

Mommy's Time Out



Nadezhda sarankhova

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<https://mistressnadezhda.wixsite.com/website>

MistressNadia@Yandex.ru

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.

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

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moment! It's better than fresh bunny batteries, it just keeps going until I want it to stop. And I don't even have to hold it in place!

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

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

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

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

I get all of my toys through networking. It's almost always either one of the women in our circle who has a toy she doesn't want and offers to point it at another who is interested. Or sometimes one of my toys tells someone, who tells someone, and so on until someone asks my toy to introduce someone to me. Rarely it's someone I don't play with, but who knows what I'm into, who asks me to meet someone. I get

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plenty of emails inquiring about meeting me, and while I will email and maybe chat with a sub online, I haven't yet met any. I won't rule it out, but meeting online is risky enough that someone would have to convince me before I'd think about it. A girl's gotta be careful!

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

I have dual citizenship. That's a benefit the Russian government bestowed upon me because my father was a junior 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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Call me a bit jaded, but it seems like every middle-aged father I've met has some fantasy about a very naughty babysitter. That's why I've picked Joey to play a role in this evening's amusement. Joey is only 18, and she's still finishing her final year of high school. But more importantly, she looks like the schoolgirl she is. She looks young. She looks exactly like the kind of girl who would ordinarily be babysitting kids. Likely because she is. She babysits for several families when I allow her the time, that is. None of those families have any clue about Joey's secret life as my playtoy.

Joey has a role to play tonight, but she's not the one this session is for. This is Holly's session. And I have a special treat in mind for Holly tonight.

Holly is a 27-year-old social worker. She has two kids, a boy that's 5 and a daughter that's 3 years-old. Both of them spend their day in preschool now, allowing Holly to work during the day. And she needs to work. She and her husband, Steve, aren't wealthy. Steve is a parole officer, a job that doesn't pay too well in Alabama. I know they struggled when Holly was on maternity leave.

Holly is my toy. She's been my toy for close to a year now, so I've gotten to know her tastes fairly well. Put simply, Holly likes it when I take care of everything for her. When I suddenly appear and start telling her what to do, not asking, and not leaving her to make even a single choice. It doesn't much matter to Holly how I use her body. It seems that whatever I do with her arouses her quickly and intensely, as long as I exert firm control over when I do it.

Steve doesn't care to play, at least not much. But he definitely enjoys watching me toy with Holly. And watching Holly do things. And especially the few times I've had Holly do things with him. He loved that, and not just because I had her doing things that she wouldn't have done any other way.

Holly is also a very proper, reserved, and shy woman. At least in her daily life. Over the sessions we've had, she's gotten fairly used to me, so now she's not so shy around me. But she's still rather reserved.

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Rather prissy and proper. She has some firm beliefs about the things a woman should do, and shouldn't do, in bed. On her own, she'll never go beyond those boundaries. Things beyond those boundaries she considers "disgusting" and "unnatural." But once she's mine, she'll eagerly do about anything I make her do.

That's part of what excites Steve so much. Watching his very prim wife turn into a rather sultry slut. And he usually gets the benefit of that sluttiness. Until I leave, then Holly is back to her prim self.

I don't see her that often. About once a month. I'm fairly sure that Holly would love to live as my slave 24/7, but she would never give up her vanilla life to move into my kennel. She loves Steve and the kids far too much for that. And Steve would not want to join her in the kennel.

Instead, they have an agreement that Holly gets to play with me. For Steve, it's a way to spice up their sex life and get to have fun in ways he never would otherwise. For Holly, it's a needed release of her tension. She needs to be taken and owned. About once a month keeps her from getting frustrated.

To involve Steve, and even more so because it's embarrassing for Holly, I've set a rule that Holly isn't allowed to contact me directly. Instead, she's required to have Steve email me each morning. But for Steve to write that email, which has to be from Steve and in his words, not hers, Holly has to sit down with him and talk about her sexual feelings. Daily. Then Steve keeps me updated, adding his own thoughts and observations to whatever Holly tells him.

It was about time for Holly. For the last few days, Steve's emails have basically said the same thing. After a few weeks without being used, Holly starts to slowly, but steadily, grow sexually frustrated. She enjoys sex less and less. And she starts masturbating more and more, in addition to being with Steve. But her masturbation only takes the edge off for a short time. It does very little to relieve her tension. Her frustration grows more and more. Nothing releases that tension until someone just takes her and uses her. The more shamelessly she's used,

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the more satisfying the release is for her.

Neither Steve nor Holly have any idea that I'm coming tonight. I never tell them. It's better, more satisfying, for Holly if she doesn't know. And I'm afraid that if Steve knew, he might inadvertently tip Holly off. So I don't tell him, either.

It's a Wednesday night. A night that I know the couple will be home. They always are. They seldom go out, and when they do, it's always on a weekend. On Wednesdays, they're home being a regular family.

I also have Sophie, my 19-year-old live-in slave-girl with me. She's kind of like my handmaiden. There are only two places Sophie ever is. If she's not in her veterinary assistant classes at Bishop State College where she's a sophomore, she's close at my side. And she's ready to cater to whatever whim I might have.

I have a key to their house. I made Holly give it to me. This way, I can let myself in whenever I want. I don't have to knock on the door. I can walk right in as if I own the house just as fully as I own Holly. I just don't do it that often. This will be the first time I've done it while they were home. Once before I was waiting in their living room when Holly returned from work, but no one was here when I let myself in.

It's 5:30. Holly gets off at 4:00, then she picks her kids up from preschool and brings them home. Steve gets off at five, and he's usually home fifteen or twenty minutes later. He doesn't usually have too far to drive. Holly tries to serve supper around 6:15. She's not the greatest cook, though, so she tends to make quicker and simpler meals. Ones that don't have her standing over the stove too long.

As I pull into their driveway I see both of their cars so I know Steve is home. But the kids are going to be home as well, and I am not going to allow the kids to see anything. Or even know anything. Not even something simple or chaste. I have Sophie toting a small backpack. It's hot pink, the perfect color for her, and it looks like something a college girl would carry her books in. As if it just has her homework in it. Not a small assortment of sex toys, which is what it actually has in it.

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I don't knock. I just unlock the door and open it. I walk right in, Sophie following behind me and guiding Joey along. The front door opens right into their living room. I see Steve on the sofa, flipping through the channels to find something. I see the kids sitting on the living room floor, playing. The boy has some trucks. The girl has a doll. Across the living room, in the kitchen, I see Holly looking through the fridge to find something to cook.

Both can't miss hearing me come in. They turn to see who has just let herself into their house. Steve grins slightly as he sees me. Holly freezes, a shocked, and horrified, look on her face. Her wide eyes stare at me. It tells me that she definitely did not expect me to invade her house as I'm doing. Nor did she expect me to show up before the kids' bedtime. I haven't done that before. I've always waited until I knew her kids would be sound asleep.

I walk right to Holly. I stand in front of her, looking her directly in her anxious blue eyes. "You are in so much trouble. You've been very naughty. Now, come along with me, slut," I tell her firmly, but keeping my voice low enough that the others won't hear me.

I don't wait for Holly to answer. I reach down and firmly grasp hold of her hand. I hang onto it. I start walking towards the living room, leaving Holly no choice but to follow along. "Yes, Ma'am," Holly answers, her tense voice just as muted as mine. She follows demurely along. She knows I expect her to, and that I wouldn't tolerate anything less.

I walk her over to Steve. I don't have to tell Holly the rules. I taught her those long ago. She stands where I stop her, her eyes downcast. And she stays silent.

"Hey, Steve," I greet him. With their kids about ten feet away, I keep my voice very quiet so they won't hear me. So only Holly and Steve will be able to. Luckily, the kids seem far more in their games than in us. "I guess you already know that my slut here," I mean Holly, "has been very naughty. She's been masturbating like some trashy gutter nymphomaniac. She'll be learning a rather good lesson about being so trashy tonight." I tell him. It's more that I'm telling him what the

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"theme" of tonight's session is going to be. Holly will be punished for her shamelessly excessive masturbation.

"It's going to be a rather lengthy lesson. I don't want her forgetting it too soon! But I don't want you to have to suffer and do all that extra housework just because this slut can't keep her fingers off her pussy."

I grin widely as I point to Joey. "This is Joey. She will be filling in as your wife until Holly has *really* learned her lesson. And don't worry if this dumb slut takes a while to learn her lesson. Joey will be here until Holly has fully learned her lesson. Joey will be a very good wife for you. She'll be humble and polite. She will be very affectionate, too."

I wave for Joey to begin. She walks around Sophie to stand in front of Steve and quickly drops to her knees. "Don't worry, Sir," She tells him in a very sugary sweet voice, "I will do absolutely everything a good wife should do for her man. *Everything.*" Joey rises up from sitting back, stretching her head close to Steve. "You relax, Sir, I will make you a delicious supper and look after our kids... may I be allowed to show you what a good wife I am, Sir?"

Steve grins. It's a slight, cautious, grin. "OK..."

Joey quickly leans the rest of the way forward. She plants her soft lips on his and gives him a very long, very sensual, kiss.

Holly balks hard. She almost screams at Joey for so brazenly kissing her husband. She almost jumps forward and grabs Joey. She barely stops herself. I feel her tensing up to pounce, and staying tensed, right on the edge of jumping her. But she manages to stand demure.

After a few seconds, Steve melts into Joey's very sweet kiss. He kisses her back as eagerly as she kisses him.

Holly sees it. The tension fades from her body. A bright blush replaces it. She shirks inward, almost crying, as she watches Steve enjoy the replacement wife I've given him. As she sees that Joey appears able to be as pleasing of a wife for him as she's able to be. Maybe even a better wife.

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"May I be allowed to fetch anything for you while I cook your supper, Sir?" Joey asks just as sweetly, batting her eyelashes at him as she does.

Steve says no, that he already has a drink and that's all he needs. Joey tells him that she's going to cook, but he doesn't need to worry about the kids. She'll take perfect care of them as well, even while she cooks. And if he thinks of anything he wants, just tell her so she can have the pleasure of serving it to him. She hurries off to the kitchen, stopping to introduce herself to the kids.



Joey's body is fairly different from Holly's. Joey is 18 years old. She's also a petite woman. She stands about 5'4", but weighs a mere 115, or so, pounds. It gives her a rather lean and narrow body. She has long blond hair, with a faint brown tinge to it, that hangs down to the bottoms of her shoulder blades. It's straight and silky-soft. She has brilliant green eyes on a face that's barely oval with the softest, and very feminine, features to it. She has a slightly small nose atop a wide mouth that's framed with a pair of especially plump and soft medium-pink lips.

But it's her body that's most noticeable, even with her clothes on. It's clear she's narrow and slender. Today I have her wearing a beige print blouse with $\frac{3}{4}$ sleeves. But it's also low cut in the front, showing almost everything above her breasts. And it's snug enough to show the shape of her body. To show that while her breasts are fairly small, they're going to be full, rounded, and pert as well. She has a pair of denim shorts on with it. They're not Daisy Dukes, but they're not the most modest of shorts either. They leave a good bit of her thighs bare. And that shows off how slim and lean her legs are. How shapely, too. They look long, despite her shortness, on account of how slender she is. And they're snug enough to advertise that Joey's bottom is going to be rounded and firm as well.

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But what's even more noticeable is how young Joey looks. She could pass for 16 or so. It's partly because of her small body. And partly because she has that girlish face.

Holly, on the other hand, looks closer to her age. Actually, it's hard to guess how old Holly. She could be anywhere from 25 to 35.



Holly is several inches taller than Joey. She's around 5'8". She's slim, too, around 135, or so, pounds. She's dressed a little less youthfully today. She's wearing a 1/2-sleeve wine-colored cotton blouse. Her blouse, unlike Joey's, covers her almost all the way up to her neck, showing the tiniest slice of her chest right around the neckline. But it is decently snug. Enough so to show off the lean shape of her body. And to show off the proportional, and rounded, outline of her mounds through it. I can see the lines of her bra, too, but I have to look closely to see those. She has a dark denim skirt on under it, only that covers her to just above her knees. It only shows her shapely calves. It's snug, but it

obscures the shape of her bottom a little. I can tell it's going to be shapely and rounded, though.

Holly has curly blond hair that's full of body, hanging loosely and fluffing out around her face. It hangs down onto her shoulder blades. She has a pair of the sexiest blue-gray eyes. It's a shame that they're sort of hidden behind her wire-framed glasses. Those glasses give her a fairly nerdy look, almost like a librarian. Her other pair, with black frames, give her a geeky look. She has a slightly long nose on a slightly narrow-looking ovalish face. But it's a face with gentle, soft, rounded features. And she has a wide mouth, framed with medium-pink lips. Her lips are plush and full, but not so plump as Joey's are. They're soft, though. But she does have a few light wrinkle lines at the corners of her eyes and along the line beside her mouth.

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I lead Holly back to her bedroom and lock the door behind us. Like any bedroom, it has a cheesy lock on the door. But it is good enough to ensure that her kids don't walk in us. You never know when kids will go snooping around. It gives the three of us some privacy.

"Undress, slut," I firmly tell Holly as soon as I have the door shut. I doubt it's a surprise for Holly. I always want her nude. Clothes just get in my way. I want unhindered access to Holly's body.

"Undress" is a specific command. It's one I teach all of my subs on their first or second visit. It's one Holly's known for a while now. It tells her to take her clothes off in a very specific way, and it's not the way she'd usually do it. It has her to start at the top of her head and take off the highest thing on her body. She's to hand it over to me, neatly folded. Then she's to keep going down her body until she gets to the tips of her toes. The only exception is her shoes. Those can come off whenever they have to. It won't matter with the skirt Holly has on, but if she had jeans on her shoes would have to come off first.

Holly starts at the top. She takes her glasses off and hands them to me. It leaves her barely able to see anything. I'm not sure how bad her vision is, but the thickness of her glasses tells me enough. It tells me she won't be seeing much other than colorful blurs unless I return them to her. Hopefully, she understands that I don't have to return them. It's my choice. She sees clearly only if I want her to.

Next, it's her blouse that comes off. It bares a 3/4-cup beige bra that's liberally decorated with lacy red flowers. It has narrow straps over her shoulders and around her back. Its cups are satiny, not real satin, but soft. They cover almost all of her mounds.

It also shows off her flat stomach. Its skin is just slightly loose, more as if it has lost some of its elasticity, not as if she's carrying any extra pounds. I blame that on the cost of motherhood. It lets me see that her breasts sit slightly high on her chest. It shows me her lean shoulders, with just enough body fat on them to mostly hide the lines of her collar bones. And it shows me the pronounced curve at her waist.

Normally a woman would take her skirt off next. Her shoes and

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such would already be off. The idea is to save her underwear for last. But Holly can't. The straps of her bra rising over her shoulders are the next highest thing on her body.

She reaches up behind her back and unclasps her bra, letting the straps fall to her sides. She stays facing me. She reaches up to her shoulders and slips the straps off, catching them as they fall down her arms to her wrists. She folds her bra and hands it to me. "Here is my bra, Ma'am," she politely offers it.

She makes no effort to hide her breasts. She knows I'd never let her get away with that. Holly's breasts are decently ample. I already know that the bra she just handed me is a 36-B. The same size as all her bras are. But her mounds are fairly soft, too. They're soft enough to lie back against her chest with a moderate crease at their underside. But not so soft that they appear to sag. Instead, they have a fairly-full rounding to them. They also sit to the outsides of her chest, leaving a wide V of cleavage between them.

Her nipples sit slightly high on her mounds, offset a bit to the top instead of the tips. They're surrounded by silver-dollar sized rings of a deep, brown-tinged, purple. Her nipples are as wide as marbles. They're as hard as rocks, now. And they stand up about ¼" from her mounds, poking their well-rounded tips up. They rise enough to have defined sides to them, sides that gently taper to those rounded tips.

Holly slips her skirt down, over her sandals, and off. It lets me see that she's wearing a pair of panties that match her bra. They're definitely a set. Good thing for Holly, I require matching underwear. Always. Just in case I surprise a sub, as I'm doing to Holly now. She'd be in trouble if they didn't match. They're moderately modest. I can see a decent-sized triangle in front, fully covering her pubes all the way into the crease of her thighs. They're slightly low cut, with narrow bands of elastic stretching around her waist just below the tops of her hip bones. And they fully cover the cheeks of her bottom. Really, all they show are her thighs, all the way up to her hips. And her hips. They fit her well, even though the band around her waist looks to be a scant hair on the

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tight side.

Holly slips her panties off. She quickly folds them up and holds them out. "Here are my panties, Ma'am," she demurely offers them to me.

It shows her curvy, well-rounded hips. It shows the neat triangle of her bush, trimmed with crisp lines at the creases of her thighs, and along the top. And a slightly rounded point at the bottom, where her bush stops just before flowing down onto her lips. It leaves her lips bare.

And that lets me see the mostly flat mound of her pussy. Holly doesn't have much in the way of lips on her pussy. It's more as if the insides of her thighs just curve inward and flow towards each other. They're thin and flat. They're fairly narrow. But they're decently long as well. From the front, they leave a wide gash of a slit between them. A wide, firm-looking, ridgeline of her light-pink inner folds rises as a single ridge through her gash, peeking its crest out just beyond the outsides of her lips.

Now Holly hands me her sandals, leaving her fully nude. "I am completely naked now, Ma'am," Holly tells me as she puts her hands behind her back to await her next instruction.



Chapter 02 - Punishment For Her Sluttiness

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"I hear you've been a very naughty little slut. I'm fairly sure I'd remember giving you permission to play that skank pussy between those legs, and I don't remember allowing it. You know better than to diddle that pussy for your enjoyment! It's there to pleasure your husband, not you! You don't deserve that much pleasure!" I scold Holly in a disapproving voice.

"You'll be punished for being such a slut." I grin. "I'll just assume your husband has a belt somewhere in his clothes. Go pick a nice one for your spanking, slut," I firmly tell Holly.

Holly is an old-fashioned parent. The kind of parent who still spansks her kids when they misbehave. Not hard, but enough. It's why she's always hated it when I spank her. I do it the exact same way she spansks her three-year-old when the girl is bad. Holly finds it especially humiliating to be the one getting turned over the knees when she's usually the one doing the turning. The only difference is I'll use a belt or a paddle on Holly, something neither of us would use on a child.

Holly cringes, already thinking of the humiliation that's about to come. If I could, if she had the fenced yard for it, I'd send her out to find her own switch. But she doesn't. So I'm settling for sending her to find her own belt. She reluctantly starts for the closet, her feet moving with rather small steps. Her head hangs a little as she goes.

Holly knows right where Steve's belts are. It looks as if he has three of them. All are leather. One is softer and nicer than others, more of a dress belt. The other two are almost the same, one brown and the other black. They're everyday belts. Holly doesn't linger much of her choice. There's no reason to. They're too close to the same. She grabs the black one.

She returns to me, a distance of about three steps. It takes her longer than it should, her feet moving even slower now. She steps up to me and slowly drops down to her knees. She opens her knees wide and sits back, putting her bottom in the space between her heels. She doubles the belt over in her hands. She holds the belt out, atop her upturned palms, her hands together, six inches out in front of her still-

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hard nipples. "Here's my husband's belt for you to spank me with, Ma'am," Holly answers. Her voice is hushed. It's a tone of pure resignation, too. As if she's accepted that she has no say in it. She'll be spanked simply because I said so, and if she doesn't behave for it, it will just be worse for her.

I take the belt off her hands. I wave my hand for Sophie. There's a small chair in the bedroom, and Sophie brings it over to me. She sets it right behind me so all I have to do is sit down. "Over you go, naughty slut," I tell Holly.

I sit still, my knees opened a little, and wait. I want Holly to put herself over my knees. It's more humiliating for her this way. More submissive, too. She moves slowly. But she moves. She scoots over to kneel at my side. Then she stretches her chest forward, lying it over my knees. I shift my legs a little, putting my right in the bend of her waist, and my left under her chest, the underside of Holly's mounds flush against the outside of it. Holly puts her hands to the floor, bracing herself.

The belt is a decently stiff leather. It's about 2" wide. I lie the leather against the soft, rounded, taut cheeks of Holly's bottom. "This is for diddling your pussy without permission, slut," I firmly tell her. I lift the belt up high.

Holly sucks in a sharp, deep breath the instant she feels the leather leaving her bottom. She knows there won't be any more delays. She tenses up, bracing herself against the stroke that's coming.

I swing the belt, putting about $\frac{3}{4}$ of my strength into the stoke. The belt lands squarely across the center of her taut globes. It lands with a loud, sharp crack.

Holly tenses up even harder, her body snapping. Her knees come in, bumping against the chair. Her shoulders snap down and in, arching her back up slightly. "OW!" Holly screeches out, gritting her teeth to quiet her cry enough that no one outside the room will hear. Her feet kick the floor. Her hands ball into fists and pound against the floor. "uh, OW!" She groans.

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It takes Holly a few seconds to loosen up after the stroke. She sniffles a few sobs. "One, Ma'am," Holly counts her stroke in a whiny, sobbing voice. "I'm sorry for being such a slut, Ma'am. Thank you for not letting me get away with it and spanking my naughty bottom, Ma'am."

Holly starts to brace herself for the second stroke of the belt.

I lift the belt off her bottom, revealing a nice, medium pink strip across her white globes. I hold the belt in my hand. I lower my hand behind Holly, being careful not to let the belt touch her body. That way Holly stays tense, thinking the next stroke is going to sting into her bottom any second now.

I put the tip of a single finger to the soft ridgeline rising between her lips. It stands out just enough for me to touch it without touching her lips.

"AH!" Holly squeals loudly, her voice pure shock. It's a high-pitched, girly, squeal. Almost a shriek. Her body shivers hard as it lies over my thighs. Holly sucks in another fast breath.

I start very slowly drawing my finger up that ridgeline. It's soft. Its flesh is just as soft.

"EE!" Holly purrs out, her voice still surprised. Only now I hear a bit of sweetness creeping into her voice. She shivers again, and again. She shivers constantly, her body unable to stay still.

My finger reaches the mid-point of the ridgeline. The point where I feel the stony hardness of her knot. I feel the flesh quickly fall off, my finger following it down. Now I feel the edges of her thin lips as well. And I can feel the steely hardness of her clit, nestled in that knot. I push slightly, gently pressing on Holly's clit for a second.

"UM-EE!" Holly squeals, her voice as sensually delighted as it is surprised. She shudders hard, her hips grinding against my thigh.

My finger continues on its way. I feel the ridgeline both begin to rise back up and separate into two very loose, wrinkly, folds as it does. The folds lie against each other, fully closing and hiding her pinkness

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underneath. Her folds, at their apex, extend more than ¼" beyond the outside of her lips. Maybe as much as the thickness of one of my slim fingers.

"UMM!" Holly purrs loudly, the squeaky squeal still in her voice as my finger beings teasing those loose folds.

My finger feels her folds moving easily around, as my finger strokes over the tips of them. It's not far before the rising edge of those folds move enough that they begin to part, allowing my finger to slip between them as they near their apex. Really, they more swallow my finger. The instant my finger slips between her folds I feel the loose flesh gliding along the sides of my fingertip, its caress soft. And I feel the gooey wet heat of her honey. Honey that's clinging to everything apparently. My fingertip hasn't even reached her pinkness yet, and already I'm getting honey on it.

I keep my finger moving. I leave it between her folds as well, drawing it the last little bit of the way up. Her folds now quickly fall off again, shortening and bringing my finger back towards the outside of her lips. I reach the very end of her slit. There, the tip of my finger feels a tiny little ridge, as if her folds don't fade fully inside her lips, but instead flow together, meeting at the very back of the slit, and standing about a hair's width above her lips. And then my fingertip slips from her folds onto the narrow strip of flesh between her pussy and asshole. I lift my finger from her,

"Obviously you're being a far skankier slut than I imagined, slut. I mean, seriously? Why is that pussy so hot and wet? You're being spanked like a naughty little girl, slut! And it seems like you're still thinking with your pussy!"

"I'm sorry, Ma'am!" Holly blurts out pleadingly, her voice still a little high and squealy. Her bottom slowly stills from its grinding shudders. Her plea is a sincere apology. Not that it changes anything. She'll still pay for being "so slutty." She'll still stay hot, too.

"I have just the thing to teach you not to be so slutty for your spanking!" I tauntingly scold Holly. "slave, bring me a number four." I

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order Sophie.

"Yes, Mistress," Sophie answers with a girly giggle in her voice. She can already imagine what I'm going to do. Sophie quickly gets the requested item from her backpack and brings it over to me. She drops to her knees at my side, behind Holly's bottom where Holly can't see anything and offers it to me.

I asked Sophie for a four-ounce disposable enema. It's nothing more than one of the basic ones you can buy at any drug store for about a dollar. It comes with a small, pencil-thin, nozzle already on it and pre-lubricated with a thin film of slippery gel. It's filled mostly with water, laced with a little bit of laxative. It's definitely not one of my favored enema types. Especially since the nozzle on its end is only about three inches long, and it's soft. But for this, it will do. And it will be less trouble for what I have in mind.

I can feel a very light nervous quiver flowing through Holly's body as she lies over my knees. She's been around enough to know that I'm going to do something to her. It's the definition of a mixed blessing. It delays the next stroke of the belt, giving her cheeks more of a rest for the stinging to fade before fresh needles are stabbing into it. But it also means she's going to suffer something else while her bottom rests. And knowing me, it could be anything.

Holly's cheeks are taut enough that her crack is slightly opened as she lies over my knees. Not much, but enough that I can see inside to aim the tip. And that's all I need. It saves me having to push those cheeks apart. That would offer her some extra warning to prepare herself for it.

I can see the slightly dark, purplish swath of flesh at the valley of her crack. I can see the tiny, light pink ring of her, smaller than a dime, at the center. I can see its shallow funnel shape. And I can see the countless faint wrinkles that line her funnel, all flowing into the pinpoint of darkness at its center. I can't see the outlines of her muscle. But I don't need to. I can see that the dark point is cinched fairly snug, too.

I pop the cap off the nozzle with my thumb. Now I move quickly,

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putting the greasy tip of the nozzle to Holly's crack, just above her tight asshole. I start pushing the nozzle forward, its tip darting towards her ring. Holly's asshole, alerted by the shaft of the nozzle sliding along the inside edges of her globes, quickly clenches to its tightest.

The nozzle doesn't care. Its tip is rounded. The rounded point lands square atop the center of her ring. The funnel shape of her ring guides the tip of it right to the pinpoint opening at the center of her muscle. It's narrow enough that her muscle can't do too much to resist it. As it presses against her ring, it begins easily slipping into her asshole.

"UGH!" Holly whines unhappily as she feels the slick tip sliding into her bottom. I've given her two enemas before. And those are the only two she's ever had in her life. Both were rather trying experiences for Holly. Both were very uncomfortable for her. And even more arousing, although she'll never admit that.

I push every bit of the short nozzle into her bottom. I don't stop when the front of the thin plastic bottom butts against her cheeks. Instead, I push a little harder, the front of the bottle pushing her cheeks apart as it presses between them. I stop only when the front of the bottle is flush against the outside of her asshole.

I squeeze the bottle. At first, I use a steady pressure, pushing the fluid into her bowels slowly.

"UM!" Holly cries out, her voice already strained, as the first few drops begin to fill her bottom. "Oh, ow!" she mutters softly.

I keep squeezing it, squishing the bottle up in my hand to make sure all of the fluid gets squirted into her bottom. It has Holly muttering strained, but fairly quiet, little "ow!s" under her breath. I pull the nozzle back out of her tightly clenched asshole. I toss the bottle aside and quickly pick the belt back up.

I lie the firm leather of the belt against the sore flesh of Holly's bottom. Holly's now full bottom. She's squirming from the enema long before she feels the leather touch her bottom. But the instant she feels

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the leather, a panic hits her. She squirms hard and very nervously blurts out, "OH, NO! Please, let me go potty first, Ma'am!"

"Bad slut!" I snap. "You know better than to whine about your punishment. Now, behave your naughty butt and ask for the second stroke like a good whore."

Holly sobs nervously. Her breaths are deep and ragged. "I'm sorry for being so slutty, Ma'am, may I please have the second stroke of my spanking now, Ma'am?" She asks obediently, her voice screaming that she'd rather do anything but politely ask for another spanking.

"Try not to be such a cheap slut for this one, slut." I lift the belt and snap it back down. It lands just as hard, slicing fresh lances of stinging pain into her cheeks. It lands with just as loud of a crack, too.

"OW!" Holly screeches, her gritted teeth not doing so much to mute her cry. "OH, OW!" Holly's hips squirm wildly, making her globes dance atop my thigh as she grinds against it. Her body stiffens to steel again, her back arching up. It takes her even longer to calm herself enough that her body loosens and lies over me again. Finally, she pants a few deep "UM!s"

Holly counts her stroke off, her voice sobbing hard. Her voice sounds rather desperate, too.

"Now, let's see if you've learned your lesson and you're ready to behave, or if you're still acting like a skanky gutter slut," I mockingly tell Holly. Before she has much chance to think about that, my fingertip is back on the ridgeline between the lips of her pussy.

"MM!" Holly squeals loudly. I can feel the goosebumps that now line the flesh under my finger. I can feel the quivering flowing through Holly's body. And there's no missing the urgent squirming of her hips. Or the ragged breaths she pants with her sobs. I keep my finger moving, stroking it leisurely up along the ridgeline, then between her loose folds.

If anything, her pussy is wetter than it was before. It's definitely hotter. I can feel the heat. And my finger doesn't go anywhere near her

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tunnel. I can feel the crisp shivers racking her body as my finger teases its way along, too. And I can hear the squealing "OOH!s" laced in with her sobs.

"Well, I see your pussy has decided to be even sluttier, slut." I scold her in a sternly disapproving tone.

"I'm SORRY, MA'AM!" Holly blurts out very nervously. "I can't help myself, Ma'am! Please, don't punish me anymore, Ma'am! It's not my fault! My pussy is just aching so badly, Ma'am!"

I hold my hand out, not saying anything. Sophie knows what I want. She fetches another disposable enema from the backpack and puts it in my hand.

I put the rounded tip of this fresh nozzle against the tightly cinched ring of Holly's asshole. I hold it there, letting her feel it against her body.

"No more..." Holly nervously pleads under her breath. "Please, Ma'am, no more..." Her voice is hushed enough that I pretend I didn't hear her sniffing whine.

"Maybe another enema will teach you not to be such a slut. Ask for it like a good slut."

Holly sobs loudly twice. "May I please have another enema to teach me not to be such a trashy slut, Ma'am?" Her voice is sobbing, and very reluctant.

I press the nozzle into her asshole, Holly squealing a light "OH!, Nooooo!" as she feels it slipping into her bottom. Then I squeeze the bottle, squishing it up and pushing every last drop of it into her bottom. These are four-ounce enemas. This makes eight ounces now filling her bowels.

"OW!" Holly cries out, with about half of the enema into her. "oh, OW!" She starts crying lightly. I finish filling her bottom. Then I pull the nozzle out of her bottom and toss the bottle aside.

"Thank you for making me take another enema, Ma'am, I know I

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need to learn not to be such a slut, Ma'am..." Holly sobs out the required thanks. I lie the firm leather of the belt across her bright pink, stinging cheeks. "I'm sorry for being such a slut, Ma'am. May I please have the third spanking that I deserve now, Ma'am?"

I lift the belt and quickly snap it down, adding just a little more power into it. It lands atop her globes with a slightly louder splitting crack.

Holly tenses as hard as her muscles will stiffen. Her back flies as it arches up, her knees pulling in and knocking against the chair. "OW!" She screeches out, "UM!-OW!" Her feet kick the floor for an instant, then come up, fidgeting wildly but also pretty much staying in front of her bottom to protect it. Her hands hit the floor a couple of times, then she grips the legs of my chair. "UHM!-OW!... It hurts!" She sobs as she starts to bawl lightly. Her bottom wiggles as her ships squirm and grind against my thigh.

It takes her a moment to calm. She doesn't even fully loosen up this time. There's still a noticeable arch to her back as she counts off her stroke. "Three, Ma'am. I'm sorry for being such a dirty slut, Ma'am, thank you for giving me the spanking I deserve, Ma'am..." Holly sobbing voice hushes. "Oh, fuck, that hurts so badly," she mutters under her breath. Her bottom squirms a little harder. And now her bottom glows a very angry shade of light, bright red.

"Let's see if that taught you anything, slut," I tauntingly tell Holly as the tip of my finger touches the wide ridgeline of flesh between the lips of her pussy.

"OOH!" Holly shrieks. Loudly. No longer thinking about, or worrying about, who else might hear her. Her body instantly shudders hard. Her ships snap so sharply that her left rises up off my thigh. Goosebumps erupt over both of her globes.

I keep my finger moving, stroking along the ridge toward the point where it separates into her folds. The thick ridge is enough to keep my finger from touching her clit directly, but I know she's feeling me there. There's nothing between my finger and her bundle of nerves

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but a thin flap of skin. "MM!-OOH!" Holly shrieks again.

My finger slips between her folds. It's now a flood zone. The entire space between her folds is filled with her gooey, slippery honey. And the honey is fresh, still burning with her heat.

I finish the stroke of my finger. I just hold my hand out again. Sophie hurries to put a third little enema in my hand. "Do you seriously expect me to believe you've learned your lesson, slut?" I sternly ask Holly with a heavy note of scorn in my voice.

"No, Ma'am," Holly sobs out, her sobs laced with a sensual urgency. "I'm sorry I'm such a disgusting slut, Ma'am..."

I touch the tip of the next enema to the outside of her asshole, the rounded tip flush against the shallow funnel of her muscle.

"UH!" Holly blurts out in a panicked squeal. She bursts into a full blow bawling cry. She tenses up, her body quivering hard as she stays lying over my knees. "PLEASE!" Holly desperately begs, "Please don't make me take any more, Ma'am, my butt's too full now, Ma'am! Please!"

I just wiggle the tip of the nozzle against her tightly clenched, resisting asshole. It's all the reminder she's going to get.

Holly sobs, shamelessly crying. "May I please have yet another enema, Ma'am, to teach me not to be such a disgusting slut, Ma'am?" She very reluctantly, and tearfully, asks for it.

I give it to her. I push the thin nozzle into her bottom. Even with her asshole clenching its tightest, the tube easily slips right into her bottom. I squeeze. Holly cries out "OW! IT'S TOO MUCH! PLEASE, MA'AM!" I keep squeezing. Holly keeps crying. Her bottom squirms, wiggling around as if trying to pull away from the nozzle. Her hands grip the chair legs. Her feet snap back into a wild kicking, rising up to protect her bottom, but doing nothing to defend it from the enema. I squish the bottle up, pushing the last drops of the twelfth ounce into her bowels.

I pull the nozzle out, toss the bottle aside, and lie the leather of the belt against Holly's globes. "Are you going to be a filthy slut, this

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time, too, slut?"

"No, Ma'am! I'll be a good slut, Ma'am!" Holly pleads desperately, but her voice betrays that she's no more convinced than I am. "I'm so sorry for being such a disgusting slut, Ma'am, will you please give me the fourth stroke I deserve now, Ma'am? Please teach me to be a good slut, Ma'am."

"I'll make this one a little harder, so you learn your lesson a little better, slut." I tease Holly.

"Thank you, Ma'am," Holly answers, her voice saying she'd rather be cussing me out for it.

I give her the fourth stroke, making this one just a little bit harder than the last. It also lands atop her already red, and very sore, globes, making her feel its sting that much more powerfully.

Holly tenses up so hard, and so quickly, that her body jumps up as her back arches. Her feet kick every which way, wildly. Her bottom thrashes just as wildly over my thigh. "OW!" Holly screeches shamelessly, "OH, FUCK, THAT HURTS TOO MUCH!!! OH, OW!" Holly cries like a baby, her body squirming wildly around on my knees.

I give Holly just a few seconds to calm herself. She already knows that she'd better get herself under control quickly after each stroke, or it will just be worse for her. Her voice breaks as she counts off this stroke in a bawling cry.

I put the tip of my finger to the ridgeline of her pussy. At the top of her gash, near her pubes, it's one of the least sensitive places I could touch.

Holly shudders as hard as she flinched from the stroke. Hard enough that the shudder snaps her shoulders up, briefly flashing a jiggling breast to me. Her hips thrash in the opposite direction. And they jump off my thigh. "OOH!, PLEASE, DON'T TOUCH MY PUSSY, I'M GOING TO CUM!" Holly screeches in panic.

I ignore her. I'm good at that. Holly already knows the rules. And

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she knows that if she cums before I tell her to her, that's abusing my pussy. It's my pussy between her legs. I own it just as I own her. It cums when I want it to. She knows she'll regret being that disobedient.

"OOH...EE!" Holly screeches as my finger keeps making its way up the ridgeline and into her folds. She keeps thrashing and shuddering crisply as well. She pants a couple of deep, sultry moans.

I don't even need to feel her pussy to know she's hot. And far hotter than she was the last time I touched her pussy. But I can feel it. I can feel the fresh honey. And I can see it weeping out from between her folds to start coating the outside of her lips and mound.

I just hold my hand out again. Sophie has to work hard not to giggle as she hands me a fourth disposable enema. This one will bring the fluid filling her bottom up to sixteen ounces. That's the same amount I usually give. It's about the limit of what a sub can hold in her bowels. Unless they're already full, that is. I put the rounded tip flush against her tensed asshole. Instantly she stiffens up, trying to tense her asshole even more. There's no more for it to tighten up. Her ring is already straining hard.

"NOOOOO!!!!!" Holly shrieks out in pure panic, "I CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE! MY ASS IS WAY TOO FULL NOW!!... PLEASE, MA'AM, PLEASE I'LL BURST ALL OVER THE PLACE, DON'T MAKE ME TAKE ANY MORE!"

I wiggle the tip of the nozzle against her asshole.

Holly cries like a baby, tears rolling down her cheeks. Her voice is hushed, shamed, and very nervous. "I'm sorry for being such a skanky slut, Ma'am... I'm sorry for being such a baby, too, Ma'am... will you please make me take yet another enema, Ma'am? Please give it to me, Ma'am, I HAVE to learn not to be a skanky slut, Ma'am..."

"EEE!!!" Holly squeals nervously as I slowly push the nozzle all the way into her bottom. "UHM!-EE-OWWWWWW!" Holly screeches out as I begin squeezing the fluid into her bottom, adding it to what's already stretching her rectum wide. "MM, OW!... OH FUCK, STOP! IT'S TOO MUCH, I CAN'T HOLD IT, MA'AM! STOP! PLEASE!" She cries out,

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her voice sobbing loudly as she begs.

I ignore Holly, squishing up the bottle and making sure that Holly has the full half-liter of fluid in her bowels. Holly cries like a baby as I pull the nozzle from her bottom. "Ow!... it's too much!" she mutters under her sobs. "Fuck, I'm losing it!"

I lie the belt against her stinging red cheeks. Holly cries. I stroke her globes lightly with the belt, her reminder to behave herself.

"Thank you... very much, Ma'am, for giving me that enema. I'm so sorry for everything, Ma'am. I'm sorry for being the skankiest slut, Ma'am. I'm sorry for being such a baby, Ma'am. I'm so sorry, Ma'am!"

"May I please have my fifth spanking now, Ma'am? Please, Ma'am, may I please have the punishment I deserve, Ma'am? Please, Ma'am, I know it's for my own good. I know I can't be such a dirty whore, Ma'am. Please give me an extra good spanking, Ma'am... I don't think you could give me one as hard as I deserve, Ma'am..."

I've noticed it about Holly. The "worse" things get for her, the more shamelessly she'll beg, and ask, and thank me, for everything. It's as if it reminds her of her place that much more. And she lowers herself to that lowest place. Her place.

I give her the last stroke of her spanking. I make it just a hair harder than the last, but not yet the hardest I could make it. I'm not trying to bruise her bottom, just redden it up to a stinging soreness she won't soon forget. Or soon stop suffering. This stroke leaves her bottom a bright, medium-dark shade of red. It leaves her bottom stinging as if a million knives were stabbing into it. And burning with a hellishly hot fire. Holly isn't going to want to sit tonight. And she'll feel it tomorrow, even though the redness will fade by morning. Holly screams, no longer even thinking to mute herself, as it lands.

She cries hard, her body tensed up hard and quivering. After a few seconds, she counts off her stroke.

"On your skanky feet, you worthless slut," I tell Holly.

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It comes as a huge relief to Holly. She loosens up a hair. Her hips, her stomach stay tensed up. Her asshole stays tensed up as it strains to hold back the flood. Holly moves very slowly as she lifts herself first to her knees, off my lap. She cries out again as the angle of the bend at her waist changes. Her shifting insides cramp lightly from the fullness of her bowels. She very slowly gets up to her feet.

As she stands, she twice almost doubles over from the light cramps hitting her just behind her lightly furred bush. She forces herself to straighten up. She stands very still, her hands behind her back. After a few seconds, the cramps fade away.

I stand and face Holly. I pause for a couple of seconds, staring into her eyes. It's my icy cold stare. My disapproving stare. "You know better than the whine and beg during a spanking, don't you, slut?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Holly reluctantly sobs out her answer. She knows not to say anything more. It was a yes or no kind of question. And she's already in trouble for running her mouth.

"Does your naughty little bottom want to go potty now, slut?"

"YES! MA'AM!" Holly eagerly blurts out, her sobbing voice an unbridled plea.

"Too bad you didn't behave for your spanking, slut. Now you have to go to the corner where naughty little girls, and sluts, belong." I don't give Holly even a second. I immediately put my hands to her hips and start urging her towards the corner. But I still see the look of absolute horror come over her face as she realizes that I mean to put her in the corner now. Before I send her potty. With her rectum straining full to its very limit, her asshole burning as it struggles to hold the torrent in.

I guide her to the only empty corner of the room, the one where the door is hinged. I nudge her into it.

Holly stands up straight, the tips of her toes, and her shoulders, the only parts of her body touching the walls. She looks straight ahead. She keeps her hands behind her back. She keeps her eyes open.

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This is now the second time I've put her in the corner. It's another punishment Holly uses with her kids. And thus, a punishment she finds it especially humiliating to have inflicted upon her. She knows the rules. She's to stand still and silent. She's not even allowed to scratch an itch. Or to close her eyes. And the punishment for misbehaving, Holly knows, is the absolutely worst possible punishment. I'll make her start the time over again. And over. She's to stand in the corner for 27 minutes, one minute for every year of age. And she's going to stand there until she behaves for 27 consecutive minutes. She trembles hard as I leave her in the corner.

"slave, go fetch me a cup of coffee. I think we're going to be here for quite a while. Hurry, my feet could use a good rub when you get back."

"OH, YES, Mistress!" Sophie eagerly scurries off to get me a cup of coffee. She's back in about a minute, so I guess Joey had a pot already made in the kitchen. I take it from Sophie and nod to her to begin. She takes my shoes off and starts massaging my feet as I sit on Holly's bed.

After about twenty minutes of foot massage, Holly having behaved for all of it, I have an idea. I have Sophie put my shoes back on my feet for me. Then I whisper instructions to her and send her off on an errand. She's quickly back.

Holly sobs hard the entire time she stands in the corner. I'm nothing if not fair. She didn't move. So at 27 minutes, to the second, my hands are on Holly's shoulders guiding the cringed-up woman out of the corner. Her face is scrunched up hard, but it has that hopeful look on it as if she just knows that I'll let her go potty now. The tension in her stomach muscles tells me her bowels are still straining hard.

I point to the chair. The only chair. The same chair I sat in to spank Holly. "sit, slut," I tell her in a very bullying, almost laughing tone of voice.

Holly groans out a couple of loud cries as she sits in the seat. She crosses her legs, as I insist she always does and folds her hands neatly in

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her lap. She keeps her head up, letting me see the fresh tears rolling down her cheeks. And the extra scrunch that now wrinkles her face. Even her mouth is scrunched up to a pained pucker now. Sitting is one of the hardest positions to hold an enema in. It's as if her body knows this is the position she gets in when it's time for relief. And now it expects that relief it so badly wants. I'll bet she has to strain even harder to keep her asshole from opening up on its own.

I had Sophie fetch me two things. One of her son's doodling pads, and a nice crayon. Sophie picked a lime green crayon, knowing that pastel green is my favorite color. I'm sure that's as close as Crayola had in the box. I hand both of them to Holly.

"Write this, slut," I tell Holly. Then I pause for a few seconds as her trembling hands fumble to pick up the crayon and hold it. "I will be a good slut from now on. I will not cry like a baby. I will take my enemas like a big girl."

I wait as Holly writes the three sentences. She writes slowly, her hands shaking badly and making her writing look as if it was written by her three-year-old. I can see her hand wants to put the crayon down, hoping that's the end of it.

I haven't punished Holly this way before. But it is a rather childish punishment, so I'm sure Holly will find it especially humiliating. And that humiliation will just arouse her pussy even more. "Now, since you are 27 years old, slut, you will write that 27 times. And they had better be legible, slut." I just smile at her and glare, waiting for her to get started.



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For several rather uncomfortable minutes, Holly sits fidgeting in the chair. And she groans near-constant little "Ow!s" Her hands tremble. Somehow, barely, she manages to write out her punishment sentences. The letters are big, but with crayons, they have to be. Her handwriting isn't neat, the strokes as unsteady as her hands, but she does manage to get it readable. I deem it good enough, but also "as cheap of a try as you are cheap of a slut." I put it aside. I have plans for it.

I have Holly stand up. Immediately that hopeful look, tempered with a wariness, returns to her face. She fidgets on her feet, trying to stay still but failing. There's no way she's going to stay still with her bottom so full. "slave, take this slut potty. It wants to pee."

Sophie giggles hard. "Yes, Mistress." She takes hold of Holly by Holly's shoulder and walks her into the bathroom.

Holly had stopped crying as she wrote her sentences. But when Sophie tells Holly that she's to stand over the toilet, Holly bursts into tears yet again. She obeys, though, standing with her feet spread wide enough to straddle the bowl. She doesn't say anything. I guess she's learned her lesson about whining, at least for now. I have no doubt she'll be back to whining next time I see. Holly likes to whine as she's made to do things.

Sophie tells Holly that she may pee, but that's all. Then Sophie stands across from Holly, almost staring at Holly's pussy as she closely watches to make sure Holly does as she's told, and no more.

Holly pees. Her bladder is obviously fairly full. It's a long stream of golden pee. And with Holly standing up, Sophie has a good view not just of the pee gushing out of Holly's pussy, but also of the stream falling the 18 or so inches down to the bowl.

Despite the look of utter humiliation on Holly's face, I know she's enjoying it. She seems to like it when she's thrust into the place of a child. Like being "taken potty." The humiliation seems to be what excites her. And being watched on the toilet is definitely humiliating. Even more so since she's not allowed to do what she really wants to do.

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And worse, the only thing stopping her from the blissful relief of sitting down, is that I won't allow her to. She could. But she won't because she's not allowed to.

Once Holly has finished peeing, Sophie brings her back out of the bathroom and to me. "This slutty thing peed a whole lot, Mistress!" Sophie reports. I knew that. I peeked in, just to make sure that Holly was only doing what I told her to do. Not that I had to. Sophie would never let her cheat.

I lightly put my hand on Holly's stomach. It lets me feel how tense her muscles are. And they are tensed up hard now. I let my hand slowly drift down until it's on the top of her pubes, right at the hairline of her bush. Her muscles are tensed even harder here. And I feel a light rippling flowing through them. That's those light cramps Holly's feeling. It tells me her bowels are filled to their limit. That Holly is straining hard, and suffering uncomfortably, as she tries to resist an irresistible urge to run for the toilet.

"Aw... does the little slut want my slave to take her poopy?" I ask Holly in a voice like I'd use with a very little girl.

"Yes, Ma'am, this naughty little slut really wants to go poopy, Ma'am! Please, Ma'am, will you please allow your slave to take me potty, Ma'am?" Holly answers rather pleadingly and hopefully.

"Hmm... I don't know... how do I know you're not just trying to sneak out of your lesson, slut?" I ponder aloud.

"I'm not, Ma'am! I swear!" Holly answers impatiently. "Please, Ma'am, I have to go poopy so badly my bottom is going to explode! Please, don't make me have an accident! Please!" Holly begs.

"Prove it, slut."

"Yes, Ma'am! I'll do whatever you want me to do, Ma'am. Please just let your slave take me potty! How do you want me to prove it, Ma'am? Just tell me what to do, Ma'am! I'll do anything!"

I take my time, slowly pulling a latex glove out of my pocket and

onto my hand.

Holly watches me with a look of pure horror on her face. Her face scrunches up tighter the closer that gloves get to being on my hand. Holly can guess what I'm going to do.

With the glove on my hand, I ball my fist up and extend one finger. I wiggle that finger. "Show me your butt, slut," I say it teasingly sweet. "And it had better be full."

Holly sobs once. Her voice hushes to barely a whisper. "Yes, Ma'am."

Holly knows that command well. She turns her back to me. She slowly slides her feet apart, stretching her legs wide, and groaning as she moves. Then she cries out a loud grunt as she leans over, trying to get her back flat with the floor. She gets it close, but it still slopes upward slightly toward her shoulders. And her back has a noticeable, but slight, arch to it. Holly reaches around the outside of her hips and puts her hands to her cheeks. She cries out a pained squeal as she touches the glowing red, stinging cheeks. She pulls them wide apart, stretching her crack open to offer me unhindered access to her asshole. "Here is my butt, Ma'am," Holly's voice is pure reluctant acceptance.

Now I have a rather immodest view of Holly's tightly puckered asshole as it clenches impossibly tight. I can see the ring of muscle straining hard to hold that torrent back. I don't need any lubricant gel. I can see that, too. The outside of Holly's pussy mound is covered with a heavy layer of her honey. Far more so than last time I saw it, as I was spanking her. And that honey is as slippery as any lubricant.

I put the tip of my finger to the outside of one of her lips. I stroke my finger up, running the tip of my finger through the layer of honey and getting a good coat of it on my fingertip.

Holly shudders hard and squeals the instant she feels the soft touch of my fingertip. She pants a few more fast breaths, both excited and sobbing at the same time. She shudders hard enough that she rises to her toes, and her knees almost give out. She stills as she feels my

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finger taken away from her very needy mound.

I put the tip of my finger flush against the tight ring of her asshole.

Holly tenses up, her body stiffening. "Ooh-MMM!" Holly squeals nervously, already quivering. She knows she's really going to feel it this time. Normally she'd relax her asshole to ease the entry, but she can't do that now. Not with her asshole being the only thing holding the ocean inside from gushing out.

I start pressing, slowly increasing the pressure against her asshole. At first, I feel her ring pushed inward slightly. Then I feel the hardness of her muscle as it strains tightly. As my pressure increases, I feel it start pushing against the hard muscle. It takes a second, but soon, with a little more pressure, I feel her ring start to give as my finger forces it to stretch. My finger inches forward, filling the space at the center of the stretching ring, plugging it up, and holding the flood back. Her ring squeezes hard around the sides of my finger as I slip deeper into her bottom.

"UGH!-OW!" Holly squeals out as my finger forces its way into her bottom. "Ooh-OW!"

My finger slides all the way into Holly's bottom, stopping only when the webbing of my finger is flush against the outside of Holly's asshole. It leaves my finger fully inside Holly's rectum.

Her rectum is filled nearly to its limit. I can feel that much. The walls are stretched so tautly that I can't even feel them without curling my finger to widen my reach. I know my finger is surrounded by the fluid, but I can't feel it. I just feel the body heat around my finger. Luckily for Holly, the fluid is about the only thing I feel filling her rectum. Otherwise, she'd be that much fuller. And that much more uncomfortable.

I slowly pull my finger back out. It gives Holly's asshole a few seconds to get used to the idea of my finger being gone. As the tip of my finger slips from her ring, her hard-squeezing muscle closes right

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back up without losing more than a single drop of the enema.

Holly pants a few hard sighs of relief as my finger finally slips from her ring.

"Go on, slave, take this slut potty," I sigh out to Sophie.

Sophie takes hold of Holly by her shoulder. Even as Holly is still slowly straightening up, Sophie is leading her to the bathroom. Holly shuffles her feet to keep up with Sophie, groaning out a loud, "UH-OW!" as she's pulled along.

Sophie walks her back to the toilet. She has Holly sit on the seat and open her knees wide. It offers Sophie a good view of Holly's pussy and underneath her bottom. She has Holly sit up straight and rest her hands on the middle of her thighs. Only when Holly is in position does Sophie give her permission to use the toilet she's sitting upon.

Holly uses it. The instant she has permission, her bottom explodes. A heavy geyser gushes out, spewing down into the bowl. All of it in full sight of Sophie.

"Oh, that's such a good little slut, slut!" Sophie sweetly tells Holly, mostly covering up the mocking giggle in her voice.

Holly is allowed ten minutes to empty herself. She uses every second of it until Sophie makes her get up. Sophie brings her back to me and reports that "this slut pooped a lot." Holly just stands there, blushing a little and fully embarrassed as Sophie gives her report.

"Good, now that your worthless little slut brain is out of your butt, we can begin your lesson," I tell Holly in a very tauntingly too-sweet voice. "It's time for you to learn not to be such a cheap slut, slut."

I take hold of Holly by her shoulder and guide her over to the dresser. It's a short one, only three drawers high, but it's wide, running most of the length of the wall opposite the door. It's no taller than the height of Holly's waist.

I stand Holly at the end of the dresser. I have her open her feet as wide as the dresser. I'd go wider, but I can't. The dresser is flush against

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the wall. It has Holly's left foot against the wall already. Then I have Holly lean forward and put her forearms flat on the dresser's top, along the edges of it. I have her stretch her arms forward until just the tips of her nipples are touching the dresser. Her nipples, as stiff as steel, stand up plenty far enough from the tips of her mounds. Then I have Holly pick her head up so she's looking forward instead of down at the dresser.

From behind, I have a good view of Holly's flat pussy mound. It's fully covered in a thick layer of honey. I put the tip of my finger to the center of the ridgeline between her lips. It has my finger squarely atop Holly's aching little clit.

Holly shudders hard from the touch. She pants a single, very sultry, moan too. Her body tenses hard as she shudders, bringing her nipples up off the dresser. Then her mounds bump against the dresser as she loosens back up.

"Oh, that pussy is being very slutty and naughty," I teasingly tell Holly. "You are going to stand very still until I say otherwise, slut. You won't be a skanky gutter slut. You will stand there and behave like an actual woman, slut."

I start teasing her clit, rubbing my finger very lightly over the throbbing nub.

"UH-OOH!" Holly moans deeply, and sensually. She immediately shudders again, her nipples leaving the dresser.

I step back. "slave, hand me my crop," I tell Sophie as I hold my hand out. Sophie quickly puts the handle of the crop in my hand. I step over to stand at Holly's side.

"slave, play with that slutty thing," I tell Sophie.

"Yes, Mistress," Sophie giggles. She knows what I'm going to do. I don't even have to tell her. She quickly kneels down behind Holly's bottom, positioning herself carefully so that her body isn't blocking much of Holly's red bottom. Sophie puts her finger to Holly's clit and begins slowly rubbing it with tiny, light, circles.

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Holly doesn't even last a second. As soon as Sophie's delicate finger begins tenderly massaging Holly's aching bundle of nerves, Holly squeals a loud "OOH!-EE!" and shudders crisply.

Only this time I'm ready for it. As soon as her nipple leaves the table, I slick my wrist, sending the tip of my crop soaring through the air. It snaps lightly against the side of Holly's breast, leaving a faint pink crop print on the side of Holly's milky white mound. It's a light stroke.

"OW!" Holly squeals loudly as the crop cracks on her spongy soft mound. She shudders again, harder this time. Her shoulders are still up a hair. It's enough that her breasts jiggle under her chest. At least until she calms and gets her nipples back on the dresser. Holly sobs a very pleading pant or two.

"Bad slut!" I scold her. "There you go wiggling around like a gutter slut when I said to behave." I have a taunting, laughing tone to my voice as I mock her.

She behaves for about two seconds before the next wave of crisp shivers racks her body, shuddering her shoulders. This time her chest goes down, pushing her soft mound against the dresser enough that I can see it starting to flatten out.

Another flick of my wrist sends the crop soaring again. It takes a good aim for it to get in the narrow space between Holly's chest and the dresser, but I make it. It cracks against the side of Holly's squished up, spongy mound. It cracks loudly, even as it lands a soft swat that leaves a barely visible pink splotch. But breasts are also a very sensitive place to whip.

Holly squeals loudly, her body tensing up rigidly. She lifts up, wiggling, jiggling her breast until she settles again with just her nipples touching the dresser.

"Bad slut!" I scold Holly again. "Don't be a stupid slut, too. Skanky is bad enough. Like I care which way you squirm. Now behave, slut!"

Holly tenses her back and shoulders up hard as she struggles to stay in place over the table. It lasts about two more seconds again. Only

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this time it's her hips that shiver crisply from Sophie's tender caresses.

I swat Holly on her red bottom, the crop landing lightly, but stinging deeply on the already stinging flesh.

Holly jumps, she shudders hard, and she cries out a loud "OW!"

"Bad slut! Keep that pussy still for my slave!" I scold her.



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I force Holly to stand like that for about an hour. To stands still, keeping just her nipples and the bend of her waistline against the dresser. The entire time I have Sophie teasing Holly's pussy, keeping her on the edge of a climax, but never pushing her over that edge. And Holly knows better than to ask permission to cum now.

An hour of that is pure agonizing torture for Holly. She was ready to cum before I even started it. Every second of Sophie's tender teases just makes her ache that much more for her release.

I stand beside Holly with my crop in hand. It seems that every few seconds Holly shudders hard enough that she "misbehaves," earning herself a swat on some sensitive place. I never swat her hard. I don't want to hurt her, but I do make sure she feels them. It's the price of not behaving.

Eventually, Joey knocks on the door, then waits quietly for the minute or so until I open it for her. I leave Holly right where she is, keeping one eye on her as I do. Joey tells me that the kids are sound asleep now. Normally at this time, Steve and Holly would have a quick shower together and head for bed. The shower is in their bathroom, which is off the bedroom I have Holly in. Joey very politely asks if she may be allowed to "give her hunky husband his shower now." I tell her she may. She has Steve with her and immediately takes him by the hand. She ignores the suffering Holly as she leads Steve right past her and into the bathroom.

Holly doesn't ignore Joey, though. She glares at Joey with the most jealous look on her face, even as she moans away from Sophie's teasing. Holly blushes, too.

Holly is a hot, sweaty mess by now, too. Even her white flesh is flushed to a light pink. Her pussy mound is completely covered with a heavy coat of honey. Honey that's flowed down from her mound onto the tops of her thighs as well. It's an aromatic honey, leaving me to sniff her sweet muskiness.

I stop Sophie.

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Holly pants heavy sighs of frustration along with her girly moans. She shudders once or twice as her pussy ebbs back from the cusp of orgasm.

I get a couple of toys out of the backpack. The first is a vibrating ball with a string on its end. It's fairly large, maybe a hair larger than a pinball. Almost as big as a golf ball.

I use my fingers to ease the long flaps of Holly's inner folds wide apart. It gives me the first good view I've had of her tunnel tonight. It lets me see the light pink entrance of her tunnel, now flushed to an almost blood red. It's flooded with her gooey, clear honey. It's narrow, not much wider than my slender finger. Its walls look to be spongy and soft as they swell together closing up her tunnel.

I put the rounded end of that ball against the entrance of Holly's tunnel. It's large enough to fully eclipse the narrow opening. I press gently. For an instant, I feel a light resistance from her walls. Then her walls begin to stretch wide, allowing the ball to easily press into her tunnel. I keep pushing, pressing the ball fully into her tunnel. And then I press it all the way into her Holly's depths until I feel the firm resistance as the tip of the ball bumps against Holly's cervix. I carefully pull my finger back out of Holly's tunnel. It leaves the string dangling a few inches out of her tunnel, almost like a tampon's string, only this one is thicker and bright red. As is the ball.

The second toy I got is a vibrating butt plug. It's shaped like a stretched-out egg. It's about 6" long. At its widest point, about an inch before the rounded base, it's about 1½" inches across. It tapers very gently to that width.

I smear the tip of it through the layer of honey in the crease of Holly's thigh. It picks up a heavy coating on its tip. Then I put the tip against Holly's tightly cinched asshole. The tip of this toy is deceptively narrow. It's just under ¾" across, less than half the width of the widest part.

Holly squeals a little as she feels the wide tip of the toy pressing atop her asshole and a good bit of the flesh around it. The toy is around

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twice as wide as her ring, and that makes it several times as wide as the pinpoint at the center of her ring.

I start pushing gently. I'll slowly increase the pressure against Holly's asshole. It pushes against her unyielding muscle for a split second. Just long enough for Holly to feel the pressure and know I'm going to push it into her bottom, whether she helps or resists.

Holly quickly sucks in a very noisy, almost panicked, deep breath. She shudders crisply as she stands there, the toy pushing firmly against her asshole. She pushes back hard, pushing her asshole against the rounded tip of the toy. As her asshole pushes firmly against the tip, it forces her muscle to loosen to rubber and stretch wide. As the pinpoint opens into a hole, the tip of the toy quickly slips into it.

I keep the pressure on the toy. Holly keeps pushing back, forcing her asshole to open wide. And that keeps the toy slipping forward, into her freshly enema-cleaned rectum. The tapering of the toy keeps stretching her rubbery muscle wider, slowly, but steadily, as it slips forward.

"OOH!" Holly squeals nervously as more and more of the toy vanishes into the now-taut, light-pink ring of Holly's asshole. It's taut enough that all of the wrinkles have been pulled smooth now. And it still has a ½" of width to go.

I push the toy forward. As it nears its widest point, I feel her rubbery ring offering more and more resistance, stretching closer to its limit. And then the width slips through her ring. Now the toy tapers the other direction, quickly narrowing to its rounded base. At the very base, there's an inch-long shaft, about as wide as my thumb, with a little disc on its end. The toy jumps forward, thrust deeper into her bowels by her cinching asshole. In a second the entire toy is inside Holly's rectum. It leaves only the narrower shaft sticking out through her asshole.

I turn both toys on.

"OH!" Holly blurts out, her voice pure sensual panic. The panic of knowing that she's very soon going to be struggling hard to resist an

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orgasm she desperately wants. Holly shudders, more squirms around wildly. "OH... MM!...OOH!" She moans out urgently as I order her to stand up.

I get the chair. The same one I sat in to spank her earlier. I put it along the wall, beside the bed. At the side of the bed, about halfway along the length of the bed. It leaves about a foot or so between the front of the chair and the mattress.

I point to the chair. "It seems you are still acting like a complete gutter slut, naughty little slut. I did tell you to behave. Now I have to punish you for being such a skanky slut. I think you need a good long time out. Sit, slut."

Holly cringes. She sits, lowering her bottom very gingerly onto her too-sore globes. She fidgets into place. Then she crosses her legs and folds her hands in her lap. She keeps her eyes open and forward, for now staring at her empty bed.

The toys come on, vibrating softly inside both her pussy and her bottom. The vibrations are gentle, very softly urging her closer to the cusp of orgasm. But the widest point of the butt plug sits just beyond her asshole. And there it pushes fully against the backside of her pussy walls as well.

Holly knows the rules of time out. She's to sit still. She's not allowed to move. Or to make a sound. Or to close her eyes. Not even to look around. She's to do nothing but sit still, see whatever is in front of her but nothing else, and hear whatever she hears. She's not allowed to react to anything she sees or hears. It's time out. The idea is that Holly doesn't exist while she's in that chair. Instead of living her life, she's sitting there demure, still, and silent, as her life goes on in front of her.



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Holly is sitting in the chair for just a few minutes. She purring soft moans with her breaths. It's all she can get away with doing. Her moans, not allowed to grow beyond deep, throaty breaths, quickly grow in their urgency until they're purely erotic pleas for release.

Joey opens the bathroom door. She comes out nude, except for a big towel wrapped around her body. She holds Steve's hand, leading him out with her. He too has nothing but a towel wrapped around him. I can see that both of them still have damp hair. And I can see the bulge in the front of Steve's towel. I guess he enjoyed Joey giving him that shower.

I turn the lights off, leaving only a dim glow to illuminate the room. It's enough for everyone to see everything, but no more than is necessary. It's almost romantic.

Joey leads Steve over to the bed with a huge grin on her face. She takes him to the opposite side, leaving Holly to glare at the across the empty bed. Joey faces him, the smile growing even wider on her face. She slowly, seductively, licks her lips. "I am going to be the very best wife you've ever dreamed of, Sir," Joey tells him in her sugariest voice.

Joey pulls the corner of her towel, letting it fall away. She holds that single corner in place at her shoulder. The towel falls and hangs from her hand in front of her shoulder. It's long enough to drape down, teasingly covering her entire body. Except for her right breast. It bares that. Joey holds it there for a second. "For you, studly..." Joey purrs in a throaty voice. She drops the towel.

It leaves her standing fully naked. I'm sure it's nothing Steve didn't just get plenty of in that shower. If I know Joey, she used her entire body to tease him in there. Such as by soaping his chest up with her breasts. Or his hips with the globes of her bottom. I taught Joey well. I taught Joey to be very slutty.

Joey's body is rather narrow and slender. There's nothing wide on her. She's petite. Her stomach is flat and firmly toned. Its skin is still youthful and very taut. She has a decently curvy figure, despite her small size, with a noticeable curve to her waist and a gentle curve to her

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narrow hips. She has legs that are lithe and look to be longer than they are.

Steve's eyes are on Joey's breasts. Those are proportionally small. But they're pert and firm. They're fully rounded, swelling like big half oranges on her chest. Her breasts don't lie against her chest at all. They rise straight off of it. There's no crease at all to them. The underside of her mounds is fully visible. As are the wide rings of light pink that surround her light-pink, wide, nipples. Nipples that are as hard as rocks now, rising off the rounded tips of her mounds like half marbles with their rounded tips.

It also lets Steve see the prominent mound of Joey's young pussy as it puffs down between her narrow thighs. Thighs that do nothing to hide it. Unlike Holly, Joey's pubes are fully shaven to a silky smoothness. It really lets Steve see the long lips of her mound as they seem to rise a full inch up her front and into her pubes. It lets him see the light pink edges of her inner folds poking into the wide gash between her lips. Her folds are loose and wrinkly, not forming much of a ridgeline at all. It's more as if the edges of both lips run all the way up her gash.

Joey, still smiling wide, reaches her hand under Steve's towel. "Ooh..." Joey purrs very seductively, "I can't get over how huge and thick that cock is! Oh, that is going to fill my tiny little pussy so nicely!" She nudges his towel, sending it falling to the floor. It shows me her small hand wrapped around the shaft of his cock just below its head.

Steve's cock isn't nearly what Joey makes it sound like. But what man wouldn't adore a woman flattering his manhood? His cock is about 6" long, maybe a hair less. It looks to be just over an inch across, although it's not like I'm measuring it. I'm guessing. That puts it on the good side of average, but not by so much. If there was an actual scale for cocks (and as a girl I vote there should be) I would put his in about the 60th percentile. Meaning he's bigger than about 60 percent of men. At least in my experience, and from what I've learned in nursing school. But it is circumcised. And that lets me see every bit of its bulbous, spongy, light purple head. With his cock in Joey's hand, I can see a pair

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of fairly large balls hanging below it, loose in their furry sack. And I can see the dense jungle of thick black curls that surround his cock and cover his pubes. He has some matching black curls on his chest. Enough to make him look manly, but not so much that he looks like an ape.

He has some dark hair on his thighs as well. And he has a decently toned body. It's not exactly a weightlifter's body, but it's in good enough shape that I can see the lines of his defined muscles. I can his firm stomach, too. It's the body of a man who works for a living. And Steve does. He does something at one of the shipyards in town. I don't know much about ships, but I know the destroyers they build are huge and thus heavy. I guess the parts of them are heavy, too. Armor should be heavy! I guess he uses those muscles. I'll bet Holly appreciates those muscles, too.

Steve is 30, which makes him three years older than his wife. He looks close to his age. He has green eyes, and short, black hair. It's not a buzz cut, but it is over his collar. Now his body is just barely damp from the shower. Just enough to give his bronzed skin a little glistening to it.

Joey steps close to him, keeping hold of his cock in her hand. She puts her lips to his and kisses him with unbridled passion. It's a very long and hot kiss. A kiss Steve eagerly returns. And as he does, his hands slowly glide around to the small, hard, gently rounded cheeks of Joey's bare bottom. They seem quite happy to stay there, both caressing and kneading her firm globes. Joey responds by pressing her body snugly against his, then gently wiggling her pubes against his stiff cock.

Joey slips one hand back to tenderly caress Steve's bottom. "Ooh, you worked so hard for me and our kids today, Sir... let me show you just how much I appreciate you being such a great husband to me, Sir," Joey sweetly tells Steve.

Steve offers her no resistance. Joey urges him to lie back in the bed. She lies beside him. She kisses him. Her hands hungrily explore his body. As do her lips. It keeps his cock standing up stiff and ready.

Steve kisses Joey. His hands explore her fresh, unknown body just as eagerly. Like most men, he focuses on her breasts and bottom. It

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appears to excite Joey more and more, no matter how he touches her. Their bodies snuggle close together as they tease each other sweetly.

Holly looks on, unable to do anything more while she's in "time out." the look on her face is one of increasing jealousy. Especially as she sees that Steve has completely forgotten that Holly is there. Or, it seems, that Holly even exists. All of his attention, his thoughts, are on Joey's nubile body. A body he is definitely enjoying. She glares at the pair with increasing frustration, and shame, on her face.

After about ten minutes of that, Joey rises up, straddling Steve's hips. She has to rise upon her knees to get her pussy directly over Steve's anxious cock. She puts the tip of it so close to her slit that Steve has got to be able to feel her heat even though he's not actually touching her.

"My pussy is burning, Sir! May I please be allowed to use every bit of this body to drain the very last drops of cum from that huge cock, Sir?" Joey asks in her sweetest, most hopeful, voice. "Please, Sir, please let me do everything and make this incredible for you, Sir..."

No man is going to refuse that offer. Steve doesn't. He just nods dumbly.

Joey quickly lowers her hips down, allowing his cock to easily push into her slit, and then into her tunnel. Her slick honey greases its way. And Joey's pussy is definitely wet enough now. I can see the layer of her honey glistening in the dim light.

Joey purrs loudly as his cock slides into her tightness. "OOH!... That's so big! OH, so good!" Joey grins widely.

Steve purrs as well. "MM! You're so tight and hot, baby!" His hands go to her bottom, cupping her firm globes in his hands.

Holly glares coldly at the pair, seeing that they're oblivious to her existence on this planet. A tear runs down Holly's cheek.

Joey starts riding his cock. She moves leisurely, pumping her hips rhythmically up and down, taking all of his length into her eager pussy.

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Joey purrs moans that quickly grown from urgent to outright desperate. Very sugary, and very sultry throaty moans.

"UH!" Joey moans out. "Allow me to take my time, Sir. Please, I want to feel that gigantic cock filling me up and fucking me so good, Sir." She keeps riding him, her pace steady.

Steve purrs more of his own moans. Moans that quickly grown deeper and louder. Moans that broadcast how quickly Joey's leisurely fuck is pushing him to his climax.

Joey leans forward, putting her lips to his and kissing him with renewed hunger. She keeps her hips stroking his cock just the same as if she hadn't moved at all.

Steve doesn't last long. I'd guess no more than three or four minutes. He grunts out deeply, his grunt releasing a full breath. His hips thrust up slightly, fucking Joey's pussy just a little harder. He cums. After a few strokes of Joey's hips, I see his whitish cum leaking from Joey's tight pussy, flowing down around his shaft.

Joey keeps right on riding him until she feels the twitching of his cock ebb away with the end of his climax. She doesn't stop. She rises up, allowing his still hard cock to slip just barely from her pussy. She lifts one knee up, putting her foot flat on the mattress beside his hips. Her hips rotate smoothly, drawing the line of her sopping wet slit over the tip of his cock head. And then the tip of his cock head slips into her crack. Joey stops with the spongy tip flush against her asshole.

"MM!" Joey purrs, her voice utterly erotic and needy, "May I please have this gigantic manly cock in here, too, Sir?" Joey asks in her most inviting, and pleading, voice. She doesn't wait for him to answer. Instead, Joey forces her asshole to relax. She has plenty of practice at it by now. Her asshole opens wide enough that his cock can easily press into it. Her bottom swallows his cum-covered shaft. She takes it all, stopping only when her cheeks are flush on his pubes.

Joey stops pushing and her asshole clenches back. Steve purrs out softly, "Ah, that's so tight, baby!" Joey starts moving her hips again,

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riding his cock just as eagerly, and leisurely, with her bottom.

In well under a minute, Joey is screeching the hottest, most needy moans. Her hands are all over Steve's body, gripping it snugly. Her head thrashes from side to side, tossing her damp hair around. Her mouth hangs wide open.

Steve lies there, purring more of his own moans. Moans that announce he's enjoying this, even though his now-very sensitive cock is being pushed to a second orgasm without any rest. Joey's moans slowly turn to needy shrieks. "MM!" Steve purrs out, "you are so tight, baby, are you sure this isn't hurting you, baby?" He moans again, very happily.

"No, Sir," Joey breathes out in a throaty moan. "that huge cock... is going to... make me... CUM!" Joey moans out again, this time even more urgently. She keeps her bottom stroking his cock rhythmically, not speeding up despite her need to climax.

"Jesus, Baby, this is the best ever!" Steve blurts out loudly in a deep moaning sweetness.

Holly, forced to watch everything, starts crying silently and blushing to a deep beet red as she hears Steve telling this young girl that she's a better fuck than Holly. I see the tears rolling down Holly's cheeks. And I see the shame on it. She stays demurely in her time out, watching and glaring, but doing nothing.

Joey rides him steadily. Time doesn't seem to affect her. She stays just as eager and hungry for his cock. She doesn't seem to tire. No matter what, she steadily ride his hard cock, and moans out her "I'm on the edge of cumming!" moans.

It takes Steve a lot longer this time, maybe twenty minutes, maybe even a minute or so longer. That's not surprising. Men always take much longer the second time. This time, as Steve grunts out, his hips reflexively thrust up hard, pounding his cock into Joey's tight bottom.

Joey shudders hard, hanging for a second as she cries out a too-sultry moan. Then she gets hold of herself again and starts riding his

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cock again. "I'm sorry, Sir, you almost made me cum then!"

Steve starts thrusting his hips up, pounding his cock hard into her bottom. "Cum for me, baby, let me watch that beautiful body cum!" He tells her in a very sweet voice.

"Oh, Please, Not yet, Sir!" Joey begs shamelessly, her voice throaty and deep, and very needy. "Please not until I've gotten the last drop of your sweet cum, Sir! Don't make me cum and stop! Let me have that cock, Sir! PLEASE!" Joey sounds honest in her desire.

Steve keeps pounding her bottom hard, thrusting up with increasing roughness. Each stroke, rougher than the last, makes Joey screech more urgently and shudder more crisply.

Finally, Steve finishes his orgasm. He breaths out the deep grunts of pure bliss and satisfaction. He gives Joey a few very hard thrusts of his hips, ramming his now over-sensitive cock into her tight bottom. "I'm done, baby doll, please cum for me."

Joey rises up, slowly pulling his cock from her tightly clenched asshole. "Not yet, studly, please don't make cum yet. Please, let me give you more first, you deserve so much, Sir!" Joey tells him. Now her voice is as hungry and throaty in its sultriness as it is sweet and inviting.

Joey doesn't give him time to say anything. She moves too fast. The instant his cock slips from her asshole, Joey almost throws her body around, putting her pussy right over his eyes. She lowers her mouth. She takes his almost-hard cock into her mouth. And Joey swallows every bit of it with the same rhythmic and leisurely pace that she's done everything else.

"OH, FUCK..." Steve blurts out. He squirms hard, grunting out loud cries that are half moans and half groans. "DAMN!"

Joey doesn't flinch or cringe at all, even knowing that his cock is fresh out of her bottom. She steadily sucks it, giving him the most leisurely blow job he's likely to ever have. Every one of her strokes takes his entire cock, all the way down until Joey's silky lips are flush against his balls and pubes. Then all the way up until only the head of his cock is

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left in her mouth as she swirls her tongue around the most-sensitive head of his cock. Time doesn't bother Joey here either. She ignores everything and goes on sucking his cock expertly, and steadily.

Steve lies there purring the hottest moans. For the first minute or so they're strained moans, his cock overly sensitive to the pleasure she's giving it. But the strain fades quickly into an even more intense erotic desire. "UGH!" Steve grunts out hard, "Baby... Oh, Baby! I can't believe this!"

Steve's eyes are fixed upward. By his choice. Joey's very sloppy wet pussy is now hanging just a couple of scant inches above his eyes, giving him a very shameless view of her most intimate places. He stares at her pussy. A drop of her honey, or at least mostly her honey, falls down and lands on the bridge of his nose. "Damn, baby doll, are you sure you're OK to finish this... you're so bad you're dripping!" Steve asks. His voice tells me hoping she will keep going, not stop and cum.

Joey keeps going. She doesn't even stop to answer him. I see the sides of her cheeks pull in just a hair more, and that tells me her only answer to suck a little harder as she leisurely strokes his cock with her throat. Steve doesn't ask her again. HE just moans the hottest groans as Joey sucks him.

Steve lasts even longer. Almost thirty minutes by my best guess. I'm not watching Joey so much. I know she'll behave and do as I've told her to do. I told her to give him the sweetest bedtime she could. She's doing that. I watch Holly as she silently cries and blushes. She's going to hate "time out" after this night.

Finally, Steve cums with the most blissful grunt. Only this time his hips are tired. He trusts them up, but not nearly as powerfully as he did in her bottom. He cums into Joey's mouth. She swallows every last bit of whatever cum she gets from him. I doubt it's much. His cock is mostly soft when she releases it from her mouth.

In about two seconds it's fully soft. Steve has reached his limit. His cock isn't going to get hard again for awhile. Joey cuddles very snugly close to him. She lies her head on his shoulders and drapes her

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arm over his chest. Steve doesn't say anything. He just hugs her closely. In a few minutes, he's asleep. MEN!



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Now that Steve is soundly asleep, I silently get Joey's attention and motion for her to come to me. I wait as Joey very gingerly extricates herself from Steve, taking care not to wake him as she does. She comes over to me, stands nude before me with a very wide grin on her face. A grin that says "see how good I was?"

I motion for Holly to stand up. I take both women by their hands and lead them out to the living room. At least here I can speak without running the risk of waking Steve. I don't want to disturb his blissful sleep.

I send Sophie to fetch Joey's clothes from the bathroom where she left them. Sophie finds two very neat piles of clothes there, one Steve's and one Joey's. She brings me Joey's clothes. Joey will need them to go home in.

I face Holly but point to Joey. "You will thank my bitch for standing in for you while you were in time out. And you will thank this bitch for giving your husband a much better fucking than you apparently do, slut."

"Yes, Ma'am," Holly shamefully agrees. She turns to Joey. "Thank you, Miss---"

I cut Holly off with a light slap to her face. "You stupid slut!" I scold her. "A proper thank you!"

Holly stands there, dumbly looking out at me. As if she doesn't know what I expect her to do. And she likely doesn't. This is the first time I've brought another sub to play alongside of Holly.

Joey, however, knows exactly what I mean by a proper thanks. She's thanked more than one woman before. Joey sits on the edge of the sofa. She lies back. She opens her legs wide, fully displaying her puffy pussy mound. A pussy that's still sopping wet, and covered with Steve's sticky, drying cum. It looks as freshly fucked as it is.

"On your knees, slut," I put a hand to Holly's shoulders and shove firmly, half pushing her, and half nudging her down to her knees. She drops in front of Joey, facing the young woman.

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Holly has always thought it disgusting to be another woman. I've had her do it a couple of times before anyway. It excited her pussy. A lot. But those times, I also had Steve watching. Holly was able to tell herself that she was just putting on a show for him. Not now. Steve's sound asleep.

Holly cringes hard, even before I tell her what to do next. Then again, on her knees in front of a waiting pussy, it should be obvious to her what I'm going to tell her to do next. Or so she thinks.

I put a hand to the back of Holly's head. Just in case she gets some silly idea about resisting. "First you can clean your husband's cum off her butt, slut... with your tongue," I very firmly tell Holly.

Holly stiffens up hard. This, I haven't made her do before. She's eaten pussy, but I've never made her tongue anyone's asshole before.

I push her head forward, bending her waist as she leans. Her muscles are tight, offering me some resistance. "No..." Holly sobs lightly as I push her face toward Joey's body. I ignore her protest and keep pushing her forward.

She tenses up fully, resisting even more when her lips are about an inch from the dark, tiny, and very wrinkly ring of Joey's asshole. Joey's bottom is taut enough that her crack is pulled slightly open. Not fully wide, but opened enough that I can see her asshole. As I push Holly's head forward, her lips touch Joey's firm globes. Another little bit of pressure, and Holly's lips push into Joey's crack, her face pushing Joey's cheeks a bit wider. Holly's soft lips land flush against Joey's tight ring.

"Lick every drop of cum off, and out, of my bitch, slut," I tell Holly in my firmest, most commanding voice. I reinforce the order with a firm, but light, smack on the back of Holly's head.

It takes a couple of seconds. Then Joey purrs a soft, and very squeaky, "OOH!-EE!" Joey shivers hard. Joey's breasts are rather firm. Too firm to jiggle. But it looks like they jiggle wildly as her chest shudders from the crisp shiver flowing over her body.

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It tells me that Holly's tongue is circling around Joey's tight asshole, just as I told Holly to do. Like most any woman, Joey finds this rather erotically, tickling, teasing, and arousing. It's not easy for her to sit still for it. It feels too good.

Holly's tongue should be licking small circles around the rim of Joey's muscle. Right at the edge where the outside of her ring turns sharply inward. Normally it's a place that wouldn't taste too good. But Joey has just had a good shower to wash it off. And now, after part two of Steve's "treat from his very slutty stand-in wife," It's covered with a dried layer of his cum. That, I'm sure, Holly knows the taste of very well. They have been married for seven years now. I'd ridicule her if she didn't know that taste before she married him!

I let Holly lick the outside of Joey's asshole for several long seconds. Until Joey is squirming rather energetically. It's plenty long enough that there isn't a drop of Steve's cum left on the outside of Joey's tight little ring. Then I just nod to Joey.

Joey knows what I want her to do. Steve came in her bottom, leaving a moderately fair-sized load of his cum inside Joey's rectum. It should still be there, or at least the 90% of it that didn't leak out before her asshole cinched fully in the short seconds after his cock slipped from her bottom. And held at body temperature, it will take much longer to dry. Longer than it's had.

Joey pushes, just as she did to relax her asshole for Steve to enter her. It allows her asshole to turn rubbery. It also has its opening, her ring growing wider, the muscle thinning as it does, and the opening at its center widening from a pinpoint to about the width of a pencil.

I feel Holly tensing up hard as she cringes heavily. It tells me that she feels the difference with her tongue. That Holly can feel Joey's asshole dilating to offer Holly's tongue access into it. It tells Holly just what I mean when I said I wanted Joey's asshole cleaned out, not just cleaned up. I expect Holly to put her tongue right into Joey's rubbery, open asshole.

Another little smack on the back of Holly's head gets her to do it.

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I know it the instant I see Joey grip the edge of the sofa hard and purr out a very squealing “MM!-OOH!” Joey shudders hard, too. Very hard. I see goosebumps erupting on Joey’s tight cheeks, too, at least at the bottom of them, which is all she’s not sitting on, around her asshole.

Holly’s tongue presses into the rubbery ring of Joey’s asshole. Joey’s muscle lightly snuggles around Holly’s tongue. Holly’s tongue sticks out fully, as far as holly can make it. It’s enough for Holly’s tongue to fully caress the inside of the ring, but only the very tip of her soft tongue extends through the thick ring of muscle. Barely enough for Holly’s tongue to clean the inside rim of Joey’s ring.

Holly’s tongue ineptly tries to swirl around Joey’s ring. It more wiggles, trapped in Joey’s snug muscle than smoothly swirls. But it does move over every bit of the flesh inside the ring of muscle, teasing it sweetly. There are enough nerves there that Joey really feels it. Feels it sensually.

Joey lies there shuddering and purring hot moans as Holly licks the inside of her asshole clean.

Holly kneels before Joey, cringing hard as she does it. It seems to me as if Holly cringes harder by the second, too.

I leave Holly at it for a long moment. Maybe half of a minute or so. Long enough that there’s less than zero chance of any of Steve’s cum being left anywhere. Not even in the prominent wrinkles lining Joey’s asshole. And then longer, letting Joey enjoy the fast-blooming arousal of it. And letting Holly enjoy the humiliation of knowing that her tongue is now up another woman’s butt. Talk about brown-nosing!

“Now lick the cum out of her pussy, slut,” I tell Holly. I would nudge Holly’s head up to Joey’s pussy, but I don’t get the chance. The instant Holly hears that she can move her tongue from Joey’s asshole, her head is moving.

Holly uses her tongue to systematically lick the outside of Joey’s mound, cleaning the mixed juices of Steve’s cum and Joey’s honey off the outside of Joey’s plump lips.

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Then Holly uses her tongue to clean the inside of Joey's lips, sucking each thick lip into her mouth as she does.

Holly does the same with Joey's loose, wrinkly, inner folds. She sucks their softness into her mouth, then licks them clean with her tongue while the fold is trapped in her delicate lips.

Only then does Holly move to Joey's pinkness, licking that just as thoroughly clean of both Steve's cum and Joey's honey.

Holly puts her lips to Joey's pinkness, surrounding the entrance of Joey's tunnel. Holly sucks, drawing the rim of Joey's tunnel into her mouth. She keeps sucking, holding it in her mouth. Holly puts her tongue as deeply into Joey's tunnel as she can. Maybe a full half-inch into the snug, narrow tunnel.

Holly swirls her tongue or tries to, licking the mixed juices off the spongy soft walls of Joey's pussy. Joey's pussy merely cuddles around Holly's tongue, enjoying the very feminine, very erotic, caress of Holly's tongue.

Joey squirms hard on the seat, purring rather urgent sweet moans. She shudders as she squirms.

I leave Holly at that for at least a minute, maybe a little longer. Joey's pussy is the first place Steve came. It got a full load of his cum in it. There should be plenty of left, hot and gooey, its saltiness clinging to the meaty soft walls of Joey's pussy. Plenty for Holly to suck into her mouth and lick away. Plus Joey is loving it.

And I want Joey to like it. I know that Joey got rather aroused fucking Steve. It showed. Joey was holding her orgasm back, denying herself, even while Steve was fucking her pussy. More so as Steve was in her bottom. And just as much so as she sucked him. I've found it's what makes Joey hotter than anything else. Not fucking Steve's average-sized cock. But being given to a "random" man, a man Joey's never laid eyes on before, and "made" to be the best fuck he's ever had.

It's not the first time Joey has been a stand-in wife for a sub's husband. But tonight is the first time I've ever made the wife watch

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Joey fuck her husband. I saw Joey sneaking some glances at Holly, seeing how tearful and humiliated Holly was as she watched. Knowing that Holly was being made to watch. I noticed that it made Joey try even harder to be a better and sluttier fuck for Steve. As if Joey was trying to show off for Holly. To show Holly how worthless she was as a wife. Joey's just impish enough to do that. And I noticed that the more Holly appeared ashamed and tormented by the display, the more urgent Joey's moans became.

Clearly, Joey deserves a special thank you. After all, she did put extra effort into "taking care" of Holly's husband while Holly was in "time out" and couldn't. Holly should be thankful her husband was so well taken care of! So Joey gets a longer pussy cleaning.

Once I decide that Joey's pussy is "spotless," I tell Holly to "eat your replacement's pussy, slut." Spotless is a bit of a misstatement. As energetically as Joey is moaning and squirming, I know that her pussy is weeping honey almost as fast as Holly is licking it up. And I know that Holly's tongue isn't anywhere near long enough to get to the back of Joey's pussy. Really Holly's only licking the entrance of Joey's tunnel. But that's fine. Joey is feeling it.

Holly moves her mouth up to Joey's clit. She puts her lips softly around Joey's wide, rock-hard, swollen bundle of nerves. Holly lightly lies her tongue against Joey's hardness. Holly slowly swirls her tongue, rhythmically moving it around the steely nub, keeping it lightly against Joey's clit and softly caressing it. The caresses are constant this way, just not on the same part of Joey's nub. It keeps the tease constant, endless, without even that fleet break as flicking tongue would offer.

Joey screeches some wonderfully urgent, and even hotter, moans. She tenses up as she squirms on the sofa. And she shivers as crisp tingles race through her body.

Holly's tongue doesn't stop. I won't allow it. And Holly has eaten enough pussies before to know what I expect of her. And to know that if she stops, she'll be over my knees instantly, and then back on her knees to begin again. She learned that the hard way when her "disgust" with

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the idea reared its head the first time I taught Holly to eat a pussy. She hasn't made that mistake since.

Holly keeps going, her tongue slowly teasing its swirls around Joey's clit.

Joey keeps going, squirming harder and screeching needier moans.

I keep watching, making sure Holly is doing what I've told her to do.

I leave Holly at it this time. I have a rule that a sub has to endure five solid minutes of arousal before I will consider allowing the sub any relief. That's five intense minutes. Such as five full minutes of having her pussy eaten when it's already ready to cum. Five minutes that my sub has to deny herself the orgasm she wants desperately. It shows me just how much the sub wants to behave. How willing she is to suffer, albeit sweetly, to prove her obedience.

Joey squirms her way through the five-minute minimum. I let Holly keep going. After all, five minutes is just my minimum. But I don't make Joey wait too much longer. The way her legs are vibrating as she holds them open despite her urge to clamp them around Holly's head tells me that Joey won't be able to last too much longer. She's too close to the edge.

I give Joey about six and a half minutes of that intense sweetness. Then I tell Joey "go ahead, bitch, cum on my slut's face."

That's all Joey needs to hear. Her legs slam shut, clamping around Holly's head as tight as any vise. Joey holds her breath, muting her moans, for a few tense seconds. Then she screeches out the loudest, most satisfied "UMM!" As she cries out, her body thrashes around on the sofa, shuddering hard as the first wave of climax sweeps over her.

Holly keeps swirling her tongue.

Joey keeps cumming.

I leave Holly at it until I see the crisp waves of Joey's orgasm begin

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to ebb slightly. It's about all they'll ebb with Holly still teasing away. I grab Holly's hair and lightly tug her head back. Then I tug harder. It's the only way I can get Holly's head out of the vise grip of Joey's legs.

Holly rises back to her knees, panting from the exertion. A thick layer of Joey's honey covers Holly's face from the nose down, glistening in the light. It will ensure that Holly keeps the scent of Joey's muskiness. I'm sure Holly has a very good taste of Joey's sweet pussy, too. Both should nicely remind Holly of what she's just done.

Joey takes a minute to pull herself together. She tries to do it very quickly. When she can, she sits up. 'Thank you, my Queen, for allowing this bitch such a wonderful reward, Ma'am," Joey tells me in a very deep, sultry, and satisfied, voice. A breathy deep voice.

"Now say thank you, slut, and for the sake of your bottom, be polite."

"Miss Joey... thank you very much for filling in for me while I was being punished for my disgusting sluttiness, Ma'am. I appreciate you being so kind and not making my wonderful husband go without a wife to take care of him just because I'm such a naughty slut. And I really appreciate you giving him such a good fuck, Miss Joey... He deserves to be fucked that well... I'm just.. so ashamed of myself for not giving it to him nearly so good myself, Ma'am, but I'm very glad he got to have a good one tonight, Miss Joey." Holly tearfully thanks Joey, her voice muted and ashamed. "I hope you enjoyed my thank you tonguing, Miss Joey."

I take Holly's hand and tell her to get up to her feet. She does. I put my hand to Holly's pussy, firmly pinching one of her loose pink folds in my fingers. I pull on the folds a little bit, just enough to make sure I have Holly's full attention as I stare coldly into her eyes. "You will not touch your pussy. I don't care how horny it gets. You will wait until it pleases your husband to use that skanky thing, and then you will ensure that he's fully done with it before you allow it to cum. It's called behaving like a woman. Even a disgusting gutter slut like you can pretend to be a woman!

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"Now come along. It's time for you to go to bed. You will not wake your husband. You will go to sleep beside him. Maybe in the morning, he'll want that skank pit of yours, slut."

"Yes, Ma'am," Holly cringes as she answers in a humiliated voice. It's also a voice that tells me she's wondering just how she's going to last until morning without touching herself. And that Holly knows if Steve doesn't take care of her in the morning, that she's in trouble. Her pussy aches too badly to wait even that long, much less longer. But worse, after the cock-draining triple fuck that Joey just gave Steve, he might not be ready for round four by morning.

I walk Holly into the bedroom. It appears that Steve is a sound sleeper. Joey's loud, impassioned cries didn't wake him. Even with the door shut, Joey was loud enough that Steve could have heard her. I watch as Holly slithers into place, putting herself almost in the same place that Joey vacated.

Then I leave her there.



Epilogue

Epilogue

Dear Pepper ;

All I can say is that last night came as quite a surprise to me. I never imagined having a wife other than Holly, not even for just a few hours.

When I saw Joey, and how young she looks, I didn't think she'd be that great of a wife. How could she be, she can't have much experience. How wrong I was. The kids loved her, although they thought she was just a friend of mommy's helping out while mommy talked to you privately. She played with them. She turned out to be an excellent cook, making some delicious fried chicken that was a hit with the kids and me. She was extremely affectionate to me as well, but always too care to make sure the kids didn't see her so much as hug me. And she was very humble. She brought me two beers, which is all I ever have, and served them both to me on her knees!

Then, once she got the kids to bed (with double bedtime stories), she turned into the most affectionate, doting wife ever. She was very sweetly all over me, but she always asked permission to touch me.

Our shower was also an experience. Joey was far more interested in touching me and teasing me than anything. It was the first time I saw her naked. She's very pretty.

That night... I've never cum three times in a row before. Holly hates anal sex. There's no way she'd ever offer it to me, much less want to give it. What really blew my mind was how Joey didn't mind one bit sucking me after anal sex. Like right after, when I had to taste like her butt. It hurt so good to go that third time. When Joey finally let me go, after three orgasms, I fell asleep immediately. And I slept very well. I didn't even notice Holly taking Joey's place beside me.

In the morning, before the sun even came up, Holly woke me up with her hand teasing my dick. She was trying hard to get me going

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again. She manages to get me fairly hard, but not fully hard. Joey broke my dick – It just didn't want to work after that night. It didn't stop Holly from riding it, though. And let me tell you, she rode me hard, like a wild woman, screeching the entire time. When I was done, and Holly finally came, it was so intense for Holly that it was about fifteen minutes before she'd even open her eyes.

Then, when we got the kids up, they couldn't stop telling Holly how great Joey was. How delicious her supper was. How much fun she was to play with. They asked when Joey could come back and watch them again. It had Holly in tears. Which seems to have excited Holly, she's already told me that she hopes I might be more interested in her after work! I'm sure she means she hopes she can get my dick fully hard then.

I have to admit, it was kind of kinky to know Holly was watching me with Joey. But once Joey started riding my cock, I forgot about Holly altogether.

Holly told me it was the most humiliating thing of her life to watch a younger and prettier woman take care of me “obviously much better” than she could. She told me that it was hard for her not to cum in that time out chair, too. She told me how you made her thank Joey after I was asleep. I wish I'd have seen that. Holly told me that she almost did cum while she was “cleaning” Joey's bottom.

I'm kind of hoping that Holly will need another time in the future. I'm quite sure Holly is, too!

And Holly swears she's learned her lesson. She swears she'll never touch her pussy again, no matter what!

Steve

the "usual suspects"



Slave-girl ("Sophie")

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



Slave-whore ("Paige")

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