeighAnne's freshly whipped cheeks and starts to firmly push them apart, stretching LeighAnne's crack wide.

LeighAnne sucks in a startled breath. She suddenly quivers, rather noticeably. She starts to say something. I'm sure it's an objection or a plea. She clearly didn't imagine that Sophie would be taking her temperature there. In her bottom. But now it's obvious. And LeighAnne looks as unhappy about it as she does nervous.

I snap LeighAnne's attention back to me by asking her why she broke up with him. She tells me that it was mutual. They'd had a big fight. He wasn't satisfied with her in bed. LeighAnne sucks in an edgy, squealy-nervous breath as she feels Sophie pressing the tip of the thermometer into her asshole. Now with a slight squeaking in her sheepish voice, LeighAnne tells me that the two of them had been having sex. For a long time. And he hadn't cum. He blamed her. She didn't think it was her fault. He was "on top." The fight degraded into name-calling. The breakup followed. Duh. I would have so tossed him out!

LeighAnne breathes out a sigh of relief as she finally feels Sophie pull the thermometer from her bottom. Sophie announces LeighAnne's temperature for all to hear. I tell Sophie to measure LeighAnne.

Sophie gets a measuring tape. She announces LeighAnne's measurements as she takes them. Bust, 33. AA Cups. Waist 25. Hips 34. Sophie walks LeighAnne over to the wall where there's a tape to get her height. 5'3.5" I was so close! And there's a scale to get her weight. 111 pounds. I note it all down.

Just seeing how squirrely LeighAnne was with a tiny little thermometer going into her bottom gives me an idea. It tells me right where I want to start. At the bottom. Specifically, LeighAnne's bottom.

But I don't tell her that. When Sophie brings LeighAnne back, I tell LeighAnne to lean over the stool, resting her forearms flat on it. Then I tell her to spread her legs. She does it, reluctantly, knowing that she's exposing her pussy to me rather fully and immodestly. I'll bet she's wondering what I'm going to do with it.

That's another thing I learned about LeighAnne. She's never done anything with another woman. Not even a kiss or a little touch. I doubt another woman has even seen her pussy before. I'm confident that she has no idea what two women would actually do in bed, just the typical assumptions. And she's never found anything attractive about another woman. Never considered as much as flirting with a woman. And she definitely has no idea what "kinky impulse" made her submit to me, a girly-looking woman. She has even less idea what I might do with her. I'll bet she assumes that I'm a lesbian just because I have a female slave. I wonder what she's thinking about herself right about now.

Now I can see just how prominent those inner folds are as they rise out beyond her lips. They're plump, loose, and wrinkly. But most interesting to me, right at the knot where her folds flow into a single ridgeline, I can see the hard nub of her slit standing up eagerly. It's wide, maybe like the tip of my pinkie. It's hard. And its head is poking up just above the ridgeline. And just a hair beyond the outside of her narrow lips. She must have been sitting on that hard nub. Feeling it as she

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fidgeted around. It must have been driving her crazy. I'm going to have fun with that, too.

I use the tips of my fingers to ease the lips of her pussy, and those inner folds, apart. LeighAnne expects me to do something with her pussy. So I'm going to. I'll give her what she expects for a moment. Besides, it lets me see her inner pinkness. I could already see her inner folds, and all their softness, and her eager clit. Now I can see the narrow entrance of her tunnel, too. I can even see the very edge of her hotly flushed, bright walls. But mostly what I see is a heavy coat of her clingy, oily, honey covering everything. I release her lips. I'll get to her pussy later.

"Now, let's see about that bottom..." I say, just to tease LeighAnne. I put my hands on her globes and push them apart. It spreads her small crack wide and lets me see the smallish ring of her asshole. It's not the smallest ring I've seen. It's not the biggest, either. But it's big enough that a thermometer should not have been a problem for her. It must have just been psychological. Just feeling that it was there was enough to bother her with the idea that it was there. Hers is a medium deep shade of purple, a quarter-sized swath of flesh. It's lined with countless faint wrinkles. And one rather large, prominent wrinkle at the bottom. All of them flow into a small little dark spot that's shaped more like a tiny little line. Except hers isn't so dark. It would be except that instead that single prominent wrinkle seems to fold up just beyond the rim, where the flesh turns and begins to flow inward. I can't see the lines of her muscle. It's more just a gentle and shallow funneling inward of the flesh in the valley of her crack.

I make sure to pull her cheeks wide enough to stretch her asshole wide, pulling some of those fainter wrinkles out. I'm sure LeighAnne feels that. I shift my hands around so that I'm only using one hand to hold LeighAnne's cheeks wide. I hold my free hand up and wiggle my fingers. It's a silent cue for Sophie to pull a latex glove onto my hand for me. She does. LeighAnne's still staring straight ahead as I told her to, so she doesn't see what Sophie is doing. She's probably too busy telling

herself, convincing herself, that I'm not looking shamelessly at her asshole now.

I don't need to bother with any lubricant. Sophie used plenty of it when she took LeighAnne's temperature, and there's still a glimmering coat of the slippery gel on LeighAnne's asshole. It's a thin coat, but it's enough to ease the way.

I put the tip of my finger lightly against LeighAnne's asshole. Her muscle instantly snaps to its full tightness. It clenches so tightly that I can feel her muscle straining to hold itself so tightly shut. "NOT MY ASS!" LeighAnne screeches out. It's the brassiest voice I've heard from her yet. "NO FUCK WAY IS ANYTHING GOING UP MY ASS! I TOLD YOU, THAT'S OFF LIMITS."

I shove roughly, more ramming my finger into her asshole.

"OW!!!" LeighAnne cries out. "GET IT OUT OF MY ASS, NOW! I SAID NOW! OUT OF MY ASS! I WON'T DO THIS. MY ASS IS OFF LIMITS, DO YOU FUCKING HEAR ME. GET IT THE FUCK OUT OF MY ASS, FUCKING NOW!"

LeighAnne sounds certain, her voice hard and firm. She sounds demanding, almost like me. She's also standing there, still leaning over the stool with her bottom towards me. I wonder if it's just like before, that her body won't move away no matter that she wants it to. Or if maybe she's just too scared to move with my finger in her bottom.

"OH, OW! GET YOUR FUCKING FINGER OUT OF MY ASS NOW! I SAID NO. I TOLD YOU MY ASS WAS OFF LIMITS. GET IT THE FUCK OUT OF ME NOW!" LeighAnne screeches out.

I stand there and let her screech for a minute. Let her realize that her demanding bitchiness isn't doing a thing. I'm still standing here. She's still bending over. My finger is still fully inside her rectum. I still don't care if she likes it.

Finally, I get tired of listening to her demanding bitching. And it's not like I can whip her with my finger in her bottom. My hand is in the way! Instead, I just lightly press the pad of my finger downward against the inside of the wall of her rectum. That wall is just paper-thin. It does nothing to dull what I can feel beyond it. Where I'm putting that gentle

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pressure, it's the spongy walls of her pussy just beyond. I can feel a fiery hot heat burning through her walls. And I can feel millions of little sparks erupting randomly throughout those walls, shooting along the nerves powerfully enough to make those walls twitch.

The best part, for me, is that LeighAnne doesn't realize I can feel all of that. She's so hung up on the fact that I'm in her bottom, that she doesn't realize I can feel her pussy. Or that I have a clue how aroused that pussy is. I love it when toys don't think I could possibly know as much as I do.

I give my finger a very gentle, tender little wiggle. It massages the backside of her pussy. And there are just as many nerves there. Her pussy won't realize that I'm stroking the backside of those walls. Just that I'm teasing those walls.

LeighAnne shrieks out. It's loud and squeaky. As loud and needy as her lungs can make it. "Uh-EEEE!" She shrieks. LeighAnne jumps, too. She literally jumps, her knees buckling for an instant, then her legs snapping hard and bringing her feet off the floor. Only her legs don't thrust her straight up. Instead, they thrust her hips up and forward. Her hands clamp onto the edge of the stool, gripping it in a grip tighter than any vise. As her hips thrust forward, her body shoves her shoulders forward as well.

I reach out with my hand, taking off her globes and letting her cheeks close around my other hand, and grab her hip. It keeps her from going too far forward. It lets me feel the power in her muscles as they thrust her forward.

Her knees buckle as she drops back onto her feet. Her feet slide back along the floor, her body dropping down until she's on her knees. Now her back is angled upward slightly, with her hands still on the stool. The stool is still on its legs, despite her thrusting almost knocking that over as well.

"OOH!" LeighAnne screeches out as she steadies on her knees. A hard, sharp, powerful tremor flows over her body. Then, just as suddenly as she jumped, LeighAnne's entire body goes loose and limp.

Her hands even relax their grip on the stool. Her head falls forward, hanging, her eyes now staring at the floor.

LeighAnne stops screeching. Instead, she just breathes. But her breaths have a raspy note to them. They're fast, and they grow faster with every one. They're deep, sensual, and erotic. But they're hushed as well. Just deep "UH!s" as she breathes in, and then deep "HUH!s" as she breathes out. After that first tremor, her body stills. A light quivering takes hold and keeps her body vibrating, but it's not powerful or sharp. LeighAnne stays like that, her breaths steadily growing deeper and faster, but not louder. Maybe even a little more muted.

My finger can still feel the walls of the pussy it's stroking over. I can feel the twitches in it growing more powerful. Coming faster and closer together. Growing crisper as well. But I also feel all the tension gone from her muscles, her body now fully limp and relaxed. Even her asshole loosens up its hard grip on my finger and turns rubbery soft.

"You lying little bitch!" I scold LeighAnne sternly. "After all that bullying, bitchy, crying about it you made me listen to, and now I find out that you love it up your butt. Just like a cheap whore! You want it up your butt! Admit it, bitch!"

"Yes, Ma'am!" LeighAnne more breathes out in the deepest, almost manly deep, and raspiest of voices, "I love whatever your finger is doing up my butt, Ma'am! Please don't stop, Ma'am!"

"Oh, after all that bitching, you want me to give you the reward of an orgasm!"

"PLEASE!" LeighAnne blurts out. Her voice rises a little louder, and a lot more pleadingly desperate, but it's still that muted breathing of a voice. "Please don't stop, Ma'am! My pussy is throbbing so hard it hurts! Finish this! Finish ME!"

I stop. LeighAnne tense right back up. She cries out a long groan of abject frustration. She even tries to wiggle her hips against my finger and finish it herself. Isn't that so naughty? I pull my finger from her bottom, this time not trying to be either rough or gentle. She cries out another frustrated groan from that.

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I grab LeighAnne's hair and move around to the front of her. I pull her head up, then back, as far as her neck will allow me to. Then I look down into her suddenly-glassy eyes. "In my Queendom, orgasms are rewards for cheap whores. Cheap whores have to behave to get rewards. You've been very naughty. You'll have to work long and hard to get any kind of a reward here, bitch."

I use her hair to pull her up to her feet. But I snap the command for her to get up at the same time so she'll know what I want. I don't want to just pull her hair out.

It takes LeighAnne a second to remember. But everything is new to her. Once she does, she quickly gets her hands behind her back. The light quiver still flows over her body, ebbing but very slowly.

I quickly lock a pair of handcuffs onto her narrow wrists, making sure that they're snug around them. I don't want her pulling her hands out of them. She's not going to be using them.

"I have just the lesson to teach you about humility. A good humbling should get all of that bitchiness out of your skanky butt for good, *bitch*."



Chapter 03: Humility

I go to the playroom. That way I will be out of LeighAnne's sight. I don't want her to see what I'm doing yet. I get one of the "penitent dresses" I keep tucked away in one of the drawers. They're simple dresses if they can even be called that.

They're burlap sacks. And yes, it wasn't so easy to find burlap sacks, but you can truly click up anything nowadays. They're cut open at both ends, turning them into a tube. They have a single strap of hemp rope threaded through holes in one side for a strap to hold it up. That's it. They're not so big either, leaving a good bit of the wearer's body exposed. Just not so much as to get anyone arrested.

I get a giant Sharpie marker. In huge, bold, black letters I write "I AM A BULLY" on the front and back of the sack. It turns the sack into a giant sign. Now I'm ready for LeighAnne.

I take the dress back out to the living room. LeighAnne sees it and looks at it with a disgusted eye. As if to say "do you actually expect me to wear that hideous thing?" I ignore her. Especially now that her hands are bound. I just pause in front of her. "Time to learn humility, bitch. Unless you'd prefer to suffer in the dungeon for a while, and *then* learn some humility. I promise, my whip will outlast your bottom." I remind LeighAnne of the price of disobedience, just in case the sharp sting still lancing into her bottom isn't.

I pull the dress over her head, slipping her head through the loop of rope too. The sack covers her, from barely above her breasts down to about mid-thigh. And it only covers that much of her because she's so short. The rope rises up the front of her chest, looping around the back of her neck, to hold the dress on.

LeighAnne looks as if she's about to cry when she sees what's written on the dress. I'll bet she's wondering if everyone else sees her as a bully. And nowadays, "bully" has become a very dirty word.

I clip a leather leash to her collar. She stiffens up as I do. But she still doesn't have the slightest idea what I have in mind for her. Just that it's going to be extremely humiliating. At least she should know that much if she's been listening to me.

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"It's a good thing you're not a person," I tauntingly tell LeighAnne. "A person would be humiliated so badly she'd never dare show her face in public again. But you're not a person. You're just a cheap whore. A piece of property I own. Chattel, not a person. So esteem isn't an issue. Property is just a thing. And things don't have shame."

I start walking LeighAnne towards the door. Maybe she thinks I'm going to kick her out and make her go home in this dress or something. But I am leading her by the leash. "I think I'll go for a walk..." I muse to myself. I try hard not to let LeighAnne see me watching her, and she doesn't. But I do see the look of absolute horror come over her face. And I see the trembling coming back onto her body. "My new bitch needs a good walk anyway... I think I'll let the whole world see that this whore is just a bully..."

I live on Dauphin Street, downtown Mobile, Alabama. It's probably the street most heavily traveled on foot in town. It's the strip where most of the clubs are. And some restaurants. It's about the only thing in Mobile that comes close to nightlife. And it's not close. But it keeps the street populated with people on foot. Certainly not packed. Not even that busy, really. But there are always people out and about on it.

"Oops, I forgot. I have to call Kayla! I promised!" I didn't promise. Kayla isn't expecting a call. And I'm not going to call her. It's just an excuse, a reason for me not to go out. "And you have homework to do, slave! Now I can't take my bitch for a walk!"

LeighAnne looks immediately very relieved. As if she'd just won a stay of execution. As if I just let her out of the most humiliating thing. The look on her face before told me that she was close to balking, and not letting me take her out like this. As if she were wondering just how bad the punishment would be for refusing. And weighing that against the chance of anyone who might know her seeing her.

"We could ask Lilly to take her out for a walk, Mistress," Sophie helpfully suggests. She knows that I wanted her to suggest it. It's a bit of theater for LeighAnne's sake.

"Oh, that's an idea!" I say excitedly. "I doubt Lilly is doing anything." Now I see that nervous look erupt back onto LeighAnne's face. I'm sure she's wondering who Lilly is. And where she's been. What Lilly might have seen. And who Lilly is that I will let Lilly take her for a walk. I'll bet in the back corner of her mind, she's wondering if I do let Lilly take her for a walk, will Lilly let her get away with a little more than I will. Because I haven't let LeighAnne get away with anything.

"Lilly..." I call out, "do you want to *walk the bitch?*"

Lilly comes eagerly trotting out from my bedroom. I have no doubt she was asleep in my bed. She's claimed it as her bed. I've decided she's as firm as I am, so there's no sense arguing with her.

Lilly is an American Bulldog, also known as a pit bull. She's five, in human years. That's about 35 in canine years. She's the most adorable thing, too. And there isn't a mean bone in her body. Lilly is nothing but a giant love sponge. She's black and white. She's a decent-sized dog, too. She stands about halfway up my thigh, but I'm short. So is LeighAnne.

Lilly knows the command "walk the bitch." It took Sophie two weeks to teach it to her. And that's two weeks building on all the other cutesy tricks Sophie taught her. Sophie is an animal lover. It's why I enrolled her in a vet tech training program for her college. And she loves her classes. She loves spending time with Lilly, too.

I've had Lilly for over a year now. Before that, Lilly belonged to a neighbor downstairs. He was rather old, 80-something, and Lilly was his companion. I'd look after Lilly while he made more and more frequent trips to the hospital. And then I inherited Lilly. Lilly seems rather pleased to be here. And Sophie set out to teach her all kinds of tricks. But that could be a story in and of itself.

Lilly trots up to me at the door. She looks up at LeighAnne, standing there on a leash in the sack. Lilly has absolutely no sense of shame, either. I drop LeighAnne's leash, letting the handle of it hang down. Lilly picks the handle up in her teeth. I should mention that Lilly is not wearing a collar. She never does. She's a dog! Collars are for slaves!

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I open the door. Lilly turns her head to look up at LeighAnne. "GRR-OFF!" Lilly commands. I'm pretty sure that translates to "come, bitch." Lilly starts trotting out.

LeighAnne stands stunned and frozen. Her face blushes to a bright, hot red. It scrunches up, too. So much so that I see tears in the corners of her eyes. She trembles a little more. "No... Please..." She pleads under her breath.

Lilly doesn't care what LeighAnne says. Not that she understands it. Lilly just keeps trotting along into the hall. Lilly is also a very strong dog. She is a pit bull, and she has the muscles of it. I have no doubt that if Lilly wanted to, she could drag LeighAnne's limp body down the street by that leash. I have no doubt that Lilly sees burglars as chew bone deliveries, too.

Lilly trots along. She was told to walk the bitch, and that what Lilly is going to do. The leash pulls taut. Lilly trots. The hard iron collar pulls hard into LeighAnne's neck. LeighAnne stumbles forward. The leash loosens up. LeighAnne manages to stay on her feet. Lilly trots along as if she doesn't have a care in the world. The leash quickly goes taut again. This time LeighAnne starts following it. And she starts crying.

Not that LeighAnne could do much else. Her hands are still bound behind her back under the sack. She can't get them up to the collar to unhook the leash. And there's nothing she could do to discourage Lilly.

Lilly leads LeighAnne over to the elevator. Lilly lifts up on her hind paws and hits the glowing elevator call button. She gets back down. She keeps the leash held tightly in her jaw. The doors ding open. Lilly walks LeighAnne into the elevator. LeighAnne looks like she doesn't want to go. And Lilly isn't going for it. Lilly is taking her.

Lilly knows how to work the elevator. She knows the bottom button takes her to the floor with the door out. She knows the top button takes her back home. She paws the bottom button. Sophie taught her all of that, too.

My building doesn't have much of a ground-floor lobby. It's more like a closet with the elevator in it. The rest of the ground floor is taken

up by businesses. Like a cafe and bodega. But we do have a doorman down there. Or a bouncer as I call Phillip. He's a great doorman. But mostly he's there to keep those who don't belong from wandering up to the apartments.

Phillip knows me well. He knows Lilly well, too. It took me some convincing, but by now Phillip knows that Lilly can go out by herself. It took me a few nice tips to convince him, too. It's even legal since Lilly is technically accompanied by a human. Even if the human is the one on the leash. There's a leash! Besides, it's after nine. By now the dog catcher is at home with a beer in his hand.

Phillip sees Lilly coming out of the elevator. "Hello, Lilly," He says to her, "Oh, you're taking a bully for a walk tonight are you?"

Lilly says a light "woof." It's her favorite word.

Phillip does the one thing Lilly can't manage with her paws. He opens the door and lets Lilly out onto Dauphin Street.

LeighAnne cringes hard and blushes even brighter. She cries softly from the shame. She hangs her head, staring down at her feet. It's all she can do to hide her face. And prays that no one will recognize her. I'll bet she can't believe I'd do this to her, either.

Lilly trots down to the end of the block. The leash leaves LeighAnne no choice but to keep pace with the casually trotting Lilly. LeighAnne keeps her head down, her hair hanging around the sides of her face and mostly hiding it from view. It's not long, only a few steps before someone notices LeighAnne. It's not as if women, wearing only a burlap sack and led down the street are an everyday occurrence. I probably don't do it more than once every month or two!

As soon as that first person notices LeighAnne and points her out, everyone starts gawking at her. There are loud and unkind comments about bullies. There are loud, and mocking comments about her. Mostly about her having no shame. And there are more than a couple of comments about how the "punishment" fits her crime of bullying. None know who sentenced her to such humiliation. None even know what she's done to be deemed a bully. Only that someone has, and whoever has is clearly teaching her a good lesson.

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Passerbys laugh at her. Several take pictures. Most jeer at her for one reason or another. A few men comment that they're pretty sure LeighAnne doesn't have anything on under that bag. She doesn't even have shoes on.

It is definitely a once-in-a-lifetime scene for most, if not all, of those on the street. But I'm not actually breaking any laws. LeighAnne is covered at least as much as half of the ladies on the street. Except for her feet, but there's no law requiring shoes on a sidewalk. Nor are there any laws against wearing a leash. Or a humiliating sign. Or requiring dresses to be made of something nicer than burlap. Nor is there a law requiring anyone to show even a shred of pride. Or shame. I guess, if someone really wanted to make an issue, they could write me a ticket for not having Lilly on a leash, but even that would be dicey since she is kind of on a leash.

Lilly trots down to the corner. It takes her past a cafe and two little clubs, and the bodega. She gets to the end of the block, stops, and turns around. She pauses only for a few seconds to allow someone to pet her head and tell her that she's a good girl. Lilly seems to bring the affection out in people.

Then Lilly trots her way back to my building. Philip lets her back into the lobby. Lilly works the elevator herself, bringing LeighAnne back to my apartment. Lilly even knocks on the door with her paw to let me know she's back home. I let her in.

Lilly brings LeighAnne over to me. Lilly drops the handle of the leash at my feet. She looks up at me and kind of smiles. I squat down and tell Lilly she's been good. She's been a very "helpful little Princess." I tell her to "go see skanky in the kitchen. Skanky has a treat for her." Lilly knows that skanky is "skanky whore," the new name I've given Paige, my live-in house-slave. Paige is cleaning up the kitchen after supper. I've told Paige that Lilly deserves a treat, so when Lilly comes trotting in Paige gives her one. Paige knees down and holds out an extra chicken breast from our supper atop her upturned palms. Lilly gently licks the meat up from Paige's hands, then devours it. Now happy, Lilly

trots back to my bedroom for her after snack nap. Walking bitches can be so tiring!

LeighAnne, on the other hand, looks miserable. Her face is red. She's still crying. She's been sniffing so much her nose is running. And she's shirking inward hard. I suspect, LeighAnne found that walk more humiliating than she imagined anything could be.

And the best part is that I have pictures. Phillip the doorman took a few for me. I'll tip him for it when I see him. I didn't want LeighAnne to see me. I wanted her to feel as if I'd truly entrusted my dog to walk her. That pretty much announces that I see her as rather lowly. Beneath the dog. She doesn't know that Lilly is the Crown Princess of this Queendom. What she knows is that I have more respect for my dog than for her.

"Did you learn some humility, bitch?" I tauntingly ask LeighAnne.

"Yes, Ma'am!" LeighAnne answers quickly. Her voice is hushed and shamed. But she says it as if she means it. Between her sobs, but those are lightening up now that she's off the street.

"We'll see about that..." I say with a touch of disbelief in my voice. I point to the stool and tells LeighAnne to bend over it again.

She bends over it, this time going all the way over until her shoulders are on the seat of it. She has to with her hands cuffed behind her. She opens her legs when I tell her to and shows me her pussy.

There's plenty to see. Everything is covered with honey. Her lips. Her folds. Her stiff clit poking its head out of her slit. The creases of her thighs. There are even little honey streaks starting to run their way down her inner thighs. Her pussy wasn't 1/10th this wet when I put the dress on her.

I guess I know one thing now. The humiliation is what's arousing her. I probably should tell her that. I doubt she knows it. To me, it seems like she's too busy crying from the shame to have thought about anything else. I don't tell her. But I will make use of it. I have so many more ways to humiliate her.



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With LeighAnne nude again, I spend a few minutes, about twenty, teaching her some of the very basics. Like how I want to see her when I tell her to kneel. Or stand. Or sit. All things I tend to teach my subs early on. Very early.

The main reason for this lesson is to see if LeighAnne's bitchiness is going to come back. I admit I'm wondering if it's going to keep rearing its naughty head, or if LeighAnne is going to accept her place. Either is fine with me. I have no qualms about spanking that adorable bottom of hers! I just want to know what to expect from LeighAnne. It matters. At least in what other toys I can have her around. And what I can do with her.

In a way, I'm hoping that bitchiness will persist. I do have an excellent idea of what I can do with her if it does. A role that she'd be perfect for. Of course, she'll also have to accept that I am her Mistress. And learn to obey me without question.

And she needs to learn this lesson. All my toys do. When I tell them to kneel, I don't want to have to be constantly correcting their posture. That just wastes time I could find far more enjoyable uses for.

And I'm filling the time. I've already arranged the next lesson in humility for LeighAnne. I want her to learn, right from the start, that pride and shame will not serve her well in this Queendom. Humility and subservience will. And now, after seeing what a mess her pussy is after that walk, I know that LeighAnne is going to love it. It seems that she, or at least her pussy, loves the humiliation.

And I've seen the effect on her. She's well humbled now. While I'm teaching her these postures, I do see one bit of the bitchiness. Instead, now I see nothing but meek, sheepish, acceptance. As if it's finally sunk in for her that I wholly own her. That I truly can do whatever I want with her body, and she doesn't get a say in it. Like when I first spanked her, and in spite of her head screaming for her to run, her body just stood there while I spanked her.

I have LeighAnne on her knees. And now she knows how to kneel properly. With her knees and feet spread wide apart, her sore bottom sitting back between her heels. With her back straight up and down.

Her head up. Her eyes are forward and slightly downcast. Her hands at the small of her back, where they're out of the way. I've taught LeighAnne that she's to stay like that, almost as if she's a statute. She's not to move or fidget around. She's definitely not to speak or make a sound. She's to kneel. And she's to wait. When I have some further use of her, I will tell her what to do. Until then, I've told her to kneel, and that's what I expect her to do. There will be strict consequences for misbehavior.

It leaves her body well displayed. Her breasts, mostly her stiff and prominent nipples, stand out on her chest, nothing hindering a full view of her mounds from any angle. Her pubes, and the neat bush on them, are fully exposed to all. As are the lips of her pussy just under those furry pubes, and even the edges of her inner folds standing down. The tip of the hard nub of her clit is visible too, but you have to look closely to pick it out from the wrinkly folds. From a distance, it's easy to mistake it for just another rolling wrinkle.

LeighAnne has only two things on her body, neither of which covers anything. She's still wearing the handcuffs. I didn't take those off of her with the dress. She doesn't need her hands now, so the cuffs will remind her not to use them. And she's still wearing the heavy iron collar around her neck.

The knock at my door tells me it's time for LeighAnne's next lesson. I know who it is. He did tell me he'd be here in a half-hour, and that was 30 minutes ago. I'd called him while LeighAnne was out on her walk with Princess Lilly. I send Sophie to answer the door. I have been keeping LeighAnne angled so that her back was to the door. She's like that now. She can't see who's at the door as Sophie answers it.

"Good evening, Sir. I am slave," Sophie introduces herself in a honeyed version of her strongly Southern-accented voice. My guest must be cute. "Please come in, Sir, my Mistress is expecting you." She sounds so proper and polite.

Sophie is wearing her usual house wear. I call it them her slave dresses. They're all-lace stretchy tube dresses. This one is pastel pink, fringed with frilly white lace. It hugs her body snugly from her breasts

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down to an inch below the bottom curve of her firm behind. The lace really doesn't hide anything. It just makes you look closer to see through its little holes. Sophie doesn't get any underwear with it, so looking closely lets the world see everything. She does get matching fingerless gloves. And matching boots with stiff lace sides instead of leather that rise up to just below her knees. And a padded, plush horseshoe clip to hold her long honey-colored hair back. It's definitely a slutty look. Appropriate for a slave of mine.

"Thank you... nice to meet you... uh, Slave?" My guest replies as he steps into the living room. His voice sounds eager, and rather pleased with the sights before his eyes, but also slightly unsure. As if he's unsure how to address Sophie. It tells me that he has no experience with D/s. Probably not even a friend who's into it. And he certainly has never been around a scene of any kind before. But I can hear that tinge of amused excitement that tells me he's anxious to see his first scene, or at least a small part of one. I'd heard the same in his voice when I'd called him.

My eyes are on LeighAnne. The instant she hears the voice, a hard shudder races over her body. She cringes at the same instant, shirking inward for a second. I see the mask of shock, then horror sweep over her face. Finally, she blushes brightly again and her face fades into a mask of reluctant acceptance. The blush doesn't fade. Nor does all of the tension from her body. She's not quite a coiled snake, ready to strike, but she's not relaxed either. And she's definitely not pleased.

I'm sure she recognizes the voice. It belongs to her boyfriend. The one she told me about the horrible break up with. The one who seems to have humiliated her by finding her body less than satisfying. The one, I am certain, that she hoped to never lay eyes on again. I thought he'd make a great tool to humiliate LeighAnne with.

So while Lilly was taking LeighAnne for her walk, I snooped through LeighAnne's phone and found his number. That was easy. It was the one labeled "Asshole" in her contacts. I guess she wanted to make sure she didn't forget the number and accidentally take a call from him. I used my phone to call him, a number he wouldn't recognize.

Teaching Teacher

I introduced myself, telling him only that I was considering “a repulsive whore named LeighAnne for a position as my playtoy and filthy slave-whore.” I asked him if he would like to assist me for a few minutes in humiliating LeighAnne. And get a “blow job to remember” out of the deal.

He asked me two questions. “Is that blow job to remember coming from LeighAnne?” I told him no, I doubted she'd be capable of offering anything more than a blow job best soon forgotten. Then he asked me if the woman offering it “is fat or ugly?” I told him that the girl I was thinking of, who is definitely not me, is 19, 5'7” and 119 pounds. She looks like a college girl. I'm talking about Paige, my live-in house-slave and slave-whore. I didn't tell him that part. I had him at “college girl” He told me he'd be over in half an hour.

I'm sure he's thinking I meant Sophie. Paige is out of sight, cleaning up the playroom. LeighAnne hasn't even seen Paige yet. Come to think of it, neither has Kayla. I didn't take Paige with me to mom's that night. I almost never take Paige out. She's not worthy of that. And Sophie looks like a college girl, mostly because she is. But Sophie's only 5'4”. She's also rather pretty, and very sultry looking, so I'm sure those three inches haven't entered into his mind. Just as I'm sure it's the smaller head doing the thinking for him now. Men can be so predictable.

It takes him a good minute to take his eyes off Sophie. Eyes that have clearly been straining to see through the lace of her dress. Men. But finally, he turns them to me as Sophie shows him to the sofa. “I'm Miss Rodgers,” I introduce myself. On the phone, I'd used my full name, but now I'm hoping that he doesn't. LeighAnne doesn't know my name is Pepper. And I have no plans to tell her. I'd prefer she only knew me as “Miss Rodgers.” Although, I'm fairly sure that sooner or later Kayla will let it slip. It will be something like Kayla telling LeighAnne “I'll call my foster sister Pepper again!” Hopefully not, but probably.

“Hey. Nice to meet you, I'm Frank Webber,” He greets me. His eyes check me over quickly too. Or maybe not so quickly. I guess he likes petite young blondes. I see why LeighAnne doesn't like him, his eyes have to check out anything female in sight! Pig. He would so not

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last as my date. Probably note even through the appetizer before I failed to return from powdering my nose and left him to finish the meal alone. I prefer my dates to focus their attention on me, not everything in the room with breasts. Luckily, for this, I don't have to really like him. The only thing that matters is that LeighAnne doesn't like him. And that's clear from her cringing posture.

Finally, his eyes turn to LeighAnne. I see a smirk on his face as he sees the heavy collar on her neck. And the cuffs on her wrists. He focuses his attention on her little breasts. His eyes feast on those pointy mounds. "I always did like those nipples..." He sighs out under his breath. "Too bad they're attached to such a bitch." It tells me that he doesn't care much for LeighAnne now, either. And that he doesn't mind insulting her. Both work well for me.

"They are rather long and wide," I agree, not saying that I also like them. LeighAnne doesn't need the compliment. She doesn't need to know that anyone cares much for her body. I don't want her hearing compliments. I want to drill into her that she's worthless and undesirable. At least for now. Later I'll let her start feeling desired, but only once she learns to selflessly give every last bit of herself. And then I'll make sure she knows that it's the shameless giving of herself that makes her desired. Not just her body. And certainly not her.

I suggest that he join me for a cup of coffee. He accepts, and watches as I send Sophie off to fetch it. "slave is a very good slave-girl," I tell him as Sophie is returning with his cup.

Sophie goes to him and immediately drops to her knees. She holds her hands out like a little tray, palms upturned, six inches out in front of her nipples. She smiles. "Here is your coffee, Sir," She politely offers, holding the cup atop her hands. She stays still as he reaches down and takes it. "Thank you, slave, it's perfect."

"Thank you, Sir," Sophie says while batting her eyes at him. She can be so teasing.

He sips the coffee while we make small talk. But his eyes are always shifting back and forth from Sophie to LeighAnne. He might not like LeighAnne, but it's clear that he doesn't mind seeing her naked,

either. And now, as we sit on the sofa, LeighAnne is facing us. It gives him a full view of her. Me too.

More importantly, it forces LeighAnne to stare at him. She has to keep her head facing forward. And that has her look at him. It lets her see him eyeing her nakedness over. It lets her see the amused look on his face as if he's thrilled to see her humiliated. And chained up. And definitely not allowed to speak. Not allowed to say all those bitchy, acerbic comments she always has for him. LeighAnne's only to kneel and wait. To let him see her.

Now that he's finished his coffee, I start moving it along. Mostly because I don't care much for him, so I'm ready to get rid of him. But I do need him to serve his purpose before he goes. It's not like I invited him over to make friends. I invited him over to humiliate LeighAnne. I just hope this loser loses my number after tonight. If I wish to use him for LeighAnne's humiliation again, I'll call him. Please don't call me. At least I have Sophie to screen my calls and brush off the losers.

"I'll just assume you have the experience to know first hand. Is this filthy little whore any good at... whoring that scrawny butt of hers?" I ask him.

"Not really," He tells me. "She's pretty much a dead fuck." He goes on to tell me what I've already noticed for myself. As she's getting aroused, LeighAnne loosens up. She relaxes. She doesn't squirm around. She doesn't join in and thrusts her hips into the act. She doesn't cry out loud, girly moans. She lies there, relaxing more and more, quivering lightly, and breathing out deep, primal moans. Nothing is going to ever change that, either. I could teach her to squirm and screech, but she'd be faking it. It's just not her. I haven't seen her climax yet, so maybe that's suddenly energetic and noisy. Or maybe not. Everybody is different. I have to work with what I have. Besides, I'm having way too much fun humiliating LeighAnne. She seems to react very nicely to that.

I ask him if she's any good at oral sex. He tells me not really again. He's had far better. He describes her efforts as amateurish. Short, fast strokes as if she's trying to rush him along to the finish line. He tells me

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that she doesn't take care to keep her teeth from bumping against his cock, either. And her worst sin, in my opinion, is that she's always stopping to ask how close he is as if she's overly afraid of him cumming in her mouth. She'll stop long before he's too close, too.

I ask him if he'd mind doing me a small favor. I'd like to see for myself just how lousy she at "being a cheap whore." Would he mind if I borrowed his cock for just a minute?

I didn't tell him that I would ask that. But I think he's smart enough to catch where I'm going. This is the start of the memorable experience that I promised him. That, after LeighAnne gives him a crappy blow job for a minute, I'll give him something to remember. Or rather that Sophie will. I can see him take a quick glance at Sophie's mouth as if sizing up what that mouth could do for him. Pig.

He says that would be fine. He says it with a wide, smirking grin on his face that tells me he doesn't mind LeighAnne having to do this again. I guess he really is down on her. He clearly doesn't care for her blow jobs, but just as clearly welcomes one that he knows she will hate to give him.

I tell Sophie to "get that cock out for the nice gentleman." Sophie just as eagerly says she will. Then she returns to kneel in front of him. She puts her hands to the crotch of his pants. Quickly, her soft hands with their tender touch, have his stiff cock freed and standing up straight from the open zipper of his pants.

His cock isn't that special. I'm sure he thinks it is, though. It seems all men do. I'd guess it's a little over six inches long, and maybe just under 1 ½" thick. At least it's circumcised, letting me see the bulbous, fat, light purple head of it. Cocks just look better circumcised. And I hate the way a foreskin feels inside me, not that it would matter. This cock is already as close to me as it's ever going to get.

Sophie very tenderly wraps her hand around the shaft. She slowly strokes his cock in her light grasp, but just once. "Ooh, Mistress, this penis is very hard and ready for you, Mistress!" Sophie sweetly announces.

Teaching Teacher

I tell Sophie, in a teasing scold, to stop playing with "toys that aren't hers." She comes over to me. I get up. I don't have to move. I'm already close enough to LeighAnne to reach out and grab her. I stand over LeighAnne. "Go on, fuck hole, show me how lousy your blow jobs are. Suck that cock, bitch." I tell her, letting the icy cold and stern firmness reign in my voice.

A tear rolls down LeighAnne's face. "Yes, Ma'am," LeighAnne very reluctantly answers in that cowed, sheepish, reluctantly accepting voice. She cringes rather hard, making it clear to me that she wants to do about anything other than sucking his cock. I'm glad to see she's starting to accept her place in the Queendom – the very bottom, relegated to the lowest and most disgusting tasks.

LeighAnne has to scoot forward on her knees. She goes slowly as if delaying it as long as she can. Normally I'd spank her for wasting my time. But I see that Frank is enjoying watching her reluctance, so I let her get away with it. He definitely doesn't like her.

LeighAnne puts her lips to the tip of the hard, eager cock. She starts working on it. Her efforts are just as he described. Hurried, as if she just wants to get it over with. Not affectionate, as if she wants him to enjoy it. Her strokes are short, barely taking more than the head of his cock into her mouth, as if she doesn't want it there. And it looks as if she's not paying attention to taking care to be tender with it, either.

I'd wonder if she wasn't being so... not-sweet just because she can't stand Frank, except that I already know this is her normal blow job. It's definitely amateurish. She's not showing any skilled technique. It's as if she's just fumbling her way through it.

I wave to Sophie and point back at the playroom. She knows what I want. She knows I'm going to let Frank have a good blow job, and there's only one whore here that I use shameless, without any thought, to do that. I'd never give Sophie to a man I didn't like, and Sophie knows me well enough to see that I don't care for Frank. She goes to fetch Paige.

I grab hold of LeighAnne's hair. I yank her head back sharply, pulling it from Frank's cock. "You call that a blow job, bitch?" I scold her

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sternly, my voice just as mocking and bullying as it is hard. "Seriously? No wonder you've never tasted cum, that useless mouth of yours would never earn you any cum! It's certainly not going to make me any money! I couldn't pay a man to let you do that to his cock! You're even worthless as a cheap whore! You're nothing but a sloppy, skanky hole to be fucked. There's a hole in my wall that's just as good as your bony butt, bitch! NO wonder you can't keep a boyfriend, no one would want what... nothing, that body has to offer! I doubt I could even sell your butt on death row, bitch!"

I am rather good at insulting women. And I can see LeighAnne cringing hard as I insult her. I can see the silent tears rolling down her cheeks, too. As tempted as I am, I hold off checking her pussy to see how wet it is. I'm confident this is arousing her. It's just as humiliating as her walk was. It's just a different kind of humiliation. That was public but anonymous. The people who saw her shame don't know who she is. This is a more personal humiliation. Frank knows exactly who she is. And who some of her friends are. Not only can he expose her shame to her world, those who know her and whom she'll have to face, but he's also likely to do so just to humiliate her. I'll bet she's realized that by now, too. I gave her plenty of time to think about it.

I see Frank's eyes snap up, off of LeighAnne. It seems LeighAnne is suddenly forgotten to him. That tells me that Sophie has brought Paige in. And Frank definitely likes what he's seeing.

"Slave, where's my skanky whore?" I call out as if I didn't know Sophie was bringing her in.

"Skanky is here, Mistress!" Sophie calls out to me quickly.

Paige is as I described her. She's 5'7". She weighs 119 pounds. It's a rather stickish and lean figure. She just doesn't have the weight to have really pronounced curves to her body. But she does have gentle curves. She has a flat, toned stomach, too. She has slender, lithe thighs. Her figure is actually similar to LeighAnne's, only taller. Taller enough that it's obvious.

Paige has a slightly oval face. With very soft features. She has a wide mouth with plush, delicate, and light pink lips. She has green eyes.

She has honey brown hair that's wavy and long. She's rather attractive. But she looks young. She's 19, but she could easily pass for 16 if she wanted to. She just has the body, and the youthful face, that most men can't figure out exactly how old she is.

Paige is fully naked... She's always naked in the apartment. No matter what I have going on, she's not allowed any clothes. When it's not appropriate for her to be seen nude by whoever is here, she stays in her cage. She is wearing the hot pink dog collar that stays locked around her neck. And she's wearing police-issue leg irons. She always wears her chains in the house, too. Those remind her of her place as the lowest of slaves.

It has her perky B-cup breasts on full display for Frank. And on her slim body, B-cups are perfectly proportional. Paige's are nicely firm, too. It also has her shaven, silky bare pubes on display. And the puffy mound of her silky smooth pussy.

Sophie has clipped a leash to Paige's collar. She's using it to lead Paige over to me. Paige's hands aren't bound, but they are behind her back just as LeighAnne's are. Paige is obedient enough to keep them there without cuffs. Sophie leads Paige over to me. She hands me Paige's leash.

Paige drops down to her knees. It puts her beside LeighAnne. Paige ignores everything. The nude slave on her knees. The hard cock sticking up to her side. Normally she wouldn't dare to speak uninvited. But Sophie has told her to. Because I told Sophie to have Paige offer herself. "How may this skanky gutter whore serve her wonderful Queen, my Queen?" Paige asks very sweetly.

"Show this useless fuck hole what a blow job is, skanky. You may use that cock." I point to Frank.

Frank smiles wide. He can't have a clue whether Paige is actually any good at sucking a cock. But he can see her nude body, and apparently, he likes what he sees. And that must be enough to get him interested in her blow job. Definitely a pig! He doesn't even know her name! Why am I so sure that this evening is going to be fodder for his

Chapter 04: Humiliation By Ex

boasting for weeks to come? Oh, yeah, because he's a pig! And pigs just have to tell everyone about the slutty things they luck into!

"Yes, my Queen," Paige says just as sweetly. She shifts to face Frank. She leans over, keeping her hands behind her back. LeighAnne was rather tense. Paige is not. She's loose and relaxed. She opens her mouth wide, putting her delicate lips softly against the tip of his cock.

Paige starts moving her head down slowly, but steadily. Leaning forward as she already has her neck stretched and craned out, straightening the bend at the back of her mouth. It allows Paige to steadily take his cock, the head of it easily slipping past the back of her mouth and starting into the funnel atop her throat. In about a second Paige has more of his cock into her mouth than LeighAnne ever has.

Paige keeps on going, the spongy head of his cock soon pressing firmly against the rubbery wall that's the bottom of that funneling. It only takes a split second. Then the tip of his cock presses through, into the tight, elastic tube that's Paige's throat. Her throat squeezes tightly around his cock, snuggling it firmly, as it slips just as steadily into her throat.

Frank feels it. Mostly he feels the change in what his cock is feeling. It was the hot wetness of Paige's mouth and her light suction on his cock. That's familiar to him. It's a hallmark of any decent blow job. But now he's feeling the rubbery tightness of her throat squeezing around his cock. And his cock slipping steadily into the cuddly tightness. It's tighter than any pussy he's ever felt. But it's just as soft and welcoming. He purrs loudly.

Paige's lips go down until they're flush against the thin cotton fabric of his briefs, pushing the material firmly against his pubes underneath. Until all of his shaft is in her mouth. Paige smoothly reverses her stroke, rising back up until only the soft head of his cock is left in her mouth.

Paige quickly swirls her tongue around the tip of his cock, caressing the most sensitive part he has with the wet softness of her tongue. She manages to do that without it breaking the rhythm of her reversing stroke. But the steady pace leaves her only enough time for a

single swirl. And then his cock is steadily slipping back into her mouth with the same leisurely pace.

Paige keeps her leisurely pace steady. Unlike LeighAnne, Paige is not rushing. She's in no hurry to make Frank cum. I'd whip her if she was. She knows that blow jobs are better when they're leisurely. It lets Frank have the time to feel everything she's doing for him and enjoy it fully.

"Oh... OOH, YES!" Frank purrs out when he feels Paige's soft lips against his pubes. "Swallow it all!" He sounds enthusiastic. And rather happy about it. Just not so appreciative, as I think he should be. "MMM... that's what I like!"

His words are sweet and rather excited. The look on his face tells me that he didn't expect Paige to be this good at it. And that's he's very pleasantly, very surprised by her slutty skills. I did promise him a blow job to remember! I always keep my word.

I grab hold of LeighAnne's hair and rather roughly yank it. It jerks her head around and over towards Frank's cock. I hold her head firmly in place. "That is a blow job, bitch. Can't you see that he actually likes what that skanky whore is doing for him? No wonder he didn't like fucking you. Who would? You're not even useful as whore! That obnoxious mouth of yours isn't even useful as a cum dumpster! Now watch and learn, stupid bitch!"

I hold LeighAnne's head in place, making her watch everything Paige is so eagerly doing. I make her see Paige's soft lips gliding over her his glistening hard shaft. I make her listen to his thrilled purring. I make see that Frank is absolutely loving it. And showing it far more than he ever did with her.

Frank doesn't last long. I didn't think he would. It was clear to me that he's never experienced a mouth even a third as skilled as Paige's well-trained and well-practiced mouth. Plus, who knows when his last blow job. I figure it wasn't too recently, he was awfully willing to hurry right over for one.

He cums with a loud, deep, and well-satisfied grunt that quickly fades into a soft, pleased purr. And with a little crisp thrust of his hips.

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Then his hips fall still again. Frank keeps purring loudly, and sweetly. Paige keeps right on going, sucking his cock as if he hadn't just cum. Some of his cum went down her throat, but some of it went into her mouth. She manages to swallow it smoothly, Frank never noticing it.

When I see the sharp twitches of Frank's cock stop, telling me that he's finished, I tell Paige to stop. She sucks his cock clean as she releases it. "Thank you, Kind Sir, for allowing this skanky whore to serve its Wonderful Queen and suck every bit of your delicious cum from your huge cock, Sir." Paige thanks him sweetly. It also lets him see the film of his cum lingering in her mouth as she does. Paige licks her lips.

I tell Sophie to take "this skanky whore back to her cage." Sophie leads a still-leashed Paige back to the playroom. As she leaves, Frank's eyes eagerly watch her firm rounded bottom.

And now that LeighAnne has had her humiliation, it's time for me to get this pig out of my apartment. I'm sure he won't mind leaving, now that Paige has swallowed his cum.



Chapter 05: Fuck Hole

Teaching Teacher

Now that I've gotten rid of Frank, which was thankfully easy to do, it's time for LeighAnne's next lesson. She has a few more she really needs to learn. And it's getting late. It's around eleven now. I'm not sure how late LeighAnne thought she'd be staying tonight, but I'm fairly sure she's going to be surprised.

That's part of the lesson, too. LeighAnne needs to learn to stop thinking about herself. At all. To know that she, her life, her body are in the hands of another. To accept that is how it is. And to trust that she will be cared for in those hands, so long as she puts herself out of her mind and behaves.

I grab her hair and order her to her feet as I pull her firmly upward. She quickly scrambles to her feet, saving her from losing a handful of hair to my hard yank.

"Since you're almost as good of a cum dumpster as the hole in my wall," I begin telling LeighAnne. My voice is mocking, bullying, and rather taunting. There really is a hole in my wall. I designed it to serve as a cum dumpster. A substitute for an actual woman. It's proven to be a rather demeaning way for men to release their cocks. I use it a lot. Someday, maybe LeighAnne will get to see it. I'm sure that it would be nicely humiliating for her to have a man chose the hole over her body for his relief.

"It's time we see if you can manage to be a hole in the hole in the wall. An utterly worthless hole to be fucked like... a hole in the wall! I know that's a big step up for you. But we'll see, maybe you can manage to serve as cum dumpster!"

I grin wide. It's my teasing, evil grin. I'll bet that after the last lesson, LeighAnne is thinking that she's going to be expected to fuck someone. I'll bet she's thinking of all the men she knows, and those she'd least like to fuck. And wondering which of those men I could know about. And which of them would be willing to come over tonight and fuck her. How awful and degrading it's going to be for her to be given to one of them.

"I know this is going to be very difficult for you. You're going to have to try very hard to manage your role. You are to do absolutely

Chapter 05: Fuck Hole

nothing! Just be a hole. I hope that's not too much for you since you've proven so utterly worthless so far, bitch."

I have Sophie fetch me a few things from the playroom. Sophie returns quickly with them. I start with a gag. "Holes don't speak, and you tend to get so bitchy! This should keep that filthy mouth of your in line."

The gag I ordered is an inflatable ball gag. The ball is decently small, with a wide, thick leather strap attached to it. I wrap the strap around LeighAnne's head, putting the ball into her mouth, and cinching the strap tightly around her head. Then I inflate the ball, watching it swell through her teeth. It sits just inside her teeth, swelling up to push against the roof of her mouth, and her tongue, and fill every bit of her mouth. The ball is strong enough that it holds her mouth open, pushing it wide and stretching her jaw muscles. After a few minutes, those muscles will burn slightly from the strain, making it slightly uncomfortable for LeighAnne. Too bad. For LeighAnne.

Now I get the earplugs. These are some good ones, too. Noise-canceling. They're rather efficient at blocking all but the louder sounds, and LeighAnne won't be hearing any loud sounds. I push them fully into LeighAnne's ears. Now she won't even be able to hear me. I wonder if she's realized that yet?

The next thing I have for LeighAnne is a good blindfold. It's like a sleep mask, only leather with a soft, plush side against her eyes. It excels at blocking out everything, even light. It has a wide strap that I cinch snugly around her head.

The last thing I have for LeighAnne is a black hood. It's cotton and airy. Unlike the blindfold, it will let some light through. But that's all. It won't let her actually see anything. Not that it matters with her blindfolded. It's not for her. It's so that her face won't be seen. Her hands are still bound. I clip a leash to LeighAnne's iron collar and send Sophie to fetch me several good lengths of the rough hemp rope I prefer for tying naughty toys.

This is my version of sensory deprivation. LeighAnne can't see anything. Nor can she hear anything. It takes away her two primary

senses. Those that she relies on to let her know what's coming. Now she won't, at least not until she feels it. But by then, it's already happening.

With Sophie following close behind me, I head for the door. I lead LeighAnne along by her leash. I don't bother telling her to come. She wouldn't hear me if I did. The first LeighAnne knows that I'm even moving is when she feels that hard tugging of the collar against the back of her neck. She quickly takes a very small step forward, easing the pressure.

I doubt she realizes that Lilly is the one who taught her to walk on a leash. Lilly can tug rather hard on a leash. And that was the first time LeighAnne had ever felt the sensation of the collar urging her forward. But then she could see. She could see that Lilly was leading her forward. More importantly, she could see what was in front of her. What she was about to walk into.

Now LeighAnne can't see what's in front of her. She hasn't a clue what's there. She could be stepping into a wall for all she knows. It forces her to trust me. To follow the lead of the pull on that hard collar and just trust that she won't be led into anything. Her tentative, unsure steps tell me that LeighAnne isn't quite trusting me yet.

I don't care. I just keep walking. It keeps the leash pulling against her neck. She keeps stepping forward, with short steps, to get the pressure off her neck. I don't let it slow me down. I keep going. And then, LeighAnne feels the pressure on her neck shifting, pulling her forward, but also to her left. She instinctively turns to put the pressure on the back of her neck and takes a step. It happens again, the pressure shifting to the side. Another step and LeighAnne has made her first turn. Now the leash is urging her forward again. She starts taking slightly larger steps. Now that she knows how the leash will guide her to turn when necessary. That it will guide her to turn.

I lead LeighAnne out the front door of the apartment. She won't know that. She doesn't touch the door. There's no difference in the floor. It's just more space for her to occupy, the leash pulling her along,

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leading her somewhere. I'll bet she's thinking it's leading her somewhere where someone is going to do something to her, too.

And then, LeighAnne feels the leash slacken up. Quickly and suddenly as she steps forward. She wisely takes that as what it is. Her cue to stop. But she doesn't hear me knocking on the door.

It's my neighbor's apartment. Mike. I know he's home tonight, although he's only in Mobile about 10 days out a month. I saw him earlier. And Mike is always asking me to borrow a toy. Or to see a scene. He's single but I think he's dating someone back home, where he's from. It must not be too serious if he's so eager to play with my toys.

I've loaned him a couple of toys before. He's treated them well. And by that, I mean that he's treated them as I wanted them treated. So I'm pretty sure he'll be up for a little entertainment.

Mike answers his door. He sees me first and smiles just slightly. Enough to let me know he welcomes my visit. Then he sees LeighAnne. He sees that she's completely naked, too. He smiles very wide, and eagerly. Like any 30-something man, his eyes taking in the sights. "Hey, Pepper, what have you here?" He asks with a hint of sly note in his voice. His eyes are still on LeighAnne.

"This is 'fuck hole,'" I introduce LeighAnne by the name I've decided befits her. Not as LeighAnne. He doesn't need to know her name. And by the look on his face, I doubt he really cares what her name is. He's looking at her as if she were a Key Lime Pie. A very sweet dessert I brought for him to devour. He knows me so well!

The name puts a little wider of a grin on his face. He steps back and invites us in. "'Fuck hole,' needs to live up to its name," I tell Him as I step in. After my first long stride into Mike's apartment, LeighAnne feels the pressure on her neck pulling her forward again. She won't have a clue why I stopped her. She can't see that we're at a door. And she can't hear me or Mike. She won't even know Mike there unless I walk her into him.

"So I thought maybe I'd just leave it here until morning, and you can use its pussy however you please."

"Works for me," Mike quickly agrees. I know he prefers thin women. And LeighAnne has a rather inviting pussy. I'm sure he's already thinking of getting his time's worth out of it.

I lead LeighAnne over to his dining table. She stops again when she feels the leash slacken suddenly. I put my hands to LeighAnne's lean hips, gripping her firmly, and turn her to face the center of the rectangular table. It's not a big table, but it's big enough for four. Barely. I push LeighAnne forward until her hips are flush against the table. She can feel the top pressing against her hips, but that's all she can feel.

I'm pretty sure that Mike knows that I intend to tie her. The coil of rope over my shoulder should be a good clue. But I do have manners, so I ask Mike politely if he'd mind if I tied "this worthless fuck hole" to his table. He tells me to go right ahead. I'm pretty sure he can guess how I'm going to tie her. His rather appreciative eyes have already discovered how well-rounded her bottom is. I'm sure they've noticed the pink spots on it, too.

I take one rope and wrap three coils of it around LeighAnne's left ankle. Then I tie it off. I pull her ankle over to the leg of the table. If LeighAnne hadn't already guessed what I was pushing her hips against, she should have a pretty good idea now that her foot can feel the table's leg. I wrap the rope around the table's leg. I start winding tight coils of the rope, flush against each other, around both the table's leg and LeighAnne's calf. I wind coils all the way up to her knee and tie it off again. It leaves her calf firmly, and snugly, bound to the table's leg. Then I do the same to her other calf.

That leaves LeighAnne's calves straight and flush against the table's legs. It leaves her thighs angling inward sharply to her hips.

Now I push LeighAnne's shoulders down, pushing her forward until her chest is lying flat on the table. It's just wide enough that her head is resting on the table. I drape another rope over her back, threading the ends of it beneath her underarms. I pull it taut. Holding it snug, with no slack in it, I pull the free ends under the table, cross them,

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and tie them off to the legs just beside LeighAnne's ankles. That rope will hold her shoulders flat on the tabletop and keep her from rising up.

I'm pretty sure it's dawned on LeighAnne by now that her pussy is fully exposed and almost poking out between the tops of her wide-spread and taut thighs. I hope it's dawned on her that bound like this, she's living up to her name. Fuck hole. Her fuck hole is now bared for anyone to use, and there won't be a thing she can do about it. She can't move. Just stand there and allow her pussy to be used by whomever. For whatever. That I've made her into a fuck hole. That I've turned her into that hole in the wall I was comparing her to. And she has just as much to say about who uses her as the hole does. She won't even know who uses her.

It has definitely dawned on Mike. His eyes have shifted down to her pussy. To the sloppy-wet mound with a thick coat of fresh, wet honey. Mostly it's those plump purplish lips that stand out prominently and flaunting their softness that makes her pussy so inviting. I'll bet Mike is noticing that.

I tell Mike the "rules." "Fuck hole's" pussy is all his. He may do whatever he wishes with it, whenever he wishes, and as many times as he wishes. I don't care if he wears it out. However, her bottom is to be left unpenetrated. He's welcome to feel it and play with it. Just stay out of it.

And the hood is to stay on. I tell him that under the hood LeighAnne is blindfolded, gagged, and ear-plugged. That she has no idea where she is or who is around. That he's not to mess with any of that. Nor is to offer her anything, not even a sip of water. She's to be left there, ignored, and used. Not even a bathroom trip for her.

I tell him that Sophie will "retrieve" LeighAnne at exactly 6:00. That I will need the time to get her cleaned up for work tomorrow.

He assures me none of that will be a problem for him. He'll be ready when I send Sophie over for LeighAnne. "So she has no idea who you've given her to?" He asks.

"None. She's not even sure that I'm giving her to anyone."

Teaching Teacher

Mike shakes his head but grins wide as he does. "So she could pass me in the lobby in the morning and have no idea that I'm the one who had her all night long?"

"Exactly. And that means that everyone she sees around here, the first thing she'll think is: was he the one? Or one of the ones? If you avail yourself of her sluttiness more than once, she won't even be sure that only man had her."

He laughs as I'm leaving.

I'm pretty sure he's not planning to keep LeighAnne's pussy waiting.



Chapter 06: Back To School

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Sophie retrieved LeighAnne promptly at 6:00, as I'd promised. It was just after the "morning masturbation," the only time I usually allow Sophie and Paige to climax. I have a morning routine. After their daily chance to masturbate, under my supervision, and only when I deem their pussy to be too aroused for them to get through the day undistracted, it's time for their showers.

Clothes are not allowed before my slaves are clean. Thus, Sophie knew better than to ask for any clothes this morning when I sent her over to fetch LeighAnne. Not that Sophie minds it when I flaunt her body. She likes it. To her, it's as if I'm showing the world what Sophie's giving me. It made for a nice to Mike, too. He knows I'll never share Sophie. But I will flaunt her shamelessly.

LeighAnne, still in "sensory deprivation" didn't even know it was Sophie I sent for her. Only that she was being untied, and a minute later, that she was leashed and being led somewhere. For something. By someone. She followed obediently, but now it shows that's she tired. Not fully worn out, but as if Mike woke her a couple of times. As if she wasn't so comfortable sleeping over the table.

I'm sure she feels rather slutty and used, too. Sophie tells me that Mike said, "he fully enjoyed the fuck hole." I'm guessing that means he used it more than once. And liked her pussy. I was hoping he would. I was hoping that LeighAnne would wake up to a cock in her pussy. That should make her feel rather low, as if he, whoever he is, doesn't even know or care if she's awake. She's just a hole to cum into. It's the feeling I want her to have now. It should be thoroughly humiliating for her. And thus, thoroughly arousing.

I take the hood, blindfold, gag, and ear plus off of LeighAnne. But I leave the cuffs on her hands. I give her a few seconds, watching her blink her eyes against the lights. It doesn't take her long to figure out that she's back in my living room, just where she last was when she knew where she was. She quickly looks around, nervously, scanning to see who's here. Especially men. She thinks there must be at least one since she felt a cock in her pussy. And felt it cumming into her pussy. But there isn't. She can't know that the man is just across the hall.

Teaching Teacher

I give LeighAnne to Sophie, telling Sophie to take this “filthy, cum-drenched, fuck hole and clean its skanky butt up.” Sophie knows exactly what I want her to do. She leads LeighAnne to the bathroom to join her and Paige for their morning shower.

Only with LeighAnne's hands bound, Sophie will have to do everything for her. Shave her. Shampoo her hair. Wash her body. Douche her pussy out after that night. Even wipe her bottom for her when LeighAnne finally uses the toilet. Everything. I'm sure it's a humbling experience for her to have to depend on Sophie to do even that simple, but intimate, task for her.

Sophie brings her out in time for breakfast. I leave LeighAnne's hands locked, having Paige feed her. Another thing she's not allowed to for herself.

It's about 6:45 when LeighAnne finishes breakfast. I take her leash now. I walk her over to the stool beside my desk and sit her on it. I ask her plainly “did you cum last night, fuck hole?”

“Yes, Ma'am,” LeighAnne shyly answers.

“How many times, bitch?”

“Seven, Ma'am,” the shyness, and a heavy not of embarrassment ring in her voice.

I make her tell me what she knows of last night. She tells me that she was fucked soon after I tied her over the table. Then, nothing. Mike just left her there, as I'd asked him to. He didn't even bother to wipe her dripping pussy for her. He just walked away and left her bound there. She came three times before Mike finished.

She thinks she fell asleep. She doesn't remember much, except being utterly bored as she lies there with nothing to do but feel her pussy dripping. The next thing she remembers is waking up as a cock was thrusting hard into her pussy. She came four times. He left her there, dripping again, and completely ignored.

She thinks she drifted back off. Because the next thing she remembers is feeling that cock ramming hard into her pussy again. And this time it pounded her hard. She came three times. She dripped more

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of his cum. But then, not much later, she felt herself being untied. Then I took the blindfold off of her.

She tells me the only thing she knows about the man who fucked her is that he has a decent-sized cock. Or so it felt inside her. She felt his balls, large and furry, bumping against her a couple of times. She tells me she remembers feeling strong, manly hands on her body. On her hips and on her bottom.

I can see that she's dying to know who fucked her. But she's behaving and not asking me. I ask her if she wants to know how many men I "let use my fuck hole for a cum dumpster."

She tells me that she would like to know.

I laugh. "Who cares?"

I had been planning to have Paige relieve LeighAnne's pussy, but it sounds to me as if she had sufficient relief at Mike's hands. Or should I say at Mike's cock? Seven orgasms ought to be plenty for one night. So I don't.

I show her the essay she wrote in class yesterday, complete with her grade of C on it. And all of the big red marks. I tell her that kind of work is unacceptable from a teacher. She should know how to write a proper essay if she's going to be grading essays. Like Kayla's. No wonder she tried to give Kayla such a bad grade, LeighAnne doesn't know how to even write an essay!

I give her another assignment. This time it's to be a 1000 word essay. Handwritten. And it had better be done correctly, it will be strictly graded. The title is "My First Enema." She's to bring it to my apartment Friday afternoon directly from work. It will be graded. And then, LeighAnne will get her first enema so she can "fully compare" the reality of it to what she's imagined it will be like.

I don't tell her that might make for a good next essay from her. I really like the idea of giving the teacher homework, even if it isn't my teacher. But I do give her some advice. I tell her to forget about her shame and modesty. To be descriptive, and to be open in her essay. She'll get a very bad grade if she writes a less than fitting essay. Fitting for a worthless gutter fuck hole, that is. I tell her that her grade will

determine the size of her enema. An A will earn her a half enema. A C a full enema. But an F will earn her a double enema. I assure her that she, or at least her disgusting bottom, would strongly prefer that she earns a good grade. A double enema is not going to be enjoyable for her. I just don't tell her how big a regular enema is. Or any enema.

LeighAnne cringes as she hears what's in store for her next visit here. But I see enough sheepish acceptance on her face that I'm confident she'll show up for it. I'll have to think up a few guests to invite over to watch it. That should humiliate her right into ecstasy.

I give her one more assignment, too. She's to write a very polite apology letter to Kayla and give it to Kayla in class today. It will explain to Kayla why LeighAnne wouldn't believe her essay. And apologize for allowing her personal opinions to influence her grading, instead of just grading Kayla's work. It had better be a very polite, humble, sincere, and honest apology since I will call Kayla later to see what LeighAnne had to say.

And since LeighAnne gave Kayla the bad grade in class, in front of Kayla's friends, LeighAnne will apologize to her in front of the entire class for "misgrading" Kayla's essay. I'll be asking Kayla if Kayla found LeighAnne's apology to be sufficient, too. LeighAnne can save her bottom another whipping by making sure Kayla finds her apology acceptable.

I can see the abject humiliation on LeighAnne's face as she thinks about having to do it. I'll bet it's getting LeighAnne's pussy wet again just thinking about the shame she'll endure. I know that LeighAnne is going to be masturbating after school again. I'll teach LeighAnne about those rules next time. She can have her relief now. Once she shows up for her enema, I'll know that I have her. That she accepts that she belongs to me.

There's one thing you won't see in my house. A clock. I find them too distracting for subs. So as I'm allowing LeighAnne to put her clothes back on, LeighAnne doesn't have any idea what time it is. I'm sure she's thinking that she'll head for her house and change. And then waste

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some time, or maybe get another hour or two of sleep, before heading for work.

She's going to be so surprised when she finally sees the time, certainly on the clock in her car if not sooner, and learns that it's seven am when I kick her out of my apartment. It leaves her just enough time to hurry to work. If she diverts, even to change clothes, she's going to miss her first class. Thus, she's going to be teaching today in the same clothes she wore yesterday. I'm pretty sure the 13-year-old girls in her classes will assume that their teacher had a fun night. 13-year-old can always assume the sluttiest answer is the right answer.

I don't have to Kayla that afternoon. She calls me the instant she's off the bus, and away from others who might hear the conversation.

"OMG, Pepper!" Kayla blurts out. "You had another talk with Ms. Cutler, didn't you? Tell me you did! She was like so a different person today! Like she apologized to me in front of everybody!"

Kayla tells me that LeighAnne apologized very politely. She told Kayla, and "the entire world" that she had made a mistake on Kayla's grade and was sorry for it. She even gave Kayla a nice apology letter. The letter, which studiously avoided any mention of anything that happened, simply told Kayla that when she was growing up both of her parents had jobs, and weren't home much. She hasn't heard any stories about traditional families, so she just assumed all families were like hers, or the ones she hears about. She never thought anyone could care so much for their child that they'd make such an effort. It's signed "LeighAnne Cutler," not "Ms. Cutler," too.

Kayla tries hard, mentioning that everyone assumes that LeighAnne had "a slutty night" since she was wearing the same clothes today. Kayla didn't tell anyone that she suspects that I might have had something to do with it. But she definitely wants all the details.

She does not get her wish. I refuse to speak to her about my "playtime," and I remind her that "includes any time I spend with your teacher if I spent any with her." I remind her that I did have to work yesterday. Kayla accepts that but still wonders what happened to

Teaching Teacher

change LeighAnne's demeanor. And she's sure I had something to do with it.

Then mom calls. "What did you do to that teacher?" She asks right away. "I know you too well to know you did have your fun with her."

Mom gets the details. And asks if I have a picture of LeighAnne wearing the bag for her walk. I send mom one of LeighAnne on the street, Lilly walking her, that Philip took for me.

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"



Princess Lilly

Age	Height	Weight
5 (Human)/35 (K9)	2'2"	
Hair	Eyes	
Black & White	Puppy Dog	