

*Mall Slut*



Nadezhda sarankhova



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### **Author's Note:**

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

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

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

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

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# Mall Slut

## *Introduction:*

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

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

I'm petite. Actually more "tiny" than petite. I'm 5' 1.75" and 91 pounds. I'm not bony, though, I've curvy, like a small-sized woman. I have blond hair down to my shoulders and blue eyes. Oh, and my chest is the only

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

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

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

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

Sophie is my 20-year-old live-in slave-girl. She's slightly petite at 5'4" and 119 pounds. She's pretty, too, with long honey-blond hair, green eyes, and a 34-B chest.



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

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

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

I believe in taking good care of my slaves. Including their education. Sophie is now a sophomore at Bishop State College where she's studying to become a vet technician. Paige, a year behind her in school, is beginning her freshman year at Bishop. Before they became mine,

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both girls were mediocre students, and neither had the grades to get into a four-year university. Now they're straight-A students. I wouldn't accept anything less. Both should easily be able to transfer to USA for their last two years of college and earn degrees that would allow them to actually get a decent job. They might not need to work while they're mine, but I want them to have their education and options down the line.

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

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

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

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

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

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



# *Chapter One - First Sight*

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This story started two days ago. I was at work. My second job, one day a week as the nurse at the county jail. I can't say it's a great job, but it pays... better than nothing, and it usually provides me some entertaining stories. Our jail is big enough to hold enough criminals to keep me rather busy, too.

One of the guards there, Steve, approached me. He asked, rather uncomfortably, if I was the same Pepper Rodgers who wrote: "those stories" on Amazon. I admitted it. I've never made a secret of it, and I assume by now that a fair number of the guards have figured it out. Probably some of the criminals, too.

Steve told me that his wife, Vicky, had turned into a huge fan of mine. She'd bought a couple of my stories before finding my website where she got the rest for free. Laughing, I told him that I'd give them away on Amazon, too, but Amazon won't let me. I think I make a few pennies off the 99 cents they charge. Most of it goes to Amazon.

He told me that Vicky hasn't been able to put my stories down. Every time she reads one, they have "an effect" on her. His grin tells me he doesn't mind that effect. She must have read something about my job at the jail because she asked Steve if he knew me. It took him a second to figure out who I was. But he remembered the nurse named Pepper. He said he was just less sure if I was the author, or if it was just some weird coincidence.

He told me that, ever since he said he thought he knew who I was, Vicky has been nagging him mercilessly to introduce her to me. He says that Vicky craves a session with me as badly as she's ever wanted anything.

He also tells me that it's a side of her that he's never imagined existed. She's never so much as hinted at anything "kinky" before. And now she can't think of anything else. He figures that something she read in one of my stories triggered something in her.

He also tells me that he's less sure about it than Vicky seems to be. It's far out of character for Vicky. He tells me that he read one of my stories with Vicky, mostly

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to see what was so exciting for her. He found it “interesting,” but it didn’t drive him “mad” as it does Vicky. He also tells me that he can’t imagine Vicky “licking my heels” or whatever.

But, if that’s what Vicky needs, he’s willing to let her have some fun. Very preferably if there’s no actual sex involved, especially with men. I should say with men other than him. He doesn’t want her hurt or marked up, either. At least he paid enough attention to my story to know that I don’t usually do those things. I never injure a toy. And I never leave marks that last longer than an hour or so. Most importantly, I don’t have sex with my toys, and I don’t use them with other men without a husband’s permission.

I ask him what stories Vicky has read the most, or found the most exciting. He names a couple. And he shows me a picture of a fairly cute middle-aged redhead. To me, she looks like a fairly typical blue-collar wife. Which is exactly what she is. It’s what I call a “cutsie” picture. One where she’s obviously trying to look sexy for her hubby. She mostly pulls it off. She still looks to have a good body. She’s not that old, either, and that helps. He tells me that she’s 34. Looking at her, I would have guessed she’s in her mid-30s anyway. I don’t see any tattoos on the picture, but he tells me that she has a couple she wished she’d never gotten. Mostly what I notice is how freckled she is. It’s kind of cute. I wonder, but don’t ask, just how far those freckles cover her.

I don’t decide then if I’ll see Vicky or not. While I try to do “favors” for those I know, I also try not to play where I work. Try not to. I’ve bent that rule once already (“The Nurse and Her Naughty Boyfriend”), so another wouldn’t be out of the question. Considering there might come a day when I have to depend on Steve to save me, I’d like him not to be mad at me. But that could go either way. He could be upset if I don’t see her, or more upset if I do and she isn’t as excited as she thinks she’ll be.

What I do is tell him to give Vicky my email address. I give him one that I use for my toys and nothing but. Then

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I tell him that Vicky may write me *once* and try to convince me that I should see her. I hope, this way, if I decline, he will believe that I did so because Vicky wasn't right for it. And this way, Vicky can't fault him for not introducing her. But the real reason I do it is that I want to know more about Vicky before I decide. Things I could ask him. He might know when her period is (a time that I usually, but not always, try to avoid summoning a toy) but I seriously doubt she's told him some other things. There are plenty of things women just don't tell men. And I think she'll be more open about what she wants when she talks to me, not him.

Then I go back to work and completely forget about Vicky. In all fairness, I forget about Steve, too. He's not the one assigned to keep order in the infirmary today, so he's not the one close at my side.

Steve gets off before I do. The guards work a different schedule than I do. They have three shifts, even on Sunday. I work a 12-hour shift, and I'm the only medical staff here. But we don't do much on weekends. Pass out pills, eyeball the new arrivals, and emergencies. Actual medical care for anything else is provided during the week when there are more nurses here.

I don't know when, or even if, I'm going to find an email from Vicky. If I had to bet, I'd say I will. When is less certain. If she's half as eager as Steve makes her sound, I'd bet on sooner over later. I usually check that email twice a day. Once in the morning to ensure that my toys have sent the required daily emails by 06:00, and once in the evening to check for anything that needs my attention before morning. If it were an emergency my toys can text me. But if they do, it had better be an emergency. And they know it.

I check that evening, as I usually do. There's an email from Vicky already. It's not that long. It is a bit rambling, too. She starts by telling me how much she's enjoyed the stories, how reading them makes it to where she can't think of much else. She alludes to how they



make her excited to where she has to touch herself, though she never directly says it. She tells me a little about herself, but it's mostly the bland, generic details.

She tells me that she's a 34-year-old redheaded woman with long hair. She's 5'6" tall and 140 pounds. She assures me that she has an attractive figure and sends me a photo to show it. I guess she doesn't know that her husband already showed me one. Or maybe she does. She tells me that she has green eyes.

From my perspective, Vicky should be spanked for sending me such a modest picture. She should know it, too. In my stories, I'd never let a playtoy get away with a picture like this one. Sure, it shows her bottom and her legs. It shows enough of her back for me to see that she has some curves, too. So she's right about having a fairly decent figure. But it doesn't show much of her. She's even wearing panties. I'd spank her for that alone!

I notice that the stories she names have a few common threads in them. They all involve novices, something Vicky freely admits to being. She's never tried any D/s before. Or much else beyond the ordinary. They all involve a strong degree of humiliation. Mostly of the quasi-public variety.

I send her back a quick message, rather sternly scolding her for sending me such a modest picture. A picture that doesn't show me "how utterly worthless that useless body is." I give her five minutes to send me a real picture of herself. So there won't be any confusion, I remind her that, just like in the stories, I expect it will show her face, her front side, and that she won't have a stitch of clothing on. I want to see "what truly little she has to offer."

It tells me a lot about Vicky. It tells me that she's shy. And disobedient. There's no missing those panties she has on. Given her choice of stories, it likely means that she wants me to push her through her shyness. It also lets me see that she has rather nice breasts. A cute face, too. And lots of freckles, which look kind of cute on her. She seems

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to have a few extra pounds on her, but not many. And a few decent curves as well.

I tell Vicky to start sending me a daily email, just as my toys do. I also go to great lengths to make it very clear to her that I have not accepted her for bitch training. Or anything else. I will decide, sooner or later, and let her know what I decide. I just want to know “what slutty things” she gets up to so I’ll know how much training she’ll require. Or so I tell her.

In reality, now that I’ve seen Vicky and decided she’s cute enough, is deciding whether I want to bend my rule about playing where I work or not. I’ll decide that over the next few days. But I probably will. Mostly because Steve asked, not Vicky. That makes it harder for him to blame me if he doesn't like what happens with Vicky. Although, after talking to him, I don't think that'll be a problem. It would be easy to design a lesson that he'd love, too. It helps that I don't work too closely with him, too.

It helps that this week is winter break at USA, too. I'll have a few more free hours over the next several days since I won't have classes this week. But I do have to work my shifts at the hospital, free clinic, and jail. But I don't start those hospital shifts until 14:00, so I have mornings free.

It's Tuesday morning, a full 36 hours after Vicky first met me when I read her second daily email. She tells me that Steve has something to do this morning. While he's out, she's planning to go shopping for a new pair of shoes.

On a whim (and with more than a little urging from Ken, my proofreader who eagerly wants to see Vicky in a story) I text Steve. I ask him when he's leaving, and where Vicky is going shopping. I ask him to keep this our secret, too. He tells me that Vicky will leave around 10, and she's going to Wal-Mart. That's where she always shops. I text back a simple thanks, neither saying that I will or won't, surprise Vicky today.

He never said which Wal-Mart Vicky shops in. There are 6 supercenters in and close around Mobile. But I know

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where she lives, off Government street not far from the MPD headquarters. From her house, there's one about a mile away. The rest would all be several miles. Any that would be nicer is more like 15 miles away. I figure it's a safe bet that she'll go to the one by her house. The one kind of across from the mall. (behind the Lowe's, which is behind Sam's Club, which is across from the mall.)

I head for the Wal-Mart, getting there about a quarter after ten. I figure, worst case, Vicky won't be there, or I'll miss her, and I'll just spring a surprise on her another day. I head in. I start walking through the aisles. Or along them, glancing down them to see if she's there.

I doubt Vicky knows what I look like. I'm sure she's read the descriptions of Pepper, but... I'm sure Steve has told her a little, too. I doubt she'd recognize me from whatever description Steve gave, either. It would be generic enough that it could be a number of people. I seriously doubt that he has a picture of me to show her. Unless he's been very sneaky.

I find her quickly. It's a good thing that I didn't head right back to the shoes. She's not there. She's in my favorite aisle. Clearance! I love getting a discount, even if Wal-Mart is stingy with their markdowns.

My suspicions are confirmed when I step into the aisle. Vicky glances at me and immediately goes back to browsing the offerings. She has no clue who I am. Even though I am wearing scrubs, but not the ones I usually wear for the jail. These are plain crimson red ones. For the jail, I like to wear my pediatric ones - the ones with cartoon characters on them. I like those better, and they don't care what I wear.

A quick glance around tells me that we are pretty much alone. It really helps the way they have the aisles so jammed up with displays. Not only does it cut down on traffic, but it also blocks a lot of the sightlines. No one will see us. I step beside Vicky. I don't lower my voice, either. "I know you are a total gutter slut, Victoria. Now, show me

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those flabby tits before I turn you over my knees, bitch." Then I casually take two steps back.

Vicky is dressed casually today, as I would have expected her to be. She's wearing a pair of stretchy pants with thin gray and black stripes. She has on a dark gray t-shirt, with an open, loose-fitting black blouse over it. And she has on knee-high black leather boots. At least those aren't high-heeled.

I'm treated to the most amusing sight as the color drains from Vicky's face. Then a look of absolute shock sweeps over it. It must be the instant that she finally realizes who I am. Although I haven't told her. I have addressed her the same way I did in the few terse emails she got from me. Instantly Vicky's eyes start darting around very nervously.

Vicky shirks inward, cringing. "Here--"

"Now, bitch!" Whatever Vicky was going to say is cut off by my harsh snap. I don't raise my voice to her, just hardening it up until it's icy. And I glare at her hard. I see her head start to move. "No!" I snap coldly and harshly. "I didn't say to look around. I said show me those floppy tits, bitch. Lift that ugly shirt all the way up. Bra too, if you bothered to wear one. Show me every bit of those tits. Eyes on me, bitch. I won't tell you again."

Vicky takes a deep breath as now-trembling hands reach for the bottom hem of her blouse. Her eyes turn to me, but I can see how she's nervously trying to watch behind me instead of focusing on me. I start tapping my foot.

Vicky starts lifting her blouse slowly. At first, it lets me see a slice of her milky white stomach. With Vicky standing and not stretching her body taut, I can see a slight looseness to her stomach. And I can quickly see a tattoo on her left side. One that she effectively hid in the selfie she sent me. Not that it would have mattered.

Then, suddenly, Vicky sucks in a deep breath and her blouse almost flies up. She lifts it high enough up that I can see all of her mounds. For about ¼ of a second before

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it's moving back down again. I didn't even get a good enough look to see if there was a bra in that knot of cloth she was raising.

"No," I snap in that icy voice. "I said show me, not flash me, bitch. Stop acting like a prissy cunt and start acting like the shameless gutter slut you are. I'll tell you when to cover those fat tits, bitch. Up!"

Vicky just pulls her blouse back up. It's almost as if she didn't expect me to let her get away with the flash. Probably she hoped I wouldn't. I wait for a second, which is how long it takes Vicky to get still. To stand still with her blouse up and her medium-sized, milky white breasts on full display to the store. And me.

Despite my derogatory remarks to Vicky, she actually has a pair of rather nice breasts. I'd guess C-cups by the size of them. They're ample, but they are a bit soft. Soft enough, that with her body relaxed, her mounds lay back against her chest with a deep crease to the undersides. Otherwise, they're rounded and full. Enough so that her nipples point mostly straight ahead, angling downward no more than a few degrees. They have a nice, wide-V of defined cleavage between them, too.

Mostly what I notice are those nipples. They're a rather light shade of pink. Her nipples are proportional, but also wide. Maybe as wide as the tip of my little finger. They stand out a bit, maybe about ¼" off the gently curving tips of her mounds. Her nipples have mostly flat tips to them and sides that slope gently. They're surrounded by rather wide rings of color. Her rings are an even lighter shade of pink. So light that they're hard to make out. Especially from a distance.

I don't want to keep Vicky like this too long. I can't. Sooner or later someone will walk by and notice her. But I do want to draw it out a few seconds. Just long enough for it to feel like an eternity to Vicky. "What size are those fat things, bitch? A proper answer would be 'This bitch's fat tits are size... whatever... Ma'am.'"

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"This bitch's fat tits are size 36-C, Ma'am," Vicky answers politely. It's the first time I've really heard her voice. And now I hear a bit of southern redneck in it. I hear that it's hushed, too. And I hear the edge of a nervous tremor to it. Mission accomplished in my book.

"Kneel before your Queen, you filthy slut wench. Now!" I add in my steely cold firmness to drive it home.

Vicky hesitates only a fraction of a second. Then she hurries to get down on her knees. Something that's not so comfortable on that hard cement floor.

I quickly scold her to kneel properly. "Let go of that blouse and get those hands behind your back." She does quickly. And I'm treated to the obvious disappointment on her face. Her blouse falls, but it's not loose enough. It falls to about the midpoint of her breasts. And it hangs there. I scold Vicky to get her knees apart. And to sit up straight, eyes forward.

"Stay, bitch," I tell her firmly in a rather condescending voice. One that I wouldn't even use with a stray dog. I step forward and lean slightly over to get a good look at the rock-hard nipples jutting out from her mounds. I reach down and quickly give one breast a gentle squeeze. "Just what I thought, so flabby they might as well be water balloons." They're not nearly that bad. They're more like squishy soft wet sponges. They feel kind of nice in my hand. And they have some rather silky soft skin, too. I notice the edge of a red bra underneath the bunched-up blouse. I ignore her bra but yank her blouse down far enough to cover her breasts. I yank it right over her rock-hard nipples.

It only takes me about a minute to run down the basic rules for Vicky. Rules such as no speaking unless spoken to, and then only to humbly answer. I remind her then that disobedience to her Queen has consequences. And that I wouldn't be shy about spanking her for it right where she stood. Spanking her bare bottom, that is. Hard.

What I haven't, and don't do, is to give Vicky a chance to back out. I go on as if it's already been ordained

that she is my bitch and this will happen to her. But obviously, she has plenty of opportunities to refuse. We are standing in Wal-Mart. Well, I'm standing, she's kneeling, but that's close enough. She easily could walk away. But she hasn't, so I go on.

"Now, let's see what those panties look like, bitch," I tell Vicky in my mockingly too-sweet voice. I don't give her a chance to think about it. Before she realizes what I mean to do, I've already leaned forward, reached down to the waistband of those stretchy pants, and pulled them far out from her waist. It gives me a good view down the front of her pants.

I've pulled her panties away from her body along with the pants. It lets me see them from the inside. More importantly, it lets me see her pubes. I can now see that her pubes are mostly flat and shaven silky smooth. They're dotted with those freckles, too. Once Vicky realizes what I'm doing, she gasps in shock. Loudly.

I also see that she's wearing a slightly modest pair of white cotton panties. It violates my dress code. I require a matching bra and panties. It doesn't matter to me that Vicky didn't know I was coming today. Or that she doesn't know the dress code.

I let go of her pants for a second and reach into my purse. I have a disposable scalpel in there. It's not unusual for a nurse to have a few spare medical implements in her purse. I rip open the packet and pop the plastic cover off the blade.

Then I lean back over and moving quickly, pull Vicky's pants out again. "Did you really think I'd let you get away with wearing such ugly panties, bitch?" I use the scalpel to slice both sides of the pantie's waistband. The elastic pops lightly as I slice through it, snapping its new ends against Vicky's hips as it does. Both cuts get a slight flinch from Vicky.

I use my fingers to get hold of the panties from the front. Then I pull hard, jerking up sharply. It tugs the panties both up, into her crack, and against her mound, as

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it pulls them along. In about a second, her panties are flying out the front of her pants. And then I'm holding them up in front of Vicky's face like they're a trophy.

It's Wal-Mart. The chances of even a few minutes alone in any aisle are about zero. I've seen several people pass by. All of whom glanced more than once when they saw Vicky on her knees. But that's all anyone has seen of her.

I wad her panties up in my hand, hanging onto them. I pull out even more on her pants now, stretching their waistband to its limit. That gives me a very complete view of Vicky's bare pubes. And a good view of her pants from the inside.

In a single, smooth motion I reach down into her pants. I feel her very hot, and already sloppy wet, pussy mound brush against the back of my hand. I put the scalpel to the crotch of her pants. "This should remind you to obey instead of being a shy bitch." I slice, making an incision in the crotch of her pants about 3 inches long. I place it carefully so that it will be down with Vicky standing. It won't be noticeable from the front. But, if anyone looked up between her legs, they'd see everything.

Then my hand is out of her pants and I let go of her waistband. It snaps back against her hips. Vicky flinches.

I'm not done with her yet. "I can't believe you'd wear such repulsive panties, bitch! I don't know what's wrong with you, slut, but I can smell your hot skank all over them from here! That's so disgusting, but I guess... what should I expect from some filthy whore I scraped out of a gutter."

Vicky opens her mouth as if to say something. She catches herself and doesn't make a sound. My hand comes up and grabs her jaw. "Oh you want to speak and tell me how it's not your fault that you're such a horny bitch that your slut hole is leaking and now your panties are sopping wet." Vicky cringes slightly as I scold her, knowing that I am not lowering my voice. It's entirely possible that someone might hear me.



I use my fingers to pinch the corners of Vicky's jaw, forcing her to open her mouth even wider. I pinch hard, opening it as wide as it will go. Then I shove her panties, crotch first, into her mouth. That way the crotch of them, which is really only slightly moist from her pussy, will be lying against her tongue. I shove them almost fully into her mouth, leaving only the cut ends of the waistband hanging out over her teeth and lips. Then I release her jaw and push her mouth closed. About an inch of panties sticks out past her fine pink lips at each corner of her mouth. Just enough for it to be seen.

"I believe you said you needed a new pair of shoes, bitch," I tell her. "I don't know what you're doing in this trash mart, then, other than looking at things to waste your husband's money on." I snap my finger loudly. "On your feet, bitch. Hands stay behind that fat back. Come along, bitch."

I start walking. In about two steps I pass the cart Vicky had been pushing. The one with her big purse in it. I grab her purse. I keep one eye on Vicky, making sure that she stays just beside and behind me. Where a peasant bitch belongs. And mostly making sure that she doesn't mess with those panties in her mouth. I want them hanging out enough for them to be seen. And I can see that Vicky would much rather draw them fully into her mouth where they won't be seen. I'm not going to let her.

As we're walking, out of the store not back towards the shoe section, I hunt through Vicky's purse. I fish out the keys to her car. There are two Toyota keys on her key ring. The rest of her million keys don't appear to be car keys.

I don't know which car is hers. I don't even know what she drives. But logic tells me that Vicky is parked out from the doors, and not the grocery doors at the far end of the store. It's early, and a weekday, so the store isn't that busy. At least not by Wal-Mart standards. So logic tells me that Vicky won't have parked too far from the doors. And probably no more than one aisle either way from them.

## Chapter One - First Sight

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I start walking down the aisle straight out from the doors. As I do, I thumb the unlock button on the key fob. It takes me about five presses. Then I'm about five cars out from the doors. When I hear the beep from a car one row over. Another push and I see which car it is. I walk to it, circling over to the passenger side.

I pull the door open and point at the seat. "Sit, bitch." Vicky looks surprised. As if she actually thought I'd let her drive just because it's her car! Isn't that so silly? Vicky hesitantly takes the seat. I scold her to spread her legs wide, showing off the "slut hole" in her pants. Then to buckle up. I shut her door.

Then I get in on the driver's side, buckle up and start her car. I don't hurry. I drive like I usually do. And I've been told that I drive like Miss Daisy. Then again, I've never had a ticket. Or an accident. I'm happy with that. Especially when my insurance bills come due.

We're not going far. The mall is only about two blocks down the service road back to Airport Road. I suspect Vicky doesn't shop there often. It's not the greatest of malls. In fact, since COVID, it sucks. Most of the bigger chains have closed there, like Dillard's, leaving only the smaller stores. There's a much better mall over the bay in wealthier Baldwin County. I shop there, not here. From what I can see of her clothes and car, Vicky is more a Wal-Mart kind of girl. It means that she won't be known at the mall. I doubt many of her friends shop there, either. I doubt most of Mobile shops there anymore.



# *Chapter Two - Shoes & Sluts*

## Mall Slut

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Parking at our mall is easy to find, even close to the doors. I end up parking about five cars out, one aisle off of the mall doors beside Target. I know, a mall with a Target, and not even a super Target, for an anchor store can't be a great mall, can it? It's not. Enough said. But at least I'm on the far side from the bus station. That's not the best place to leave a car not attended by a pit bull!

I leave Vicky waiting in the car as I get out and walk around to her door. I open her door. I make her sit there and wait longer, the panties still in her mouth, while I root through her purse. This time I find her debit card. I slip that into my pocket. Finally, I reach down and pull the panties out of her mouth. She gladly gives them up.

"Unless you like the taste of your skanky panties, I want to hear one polite thing out of that filthy mouth, bitch. PIN number." I hold up the card.

Vicky grimaces hard. I don't know if her money is tight or not. I suspect her bank account isn't exactly breaking any records, though. "1-2-3-4, Ma'am," Vicky gives me her PIN number, her voice sounding a bit uneasy about allowing me basically unlimited access to her money.

I toss her panties on the hood of her car. I leave them there. I tell Vicky to unbuckle and get out. Then I have to scold Vicky because her hands aren't behind her back. A bitch needs to learn to behave. As an afterthought, I grab her purse and sling the huge thing over my shoulder. Just in case some dumb clerk wants ID or something.

"Come, bitch," I tell her. I wait, impatiently tapping my foot, as she gets out of the car. I shut her door and lock the car, putting her keys in my pocket. Then I lead her to the doors. And into the mall. I already know there are about a dozen shoe stores in here, all of which have a better, albeit pricier, selection than Wal-Mart.

I lead Vicky in through the doors, emerging into a short corridor with a few stores lining it before it opens into the main section of the mall. I lead her past the doors to Target. The look on her face tells me she was expecting,

## Chapter Two - Shoes& Sluts

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and hoping, that's where I'd take her. It's probably the cheapest store in here. With a price-appropriate selection.

I lead her right past without even slowing. Ahead of me, there are a few seats to rest, then a little plaything for the kids. There are several people in the corridor, all in front of me, but I don't see any kids.

I point to one of the seats. "Sit, bitch," I tell Vicky. I picked a seat that will have her back to the people. But that also has her front to the doors behind me. Although they're a decent ways behind me now. Vicky sits and immediately squeezes her legs together. I guess she's well aware of the hole in her pants. It would be hard for her not to be. I know she can feel the cool air on the hot, moist mound of her pussy.

"No," I snap coldly. "Spread those legs wide, bitch. I want to see that filthy slut pit poking out like you're the cheap whore we both know you are. Now!"

Vicky cringes. But eventually, after a second or two, she opens her legs. Then she pulls one foot up to the seat, leaning back a hair to make sure that I can see her pussy sticking out through the hole. And it is sticking out. At least most of her thick lips are, and that is enough. Especially since I can see that she has a wide, deep gash of a slit. A slit that's sopping wet now.

I drop her purse on the chair with her. I need my hand to pull my phone out. "Stay, bitch. Smile, bitch, I want to show your husband what a total whore you really are." I'm already holding the phone up. I snap a quick picture. Vicky's smile is more of a frumpy grimace than a smile. But her pussy is showing rather nicely, and that's what I wanted. Well, mostly I want Vicky to feel like a slut, and the look on her face tells me that I am accomplishing that.

I snap my fingers again and order Vicky to "come along." She immediately stands, then grabs her purse. I'm sure that's just a habit on her part. But I didn't tell her to get it. I only told her to come. Vicky needs to learn

everything. It seems that her first lesson will be to do as she's told, and not what she's not told to do.

I grab hold of her hand. The one holding her purse, wrapping my left hand around her wrist. My right-hand dives into my purse and quickly comes out with a tiny paddle. It's leather, about the size and shape of a hairbrush. It's made of two pieces of hard leather, stiff enough to hold its shape.

"OW!" Vicky grunts hard through clenched teeth as my paddle lands atop the back of Vicky's hand. Her light white skin is a bright pink as the paddle comes away. I watch her face grimace hard as she grits her teeth, trying to mute her cry so no one hears it.

"I didn't tell you to get that purse, bitch. I said to come, and that is all I expect you do. As you are told, *bitch*. Drop it."

Vicky's eyes go wide. The purse plops down to the floor. I'm sure she's thinking that I am going to leave the purse behind with all her things in it. But I wouldn't do that. I would punish her in public, though. I'll bet the sting slicing into the bones of her hand now has her convinced of that, too.

I snap a quick order for her to get her hands where they belong – behind her back. I remind her that they are always to be there unless I tell her otherwise. I don't care what's going on. And I definitely don't care that her hand is stinging. If she doesn't like the sting, she should try behaving like a good bitch.

I grab her purse and start walking. Vicky follows along demurely. Silently. Hands behind her back. One step back and beside me. Other than making sure she behaves, I ignore her. I just lead her down the aisle, into the main part of the mall, past the other shoppers. I don't give her a clue where she's going.

I pick Foot Locker. I know, it's a big national chain. But they have a good selection of sneakers, and that's what Steve told me that Vicky was going to buy. They're no more expensive than anyone else in the mall, either.

## Chapter Two - Shoes& Sluts

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And most importantly, they're well known for hiring college students. I know or have known, several guys who worked here. I suspect that at least one of the employees will be a college guy. Not that I'll know him.

I don't recognize anyone. But three of the four guys I see working are clearly students. And they're a little too old to be high school students. I know so little about Vicky. That makes it harder to pick one of them. I don't know which of them would make her the most uncomfortable. I see one of them rushing over to sell me something. I give him an icy-cold hard glare. The "stay away" kind of glare. He gets the message.

I find a set beside a nice selection of women's sneakers. I walk Vicky over to it and tell her to "sit, bitch." I love the way she cringes as I tell her. I am not lowering my voice. Anyone within about ten feet of us, and that's several people, can easily hear the command. And can easily hear Vicky mutely allowing me to berate her in public.

Vicky does the smart thing. She sits. Without saying a thing. And she keeps her hands behind her back. But her eyes are everywhere. They fly around in her head, nervously trying to take everything in. It's human nature, to want to know what's around us. It's also against my rules.

I scold Vicky for forgetting "to sit like a proper peasant bitch." I remind her that I expect her eyes in one direction only. Forward. She can look at whatever is in front of her. The rest is none of her business, so she needs to stop snooping!

Vicky sulks as she fights with herself to keep her eyes forward. I really don't know what kind of sneaker she's after. I don't even really know how she dresses. Just what I've seen in two pictures, plus what she has on today. Oh, well. Foot Locker allows returns.

But I do know fashion. It's hard to spend any time on campus and not know what "just everybody" is wearing. Casual seems to be a keyword now. And Cutesy. I step



into the aisle and scan over the offerings. It doesn't take me but about two minutes to pick out three pairs of shoes.

Then I scan the offerings. The four employees, three of whom are merely trying to look busy enough that the boss won't yell at them. Two of those are definitely college-aged. One is white, slightly lanky, and slightly geeky. The other is African, slightly stocky, with shorter dreadlocks down to his jawline. Both obviously know shoes. Both would do. I pick the African guy. He's a little more different than Vicky, and not just the color of his skin. He has that "urban" look to him.

I point to him and crook a finger. He doesn't hesitate to come over. I point to the three pairs I picked. Then I point to Vicky. "In that thing's size. Make sure they fit it well. I'll pick one after I see them on it."

He looks a little surprised at the way I'm talking about Vicky. But he covers it well.

Vicky looks humiliated. I watch her face cringe a little. I see that she has an utterly miserable look to her. And she sits there obediently, eyes forward, and waits. She hasn't even been able to see the guy I summoned yet.

That doesn't last. He moves quickly. Then again, I've heard they work on commission, so I expect he's rather eager to sell a nice pair of brand-name sneakers. He's on one knee in front of Vicky. "Would you mind taking one boot off so that I can measure your foot, Ma'am?" He asks politely. I hear a noticeable British accent. Goes to show, never judge the book by the cover alone. He sounds educated and polite.

I glare hard and cold at Vicky. "I said: stay, bitch," I remind her firmly. Vicky gets the message and stays put. Then, after a few seconds, I tell Vicky "take that left boot off, and give this nice man that stinky foot, bitch." I quickly add, to him, "this stupid slut bitch obeys me alone, Sir." I'm polite to him, too.

I see his eyes open a little wider as he hears me. Then Vicky starts slipping her boot off. She struggles to get it off while keeping her legs squished firmly together.

## Chapter Two - Shoes& Sluts

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It's near-comical to watch. She sets her boot to her side. Bending her leg only at the knee, she offers him her foot.

"Stop it, bitch!" I very coldly scold Vicky. In my normal voice. Standing right next to the shoe salesman. "Relax that foot *and* leg, bitch. Make his job easier."

Vicky looks as if she's about to cry. I also see the tension ebb from those muscles. Maybe it's my holding up the paddle I used on her hand a few minutes ago that motivates her.

He tries hard not to pay any attention, and acts like this is perfectly normal for him. He takes hold of Vicky's foot and moves it to put it in the measure. He doesn't think anything about moving her foot, or how that moves her legs a little.

And then I see his eyes almost pop out of his head. He's managed to open Vicky's thighs just enough to see the hole in the crotch of her pants. And to see the edges of her thick puffy lips swelling out into it. Between those lips, the tips of her pink folds are poking their heads out, too. Her wide gash is sopping wet. I know he can smell her muskiness, as close as he is to her pussy.

He can't help himself. For a second his eyes lock on Vicky's pussy. "Don't be a priss, bitch!" I firmly warn Vicky. "We both know you're nothing but a shameless gutter slut, so act it."

Vicky blushes bright red. She trembles slightly, her face scrunching up. But she sits there, seeing him gawking at her lewdly displayed pussy.

"Do you like this bitch's pussy?" I ask him.

"Uh..." he stutters as if he was caught doing something he shouldn't do.

"Bitch, spread that hole open and let him have a good look at that filthy slut pit," I casually, but steely hard, tell Vicky. After half a second's hesitation, she reaches down and spreads the edges of the hole open, letting her entire puffy mound rise out for his inspection.

His eyes get even wider as they're drawn to the sight. Men! He stares at it for several seconds before he

remembers that he has a job to do. "She's an eight." He mumbles.

"It is an eight," I gently, and softly, correct him. I doubt he'll pick up on it, though. He reluctantly goes to fetch the shoes in Vicky's size. He's back quickly.

Vicky is still where he left her. And still with her pussy on display. He drops down to help her slip her foot into the shoe. It's not an easy task with his eyes glued to her slit, either. I wait, semi-patiently, as he helps her into and out of all three shoes. It lets me see how they look on her.

I pick a pair of white and gray ones. I've seen about 1000 pairs of those on campus, so I know they're popular. And they look good on her, more so with her outfit today. Too bad I'll bet these pants will never be worn again!

He starts packing the shoes up in their box for her. I lean over and reach out, putting my hand to his. It lets me feel that he has strong, manly hands. I promised Steve that I wouldn't ask, or allow, Vicky to "be with" another man. I didn't say anything about a little teasing!

I use my fingers to wrap his under, balling his hand up into a fist with only the first finger extended. I move his hand. He offers no resistance at all.

I put the tip of his finger to Vicky's slit. I put it to the long, thick ridgeline that extends up from the hard knot of her clit. All of which is a nice light shade of pink. And all of which is now sloppy wet with her oily-thin honey.

The instant Vicky feels his touch she gasps out a loud, breathy "OOH!" and shivers crisply. I start slowly drawing his finger down the line of her slit, over the ridgeline of her folds towards her clit. "Uh-MMMM!" Vicky purrs.

"AHHH!" Vicky blurts out loudly, her voice deep and throaty and an overly hard shiver racks her body as his finger finally touches her eager clit. "UH-UM, oh, AHHHHH!" Vicky moans out softly, and very sensually, as I keep his finger moving over her clit. "UH! Uh-MMMM" she

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goes back to purring as his finger passes her clit and starts down the tips of her inner folds.

I trace his finger all the way down her slit, to the very bottom where her folds finally fade into her slit and her lips meet. That's the point where his finger is directly over the entrance of Vicky's tunnel.

I start slowly pushing his finger forward. He doesn't object at all.

"OOH!" Vicky shrieks out for a tiny fraction of a second before clenching her teeth and muting herself. Mostly. It makes her shudder rather noticeably hard. "UH!" Vicky moans softly, her voice muted, but strained sensually. "UM! UHH!!" Vicky's breaths turn ragged. "UH-UM! OOH! UH-UM!"

I keep his thick, strong finger moving, pressing it very slowly inward and knowing that it's slipping into Vicky's eagerly waiting tunnel. I can feel the tiniest bit of resistance that tells me his finger is snuggled in her muscles. His finger glides easily, its way into her secrets greased by the liberal coating of her thin oil.

I push every bit of his finger into Vicky's pussy, stopping only when his knuckles are flush against the outside of her mound. Flush against the soft, puffy outside of her thick lips. I hold it still.

"Uh, Uh, Uh..." Vicky pants a few muted, but very needy moans. She settles down, her shuddering easing away now that his finger has stopped moving.

"Is this ugly peasant cunt as hot and sloppy wet as it looks?" I ask him in a rather teasingly sweet voice.

"Oh, yes, Ma'am, it's burning with fire," he tells me.

"I guess this filthy whore likes having that cunt diddled in public," I add in a rather distasteful note.

I still have hold of his hand. I'd never let it go. That would allow him to have control of what he did to Vicky, and I have no clue who he is, or what he might get carried away and do. So I keep control. "AHHH!" Vicky blurts out with a little surprise as she feels his finger rotate inside her pussy. I turn his hand until his thumb is up.

Vicky must have moaned loud enough. She's gotten the attention of one of his co-workers. I see that guy nudging another worker beside him, pointing that man's attention to Vicky, too. Whoever this "Al Bundy" (shoe salesman) is, he's going to have a story that will be retold for a very long time.

My thumb nudges his up, lying the pad of his thumb against Vicky's rock-hard swollen clit. I start moving his hand quickly, using his finger to stroke Vicky's pussy while his thumb brushes over her clit.

"UGH! AHHHH!!!!!" Vicky cries out, her head snapping back and her mouth hanging open as her throaty grunts come out. "UH!!! OH, UH!!!" Her entire body shudders hard.

For about two seconds. That's all I give her before I stop his hand deep inside her pussy. It's enough for the two guys watching her, and definitely hearing her, to know exactly what was happening. But not quite enough for her to cum on him. I could see her inner folds quivering. Vicky would have cum very quickly.

"You disgust me, bitch!" I snap coldly, and a hair louder than usual. I want his friends to hear me, too. "I didn't say to act like a complete gutter whore! Even if you are the trashiest of gutter whores!" I sigh deeply. "Sit still. Not a sound, bitch. And I mean it."

Now I start drawing his finger out of Vicky's pussy, moving in an excruciatingly slow motion.

Vicky's body instantly tenses to steel. Her muscles strain so hard that her body vibrates as she sits there. Her teeth clench tightly. Her eyes close, making me snap at her to open them. She trembles so much that her long hair is bouncing around. Even her pussy lips, not just her folds, quiver powerfully now. She holds her breath, not trusting herself to breathe without noise.

His finger finally slips from her pussy. Vicky loosens up, a shudder sweeping over her so badly that it almost squirms her right off her seat. His finger is covered with a

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thick coat of her clear honey clinging to it. A coat that reeks of her sweet muskiness.

I snap my fingers loudly. "Apologize to him, bitch, humbly for skanking up his finger."

"I'm sorry, Sir... for skanking up your finger with my dirty pussy, Sir." Vicky blushes beet red as she tells him in a soft, muted, hushed, and very breathy voice.

"We'll take those gray ones, Sir," I tell him as I release his hand. He stays, dumbfounded for several seconds. Then he quickly grabs up the box of shoes, ignoring the other two boxes, and gets up.

I snap my fingers and order Vicky up to her feet, too. I tell her to come with me. I lead her up to the register. The other two workers are there, and they're shamelessly leering at Vicky. She notices it, cringes hard, and blushes.

He rings me up. I use Vicky's card to pay for them.

And I make Vicky apologize to his co-workers.

"I'm sorry, Sirs, for forcing you to see this filthy whore acting like a complete gutter slut in your nice store." Vicky recites the line I fed her almost verbatim. I make sure she faces them, looking them in their eyes, as she apologizes. It gets a good cringe from Vicky.

And then I take the bag and lead Vicky back to her car.



# *Chapter Three - Seeing A Slut*



## Mall Slut

One thing has become abundantly clear to me. I hit it square on the nose when I guessed that Vicky would love being humiliated in public. I guessed it just from the stories that she couldn't stop reading. But now that I teased her in public, there's no room for doubt. I saw how hot she is.

She barely lasted five seconds without cumming. And that was from showing her pussy to a total stranger. A man whose name she still doesn't know. A man that it's clear is just some random guy I picked out. A man whom I decided to let touch and play with her pussy. A man she wasn't even allowed to speak to. Or to have any say in what he did with her pussy.

I have, at most, the loosest plan for this session. I just don't know Vicky well enough to have planned for too much. I have to see what excites her and go from there. It was clear to me in Wal-Mart that she was aroused by being exposed. So I exposed her further by taking her shoe shopping and flaunting her pussy to the salesman. Her pussy was overflowing it was so wet from that. So I went a little further and let him touch her. And she got unbearably aroused from that.

On the way back to Vicky's car, we pass a set of bathrooms. I hadn't planned to use them for anything. But when I see them, an idea just magically appears in my head. I don't have to think about it. There's absolutely no reason not to degrade Vicky a little more. And I know she'll love the element of public risk to it. The risk of getting caught that is.

At the last minute, my impish whim wins out. I turn and lead Vicky down the long hall to the ladies' room. And in. There's no one in there except us. That's not too much of a surprise. These aren't the main restrooms by what passes as a food court here. They're off to the side. And Target has its own restrooms. I figure there will be a slow, but steady, stream of ladies through here.

I can't recall if I've ever used these restrooms before or not. It's not like I keep track. Nor would it matter. Mall

## Chapter Three - Seeing A Slut

bathrooms tend to all look the same. There are several sinks, followed by several stalls, all along a wide corridor. The other side of that corridor is just a cement wall. I stop Vicky in front of the last sink, putting her about 15 feet from the door.

I know Vicky doesn't have much of anything. I haven't exactly searched her, but I have seen her with her shirt up and down her pants. Pants that don't have pockets. There's just no place for her to have much of anything.

"Strip, bitch," I firmly instruct Vicky.

She trembles slightly as her eyes dart around, wondering if there's anyone in here. There isn't, at least not that I can tell. But it's not like I've searched the stalls. I don't hear any sounds back there, though.

"Stop it, bitch!" I snap a cold scolding. "Strip naked now, bitch," I repeat the command a little less nicely. And I pull the little paddle back out of my purse to remind her that there are consequences for disobedience.

Vicky cringes, her face scrunching up tightly. Then she slips off her overshirt. She's read my stories. She should know what I expect her to do with her clothes. That's always the same. Nevertheless, she starts looking around for somewhere to set it. She's just a hair too far from the sinks to set it on the counter.

I sigh out heavily and tell her that she's to fold it up neatly and then humbly offer it to me.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am. Yes, Ma'am," Vicky quickly apologizes. She folds it up neatly. Then she holds it out to me in one hand.

I scold her again, telling her to hold it out like the peasant she is. Put her hands together, palms up to make a little table. Her hands should be even with her nipples, and six inches out from them. Her blouse should be atop her hands.

"Here is this bitch's blouse, Ma'am," Vicky repeats the line I gave her.

## Mall Slut

I take the blouse from her hands and set it on the counter. It's well out of Vicky's reach. "What are you waiting on, bitch, I said strip!" I snap.

It gets Vicky moving. She squats down to take her boots off next. I usually give the command "undress," which means to take her clothes off in a specific order. Vicky is going to learn that one, too. Just not this minute. Instead, I told her to "strip," and in my realm that just means to get her clothes off quickly and hand them over. It doesn't matter what order they come off in. I did that for one reason. I have no control over who comes in. I know, left on her own, Vicky will keep herself covered as long as possible. I want to minimize the time she's exposed. Not because I care if the world sees her naked. I just don't want any questions asked. Then again, it is a ladies' room, and some people have weird habits, so most people won't raise any concerns unless it's something serious, like a pervert lurking in the ladies' room.

Vicky doesn't even have the first boot off when the door behind her opens and a 40-something woman comes in. She glances at us, probably thinking that we're up to something like shoplifting stuff hidden in Vicky's clothes. But she pays us little attention as she hurries past and into a stall.

Vicky, however, pays a lot of attention. Enough that she stops undressing as her eyes lock on the woman. She freezes for about a second before I snap at her. "I said, strip, bitch. Now strip. I don't care about her or anyone else seeing that ugly sack of flab naked. Stop stripping again, and that fat bottom will remind you to obey your Queen."

Vicky cringes hard, but her hands get moving again. I know the woman heard me, this room is too small for her not to have. Vicky knows it, too. Just as she now knows there's nothing she can do about it. Except to strip as slowly as I'll let her get away with and pray the woman is gone before she's naked.

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As if in answer to her prayer, another woman comes in as Vicky hands over her boots. Now there are two ladies who have to leave before much else comes off. Plus it gives Vicky the impression that this is a high-traffic area. That she has almost no chance of getting through this without someone, or someones, seeing her naked.

Vicky hands over her socks next, and she takes her time getting them off. Enough that I scold her for “wasting my time by pretending to be a prissy shy bitch instead of a trashy gutter skank.” It speeds her up, but not by much.

Vicky now has only three items of clothing left: her undershirt, her bra, and her pants. She has a little bit of jewelry on, but I can tell that it hasn't entered into her mind that it needs to come off as well. She's thinking I only meant her clothes! And I did say naked! Naked means nothing! Oh well, she'll learn. Very soon.

Vicky hesitates for a second. Then her lightly quivering hands start lifting her shirt up. It takes her a few seconds, far longer than it should, to get the bottom hem and finally expose her bra. It's really the first I've seen of the bra. At least without it bunched up in her shirt. Now I can see that's bright red and rather lacy, with  $\frac{3}{4}$  cups. But the cups have a liner inside of them so that her nipples don't show. All I can see through it is that they're still hard and poking out against the inside of the cups. It has narrow, ribbon-like straps over her shoulders, but a wide lacy band around her chest. Still, it's sexy. Too bad for Vicky that bright red isn't a color that I particularly like for lingerie. Especially on redheads. Maybe Steve does.

Now Vicky is in a tough spot, and she knows it. Whatever she takes off, she's going to be revealing something. Both of the other ladies are still in their stalls, too. So whatever she shows, they'll see it when they come out.

Vicky opts for her bra. I guess she decides it's better to bare her breasts and save her pussy for last in the slim hope that one of the women, at least, will somehow miss that sight. She reaches up to her sides and starts lifting

the bra over her head. Only when she gets it off do I see that it doesn't have a clasp in the back. It's stretchy.

And it's not easy to fold. It takes Vicky a few seconds to fold it up. Seconds that she has to stand there naked from the waist up and barefoot. Her breasts are on unhindered display for the world. My icy glare reminding her not to dare trying to cover them.

"Here is this bitch's bra, Ma'am," Vicky offers it to me in a very embarrassed voice. I take it just as the first of the ladies emerge from her stall. She takes one glance at Vicky, wearing only pants now, and washes her hands in about two seconds. Then she all but sprints out of there.

I ignore all of it, tossing Vicky's bra on the pile and holding my hand out for the last of her clothes.

With the most unhappily resigned look on her scrunching face, Vicky reaches for the waistband of her pants. She slides them down, slowly for the first bit. It takes a couple of seconds for them to fully bare her soft, milky white, slightly puffy, and smoothly-shaven pubes. Another second or so to finish by revealing the slightly puffing mound formed by her plump lips. And the ridgeline of her light pink inner folds extending a full  $\frac{1}{4}$ " out from her slit. All of which is glistening brightly with a fresh coat of slippery wet honey. A thick coat. Then Vicky's pants fly down to her ankles and she hurries to step out of them. She shakes them, straightening out the legs, and folds them. Then she offers them to me.

"This bitch is naked now, Ma'am," Vicky recites the line I've told her. It tells me that she thinks that she's naked. I can see from here that she still has her jewelry on. That's as good of an excuse as any to humiliate Vicky.

"We'll see about that, bitch," I teasingly tell Vicky. "Stretch those arms out straight, spread those feet." then I glare coldly at Vicky. It's my way of letting her know that I expect it done now.

I take one step forward, putting me in easy arm's reach of Vicky. I reach out with one hand and brush her long, reddish-brown silky hair back to expose her ears. I

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see the same little gold earrings that I've been seeing and nothing more.

I reach to an ear. "Stay, bitch," I firmly command Vicky. Then I take the stud out of her earlobe. I put the backing on it, then casually toss it onto the counter beside her pile of clothes. "Naked means nothing, bitch. Obviously, that was something, so just as obviously, you've been a naughty bitch! That will cost that bottom one nice swat." I take her other earring off and announce that it will cost her another swat.

I think, by now, Vicky is getting the idea. The nervous look on her face tells me that she wants to take the rest of her jewelry off now. Now that she's been reminded of it. But she obediently stays put, her body on full display.

I take a thin gold chain necklace off of her neck. It joins the pile as I announce that it will cost her another swat on her bottom. I'll bet the cool gentle breeze blowing in here, wafting over those globes, nicely reminds her just how bare that bottom is, too.

I work out one arm, all the way to the tips of her fingers. Then I go down her other arm. I get to her wedding rings. They're loose enough that I can slip them off. They get a casual toss to the counter as if they mean nothing. And I announce that each of them will cost her another swat.

Now I'm at her chest. Her bare, soft breasts. I'm sure she's read about others being inspected. I routinely inspect toys to get a good look at them. It's important for a girl to know what she's playing with! I'll bet she's praying that I will at least leave her more intimate parts alone since we're in public and at least one woman is clearly going to see everything.

Vicky's face falls as I dash her hopes by putting a hand to her breast and giving it a gentle squeeze. It's slightly firm, about like a wet sponge as it squishes in my hand. Then I pinch her nipple, softly at first, feeling its steely hardness. I pinch a little harder, getting a good grip

on the nub, and use it to lift her breast up. All the way up, lifting out the crease at her chest to fully expose the underside of it. I let it go, watching as it falls back to her chest without a bounce. Just a small jiggle as it settles. Then I run a finger down her mound, feeling the softness of her tender skin. I do the same with her other breast.

Now I start working my way down Vicky's chest and stomach. Her stomach is mostly flat. The skin there has a touch of looseness to it, but that's all. Not enough for it to sag any or really even show. But it does have tons of cute freckles lining it. In fact, so far, the undersides of her breasts are the only thing I've seen that didn't have some freckles on it. I take a moment to closely examine her navel. Far beyond the nanosecond, it takes me to see that there's no jewelry there. And that's it's decently clean of lint. I just want Vicky to feel, to know, that I've checked over every part of her body. Thoroughly.

I move down to Vicky's hips. Those have a slight layer of body fat on them, rounding them outward as they add a bit to her measurements. It gives her hips a more pronounced curve. Her pubes are pretty much flat and soft with only the tiniest bit of puff to them. They're clearly freshly shaven to smoothness. As is the mound of her pussy standing down from them. It's just puffy enough to make it seem as if the very top of her slit turns to rise up.

Vicky's thighs are about like the rest of her body. An extra pound or two on them. Just enough to show it. A hair of looseness. But still proportional to her body and well-shaped. I run my hands down them, then down her strong calves to her feet. And over the tops of her feet.

I tell Vicky to turn around. Her face scrunches up as she says "yes, Ma'am," and turns. It has her facing the door, her arms still stretched out. Like this, anyone coming in will be treated to a full view of Vicky's nakedness the minute they step in. And Vicky knows it. She anxiously watches that door, praying that it won't open.

Since I'm already squatting down, I start with Vicky's feet planning to work my way up her body this time. I

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have her lift one foot, bending it at the knee. I take a firm hold of her ankle in one hand, then run my fingers over the sole of her foot. She must be more ticklish than average. I feel the little ripples of tickle-twitches running through her muscles as I go. When I get to her toes, I run my fingers over those as well. Then I run a finger between each of her toes before turning the foot loose and commanding her to offer the other one up for inspection. Both pass, despite the brief time they've been standing on the cold, hopefully, not-too-dirty bathroom floor.

I get up to Vicky's bottom. It's the first look I've had at it. I can see that Vicky's cheeks are full and perfectly rounded. They're just slightly on the ample side, more full than anything. As she stands, her body at its loosest, there's only the slightest crease where her cheeks meet her thighs. She has a deep crack, the inside edges of her cheeks flush against each other, but not squishing together.

I pull her cheeks apart, stretching them wide and fully opening her crack. Those freckles even cover the valley of her crack, not just the insides of her cheeks. Her asshole is small. It's a faint shade of light pink. The ring, and the colored flesh around it, is no bigger than maybe a nickel. It's wrinkly, lined with countless gentle lines. And one big, almost knotty, wrinkle at the front - the edge closest to her pussy. It rises slightly above the swath of flesh, then looks as if it dives into her body. Not into a hole. Her asshole is small enough, and tight enough, that I can barely make out a faint speck of darkness at the center of it. It's more of a wrinkly pink splotch in that valley.

To Vicky's relief, I release her globes and keep going up her back. I don't find anything else. There's nothing else to find. I would have already found it. But I like being thorough. More so I want Vicky to know just how thorough I've been.

I pull a pair of latex gloves from my purse. I think about snapping them as I pull them on, knowing that those snaps would get a good jumping flinch from Vicky. Instead,



I step around Vicky so that she can see my hands. Then I take my time pulling them on slowly. It makes her watch me put them on. Knowing how completely her body has already been inspected, Vicky knows that there's only one reason I'd be pulling gloves on.

"Open those feet wide, bitch," I firmly tell Vicky. Despite her having to know it's coming, Vicky's eyes go wide. Her face scrunches up hard. That seems to be her usual expression when she doesn't like something. Or in this case, I assume, knows that it's going to be demeaning. She spreads her feet almost as wide as she can, but she moves them slowly.

"Bend over, back even with the floor, *bitch*" I add a little emphasis on the "bitch" to remind Vicky of her place. She's still cringing when I lose sight of her face as she leans. She gets her back almost flat. I put a hand between her shoulders and nudge her over the last little bit.

It has the mound of Vicky's pussy very fully displayed for me. And it has her thighs out of the way. They look just a hair less shapely like this. I think it's mostly because I can make out a few pink lines along them. Stretch marks. I know she doesn't have any kids. I'd guess she used to be a hair heavier and lost about twenty pounds.

I don't really care about her thighs. I care about her pussy right now. I can see that her lips are about average in length, and slightly on the narrow side, but also rather plump. Like this I can see the edges of her inner folds, now well defined, as they flow along, rising beyond the outside of her slit. And I can see the thick ridgeline masking her clit. I can see that those folds gape slightly, leaving about  $\frac{1}{8}$ " between them. I should be able to see into that chasm. I would be able to if it wasn't for the thick coating of honey clinging to everything and filling that gap. But I can see that the rest of her pinkness is going to be the same light shade. And that it's now flushed brightly with her heat.

I use my fingers to pull her lips wide apart, ignoring her folds for a moment. That lets me see every bit of her pinkness. No surprises here. Just more honey clinging to

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everything. It lets me feel the softness of those plump lips, too. But not a hint of stubble on them. I put my thumbs down to the ridgeline and use them to nudge her folds back.

A modest clit, the side of a pea, almost jumps as it eagerly pops out of its nest, sticking straight up and swollen rock-hard. Somehow, her honey has found its way there, too. It makes her hard button shine under these lights.

Now I move my fingers to stretch her folds, letting those loose flaps of skin push her lips aside as they do. That gives me a full view of her tunnel. It's not big. It's not stretched. It gapes, but just wide enough for my slender finger to slip into it. Even with the glove on, I have no problem feeling the spongy softness of her pussy, the slipperiness of her honey, and her fiery heat as my finger pushes into her.

"Ooh!!!" Vicky purrs very softly, obviously trying to mute herself and failing. I doubt she can. I can feel faint twitches already flowing through her walls as it snuggles gently around my finger. Her pussy is too needy for even this simple touch not to be sending billions of hot sparks sweetly teasing her nerves as they shoot through them. I wiggle my finger, getting a slightly louder sensual purr from her and feeling a few slightly sharper twitches. Then I casually slip my finger from her pussy.

"Spread those flabby sacks of butt, *bitch*" This time I add a tiny bit of distaste to the "*bitch*" as well. Vicky starts bringing her hands back. I decide, as soon as they're within my reach, that Vicky is moving too slowly. I grab her wrists and pull her hands up to her bottom. It lets me wipe a little of her honey off my finger, onto her wrist. There was too much honey on my finger anyway - it was covered in a thick coat.

Now that Vicky has her cheeks wide, with the tips of her fingers on her globes decently close to her crack, it has her asshole stretched too. It gives me a better view of her ring. It's no bigger. But stretched, it does start to funnel

steeply inward. The wrinkles, on what was hidden, the inside surface of the short tunnel that clenched rings make, are even more pronounced. That tells me she has enough skin there for her ring to stretch wide – if the muscle will allow it to.

I leave Vicky like that for a second. Long enough for me to see the edges of her loose folds quiver slightly, telling me that a strong twitch is sweeping its way through her pussy. And to see a faint tremor flow over the muscle of her asshole, too.

I'd noticed the other lady in the bathroom. She's the first one who came in. I'd guess she's in her mid-40's. I'd noticed her peeking out over the top of her stall. Had I not moved around Vicky to make Vicky watch me put the gloves on, I probably wouldn't have seen her. Or seen her pull her head down as I moved hoping I wouldn't notice

I reach over Vicky's back and grab hold of her hair. I get the end of it. It comes about halfway down her back. I give it a firm tug. "Hold that head up, bitch! You've seen enough of the floor." I pull her hair hard until her head is all the way up. It has her looking straight ahead at the door. Where someone is subject to come in at any moment.

I hang onto Vicky's hair, ensuring that Vicky keeps her head up. Then I put the tip of my finger, slickened with Vicky's honey, to the ring of her asshole. Even stretched, Vicky's ring is no wider than my finger. I push very softly. Just enough to push the tip of my finger into the funneling of her ring and let her feel me starting to push into her bottom. I hesitate just at the point where her muscle starts to stretch to let me through.

A half-second later, as if Vicky is just a hole in the wall, I casually push my finger into her bottom.

"UGH!" Vicky grunts out hard. She shudders slightly. Her ring tightens around my finger, squeezing it as if trying to stop it. Instead of stopping, my finger slips all the way into Vicky's depths. I stop only when the web of my finger is flush with the outside of her asshole.

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"Ummm!" Vicky keeps grunting as if this is exceedingly unpleasant for her. I take it as a request to take my time and let her really feel me poking around her last depths.

Except that's the minute my inner imp pops out to play. Maybe just because it's also the moment that I have total control over Vicky's body. With my finger in her bottom, my hand resting on her back as it pulls her hair taut, there's not much Vicky can do.

I quickly turn my head toward the stalls behind me. "I don't care if you want to watch this ugly bitch. Come on over and get a better look. It won't bite, I promise!" I am treated to the harder shudder sweeping over Vicky's body. I know she's blushing, too, I swear I can see it on her milky white flesh. Everywhere. I know I feel her asshole clamp impossibly tight around my finger. I push slightly downward with the pad of my finger, letting me feel the sharp twitches now racing through Vicky's pussy. "UH-mm!" Vicky goes on groaning grunts as if she hates this. But her pussy loves it. And pussies don't lie.

The woman blushes slightly, probably at being caught, but she steels herself up and steps out of her stall. She moves tentatively as she crosses a couple of steps. She stops a few feet from me. Another foot from Vicky's hips.

"As you can see by the dripping skank pit, this bitch is way too slutty," I say in a polite voice to the lady. "I just can't take it anywhere without it going and doing something slutty. It makes me check it rather thoroughly anytime it has been out in public." By the end, my voice is teasing, almost to the point of a giggle.

"Uh, OK..." the woman says cautiously.

"UH-mmm!" Vicky grunts on as if hoping her grunts will encourage me to hurry up with her bottom.

"AH-UGH!" Vicky blurts out a hard grunt as I wiggle my finger inside her. "UGH! ow! UH-mmm!"

"Ah, nothing here but poop!" I announce loudly. "But this is the end of the show. I've now checked this bitch *just*

*everywhere* and found nothing but its own skank. Oh, I almost forgot, it has a spanking coming for lying to me!" I add with a great deal of enthusiasm in my voice.

Then I pull my finger from Vicky's bottom. "UH-OW!" Vicky grunts. Then she softly groans "Uh-ooohhhhh!" I watch as Vicky's hole twitches several times as it's clenching tightly. But I don't let go of her hair.

Now that I have a hand free, I pick up the little paddle. "No time like the present!" I say enthusiastically. And I keep my grip on Vicky's hair.

"OW!" Vicky screeches out loudly a half-second later as the small oval blade of the paddle slaps against the taut skin of her right cheek. It's a hard stroke, but those are usually the only kind I give. It is a punishment after all. It lands hard enough to sear a medium pink splotch glowing on the center of her pale globe. I'm sure she feels the sting shooting into her muscle. And into her flesh.

"OW!" Vicky screeches again as the next swat lands on her other cheek, leaving a matching paddle print on that globe.

"OW!" She screeches a little louder, a little more pain in her cry as the paddle sears a second print on her other globe. I'm going quickly, not giving Vicky time to do anything more than to feel the sting and burn of the swats as the leather strikes her bare bottom. It will ensure that Vicky doesn't have time to react, compose herself, or measure her reaction. It will be raw. All she can do is react as the sting blossoms in her cheeks.

"OW!" Vicky cries out with the fourth stroke. And this time I see goosebumps spring up, I assume in her closed crack and shoot up from that crack along her spine. I see an icy shiver suddenly rack her body too. I ignore it all.

"OW!" Vicky cries out louder. This fifth swat left me little fresh skin to slap with the paddle. About half of the blade landed atop already stinging pink flesh. It makes her cry louder and more pleading. And, I hope, it firmly instills

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the belief that there are harsh consequences for disappointing me.

Almost the instant the paddle is done with her bottom, I use Vicky's hair to yank her body up. I bring her up to stand straight.

"OW!!!" Vicky cries out as my paddle lands on her left cheek, making for a sixth stroke. A stroke she wasn't expecting. With her globes relaxed, it jiggles as the paddle strikes its center, driving the soft flesh inward a bit. And leaving her cheeks glowing a light red.

"You know better, *filthy bitch*, get those hands where they belong! Isn't it enough that you're so slutty I have to stick my finger up your poopy butt just to make sure you haven't done something slutty while we were out? Behave, *cunt*."

"Yes, Ma'am. I'm so sorry, Ma'am!" Vicky very hastily blurts out. Her hands fly into place behind her back. I release her hair once they're in place.

My spectator is now openly gawking as if she's never seen such a thing before. Probably hasn't. But the show is over. I just go on as if she's not there.

I pick up Vicky's socks from the counter. I toss them to her. It takes my spectator a moment to realize that the show's over. Too bad for her the sinks behind Vicky are blocked with Vicky's things. It makes her step around Vicky and use one of the ones in front of her. And that makes Vicky see her. Worse for Vicky, Vicky has to stand there and watch as the woman steals more than a few glances at Vicky. And her face.

Ignoring everything but what I'm doing, I tell her to hurry up and put them on. I don't need to scold her. She's grateful to have some clothes. Anything. She has them on about as quickly as she's ever done.

I hand her the pants next. She's pulling those on as the other woman finally leaves, now knowing that the Vicky show is over. Next, I hand Vicky her boots. While Vicky is pulling those on, I gather up the rest of her things and put

them in the bag with her new shoes. Except for the jewelry, that I put in her purse. It'll be safer there.

Finally, I hand Vicky the loose outer shirt she'd been wearing. I don't give her the undershirt she had on with it. This one doesn't have any buttons on it. Instead, it's designed to hang open. It hangs loose and free over her breasts, covering those but leaving a good slice of cleavage and stomach bare between its ends.

I tell Vicky to follow me. And I warn her that she will be spanked on the spot if she falls behind. Or if those hands move from behind her back.

It's a rather odd position for Vicky. She tries hard to squeeze her upper arms against her ribs to hold that outer shirt in place. But even as she takes her first, tentative step, the front flaps of it bounce slightly. Not enough to bare her breasts, but enough to be noticeable. She tries hard to keep her legs together too, lest her now overflowing pussy poke out.

And all that's on top of her red face, with her puffy wet eyes. I'm sure her bottom is still stinging from the spanking. She walks as carefully as she can. Trying hard to keep her flapping blouse against her chest, but unable to use her hands to do it. Luckily for her, it's a short walk. The bathrooms are right at the door. As I step out, I see my spectator standing there, pointing Vicky out to another woman. I guess her friend. I smile.

It's time to take Vicky somewhere private for a little more invasive of a lesson.





## *Chapter Four - Coffee And A Rude Bitch*

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It's a short drive to Vicky's house, less than two miles. I think Vicky looks rather surprised to see that I'm going the right way. I know where her street is. Mobile isn't that big. And I cheated and looked it up on Apple Maps - it's right off Cottage Hill, and that's a big road by our standards. But Vicky never gave her address or directions.

I got the address from Steve when I texted him earlier. Vicky doesn't know that, though. She sits, mute, worrying about her not-quite-exposed chest, and waiting as I drive her home in her car. Without asking her a thing. I merely told her to sit in the car and buckle up.

I pull into her driveway. It's really too bad they don't have a garage. Those are perfect for stripping sluts. The way Vicky's eyes start darting around as we pull up to her house tells me that she must have some nosy neighbors. And she's worried about what they might see.

I park and take the keys as I get out. I go around and open Vicky's door before telling her to get out, and reminding her that I want her hands behind her back. I leave her shoes, and the clothes in that bag, in the car, but I do grab her purse.

I tell her to follow me. I lead her up to her front door. I can tell that Vicky's worried about her neighbors. She can't stop herself from glancing around to see who might be watching. But she obediently keeps her hands in place, walks properly behind and beside me. I use her keys to let us in.

As soon as Vicky passes through the door, I stop her. "Undress, bitch," I firmly tell Vicky. I go on to tell her that "undress" is a specific command. I expect her to start at the top of her head and take her clothes off from the top down. Whatever is highest on her body comes off first. Not in "layers" as most people undress, saving their underwear for last. Not that it really matters now, Vicky doesn't have much to take off. I also tell her that she can take her boots off out of order if needed to get something else off. There's no way those pants are coming off with

those boots on. But not her socks. Those come off in order. Then I tell her that I'm waiting for her to hand over her neatly folded clothes. Get naked, bitch.

Vicky starts with the loose hanging overshirt. That's off quickly and folded as she hands it over to me. It leaves Vicky naked from the waist up. And leaving her spongy breasts bare.

Vicky has to get her boots off next. She could squat, but instead, she leans over. Standing back and watching as she undresses, it's the first good view I've had of her breasts as she leans. They're big enough, but not huge. And they're soft enough to dangle under her chest. They jiggle lightly as she gets her boots off. But they hold their shape as they do, and they don't flop around like loose ones.

Vicky has no choice but to take her pants off next, revealing everything but her feet. She takes them off. This time she doesn't hesitate as she did in the mall, either. Maybe because it's not new to her. Maybe it's because there's literally nothing I haven't seen. Maybe it's because it's in her home where she feels safe and knows she won't be seen by anyone else. That leaves Vicky only her socks to get off, and those come off quickly.

"This bitch is naked now, Ma'am," Vicky announces that she's finished undressing and has handed over all of her clothes. She doesn't sound as modest as she did in the mall, either.

From my purse, I get out a collar. It's just a cheap black leather dog collar that's as plain as I could buy. I leave Vicky standing there, reminding her to be still with a "stay" command. I brush her hair away from her neck and buckle the collar around it. Then I pull out a matching leash and clip it to the collar.

"Come along, sloppy bitch, you can show some proper bitch manners and serve your guest some coffee... as if you were almost a human instead of a mere peasant whore." I don't give Vicky any time. I never do. I can

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guess where the kitchen is. I start walking that way. A sharp tug on the leash reminds Vicky to follow along.

I really hope she has coffee in the house. I figure she would, it's a staple in the guard's lounge so Steve probably has the taste for it. As soon as I step into her kitchen I see a Mr. Coffee. Not exactly the finest of brewers, but it'll do. It tells me they're not coffee addicts. But it doesn't look out of place in the kitchen, either. Her kitchen is fairly nice, and it's clean. So far her house has been clean, too.

Once we're in the kitchen, I remind Vicky that if her hands aren't in use at that instant, they're to be behind her back. Even if she's using one, the other is to be behind her back. Nowhere else. Ever. And I remind her that she's not to make any effort to hide her body from me. She's to go on as if this were normal for her and efficiently make a pot of coffee to serve her Queen.

Then I unclip the leash. A light swat with my hand to her slightly sore bottom gets Vicky moving. There's a dining table and chairs in the kitchen, so I help myself to a seat. I relax and carefully watch Vicky work.

It doesn't take me but a few seconds to see that Vicky is watching me, too. Every chance she gets her eyes shift over to me. She must see that I'm watching her. She must see that now my crop is lying across my lap, not the gentle paddle I used earlier. She moves a hair slowly, but I think that's more from paying attention to how she holds her body. That's new to her. And keeping those hands behind her isn't normal. It feels odd to her, so she has to focus on doing it.

I focus on watching her nicely full and rounded globes as they jiggle so slightly with every motion of her body. A hair more with every step.

It doesn't take her long to get a pot brewing. It's clear she's done that plenty of times before. She probably makes a pot every morning. But then, as it starts to brew, Vicky is lost. She doesn't know what to do with herself. There's no work for her to be doing, and I haven't told her what to do. She keeps her hands behind her back, and

stands there, watching it brew. I guess that's a good enough idea. After all, I haven't told her to do anything, so she does nothing. The safe choice.

It takes Mr. Coffee a few minutes to do his thing. She made a full pot. I guess she's playing that safe, too. I pretend to ignore her, while actually watching her closely, while we wait. Vicky obediently stays put, standing there with her back to me. I haven't yelled at her, so it must feel like the safe choice to her. Definitely a boring one for her, though.

I'm sure before the pot is half brewed, Vicky is wondering if it would be safe to cheat and pour a cup or not. I'll bet she's wondering how I like my coffee, too. And how she's supposed to ask me without speaking. Or if I expect her to know, which she doesn't. And I know she doesn't.

I keep pretending to ignore her until I hear Mr. Coffee gurgling as it boils the last of the water. "Oh, slop pit..." I call out to Vicky in a teasing voice, "it's time to pour a cup. One finger's width from the brim. One teaspoon of real sugar. Stir it well. Now, slop pit."

"Yes, Ma'am," Vicky obediently answers. Then she gets a coffee mug from the cabinets. It's one of those cheap mugs with a scenic vista on it of the grand canyon. I guess they went there on a trip and brought it back. From the glimpse I had, it's as nice as anything in their cabinets.

Vicky gets a Tupperware container of sugar from her cabinet and diligently measures out the sugar. Then pours the coffee, slowing down as it nears the top. She slows way down, stopping a couple of times, to make sure she has the level right. Then she stirs it. Once stirred she reaches for the handle to bring it to me.

"Stop," I snap firmly. "You'll serve it like a proper peasant bitch, slop pit." Then I tell Vicky that means for her to hold her hands six inches out in front of her breasts, even with her nipples, together and palms upturned. My coffee is to be resting atop her palms.

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It's obviously completely new to Vicky. And it's almost comical to watch. Vicky tries to get the mug atop her hands holding it by its handle. It's nearly impossible. She could rest it atop one palm and then put her other hand in place, but that would leave the cup off-center, and I told her it should be centered. That leaves only half the cup resting atop her palm, and it's not going to balance like that.

She figures it out, after a few tries. She rests the half on her palm, then slides her hand down from the handle and under it. I hear her suck in a sharp breath as she does. The cup is hot by now, and she definitely feels it on her hands.

I tell Vicky to turn around. She does, shuffling her feet in tiny little baby steps as she rotates. Now that her front side is facing me, I can see that she has her hands in the proper place. And I can see that her nipples are as hard as rocks.

I tell Vicky to walk to me. I point to a place on the floor, a couple of feet from my knee, telling her that's where I want her feet to be. If she's read any of my stories as she claims, she'll know how I expect it to be served. I wait as Vicky moves over to me with the most tentative, and cautious, baby steps. I can see her eyes shift down and fix on the cup. She watches it closely, seeing the coffee slosh around with every motion. She works to keep it balanced in place.

Vicky makes it. Barely, without spilling it. I don't know if she realizes that if she spills it, I'll send her back to do it again or not. Hopefully, because I will. She gets there and stands, awaiting instructions.

"Serve it, slop pit!" I mockingly tell Vicky as if she should have known that. "On your worthless knees, cunt," I tell her in a stern, icy voice.

The look on her face tells me a lot. It tells me that Vicky has read the stories. She knows how slave always serves my coffee. And it tells me that she prayed I

wouldn't make her do it that way. It tells me she's nervous about getting down, too.

Vicky starts to kneel. Her eyes are locked firmly on the cup. It has her hands fixed in place and completely useless to her, making her use just her legs to get down. And that's not so easy to do.

Vicky figures it out. She has to squat down about halfway, then shifts one leg from her foot to her knee. She tries to slide her toes along the floor as she moves her leg slowly, using them for balance. It definitely helps to support some of her weight that way. It also has her toes dragging as they slide over the floor.

"OW! Shit!" Vicky blurts out, wincing hard. I can see the few drops of hot coffee that splashed over the brim and onto the palms of her hands. Vicky tries to ignore the light burn and keeps moving down to her knees.

I don't ignore it. I did warn Vicky to be polite. "Pottymouth" isn't polite. And it's certainly not the way a peasant bitch should be addressing her Queen. Besides, I've already seen that Vicky craves humiliation. And I've learned that treating an adult as a young child is rather degrading. More so when it's fresh to the adult, as if she's suddenly been de-aged a few decades. Potty mouth is as good of an excuse as any to see if Vicky likes her humiliation in private as much as she does in public.

I erupt to my feet, moving as fast as I can. With one hand, I snatch the mug off Vicky's hands. "Hands behind you, bitch," I snap in my harshest, most disapproving voice as I'm moving. I set the cup on the table, moving so fast that I half drop it there. With my other hand, I reach out and grab hold of a nipple, pinching it hard between my finger and thumb.

Vicky sucks in a very crisp breath as she feels the uncomfortable pinch on her nipple. She trembles hard, too, a crisp, violent, and instantaneous shudder racing over her body from head to toe. That tells me something that Vicky never will. She likes it. Maybe the light pain. Maybe

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the suddenness of it. Maybe the steely firm way I seize control of her. Probably all of the above.

Vicky is still scooting down to one knee as her hands fly behind her back. I ignore Vicky. I pull up on her nipple, lifting her breast all the way and stretching out the crease under it. I keep going, even as I feel Vicky's weight resisting me. It doesn't take long for the tug on her nipple to start turning from uncomfortable to downright painful. And that's all Vicky needs. Now her legs jump, thrusting her up to her feet quickly, but also slightly uncoordinated. It works.

I start walking quickly, keeping my pinch on her nipple and pulling her to follow me. She turns, being dragged the first inch before figuring out to hurry after me.

It's only about four steps for me to the sink. OK, long steps, but I have short legs to balance out the strides. I cross them as quickly as I can, making Vicky almost run to keep pace with me.

I stop Vicky in front of her kitchen sink. Her nipple has been rather effective at controlling her, so I keep the grip on it long enough to pull her around into place where I want her. I stand her with her side to the sink, the counter about four inches from her hips. Hands behind her. Feet together. Then I release her nipple, watching as the light coloring returns to it after its pinching.

"You rude, obnoxious little peasant whore!" I scold Vicky harshly, in my disapproving irate school teacher voice. "You can't even watch your mouth in the presence of your beloved Queen! I should throw you to wolves in my dungeon, *cunt*. But instead, since you're obviously more worthless than a hole in the wall, I'll show you the mercy of disciplining your repulsively fat butt."

As I'm scolding her, I use one hand to flip the water on. Cold, of course. And luckily for me, there's a bar of soap handy. I grab the soap and hold it under the water to get it good and gooey.

Vicky is far too nervous to see what I'm doing. I know she can hear the water. But her eyes have locked on



me. She stands quivering lightly and definitely wondering what horror I am going to inflict upon her for a sin she obviously considers very minor at worst.

I'm still moving so quickly that Vicky's brain is lagging well behind. Before she has any clue what's happening to her, my hand has come up under her jaw. My thumb and fingers pinch the corners of her jaw, forcing her mouth open. I pinch hard, opening her mouth to its widest for her.

"This Queen requires her whores to be clean. Dirty whores get hosed down. Dirty mouths need a good scrubbing, too!" I tell Vicky. As I'm telling her, the bar of soap is coming up. By the time the last words are out, the end of the bar is pushing its way through Vicky's light pink, fine lips. An instant later it's pushing along, over the tops of her teeth.

And then it's gliding over the top of her tongue. Where her taste buds are. I know the moment that the intensely bitter taste hits her tongue. She grimaces hard. Her face pales. And then her eyes start to water up. I ignore her distaste. Discipline is firm here. I keep shoving the bar into her mouth, holding her jaw wide to allow it in. I feel her reflexes trying to close her jaw, but that's not happening with me pinching it so hard. It stays open, the soap slips deeper into her mouth, spreading its acrid taste and burn further along her tongue. I don't stop until I feel the end of the bar bump firmly against the back of her mouth.

Now I wiggle the bar, spreading suds over as much of her mouth and tongue as I possibly can. That takes me several seconds. That done, I push Vicky's jaw shut, letting her teeth clamp the bar in place.

I watch Vicky cringe so hard. I watch her complexion first pale to whiteness, then take an almost greenish hue. I watch her eyes water up and her face wrinkle up. Then I see the first twitches of a heave snap her body. At first, they're gentle. But as the taste lingers in her mouth, they'll get harder.

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I reach around Vicky's hips and swat her bottom with my hand. "I said stay! That means still, *bitch*, I don't care if you like the taste or not. That's what you get for being rude, *bitch*." It takes two more quick swats before Vicky's lightly stinging bottom has her standing mostly still. Except for the obvious heaves, and the light quivering, flowing over her.

I spot a foam bottle brush on the sink beside a dish scrubber. It makes for a hard choice which to use for the next part. I decide to start with the dish scrubber. It's clean enough, but it's not fresh-out-of-the-package new, either. It's clear that it's scrubbed a few dishes in its life. I pick it up.

Then I pinch Vicky's mouth open again. There's no reason to tell her to open it. I'll need the pinch to keep it open. Vicky won't be able to on her own. This is going to be too much for that. I pull the soap out and toss it in the sink. I run the scrubber over it, scraping up some suds into it.

Then I shove it into her mouth. And I'm not trying to be gentle. I'm not trying to be rough, either, though. I'm acting more as if I don't care. As if I'm scrubbing a pot and want nothing but to scrub it clean as efficiently as I can. As anyone would want to do.

I stuff every bit of it into her mouth. Then I start wiggling it around, letting the rough plastic strands scrape around lightly and grind the suds into her mouth. Her tongue. Her cheeks. Her teeth, too. Everything. I have two fingers through her lips to work it. That's the real reason I'm so firmly holding her jaw wide. I am not letting her bite me.

I take my time, about half a minute to scrub every bit of her mouth as far back as I can make the scrubber go. And I get her cheeks. Even the space between cheeks and gums. I save the very sensitive area underneath her tongue for last.

Vicky cringes badly the entire time. I can feel the steely tension in her muscles. I can feel the heaving

tremors steadily growing more powerful. I can see her face grimacing harder and harder. I can hear her grunting little choking sounds. And I can see the wetness in her eyes turn to tears.

When I'm finally finished scrubbing her mouth, I pull the scrub pad out and toss it into the sink. It's a fluid motion, my hand more just dropping it as I reach for the softer bottle brush. As I bring that back towards Vicky's still-held-gaping mouth, I push her chin up, tilting her head back until her neck is craned and stretched fully.

I know Vicky doesn't have a clue what I'm going to do now. It has her eyes up to where all she can see is the ceiling. Luckily for me, this brush is perfect. Its spongy tip is about four inches long and just over an inch wide, centered on a thin, flexible shaft. I'll bet Vicky sees it for the first time as I'm lining it up with her lips.

And then I'm pushing it into her lips. And beyond. I'll bet she thinks this is just another implement to scrub her mouth with as it slips over her tongue to the back of her mouth.

It's about a second, I'm not rushing it until I feel the light bump of its tip against the hard back of her mouth. Even with Vicky's head tilted back, I can see her eyes almost pop out of their sockets when I don't stop. A little more pressure is all it takes for the shaft to flex a hair. That has the tip of the brush slipping down, past the back of her mouth, into where it funnels to her throat. And smearing a layer of suds over that, too. She won't taste them there, but she will feel the acrid burn of the chemicals. It won't hurt her, though. It's just unpleasant and miserable.

I keep pushing. Vicky gags hard as it pushes towards her throat. I feel her body trying hard to pull back from me. I feel those heaves growing a lot more powerful in an instant. I hear the grunted gagging sounds she makes. And I hold her head still.

I keep steadily pushing the brush into her mouth until I feel the light resistance of its tip bumping against the

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entrance of her throat. That's like a rubbery wall. That's where I stop. I don't want to shove this down her throat. "We'll scrub every bit of this cesspool, bitch," I tell Vicky with a lot of mocking reassurance in my voice.

Vicky stands there, tensed up, cringing and choking as I wiggle the brush, stroking it against the last and deepest parts of her mouth. I take my time here, too. Maybe fifteen or twenty good seconds of scrubbing with the spongy soft brush.

Finally, I pull it out. Slowly. Vicky chokes, coughs, and gags a little as it finally pulls from her mouth. I hold her head up until she gets past the worst of it. Then I shove her mouth roughly closed and bring her head down so that I'm glaring into her wet eyes.

"Now, say that you're sorry for being such a rude bitch and using potty words in my mouth, bitch."

"Ma'am..." Vicky's voice is hushed a bit, and rather strained. She's still gagging slightly as she tries to speak. And her face is scrunched up so much that it's interfering, giving her voice the note of disgust that she feels. "This bitch is very sorry for being so rude and using potty words."

I watch as Vicky's eyes glance to the still-running sink several times. As if she's praying that I will let her rise the awful taste from her mouth now.

Of course not yet! "Say thank you, too, bitch." I firmly tell her.

"Thank you for washing this bitch's potty mouth out, Ma'am." I hear the shame, the embarrassment in Vicky's voice a little clearer now. And I watch as her eyes dart to that water faster and faster.

"You have one minute, *bitch*, now you may wash that cesspool out."

Vicky starts to move, turning her head to the sink. She's moving fast. So I snap even faster for her to stop and stand up again. It has her cringing a bit harder. But she obediently stands up.

"You forgot to say thank you, *you filthy cunt!*" I harshly tell Vicky.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am!" Vicky blurts out, shuddering slightly as she does.

I tell her that I don't care if she's sorry. She misbehaved and there are consequences for that. I tell her what her consequences are, for thinking of her worthless self before remembering her obedience to her Queen.

"This bitch is sorry for being so naughty, Ma'am," Vicky recites the line. "One, Ma'am."

I let her count off about the first five apology lines. I sentenced her to fifty. I watch as she turns a little greener as the suds, and their too-bitter taste lingers in her mouth. I watch her cringe a little more, too. I watch her tremble a little more, too.

Then I put a hand to her breast. I don't need to do anything more. Vicky gasps out a loud "AH!" and shivers hard, goosebumps erupting over her soft mound. Her hips shiver harder than the rest of her. It breaks the rhythm of her apologies, too.

I play with her breast. I don't need to. I only reached for it when I saw the glistening honey clinging to the tops of her thighs. That wasn't there when I dragged her over here. Obviously squirming and choking while I scrubbed her mouth out has an effect on Vicky. That's why I'm making her wait longer.

As Vicky counts off her apologies, I lightly caress her breasts. Every one of my touches sends icy chills racing through Vicky, and gets a few crisp shivers from her.

By the time Vicky reaches 50, the breathiness in her voice has eclipsed the gagging. There's no question that she's all but puking. There's even less question that she's all but cumming. The blush behind the green pallor of her face tells me she finds this humiliating. And obviously likes it.

After her last apology, I tell her to rinse her disgusting potty mouth out now. "Yes, Ma'am. Thank you

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for allowing this bitch to rinse my filthy potty mouth, Ma'am," Vicky replies.

But once she's thanked me, Vicky wastes no time leaning over and sucking in a huge mouthful of water. She immediately heaves, throwing the very sudsy water back up into the sink. She ignores that and sucks more in. she keeps rinsing, washing as much of the soap out as she can in the minute I allowed her.

When I tell her time is up, she stops but doesn't look happy about it as she straightens back up. It tells me that she can still taste the soap, albeit not nearly as strongly as before. It doesn't matter. It's half psychosomatic anyway. The water she's been spitting out has been clear for half a minute now. There's no more than a trace left in her mouth. Just enough for her not to forget the punishment she endured.

I tell her to pour me a fresh cup and serve it properly. She manages this time, although once she's down on her knees, I have to tell her that she needs to kneel with her legs spread wide open and sitting back, her bottom between her heels. This way I can see the thick layer of honey clinging to her smooth pubes and filling the creases of her thighs.



*Chapter Five - Slop Pit's  
First Lesson*



Vicky has learned to serve coffee properly. More importantly, she has learned that *any* deviation from my rules, my expectations of her, will be met with swift and unpleasant consequences. OK, consequences that will get her hot as she suffers miserably, but still consequences.

Now it's time for her next lesson in submission. It's time for Vicky to learn what it feels like to have zero control over anything. Including her body and what's done with it. By whom it's done, too, but I promised Steve I wouldn't share Vicky, so I'll skip that part of the lesson for her.

Vicky is still on her knees. I left her there while I sipped the coffee. I made her keep her hands up, too. They made a nice little coffee table to set the cup on between sips. I made her stay still and silent as if she were nothing more than a piece of furniture. I utterly ignored her, as I would any furniture, too. I text a few people as I sipped. I know my proofreader loves to hear about the sessions as they happen before he reads the stories he's proofing.

I don't tell Vicky anything. I silently clip the leash back to her collar. Now that the coffee mug is on the table, and her hands aren't in use as a table, they're already behind her back. I rise to my feet, keeping hold of the leash. I keep it lightly taut, just enough that there's no slack in it.

"Come, slop pit," I say firmly, but also softly. Then I ignore Vicky and start walking. It makes Vicky hop to her feet quickly, without her hands, and scramble the first step to keep up with me. The leash, already taut, has the back of her collar pulling against the back of her neck, and that assures that she's going to follow. It really leaves her no choice.

I've never been in this house before. And Steve hasn't given me a cheat sheet or floor plan. It's a modest, but decently newer home. It's definitely clean and well kept. It's nicely furnished, but not with anything expensive. It's tasteful though. It's a two-story. So I guess that Vicky's bedroom will be upstairs. I can see a living

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room, a bathroom, a laundry room, and a porch downstairs. It hints that the sleeping rooms are probably upstairs while the living rooms are downstairs.

I start walking up the stairs. There's a tiny loft/landing at the top, then a short hall with a bedroom on either side of it and another bathroom straight ahead. Vicky follows me obediently. I'm sure by now she's guessing where I'm heading. Since both doors are open, it's easy to pick out which is the bedroom. The other bedroom appears to be set up as a study. I lead her into the bedroom with the bed and dressers in it.

I stop her just inside the door by putting a hand on her stomach. I still haven't said a word to Vicky. I'm sure she has a hundred ideas, but she doesn't know why we're here.

I keep hold of the leash, letting it go slack on her neck, as I step around behind Vicky. She wants to watch me, to see what I'm going to do to her, but she keeps her eyes forward. I do see a few little twitches from her head, though, as if she almost turned to look.

Behind Vicky, where she can't see me, I pull a zip tie out of my pocket. I love these things. There's just no getting them off unless you cut them. They're as good as handcuffs, and you can do a lot more with them. This one is long, about 18", wide and thick.

Vicky's hands are already behind her back. She's using her right hand to hold her left wrist. I see that a lot, it's an easy way to casually keep those hands there. I grab hold of her wrists and pull them together. I put them flush against each other, the insides of them touching. Then I slip the loop of the tie strap over her hands and cinch it snugly around her wrists. Not so tightly it cuts into her, but tight enough that it just barely pushes her skin in. That's tight enough that she's not turning her wrists, much less getting them out of it.

It's not uncomfortable, but it's not the most comfortable way to have her hands either. After a second she laces her fingers together, holding her own hands.

There's no strain on her arms, but they should feel as if they'll start to stretch if I pull them much tighter. It also has her upper arms back, leaving the sides of her breasts fully exposed. Her sides as well. And it makes it harder for her to shift her hands to the sides.

Now I walk back around in front of Vicky. I tighten up the leash again, pulling it taut. It pulls firmly, but lightly, against the back of her neck urging her forward. But I'm standing so close to her that there's nowhere for her to go. All Vicky can do is stand there and feel the pressure on the back of her neck.

I have her attention now. "Where are your filthy pussy toys, slop pit. And I mean all of them." I ask Vicky firmly.

"Uh... in my underwear drawer, Ma'am..." Vicky starts to answer. I scold her for such a modest answer. I scold her for not answering me like the utterly shameless gutter slut she is. Then I suggest a more humble and proper answer. "There's a dildo in the bottom left drawer of my dresser, hidden under my panties, Ma'am. There is a pink massager in the drawer above that, Ma'am, wrapped up in the blue shorts on the bottom of the pile. And there's a glowing vibrator in the nightstand on the left of the bed, Ma'am." This time, Vicky gives a proper answer.

The way she's standing has the dresser behind her. But the nightstand is to her left side. She might be able to see that out of the corner of her eye. So I save that for last. I drop the leash, letting it dangle down between her breasts. Then I step over to the dresser and open the first drawer. The top drawer. I start going through every one of her drawers, checking them, even though she's already told me where everything is. I know she can hear me rooting through her things, too. I'm not really paying much attention. I'm just making sure that Vicky knows I've checked them all as if I thought she might have left something off the list. I actually don't think she did, though. Her list sounded complete to me.

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It was complete. I find the massager first. I take it out of the drawer, and casually toss it onto her bed. I know Vicky will see it land. I want her to. The pastel pink massager flying, trailing its white cord like a tail. A moment later her dildo joins it. It takes me a couple more minutes to get over to her nightstand and rummage through that fully. Then her vibrator joins the others, tossed carelessly to the bed.

I walk back around to my place close in front of Vicky. Then I ask her "does your husband know about those slutty things, slop pit?"

Vicky winces slightly. "He knows about the vibrator, Ma'am." One out of three. That tells me something, too. It tells me that Steve hasn't been fully satisfying Vicky. That's no surprise. I'd bet even Vicky didn't know what she was missing - why she was always getting inexplicably hot. At least not until now. I can see it, so I'm sure Vicky can feel it. That hot, fresh honey clinging to the tops of her thighs tells me that Vicky is on fire now.

This time I keep hold of the leash as I start moving. There's a nice bathroom off this bedroom. That's clearly the one Vicky uses. I can see too much of her stuff in there for it not to be. I step around Vicky making her turn to follow me back out of the bedroom. Then I turn right, walking her down to the other bathroom up here. It's clearly used, but more as a spare than anything.

That makes it perfect for me. It will be the one Vicky feels is less hers. I keep the slight pressure against the back of Vicky's neck, using the leash to lead her in, and most of the way through it. I stop her in front of the toilet.

I put my hands to Vicky's shoulders and turn her so that her back is to the toilet. Then I use her shoulders to push her down. Vicky quickly finds that she has slightly less coordination with her hands bound behind her. She wobbles slightly as she lets her knees bend to sit on the seat.

I still haven't said a word to Vicky. There's no reason to. I know she's wondering why I put her on the toilet. I

just move my hands to her knees and spread them wide open to give myself a good view of her pubes and the mound of her pussy.

I take the leash and loosely knot the free end of it to a towel bar next to the toilet. I have no illusions that it will actually hold Vicky. It will pull off the wall rather easily if she tries. But it symbolically has her bound to it, and that should be enough. It looks as if she's tied in place. I know she feels it.

With both hands now fully empty, I reach into my purse and take out a wet wipe and a pair of latex gloves. These are my preferred pastel green gloves, size small to fit my little hands. I pull them on. Vicky watches me rather intently. I can see the edginess in her eyes, and that screams that she's wondering what I will possibly do to her now.

I rip open the packet and take the wipe out. I unfold it. Then I lean forward and use it to wipe the outside of her plump lips clean. And disinfected. Then I slip the cold wipe under her lips, cleaning everything off the inside of them. I do her folds, too. Both sides of them. Lastly, I clean off her pinkness, skipping only the tunnel that's weeping fresh honey.

Now that my hand is away from her mound, I pull a small paper cup off of a stack on her counter. I hold that under her mound. "Pee, slop pit. Unless you like catheters."

Vicky's eyes go wide in horror. No one likes catheters. In about a second there's a steady, powerful geyser of golden pee shooting into the paper cup. I fill it about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the way before I pull it back. I keep my eyes on Vicky's pussy, closely seeing everything she's doing, even after I take the cup away. After about twenty seconds I can see her muscles tightening as she squeezes the last of it out of her bladder. I never told her why I wanted her to pee, so Vicky doesn't know. She should, it's in my stories. I never play with anyone who uses drugs, and I never play with anyone who's in an altered state. But all Vicky is

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thinking is that I told her to pee, so she's going to give me every drop. She doesn't want to disappoint me, not when she knows what the consequences of that are going to be.

I get a drug tester out of my purse, rip open its plastic packet and drop it into the little cup of Vicky's pee. It's a cheap, at-home test marketed for untrusting parents or parents of dumb teens. It is just a plastic disc with several little paper strips sticking out one end. They turn colors depending on what they are exposed to. It won't tell you exactly what someone's taken, but it will tell you what class of drug it was. For me, if any strips turn color, I leave. And I ignore anything else Vicky sends me.

I leave Vicky sitting there in silence. While I wait I use another alcohol wipe to clean her mound and pinkness off. I'd never leave her dirty unless it was intentional. And with her hands bound uselessly to her, she's not going to be wiping her own pussy. None of the strips turn color. I leave the cup sitting there. Vicky can clean up after herself later. On her time, not mine. It is her pee after all, not mine.

I just untie the leash and snap it as I pull the slack out of it. Then I start walking. Vicky is getting used to not being told now. As soon as she sees me move, she hops to her feet. That leaves her enough time to start following me before the collar is biting into the back of her neck. I walk her back to her bedroom.

I stand her in front of the foot of her bed. But not so close to it. This isn't the biggest room, but it's plenty big enough that I have the space I want. Enough that she's not too close to anything. If her hands were free, she probably couldn't touch anything without leaning over.

In the corner of this room there's a fair-sized, but smallish, walk-in closet. In there I can see a drying rack with a pair of nylons hanging from it. Not a bad idea. Steve definitely wouldn't like her hanging them in their bathroom. And the tiled floor of the closet means no carpeting to get wet. The rack has a small cord across the top. It's about as thick as a shoelace. But it makes a fine

clothesline for delicates. It also has a fair number of wooden clothespins on it already.

And luckily for me, it's tied on with knots that are easy to untie. I take the nylons off of it, tossing them over a hanger nearby, and then untie the knots. I leave the clothespins on it. Then I return to Vicky.

She can see what I have in my hand. The clothespins make it too much for my hand to hide. I drape the cord around the back of Vicky's neck, letting its ends hang down her front. They hang down to mid-thigh. They dangle sort of between her breasts, lying against the inside of her cleavage.

They don't stay there for long. I've already seen that pinching Vicky's nipples arouses her. Seriously arouses her. Clothespins are perfect for that. At least when I don't have clamps handy. I skip over the first clamp, the one at the top of each string, and go for the second one. That one I pinch open. I don't have to do anything to Vicky. Her nipples are already rock-hard and standing straight out, even as her eyes nervously watch the pin moving towards them. She knows what I'm going to do. It's obvious.

Her nipples seem as if they know, too. And are eager for it. I put the pin over her wide nipple, the wood lightly scraping over her nervy flesh as I push it on, and let go of it. The spring snaps it shut onto her nipple.

"AH!" Vicky sucks in a sharp breath and grimaces hard as she feels its bite. It doesn't notice. I don't care. It stays put, squeezing her nipple with its constant pressure. Vicky shudders a crisp shiver. It's enough to get a very slight jiggle from her mounds. Her face looks as if she's in pain. But I know it's not that bad. It's a light, but fairly uncomfortable pinching. I move over and put another pin to her other nipple.

Then I stand back for a second to admire my handiwork. Vicky stands there rasping breaths that are part grunt and part sweet moan. It takes about a second before I see the goosebumps rising up all over her mound. Another couple of seconds before the icy chills sweeping

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over her body are too much for Vicky to stand still. Her shoulders start shuddering with each chill. That gets her breasts jiggling just a little more.

I don't know if the fondness for pinches extends to the rest of her breasts or if it's just her nipples. Nipples are definitely more sensitive. They have far more nerve endings in them. There's one sure way to find out, though. I pick the next pin down the cord and pinch it wide. Then I put its jaws to the underside of Vicky's breast. The underside is usually slightly more sensitive.

I hold it there. Her mounds are firm enough that her breast holds its shape instead of squishing into the space between the jaws. That's not a problem. I just use a few fingers to squeeze a small slice of her breast and shove it between the jaws. Then I release the pin and let it snap down to bite into her mound.

"OW!" Vicky blurts out. The very crisp shudder racking her body, jiggling her mounds, belies any seriousness to her little yelp of pain. I'm sure it's an unpleasant pinch, but I can already see that it's arousing Vicky deeply. Her hips have a slight wiggle to them now, along with her shoulders.

I take that as a cue to put another pin on that mound. I put it on the same way, squeezing up a little slice of breast and snapping a pin onto it. Only this time the pin is above her nipple. It gets the same yelp from Vicky. And it has the same arousing effect on her. So I do her other breast the same way.

I don't have to put a hand to Vicky's slop pit. There's a reason I've picked that name to call her by. Her pussy is rather wet. Sloppy wet. Now, with the pins pinching her nipples hard, I can see a thick coat of honey shining on every bit of her mound. The same mound I just cleaned off, telling me that her pussy is weeping honey so fast that it's almost flowing. Vicky is on fire now.

I don't see any reason to waste the rest of the pins. They are hanging there, so I might as well use them. I start just above her hips and pinch a couple of them to the



sides of her stomach, making a line of pins down her body straight and in line with her nipples. The last ones go on the tops of her thighs.

Every pinch gets a yelp from Vicky. Even on her thighs. And every pinch gets her shuddering just a little more. It gets her pussy gleaming a little brighter with more honey, too. And that tells me that Vicky likes it, no matter where I pinch her. Maybe she likes it even more with her hands bound useless, taking away her choice to remove them despite the light pain.

It gets me wondering if pinching is the only kind of light pain that will excite Vicky, or if something else will do it as well. Or maybe better. Whatever I do to Vicky, she'll have to stand there for it, knowing that she's utterly powerless to stop it.

Or maybe something not quite painful, but simply unpleasant I think. I decide to start slowly and see what effect it has on Vicky and go from there.

I leave Vicky shuddering and shivering as chills flow over her body. I pretend to ignore her as I watch her closely out of the corner of an eye. I circle around behind Vicky. Now I can see that her bottom has a nice layer of smaller goosebumps covering it as well. I saw them on her pubes as well, so I'd bet anything that they flow around and over her pussy. I'd bet they originated with that pussy.

I keep a few toys in my purse for occasions just like this. Especially with new toys, I never know what I might want. Usually, I take a big duffle bag with me. But I didn't today, since I was planning to find her in Wal-Mart and they're kind of funny about carrying large bags through the store. So I settled on a big purse.

I have a nice, black plastic butt plug in there. It's not one of my bigger ones, but it is a fair size. It's kind of a generic one to me. It's black. It's about 5" long with a tapered tip that finally opens to a little over an inch wide before narrowing sharply to make a groove about  $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick for her asshole to lie in. Then it ends with a wide disc to ensure that it doesn't slip all the way in and vanish.

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From behind, where Vicky can't see what I'm doing, I put the narrow rounded tip of it against Vicky's slippery wet slit. I stroke it up and down her slit a few times, slowly, rotating it and wiggling it as I go. That gets a good coat of Vicky's honey on its tip, about the first  $\frac{1}{4}$ " or so of the toy.

Vicky keeps her eyes forward. It wouldn't matter. She couldn't see the toy if she tried to look. But she does purr a very needy "Ummm..." under her strained breath. And she shivers away, her hips squirming a hair more than before. She likes this tease, too. I'll bet she thinks, and prays, that I'm going to put it into her pussy. I'll bet her pussy will cum very quickly and hard right now.

But that's not what I have in mind. That would be too soon in my book. Way too soon for Vicky to earn her release. I haven't planned that yet, but I do have a few loose ideas in mind for it.

Instead, I use one hand to push Vicky's soft globes wide apart and stretch her crack fully open. "UH!" Vicky sucks in a very shocked breath. And she still has no idea how thick this toy is going to be. Even fully inserted, the ring of her asshole lying in its groove, her asshole will be held about  $\frac{3}{4}$ " open. That's wide enough for a fair share of the cocks out there.

I put the greased tip of the toy to Vicky's tight little ring.

"OOH!" Vicky blurts out a rather edgy, nervous squeal. Her hips thrust forward, moving her asshole forward about  $\frac{1}{2}$ ". I keep the toy firmly against her muscle as she bucks. I think I see her heels rise just off the floor for an instant, too. Then another shiver hits her.

I picked Vicky's butt for next because I suspect it will get her hotter. I know that my finger did going in there, even though Vicky looked and sounded uncomfortable and unhappy about it. I could feel her pussy twitching in spite of her groaning whines. Now I'm going to see what more does for her. And this toy will feel like a lot more to Vicky.

As she shudders, Vicky forgets that she has to hold her hips forward, too. Her hips come back a hair. The toy

doesn't move. I hold it firmly. It drives the tip into the funneling at the outside of her ring. And that Vicky feels. "OH!" Vicky yelps out.

Vicky shudders even harder. I take that as a cue. I push my hand roughly between the very tops of her thighs. Roughly enough that Vicky opens her feet a bit to let my hand through without thinking about it. Without thinking about why I might want my hand there. Then I curl my fingers up. It has my fingers over the front of her pubes and Vicky's puffing, too-wet mound against the palm of my hand. Thank Him for gloves!

I push firmly. The toy starts moving forward. I feel Vicky's pubes snap against my hand, but my hand stops them from going anywhere. I see Vicky's faint pink ring slowly stretching wider around the slick, black tip of the toy. I watch as the toy starts to vanish into the pink ring.

"Oh! OWWWW!" Vicky cries out, drawing out her cry, its urgency building as the toy pushes into her bottom. As it does it stretches her asshole wider around the widening shaft. As it vanishes into her bottom, it fills her, the inside walls of her rectum lying flush and taut around the widening shaft.

Vicky definitely feels it. Not just her ring being stretched wide. She can feel that shaft inching deeper and deeper into her bottom, stuffing her full. And this isn't the easiest position for her to take it into her bottom. Standing straight up has a small bend to the very end of her rectum, an inch or so inside of her asshole. The more her waist bends, the straighter that bend gets. It'll even straighten out fully. It's nature. It makes it easier to empty. Or fill.

It takes a couple of seconds for the tip of the toy to reach that bend. It bumps it, pressing against her insides there. The walls of her rectum are thin, like cling wrap. Through that thin wall, the tip pushes against the backside of Vicky's pussy walls.

I keep pushing it into her. Her rectum is loose enough that it easily shifts to let the toy slip into her. The walls of her pussy aren't as loosely anchored. Instead of

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giving, they direct the tip up, and that shifts the base down against my hand. Then the toy slips forward, its tip stroking along the backside of her pussy walls as it goes. As it fills her bottom.

"OW!" Vicky goes on crying out loudly.

I ignore Vicky. I've learned long ago that she's going to whine about things. I can see the goosebumps lining the valley of her crack drawing tighter. The same with the ones on her globes. I can see her body shivering sharply, telling me that those chills are getting stronger as they race along her hungry nerves. And I see a droplet of honey drip from her pussy. I keep pushing.

"OW!!!" Vicky screeches loudly, true pain in her voice. It's a cry far worse than is warranted. I ignore it. I keep going until every bit of the shaft is inside Vicky's bottom, leaving only the wide disc outside. Too bad that blocks my view of Vicky's asshole. I release her cheeks. The disc is wide enough to hold them apart a little. Enough so that the black disc can be seen in her crack.

Now that the toy has stopped moving and stopped pushing deeper into Vicky's bottom, she relaxes a tiny bit. But she keeps right on shivering. And now her breaths have a noticeable purred "Ooh!" to them. A very erotic purr. A needy purr. Her hips don't come close to going still. They squirm, and that will be wiggling the toy around inside of her bottom. Which will have it stroking the backside of her pussy walls, further egging her arousal up.

So I swat Vicky's bottom with my hand, getting an instantaneous, and loud, yelp, from Vicky. I scold her that she's to stay still, as she was told to do, not "wither around like some gutter whore getting fucked and pretending to like it." She doesn't still much. I swat her again, getting her a little stiller.

I don't want her wiggling too much. Not with that toy against the backside of her pussy. The backside has just as many nerves as the front side. Stroking it, teasing it, will have the same effect as stroking her pussy would. Her rectum is too thin to do anything to dampen it. If I don't

slow Vicky's squirms down, she's going to squirm herself to an orgasm. I haven't allowed that, yet!

It takes me a few more swats, but I get her stilled. It doesn't stop her shuddering and shivering. It does make her breath even more urgent, pleading, little purred "Ooh! s." And it makes her honey weep from her slit a little faster.

I get Vicky's massager off the bed and plug it in. Vicky watches me closely. Vicky's eyes are as nervous as they are eager. They lock on the toy. They watch the soft, bulbous head of it as I move it toward her hips. I see her watching it. I slow down, drawing it out and making her watch it inch towards her.

It takes a while, several seconds before the toy slips into the space between her thighs. It slips in a half-inch or so below her mound. I know Vicky can hear its hum. I'll bet it's close enough that she can almost feel those vibrations.

I hesitate a second, then shift it up so that the soft head rests against the outside of her wet mound.

"AHHHH!" Vicky screams out. She jumps. Literally. Her feet come up off the ground, a violently hard shiver flowing over her body as it springs up. In that same instant, the honey clinging to the outside of her mound seems to double.

"UH, UH, UH!" Vicky pants as she returns to standing on the floor. Now the vibrator is just below her mound, not quite touching her. I keep it there.

"You filthy slut!" I coldly scold Vicky. "I told you to stand still, and that's what *you're going to do*, slop pit!" I take one step back. From here I can reach Vicky's dresser. I know right where to go. I'd found it earlier. Vicky has a nice collection of belts. An entire drawer full. I pick a nice leather one. A thin and narrow one. I double it over in my hand as I step back over to Vicky.

I hold the belt up so that Vicky can see it. I'm sure she gets the hint. I very firmly, in my harshest voice, tell her that I expect her to mind me. She will stand still. I

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don't care if that "disgusting skank hole" likes it or not. I don't care if her slutty pussy wants to cum. I will tell her when, and if, I wish to watch her, only then will I tell her to cum. When I tell her to, I expect to see her cum immediately. When I don't, she had better not. I don't care if her slutty pussy enjoys this or hates it.

Then I put the toy back to her sloppy mound.

"UH!!!" Vicky grunts out hard, her muscles turning to steel as she tenses up. It lasts about two seconds. She spends those seconds shivering hard in place and grunting even more urgently.

Then Vicky shudders so hard that her entire body looks as if it's thrashing. She screams "AHHHHH!" at the top of her lungs. It's loud enough that I'll bet it could be heard in her backyard. And it sounds like she's suffering badly. Sweetly, too.

I leave the massager in place, moving it along with her snapping hips. I use my other hand to snap the belt hard across both of her cheeks. I can see her flinch sharply from it, but not even a grunt breaks into her needy scream. I snap for her to stand still. She tries, but her hips never stop moving.

I give her a couple more hard, but not too hard, swats on her bottom with the belt. Her belt. They're hard enough to leave light, bright red stripes across her white cheeks. They're definitely hard enough to sear a nice sharp and deep sting into those globes. But the stripes should fade quickly.

There's zero chance of Vicky standing still. That's obvious. I never expected her to. The mere minute that I've been torturing her with the massager has gotten the top quarter of her thighs covered with her now-running honey. It's gotten the goosebumps covering most of her body, just like those freckles do. It has her shivering hard as she clenches her teeth and screams out, trying her hardest not to explode into orgasm.

I pull the massager away.

## Mall Slut

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"UH!" Vicky blurts out a crisp grunt. Then she pants a few throaty deep, and begging, "UH!s" She slowly loosens back up. Her eyes lock on the head of the toy as if watching so that she can brace herself if I put it back to her pussy. Even her pale skin has flushed a bright, sweaty pink now.

I watch for a couple seconds as her hips shake her stinging bottom.





## *Chapter Six - Cocksucker*

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One thing has become abundantly clear to me over the last minute. Vicky is just too aroused. She's so hot right now that she's not going to be able to delay her orgasm. I guess she really likes what I've been doing to her.

I don't want Vicky to cum yet. Not this soon. It would be too easy for her. Waiting is going to be pure agony for her. Sweet agony. She has got to be feeling her pussy burning far hotter than fire. She has to be feeling its walls twitching eagerly, anxious to find something to tease those nerves the last little bit. She has to feel her hot, sticky honey weeping from her mound. I'd bet every nerve in her body is tingling. And that will have her thinking of nothing but how badly she needs relief.

I have little doubt that if Vicky could, she'd have a finger to her clit right now. She can't. Not with her hands bound. The belt in my hand and the leash on her collar stops her from going anywhere. Like someplace she could squat her mound down onto something and grind her clit against it. She has to know that relief will come only when I permit it. And that thought is probably driving her hunger up even more.

It's definitely time for Vicky to learn her next lesson. That she, and her pussy, don't matter to anyone. And that I will not allow them to matter to her. She's just a sex toy, to be used for the pleasure of another. Her orgasm is nothing more than "clean up," like wiping off a dildo after using it. Doesn't matter if it gets done, or if you lie there and enjoy the afterglow. It can be cleaned whenever. And Vicky can be relieved whenever.

I don't know anything about Vicky's skills other than that Steve has no complaints about them. That's really not saying much. Men tend to be happy with women's sexual abilities, regardless of what they are. I know men often fantasize about the especially slutty skills that they see in porn. But few believe "regular women" are even capable of most of those sluttier things. If I had to guess, from what little I know of Vicky, I'd bet her skills were on par

with the average housewife. Well-practiced, but more ordinary than slutty. Those especially slutty things are learned skills, and few housewives have ever had anyone to teach them.

I decide to give Steve a little present. I consider it Vicky's thank you to him for letting her have her play. I'll teach Vicky a nice trick. And I'll make sure that Vicky gives him the full benefit of her newfound skills. He'll love that. Especially when she surprises him by doing it so eagerly.

I leave the clothespins where they are. For now, there's no reason to take them off. They could stay there forever, although as time goes by, Vicky will start to get used to the pinches, lessening their effect on her. But she's not there yet. Now she's still feeling the pounding throb of that pinch aching every bit of her nipples.

I don't give Vicky any commands. Instead, I take hold of her leash. I'm sure that has her thinking that I'm going to take her to another room. Somewhere. I yank it hard, tugging it sharply downward. I see a bit of surprise on Vicky's face as she feels the collar snap to bite into the back of her neck, the front of the collar pulling down against her chest. The collar leaves her no question which way she's going to move. The hard pull leaves her no question that she has to move.

I see the question on Vicky's face. New to this, Vicky doesn't know what I expect her to do. But the pressure of the collar leaves her no choice but to go down. She quickly drops down to her knees. I let the pressure off, but keep the leash lightly taut in my hand. I take a half-second to look over Vicky's posture. I know Vicky wasn't thinking about her posture as the collar pulled her down. She only thought of getting that pressure off her neck. And it shows. Her legs are open, but barely. She's sitting back, but that's because I made her. The pull of the collar didn't ease up until she did, lowering her shoulders a bit more than they would be if she'd left her thighs straight.

I have already taught Vicky how to kneel my way. I did that when I taught her how to serve coffee. And I told

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her that posture was the only way that I ever expected her to kneel. No matter what she was doing. She was to be properly positioned.

Her legs are all that's out of position. She even has her head up, but that's probably because it gives her a chance to try and see what I'm going to do with her. I slide around to Vicky's side even as the leash is letting off from the hard pull, putting myself just beyond her vision. Instead, all Vicky can see is her dresser along the wall in front of her.

I'm moving as fast as I can, not giving Vicky time to start thinking about anything. I use Vicky's belt. I snap it firmly. Vicky's poor posture leaves me no choice but to lean over a little and swing in mostly parallel with the floor so that it lands where I want it to. And it does. Squarely across the center of the soles of her feet.

"EE-OW!!!!!" Vicky screeches rather loudly. I think it's part from the surprise. She clearly wasn't expecting a stroke, much less on the bottoms of her feet. But it's partly from the sting of it. The soles of her feet are pretty sensitive places to far more than just tickles. It's not too hard of a stroke - I wouldn't give too hard of one there. But it probably hurts Vicky more than the few strokes she's gotten on her bottom with her belt. Her scream doesn't leave me imagining the sharp, fiery sting shooting like lightning into her feet as the belt sears a bright, very angry, pink stripe across the pale white virgin flesh.

"Open those legs, slop pit," I scold her as the belt is coming back to give her a second stroke. I snap it again, aiming this stroke just below the glowing bright pink line of the first one. Close to the ball of her foot. It lands with another loud crack.

"EE-OWWWW!" Vicky screeches. Only now she knows what the strokes are for. Her knees and feet fly apart. So quickly that I wonder if she carpet-burns her knees. So wide that I can see the tendons at the creases of her thighs straining hard. Her feet open as well, following her knees apart. She moves fast enough. I

define "fast enough" as meaning that her legs are fully spread before I have the time to swat her feet again.

It spares Vicky a third welt across her feet. The first two leave her toes wiggling as her body tries to work the sting from her feet. It won't do her much good. They'll sting for a few long minutes. "I told you, slop pit, that there's only one way you are to ever be on those knees. That's what you get for disobeying me, *BITCH*."

Now that Vicky is in the proper posture I have a much better view of her. That's the reason I demand this posture. I like the full view of my playthings. Her widely-spread legs have her globes stretched far enough apart that her crack is decently opened. And that lets me see the end of the black plastic butt plug still protruding from her clenched asshole. Underneath that, I can see the mound of her pussy as it swells down. I can see that the flesh of her lips is flushed to a nice bright pinkness. I can see a thick coat of her honey clinging to everything. Her mound. The creases of her thighs. Up into the crack of her bottom all the way to her asshole. Down onto her thighs. And if I watch very closely, I can see her lips quiver faintly as her pussy beyond twitches crisply.

It definitely doesn't look to me as if those painful strokes did anything to ease the burning need in her pussy. The little shivers flowing over her body say the same thing. Obviously, pain excites Vicky, although I suspect her arousal now is far more the utter lack of control she's feeling.

I grab her dildo off of her bed. I take a second to check it out. It's pretty bland to me. It's about 6 inches long and a little over an inch thick. That makes it a little bit bigger than the average cock. I have no idea how well-endowed Steve is, but I suspect he's no bigger than her toy is. Not that many men are. Some, but not enough that I'd bet on it. I can see that her toy is clean, but I don't make any mention of it. I'd prefer Vicky think that I haven't bothered to check that. That my only interest is in its size. It's also no bigger than the emergency dildo I have in my

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purse. I'd have come much better prepared if I knew a little more about Vicky.

I grip her toy by its base, a wide flat part about an inch thick at the end of the shaft. I put it in front of Vicky's face, the tip of its cock head pointing straight at Vicky's lips. And a mere ½" or so out from them. Vicky's eyes dart down to the shaft. I'm pretty sure she can guess what's next.

"Show me how you suck cock, slop pit," I mockingly command Vicky. I hold the dildo still, standing out towards her lips as if it was an eager man waiting for a slut to take care of it.

Vicky only hesitates a brief instant before she opens her lips and starts moving her head toward the shaft. A second later her soft lips are laying flush against the cock head, surrounding it.

Vicky's head starts coming forward. Steadily and not too fast. There's a small bit of clumsiness to it, though. That and the twitches I can see at her shoulders as her arm muscles try to bring her hands around tells me that this is different for Vicky. She'd normally have her hands on his cock or balls to steady his shaft. Or worse, to stroke it as her lips tease it.

I expected that. It's the so-typical housewife technique. It's because it's easier for the woman if her hand is steadying the cock. It also gives her a sense of control over the act. Stroking it as she holds it brings it to climax faster. It also requires less oral skill on her part to achieve that climax.

I watch as Vicky's lips glide, more smoothly than roughly, down the length of the shaft. First over the cock head, then along its length. I wonder how much of the cock Vicky is going to take into her mouth. I quickly get my answer. Not much. She has the head of it and about an inch of its shaft into her mouth when she reverses her stroke.

Vicky's lips slide back along its length. Back until about half of the cock head is left in her mouth. Then she

reverses again, the shaft plunging back into her mouth. She quickly picks up her speed as her confidence grows. In a few seconds, it's as if she were sucking her husband – a cock she's very familiar with. She moves with fast short strokes. I can see the sides of her cheeks pulling slightly inward, so I know she's sucking. But I don't see any tension in the tendons of her neck, so I doubt her tongue is doing anything more than just lying there with the shaft sliding over it.

I demand far more of my toys. Sluts like Vicky should give the sluttiest of blow jobs. And everything else. Their sluttiness should be undeniably apparent. And far beyond anything the average man has ever encountered. After all, unlike the women that an average man dates, Vicky is just property. Nothing but a sex toy. Vicky doesn't matter. Nor does her comfort. What matters is the pleasure she gives. No matter what it's like for Vicky.

It's one reason I left Vicky bound. I have to hold the dildo, so I only have one hand free. Bound, Vicky isn't going to be offering me near as much resistance. It makes my task so much easier!

I toss the belt over to the bed. Then I put my foot on the leash, pinning it to the floor with a very light tension still on it. Enough that Vicky will barely even notice it as she moves. But enough tension that Vicky isn't going to raise her shoulders up. Even if she tries to. I take my free hand and put it atop Vicky's head. I take a second to stroke over the top of her head softly. I'm sure the light caress feels tender to Vicky. And reassures her. Her hair flows between my fingers as my hand moves over her head. And that's what I'm really after.

I spend a moment, about fifteen seconds, affectionately stroking her head and hair. By then, I have a good bit of her long hair laced into my fingers. Now I move as fast as I can. I grab her hair, pulling it tight in my grip. Tight enough that the strands are taut and I can see them pulling up on her scalp. Just as sharply, I pull Vicky's head forward while using the leash to hold her shoulders down.

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That makes her bend her neck as if tilting her head up while keeping her head forward.

I keep my tight grip on Vicky's hair. To move her head, Vicky's going to have to rip a good bit of her hair out. And few will do that. Reflex will stop them. I shove hard on the dildo, crudely ramming it into her mouth. I keep the rough shove on it as I feel its tip bump against the back of her mouth. With her neck pulled straight, the head of the cock starts quickly stuffing its way into the funnel beyond and diving for her throat. But unlike the bottle brush I used earlier, this shaft doesn't squish down to thinness. It stays fully wide and almost rigid in its stiffness.

I barely notice the rubbery wall that stopped the brush. The cock head bumps it, but only for an instant. The hard, rough shove driving the shaft into Vicky's mouth quickly overcomes the resistance of that rubbery wall and the hardness pushes right past it. And then it's stuffing her throat. And stretching the narrow, but rubbery, tube of her throat far wider than it's ever been stretched before.

Instantly I see Vicky's eyes go wide in horror. A deep green pallor floods onto her face. Her bottom snaps hard upward. And I hear the retching sounds from her throat as an equally hard heave hits her. Those annoying reflexes! I know she'd puke all over everything if she could. It's just her body trying to push out the too-big invader stuffing her tight throat. But she can't. The shaft has her throat stuffed too fully for anything to get past it. Too full for her to even breathe with it in there. I can feel the drag of her throat, and the tube beyond, squeezing around the shaft.

It doesn't even slow me down. I keep shoving. It takes less than a second from start to finish. Then the entire length of the dildo is in her mouth, through her throat, and into the top of her esophagus. All of which is squeezing tightly around it.

Vicky stays on her knees. She stays heaving, too. I stand there and watch as her stomach snaps hard, her back arches, and her bottom rises up with each disgusting sound. After the second heave, I release the dildo. I don't



need to hold it now. Vicky's throat will do that for me. As will her teeth. I'm not holding her jaw stretched wide, but only because I don't have a third hand to do that with. The width of the shaft has Vicky's jaw stretched wide enough that her muscles want to close her mouth. And that has those teeth against the shaft.

Vicky chokes and heaves. I stand there. I really don't even need to hold Vicky now. With her hands bound, she's not able to pull the dildo from her mouth. She's stuck like this until I take it out for her. I make sure that she sees me, and my free hand, ignoring her discomfort and leaving her like this.

It takes about fifteen seconds, and five good heaves, for the first hints of nervousness to appear on Vicky's face. As if she's finally accepted that she's at my mercy. And doesn't see me offering her any in the near future. As if she's starting to wonder if I just might let her choke away on her dildo.

Instead, I grip her leash with my free hand. Then I lean over, bringing my nose up so close that it's almost touching hers, and stare directly into her eyes. I lower my voice, steeling it to an icy cold firmness at the same time. And I speak slowly. "Listen carefully, slop pit. As you can feel, that filthy mouth of yours is quite capable of swallowing a cock. From this instant on, you will suck cock like a proper filthy whore scraped from the most disgusting of gutters. It should come naturally to you. You will suck it leisurely. Smooth, soft, sweet strokes. Full strokes, all the way down to the very end of the cock, until his balls are laying against that fat chin. That tongue will soft caress his cock the entire time it's slipping in and out of your tight throat. I don't care if it chokes you. I don't care if you can't breathe. I don't care how uncomfortable it is for you. I don't care even the slightest about you at all. Your only use is as a fuck toy and cum dumpster. Suffer. Be miserable. Who cares? But. *YOU. ARE. GOING. TO. SUCK. COCK. LIKE. A. TRASHY. PORN. WHORE.* You will do it perfectly. There is no or else. You will do it, *CUNT.*"

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As I move my head back from Vicky's face, I see a small puddle. Smaller than a dime, but not by so much. It's directly under her pussy. While I was giving her instructions, her pussy overflowed with honey and dripped a couple of drops.

I need a hand so I release the leash. My foot still has that pinned down to the floor and the grip on her hair gives me better control of her head. I grip the end of the dildo again. I think I see hopeful relief come over Vicky's face. It's hard to tell, though. But I think so, so I hold the toy and make her wait a couple more seconds.

Then I start pulling the toy back. It moves, but I can feel her tight throat squeezing against it. The toy dragging as I pull it out. Almost as if she wants it to stay in. I feel hard shudders running through her body as I pull the toy along. Still unable to breathe, Vicky can't really make any sound either. But I know I hear a soft "mmm..." laced with a pure, and blinding, erotic need, come from her.

I keep the toy moving at a steady pace. I get about half of it out before I hear Vicky's breath explode from her nose. And then I hear her suck in a breath just as fast. A couple more panted, needy breaths follow. I just ignore Vicky and keep the toy moving along at the steady pace.

Without her jaw held wide, a part of this lesson we'll get to, it's easy for me to tell when only the head of it is left in her mouth. I feel the ridge at the base of that head bump against the backside of her teeth. A fraction of a second later I feel Vicky's jaw stretch a little wider to let it past. Instead, that's the point where I reverse my stroke smoothly.

I start pushing the dildo back into her mouth at the same leisurely pace that I pulled it out. It is worse for Vicky this way. She has the time to feel the thick head pushing into her, stretching her wide as it does. And to feel that I'm not hurrying it.

Vicky gets about half of the toy, about 3 inches counting the bulbous head on it, into her lips before I feel her start to gag. With the toy moving slowly this time,

Vicky has a chance to react a little differently. To more show her discomfort steadily building. It doesn't deter me. I keep the toy moving at the same pace, pushing it steadily into her mouth.

But this time I get a decent feel of the rubbery wall of her throat. It's not really a wall. It's the entrance of her throat. It's just so much narrower than the shaft pushing against it that it feels like I'm hitting a wall.

Vicky actually makes it worse for herself. As it pushes against her throat, Vicky chokes and heaves so hard that her head moves a tiny bit forward. And that's enough to start the tip of it pushing into that tube, stretching it wide. Then my grip on her hair stops her head from moving. My hand keeps the toy moving steadily, pushing it smoothly into her mouth. Down her throat. Making sure she feels that I'm not concerned with her at all, only with what her mouth can do for this cock.

Vicky's heaving doesn't slow me down. I maintain the smooth pace of my stroke. I see Vicky's shoulders start to squirm a little, but it does nothing more than showing her discomfort. It doesn't impede the stroke at all.

I keep going until every bit of the dildo is back into her mouth, her lips pushed flat against the wider base of it. I smoothly reverse the stroke, again drawing the toy out at the same pace I put it in. I bring it out just as far until I feel the bottom rim of the head brush her teeth, then reverse again. This time I can see her cringe as she feels it reversing. Now she knows what's coming.

I just keep going. The dildo stays at the same, monotonous, leisurely pace, stroking in and out of her mouth. Pushing its way in and out of her throat. Choking her and then pulling back out.

At first, Vicky's reflexes fight me every step of the way. Every time the tip of the dildo bumps her throat, she tries to jerk her head back and away from it. Then she chokes hard, heaving, her stomach snapping to steely tightness and throwing her bottom up. I see her cringing

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harder with the first few strokes. I even see tears run down from the corners of her eyes.

But after the first ten strokes or so, I can see, and feel, the choking and gagging starting to slowly ease. It took her a minute, but she's finally getting used to it. And learning to hold back her reflexes. Those heaves are not fun. Her look like they were hard enough to even hurt. I call it motivation to suppress that gag reflex a little.

I keep going, holding my rhythm steady and smooth. It takes about three or four minutes for Vicky's reflexes to ease up enough that her body is still as I work the toy in and out of her mouth. And her throat. But I can still see the discomfort on her face. Although that's easing up, too.

It's time to move the lesson along. I release my grip on Vicky's hair, moving my hand as fast as I can to grip underneath her jaw. I manage to move fast enough that by the time Vicky realizes that her hair is free, I have my grip on her jaw. Now I pinch the corners of her jaw. Hard. That forces her mouth to open wider than it already is. I push hard enough that she opens to the point where I can feel her muscles starting to strain a little.

"Like this, slop pit!" I firmly tell Vicky. "this way your teeth won't be anywhere near a cock. I wouldn't want you to scrape it." I might have a little taunt in my voice, too.

I keep that grip for a little while, still working the toy in and out of her mouth. My pace never varies. And I always manage to smoothly reverse it, as if it's just a single motion.

It takes about half a minute before I feel Vicky's jaw no longer fighting to close back to where it was. By now I've been working the shaft enough that I know exactly where to reverse the stroke so that only the head of it is left in her mouth.

Now my question is which "trick" to introduce next. There are three more things Vicky needs to get right before I'll consider her lesson complete. I decide to go with the one that's easier for me to monitor, yet requires less willpower from Vicky.

I keep hold of Vicky's jaw for a moment. No reason to make her hold her mouth open this wide on her own yet. Although I think she could manage it. Instead, I start giving Vicky instructions. I use my steely firm, icy voice, too. The voice that I think by now Vicky has realized means I'm not playing around. She's going to do whatever I'm telling her to do. Or wish she had just done it while she does it.

I tell Vicky that as her lips near the base of the dildo, what would be his balls on a man, she's to slip the tip of her tongue out. Along the underside of the cock. Through her teeth and as far beyond her lips as possible. Once her tongue touches the base, his "balls," she's to flick her tongue, tracing a line across the top of where his sac would be. On an "actual man," she's to make sure her tongue teases his balls. Then, as her stroke reverses and her tongue pulls away from those balls, she's to bring her tongue all the way back inside her mouth.

Holding her head still, her mouth at its widest, I watch as Vicky makes a few attempts to do it. On the first couple, she barely manages to stick her tongue out. But then she gets almost  $\frac{1}{2}$ " of it beyond her lips. It takes her a couple more tries to get that flick right. I keep the strokes unwavering. Every one goes all the way down until her lips are pushed flat against the base, every bit of the shaft inside her hot, wet mouth.

Once Vicky finally masters that, I just keep going. It gives her a chance to practice. I give her at least a full minute, about twenty extra strokes of practice. Then I tell her that she's expected to do that on every stroke, beginning now and never-ending.

I have no real choice about which trick to add in next. I switch to my icy voice and tell Vicky what she's going to do. I tell her that now she has to pay close attention to where the shaft is inside her mouth and throat. She needs to use her tongue to feel it, and feel for the head of it. She already knows that I'm going to reverse at the point where the rim at the base of the head bumps her lips. Just before

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that point, she's to have her tongue pressed up against the underside of the shaft. Then she's to quickly swirl her tongue around the head, even as it's moving. She needs to be fast at it, too. If she times it right, as her tongue is making its swirl, the cock will be reversing direction.

It takes Vicky a little while to get that right. And it's hard for me to tell when she does. I can't see her tongue moving inside her mouth with her lips snug around the shaft. All I can do is watch the tendons in her neck. I can see them shifting around as she moves her tongue. I can also see the dildo pushing her neck out as it slips deep into her throat. Her throat isn't near as big as that shaft. It has to push everything out, and that is so visible. I watch until I see that the motions I can see are steady and consistent. Then I wait another minute or so.

It leaves me only one more thing to do. It's time for Vicky to show me that she'll do it. Not that she'll kneel and let me "fuck her face" with the toy. That she'll suck a cock. That she will do everything so the man can stand there and enjoy her slutiness.

I release my grip on Vicky's jaw, warning her to keep it fully opened. If I feel anything touch the dildo, she'll wish I hadn't. While I'm telling her that unwelcome news, I move my hand up and get a grip on the back of her head, lacing more of her hair between my fingers. "Do it all, slop pit," I firmly command Vicky.

At the same time, I stop moving the dildo and hold it firmly still. It's at the high point of her stroke, the least amount of cock in her mouth. I start pushing her head forward. It takes a fraction of a second for Vicky to figure it out. But she starts going.

Her first stroke is crude and uncoordinated. I see her cringing hard as the tip of the shaft inches toward her throat. I'm sure she's imagining having to shove it down her own throat. And that's exactly what she knows that she has to do this time. She does it, but I feel the hesitation as she struggles to get it into her throat, past

that rubbery wall. She almost gags, something she hasn't done for a minute now.

It takes Vicky about half a minute to smooth everything out and get her rhythm down. But once she does, she goes on just as I was doing. All the "tricks" of her tongue are there, too. Finally, I release her head and let her go, now fully on her own.

I leave her at it. Maybe a good five minutes of sucking the dildo. Long enough that she's rather used to it when I finally allow her to stop.

"Thank you, Ma'am, for allowing this filthy bitch to suck your cock." Vicky thanks me, as I instruct her that she's always to do so as a cock leaves her mouth. Or a toy.

I yank down hard on the leash. It pulls Vicky's head down, bringing her shoulders forward as it does. As her shoulders lower, I put my foot to the back of her neck, letting her feel the sole of my sneaker against her naked skin. I use my foot to push her head all the way down. Just past the point where she has to turn her head sideways, her cheek against the floor.

That brings her bottom up off her heels. I knew Vicky had been squirming as she learned to suck. I hadn't noticed quite how badly she was squirming. My attention had been on teaching her the lesson. And now I know that Vicky enjoyed her lesson. There's honey smeared everywhere. It's even on her heels. And her pussy is still weeping more. On top of that, now I can really see the faint quivers on her pussy lips and folds. Her pussy has got to be twitching hard. And that means it has to be aching her unbearably for an orgasm.

I guess this wasn't any kind of a rest for her pussy. Oh well.





# *Chapter Seven - The Bottom Of Slop Pit*

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From what I've heard of Vicky pretty much anything anal is new to her. I'm pretty sure that this is the first butt plug she's ever "met." I'm just as confident that it's the first time her butt has ever been filled. I'd guess, whatever little bit she's done before, hasn't involved more than a finger. That's as far as a lot of women go, especially those that don't know the tricks of it. Which is most women. Especially housewives like Vicky.

I lean over her, reaching my hand down to her bottom. With my foot holding her head pinned firmly to the floor, her bottom is as taut as it's ever going to get. Her stomach is down, flush against the tops of her thighs. Her waist can't bend any farther if I wanted it to. And her feet are obediently spread. That has her crack stretched wide. And that has the toy fully displayed for me.

I grab the base of the toy. I pull, slowly and lightly. It doesn't fight me. Her bottom willingly releases the toy. It slips easily, unhindered, through her asshole. As it glides along, I watch the ring of light pink flesh snuggled gently flush around the deep black plastic shaft.

"MMMM!!!!" Vicky purrs softly as she feels the toy moving inside her. There's no doubt that it's stroking along the backside of her pussy now. Its entire length is lying against her pussy with only the too-thin wall of her rectum separating them.

I bring the toy almost all the way out. I stop with only the very tip of it left in the funnel of her asshole. Just enough to keep her ring slightly stretched at its inside rim.

"OOH!!!!!" Vicky squeals hard as she feels me smoothly reverse my stroke. Now the toy pushes back into her bottom. Slowly. Drawing it out to make Vicky feel everything fully. Not just the intense sweetness of the hard, thick shaft pressing firmly against her pussy and teasing her nerves as it slides along. Not just the fiery hot sparks shooting along those nerves. Not just the swelling, throbbing need blossoming in her pussy. But also the light burn in her ring as it's stretched again. And the fullness of the toy pushing into her bottom, stuffing it fuller than she's

used to experiencing. And most of all, the subservience of kneeling as she is, my shoe holding her neck down, making herself wait there as her unwelcoming butt is used.

At first, for the first few strokes, her asshole squeezes snugly around the hard shaft. Then I see it start spasming. Clamping vise tight around the hard shaft for an instant before fully relaxing as quivering ripples flow along the light flesh. Even the vise tight grip doesn't slow my strokes down. Relaxed, the toy glides easily without any resistance from Vicky's body.

"UH!" Vicky grunts hard as the toy pushes into her bottom. It's a hard, but very sweet and needy grunt. I hear her suck in a sharp breath and grunt again, just as erotically. And now I see her plump lips starting to quiver as well. There's no missing the fresh honey weeping from her slit. It seems to be just appearing over her slit and lips.

"UH!" Vicky's grunts steadily grow louder, more urgent, and far more pleading. The quivering I see in her asshole slowly, but steadily, grows more intense, too. It's only been about twenty or thirty seconds, but I have no doubt that Vicky is already fighting herself and resisting the urge to cum. I know that today is the first time she's done that.

I don't want to make it too hard for Vicky, to where she can't help but cum, but I don't want it to be easy for her either. And, like any first session, I need to see how her body reacts to things. I need to figure out what Vicky likes and doesn't like.

This time, just before the toy reaches the deepest part of its stroke, I tilt it slightly. Inside Vicky's bottom, it brings the tip down, pushing a little more firmly against the backside of her pussy walls. And I wiggle the tip with lightning-quick, tiny motions. That way, as the toy finishes pushing into her and reverses its stroke, its tip is stroking sideways across her nerves.

"UGH!" The pleading grunt explodes from Vicky's lips. Her body tenses, her bottom reflexively snapping up and trying to move forward. I push down firmly on the

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back of her neck, pushing her cheek a little harder into the carpeting. It pins her shoulders firmly in place against the floor. I have her chest so far down that the tops of her breasts are lying against the floor. As her body snaps, her knees brush the steely nubs of her nipples. "AHHHHHHHHHH!"

I stop wiggling the tip once I've reversed my stroke and I'm drawing the toy back out of her bottom. "Uhhhhh!" Vicky grunts. And shudders. She pants a couple of fast breaths, too. I do that a few more times, wiggling it energetically at the deepest part of the stroke.

After about ten strokes like that, enough for Vicky to get somewhat used to the added tease, I start adding to it. Wiggling it longer on each stroke, using its tip to tease more and more of her pussy walls on its way out. I'm not rushing. It takes me a good minute or so to get to the point where I have the tip teasing her for almost the entire length of the stroke.

It has a nice effect on Vicky. It has her skin flushed brightly. It has her shivering crisply and sweating lightly. It has goosebumps covering every bit of her globes and pussy mound. It has the sultriest of grunts exploding from her lungs. It has her toes curled up. It mostly has her loud. And fidgeting hard against my foot.

By now, I'm stopping the wiggles just barely before the toy reaches the shallowest part of its stroke, where its tip is only in her asshole, not her rectum. All but maybe the last ½" of the stroke has that tip wiggling teases against her pussy. Teases that have Vicky squirming and shuddering hard as she grunts out needy cries.

On the next stroke, I let the toy slip all the way from Vicky's bottom. I get a split second's glimpse of her asshole, gaping wide and still quivering before the toy is plunging back into it. As soon as it's through her ring, its tip is wiggling to stroke her pussy again. Vicky grunts a little uncomfortably as it pushes through her ring, but that's lost in the hunger of her moaning grunts.

I give Vicky a few more strokes like that, each time bringing the toy fully out of her bottom before reversing and pushing it back into her. It doesn't take her bottom long to get used to the entry. But it's not much of an entry with her asshole already stretched and loose. It's clear to me that Vicky likes it. Her pussy lips and folds, what I can see of them, are quivering hard. Almost as if they're shuddering. And weeping honey faster than ever.

I keep going. With my foot pinning her neck down as firmly as possible, ensuring that Vicky's shoulders stay flush against the floor, it's not easy for me to move my other foot. If I take my weight off of it, the weight will be on the back of Vicky's neck, and that's not so safe. Necks can break like that. So I end up having to scoot my foot, shifting my weight to the heel, and then pivoting the ball over a little to move it. It works, but it takes me a few seconds to get into the position I want to be in.

I'm more beside Vicky's shoulder than anything. Or maybe that's her armpit I'm next to. I lean all the way over, putting my head directly over, and slightly behind, Vicky's bottom. From only a few inches away, now I have a perfect view of Vicky's asshole and pussy mound. I keep going as I'm moving, my strokes with the toy never varying. I doubt the desperately moaning Vicky even notices that I've shifted my position.

I go two more strokes, making sure I'm ready. Then, as the toy slips from Vicky's asshole, I shift its tip down about  $\frac{1}{2}$ ". That leaves it aimed directly at the bottom of Vicky's slit. Right atop where the hungry entrance of her tunnel is hiding. I don't vary my rhythm. I keep the toy moving at the same pace.

A fraction of a second later, Vicky feels the tip of the toy, still steamy warm from her butt, touch her soft lips. It doesn't hesitate. I keep the toy pushing forward. It easily pushes the edges of her lips aside. Then it nudges her folds over, too. And it starts slipping into her tunnel.

Vicky's tunnel is so wet that it's flooded. I figured it would be. The instant the tip starts into her tunnel, it

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starts stretching her meaty walls around it. I can feel the slight resistance of her taut walls as they snuggle around it. I can feel the sharp tremors shooting through those walls too. They feel like ripples in the resistance her pussy offers to the toy. The drag from her tight walls.

I ignore it. I start wiggling the tip again, pretending that I don't notice that it's in her pussy, not her bottom. It doesn't matter to Vicky. It has the same effect. The tip strokes over the walls of her pussy, teasing her nerves, sending fiery hot sparks racing through her body. And building the throbbing, pounding, aching need in her pussy a little higher with every tease.

I push the toy all the way into her pussy. Unlike her bottom, which averages around eight inches to the very back, her pussy isn't as deep. It's more like four to five inches, although it will stretch to accommodate a longer cock. I don't use nearly enough pressure to start stretching it that way. I just let the tip of the toy, still wiggling furiously, brush against Vicky's cervix. While that's not so sensitive, it's enough that she will know the toy has reached the very depths of her pussy. It doesn't matter how sensitive her cervix is. With the tip that far inside her, the shaft is wiggling against every speck of her walls. And those are loaded with nerves.

"UH!!!!" The grunt is so hard that it's like the breath just exploding from her lungs in an instant. But it's even more erotic. And desperately needy. Her hips shudder the instant the toy touches her pussy, and they keep thrashing with squirming shudders the entire time it's stroking in and out of her pussy.

Vicky gets a single stroke in her pussy. As soon as the tip slips from her mound, I angle it back upward. Only now Vicky's asshole has had the second it took for it to close completely. It's not exactly clenched tightly, but it is closed fully.

The toy now has a fresh coating of honey on it. It's a thick, clingy coat that covers most of the length of the shaft. All but about the last inch of it. It's a hot, slightly

aromatic coating, too. What matters is that it's also a very slippery coating. Her honey is as slippery as any grease.

The tip of the toy touches Vicky's asshole. Her reflexes cinch her ring tight for an instant. In that instant, I shift my weight to my heel and lift the ball of my foot up. I pivot my toes over toward Vicky's chest. I bring the toe of my sneaker down atop the tip of Vicky's breast, where her stiff nipple is. Vicky's soft mounds are already lying with their tops flush against the floor. Her mound has nowhere to go as I put some weight back on my toes. My foot squishes down on her mound. There's only about an inch of breast trapped under my foot. Just the tip. Not much more than the faint ring of color and her nipple. It doesn't take long for her spongy mound to flatten against the floor, letting the sole of my shoe find her nipple. But that doesn't slow me down. I keep going, shifting my weight steadily onto my toes and thus onto her breast.

I know Vicky can feel the pressure squishing her nipple and breast hard against the floor. I know there are plenty of nerves in there to let her feel far more. To let her feel the rubbery texture of my sneaker. So she'll know that it's not my foot stepping on her breast, but my shoe.

I don't slow the motion of the toy either. I just time it perfectly. I time it so that Vicky first feels my foot on her mound as the toy is shifting up to her asshole. Then, as her asshole is cinching hard to resist another entry, Vicky feels the pressure, the mild pain, of my foot, stomping down on the tip of her breast. And squeezing her nipple hard against the floor.

Vicky starts to squeal a loud "OW!" as the pressure builds. She's a hair too late. Just as she thinks about crying out from it, I shove the toy with all the might my arm can muster up. It's plenty. Vicky's asshole doesn't have a chance of resisting it. Instead, the honey-slickened tip rams forward, thrusting hard and fast through her clenched asshole. It keeps going, pounding just as roughly through her rectum until every last bit of it is inside of her bottom. There's no time to wiggle the tip, but I do have

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the tip angled slightly down so that it's pushing against the backside of her pussy as it slams into her bottom.

"UH!" explodes from Vicky's mouth. It might have started like the "OW," I think heard a tinge of it, but it comes out as the most urgent, neediest of grunted moans. I watch as instantly goosebumps seem to just appear all over her back. I'd bet they cover most of her body, but I can't see it all. Her bottom tries to snap forward. It can't move much. But it tries. Instead, as it lifts up, it starts to shift her shoulders slightly. That's enough, with my foot now stomping down firmly on the tip of her breast, to grind her hard nipple against the carpet under her. I know she feels that. That carpet will feel like sandpaper against her tender hard nub.

I see, as well as feel, Vicky's hips shudder violently hard. But they can't move very far. Now with her pinned down so firmly. A half-second later, about the moment that the toy is reaching the depth of its stroke, stuffing her bottom to its fullest, I see a tiny droplet of honey shoot hard from Vicky's sloppy-wet slit. It shoots hard enough that it travels beyond her toes before dropping down to the floor. It's not that big of a dollop, but it's plenty enough for me to see it. And for me to know how powerful of a tremor just snapped the walls of her pussy to shoot it out so powerfully.

Vicky sucks in the noisiest breath I've ever heard. It's throaty, raspy, and deep. But the speed of it alone is enough that it's squealy, too. And sharp. It explodes from her lungs just as quickly, as powerfully as her lungs can push the air back out. "UH!"

I ignore Vicky completely. As if she's irrelevant to me. Nothing more than a plastic doll. Once I feel the base of the toy slam against the outside of her asshole, I smoothly reverse the stroke and start drawing it out slowly. This time I have the second I need to make full use of the tip. Vicky feels it. She tells me so by grunting the most begging "UH!s." And shivering as crisply as she's shuddering.



I keep going, letting the toy slip from Vicky's asshole. Then I give Vicky another slow, steady stroke in her hungry pussy. I shift it up. I don't know if Vicky is expecting it to slam into her bottom again, but it doesn't. This time I push it in slowly, but steadily. With the tip wiggling from the instant, it touches her asshole. Wiggling, stroking nerves that are already on fire. Even the nerves lining her asshole. Her ring cinches tightly as it touches, but then as it feels the gentler pressure pushing it into her, Vicky's asshole relaxes, allowing the toy to slip almost easily into her.

I know I don't have long. If I keep this up, Vicky is going to cum. I'm willing to bet that it will be a very hard climax for her. And a very messy one. I'd bet her pussy would squirt a couple ounces of honey out. I'm not ready for Vicky to cum yet. I haven't even decided *if* I'll allow Vicky the relief of an orgasm or not. I know she needs it. I can see it. I know that her pussy is going throb and ache until she gets it, one way or another. I know that she wouldn't be able, or interested, in stopping herself from masturbating right now. If she could. Too bad, too frustrating, to humbling, for Vicky that her hands are bound.

I do start a nice rhythm. I figure Vicky should be able to control herself through five sets. It won't take long. Maybe a minute or so. The first set is one soft stroke in her pussy, one soft stroke in her bottom, one soft stroke in her pussy, and then another hard, rough ramming stroke in her bottom. All while my foot pushes just a little harder down on her breast. For the second set, I add a pair of soft strokes to both holes. That way, as she's thinking maybe this will be the one that slams into her butt, it enters her smoothly and gently. Then it pounds her bottom on the next. Another soft stroke gets added to the third set. Then another to the fourth. And then two more to the fifth, just to confuse her a little more. Every hard slam into her bottom gets me another dollop of her honey shot out of her pussy.

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I almost stopped after four sets. I could see, no matter where the toy was, even in the moments it wasn't touching her body at all, Vicky's pussy lips were quivering hard. As were her folds. That tells me that sharp tremors had to be racing through her pussy to get those lips quivering like that. She had to be struggling to hold her climax back. But I didn't stop. I made her endure all five sets. And by the way her pussy is almost running with honey now, I'd bet she just barely eked through.

I give Vicky her final stroke of the last set. The hard ramming stroke that thrusts the shaft instantly to the depths of her bowels, stuffing her bottom full. And stop. I just stop for about two seconds, holding the trembling, shivering, Vicky in place with her hips trying to thrash. I do nothing at all.

"You filthy slut." When I finally do speak, I use my most distasteful, scornful voice to scold Vicky. "What kind of a disgusting whore are you? You've got your dirty cum stinking up the floor all the way back past your useless feet. It's not enough for you to drip like a gutter whore, but no, you have to spray your skank all over the place like some... sewer whore!"

While I'm scolding Vicky, I use my hand to very slowly rotate the toy inside her bottom. Vicky should feel it slipping across the taut flesh of her asshole. Her rectum won't feel that so much. But just beyond, the walls of her pussy are going to feel it. Those nerves, already tingling hard, won't care which direction they're stroked. They'll just send more sparks shooting through her body, egging her need up a little more. Making her pussy throb just a little more.

Vicky doesn't see my free hand as it slips down and finds the leash lying along the floor. "UH!" Vicky grunts out as I yank the toy from her bottom. Not smoothly, as I have been doing, but roughly. Hard and fast. Almost ripping it out of her tight little asshole. To make sure Vicky stays put while I do that, I put a little extra pressure on her breast with my foot.

I'm moving as fast as I can move now. I want this to be hard and rough for Vicky. I want it to be the very opposite of any sex she's ever had before. Not soft and tender. Hard and rough. That seems to be exciting her as much as degrading her does.

As soon as the toy pulls from her bottom, I pivot my foot off of Vicky's breast. The top inch or so of it is now a deep shade of purple. But that's just from the squishing. The whiteness will be back in a minute.

I take my foot off the back of Vicky's neck. As I do, I'm already pulling up on the leash. Up and back, to urge Vicky back onto her knees. Properly. Vicky, still shivering hard, isn't thinking. She barely notices what I'm doing. I just see the tension ebb from her neck muscles as the front of the collar starts pulling against the front of Vicky's neck. Quickly it cuts into her neck, choking her slightly. That's enough to get Vicky moving. She starts to straighten up. Her muscles aren't fast enough. She manages to take some of her weight off of me, but I still feel it. The leash is fully taut and strained. I keep pulling, flexing Vicky's hips as I half drag her to sit up properly. She does about half of the work. The rest is the collar pulling her along. And choking her as it does. But it brings her up.

I only have one hand free. My other hand is still holding my butt plug. A plug that Vicky has gotten to feel rather intimately, but not yet seen. Maybe she was able to tell that it's shaped kind of like a lava lamp. Maybe not. Maybe she just felt her bottom being stuffed way more full than she's ever experienced before.

I have to let go of the leash. It falls, draping down her back and over her bottom. I'm still moving my fastest. I don't want Vicky to have a clue what's coming. And that means I can't slow up for even a fraction of a second. Before the leash hits her back, I have a grip on her hair. My hand grabs it close to her scalp, but not right at it. Back a couple of inches.

I use her hair for a leash, yanking it roughly down and back at the same time. That snaps her head all the

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way back, bringing her eyes up so that she's looking at the ceiling. "AH!" Vicky blurts out in surprise. I can easily tell that Vicky's never been handled roughly before. Not at all, not just during sex. It's totally new to her to feel her body manhandled and jerked around as if she were a rag doll.

Vicky doesn't have a clue that opening her mouth to blurt out her gasp was a help to me. It saves me from opening it for her. I hold her hair pulling her head back hard. It has the front of her neck stretched tautly. I'll bet it's slightly uncomfortable for Vicky, too.

With my other hand, I bring the toy around. And up. I'll bet Vicky gets the most fleeting glimpse of the thick, tapered shaft as it crossed her head. It stops with its tip pointed right at her mouth. Then it goes down. I'm not slow now, either. I don't go out of my way to be rough with her, but I'm not gentle either. I push firmly. The tip of the toy easily passes between her lips without touching them, but very quickly the widening shaft is flush against them. I keep pushing. With Vicky's neck craned fully, I have an almost straight shot through her mouth, into the funneling, and down to her throat. I shove the toy all the way into Vicky's mouth.

Vicky chokes slightly as the tip of it pushes toward her throat. And bumps hard into it. It's just short enough that it's pushing against the rubbery wall, but not quite pushed through it. Vicky's jaw instinctively closes around it, her teeth now in the groove that just a second or two ago her asshole was resting in. It leaves only the wide, round disk out, and that's flush against her lips.

"There, slop pit. Since you want to be a filthy sewer whore, you should love the taste of your own ass in your mouth," I tell Vicky in the most scornful, disapproving, and mocking voice. "I'll bet your crap is literally all over that thing. It had better be clean when it comes out, too. You can eat your poop, sewer slut." I laugh.

Vicky's white face turns green. I'm sure she could taste a little on it before. But now she has to be imagining a taste like a giant turd in her mouth. Even though the toy

was rather clean when it came out of her bottom. I'm sure there are enough teeny bits on it for her to get a little taste of her butt. And a big taste of her pussy.

Now I grab the leash. "Come along, slop pit, let's wrap this up." I just start walking. It forces Vicky to scramble to her feet. As she does, she realizes that with the toy stuffing her mouth so fully, she can't tilt her head down. She has to keep it craned back. The shaft filling her isn't the least bit flexible and won't let her bend even a little. That makes Vicky keep her eyes up. On the ceiling.

Immediately Vicky realizes that she can't see where she's going. All she can see is the ceiling. But I don't seem to care. Already, her feet just getting under her, she can feel the hard pull of the collar biting into the back of her neck. Urging her forward, the only direction that will ease the biting pressure.

She can't see that I have a grip on the leash close to her collar. Close enough to easily guide her. She steps forward. She doesn't have much of a choice about it. Even as she's coming forward, the pressure stays against the back of her neck, urging her to keep going.

It's three steps before we reach the door. I'll bet she knows it's coming. I'm sure she knows the layout of her own house rather well. Just as I'm sure that Vicky knows once she's through that door, she doesn't have a choice. She'll either have to turn right or left.

I'll bet she's wondering which way to turn. I know she can see the top of the door frame as I lead her under it. I turn, keeping hold of the leash. It drags the collar around her neck. That has the back of the collar biting hard into the right side of her neck. The leash pulls her not forward but to her left. She turns left, the collar shifting back to pull against the back of her neck. She takes another step forward, following the leash.

And that's how Vicky learns to be walked on a leash.



# *Chapter Eight - Wrapping It Up*

## Chapter Eight - Wrapping It Up

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I lead Vicky back to the kitchen, where we'd started earlier. I stop her roughly in the center of the room. For now, that's as good of a place as any. I brought her massager with me, but I'm fairly sure that Vicky hasn't seen it yet. Keeping her eyes up is as effective as any blindfold.

I'm not really sure what I'm going to do. I'm winging this, as I've been winging the entire session so far. I'm just following Vicky's reactions, giving her what her body craves. And that seems to be about everything new.

I just start looking through the drawers and cabinets. I'm not looking for anything in particular, just a couple of things that are Vicky's. Anything Vicky's will work. Mostly I'm being a little noisy so that she hears me. So that she knows I'm helping myself to root through her things, and she's not allowed to do anything about it. She's to stand there. With the leash dangling down between her breasts where I left it.

I go through everything and find nothing but what any kitchen would have. Then I have a bright idea. Vicky has a big box of saran wrap under her sink. I haven't shrink-wrapped anyone in a while, so I think why not now? I grab the box.

I don't stop to tell Vicky what I'm going to do. Nor do I let her see the box. I more ignore Vicky as if she's immaterial. As if she were nothing more than a pot roast I was wrapping up for the fridge. I pull a bit out and start at Vicky's shoulders. I make a couple of wraps around her shoulders. Tight wraps, stretching the film as I pull it around her body.

I'll bet by now Vicky can guess what I'm wrapping around her. But probably not what I might do. I start slowly making my way down Vicky's body, each loop around her chest going an inch or so lower than the last. It will leave her well wrapped with probably about a dozen overlapping layers. Far too many for her to break them.

I go down. I go right over her breasts. The taut film, pulled tightly around her chest and upper arms, simply



squishes her spongy mounds flat under it. The only thing it can't flatten are her nipples. Those are just too hard for anything to flatten. But it does push them back and slightly into her soft breasts.

I keep going until I reach Vicky's elbows. I have to pause for a moment there. Mostly because of her arms. Her upper arms are flush against her sides, but from there, her forearms slant back to the small of her back. And that's not how I want her arms. I have to hold the roll of wrap in one hand so that only leaves me one to cut the tie strap binding her wrists. Easier said than done, but not that hard.

The instant her wrists are free, I toss the knife to the table and grab a wrist. I pull it down to her hips, putting her palm against her. I do the same with her other hand. Then I quickly make a circuit of the wrap around her waist and the tops of her hip bones. The bottom of the wrap is along her wrists. I pull that tight and then keep going. Only now I wrap upward. All the way up, around her chest, binding her forearms flush to her sides until not a sliver of her skin is left bare from waist to shoulders. Then I tie the wrap off.

I know this will be a new, and very different, way of being restrained for Vicky. I can already see it having the effect I want it to have on her. Vicky needs to climax badly. So much so that her hands squirm and fidget, trying to get to her pussy. But they can't. Her hands are free and unbound. But her arms are so snugly bound that she can only move her hands from the wrists down. She can do whatever with them. But her arms won't let her move them from her sides. And from there, she can't touch what she wants to touch.

The plastic wrap is hot around her. It will make her hot, too. I can see the slight pink flush already blossoming on her skin. And I know it won't be long before a thin film of sweat starts, too. The wrap won't let any air get to her skin. Vicky is going to feel that. It won't be unpleasant, but it won't be comfortable for her either.

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I use my foot to nudge Vicky's feet open. I spread them a good twelve inches, or a little more, apart. That way her thighs are well clear of her sloppy wet pussy mound. And I have unhindered access to that mound.

I have unhindered access to her bottom, now, too. With her hands at her sides, there's nothing she can do to cover even a sliver of her full, rounded globes.

"Stay, slop pit." I give the command firmly, in a voice, I'd use with a dog. A dog I didn't particularly care for. Then I take Vicky's massager in my hand and turn it on. I'm sure Vicky hears the familiar humming of its motor. I see a shiver ripple over her body from head to toe. That tells me she's wondering if I'm going to allow her to cum. Like this. Unable to move her arms, ordered not to move anything else, and effectively gagged.

I touch the fat head of the massager to Vicky's mound. But just to her mound. I lie the soft head against the outside of her plump lips atop her dripping-wet slit. And I hold it there. I make sure that it's not touching the hard knot of her clit, but that it's close to that pink nub. Close enough that her most sensitive nub can feel the vibrations, but indirectly. Flowing into it through her loose, wrinkly folds.

The toy isn't stopping Vicky from breathing. If it was, I wouldn't have left it there nearly this long. I'd be doing CPR by now! But it is blocking her mouth and voice. She can't make much of a sound. But I can hear her breathing hard through her nose. I can hear her breaths sucking loudly. I can hear them growing fast and strained. Then I can see the tendons in her jaw start to stand out as she bites down on the toy. She won't damage this one. It's solid hard plastic. It might as well be steel. A second later I see her hands grip her thighs, her fingers digging into her hips until they turn white. I see her feet tensing up, as if her toes are curling under, but instead digging into the floor. Her legs tense to steel. I'm sure her arms are, too. I can even see the muscles of her cheeks tightening up.

It doesn't take but about three seconds for me to see the first hard shudder flow over Vicky's body. It's enough to get a jiggle from her bottom. I'm sure her breasts would jiggle, too, if they weren't so snugly squished against her chest.

The next shudder, a mere second or so later, is even harder. It hits her powerfully enough that a violent thrash sweeps over her hips. That's excuse enough for me. I pull the massager back, moving it until it's about an inch from her mound.

Moving quickly, I grab the other thing I found in Vicky's cabinets. A hard rubber spatula, like something that you'd use to flip pancakes. With a decently wide blade to it. I have the massager in my left hand, leaving my right free. Free to swing the spatula, snapping its blade against Vicky's tensed cheek. It sears a nice bright pink splotch onto her globe the shape of its blade. Vicky flinches crisply as the rubber slaps her bare skin sending fresh needles of pain shooting into her bottom.

I'm sure Vicky grunts with the swat, but the gag mutes it fully. This isn't like a ball gag or any gag. This shaft is thick enough to push on her vocal cords and keep them from making sounds. Instead, I just hear something like a snort from her nose.

And then, as fast as the swat is over, the fresh sting still flowing into Vicky's bottom, the massager is back in place against the mound of her pussy. "I said stay, slop pit," I firmly remind Vicky.

Then I stand there and watch her body for the few short seconds it takes. That's as long as Vicky can manage to control herself before the shuddering squirms flowing over her body are so powerful that her hips thrash again.

It gets the same result. I move the spongy head back so that it's not touching any part of Vicky. Then I quickly swat her bottom again with the spatula. As hard as I can, searing a matching angry pink splotch onto her other cheek. And then, while she's still cringing from the sting of the swat, the massager is back in place teasing her pussy.

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The only difference is that this time I don't bother to tell her why she was swatted. She should know. The same reason as last time.

And next time, which follows about four seconds after the vibrations start oozing into her hungry pinkness again. I don't know if Vicky has figured it out yet or not. But if she hasn't, she should be starting to. I am going to keep doing this. I will keep teasing her mound. And I will keep swatting her bottom with the rubber spatula. Until Vicky manages to stand still while the vibrations torment her overly-needy pussy.

I know Vicky is wondering how I could possibly think she could manage to do that. It must seem impossible to her. More so as a fresh wave of torturous vibrations flow into her folds, then seep into her clit and pussy, tormenting her sweetly. I'm sure that all Vicky feels is the pounding ache of her pussy trying to explode as she tries to hold herself back. I'll bet that's all her brain can handle. She doesn't even know that her body starts shuddering. Or feel her hips thrash again. Just that swelling, almost-painful ache needing to explode.

But she feels the swat on her sore bottom. She feels every one of those. I see the flinches as the spatula sears fresh splotches onto her cheeks. I see her cheeks steadily getting pinker and pinker. That announces that they're stinging her worse and worse. I see her sweating profusely under the air-tight plastic film. I see her hard nipples straining as they poke against the clear film. I see the droplets of honey raining to the floor from her mound.

I keep going, always making sure that the massager only touches her lips and folds, never her clit or anything else. The least sensitive parts of her pussy. And I keep swatting her every few seconds as her hips thrash.

We go on like that for several minutes. Finally, I see tears running from Vicky's eyes. In spite of the bright red glow on her cheeks now, I know that's not the cause of those tears. Those are tears of utter frustration. The frustration of not being able to climax.

I'm pretty sure that by now Vicky decided that she'd rather endure whatever punishment I might dole out for cumming without permission instead of suffering through any more of this agonizing tease. I'm sure she stopped struggling to hold her climax back. And that would be when she discovered that she can't climax. Despite the pounding ache in her pussy begging for it. Despite a need far more intense than any she's ever endured before. She's well beyond any point she's ever been to before. I know she won't understand why she can't cum. But it's simple. The vibrations, flowing through those wrinkly loose folds, take several seconds to build their intensity to the point where she'll cum. But before she gets over that hurdle, her hips thrash. And she's punished. The vibrations go away and the sting slices into her bottom. Then the cycle repeats.

I hope Vicky has figured that out. It's not like I could ask her. I wouldn't even if her mouth wasn't stuffed. But I want her to understand that she's not in control of her body. No matter how much she wants to cum, or how hard she tries to, she can't. She can't cum until I want her to. And there's not a thing she can do about it. Just stand there, suffer the sweet intense agony, and pray for my mercy. That's submission.

So I keep going. Eventually, if Vicky learns to behave and control her hips, she will cum. If her hips don't thrash, the vibrator stays put. And then it will finish her off. But that would require Vicky to think about her hips and keeping them still. All Vicky is thinking about is the unbearable ache in her pussy. So her hips keep thrashing. And her bottom keeps getting swatted.

I'm under no illusions that Vicky will ever stand there long enough to climax. I don't know if she is or not. But I know she's not going to. It's only a question, for me, of how long I want to leave her there. And there's still the question of whether I want to relieve her or leave her unsatisfied. Leaving her offers me two options. If I do nothing, then she'll masturbate and finish herself as

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quickly as she can find a way to. Or I could leave her for Steve.

After about ten minutes, maybe a few more, I can see that Vicky's bottom is a good shade of red that tells me she doesn't need much more spanking for the moment. Her bottom has to be stinging and burning as badly as if I'd taken a belt to it. It's time for me to move along.

I don't tell Vicky anything. I haven't, and there's no reason to start now. She seems to really like the manhandling approach I've been using. So I grab hold of her leash. I use it to turn Vicky to face the kitchen table. Then I use it to pull her shoulder down until her plastic-wrapped chest is flat on the top.

I can't help myself. I see the image of a luau pig. To me, that's what Vicky looks like now. She lies across the table. The toy is still in her mouth, its black disc sticking out from her lips like an apple. It holds her neck craned back, only now instead of looking up at the ceiling, her chin and neck are on the table and she's staring out the window. And she's wrapped up.

I use my feet to nudge Vicky's feet wide apart. So far apart that only her toes are left on the floor. It has her dripping pussy mound fully exposed to me. More so, it has her cheeks pulled taut enough that her crack is stretched partway open. Enough so that I can see her asshole clearly at the valley of her deep crack. By looking at it, I can't tell that anything has been done to it, in spite of the numerous, and sometimes rough, penetrations of that recently-virginal orifice.

The head of the massager is just as sloppy wet as her mound is. I don't even want to know how wet her tunnel is. I'm sure that's flooded. Tingling and twitching powerfully, too. But it's not me feeling that throbbing ache.

The head of the vibrator is wider than the butt plug. It's probably about 1½" across, covered with a thin layer of spongy foam. Maybe even a hair thicker. That makes it about 1.5x as wide as the toy. I decide on a little

roughness. I shove the slippery, honey-soaked head of the massager right between Vicky's cheeks. The rounded tip of the head comes to rest atop the clenched, tight ring of Vicky's asshole. I push firmly, but not enough to push it into her ring. Enough to press hard against the outside of her ring, even to make the ring start to stretch a tiny bit.

It's on. I never turned it off. So the instant it touches Vicky's asshole, it starts shooting vibrations into it. Into the nerves lining her ring. Nerves that have never felt anything like this before and that leaves her brain unsure how to interpret them.

It's rather amusing. Her legs snap into high speed, flailing about wildly. There's no chance of her feet staying on the floor, and that leaves the table to support all of her weight. Her feet go every which way. Her shoulders look as if they're trying to thrash as well, but they really can't move much. Her hands grip her hips. I watch as the muscles from her bottom to the top of her head tense up to steel. Or even harder. So tensed that they vibrate, making her body seem to vibrate as she lies there. It takes about three or four seconds of that before I see the honey. A steady, but thin, little stream of it weeping from her slit. While her lips and folds quiver so hard from the tremors sweeping through her pussy.

I can hear Vicky snorting loud breaths at lightning speed through her nose. As if she's hyperventilating. Or panting. And I can see the tension flowing over her. I have no doubt that she's on the edge of an orgasm. I only wonder if she's struggling to hold it back, or if she still can't climax. But I might never be sure which it is in this position.

The intensity of Vicky's sweet agony encourages me to push this just a little further. So that's what I do. I push a little harder on the massager, and it starts to slip a little further into her. Now the domed tip of that spongy head pushes firmly into the funnel of her asshole. It starts to stretch her ring, pushing it in as much as stretching it. I

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still can't see Vicky's asshole. Not even a speck of it. The toy is just too wide. It covers every bit of her ring.

As it pushes, maybe moving a whopping  $\frac{1}{8}$ " deeper into her, I watch Vicky. Her shivering and her thrashing shudders seem to double. A clear sign that her arousal has doubled as well. Not one part of her body is still. I can hear her chin knocking against the table. I can see her legs flailing about. And I feel her feet bump my legs a few times.

I start to slowly twist the massager back and forth. That lets its soft head smear the honey around the ring of her asshole. It grinds the tip of it against the center, the opening, of her asshole, too. That helps to push her muscle aside just a little.

I keep twisting it slowly. Only now I press a little harder. It takes a lot of pressure. The tip of it is domed, more like the bottom of a bowl, not steeply tapered like a butt plug. The tapering makes it easy for the toy to push into her asshole, needing only a small opening to start with. The massager doesn't have that taper. Instead, a good bit of its width is pressing against Vicky's tense ring all at once. And around her ring.

I'm already using about half of my strength to push that vibrating head against her asshole. Now I push a little more. I stop twisting the head and start rocking it instead. Rocking it allows the rounded rim of the head to shift on her ring. Her slightly stretched ring, as it presses firmly against the rubbery hard muscle. Eventually, the rim of the head slips against the rim of her asshole. It happens at the bottom first, the top of the toy against, but not in her ring. But at the bottom, the ring of her asshole has finally yielded just enough that a slice of the tip starts to push into the funneling there.

I see it. And in a split second, I make a decision. I press with most of my strength, using it to hold the toy so firmly against Vicky's asshole that as it shifts back in its rocking motion, the tip of the massager stays in the funneling of her asshole. The long handle of the massager



makes for good leverage. It allows the bottom of the head to pull the bottom of her ring down, stretching her muscle quickly. And stretching it far. I keep going, rocking the head downward until finally, I see the rim of her asshole appear at the top of the massager. I only need a glance to make sure I can still see the little slice of her ring at the bottom, too.

And that's all I need to see. I push harder. Hard enough to drive the fat head forward a bit. I watch as the dense foam covering the head squishes down against her muscle. Holding the full pressure against her ring, I wiggle the tip of the toy, gently twisting it as I do. It glides along easily on the coating of her slick honey. It takes a second, but finally, I see that her asshole is surrendering. Slowly, but steadily, the faint pink flesh lining her ring starts to appear stretched wide and taut around the edges of the tip.

And then, finally, I can see the pink flesh all around that head. It tells me that the very tip of the head has pushed into the funneling. Now there isn't a hint of wrinkle line anywhere in her pink ring. The flesh there is pulled too taut. It's stretching almost to its limit.

The toy finally overcomes the last of Vicky's resistance. It forces its way into the funneling, pushing her asshole aside, stretching both its muscle and flesh far tauter than they've ever gone before. Almost enough to tear flesh. But not quite. Once her ring is stretched so wide, the toy almost easily starts into her. It almost jumps the first bit. Then the drag from her tight ring squeezing around it slows it down.

I'm sure that snort I hear is Vicky trying to screech out loudly. But what I notice is how Vicky's body snaps. Whatever spasm hits her, it's violent and unexpected. Her back arches up, driving her hips down against the table. It drives her shoulders down as well. And that drives her head down, knocking her face against the table. All while her legs flail wildly. After half a second, every bit of tension vanishes from Vicky's body, dropping her loose on the

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table. A good-sized dollop of honey shoots from her untouched pussy. But then the tension is back, snapping her body, bringing her back up and her shoulders down again.

For me, it's decision time. I could do nothing, and in a few seconds, Vicky will climax. I could push even harder, pushing more of the vibrating head into her bottom. Then Vicky would cum instantly. Or I can pull it back out of her bottom, and Vicky won't climax. Whichever, it's clearly time to pick one.

I know that Vicky needs to cum as badly as she wants to cum. I also know that a wait won't kill her. At least not actually kill her. It will make for some erotically agonizing suffering. Her pussy will throb away until it's relieved. She'll feel every bit of that intense aching. It will drive her crazy.

I also have seen that Vicky craves the feelings of subservience and humiliation. She craves feeling that she's not able to control her body. That she's fully under someone else's control, and worse, she's powerless to get free of that control. That arouses her.

I decide not to let Vicky cum. Mostly because I know her husband will be home shortly. And I know that he'll be quite happy to come home and find Vicky so aroused that she can't stand it. That she jumps him. That she'll shamelessly beg him to satisfy that ache for her. And if he doesn't she'll do it herself and won't notice that he's watching. I've yet to meet the guy who doesn't like it when his wife acts like a whore for him. As long as it's only for him. Plus I know that Steve was uncertain about allowing Vicky her playtime. I'm sure, when he gets the benefits of it, he'll be glad he did.

I yank the toy from Vicky's bottom and toss it on the table.



## *Chapter Nine - Left*

I move quickly. Vicky seems to respond better, getting more aroused, with the abrupt manhandling. Not the slower, more gentle handling. I definitely want to keep Vicky as hot as possible. So I move quickly. And I handle her roughly.

I grab hold of Vicky's hair. A sharp yanking tug snaps her head back. Her stretched neck stays stiff – it doesn't have much of a choice with that hard shaft holding it. As her head lifts from the table, her neck follows. And brings her shoulders along. Which drags her chest up, too.

Unfortunately for Vicky, I haven't given her a rest to cool down from the vibrator to her bottom. Vicky's legs are still flailing as her chest begins to rise off the table. For a moment, her entire weight shifts to her waist. It forces Vicky to scramble to get her feet on the floor. And it doesn't leave her the time to be particular where on the floor they land. Her toes find the floor about the same time that her chest rises up to where her waist can't support her any longer.

I just keep yanking on her hair, dragging her up. Vicky's waist lifts off the table, shifting her weight to her feet. Her legs wobble, her knees starting to buckle a couple of times. She comes up until she's standing, her legs spread decently wide open.

I release her hair and quickly reach around to grab the leash. And then I'm walking. Leaving the massager behind. Vicky is still stuck looking up at the ceiling, unable to see where she's going. But now she's had a little practice being led by a leash. She's learned how to interpret the pressure of the collar against her neck to follow my lead. It's a good thing, it saves her from stumbling. I'm not slowing down even a little bit for Vicky. I'm just pulling her along behind me.

I lead Vicky through her living room and back up the stairs. Stairs aren't easy without eyes, but I don't slow down for her. She just has to blindly follow the leash and step up as she does. She makes it up. I lead her around and then stop at the top of the landing beside the stairs.

As we stepped through the living room, I grabbed Vicky's clothes. She wouldn't have seen that. She won't know that I have them. But she might know if there are cobwebs on her ceiling. I drop the clothes to the floor in front of Vicky's feet.

## Chapter Nine - Left

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I brought Vicky's clothes up for one reason. Putting them on will frustrate her. At least now with her pussy throbbing. It will silently tell her that her pussy is going to be waiting. For a while, not just a tiny bit longer. And that will drive Vicky crazy. More so when she realizes that she's not going to be able to do anything about it. Or to speed up the wait. It won't hurt for Steve to see her new slut outfit either. He might like it.

I keep to my habit of not telling Vicky anything. There's really no reason to. I don't tell my sofa anything, either, and Vicky is no more than furniture to me. Just a thing to be used. Instead, I squat down and find Vicky's pants. The same ones that I cut a pussy hole in. The ones that are going to leave her sloppy-wet mound fully exposed.

I put my hand to Vicky's pubes and nudge her backward. She can only go about a half step before her bottom is flush against the slats of the railing. Then I reach down and grab her ankle. I lift one foot and pull her pants over it. I set it down and do the same with her other foot. It makes Vicky bring her feet closer together. I stand up with Vicky's pants hanging around her ankles.

I can't do much with Vicky still shrink-wrapped. From the waist up, there's no getting to her body. But unwrapping her presents a problem, too. If she gets the chance, those hands are going to her pussy. And I don't want that.

It takes me a second of hunting around, but I finally find a roll of ribbon in one of her drawers. I'd seen it earlier but only now thought about it. It'll work. I get that. With Vicky's hands just below the plastic wrap, it's not too hard for me to wind a couple of loops of ribbon around her left wrist and tie it off snug.

I step back a bit, picking a random place on the railing about four feet from Vicky. I loop the ribbon around the rail, through the vertical slats under it, and back towards Vicky. I cut it, hanging onto the free end. Then I do the same with her right wrist. It lets me stand in front of her, holding the loose ends of the ribbon in my hands.

I pull on the ribbons lightly. Just enough to take the slack out of them. The slats of the railing act like pulleys. The ribbons tug her hands gently outward. Not that her hands can move.

In a single, swift motion, I use my scalpel to slice down the plastic wrap in a single, unbroken line along her right side. Between her chest and her arm. I cut completely through the film, without so much as nicking Vicky. The film still clings to her body, just not tightly and no longer holding her arms immobile.

I doubt Vicky even realizes that I've cut through the film. I move that fast. The instant the blade finishes its slice, I yank hard on the free ends of the ribbons. Far harder than I've yanked on her hair. It's enough that the ribbons make a loud snap with the tension. And they fly through their pulleys. Which yanks Vicky's wrists away from her body with lightning speed. I step back as I'm pulling, making sure that I've pulled every bit that I can on the ribbons. They stretch Vicky's hands out, away from her body, until her arms are fully stretched.

I step over to one side, holding both ribbons tight. I take the ribbon already tied to her wrist, keeping the other ribbon taut. I push Vicky's hand down until it's on the railing. I wrap three loops of the ribbon around both Vicky's wrist and the railing. Then I tie it off. Now I can drop that strip of ribbon. It has Vicky's hand bound snugly to the railing, stretched out as far as her arm will let it go from her body. I step to her other side and do the same with that wrist. Then I slice away the excess ribbon. I just need enough to keep her hands there.

I lean over again, but just long enough to grab the waistband of Vicky's pants. I roughly yank them up, pulling them up her legs. I pull them up over her pubes and hips, too. It takes only the tiniest adjustment to have the entire mound of her pussy poking out through the hole.

And then I decide on what to do with her upper body. I want something on it, but not much. I decide on her bra. I don't bother with the shoulder straps, that would mean untying her hands to get them through the straps. So I settle for wrapping the band around her and fastening it. Then I pull it up. I take a second to adjust her breasts, putting them snugly in the cups.

Then I take a step back and check out how Vicky looks. I like it. But I do decide to make one change. I step up and grab the cups of Vicky's bra, pulling them down and under her mounds. Now her breasts hang out fully exposed above the bra.

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I get a green Sharpie marker out of my purse and pick a breast. I write "Steve's Slut" on Vicky's breast.

Then I reach over to Vicky's other breast and very firmly pinch her stiff nipple in my hand. I pinch down until I hear her suck a sharp wince in through her nose. I have her attention now.

"You are going to wait right here, just like this for your husband to come home, slop pit," I coldly inform Vicky. I want her to know how long she's going to be waiting. I want her to know it's going to be a very long time. "And then, you will wait no less than one full hour, slop pit. Don't worry, I'll have a little talk with him and make sure he knows what a filthy whore you've been."

"After that hour, your husband will allow you to prove that you've learned to be a not-completely disgusting wife for him. On your knees, like the gutter whore you are, slop pit. You will swallow every speck of his cock and suck him just as I've taught you. When he cums in your dirty mouth, you will swallow every drop of it and lick him clean. If you fully please him with your utterly shameless sluttiness, he might decide to parole you. Or not.

"Oh, and you will behave like a proper peasant bitch for that hour, or he will start it over until you do. That means you will stand there in complete silence. You will not make a sound. Obviously, you won't be doing anything, either. Stand there. He will come fetch you when he thinks you've stood properly for that hour.

"And once he finally paroles you from the banister, the very first thing you will do is collect your slutty little pussy toys and give them to him. If he wants you to play with them again, he will give you whatever he picks and watch you play with yourself like a gutter tramp. If not, then not."

I reach my hand up to the toy still sticking out of Vicky's upturned mouth. I grab it. I twist it very slightly, just enough for her to feel it moving in her mouth. Moving against the top of her throat. To focus her attention on that toy. "And that's if you've sucked every speck of your filthy poop off my butt plug, slop pit. Otherwise... you'll wish you only spend an hour in detention."

"Now suck it like the cheap filthy *thing* you are, slop pit," I scathingly order Vicky. After about half a second, I start to slowly



pull the toy from her mouth. I take it slow, giving Vicky time to suck it clean as it goes. Once it slips from her lips, I hold it up in front of my eyes to examine it. Vicky quickly relaxes her neck, letting her head come down so that her eyes are forward as well. And that means her eyes are on the thick shaft. I rotate it in my fingers, checking every bit of its length for any mess. Then I put it aside.

"Do you fully understand the instructions I've given you, slop pit?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Vicky answers. I can hear the frustration and the reluctance in her voice.

I take the two steps into Vicky's bedroom and reach into her laundry hamper. The first thing I find is a short cotton nightgown. It'll do for my purpose. I didn't bring a blindfold with me. So I fold her nightie into a 2" wide strip and tie it over her eyes. It might not be perfect, but it will do what I need it to. It will keep Vicky from seeing what's going on around her. From seeing her husband. Or a clock. That way she won't have any clue if her hour is up in 10 seconds, 10 minutes, or 50 minutes. All she can do is stand there and hope that Steve doesn't forget her. And enjoy the throbbing ache between her thighs. The sharp sting in her bottom, too.

I leave Vicky standing there. It isn't more than a couple seconds, after she hears me step away, that I can see her testing those ribbons binding her wrists. She doesn't come close to getting her hands free. She doesn't give up, but soon she's more squirming and fidgeting than anything.

It's not long until Vicky brings her feet together, squishing her thighs tightly against each other as she squirms. I know that has the slightly puffy mound of her pussy squished a little between her thighs. Her squirming legs rub it gently. It's probably not enough to bring her to climax, but it definitely will ease the aching. Or rather the frustration of being able to do nothing but feel the throbbing of it.

I grab the strips of ribbons that I cut off earlier. Then I use a foot to separate Vicky's feet. "You filthy whore!" I scold Vicky in a most disapproving voice. "Seriously, trying to fuck yourself with your legs? That's as trashy as it gets, slop pit!" I nudge her feet

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wide apart and tie her ankles to the banister's slats. "There, now you'll behave."

I walk down the stairs and stop at the bottom to watch Vicky squirm for a moment. Now she can't do anything. And she's trying. I step over by the door. I can still see Vicky, although only a slice of her. But it's enough.

I text Steve, telling him that I'm "done with Vicky" and asking if he will be home anytime soon. He texts back that he can be here in five minutes if I want. He's been avoiding coming back to give Vicky some privacy. I wish I'd known that. Vicky would have loved for him to watch. To see her humiliated and tormented like a gutter slut.

I don't need much time with Steve. And I do have a job to get to. So while I'm waiting at the door for him, I click up an Uber to take me back to my car. The app says it will take 12 minutes to get here, which means no less than 15, and that leaves double the time I need with Steve. I stand just inside her front door and wait for him. This way I can keep an eye on Vicky. It's not a good idea to leave a sub alone, unwatched when it's bound. Accidents can happen, and if something did, like her furnace exploding or something, Vicky wouldn't be able to run from the house until someone freed her.

Steve is home right about when I expect him. I step outside, holding a finger to my lips to quiet him. I point up the stairs to where Vicky is standing. Then I softly pull the door shut so that Vicky won't hear me.

"Vicky is tied to the railing at the top of the stairs," I begin politely telling Steve. "And she's extremely aroused right now. So aroused that if she gets a hand free, she's going to masturbate and she won't care if you watch. She's also blindfolded."

"Here's what I suggest you do. Completely ignore Vicky for the next hour. I've already told her that she's to stand there and wait for an hour before you might release her, so just ignore her. Don't even try to speak to her. She's not allowed to speak, and if she does, her hour starts over. Don't tell her, just start it over.

"I suspect she'll behave. When the hour is up, go up to her and put your hands on her shoulders. Push her down to her knees. She can make it down, but it will be moderately

uncomfortable for her arms. Just push her until she's on her knees.

"Then put the tip of your cock to her lips. Don't bother taking her blindfold off. Tell her to 'show me that you've learned your lesson, bitch.' Use those exact words.

"Her lesson today was what I call 'cocksucking 101, how to swallow a cock like a pron star.' She's already proven to me that she learned it, and she can do it. Expect her to do it. By that, I mean not just her lips against your balls, but her licking your sack on every stroke, too. Enjoy that." I grin widely.

"If you're pleased with her sluttiness, you may release her and offer her whatever relief you wish. Supervised masturbation, oral, round two, whatever *you* wish. Don't even ask her how she wants it. Tell her. And be very direct. Something like 'diddle that pussy, *bitch*' or 'bend over so I can use that fat butt, *bitch*.' Trust me on this.

"And let me know how it goes... Oh, and sorry about her pants. Feel free to check them out." I grin.

Steve steps in to go see Vicky. To reassure himself that she doesn't appear injured or in distress. I wait a couple more minutes for my Uber.

# THE "USUAL SUSPECTS"

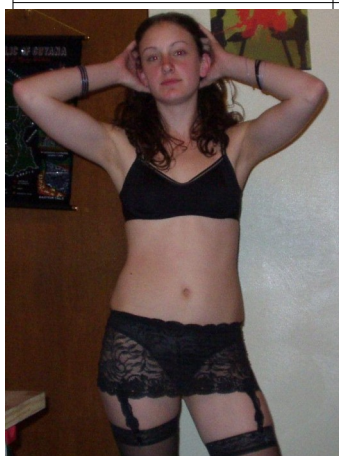
My friends, family, and slaves who appear in this story and numerous others. Only those in this story are shown.



## Slave-girl ("Sophie")

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

Debuts In: "Seducing Sophie"



## Slave-whore ("Paige")

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

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