



Nadia Saran

## Pepper's Present: Toying With Teresa

One thing about a small town in a sparsely-populated county is that everyone knows everyone, or at least knows of everyone. Or so it seems.

This story began a couple of weeks ago when my mom's friend Jenny, the mother of one of my BFFs Isabelle, came over for coffee one Saturday afternoon. Izzy and I have been friends literally forever. Our moms have been BFFs even longer, like long before either of us was even a thought.

My mom, Diane, is well known, at least to her closest friends, for playing sex games. She doesn't make a secret of it. Even I've known about it for a while. Not that she advertises it. On the contrary, she makes a good effort that no one sees anything out of the ordinary. But her friends know. Jenny and Lisa – the mother of my friend Reagan who met my mom the same time she met Jenny – and mom's circle of friends that I call her "kinky friends." A little group of ladies that share her tastes.

At first, I was just curious about what she did. Naturally, I snooped, what girl wouldn't? I didn't get to see much. But every glimmer I got made me want to see more. I bugged her, and finally, when I turned 18, mom started letting me see little slices of her fun. From the first slice, I saw I knew that it excited me, too. I couldn't help but think of men and women on their knees before me instead of mom. Talking to mom about that was so awkward, but I finally did, and after even more bugging, mom started to teach me a few things. And a few more. Then even more. Every new thing killed me. As soon as I was free, I'd practically run to my room to relieve my tension. Mom doesn't need to know about that, but as attentive as she can, I would totally not be surprised if she's guessed it by now.

Izzy, also 18, has a brother that's 12 and a sister that 6. I don't have any siblings. Obviously, her brother is in middle school, not high school with us. Toss in her baby sister (I get to call her that, since I helped change her diapers!) and it has Jenny going to three sets of PTA meetings, not just the one my mom attends. It was at the middle school's PTA

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meeting that somehow Jenny mentioned my mom, likely talking about something new on her parenting tips blog or something. Whatever. That was all it took for another of the mothers, a woman named Teresa to start cozying up to Jenny. Then the next meeting she coyly asked Jenny if she knew my mom. Then the next meeting she asked if the rumors she'd heard were even close to true. Finally, after dancing around it as much as she could, she just hinted hard that she would like an introduction to my mom.

Jenny told my mom, and I know because my mom let me stay and eavesdrop (we've long since agreed that we'll never say anything that could lead to a hint of one of her toy's identities, most of which I know by now), how she made sure there wasn't anyone else around, then asked her why she wanted to meet mom, was she interested in talking about parenting or something else. It mattered. Teresa stuttered hard enough that while she never gave a straight answer, Jenny guessed what she wanted to discuss. She told Teresa that mom doesn't work like that. While she definitely takes "introductions," she doesn't want her number just passed out. Like who would, right? Instead, she gave Teresa one of mom's cards. They're regular business cards she prints herself for just such "introduction requests." It just has "Diane" and an email address on it. One of several anonymous addresses she keeps on ProtonMail for just that. Which address it is tells her who gave her card out. Jenny doesn't know how mom handles that little aspect of her life - Jenny has zero interest in games - so she wanted to warn mom that she'd handed out a card. It's like the second time she's handed one out ever.

It took the woman two weeks to work up enough nerve to finally email mom, and when she did it was a short one, basically just saying where she'd gotten her email, and asking if she'd be interested in meeting. Mom would never let her get away with that, and seriously, who would meet someone they don't know that just emailed and asked to meet? But knowing where the card came from and knowing that Jenny wouldn't pass it out to any creeps, mom emailed her back. She gave specific instructions, too. The woman had to introduce herself and say plainly

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why she wished to meet.

Her response was as timid as it was brief. She simply told mom the very basics about herself, like her height (5'6") and her weight (145). She did mention that she knows Jenny from the PTA meetings at the middle school. Otherwise, she said only "I've heard you are... interested in certain private things. I am interested in exploring my own interest there."

Mom wrote her back, this time a very firm, but also gentle email. It started "I hope you understand that I neither discuss such things or participate in them with those I don't know. However, since you are a friend of Mrs. Walton, I will offer you a single chance to show me who you are and that your interest is genuine. This is a yes/no offer, you will accept it now, or it will never be made again. You will come here, and from the instant, you step foot on my property, You accept that I own you until you are off my property. There is no limit on what may be done with you. Forget any notions of privacy, you will have none. Whatever you are asked, you will answer fully and honestly. No topic, and literally nothing is off-limits. You accept that. You have only my assurances that I will keep your secret and you will not be injured. You will not be free to leave here. Once you come, you will stay until you are dismissed. Whatever ideas, thoughts, and expectations you have forget them now. I assure you of nothing, except that you will be owned in every imaginable sense of the word. While at my home, you will obey my rules, or suffer the consequences of any infraction, whatever that might be. If the offer interests you, then reply to this email and tell me what inflexible time commitments you have over the next two weeks, nothing else. I will summon you sooner or later."

Teresa took a full day to answer. When she did, she followed her directions and indicated that she had two kids to look after, and a job to support them. She didn't have that much free time, and what she could arrange was mostly evenings and weekends.

Mom waited until late Friday evening to email her a short summons that she "will present herself at 9:30 am Saturday morning to

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allow getting acquainted with you and thus what is being offered to serve." Not another word.

Then mom totally surprised me by asking me if I wanted to interview Teresa for her. Like so DUH. I've been begging to be allowed to play with her toys a little more. So far she's let me play a little. She's even let me run a couple of sessions, but always with her close by. She's never allowed me to handle anything all on my own before.

I ask mom what she wants me to do. We end up have a very adult conversation for over an hour, where I learn what mom would usually do. She tells me that I already know how to read a sub's body for signs they like or dislike something, I've done that plenty. Then she tells me that I am free to improvise if I chose to. Essentially, this toy is mine for this session, and it's her first session. Afterward, mom wants only a yes or no from me, the question being does this sub have anything to add to her toy collection. Something that's not already in it. Even just something different to amuse herself with – and she hints to amuse myself with if I can handle this well. I have as long as I want, Teresa has no commitments except her kids which are home alone, so not too late that they get worried about her. I lay awake in bed last night, unable to sleep as I play the scene over and over in my mind, wondering what Teresa would be like and which directions it would go. Would it be a long session that we both enjoyed, or would I decide that she's a faker or something and kick her out quickly?

Come 9:00 I'm already anxiously waiting for her to arrive. Mom demands punctuality for her subs – and I often see them sitting in their cars in the street waiting for the proper time to come to the door – but Teresa hasn't a clue what the rules are yet. I figure she'll be a little early, wanting to make a good impression, to show she's eager.

I'm right, she rings the doorbell at 9:20. I go to answer the door. "You must be Teresa." I greet her. "I am Miss Rodgers. In our home, you will address everyone humbly, politely and formally. You will speak only when spoken to, and then only to answer whatever you are asked. I know mom told you, but you now absolutely belong to her. You have no

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say over anything whatsoever. Now please put your hands behind your back, and follow me."

Teresa lets her uneasy surprise show. She totally did not expect anyone to have a clue about her meeting, especially a teenage girl who is now, albeit kindly, ordering her around despite being only a very few years older than her own kids. She gets her hands behind her, her purse unsteady on her shoulder. Then she takes a very hesitant step inside. I shut the door and lead her back to mom's office. Well, it's my office for the moment. She's letting me have exclusive use of it to "meet" Teresa.

I don't leave her to wait now, as she'll likely be made to do in the future. Usually unnecessarily. I let her right in to the office and point to a place in front of the desk beside one of the two simple, but elegant, wood chairs with a wicker back. Teresa goes to the place and stands there.

I stand beside the other chair and face her, telling her to face me. This way there's nothing between us but air. "Just so there's no uncomfortable – for you, that is – misunderstanding, you will obey me. Mom won't let you waste her time, and I'm not going to let you waste mine. I value my time. So whenever I tell you to do something, I expect you to promptly say 'yes, Ma'am' or 'yes, Miss Rodgers' and *then* do it at a normal pace. Don't hurry, but don't even think about going slower than you usually would, either. I don't care if you like it. It doesn't matter anyway. Mom *owns* you. You are going to do it. Is that clear enough for you, Teresa?"

"Yes... Miss Rodgers."

"That's great, Teresa. After you do whatever, just stand back up like you're standing now. You start now by putting your purse on the desk beside you." She acknowledges and sets her purse on the desk. That's easy for her, and it looks like she's glad to have it off her shoulder.

I eye her over quickly. I take inventory of what she has on, at least what I can see of it. She's not exactly a fashionista, but she's nicely dressed. Her things look to be Wal-Mart grade, although with online shopping, who knows where they came from. She has on snug-fitting jeans with a sleeveless dark print top. I see sneakers, so I assume socks. I

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see a watch and a single necklace, but no other jewelry. And her make-up, of course, not so much heavily applied, as thoroughly applied, as if she's trying to make herself look as good as possible. It's a waste on her part, and she'll soon find that out. "Good, Teresa. Now please take your necklace off and put that besides your purse now." She doesn't argue that one either, although I can see the beginnings of uncomfortableness on her face as she wonders where this is going. The purse came across as a polite offer to relieve her of a burden, but the necklace she clearly intended to wear, not take off.

I give her a little smile when I see her do it. "Good girl, Teresa," I say once she's standing back up. "Now take that top off, fold it neatly and set it beside your purse. Do that now, Teresa." I know she's going to cringe hard when she hears it, and I'm not disappointed. She also gets this utterly horrified look on her face that screams she's going to burst into tears and run off. With that instruction, it's obvious that some of her clothes are coming off, maybe even more than some.

When she answers "yes, Miss Rodgers," her voice is so mousy quiet that I almost don't hear her. She moves only a little slower than she should as she lifts the top up and over her head. It bares her stomach and a decently cute black bra. It's the kind of bra that a woman would wear if she thought there was a chance of being seen in it. This tells me that she thought there might be a chance that sometime during this session she'd be asked to take something off. But I know there no way she ever thought she'd be doing it in front me. It makes her exceptionally uneasy, and Teresa lets it show.

Mom has a certain way she likes her subs to undress. While it's my choice how Teresa does it now, I kind of like mom's way. It's atypical, and thus it'll toss Teresa even more off balance. Which I know I want to do to her. It's top-down. The sub starts at the top and takes off the highest thing, then moves down to the next highest until there's nothing left. I make sure my eyes are on Teresa, who I guess to be somewhere in her late 30s or early 40s. And I make sure she can see that my eyes are on her. "Just keeping being a good girl, Teresa, and take that bra off, fold it

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neatly and put it on top of your blouse." I use a no-nonsense business-like voice with enough firmness in it to let Teresa know I'm not asking her. I'm telling her.

Then I watch as Teresa cringes even harder as she hears that she's expected to bare her boobs to me. After a second, she acknowledges, but her voice is even mousier and quieter than before. Her hands move nervously, clearly reluctantly, up behind her back. It takes a few more seconds than it should before I see the black straps fall down to her sides. She freezes for another instant before pulling a trembling arm lightly over her chest as her bra falls into her other hand.

"Teresa!" I don't raise my voice as I quickly scold her. "Don't ever try to hide anything here. Put your arm down now. Just undress as if I'm not here. You don't have any privacy. You don't have any modesty." She unwillingly lowers her arm, exposing a pair of moderately saggy loose breasts. They're on the small-to-average size, topped with light pink, wide nipples. Her mounds slump on her chest enough that her nipples point slightly outward instead of straight ahead. I don't really think they're that bad, considering that two babies have nursed from them, and she is definitely middle-aged anyway. But I know she can see my chest, and even with my top on it's obvious that I have ample and very perky breasts. Just ask any boy in my school, they've all eyed them through my clothes.

Next, I tell Teresa to take her shoes off. It's not mercy. And it is out of order. But with those sneakers on, she'll never get those snug jeans off. Those she doesn't mind taking off. She doesn't notice or even think about, the view it gives me of her breasts as she leans over and they hang free. I ask for her belt next, and she doesn't mind that either.

Then I ask for her jeans. She cringes anew, and just as hard. Just as reluctantly she slips them down, showing me that she's wearing a pair of black panties. They're definitely cute, and they're something a woman wouldn't mind being seen in. But they don't perfectly match the bra either. They're not a set. The high V-cut style panties have a different lace trimming them.



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Too bad for her they're high cut, with their straps clear up on her hips bones. They look nice on her, but that puts the waistband of those panties above her wrist by a good inch. So I ask for the panties next. She acknowledges the command, very hushed and mousy, in a voice that breaks with little sobs. She really is about to cry.

I wonder why once I get a good look at her pubes. She has a neat strip of black hair from her waistline all the way down and between her thighs. It's more half triangle, half-strip, like a triangle that's trimmed well clear of the creases of her thighs. But even through her fur, I can see that she has a big, full pussy with long, wide lips. It seems to come up her front side a little, enough that trimming her bush above her lips would odd. Mom will have her shave it. I know that. I would, too. The hair on those lips just gets in the way.

With Teresa standing very shyly unhappy now, I ask for her watch, and then her socks. Seeing that she doesn't appear to have anything left, I ask "Teresa, do you have anything at all on or in your body now?"

She says no. I leave her standing a moment while I collect her clothes and put them in one of the drawers of the file cabinet. It's polished oak, and it has a digital lock on it. Once I shut it, it locks. Now Teresa has nothing, just her naked body, and hopefully, she realizes that she won't have anything until I give it to her.

I tell her to sit in the chair. As soon as her bottom is in it, I tell her to sit facing my desk, and cross her legs, right over left. Then I have her sit up straight, look forward, eyes up, and finally fold her hands neatly in her lap, palms up. She tries again to cover herself, putting her arms in front of her breasts as she folds her hands. I quickly tell her to move them, arms at her sides all the way to the elbows. "That's perfect, Teresa. Whenever you are told to sit in this house, that is how we expect you to sit. I don't care if it's comfortable for you or not. You look like a nice humble little girl that way, and that how we want you. You will sit still. Don't move, don't even fidget around. Just sit. And remember not to speak unless spoken to. OK, Teresa?"

I take the seat behind my temporary desk. I have my own

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password for mom's laptop that lives on this desk. I'm sure it doesn't let me anywhere near her private files, but it does allow me access to her toy files. I log in and bring up one of her forms. It just has basic biographical information, stuff she knows about all of her toys. But we really know very little about Teresa, so I figure I'm just going to make her tell me all of it.

While she sits still and answers my questions, I start by getting her full name (Teresa Christine Yates nee Jenkins) her birthday and age (39) address, phone number, height, weight, hair/eye color. I get the names, birthdays and ages of her two kids. Gender is kind of obvious, I don't know of any girls named Anthony or Robert. I find out that she works at Bass Pro Shops. I don't have to ask which, there's only one. I even ask what she makes there (\$9/hr, which if you ask me is far below what it should be legal to pay anyone!) Then I get her clothing sizes, even her bra (36-B) and her panties (7) which are definitely not bad sizes for a woman to wear. Not everyone can be as lucky as I was in genetic lottery and wear a 32-D with size 3 panties! I ask a few more questions, the invasive personal kind, such as when her last period was (3 weeks ago), how long it lasts (4 days), how many lovers has she had (6), were any of those females? (no). In all, I spend around 25 minutes just leaving her to sit still and answer those questions.

I never tell a toy what is coming, just what to do, and only then when I want him or her to do it. So I stand walk over to the portable massage table that mom has in here. She uses it to have her toys massage her, and once in a while, she lets me get in on the spa treatment. I call Teresa over to the table and have her hop up on it. Immediately I instruct her to get on her hands and knees, then to spread both her knees and feet to the edges of the table. Once she gets that done, I have her move her bottom forward a bit until her thighs are straight up and down. Then I tell her to start with her arms straight up and down, then move them forward and out equal amounts until her back is flat with the table. Once she's got all that done, I have her hold her head up to look forward. That has her staring at the door.

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I remind the newbie to stay still and quiet. I set a few things out on the table, between her feet where she doesn't have a hope of seeing them. When I'm ready, I let her hear me snap on a pair of latex gloves. Mom buys these just for me. They're pastel green, which I absolutely love. And they're size small, which is the only size that will fit my little hands.

I stand beside her feet. I put my hand to Teresa's pussy, and she flinches hard as I touch her fur. Before I even get to skin! But otherwise, she stays still. I scold her for the flinch, warning her again to be still. Then I spread her lips, baring all of the light pink folds beyond. The first thing I notice is that she's wet. There's a good layer of her honey covering everything. But with her nipples having been so hard since her bra came off, I kind of expected to see more signs that she's excited. Then I spot her clit. It's short, well nestled up in its folds. But the instant I touch it I can tell it's rock hard. She can, too, I hear her squeal a little purr with my light touch.

"It's fine, Teresa." I say softly, "just behave. Don't worry about me seeing how aroused you so obviously are." I slip a gloved finger into her pussy. I have thin short fingers, but I'm a very small girl. Even so, she moans lightly as my finger enters her. She gasps a nice moan as I wiggle it inside her, then purrs another as I slip it back out.

There's a decent coat of Teresa's light honey, with a little whitish tinge to it, on my finger. Already I can hear Teresa breathing intentionally, for lack of a better word. As if she's forcing herself to keep breathing slowly and steadily, and not so deep. As if she's trying to hide her arousal from me.

If she thinks I'm done, she's about to be surprised. I slide a small spreader into her pussy. It's just like a doctor would use, only a little smaller. I don't need to do a gynecological exam like I'd have a clue what I was looking for anyway. I just want to stretch her tunnel open a little. She doesn't show any discomfort as I do. Now I have a good, albeit slightly cramped, view all the way up her pussy, clear to her organs. I get a feather and easy it in, taking care not to touch her walls with it. That way, she hasn't a clue anything is even there.

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I touch the feather down against the inside of her walls, almost at the very back of her tunnel, and start slowly drawing it out.

Teresa immediately shudders hard and her hips move forward a bit as she lets out a fast startle, then a sultry moan.

I spank the closer of her butt cheeks three good strokes. "Bad girl, Teresa! I told you to stay!" I nudge her back into position and then start over. As soon as the feather touches her insides, Teresa squeals out a good girly moan. She shudders slightly. And I watch goosebumps sprout up along the creases of her thighs and her bottom. When I get to the end of the stroke, it slips from her pussy. I know she feels it along her inner folds as it leaves her body. She pants a needy fast breath. I carefully put the feather back into her, making sure that she doesn't feel it or know it's coming back. She reacts about the same, with a hungry moan, and light shivers. Once that stroke ends its torment, she pants a little faster.

"Your pussy is very sensitive, isn't it, Teresa?"

I tease her for several more minutes, watching as with each stroke her tunnel shows a little more wetness and her moans grow a little more urgent. When I'm ready to end it, I start a final stroke, this one a bit slower to draw it out. As it starts, I ask "Teresa, your pussy is getting rather hot and aroused by my little tickles, isn't it?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers..." She answers through her moans, not bothering to try and deny it.

"That pussy is looking very neglected to me. When is the last time you had sex, Teresa?"

"It's been a while, Miss Rodgers, a little over a year."

"No wonder it's so easily excited!" I taunt as I finish the stroke.

Maybe she thinks I'm done teasing her now. I know she has to feel the spreader as I close it and slide it out of her. But I keep her lips spread. Maybe she notices that, but by the way she's half-panting, half-moaning, I doubt she's thinking about much besides the frustration she feels at being aroused and left unsatisfied.

I use a small pair of forceps to very gently clampdown around the

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base of her small clit, gripping it just snug enough to hold it still. As sensitive as she is, she has to feel that. I'm sure I hear a little sweet gasp just from the touch. I touch the tip of a small vibrator to her nub, and immediately Teresa shrieks out a girly moan. She tries hard to mute it, to hold it in, but she doesn't do very well. She shudders harder than she did when I teased her pussy.

In a short moment, she moaning out urgently. That's when I ask her "Teresa, when is the last time you masturbated?"

"Last night, Miss Rodgers." She answers fairly quickly, her modesty yielding to the urgency. And half lost in her moans. "I got so... bothered just thinking about what today might be like, Ma'am."

"And already you're so aroused again? Obviously, you're not doing a very good job of satisfying your pussy, are you?"

"I guess not, Miss Rodgers."

I mean to tease her for a couple of minutes like this. But she doesn't even last a minute before I see her body shuddering decently, and I can see little tremors starting in her pussy. I stop and release her clit.

Teresa cries out a deep and pitiful groan of frustration as it stops short of her release. "Oh, Teresa!" I sat it very tauntingly, "did you want me to give you an orgasm?"

She pants deep and hard. I barely hear her answer, the mousiness back full force. "I... I... I mean..."

I give her a good spank on a cheek with my hand. "Stop stuttering, Teresa. That is a yes or no question. Did you want me to give you an orgasm like that?"

She sobs along with her pants, then I barely hear the mousy squeak. "Yes, Miss Rodgers... please don't be disgusted with me, Ma'am, please, I don't know why, or what's wrong with me."

Another two good swats to her bottom shut her up. "Stop babbling... when you're asked a yes/no question, you answer yes or no. nothing more need be said." I touch the tip of my finger to her clit. Now I can feel a light pulsation in the nub. I know it has to be aching her badly. I rub it very slowly. Once she starts moaning again, I tell her, "do you

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still want me to give you that orgasm, Teresa?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers."

"And you don't mind that it's a woman touching your horny little pussy?"

"I don't care, Miss Rodgers..."

"Too bad I've already had to spank you a few times, then. Orgasms are for good girls. Naughty girls suffer." Then I take my finger away to an immediate tortured groan from her. And I release her pussy lips.

I give her just a second. Then I use one hand to push her butt cheeks wide apart, fully baring her light pink asshole. I get a little dollop of lubricating jelly on the tip of my finger and touch it to her ring. It's not the tightest I've felt, but it's not loose either. Nor is it tunneled in a bit, which is a sure sign of frequent anal sex. As soon as she feels the touch to her hole, I feel her muscle clench tight to resist.

"Teresa, have you ever had anal sex?" I put just a hair of pressure on her asshole and wiggle the tip of my finger to make sure she feels it there. She squirms a hair, and as clarity penetrates the erotic fog that had clouded her brain, she answers very nervously, and shyly, that she's only tried it once, it hurt, and she stopped it.

I press just a little harder against her muscle. Hard enough that I'd slip into her if she wasn't resisting, but not so hard as to force my finger into her unwilling little hole. She cringes. "Teresa. You will relax your butt for me. You do that by taking a deep breath and pushing back, just like you're trying to use the toilet. Just keep pushing as hard as you can, and this won't be uncomfortable for you. But I am so not wasting my time while you play around. Relax or enjoy the unpleasantness. Relax now, Teresa." I say the last bit rather firmly, letting her know it's both a command, and there isn't going to be a second chance. Obey or suffer.

Teresa takes the deep breath and obediently pushes. I know. I can both see her asshole grow wider and feel her tense muscle turn rubbery. As it relaxes, my small finger slips right into her ring. I get just a little way into her before I feel her instincts starting to clench up around my

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finger. I swat her bottom hard and scold her to relax for "me to poke around up her butt."

I'm not quite 5'2", and less than 100 pounds. There's only one thing about me that anyone would call big, and that's on my chest. My fingers are so not one of them. It's not long before my short, thin finger is fully up inside her bottom.

I can tell she uncomfortable, but 99% of that isn't physical. I tell her she needs to relax for me. I very sternly tell her twice to push harder and *fully* relax her backside. Only when she does, and her rubbery asshole is almost loose around my finger, do I start pressing down inside her very lightly. The insides of her butt are nothing but a thin membrane, like a sausage casing. Just beyond that are the meaty walls of her pussy. With even the light pressure I can feel that nerve-filled pulpy flesh. I massage it, through her bottom. Almost immediately Teresa is moaning again. I put the pad of my thumb against the outside of her asshole, and she doesn't even react to it.

I keep teasing her like that until she's moaning urgently again. "Teresa, you told me you didn't like it up your butt. Do you want me to give you an orgasm by fingering your butt?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers!" she blurts out with a sultry moan.

I tease her a few more seconds before lifting my finger up and ending the teasing. She groans out again, her frustration plain. As soon as her groan ends, I ask her when the last time she used the toilet "back here" was. She tells me last night, just before bed. "I can tell, Teresa, you're a little full back here." Then I slip my finger out of her bottom and release her cheeks.

I pull my gloves off. Moving up to her side, I put my hand up under her and cup one of her hanging breasts. I feel them, feeling that they're definitely not firm. They're as loose as they looked to be. And hanging, they're not quite as rounded and shapely as they were with her standing. But her nipples do still angle to point outward a little. And on their underside, I can see a few faint stretch marks on them. An obvious sign of nursing. Of motherhood. But her nipples are rock-hard.

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I touch it with the tip of a bare finger and Teresa gasps out a sensual cry. I start teasing it with my finger. "DO you like me playing your breasts?"

She says she does. She shivers hard. And she purrs loud moans.

After a minute or so I move to her other breast, getting a good feel of it, and finding it the same.

Then I take a few minutes to run my hands over her body, her legs, her back, pretty much all of her, getting a good feel of her skin. It's not wrinkly at all. But it has lost some of its youthful tautness. And her stomach is a little loose from her pregnancies.

I have her get back off the table and stand in front of it. I let her wait a moment while I make sure all of mom's toys are put back up and the table cleaned off. I call her over to a scale beside one of the cabinets and have her stand on it. I announce that she weighs 147 pounds. Then I have her stand against a tape measure on the wall and note her height.

I tell her to come to stand by the desk. I make sure that I don't give her a clue where I'm going. I just have her stand facing me. Then I ask her to spread her feet as widely as she comfortably can.

I let her see me get a little flat stick. It's like a paint stirrer, only a little longer and with a rounded handle. I take hold of her right hand and move it, extending her first finger and putting it to her pussy. I gently shift her finger until it's directly atop her clit.

"I am going to teach you how to satisfy that dripping wet pussy." I start her finger moving, massaging the top of her clit with small circles. I make sure she's moving very slowly. "You will masturbate just like I've started you doing. Do not speed up. Do not slow down. Do not move, or wiggle around. Just stand still and rub your pussy. Do not climax. I will tell you when it pleases me to watch you climax, then you will climax immediately for my entertainment. While you masturbate, I will supervise you so you can learn to get it right."

I release my grip on her hand, telling her to behave herself. It takes her about ten seconds to start moaning, but once she does, she's moaning loud and increasingly hungry erotic cries. It's maybe another half-minute



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before I see her hips shudder. And I swat her bottom hard with the stick. Teresa cries out a pained "EE-OW!" then goes right back to her sultry moans as I scold her to behave herself and be still. "You may enjoy it once you show me that you can manage to diddle yourself properly. I don't care if you enjoy it. I don't care if you climax. I care if you masturbate properly."

Teresa might make it about fifteen more seconds before she gets another swat. Then another. And another. With each stroke she cries out with more pain to her yelp, but even as a good pink line blossoms across her cheeks, she goes right back to moaning out.

Mom normally makes women do this for at least five minutes their first time. After three, I see Teresa's mouth hanging wide open as she pants desperate moans and tears run from her eyes. Her entire body is covered with a layer of hot sweat, and twitching crisply. From head to toe. Plus a good little swat to her bottom doesn't even still her squirmy hips long enough for her to finish yelping from it. I doubt she'll last the full five minutes.

"Teresa, would you like me to watch you climax now?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers!" She cries out pleadingly with her sultry moans.

"Ask very politely..."

"Miss Rodgers, will you please watch me climax now, Ma'am?" Her words all run together, lost in a deep begging cry.

I lightly stroke her breast. "That wasn't nearly humble enough. I guess you're not as horny as you look. You'll wait." I caress her mound for several teasingly long seconds, watching the goosebumps sprout up, watching her chest shiver hard. I give her steely nipple a light pinch and Teresa's hips snap hard, her moans stutter for a second. Finally, she catches herself as I release her nipple and goes back to her embarrassingly intense waiting. I tell her to try one last time to ask me to watch her.

Her words run together again, her voice a screeching cry of sweet anguish. I can barely make out her words. But I can tell she's begging shamelessly for me to let her show me how wonderful and entertaining of

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a climax she can have for me. Begging me to watch her.

So I allow her to climax, and she does it with a good deep scream. Her hips snap through wild thrashes. Her pussy has to be twitching hard. I see it squirting dollops of her honey down to the floor. Her knees buckle a few times, but her legs are tense enough to keep her from falling.

When she's finished, she stands limp, her head lolling forward as she sucks hard deep breaths. Her hands just fall to her sides. I give her about three seconds before I snap for her to stand up. She straightens slowly.

I scold her for skanking up my floor. At first, she doesn't understand what I'm upset about. I order her to her hands and knees, grab her hair, and like a bad dog, I push her head down putting her nose in the first of her honey puddles. I swat her bottom, "skanky girl!" I see her blush and cringe as she realizes what the spots are. Then I make her lick them all up. I can tell that disgusts her, but also doesn't bother her.

I have her get back to her feet. I ask her if the climax was better when she diddled her pussy properly. She babbles her voice shy and mousy quiet, something about never having left "a mess" before. I swat her bottom again, scolding her for babbling. Then I get a good answer, a simple yes.

"It's obvious that you're not capable of even taking care of your own pussy." I taunt. I have her stand back beside the chair. I slip my phone out of my pocket, and I snap a quick picture of her of her, full-frontal and fully nude.

I have her sit in her chair again, and I snap another picture of her sitting primly and naked. Then I get her things out of the file cabinet and set them on the desk. I reach into her purse and root through it far more thoroughly than it takes for me to find her phone. I recline back in my chair. I demand her PIN code, and she gives it to me. Once her phone is unlocked, I first send the naked pictures of her to her phone. Then I start going through her contacts, asking who all of these people are. Especially the men.

Most are acquaintances or other parents of kids in her kids' classes. Some

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are work contacts. Her parents are in there. Four of them catch my attention. One is her ex. Two are guys she dated, but not within the last month, but who still call her from time to time, and the last is a guy who she dated last week. He still calls her regularly. I pick him and ask her about their dates. They've had one. He seemed happy with it. He's called, but their schedules don't mesh all that well. She met him at work, where she sold him some camping gear, and they started talking. She likes camping out, too. So he asked her out.

"I'm going to help you out," I say with a sly grin. I send him the picture of her sitting naked, with the message: "I wanted you to know what you're getting yourself into. Do you like what you see?" I make her watch, in utter horror, as I send him the message. Then I program my spare number - it's a burner number that I can change at will - into her phone. I tell her that she must answer all of his calls and text. She may not mention me or mom, and she must not tell him that she didn't send that picture. If he asks, she will go out with him again. She is to report to me this evening at nine and tells me exactly what he's said over the day.

Then I have her stand. Mom dresses her subs one piece at a time, feet up. The exact opposite of how they undress. I start with her socks, then her watch. Then I hold her panties out and, as I've instructed her to, she politely asks me "Miss Rodgers, may I please be allowed to put my panties on now, Ma'am?" I give them to her. Then I give her the rest of her clothes, everything but her purse. I do put her phone back in it, and it's already dinging with a text. "I guess he has something to say about your naked butt." I tease her.

I walk her up to the front door. "I will tell Ms. Rodgers just how skanky you are. Should she decide to accept that tired body as her toy, she will contact you. You will not even try to contact her, or me, except for the call you will make tonight. Is that clear?"

She says it's clear and I hand her purse to her. "You are dismissed, Teresa." I nudge her out of the house and shut the door behind her.

Five minutes later mom and I are having a conversation about Teresa. I tell my impressions of the woman, and tell her what I did to her.

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"I know. I was watching the cameras." She tells me

And she agrees with my assessment that Teresa would add nothing new to her toy box, but would add some flexibility to it, and as a newbie has a certain appeal to her. Mainly that she can be trained mom's way. Plus, with no significant other in her life, she's shareable. Meaning her body can be used to toy with others, without it being adultery, which mom would never do. I wouldn't either.

Mom decides to toy with her a few more times and see if she's worth playing with or not. It's what I suggested, what I thought I would do were she my toy.

She does call that night, and she's very polite on the phone. She tells me that he liked that picture, he's text her a few times, and he rearranged his schedule to take her out Friday night, even after she told him the picture was just a tease, a lark, and she doesn't do it on the second date. "See, guys like good girls."

I remind her that, should mom wish to use Teresa for her amusement, mom will summon her. Summonses are not negotiable, and there are no excuses accepted. When summoned, you obey, you come, you do not question.