

*Mommy,
Daddy, And A
Babysitter Called
"Trouble"*



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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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 21-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 21-year-old live-in slave-girl. She's slightly petite at 5'4" and 118 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 18th birthday, which was also about two months before she finished high school.

Paige is my 20-year-old house-slave and slave-whore. It's a role she definitely loves. She lives with me, too. In a kennel, in the playroom. Like Sophie, she came to me during her final year of high school, just after her 18th birthday. Paige does most of the chores around the house, which leaves Sophie free to cater more closely to me. Paige is also my whore. Whenever I need a female body to torment one of my toys, it's Paige's body I use. And Paige definitely doesn't mind it.

Paige is a rather lean girl. She stands about 5'7" 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 junior at USA where she's studying to become a vet technician. Paige, is also in her junior year at USA. Before they became mine, both girls were mediocre students, and neither had the grades to get

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into a four-year university. Now they're straight-A students. I wouldn't accept anything less. Both transferred to USA this year for their last two years of college and will 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 (29), Janelle (37), Colette (41), Diane (48), and Olive (47). we usually get together every couple of weeks for coffee and a little chat about who's doing what to whom lately. We sometimes share, or loan, our toys to each other, but not that often. Sometimes we do a favor for each other, such as providing something different for a toy. Mostly we do what girls do: we gossip.

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

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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 - New Toys

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Almost all of my toys come to me by referral, through those I know who know them. Otherwise, they're usually favors for my dominant friends, one-off sessions for everyone's amusement that sometimes grow quickly complicated. It's not so often that I run into one randomly and decide to have some fun.

Robyn, however, came to me by a more circuitous route than most. It was sort of a double referral. Robyn is a housewife who has lived in Mobile for about two years now. While here, she hasn't played with anyone. Before moving from Gallion, Ohio (which she tells me is in the middle of Amish country) she played for several years, but very rarely, with a Dom they knew. She's a homebody with little social life beyond raising her two home-schooled children. One of the few people outside her home that she has regular contact with is their babysitter, Tammy, who lives on the next block. Tammy is barely 18. Dustin, Tammy's "sometimes boyfriend" as she calls him, knows my BFF #3, Ellie. He's 20 and in a few of Ellie's classes at USA. I gather from her that she's known him for "several semesters", whatever that means.

One day, Tammy caught Robyn reading one of my stories, "Mommy's Time Out." At first, Robyn blushed and almost cried. Instead of teasing Robyn for reading D/s stories, Tammy blurted out, in that way young bimbos do, "OMG, that's one of Pepper's stories! I sorta know her!" In my opinion "sorta" was a bit of an overstatement, since we've never spoken much less met. It shocked Robyn to hear that, of all the people in the world, her babysitter knew me. Robyn fumbled and mumbled, then asked a few questions about me that Tammy had to make up generic answers for since she knew almost nothing about me.

What she did know was that Dustin knew Ellie decently well, and Ellie knows me very well. Ellie isn't shy about letting people know that we're friends, either. She just makes it clear to them that she doesn't share that interest of mine. But Ellie and I have been friends since the start of high school about seven years ago. To Tammy,

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that means she should be able to meet me whenever she presses for an invite.

But that's not how things work in the real world. At least not in my world. I have a full-time job as a nurse in a trauma center. I have a part-time job as a nurse at the county jail. I carry about 80% of a full course load for my senior year, and I'm angling for a seat in med school next year. I barely have time to eat most days. I'm not looking to add anything to the toy box right now; to the contrary, I've trimmed it down lately. I just don't have the time that I once did for the toys.

Tammy quickly finds that out when she asks for Dustin's help. He tells her that he really doesn't want to impose on Ellie like that. She badgers him into agreeing to ask her. And Ellie tells him that I'm not looking for any new "playtoys." Nor does she give anyone my contact information without my permission, and I never let her give it to those I haven't met before. She does tell Dustin that she will pass me a message, but that's as far as she will go.

She giggles when she tells me the story. She hands me the note with their names and info on it and knows that I'll never contact any of them. I don't intend to, either. I might have, I would have at least considered it a few years ago when I just starting to build my toy collection. But not now. Ellie knows it, too. I stuff it in my purse, with about a zillion other things, and forget about it before I even have my purse zipped up. It sits there for about two weeks, and I never give it enough thought to remember that it's there.

But then I get a text from my Domme friend Mistress Andrea. She tells me about Hank, who is some kind of "uppity manager" for the Amazon warehouse in Irvington. Mistress Andrea is a flight attendant for CommutAir, which flies on smaller routes for United. Including United's routes in and out of Mobile. She tells me Hank is a "frequent flier" on her flights, often once or twice a week, and has been for a while now. She's gotten to know him a bit, and he talks to her a lot.

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He must have asked another flight attendant about her. Like me, Mistress Andrea doesn't make any secret of "recreational activities." Most of those she works with have a rather good idea of what she does. I know of one who definitely does, a woman she sent to me for some fun. I'm sure the airline rumor mill knows all about her as well.

Hank, she tells me, brought up her fun one day. She openly admitted to it. A "couple of flights later" he mentioned me. He still didn't know that she knows me. Or that she's "Mistress Andrea" in my stories. Even if he wanted to guess, there are a bunch of flight attendants flying in and out of Mobile. "Andrea" could be any one of them. But he does tell her that his wife "is my biggest fan" and would give anything to meet me.

Mistress Andrea tells him the truth. That I'm not really looking to meet any new playtoys, although I do still accept one-off requests from my friends to "attend to" their toys. Knowing Mistress Andrea, she makes it clear to Hank that by "their toys" I mean those they own, not just casually know, too.

I assume their conversation steadily grew detailed. Detailed about Robyn and what the pair of them have done before. What they like. Because finally, Mistress Andrea agreed to pass a request along to me. When she does, she tells me up front that she's never played with them, and doesn't own them. However, she's gotten to know Hank well enough to be sure that I would enjoy him, and Robyn "looks to be exactly the type I love to spank."

Only when she gives me their information do I remember that Ellie had passed it on as well a couple of weeks ago. Mistress Andrea and I get a good laugh over that. As we talk about them, Mistress Andrea tells me that she doubts that Hank has a clue that Tammy has said anything, or knows anything. He probably doesn't even know that Tammy caught Robyn reading a story. Plus Hank made it clear to her that Robyn doesn't know he's asking her, and won't, unless and until he gets a "favorable response" from me.

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From what Mistress Andrea has heard about Robyn and a picture Hank showed her, I have to agree that she is the kind of woman I just love to spank. And humiliate in new and unique ways to the very depths of humility. She could be fun. Hank, Mistress Andrea knows, is less my type. He does check a good number of boxes, but not quite all of them. The big ones he misses are "direct participation" in Robyn's sessions (so far he's only watched and touched Robyn during her sessions with their Dom) and "same-gender experience" (Hank has never touched another man, much less done anything with one). Then again, Robyn has never done anything with another woman, either. But at least Robyn's interest in that story, where a married woman is punished by me while her husband has fun, indicates that Robyn is open to the idea. Letting Tammy pass her info to me tells me that Robyn is a bit more than just interested in reading about it, too.

At my request, Mistress Andrea promises to tell Hank nothing. If she sees him, which she might well, and he asks, which he definitely will, she'll only say that she will "pass it along, and if I have any interest in Robyn, they'll hear from me, if I don't, they won't." She won't say when she'll pass it along, only that she will when she sees me. Maybe next time we get together for coffee and to discuss "favors" such as those one-off sessions. And that will be whenever she's in Mobile and we both have the time. Unlike Hank, Mistress Andrea knows what I'm planning, and she loves the idea. That's half the reason this session is making a story because I promised Mistress Andrea she could read all about it in a ShameBook story. With pictures. Not jokingly, Mistress Andrea laughed that she could print it and get Hank to autograph it for her.

Instead of sending a message through Mistress Andrea, the more direct route, I opt to send one through Tammy. I do that for one reason. Ellie has told me that Dustin knows Tammy has babysat for them for two years now since they moved to Mobile. If she "just turned 18," as Ellie tells me she has, then she started babysitting for

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Robyn when she was 15 or 16. Robyn won't think of Tammy as an adult. She'll see Tammy as the teenage girl in the neighborhood making her spending money by babysitting for her neighbors. Which is also probably the truth. From what little Ellie knows, all from Dustin, it sounds to me like Tammy is "stuck in high school." She might have graduated a month or so back, but she still acts like a school girl. Like a teenager, not like an adult. Like a bimbo/socialite who cares more for fun and what her friends think of things, rather than starting a real life. Maybe she'll get with it when she gets to college in August. Maybe not. I'm not even sure if she's planning to attend, much less where she might be going. I just know that Dustin says she doesn't have a job now and never has. Her parents give her enough money that she doesn't worry about it. I know it will be far more embarrassing to Robyn to get the message from Tammy than from her husband.

Both versions describe Robyn as quiet and shy. As reserved and more than a bit prim. The kind of woman who makes sure she's wearing long sleeves and covered to the ankles if she leaves the house. The kind who doesn't speak to those she doesn't already know. The kind who will see Mistress Andrea as Hank's equal, and Tammy as a teenager who should be minding her, not as an adult who should know things about sex, much less anything kinky.

I tell Ellie to go ahead and pass my email to Dustin for Tammy to deliver to Robyn. It definitely surprises Ellie, until I tell her that Mistress Andrea, whom she's met enough times, knows Robyn's husband and also asked for me to meet the couple. Then she understands what's going on. She texts Dustin immediately with my email.

And tells him that I said Robyn gets one chance. I am not known for ever giving a second chance, either. She tells him that passing it to Tammy, and then to Robyn, is "his problem." Robyn has 24 hours, to the second, from when Ellie sent the text to write me an email "introducing herself," and telling me everything about herself. It's Robyn's one and only opportunity to "make an impression

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on me and tempt me to actually speak to her.” If I’m not impressed, then Robyn won’t hear back. Dustin texts her back in about five minutes and tells her that Tammy already has it, and said she’d “pop over and deliver it right now.” I have no doubt that Tammy is bubbling, and grinning, as she rushes to Robyn to show off what she was able to accomplish for Robyn. Tammy will never know that she didn’t do anything more than play Western Union for me. It was Mistress Andrea who got my attention for Robyn, not Tammy.

The email I gave Robyn is the one I call my “t-mail” account. As in my email for toys account. The one all my toys send me daily emails on. But not the one my friends use. Or that I use for “official things.” Or that I use for college things. Or that I use for junk things. It keeps this inbox relatively clean except for the occasional litter of “unauthorized t-mails” for those I haven’t given permission to email me and have no clue where they found that email address. Someone gave it to them, and if I ever find out who, I’ll get them for it. I don’t check it more than once a day, in the mornings usually, unless I’m expecting something. In case of “emergency,” my toys can text or call me. Others can wait.

I check it early the next morning, as I usually do, around 06:00. My toys know if their email isn't there by then, it's late and there will be consequences. When I do, I have nothing from Robyn. I did give her 24 hours, and that's not up until lunchtime. I'm not going to check it, especially for her, though.

When I check the next morning, her email is there. The first thing I check is the time it’s marked received by my email provider. Robyn’s email was received a full five minutes before the deadline. That tells me two things. She clearly didn’t wait until the last second, email can take some time to travel, especially when it’s making a trip to a server in Moscow. But she waited about as long as she could and still be safe. As if she agonized over what to put in it.

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Robyn's email is interesting to me in how uninteresting it is. Surely she doesn't think I actually care that she "loves animals and gardening." That's not exactly material to the reason she'd be coming over. Nor do I care what her children are learning in their homeschooling now. I don't plan to meet her kids. In fact, I plan to avoid them. She mentions her "friend" from Ohio, the one "she occasionally spent some adult time with." But she doesn't tell me anything about what her interests are, or what she's done in the past with him. It tells me what I already knew: that Robyn is very shy and talking about herself, especially about personal things, is overly difficult for her. Instead, I get the picture of her as a woman whose kids are her life. She's mommy, and little if anything else. I'd bet her husband's manly needs are underserved, too. But it's just an impression and I can be wrong, especially considering how little I know and how "distant" the information is.

I'm not known for my shyness. I send her back an answer. It's rather stern and terse. It tells her where to find a copy of "my rules." Those also lay out my expectations for my toys. I tell her to read them, and if they are agreeable to her, she's to have her husband email and tell me "about her sexuality."

He emails that night, but I don't see it until the next morning. Hank is far more outgoing, but I knew he would be. He paints me a picture of Robyn. She's outgoing and bubbly around those she knows well, but around anyone else, she's overly shy. She won't speak unless she has to. She's the same about her body. She doesn't mind walking around the house in shorts, but she doesn't leave the house with much of anything showing. Sexually, Robyn is both adventurous, enjoying trying about anything, and so reserved that she has to be forced to try anything. Or do much more than undress and lie there, and only then with the lights off.

He tells me about Conner, the Dom they knew in Ohio. It was a pretty straightforward relationship. Conner

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was free to drop by and had a key to their home, whenever he wanted to. While there, he was free to make use of Robyn as he wished. If Hank was there, he was permitted to watch so long as he kept his hands behind his back unless Conner told him to do something different. If Hank wasn't there, he missed the session. Sometimes, not often, Conner would allow Hank to "help," by teasing Robyn. Usually by touching and enjoying her bound and gagged body. Only twice during their four-year relationship was Hank allowed to enjoy the use of Robyn while Conner was there. Both times he got a "supervised blow job" from her.

He tells me the effect it has on Robyn, too, which is something that definitely catches my interest. If Hank was there, Robyn won't even look at him for a couple of days. Eventually, she softens up. Then she turns "into a rabbit," craving as much sex as Hank can give her for a while. Maybe a month or two. Only after that does her interest in him begin to slowly wane. The "rouger" her session, the worse Conner would berate her and the sorer he left her, the longer her interest in Hank lasted.

Hank tells me that he's never played before, but has "seen about everything" at one time or another. I doubt it. There are a million things I haven't even seen yet. He says he's "not opposed" to the idea, but finds the idea of "doing anything with another man" to be "stomach-turning" to him. He doesn't say it, but he means anything involving physical contact. He doesn't mind watching Robyn used by another man one bit. He says he's seen Conner "use her every way except her butt," which if he ever did, it was when Hank wasn't there and Robyn won't admit to it. She claims to have never tried anal.

He tells me that Robyn was "fine" when they first moved here. After a couple of months, her interest in all things sexual began to fade. Several months ago it all but vanished. Robyn did little besides cheerfully attending to her kids, working in her garden, sleeping, and moping around the house. Even her interest in going out vanished.

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Then, about five months ago she found a story online. One of mine. She's now read them all at least three times. There are a couple she can't put down. He tells me which ones, and I immediately see the common theme through them. Married women. Mothers with kids in the house. Deep humiliations. A harsh punishment for the mother. A very good orgasm for her as well. The first time she read one, she masturbated. Then she was masturbating every time she read a story. That's grown to where she is now: she is touching herself every chance she can make. Several times a day. At least once a day slipping away from other, more important, things just to quickly masturbate. He gets the impression it's all she can do to keep her hand out of her panties long enough to see to her duties. He says he hasn't caught her but would bet she even has her hand in her panties while she's cooking meals. About every minute someone doesn't have an eye on her. And every spare second she can invent, she's reading a story with her hand in her panties.

He tells me it's not so much that he minds her masturbating, but that it's become a problem. Not only is she doing it rather excessively, but she still has no interest in him. The times she does let him touch her, he's not able to satisfy her and she ends up masturbating. Sometimes even during their coupling. That has got to be hard on his male ego.

He tells me that he would love for Robyn to find someone here "to keep her acting like herself." He tells me that he's read my "detailed stern rules" and agrees to Robyn following them. He thinks she might actually like it. The little rules that apply whether she's with me or not will only remind her that a session could be coming anytime. That she belongs to me. Conner never had rules for her like that. He tells me that he doesn't mind whatever I do with Robyn, so long as Robyn isn't injured or put at risk.

He tells me that he "would enjoy" being allowed to watch if I wouldn't mind that, and from my stories, he doesn't think I will. He "wouldn't mind experimenting with

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playing" himself at my hands, since I'm female. He is slightly surprised that Robyn would consider a female, but she clearly has the interest.

I ignore his email for a day or two. Mostly because I have nothing to say yet. I've read his view of Robyn, and I know what I've heard from others. It meshes. I've essentially heard nothing meaningful from Robyn herself. I imagine I could send her a hundred emails, all asking more and more pointed questions, and still not hear anything meaningful from her.

It takes me a couple of days to make a decision. I have no doubt Robyn could be fun for me. Will be fun. My inner imp (the most impish of imps) will enjoy the things I could do with her, and the way she'll respond to them. There's nothing like the sight of a middle-aged woman blushed beet red, cringing and crying in shame as she screams her way through an orgasm.

I decide to take a gamble. A big one. I gamble that Tammy can keep a secret. Or should I say keep the secret from a select few people? I have less than zero doubt she'll immediately tell her friends. I just gamble that it won't get back to Robyn and Hank. That Tammy's friends don't move in the same circles as the middle-aged couple does, and won't mention it to anyone who might see Hank. Like their parents. Well, that one's a sure thing, no teenager would reveal such a secret to her parents.

I text Tammy and ask if she'd "care to escort" Robyn and Hank for a session. I very directly warn Tammy, or more accurately thrill Tammy, by telling her that she might see far more as their escort than she can imagine. Not just nudity, but also "actual sex acts" and "uncomfortable/demeaning discipline" heaped upon the couple. As their escort, she will not be expected to "sexually touch" any person, however, there may be some "non-sexual touching" involved which the couple "may find exciting." In her role, she will be responsible for making "very intimate decisions" on their behalf, without any input from them, and which they will be expected to mind. She'll

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also be required to display enough "firmness" with the couple that they will obey her instructions.

It takes Tammy well under a minute to text me back exactly one word: "YES!!!!!!!" That leaves little room for confusion. And it tells me that Tammy is thrilled to be afforded the chance to have some "involvement" in a session. I'm sure she already sees the bragging rights that will come with it. I know every girl she knows is going to hear the story. She's normally not the kind of girl I'd choose for this or anything else, but the couple's heavily limited social circle leaves me little choice.

I text Tammy back and ask if Robyn or Hank knows anything about her boyfriend. She texts back no, that she doesn't talk about him in front of the kids, or with "old folks." Those two have no clue who she's dating. Sometimes, or at the moment. Although from the hints Ellie picked up, it might be more like at the second.

I tell Tammy that I am going to send Tyler, a 26-year-old toy of mine to meet her just beforehand. Tyler will pose as her boyfriend, and if she can, would she make a good show of it. I want Robyn and Hank to have no doubt that Tyler is her boyfriend, and nothing more. I know that Tyler can play his role very well. He's done it for me more than a couple of times before. He's done very well, whether the "girlfriend" was chaste or slutty, 18 or 48, 100 pounds or 250 pounds. All that he needs is to know that I expect his best performance, and I get it. I send Tammy a picture of Tyler because I know that his appearance will matter to her. She doesn't sound like the kind of girl who could pretend with a guy she deemed "not hot."

I ask Tammy for a picture of herself to send to Tyler so he'll know who he is "fake-dating" for the evening. I specify a "chaste picture, not a nude, please." She sends me a picture that, while her body is covered enough not to get arrested in public, very barely, is "slutty hot" enough to have its own page in Playboy. A picture is truly worth 1000 words. It leaves me no questions about what kind of girl Tammy is. And it's a side of her that I would bet anything

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Hank and Robyn have never seen or imagined. I doubt they'd allow her to babysit their kids if they saw that picture. It leaves me little doubt that she'll make the session fun, too. But plenty of doubt if she can manage to pull anything off. I text her back with detailed instructions on everything, from how to dress to how to act with the couple. What I expect her to do, too. I skip only one thing: I don't tell her when. I only tell her that she will know "a couple of hours beforehand." Since she's unemployed with very few responsibilities, it won't be a problem for her to make the time in her schedule. I'll tell her when and where to meet up with Tyler, too.

Tammy quickly texts me back her address and says "Tyler is hot. Can he pick me up at my place like a real boyfriend?" I ignore her. I'm planning on Wednesday evening, after my supper. It's one of only two holes in my schedule during any week. Otherwise, I'm out of the house by no later than seven, and usually not back until 22:15 or so. I won't play on those days. On Sundays I'm back early, usually about 19:30, which means I finish supper around 20:30. It gives me a whole hour to put my feet up. My other opening is Saturday mornings, and this weekend I have another couple I might very well need to fit in then.



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Tyler picks Tammy up at her house, following my instructions exactly, at 17:00. That gives them 2 full hours before they're expected to have Robyn and Hank, Tammy's charges, at my place. This time of night, from their house in Grand Bay, to mine in downtown could be anywhere from 20-25 minutes up to about 45 minutes. It really depends on the roads, like I-10, which are unpredictable on the best days.

There's one more passenger in Tyler's car. She came with Tyler, and Tammy knew she was coming. I told her over an hour ago when I texted her that its time for Robyn's appointment. She's one of my toys. One that I've owned for a while now. One that I've come to trust can follow directions even when I'm not there to watch over her. I use her a lot for things I won't be directly watching because of that.

Her name is Joey. She's 19 and looks it. I doubt that Robyn will be able to tell the difference of 1 year between her and Tammy. More likely, they'll believe Tammy that Joey is a friend of hers. Not someone I've sent. It will help that Joey does the persona of a petulant teenager rather well. I've told her to put on her best tonight, too. Close in age and with a few shared interests, Joey and Tammy instantly hit it off. They'd probably be BFFs by the time they get to Robyn's house, about 3 minutes if Tammy wasn't heavily engaged in flirting shamelessly with Tyler. That only makes Joey grin. She knows Tyler. And knows that he belongs to me. Tammy won't get anywhere I don't want him to go.

When they pull into Robyn's driveway, they go straight to her door. Tammy rings the bell, and a minute later Robyn comes to answer the door. She opens it and immediately says "Oh, Tammy, we just finished supper, would you like to come in for a minute?" Then Robyn sees Tyler and Joey standing at Tammy's side. "Are these your friends?" Robyn asks, her voice now very wary.

I'm not seeing it live. But I do see every flinch from Robyn later. Tyler has a "poor man's body camera" on him.

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It's his phone, already recording a video for me, in his shirt pocket with the lens pointing out. It makes a fairly crappy recording. It bounces a lot as he moves. But it's good enough for me to see how Robyn responded. And that's all I need. That and Joey's assessment, which she'll text me as soon as Robyn leaves. Joey's opinion will be honest and based on experience, and thus one I can trust.

Tammy steps in. Tyler and Joey start to follow him. "Robyn, do you remember what I told you a few days ago, that Ms. Rodgers wouldn't tell you when she'd see you until it was time for you to go? That she wasn't going to tell you anything at all? Okay, so like here's how it is. You're to come with me now. I'll take you to her and bring you back after. It's non-negotiable. This is my boyfriend, Mr. Greene. He'll be coming with us. This is my BFF, Ms. Chartruse. She will babysit your kids while you are gone. Let's go find Hank and tell him, too." Tammy keeps moving, almost bumping her way past a very shocked Robyn.

I don't know what Robyn expected, especially after she's the one who let Tammy in, but I knew it would not be this. Just behind Tammy, Tyler hesitates and points for Robyn to follow Tammy. "Come on, Robyn, follow *Miss Schmidt*." He tells Robyn. I hope Robyn caught the formality, but I doubt she catches anything. It doesn't look like it. It looks as if she's stunned beyond belief. She starts to blush lightly. She cringes heavily. She turns, and rather sheepishly starts shuffling along behind Tammy. For the moment, the only "force" being used on Robyn is the certain knowledge that she either obeys Tammy, or Tammy leaves, and meeting me becomes a fantasy that won't come true. Ever.

Hank looks surprised to see Tammy, and more so to see that she has two others with her. Two people that neither of them has ever met before. And now have been brought into their home. "Hank, this is my BFF Ms. Chartruse. She's going to take the kids to the other room and have some fun while the grown-ups have a little

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conversation." Tammy flatly tells him. Her voice is naturally giggly and girly, and it belies the firmness she tries to add to it. But she must get enough in there. Or Hank is smart enough to figure out what's happening.

Neither Hank nor Robyn says anything as Joey introduces herself to the kids and suggests that they go play a game of their choice instead of listening to the boring grown-up talk about silly things. The kids, ages 6 and 9, are easily persuaded to go play. No one says a word as they take Joey's hands and go to the living room with her.

Tammy tells Hank what she just told Robyn. It's time for Robyn's session. Now. That Tammy and her boyfriend will be taking Robyn and will return her afterward, whenever that may be.

Tammy pulls a chair out from the kitchen table and sets it with its back squarely against the counter. She points Robyn to it and tells her to have a seat for just a moment. To sit quietly, she's not allowed to say a word. It has her facing the table where Hank still sits. At least it's been cleared of the dishes.

Tammy turns to Hank. "Ms. Rodgers said to tell you that you may choose to come with Robyn for her session or to stay here. Either way, Ms. Chartruse will stay to mind the little guys. If you decide to come, you will be expected to mind the very same rules as Robyn. It is not open for discussion. Ms. Rodgers is Queen of her castle, and lesser peasants such as you two mind the Queen. You may answer only 'Will you please take me as well, Miss Schmidt?' or 'May I please remain here, Miss Schmidt?' If you say anything else, you may not come, ever. If you do not choose to come, you will leave this room and not see Robyn again until she has learned her lesson, whenever that is. Her lesson tonight is proper behavior for a wife so that she won't be playing with her pussy constantly like a whore. What do you want to do, Hank?"

Robyn hears the lesson. She blushes brighter and shirks back. She shirks back hard enough that it looks like

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she's trying to push into the cabinets and vanish. She starts fidgeting.

Hank sits still for a moment. "Will you please take me as well, Miss Schmidt?" He finally asks Tammy. Tammy pulls a second chair over beside Robyn, setting it the same way, and far enough to Robyn's side that there will be a foot or so between the couple. She points to the chair. "I will, Hank. Go sit beside Robyn. You may not speak, either."

Hank gets up, and very meekly goes to his seat. He sits, his eyes shifting back and forth between Tammy and the cringing Robyn. For a few seconds, he even forgets that Tammy's "boyfriend," Tyler, is there.

Tammy stands in front of them, facing them, and with both of them seated the average-height girl looks slightly down upon them. Tyler, a tall man, stands beside Tammy and looks down even more. "As of now, you two are in my care. That means you have to do as I say. You may not ask questions. When I say to do something, you say 'yes, Ma'am' and do it. If you misbehave, you'll be punished. You will listen to my boyfriend, Mr. Greene, too. Except, duh, you will say 'yes, Sir' to him. Nothing you are told is optional. You have to do it. If either of you doesn't, then neither one of you can go. That's because it was Hank's choice to come and follow her rules, so that's what it is."

Tammy gives them about one second to ponder that. "You may not bring anything with you. You will wear only the clothes I pick for you, and not a single thing more. Robyn, stand up and come with me to get changed into your evening attire." Tammy waits, staring down as hard as her girlish face can manage.

Robyn's face wrinkles up and cringes even more. It's clear to me that she's already feeling humiliated just from being openly bossed around by her very young babysitter. After several seconds, Robyn squeaks out an embarrassed "yes, Ma'am" and rises to her feet.

Tammy reaches out and takes her hand. Tyler doesn't follow. He leans against the table and keeps his

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eyes on Hank, almost daring him to do or say something. Hank sits and watches as Tammy leads his wife off toward their bedroom.

Tammy takes Robyn into the bedroom but doesn't bother to close the door behind them. It doesn't really matter. Joey knows to keep the kids in the living room until the others depart. Tyler knows to stay in the kitchen with Hank. No one will be coming in. But Robyn doesn't know that. It forces Robyn to accept that she's in Tammy's hands now and that Tammy will see to her privacy.

Tammy walks Robyn in, then over to the wall, and stands Robyn facing the wall. Not quite on the wall as I would do, but I didn't want to burden Tammy with too many precise details. I don't want her little brain overwhelmed. It's good enough. It has Robyn's back to the room and leaves her a view of nothing but the wall. That's what really matters. That Robyn can hear Tammy but see nothing.

As Robyn stands there, she hears Tammy rummaging through her drawers. And her closet. It should be obvious to Robyn that Tammy is picking through her clothes. She probably imagines Tammy looking at every pair of panties that she owns, even the sexy ones. Tammy doesn't rush. She doesn't need to. She leaves Robyn standing there, wondering what Tammy is finding in there. Wondering what Tammy is going to make her be seen in. I'm sure she's praying hard for something very modest. I've told Tammy to find something "cute and casual" for Robyn. I'd bet that Tammy knows fashion very well.

Tammy gets a pile of clothes. She selects a pink bra and panties, with a flannel shirt and denim shorts. A pair of dainty socks and sneakers complete the outfit. As I told Tammy to, she makes a single pile with the shoes on the bottom. Then the shorts, panties, shirt, bra, and socks in that order. She sets the pile on the dresser, never showing Robyn what's in it.

She tells Robyn to turn around and face her with her hands behind her back. Robyn takes several seconds to do

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that. "Robyn, stay just like you are. Take all your clothes off, one thing at a time, and hand it to me as you take it off." Tammy plainly tells Robyn.

Robyn's hands fly up, one covering her pubes and one folding over her breasts, even though she's still fully dressed in jeans and a blouse. "Why do you have to watch me change?" Robyn blurts out.

"Because I said so, Robyn. You will undress in front of me. You will hand me your clothes one piece at a time. That is your one freebie. If you do anything other than saying 'yes, Ma'am,' and start stripping, *if* you ever see Ms. Rodgers, she will paddle you for your disobedience. You will not move from that spot until you are properly dressed for your trip. Now get naked, Robyn."

Robyn stands there, her face scrunching up even harder and blushing even brighter. She cringes and hugs herself, hard. She looks out only to see the very young Tammy staring right back at her. As if actually watching her. Now certain that Tammy is going to see everything, Robyn cringes even harder. It goes on for a long moment. Robyn doesn't say anything.

Robyn keeps a squinted eye on Tammy. Finally realizing that Tammy isn't going to give up or even look away, Robyn squats down and starts taking her sneakers off. Then her socks. She passes everything to Tammy, with a reluctance so great that it looks to be exaggerated. But it's not. It's everything Robyn can do to part with her clothes, and so far it's not much of them. Robyn stands up. She wastes as much time as she can taking off a belt and a watch and handing those over.

It leaves Robyn little choice. She has almost nothing left besides her loose blouse and jeans, and underwear. The underwear isn't coming off before the clothes do, either. Robyn starts lifting the bottom hem of her pullover shirt. She lifts it slowly, baring her stomach to Tammy's eyes. She keeps going, then slows down significantly as she gets it up to her bra. She keeps going, finally revealing a flower print bra.

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Robyn is an attractive woman. She's about average in height and weight, or maybe a little better than average taking into account the two children she's carried.

Robyn has a fairly oval face with some soft lines to it, except at her chin. Her chin is fairly angular and looks almost pointy. That makes her face look slightly narrow around her mouth. But it also makes the full, light pink, fairly plush lips seem to stretch almost across her face. She has a slightly longer nose, with soft but angular features to it. She has bright light blue eyes under short, moderately dense brows. She has a few wrinkle lines on her forehead, but they're faint. There are a few more, just as faint, around her eyes and at the corners of her mouth. She has long dark brown hair that's wavy but hangs straight down behind her back. Her hair is pulled back into a loose tail with a scrunchie holding it. It still flows down past the bottoms of her shoulder blades. It would hang even more if it weren't up. Looking at her face, I'd bet she was cuter than average in her youth. She still is, only now she looks to be around 40. Which she is.

Robyn is far from fat. I wouldn't even call her thick or plump. I wouldn't call her skinny either, though. She'll never be a model unless *Housewives Monthly* decides to do a men's issue. Her body is more plain, about what I'd see from the stereotypical average middle-aged housewife. Even with just her blouse off, I can see that she has only the faintest of feminine curves at her waist. I can see that her stomach is mostly flat, but carries a few extra pounds. I can see that her skin is soft and slightly loose. She has a thin layer of body fat that seems to cover everything. Without making her look heavy, it's just enough to make the lines of her collarbones along her shoulders. And to swell her waistline enough that her sides are more straight than hourglass-shaped. I'd bet every ounce of that extra weight, probably about 20 pounds at most, is "baby fat," as in extra weight she gained during her pregnancies and never quite lost afterward. I see that on so many mothers of every age.

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Robyn cringes hard. She averts her eyes, refusing to look out at Tammy despite still not showing anything private. She shows only a white, or maybe faintly gray, flower print bra with $\frac{3}{4}$ cups that mostly cover her mounds, leaving only a small slice of the very tops of them bare. The cups look to be foam-lined, adding to their thickness. I can see a heavy wire underneath them, too. But it also has a thin band around her back and thin ribbon-like straps over her shoulders. It sits slightly low on her chest. I can see a small tattoo, too. I'm not sure what it is, maybe a fish. It's just above her right breast, more on the chest than the mound. As if she just couldn't take her bra off and have it put on her breast. It looks like it's been there a good while, too. Maybe a souvenir of her misspent youth?

It takes Robyn several long, and obviously very embarrassed, moments to work up her nerve to go on. Tammy does what I asked her to do. Nothing. She just stares back at Robyn, her hand out for the next item. Eventually, Robyn realizes that Tammy isn't going to give in. Very reluctantly, Robyn unzips her jeans and starts sliding them down off her hips.

It's not long before she begins to show a pair of rather modest simple beige panties. They're basic cotton with only a narrow lace trim at the waist and legs. They fully cover her bottom and even her hips, showing nothing. The fabric is moderately thick as well, hiding her body even more. It takes Robyn almost a full minute to slide her jeans down.

Standing straight up is about the least flattering way to display a body. That alone makes it one of my favorites to see those bodies in. Now it shows the rounded, but soft, curve of Robyn's slightly wide hips. It also shows off the looseness of her stomach. It hasn't sagged or made a roll yet, but it looks like it might in another decade or so. I don't see any puffiness between her thighs, but I might be missing it. Robyn has her thighs tightly together and crossed, trying to hide herself as much as she can manage

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to. Or else she has a flat pussy mound, which is entirely possible.

Her legs are mostly shapely. At the very tops of her thighs, I can see a little extra weight. It's about the only place it actually shows as more than just looseness of her skin. But it's small.

Robyn hesitates even longer now. The only things she has left on are her bra and panties. Whatever she takes off, she's going to be exposing something private to Tammy. Robyn's hands move ever so slowly, and quiver, as they reach up behind her back. It takes her close to a minute to get them up to the clasp of her bra. Then her trembling fingers fumble, and it takes her another long minute to get it unclasped. But finally, the straps fall to her sides. The ones over her shoulders hold the bra in place, its foam cups still fully covering her mounds. Her hands tremble even more, now plainly visible, as they slip around her body. She crosses her arms over her chest, reaching for the left bra strap with her right hand. It has her arms over her mounds and hugging the cups of the bra firmly against her. She slips the straps off her shoulders. She leaves her arms hugging herself tightly. She stands, seemingly frozen for a minute as her face scrunches tighter. Finally, she moves, but only one hand. She keeps her arms tightly against her chest, covering her breasts. With the one hand, she reaches under that arm and tugs the bra cup down, off her breast, without ever offering Tammy a view of those mounds. She does the same with the other side. She keeps one hand firmly across her breasts, squishing them tightly to her chest, as she holds the bra out to Tammy with her other hand. Tammy takes the bra.

Now Robyn has nothing left to take off besides her panties. It leaves her no choice. She still hesitates, as if saying one final prayer that just maybe Tammy won't make her go that far. Tammy just glares back with her hand out for the panties. After a long moment, Robyn's one hand goes to her hip. Her leg fidgets around, crossed over the

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front of her other leg, and her foot rises as she tries to hide as much of her pussy as she can behind her lifted thigh. Robyn struggles as her trembling hand pushes one side of the panties down off her hip bone. It won't go that far. She has to reach across herself and push the other side down. Then back again to push the other side down further. And back to the other side. She goes back and forth a few times until it's clear that the panties are down to her thighs. Her crossed legs mostly block the view, allowing Tammy nothing more than a glimpse of sparse black fur at the very top of Robyn's pubes. Robyn holds her thigh up to hide her pussy and spends another long moment trying hard to wiggle the panties down her twisted legs. With one hand as she very firmly clamps her other arm over her breasts. Finally, she gets them down to her ankles. She slips them over her raised foot, and they drop to her last ankle. Robyn still refuses to reveal her body to the teenager watching her. She lifts up onto her tiptoes, squats down, and works the panties as far over her foot as she can. Once they are around the arch of her foot, she rocks back onto her heel and lifts her toes to finally slip them off. She stands back up, still hiding herself, and holds the panties out. Tammy takes them, leaving Robyn nothing.

Robyn stands cringing, hugging herself tightly, fidgeting, and doing everything she can not to allow Tammy a view of anything more than she absolutely has to. Her eyes dart everywhere, but mostly to the pile of clothes on the dresser. A pile that's about two feet beyond her reach, and to reach them she'd have to step right through Tammy. She doesn't say anything, but it's clear she's very anxious for Tammy to give her clothes. Any clothes at this point.

Tammy takes a second to gather up Robyn's clothes and put them behind the pile of fresh clothes. Even further out of Robyn's reach. "Robyn, you are going to show me your body so that I can see for myself that you are as naked as a jaybird. Put both feet flat on the floor and

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spread your legs wide, then hold your arms straight out from your sides. I'll tell you when I've seen everything and you may move." Tammy tells her.

Robyn just stands there, still hiding her body. She doesn't start to move. Tammy stands there glaring at her and waiting. Long before now, I would be swatting Robyn's bottom to get her moving. But that would definitely be asking too much from Tammy.

Eventually, Robyn figures out that there will be no mercy. Tammy plans to just stand there and wait for Robyn to expose herself. That Robyn won't be offered those clothes, unless she physically pushes past Tammy and takes them, nor will she be going to my place until she does as Tammy instructed.

Robyn's hand creeps down to cover her pubes. It's not big enough to fully hide her bush, but she does manage to keep her pussy covered. She keeps her arm squished atop her breasts, too. She moves slowly and very reluctantly as she puts her feet on the floor and starts inching them apart. Her hand fully hides her mound, even as her legs start to stretch wide. It stretches her legs, pulling her muscles tight and her flesh partly taut. Enough for her legs to show their toned muscles and feminine shape. Except for the top inch of her thighs where they still show the looseness.

It leaves Robyn no choice now. There's nothing to do but stretch her arms out, and that's going to expose her pussy and breasts. No matter how hard she tries, there's nothing she can do to prevent them from standing out in all their glory. At first, she moves so slow that it seems like she's not moving at all. She tries hard to keep her hands covering her for as long as she can. She does everything she possibly can before those arms move. Then they move even more slowly as they slip from their places covering her. Only once they've fully exposed her body do they move quickly, flying out into place. With no way left to cover herself, Robyn wants this over quickly. Or faster than quickly, like now. Robyn squeezes her eyes shut so that

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she won't see Tammy looking at her. I'd bet she's imagining herself somewhere else, fully dressed.

I figure Robyn would be shy, but she's come across even shier than I expected. It doesn't much matter, Tammy's instructions were written with Robyn's shyness in mind. The shier, the better as far as I'm concerned. It will just embarrass Robyn that much deeper.

"Robyn," Tammy says, still trying to sound firm, which is a definite stretch for her girly voice. "You are not allowed any privacy. For the moment, you are in my care, and I will do whatever I wish with you to make sure that you behave. Do you understand that, Robyn?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Robyn barely gets the words out in a hushed, embarrassed squeak.

"Robyn, open your eyes and look at me when I'm talking to you."

"Yes, Ma'am." Robyn opens her eyes and squints, her eyes still more shut than open.

"I told you to take everything off, Robyn, and that's what I meant. Give me those earrings, and then stand like you are now. When you move, you may not cover your body. I warned you there would be consequences for not doing as you were told, and that's your consequence, you're going to be standing there on display for even longer now. Give them to me now, Robyn."

"Yes, Ma'am," Robyn says so quietly that she can't really be heard. She moves very quickly to reach up and get them off her ears. She doesn't cover herself, but it shows that it's taking all of her willpower not to. She hurries, trying to shorten her punishment. She hands them over to Tammy, and before Tammy's hand even moves, Robyn is back in place praying for clothes.

Tammy takes her time stepping back and setting the earrings on the dresser beside Robyn's clothes. She takes the one step back into place. "Now give me your necklace, Robyn."

"Yes, Ma'am," Robyn answers just as mutely. She gets it off and hands it over quickly. Tammy takes her time

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adding it to the pile. Then Tammy steps back and tells Robyn to hand over her rings. Robyn does, but it takes her a moment to work this off her finger.

"Robyn, you will stand *still* while I check every bit of you to make sure that I didn't miss anything. That means I will touch your body if I want or it makes it easier for me to see something. You will stay still, or else, Robyn. Promise me that you will stand still while I touch you, Robyn. Politely, and in a full sentence."

Yes, I've given Tammy the words. She got them close to what I wanted. Close enough. I'd bet she rehearsed this whole thing before going to Robyn's.

"I promise to stand still while you touch me, Ma'am," Robyn barely squeaks out.

Tammy does what I told her to do. She leans in, getting her eyes close to Robyn and slowly moving them over and down Robyn's body. I know, and I explained to Tammy, that she doesn't need to be so close to see. This has nothing to do with Tammy. This is for Robyn to know that Tammy has helped herself to the closest view of Robyn's nude body. That there is literally not so much as an ant bite anywhere that Tammy hasn't seen.

Robyn just stands there cringing hard as Tammy looks her over.

Robyn's breasts are fairly good-sized. I'd guess she's a 36 or 38 bra with maybe a C-cup. I'll find out later. Now Tammy gets a good view of Robyn's soft mounds. I'd bet, before she nursed two kids, those breasts were pert and rounded. Across they're still rather well-rounded. But now they sag slightly, hanging down against her chest just enough for her nipples to have about a 20-degree slope to them. They hang somewhat to her sides as well, but not much, giving them a slight outward angle as well. The underside of her mounds has a good and full, somewhat prominent rounded curve to them. The tops look almost flat, smoothly sloping down to her nipples. Her breasts are topped with rings the size of silver dollars. Rings that are a deep shade of brown-tinted pink. Centered in each of

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those rings is a long and fairly wide nipple. Nipples wider than pencils. And so long. Those nipples are rock hard as Robyn stands before Tammy, and it looks to me as if they're rising a half-inch above the rounded tip of her mound. Her nipples have flat tips to them, with a noticeable rim. Like thick rods atop soft mounds.

Tammy isn't shy. She made that clear to me when we spoke. She never said it, barely even hinted at it, but I definitely got the idea that Tammy would do most anything for the bragging rights of saying she was here for a session. Not her session.

Tammy doesn't flinch from her job. She reaches out with one hand and pushes Robyn's soft breast up high to fully expose its underside. It lets her feel the softness of Robyn's breasts, although that's not my intent. Tammy holds the breast up for several seconds and angles her head down to look directly at it. It's for show. For Robyn. Now Robyn knows just how much of her body Tammy is going to see. She releases the breast, then lifts the other one, sending a fresh cringing and shuddering tremor over Robyn.

Tammy keeps going. Luckily for Robyn, there are no flab rolls on her stomach, or Tammy would be lifting those as well. That would be humiliating. Instead, Tammy just slowly works her eyes down Robyn's body. I'd doubt Tammy is paying much attention, but that won't matter. It's not like there's anything for her to find. And Robyn will feel as if Tammy is, whether she is or not.

Now Tammy's eyes have made it down to Robyn's pubes, sending a fresh wave of embarrassment through Robyn. Tammy's eyes are no more than two inches from Robyn's bush, and moving slowly. Slowly enough, and close enough, for Tammy to pick out every speck of lint nestled in the spartan fur.

Robyn's bush might be sparse, but it is well trimmed into a neat triangle. Her pubes are slightly puffy, almost as if beginning to swell out. And to swell down between her thighs. Her pussy mound isn't flat. It's more like sunken,

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but only slightly. Her pubes have just enough extra on them to puff outward at the creases of her thighs and rise maybe $\frac{1}{4}$ " beyond the lips of her pussy. Her rather furry lips. The fur on those isn't nearly as sparse as it is on her bush. In a way, it's an inviting look. As if her body has made a little funnel to help guide the way to her furry lips, her wide slit, and her pussy. But it is a less common appearance for a pussy mound. One that gives the impression of her being fat. Which she is not.

Tammy, as I told her to do, keeps her comments to herself. She just makes her way down Robyn's body, all the way to the tips of Robyn's toes. Then she stands back up and tells Robyn to "turn around and stand the same way so that I can see the back half of your body, Robyn." Robyn, flooded with the mixed emotions of relief that her front will be off display, and horror that her back will now be on display, turns rather sheepishly. And stands.

Tammy repeats her inspection, and to my slight surprise, she's diligent about it even though with her back turned Robyn can't see it. It takes her a long minute, but finally, Tammy makes her way down to Robyn's bottom. Robyn's bottom is fairly small and well-rounded. It's soft but doesn't yet sag. Her cheeks are fully touching at the insides, giving her crack a fully closed look. Tammy puts her hands to Robyn's cheeks, an inch or two from Robyn's crack, and pushes her cheeks wide apart. She stretches Robyn's deep crack open and exposes the tiny, tight dark ring of Robyn's asshole. Tammy's eyes go down Robyn's crack, taking everything in. And Robyn knows it. As close as Tammy is to her, she can feel Tammy's breath creeping its way down her body. Right over her tightly clenched asshole. She even gets a good view of the little dimple at the top of Robyn's crack.

Tammy finishes her inspection, even making Robyn lift her feet one by one to show Tammy the soles of them. And between her toes. Robyn almost sighs with relief as she puts her last foot back on the floor, thinking there's nothing left of her for Tammy to see.

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"Robyn, lean all the way over to show me your pussy." Tammy says.

Robyn freezes. I can't see her cheeks with her back to Tammy, but I don't need to. She's blushing. She has to be. Her entire body flushes to a bright pink. Robyn lets out a couple of sobs. She stands still a good minute. Especially now that she knows exactly what Tammy wants to look at. Finally, she starts leaning forward. It takes her a long moment to bend over, and then she's only about halfway by my rules.

It's enough, even with an extra pound at the top of each thigh, to poke Robyn's pussy back between the tops of her thighs. The position pulls most of the puffiness at her pubes taut, flattening out her mound. And that lets Tammy see the dense fur around her wide purple-pink slit. A fur that thins out as it flows over her lips. And it lets Tammy see just how wet Robyn's slit is. Tammy notices it, too. I see her nose wrinkle up. That's even closer to Robyn's body than her eyes.

Tammy dutifully puts her fingers to Robyn's lips. Robyn flinches hard, her bottom jumping forward a couple of inches. Tammy's face slowly follows. Tammy's fingers pull those thin, furry lips wide apart to display Robyn's inner pinkness. To see Robyn's wetness. To see the nub of Robyn's slit, now stiff, poking its head up from its wrinkly nest of folds. It even lets Tammy see the meaty, spongy, and soft entrance of Robyn's tunnel. Tammy spends about half a minute looking that over before she releases Robyn's lips.

Tammy leaves Robyn bent over while she takes a step back and stands up. Then she tells Robyn to stand up, put her hands behind her back, and turn to face her. Robyn is up quickly. She turns slowly. Her hands move even slower. But she obediently positions herself as instructed.

"I am going to give you one piece of clothing. You will say 'thank you for giving me whatever, Miss Schmidt.' Once you have done that, You will put it on, then put your

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hand behind you and wait until I decide to give you something else. When I decide you are dressed for Ms. Rodgers, I will tell you to turn and I'll tie your hands. Got it, Robyn?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Robyn squeaks out.

Tammy does not rush as Robyn wishes she would. She moves casually as she reaches out and picks up the top thing on the pile. Robyn's bra. She holds it out to Robyn. Robyn quickly takes it. Her hands instantly start to put it on and - finally - cover her breasts. She catches herself and stops. "Thank you for giving me the bra, Miss Schmidt." Robyn squeaks out so fast her words are almost a jumble. Then her hands are moving again, putting the bra on and covering herself.

Next Robyn gives her the shirt. It's a simple flannel button-up with short sleeves and a black-and-white checkered pattern on it. Robyn grimaces as she pulls it on. Definitely not her choice. Robyn thanks Tammy for it. Tammy stops Robyn with it buttoned about halfway up, leaving it to show Robyn's cleavage and a small bit of the pink cups of her bra. Finally, Robyn is given the panties she wants most. Then the denim shorts. Socks, and finally the shoes.

That's when Tammy tells Robyn to turn her back. As I told Tammy to do, she crosses Robyn's wrists behind her back. Then Tammy takes two thick and long tie straps. She loops the first around Robyn's wrists, feeds the free end through the buckle, and starts to cinch it down. She stops and lies her finger along Robyn's wrists, then cinches the strap snugly down. She wiggles her finger to pull it out. Tammy repeats with the second strap, putting it the opposite way over the X formed by Robyn's crossed wrists.

Tammy has Robyn turn around. She gets a light, but secure, grip on Robyn's upper arm. She tells Robyn to come along and walks her out to the kitchen. She keeps her grip on Robyn's arm until Robyn is fully seated in the chair. Robyn sits silently as she was told to. And waits, not knowing for what.



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For about fifteen seconds, no one says anything. It's just a touch of uncomfortable silence for Robyn and Hank to sit through. It's Tyler who breaks the silence. He looks down to Hank and, as he leans down to take hold of Hank's hand, says "come with me Hank, it looks like it's the boy's turn to change for your audience with the Queen." He holds Hank's hand firmly, but lightly.

Hank gets up. His eyes stay on his hand, seeming to not believe that Tyler is holding his hand as if he were a child. Or that he's holding hands with another man. Wisely, he knows not to object. He allows Tyler to lead him back to the bedroom.

Just as Tammy did with Robyn, Tyler has Hank stand facing the wall while he rummages all through Hank's drawers and closet to choose clothes for him. He makes a stack and sets it on the dresser, too. Then he has Hank turn around and face him.

I gave Tyler directions, not a script as I gave Tammy. The difference is that Tyler, as one of my toys, has done this before. He's done it with both male and female toys before. He knows what to do. But I still gave him clear directions so there would be no misunderstandings about what I expected.

He stands facing Hank. "Hank, stay just like you are. Take everything off, one thing at a time, and hand it to me as you take it off." He uses almost the same words Tammy did.

Hank blanches. He looks surprised. Deeply, since he tried to make it clear to me that he wouldn't do anything with another man, and here Tyler is telling him to take his clothes off. Worse, Tyler isn't telling him why. Tyler did tell him he was to change for me, he remembers, but that doesn't really require another man to be staring at him while he does. Nor does it explain why he has to stay facing that man.

Tyler has already decided that Hank is "less of a man" than he is. In his opinion, Hank seems too wimpy, too soft, to be a real man. Everything Hank is doing only

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reinforces his first impressions, too. So did what he found in Hank's drawers. There's little in the way of casual clothing, and what's there is the kind of stuff Tyler calls "fancy pants stuff." Name brands like Old Navy. All of it is neat, spotless, and even pressed. Tyler just knows it was Robyn who did that.

Hank is still wearing a good business suit, or at least most of it. The coat and tie are off, the top button of his shirt undone. But that's it. He hasn't even slipped off his leather shoes. As neat as he is, he hasn't spent much time with the kids, either.

Hank doesn't hesitate like Robyn did. Maybe several seconds, but that's as long as it takes for him to get an idea in his head. None of them have ever met Tyler before. They didn't even know the name of Tammy's boyfriend, just a vague idea that she had one, not necessarily the same one every time she sat for them. He thinks, especially knowing that Mistress Andrea is my friend, that it's more likely I would have arranged this with Tammy, not Tyler. That it was Tammy who brought Tyler along thinking that Hank would be more comfortable undressing in front of a man instead of her. That it is actually a small kindness on Tammy's part. And Hank knows that it would be much more uncomfortable for him to undress in front of a woman. More so Tammy, a woman he doesn't see as a woman but as "the kid down the street." Idly he wonders if Tammy is even 18 yet. He's not really sure, although he does remember that her birthday was sometime around now.

Hank slips his shoes off and hands them over to Tyler. A pair of thin black socks follows. Hank stands up and then pulls his shirt tails out from his waist. He starts taking his shirt off, steadily revealing a pressed white cotton undershirt. He hands his shirt over to Tyler. Next off is his belt, and then he slides his pants down to reveal a pair of boxer shorts. Those are pressed, too. They're heavier fabric, so they're clearly some brand label. It leaves Hank

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standing in basically shorts and a t-shirt. He's not showing any more of himself than that.

Hank hesitates for only a second to pull his undershirt off. It lets Tyler clearly see how hairless his chest is. His forearms are covered with a moderately dense coat of dark black hair. His hands have some on the back of them as well. The hairs stop at his elbows. His entire chest and stomach, his upper body, is hairless. It also shows Tyler that his body is soft. Not exactly loose, but not toned either. Hank isn't the kind of guy who even knows where the gym is, much less spends time there. Tyler can see a couple of wrinkles, obvious but not that pronounced, running up from his navel, too. More looseness to his stomach.

Hank looks, to me, to be around 50-ish. It's slightly hard to tell. He could be much closer to 40. Maybe it's the softness of his body that makes me add a few years. He has a moderately round face with decently rounded lines to it. Even at his chin. He obviously shaved this morning, but I can see a touch of five-O'clock shadow on him. He has very short, as in clipper-cut, dark hair around the sides of his head, and thin, sparse wisps of black hair atop the mostly bald top of his head. Maybe that adds a few years to his appearance, too. He has bright blue eyes, almost perfectly matching Robyn's, under thick, but light brown, brows. He has a long and wide nose. He has a wide mouth, framed with thin light pink lips. His mouth has a slight downturn at the corners, giving his visage the look of a permanent scowl. His body is lean. I can see the lines of his collar bones along his shoulders. I can see thick veins along his hairy arms. He also has small nipples, no more than half the width of a pencil. They're light pink and rise up barely from his chest even when they're stiff as they are now. They're surrounded by light pink rings about the size of nickels.

Hank really only has his boxers left on. He hesitates now, for a couple of seconds. Long enough for him to glance out and see that Tyler is watching, not just looking

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at him. Tyler's eyes are on Hank's waist, waiting for him to drop those boxers and reveal whatever is underneath. It makes Hank slightly uncomfortable. It makes him wonder if Tyler, despite dating the flighty Tammy, might have some interest in men as well. Which would mean there would be no way that Hank would ever undress in front of him.

Hank realizes he doesn't have a choice. And that he asked for this. He asked Mistress Andrea to arrange a meeting. He asked Tammy to let him go along with Robyn. This is the price of that. He imagines that his very shy wife just did the same thing in front of Tammy, and knows that if he doesn't, Robyn will have done it for nothing. Neither will be brought to me and without Tammy, they don't even know where to go.

Hank reaches for his hips. He starts slipping his boxers down. A few seconds later they're off and he's reluctantly handing them over to Tyler.

It leaves Hank standing completely naked in front of Tyler. Unlike Robyn, he's not modestly covering himself with his hands - those he leaves at his sides. But he is fidgeting slightly, showing his unease with standing naked.

It lets Tyler see Hank's soft cock hanging out, and slightly drooping downward. It lets him see Hank's balls scrunched up tight in their sack behind his cock. It lets him see a few wrinkly lies of flesh around his cock. It lets him see that Hank's pubes and sack are shaven smooth, or would be. There's a touch of stubble on his pubes now. It lets him see the moderately dense black fur covering Hank's legs all the way up to the crease of his thighs. It lets him see a patch of faint wrinkle lines along the tops of his thighs as if those thighs used to be slightly thicker and the skin just sort of loosened up when he lost those pounds.

Still almost fully soft, Hank's cock is about three inches long and $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick. It's circumcised, showing off its bell-shaped bulbous head. It's light pink, almost faint enough to blend with the skin of his cock, but a bit wider than the shaft. Maybe a little over an inch across.

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Tyler pauses for just a few seconds, leaving Hank waiting nude, and undoubtedly wishing Tyler would hurry up and finish this. Tyler steps closer to Hank and gives him the same instructions that Tammy gave Robyn. He just uses his own words and adds a bit to them. "Hank, you are going to show me your body so that I can see for myself that you are as naked as a jaybird. Put both feet flat on the floor and spread your legs wide, then hold your arms straight out from your sides. I'll tell you when I've seen everything and you may move."

Tyler waits. Hank groans under his breath but positions himself as instructed. The only thing Tyler really notices is that even like this, Hank's balls are pulled up tight instead of dangling loosely. And it's not cold in the room.

"Hank," Tyler says firmly. "You are not allowed any privacy. For the moment, you are in my care, and I will do whatever I wish with you to make sure that you behave. Do you understand that, Hank?"

"Yes, Sir," Hank answers, his voice clearly unhappy and even more ill-at-ease.

"Are you a faggot, Hank?"

"No, Sir," Hank answers rather firmly and quickly.

"Hank, you will stand still while I check every bit of you to make sure that you are *fully* naked. That means I will touch your body if I want or it makes it easier for me to see something. Since you say you're not a queer, I expect you to stand still and your penis not to be erect while I'm looking your body over. Promise me that you will stand still with a soft penis while I touch you, Hank. Politely, and in a full sentence."

"I promise to stand still and keep my dick soft while you touch me, Sir," Hank grumbles out.

Tyler does exactly as Tammy did. He steps in close, bringing his eyes scant inches from Hank's naked body. He starts moving, slowly getting a close-up look at every last bit of Hank. It takes him a couple of minutes to work his

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way down Hank's chest and over his smooth pubes until finally, he makes it down to Hank's cock. By now Tyler has dropped to his knees. It's a little easier for him to see the lower parts of Hank's body. It also makes Hank a bit more uncomfortable to see the younger man kneeling before him, his head a couple of inches from Hank's cock.

Tyler isn't shy. Nor does he hesitate. He's too well experienced to be shy, even with another man. He reaches his hand up and puts two fingers under Hank's cock, along the soft shaft, just behind the spongy head of it. He lifts, raising Hank's cock up and fully exposing the front of Hank's sack. It gives him a good view of the underside of the cock, too.

And it gets a hard flinch from Hank the instant he feels Tyler's slightly rough and manly fingers touching his cock. It starts him fidgeting as well. It's light, almost not noticeable. But it is enough to have his cock very gently wiggling atop Tyler's fingers. He says nothing. He stands uneasily allowing Tyler to adjust his cock for a better view of it.

Tyler feels the tiny fidgets in Hank's hips. Actually, he feels them on his hand. He can feel the faint wiggles of the soft cock on his fingers. Tyler takes a moment to make sure that Hank sees him getting a good long look at every bit of the cock. Then he shifts his eyes down and slowly takes in Hank's tightly scrunched sack and the two smallish balls in it. After just as thorough of a look at that, Tyler finally moves on.

Tyler is neither gentle nor rough. He's just casual as if the thought of gentleness never entered his mind. He pulls his fingers out from under Hank's cock. The shaft, by then, is about $\frac{1}{3}$ of the way to stiff. Tyler could feel the hot blood flowing as the shaft steadily swelled atop his fingers. I'd bet Hank could feel it as well. I'd bet he was cringing hard and praying Tyler wouldn't notice. As Tyler's fingers slip out from under the cock, the shaft drops. It falls down, bumping against the front of his sack and balls. It stiffens

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a little more when it does. Enough that Tyler can see it swell.

Tyler works his way even slower down Hank's legs. He takes his time, and then some, waiting to see what Hank's cock is going to do. Tyler doesn't really care if it's hard or soft. But I did instruct him to make Hank keep it soft, or at least scold him shamelessly if he doesn't. He makes it to Hank's toes without the cock stiffening or softening anymore.

Tyler has Hank turn around. He starts over, at the top, his eyes very slowly making their way down Hank's body. It takes him a couple of minutes to get down to Hank's hips again. Time that Hank spends wondering, since he can't see, what Tyler is looking at now. I'd bet the time seems far longer to Hank, and by the time Tyler makes it to his waist, Hank is thinking Tyler has to be about down to his feet.

Tyler says nothing, giving Hank no warning. He puts his hands to Hank's soft, slightly flat, cheeks and pushes them wide apart, stretching Hank's crack wide. It exposes the dark purple-brown swath around Hank's dark, wrinkly asshole. It lets Tyler see that not only are Hank's globes lightly furred with black hairs but so is his crack. I guess Hank never thought about shaving his bottom along with his pubes. Tyler holds his cheeks wide apart.

Hank feels Tyler's breath. Tyler has his eyes that close. He feels it moving slowly down his crack, letting him know just how slowly Tyler's eyes are going. Hank imagines, correctly, Tyler's eyes an inch back getting a very full view of Hank's very tightly clenched, nickel-wide, dark asshole lined with long thick folds of wrinkles. And Tyler does. His eyes keep going, getting a full view of the backside of Hank's balls, too.

Tyler goes all the way down to Hank's feet. He inspects the soles of his feet before finishing. He tells Hank to bring his hands behind his back. And then to turn around.

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"Hank," Tyler says in a mocking, disapproving, taunting voice. "Is that penis erect?"

Hank starts to cringe hard. His eyes move, not really going anywhere yet. Instantly Tyler's hand is under Hank's jaw. "Look at me when I'm speaking to you, Hank. Now answer me, is your penis erect?"

"Yes, Sir," Hank meekly answers.

"Say it." Tyler snaps in a harsh voice.

"My penis is erect, Sir," Hank answers, his voice both shamed and grumbling at the same time.

Tyler shakes his head slowly. "I guess a sissy faggot like you just can't stop his penis from getting erect at the sight of a real man. I am going to tell Miss Schmidt, and she will tell Ms. Rodgers that your penis gets erect just from being shown to a man."

Hank blushes and cringes, but says nothing. He's not allowed to, and he seems to know it.

Tyler takes a step back and gives Hank the same speech. That he is going to give Hank one piece of clothing at a time, Hank will take it, thank him for it, and put it on. Nothing is open for debate. Hank says "yes, Sir" to the instructions.

Tyler starts with a pullover Polo shirt. It's light yellow. Hank takes it, thanks him, and pulls it on quickly to cover his hairless, decently narrow, and almost effeminate chest. Then Tyler hands him a pair of white socks. Next, he has no choice but to hand Hank what he wants, the boxer shorts he picked. Tyler knows that I don't care for boxers, so I know that it was the only thing in Hank's drawers. Otherwise, Tyler would have picked something else. Like briefs.

Hank takes them. "Thank you for the underwear, Sir," He grumbles to Tyler. Then he puts them on, pulling them up as fast as he can. One thing about boxers, the reason I don't like them, is that they tend to be loose-fitting. Even so, they show the pointy bulge of Hank's stiff cock poking them out in front. Tyler gives Hank a pair of

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khaki chinos. And then a pair of deck shoes, the most casual shoes Hank seems to own.

Tyler has Hank turn his back and give him his hands. He straps Hank's hands the same way Tammy tied Robyn's. Then he turns Hank around again. He takes hold of Hank's upper arm and keeps a firm grip on it. A strong and definitely manly grip. He guides Hank back to the kitchen and has him retake his seat next to Robyn.

Robyn is still fidgeting in her seat and demurely waiting. Tammy leaves her no choice. She stands in front of Robyn, clearly watching the woman intently. Tammy ignores Tyler and Hank. Robyn glances over long enough to see that Hank is now completely changed as well. She assumes Hank got the same treatment that she did.

"Hey ya, trouble," Tyler very sweetly greets Tammy. "Would you believe this little fairy got a hard-on just from showing his little dick to me?"

"Can't blame him," Tammy says with a flirty bat of her eyes. "You're just so hot to look at."

A minute or two later Robyn is on her feet with Tammy holding her upper arm. Hank is back on his feet, behind Robyn, with Tyler holding his arm. Both still have their hands bound. And now, both are blindfolded with thick sashes of heavy black fabric tied over their eyes. Neither was allowed to say anything to their kids, and the kids stayed in the living room with Joey. In the background, everyone can hear the three of them singing the Barney song. The kids seem to have forgotten mom and dad.

Bound and blindfolded is a new experience for both of them. At least on their feet, it is. Neither is steady. Both take only the most cautious of steps. Tammy and Tyler lead their charges out of the house and to Tyler's car. They buckle the pair in the back seat. They get in the front seats. Tyler starts driving to my place. Robyn and Hank are left to listen for sounds and wonder where they're being taken.



Chapter Four - Welcome To The Queendom

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My apartment is downtown. There's really little parking downtown. Unless you have a pass for one of the lots, or a platinum card handy, the street is your only option. And about half of the street parking is metered. Fortunately for Tyler and Tammy, 19:00 is a decent time to find a place. It's after the office crowd has left and before the "entertainment" crowd has really started arriving. Not that there's much of one on a Wednesday night anyway. But this is the city's "designated entertainment district." I'm about smack in the middle of it. I've told Tyler where to park, on one of the smaller side roads. Off that road, there's a small entrance to my building. It will bring them into the lobby on the ground floor, where the doorman is.

The doormen here all know me well. All are accustomed to strange sights heading for my apartment. So when Tyler and Tammy walk the blindfolded and bound pair into the lobby, the doorman merely grins at them. He pushes the button for the elevator, holding its door open for them. When they step inside they notice that he's already punched the button for the fourth floor. He knows where they're going. He knows what they're going for, too. Sometimes I have my toys "tip" those doormen for their attentive service.

As I asked, Tammy texts me to let me know when they reach downtown. That lets me know they'll be here in about 10 minutes. I don't have much to get ready for this couple. I'm really not even sure what I'm going to do with Robyn. It's not like I have a game plan all mapped out for most of my sessions, let alone a first meeting. I play those by ear, seeing what the toys like and don't. Then decide if the toys hold any interest for me. I don't even know if Tammy will stay or come back for them. She says she'll stay and watch, but she's never seen anything like a session before. She would not be the first one to abruptly change her mind when the whips start cracking and toys screeching loud "OW's!" I'll just have to see what Tammy does. And make sure she knows she can go, I'll text her when it's safe to return for them. Tyler will be staying

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unless I change my mind. He's my toy. My property. He does as he's told.

They knock on the door almost exactly when I'd expect them to. Tyler must not have had any trouble finding parking. I send Sophie, my live-in slave-girl who serves as my handmaiden, to answer the door. "Hello, Ma'am, you must be Miss Schmidt," Sophie greets Tammy politely. "Please come in, my Mistress is expecting you. I'm slave... You can just leave those fuck toys right here, Ma'am." Sophie points to the wall just inside the door. There are about six feet of the wall there which I keep empty just to make a place for the toys to wait. And hand over their clothes before moving any further into my world.

Tammy bubbles as she steps in. She still has her grip on Robyn's arm, leading Robyn in as well. It takes Tammy a second to realize that the "fuck toys" Sophie is referring to are Hank and Robyn. Tammy figures it out. She stops Robyn, standing her along the wall in no specific position, and tells Robyn "wait here, Robyn." She takes her hand off of Robyn. Tyler, seeing the haphazard way Tammy left Robyn, looks to me immediately. I nod quickly, telling him to forget about properly positioning Hank. He stands Hank off to Robyn's side just as randomly positioned as Tammy did with Robyn. He tells Hank to wait and releases him.

Sophie quickly shows both Tammy and Tyler over to the sofa where I'm waiting. For now, anyway, I continue the charade of Tyler being Tammy's boyfriend. I allow Sophie to introduce both of my visitors and offer them seats. With a snap of my fingers, Sophie drops to her knees and offers both coffee. Both accept. She already knows that I want a cup. I live on coffee.

A minute later Sophie is back with a cup. She drops to her knees. Her hands are six inches out in front of her nipples, palms upturned and together to make a little tray. The coffee rests atop her hands as she offers it to Tammy. "Here is your coffee, Miss Schmidt." Tammy takes it and sips it. Sophie serves Tyler next. Guests first. Then she brings me mine. And then I can get started.

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I introduce myself to Tammy, telling her that it's nice to finally meet her, and adding that I've heard a lot about her from "our friends." We talk for about two minutes, which is about all of it that I can stand. What's important is that Robyn and Hank hear us. I want them to hear the giggling girly talk. I want them to feel completely ignored. Which they are not. I keep close eyes on both to make sure they stand still and wait. For however long. For whatever is next. They do. But it has the effect I was hoping for. It starts them fidgeting both impatiently and uneasily.

Finally, I ask Tammy "did Robyn behave herself like a good girl while you cleaned her up to come see me?"

Tammy giggles again as she answers. "Kinda, sorta, maybe. She, like really didn't give me much trouble, but like was totally mousy shy about just everything, and then one time she asked me why she had to undress in front of me, but that's like all she did." Tammy giggles hard. "Now Hank there, he was the real bad boy! His dick got all hard just from looking at my boyfriend!"

Hank cringes hard as Tammy casually, and laughingly relates the incident. It doesn't take more than a fleeting glance to him to see the slight bulge poking the front of his pants out now, either.

I don't know what Hank and Robyn are expecting. Or envisioning. A lot of newbies, and the uninitiated, imagine a Domme as always being dressed up in a skimpy, tight, leather dress with spiked heels and a black crop in her hand. Usually as a tall, imposing, woman, too. If that's the picture they have (and I know I'm the first Domme they've met) they're going to be disappointed. I haven't bothered to dress up for them, and if I did, I don't even own such a dress. I'm wearing what I've been wearing all day. Sneakers and comfy jeans. A light gray scrub top with "USA Health - University Hospital / Emergency & Trauma Services" on it. It's one of the generic ones we have in the linen closet for us to use at the hospital, where I work full time. I wore it today because after my morning classes

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I've been stopping by a local shelter for women and children and volunteering. It seems they're always in need of nursing care for their residents, and the nurse who has been volunteering is older and getting tired. I have my hair pulled back and out of the way. It keeps the little ones from pulling it. I look like a college girl, a student nurse or something maybe. I am a college girl. But I have my nursing license. The point is I don't look anything like that stereotypical Domme of porn. I look like a young college girl. Maybe even a girl who might be one of Tammy's friends.

I politely excuse myself and rise to my feet. I pick up my favorite crop from the table as I cross over to where Robyn and Hank are waiting. It's the crop my mom, also a Domme, gave me for my 18th birthday. It's made of pastel green soft leather fringed with a frilly white lace. It looks rather girly. Looks. It's as stiff as anything a racehorse has ever felt, and it stings sharply. I love it. I use it a lot. Even when, unlike today, it doesn't enhance the girliness of my appearance.

I stop in front of Robyn, then hesitate for a second or two. I leave Robyn blindfolded for the moment. Hank, too. Two feet away from Robyn, he's going to hear every word of this. The girly voice is gone. I use a hard, stern tone now. "You are the worthless fuck toy Robyn who can't seem to behave like a respectable wife and mother or keep from diddling her sloppy slut pit constantly like some filthy skanky gutter whore." I lace a bit of scorn into my voice as well. "Correct, *bitch*?"

I see Robyn cringing inward hard. She scoots back, all of about an inch, until her bottom bumps against the wall. I see the blush bloom instantly and brightly on her cheeks. "Yes, Ma'am," Robyn barely squeaks out. Her voice is almost hushed to muteness, girly high, and breaks slightly with the embarrassment.

"I suggest you remember your place, *bitch*. Be very polite and humble. My slave will be over. You will strip properly for her, and politely give those clothes to her. She

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will *fully* inspect that fat body. It will also be measured. Then I will deal with filthy slut pit, *bitch*. Is there anything you are too stupid to understand?"

"No, Ma'am." Robyn's voice breaks even more.

"Good, because I am not going to put up with any of that silly modest bitch act you gave Miss Schmidt. My bitches are not permitted any modesty or privacy. Period. You will not hesitate to obey my slave. You will not stall and drag your feet. You will definitely not even think about trying to hide anything. You can stand here in all your glory, just as He made you, with everything hanging out for the world to see and laugh at, fatso. Now do you understand that, or are you dumber than a box of rocks without the rocks?"

"I understand, Ma'am," Robyn's voice breaks hard and hushes a little more to where it's almost nothing but a breath.

I step over in front of Hank. Maybe he senses me coming, maybe not. But he definitely knows when I'm in front of him. "I won't bother to repeat myself for you, dildo. You obviously heard what I told that other fuck toy. Do you understand it, or are you as stupid as you look?"

"I understand, Ma'am," Hank answers. His voice is part groan, part nervousness, with a tinge of excitement laced into it.

"Show me that you have enough brains to stand still, dildo," I tell Hank. I don't wait for an answer. I reach my hand down to his zipper and with a hard tug, yank it down. I'm trying to be rough, but not to hurt him. I just want him to feel as if his comfort isn't my first, or thousandth, concern. I slip my hand into his zipper and find the opening at the front of his loose boxers. My hand darts right in. My fingers feel the steely hard shaft of his cock the instant they start pushing through the fabric. In under a second, I have my hand snugly, but moderately loosely, wrapped around his cock. I can feel the tremor sweep over his body as he feels the softness of feminine skin. I tug his

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cock around, efficiently bringing it out through his zipper. I release it.

I immediately judge his cock to be fair-sized. Definitely above average. Maybe around six inches, I think, seeing that at least five inches, about the length of my hand, is standing out from the open zipper of his slacks. Standing out straight, almost thrusting its sensitive bulbous pink head right at me.

I clap my hands together. It rings out loudly through the room.

"UMPH!" Hank grunts out hard and loud at the same time. Maybe that's because, when my hands clap, his stiff cock is in between them. He shudders. His hips snap back, his bottom knocking into the wall behind him. His face tightens up for a moment to show the light pain shooting through his cock.

"I did *not* tell you that I wanted *MY* cock hard, dildo! Are you being a pervert and having inappropriate naughty thoughts about me or my things?"

"No, Ma'am," Hank quickly blurts out. "UMPH!!!!!" He grunts out harder as I clap my hands on his cock again.

"Liar!" I snap. "You're a disgusting little pervert! Everyone here can see that tiny little cock sticking out as if anyone is interested in it. Don't think I care how badly this bitch has been neglecting that creepy cock, *dildo*. You will behave. Now stand still and keep your mouth shut. No one cares what a dildo has to say. When my slave gets to your creepy butt, that cock *will be soft*."

I turn back to see Tammy sitting on the edge of her seat, her eyes wide and gawking. Clearly, the icy coldness surprised her. After a couple of seconds, I see the giggle starting now that her eyes have drifted to the shamelessly lewd way I'm displaying Hank's cock. Or the sight of a cock at all. Maybe she expected to only see Robyn, not Hank. Whatever, the show definitely has Tammy's full eager attention.

I just wave for Sophie to come over. She takes her place in front of Robyn. I've already given Sophie

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instructions for this part. But this is nothing. This is just teaching them to behave and getting them to the playroom for the real fun. One thing I've told her to do is to leave the blindfolds on the toys for now. That way they'll be without their primary sense. They won't know exactly who is seeing what. Their minds will fill in any gaps. It will drive them crazy. I reach behind Robyn and snip the straps holding her hands.

"Robyn," slave begins to give Robyn her instructions. "You will take your blouse off and fold it neatly. Then you will hold it out and offer it to me by saying 'here is the blouse this bitch had on, Miss Slave,' and nothing more. When I take it from you, put your hands behind your back and wait for my next instruction. Now give me that blouse, bitch."

Just as I thought Robyn would, she stands nervously quivering. I give her several seconds. She doesn't really even start to move. I'm sure she would eventually. She just needs to know that slave is serious. That she doesn't have a choice. Unable to see Sophie just leaves Robyn less confident that she's being closely watched. She can't see Sophie glaring at her.

I'm not known for my patience. My inner imp is known for her lack of it, though. I'm pretty sure I just told Robyn my rules and warned her not to waste my time dragging her feet. Didn't she tell me she understood? That tells me that it's time to teach her a lesson. A lesson that even the dumbest of rocks would understand.

My hand flies straight to Robyn's chest. With the top of her blouse unbuttoned, and about $\frac{1}{4}$ of her bra visible, there's plenty of room. My fingers lightly hit her chest and immediately dive down into the space between her breasts. They curl, taking hold of both the bra and blouse. On that, I get a tight grip.

"EEE!" Robyn blurts out the most nervous, squeaky-high, squeal.

I ignore Robyn. I say nothing. Not a word. I give her no clue what I'm going to do. What's happening to her. I

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step back, yanking her blouse as hard as I can. Robyn stumbles, barely keeping her feet under her. Instinct has her come forward. She stumbles a couple of steps.

I already have a wooden chair ready. If Robyn and Hank weren't blindfolded, they'd see it. Tammy did, but I doubt she guessed what the chair with a belt draped over it might be for. Tyler definitely knows. He's been over my knees in this same chair more than a couple of times. He's felt this same belt, too.

It's about three short steps back to where the chair waits. As soon as I cross them, I keep Robyn moving. I drop onto the chair, keeping hold of her blouse as I do. That makes her start to lean over. I have to twist around to get it, but I use a foot to kick the back on one of her knees less than gently. It buckles her knees, dropping her onto them. With me pulling her chest forward at the same time. Robyn almost crashes down onto her knees. A fraction of a second later her chest is pulled over my thighs. I let go of her blouse, moving both of my hands as fast as I can to the waist of her pants.

This is the reason I told Tammy to choose loose-fitting pants for both of them. I slip my thumbs under the waistband of her shorts. I open my thighs, pressing one into the bend of her waist. I put an elbow over her back to keep her from rising up. My other thigh slips along her chest until it bumps against the underside of her breasts. It stops with her mounds hanging down against its outside. Before my legs stop moving, I'm pushing down on the waistband of those shorts. I have to shove hard, but I push them off her hips and over her globes.

"OH!" Robyn screeches out as she feels the shorts, and her panties roughly yanked down. I push them down until they're around the tops of her thighs and leave them there. It has every bit of her bottom fully bared, to about an inch beneath its bottom curve.

"UHHH!-EEEE!" Robyn sucks in a deep, fast, and very panicked breath. It's rather noisy, too. She's far from still. Her legs and feet squirm around hard. Her hands flail

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around, trying to both grab onto something and push her up from my lap. Even blindfolded, she must know that she's over my knees. It should leave her little doubt about what's to come. Her bottom and hips wiggle atop my thigh. Even her head is tossing around.

I put a hand to her back and hold her down over my thighs. My other hand picks up the belt, doubling it over. Sophie waits patiently where she was. Tammy has risen to her feet for a better view, a look of utter shock on her face. The wide-eyed face that gawks openly. Tyler sits where he was.

The belt rises up quickly. It snaps down hard across Robyn's bottom. A loud splitting crack rings out. The belt digs slightly into the soft layer of flesh, flattening it for an instant under the wide, heavy leather strap.

"OWWWWWWWWWWW!" Robyn screams. It's loud, girly, squeaking, pained, and almost infantile. Her hands and legs flail wildly in every possible direction. Her bottom snaps forward, going nowhere, against my thigh. It jumps back an inch so that it's not pushing firmly against me, then dances from side to side, jiggling her spongy globes. She keeps screaming, a single long screech. As the belt lifts from her bottom, an angry pink welt line glows bright across the pale white flesh.

Hank jumps as he hears the crack and Robyn's scream. He stiffens and sucks a deep breath. But he doesn't move out of his place.

Tammy's jaw drops. "O. M. G," she mutters under her breath. Her eyes are glued to the sight of that pink line across Robyn's bottom. It leaves no room to doubt how good Robyn was just spanked with the belt.

Robyn runs out of air in her lungs. Her scream ebbs for a second as she sucks in another breath. She bursts into tears, sobbing hard. She mumbles "OW, OW, OW!"

"Do I have your attention, now, *bitch*?" I ask Robyn. I don't raise my voice, but I do harden it to an icy steel of disappointment.

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"Yes, Ma'am!!!" Robyn babbles out quickly over her sobs. Her voice has finally raised over the hushed volume. It's a little higher and more girly now, too. She sounds almost like a little girl.

"You will be spanked twice for wasting my time, bitch. Since you are not behaving, that one does not count. If you misbehave again, we will start over. And over until you behave for both consecutive strokes. You will lie still for your spanking. That bottom, and everything else, will not move. You will do nothing but lie there and be spanked.

"After each stroke, you will count it. You will say 'One, Ma'am. I'm sorry for dragging my feet, Ma'am. Thank you for spanking my naughty bare bottom, Ma'am. May I please have another stroke with your belt on my bare bottom, Ma'am?' Nothing else. Not one word more or less, then or ever.

"That's the only time I will tell you how to behave like a big bitch for your spanking. Now I am going to spank that naughty bottom. When you decide to start behaving you may start counting your strokes, bitch." I tell her.

I barely have the words out of my mouth before the belt snaps down again, searing just as bright of a line across her globes. And sending a million needles of pain shooting their sting into her cheeks.

Robyn screams again. I pause, allowing her about ten seconds to get herself together. She squirms just as hard as she was before.

"Oh, don't want to behave? Fine."

The belt snaps down and sears another line across Robyn's cheeks. Robyn screams and squirms even harder. I pause again, giving her another ten seconds to start behaving.

Robyn stops squirming after about eight of those seconds. She lies still. Her scream ebbs into a full-blown bawling cry. "I'll be good, Ma'am," Robyn answers me in a little girl's voice broken by her sobs.

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"Then behave, bitch, and you may count the next stroke as number one." I give her no mercy. I want her to know I won't have any. What I say goes.

Robyn lies over my knees crying hard. But other than that, she doesn't move I feel some of the tension start to ease in her body. "Yes, Ma'am," Robyn sobs out.

I raise the belt and snap it back down across Robyn's bottom. The loud crack rings out. Robyn screams. But this time she stays mostly still. Her bottom doesn't jump around my thigh. Her hands flinch, but only to grip each other hard. Her body tenses hard, but quickly relaxes as the initial sharpness of the sting begins to dull into a fiery burn. I pause.

"One, Ma'am. I'm sorry for dragging my feet, Ma'am. Thank you for spanking my naughty bare bottom, Ma'am. May I please have another stroke with your belt on my bare bottom, Ma'am?" Robyn uses her little girl's voice, but it breaks hard with sobs. And it's almost pleading.

I give Robyn the second stroke. She screams and flinches hard, but stays still. And then she counts off the second stroke. Even knowing she's not due a third, she follows the script and asks for it. I don't give it to her. By now her entire bottom is glowing a very bright pink. I know it's on fire. I know it's stinging her badly. I don't want to really hurt her. But I do want her to believe that she has no choice but to obey. Hank did say she has to be pushed hard.

Tammy still looks shocked, as if she can't believe what she just saw. Robyn, the middle-aged woman, turned over my knees and spanked like a naughty toddler. Even acting like a toddler while she was.

I grab the waistband of Robyn's pants and yank them back up over her bottom and into place. I don't try to be either gentle or rough. Robyn screeches. I ignore it.

I return Robyn to her feet, shoving her body around until she's on her knees and one final tug to bring her up to her feet. Then back into her place on the wall, facing Sophie.

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In a rather calm voice, Sophie begins to repeat the instruction to Robyn. "Robyn, you will take your blouse off and fold it neatly. Then you will hold it out and offer it to me by saying 'here is the blouse this bitch had on, Miss Slave,' and nothing more. When I take it from you, put your hands behind your back and wait for my next instruction. Now give me that blouse, bitch." Sophie sounds exactly as she did before.

Robyn still cries. Her face is wrinkled up tight, eyes red and puffy with tears running down them. Even her nose is wet. But this time Sophie gives her instructions, Robyn quickly answers "yes, Ma'am," in her shamed little girl's voice, and very quickly unbuttons her blouse to reveal her bra. Less than two minutes later, Sophie has a pile of very neatly folded clothes. Robyn stands, her sobs beginning to fade, completely nude with her hands behind her back. Just as she was told to. This time she couldn't get her clothes off fast enough. She wasn't shy about it, either, or at least didn't try to hide her body.

Sophie steps over to Hank. She glances down to see his stiff cock still standing straight out from his zipper. Sophie smirks at the sight. It's not a bad sight, either. His cock is well shaped, straight, showing off its spongy head, rock hard, and above average in both length and thickness. Albeit it is not that far above average. Maybe an inch or so above. Maybe in the top... 30% of cocks. Hank, however, is not as attractive as his cock.

Sophie gives Hank the same instructions, word for word. She doesn't need to warn him to behave. He heard the consequences Robyn suffered for her minor disobedience. There's no reason for him to think he'd fare any better.

Even though I know that I've already pushed Hank beyond what he expected, I know that Robyn's previous Dom did nothing with Hank. At least not directly. He allowed Hank to watch, but not interfere. Sometimes he allowed Hank to do things with Robyn during, always only what he allowed and with him watching, but that's the limit

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of Hank's participation. The idea of being a toy beside Robyn for a session is new to him. As is the idea that's suddenly flashing through his head now: that there's a very real possibility that it could, and might just be him over my knees screeching as the belt tans his hide.

Hank isn't as shy as Robyn. Or he doesn't show it. Or he doesn't need the first-hand lesson that Robyn just learned. Whatever, he starts pulling his shirt up. He folds it, neatly, but not nearly as neatly as Robyn did. He tries, though. His hands are just clumsy at it. I'd bet this is the first piece of laundry he's folded in a decade. Or longer. It's neat enough, and Sophie takes it when he offers it. She asks for his shoes next. Then for his pants. And his underpants. It takes him a minute to get those off. Those don't have a zipper like his pants do, so he has to wiggle them off the stiff shaft of his cock that's poking out through them. It does nothing to lessen the stiffness. His socks are last to come off, leaving him standing just as Robyn is. And just as naked.

I can see a faint quivering and blushing on Hank, so I'm sure that he's rather embarrassed. He is standing nude, except for the blindfold, in a room with at least three girls. Two of whom he's never laid eyes upon yet, and the third is his "maybe-18-year-old" babysitter. I'd bet right now he's wishing it was Tyler again.

Sophie takes their clothes to the playroom. In there I have a four-drawer file cabinet that I keep as nothing but a locker for toys things. Like clothes. Robyn's goes in the top drawer, and Hank's in the next one down. Sophie shuts the drawers, which locks them. I have the only key, so they won't be getting those clothes back until I decide to return them.

When Sophie returns she goes to Robyn. Ladies first. Or rather in this house, it's the shiest one first. She tells Robyn to "display that body for inspection." She goes on to tell Robyn how that means for her to stand. The same position I'd had Tammy use. Legs spread wide, arms

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stretched out straight to her sides, and eyes forward. Even blindfolded.

It's kind of my policy never to tell a toy much of anything. The few times I do, it's because I know telling them will make things more humiliating than not telling them. But I always tell them enough for them to behave properly. "Robyn," Sophie tells Robyn, her voice unchanged from the casual, detached tone she's always taken with her. "You will stay still and not say a thing while I inspect your body."

"Yes, Ma'am," Robyn answers, her sobbing mostly gone now. But the sting in her bottom won't be. That will still be painfully reminding her that disobedience here carries stern consequences.

Sophie doesn't just look over Robyn's body as Tammy did. Sophie inspects it closely. And critically. She puts her hands to the top of Robyn's head and runs her fingers through her hair. Then down her body. Behind and over Robyn's ears, turning Robyn's head to see those ears closely. "This bitch's ears could use a good cleaning," Sophie states plainly to me. It gets a little cringe from Robyn. Sophie pinches Robyn's jaw, opening her mouth. She looks into it, then sticks a finger inside to push Robyn's cheeks out one at a time and lift her tongue. That way she can see everything. "This bitch doesn't seem to brush its teeth, either," Sophie announces. Her hands stay on Robyn's body, flowing smoothly, almost caressing their way slowly down to her shoulders. Then out her arms, over her hands, down each finger, and finally back to Robyn's shoulders. Sophie announces that there's a bit of razor stubble on Robyn's underarms.

Sophie's hands flow down to Robyn's breasts. Robyn flinches as she feels Sophie's very silky and feminine skin caressing over her mound, and then stopping on it. She lifts Robyn's breasts fully to expose the underside. Holding Robyn's breasts up, she announces that she can smell a touch of sweat "in the crease where Robyn's breasts sag onto her chest." And then Sophie releases the breasts,

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keeping her hands on them. An instant later Sophie's finger is running over Robyn's hard nipple. Robyn shudders hard. Sophie announces "this bitch's nipples are fully stiff."

Sophie keeps going down, her hands very softly caressing their way down and over Robyn's body. Sophie is not just seeing everything, but also touching it. She announces that there's a bit of lint in Robyn's navel. Then her hands keep going, soon flowing over Robyn's hips.

Sophie again pauses at Robyn's pubes. Robyn's fur is sparse, except for a line that begins around her slit and rises up through the center of her bush, thinning out quickly as it expands from the center line. Sophie doesn't care. She still runs her fingers through it as if it were the densest of fur. And announces that "this bitch's bush is poorly trimmed, there is stubble along the creases of its thighs, and the top is not straight."

Sophie goes all the way down. Her eyes see, and her hands' touch, every bit of Robyn's legs, all the way to the very tips of her toes. Sophie rises back to her feet, and tells Robyn to turn around and "present your backside for inspection." Robyn turns.

Tammy gasps. With Robyn facing the wall, her bottom is now facing the rest of us, giving Tammy her first full-on view of Robyn's bottom. Of those globes. The ones that still glow a very bright, but lighter, shade of pink. The ones that look like they're stinging Robyn about as badly as sitting on a beehive would. I think, only now, does Tammy truly appreciate how real Robyn's punishment, the spanking, was.

Sophie starts at the top and works her way down Robyn's body again. Unlike Tammy's inspection, Sophie doesn't bother to spread Robyn's cheeks. But she does run her hands over the fiery-hot flesh exactly as she does over the non-spanked rest of Robyn. Robyn's bottom gets no special consideration for its soreness. The session goes on, exactly as it would if Robyn's bottom were not stinging. After all, it's Robyn's fault her bottom was spanked, not

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mine. Part of the punishment is living with the spanking she got. We all hear Robyn suck in a sharp breath as Sophie's hands touch her soft bottom. But she says nothing and stands still.

When Sophie finally gets down to her feet, she makes Robyn lift them one by one. Both Sophie's eyes and hands rove over the sole of the foot. Along her toes, between her toes. And then move on.

Sophie tells Robyn to take two steps back. Then to lean forward, with her back flat with the floor, and stretch her arms up and out to brace them against the wall. With her legs spread as widely as her feet will stretch.

It affords Sophie a very intimate view of Robyn. It lets her see Robyn's pussy mound, now puffing slightly outward, with its long, narrow, and loose lips. It lets Sophie see Robyn's thick, long, loose folds rising their pink tips out past the edges of her lips. It lets Sophie see just how wet Robyn's pussy now is. Her honey is thick, but not pasty. More like the consistency of cold honey. It's mostly clear with a faint white tinge and laced with tiny bubbles. It also lets Sophie see the football-shaped swath of brown flesh surrounding Robyn's asshole. It darkens from medium to almost black as it flows in toward her ring. Robyn's asshole is tiny. It barely even shows. It's more as if the brown flesh turns inward, with only the slightest wrinkling, and becomes a tight little pinprick.

Sophie begins by inspecting Robyn's pussy. She runs her fingers along the outside of Robyn's lips. That sends a shudder through Robyn. Then she opens Robyn's lips and runs her finger along the inside of them. It gets a sharper shudder. Sophie runs her finger over Robyn's loose folds, getting even harder shudders from Robyn. Her finger finds the wide, rock-hard nub of Robyn's clit poking its head up above a loose knotty nest of thick folds. Her finger glides slowly over that as well. "UH-Mmm!" Robyn gasps out a loud purr as she shudders this time. Without a glove, Sophie's finger glides down to the entrance of Robyn's tunnel. A second later it's pushing into her slightly narrow

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tunnel, feeling the modestly firm sponginess of Robyn's walls.

"UH! Mmmmm!" Robyn blurts out the sweetest purr. Her body shudders hard, and this time keeps shuddering the entire time Sophie's finger is inside her. Sophie draws her finger back just as slowly. It draws it out for Robyn, keeping her purring and shuddering. "This bitch's vagina is very sloppy wet. Its clitoris is rock hard and very sensitive to touch." Sophie announces.

Sophie's finger now has a heavy coat of Robyn's thick honey clinging to it. Sophie puts the tip of her finger to Robyn's tightly clenched asshole and begins to push firmly, but not roughly or quickly. Robyn's muscle is no match for a finger. For an instant her ring pushes slightly inward, funneling a bit, and then the pressure forces the tight muscle to start stretching. "UGH!" Robyn grunts out as her ring is stretched and Sophie's finger presses into it. Sophie's finger starts slipping steadily forward. Robyn's dark muscle squeezes snugly around the white flesh of her finger. Sophie's finger slips all the way into Robyn's bottom. She wiggles it around a little, being neither gentle nor rough, just making sure that Robyn feels it moving around inside her. Sophie stops her finger as deeply as it will reach into Robyn's bottom. By now Robyn is breathing fast, raspy, nervous breaths. "This bitch's anus is very tight, and its bottom is about $\frac{3}{4}$ full and very messy." She announces. Robyn shudders hard. Sophie starts pulling her finger back, taking her time.

Once Sophie's finger is out of Robyn's bottom, she wipes it before telling Robyn that she can stand back up. She tells Robyn to turn around and put her hands behind her back again. Then Sophie takes hold of Robyn's shoulder. With Robyn still completely naked, Sophie starts guiding her as she walks across the room.

Sophie measures Robyn. She announces for all to hear that Robyn is five foot five inches tall, and weighs 150 pounds. Then she announces, for all to hear, that Robyn

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measures 38-34-40 and wears, or should be wearing, a C-cup bra.

There are three more questions that I need Robyn to answer. That, plus what I already know about her and what Sophie just measured, will fill out the basic information I like to have on all those who come to play here. I do skip it sometimes, but usually with toys that I'm only borrowing and not planning to ever see again.

I already doubt, seriously, that Robyn will be a frequent playtoy here. If she even comes back. It's not that I don't like her - I actually do. I like middle-aged housewives, and I like the modest mice. But she, or her and Hank as a couple, don't appear to add anything new or interesting to the toy box. I already have a few couples just like them. With my time limited, and those limits tightening, I'm not taking on any new toys that don't add something significant to the variety of the toy box.

That won't stop me from getting all of their information. I might change my mind, or better yet, discover some unique quality that they will add to the toy box. Even if they don't, I might still have them back on infrequent occasions to be the variety in another's session. Sophie gets the chore of asking her the personal questions.

She begins by telling Robyn how to politely answer her. In full sentences that not only give the answer but also the question. All questions are to be answered fully, and honestly. Robyn isn't permitted any privacy or modesty. She's not to hesitate or answer shyly, either. Nor is she to be rude and use "gutter words or potty mouth."

"On what date did your last menstrual period begin?" Sophie asks.

Robyn blushes a little, but the sting in her bottom reminds her that she is going to answer. Her voice squeaks a little with embarrassment. "My last menstrual period began... I don't know the date, Ma'am, but it will be four weeks ago tomorrow, Ma'am."

"When did you last climax?"

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"I last climaxed about an hour before Miss Schmidt showed up, Ma'am."

"How did you have that orgasm?"

"I masturbated to have that orgasm, Ma'am." By now, Robyn is blushing fairly deeply. And Robyn doesn't even know that she's standing facing the sofa with me, Tammy, and Tyler all looking at her as she answers.

Sophie takes hold of Robyn's arm again and walks her back to the playroom. She guides Robyn to the small bench just inside the door. It's a plain bench. Amish built. It's really nothing more than a thick plank, 3 feet long and 10" wide, with legs to support it. It's hard. It's out from the wall several inches, too. That way there's room for hands behind backs, and the wall can't be used as a backrest. I wasn't trying to make the bench comfortable. I wanted it uncomfortable, but just slightly. It's a place for toys to wait.

Sophie tells Robyn to sit. She adds "my Mistress doesn't care if your bottom is sore, either. You should have been a good girl and it wouldn't be. Now you get to sit on it anyway."

Robyn sits, sucking in a rather sharp, and uncomfortable breath, as her bottom touches the hard wood. She sits as Sophie instructs her to, with her legs fully crossed right over left. Her back straight. Her hands behind her back. Her eyes, still blindfolded, facing forward. Sophie tells her to sit and wait. To not move. To not make a sound.

Then Sophie leaves her there. Robyn hears her leave, and in a moment she'll be able to hear Sophie giving Hank instructions. She'll know Sophie isn't there to watch her. What she doesn't know is that Dawn, another of my household toys, is sitting very quietly across the room, but with her eyes on Robyn. If Robyn misbehaves, Dawn will call for me. And Robyn will cry again.

Sophie goes directly to Hank. He gets the same inspection and measuring that Robyn did. As she stands

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there, every speck of his body, even his cock, and balls, is touched and inspected by Sophie. His bottom, too.

Hank is measured, too. He stands six feet tall and weighs 173 pounds, which gives him a slightly narrow figure. He measures 38-36-38, but that's not nearly as embarrassing for a man to hear announced. But then Sophie measures his cock and announces "This dildo's penis is six and a quarter inches long and one and a quarter inches across." That gets a little blush out of him.

Sophie asks him the same questions about his orgasm. He tells me that his last orgasm was 4 days ago when he had sex with his wife. She asks him where he came, and he tells me that he "ejaculated into my wife's vagina, Ma'am." It's pretty easy to see that he's uneasy about answering those questions so politely.

Tammy has to fight hard not to giggle as Hank struggles to answer.

Sophie takes Hank back to the playroom and sits him on the bench next to Robyn.



Chapter Five - Robyn's First Lesson

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I let Robyn and Hank wait a moment or two, but not too long. It might make them a little uneasy to wait in silence, but it also wastes time. And time is a scarce commodity around here. It's only a few minutes before I'm ready to begin their lesson. Their lesson, not Robyn's lesson. I've already figured out that Hank is interested in more than he lets on. Mistress Andrea thought so, too.

There's still no reason for Robyn to see anything. She can wonder who else is around her. Who's seeing her. Who's watching her. Who's doing what to her. I leave her blindfold on, at least for now. I take her by the arm. My hands and Sophie's are almost the same size, but my fingers are slightly leaner. My grip is a bit stronger, too. And my skin isn't quite so delicate as hers. Maybe Robyn notices the difference. Maybe not. I don't speak, so she can't hear the different voice. I just pull her to bring her up to her feet.

It's about three long steps to the center of the room where I have the massage table set up. "The playroom" as I call this room, isn't that big. It's just the extra bedroom in the apartment. But it does have a huge closet that I use for storage. It's the perfect place to keep all the bigger things I'm not planning to need. Out of sight.

I help Robyn up onto the massage table. It's a pretty generic portable folding one, although it hasn't moved in quite a while. It has one feature that makes it perfect for my toys. The rail around the edges of the frame that holds up the mattress. It's right at the edges. It's just tube steel, but there are two parallel bars joined together by short little ones spaced about every foot, like a bunch of H's on their sides all connected together. It's perfect for tying things to. Things like legs and arms.

That's what I'm planning to use it for. Robyn sits on the edge of it. I admit I'm not the most gentle with her. I grab her ankles and lift. For a second her waist bends and her knees rise. I keep lifting. When there's no bend left to her waist, her rising legs force Robyn to lie back. Almost to fall back. I know it's coming, so I'm ready. I move her

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ankles as I lift them, turning her to lie lengthwise on the table. She drops onto her back.

The first thing I do is get a pair of long tie straps. I loop one around each of her wrists and the railing along the edge of the mattress. I cinch them down snugly, binding her wrists to the table. That will make sure she can't use her hands. But that's all it will do.

I use rope to bind her shoulders. I swear I buy so much of this rope that Home Depot should give me a discount. It's plain, basic hemp rope $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick. It's perfect for binding toys. It also has a rough, old-time feel to it, like something you'd find in a dungeon from 500 years ago. Or my "dungeon" of today.

Shoulders aren't the easiest thing to bind, either. At least not snugly. It took me a little trial and error to get the technique that I like best. I start by threading the rope through the bar under Robyn's neck. I bring both ends up, then immediately push them under her shoulders. I quickly bring them up between her arms and ribs. I cross them over her body and then tie one end to the bar along the top at the corner. I pull the rope taut, dragging it across her skin a bit, and tie the other end off to the same bar at the opposite corner. It has a big and wide X of rope crossing her chest above the line of her underarms. And it pins her shoulders blades snugly down onto the mattress. Just to make sure she stays put, and to do something with the longish free ends of the rope so they're not dangling, I bring them up under the table to the edges. I thread them through the rails on the sides and then bring them up again. Just above Robyn's elbows, I wind three loops of the rope around her arm, pull it snug, and tie it off.

Her legs are another story. I want those spread wide. Wider than the fairly narrow massage table. I have a solution for that. It's not the most creative, but it is effective. It's a 2x4. Just an ordinary, sturdy, piece of lumber from Home Depot. It's 4 feet long, or a little over twice the width of the 20" wide massage table. It also fits perfectly between the upper and lower rails. I just slip it

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through them. Long ago a number of smallish holes were drilled through the board. And two slightly larger ones. I can spot the wider ones. I position the board with one of the wider ones even with the rail. The other one lines itself up. They have the board centered along the bottom of the table. I slip heavy tie straps through the holes, and around the steel rail, and cinch those tight. It's pretty redneck of me, but it holds the board in place and it's easy to remove.

I take Robyn's ankles and stretch them wide, almost all the way to the edges of the boards. Like this, I can see the tendons starting to strain in the creases of her thighs, and that tells me not to stretch her any wider. I can also still see a bit of the looseness at the top of her thighs. I use heavy tie straps, pulled only slightly snug, to hold her ankles to the board for a minute. Long enough for me to wind a few loops of rope around each ankle and the board, pull them snug, and tie them off.

That has Robyn's pussy so immodestly displayed, as if offered up, and very fully accessible. Which is how I wanted it. Robyn can move a little. I didn't bother to bind her fully. Her hips can squirm. But she's not going anywhere. Her hands aren't getting to do anything. She really can't move, just squirm. It will make a better show of her lesson. I love squirming hips.

I snap my fingers. "Where is my skanky whore?" I call out. I know exactly where it is. In the kitchen cleaning up after supper. Where I told it to be.

"Here, my Queen!" Paige calls out. She's already hurrying in from the kitchen. Paige is my live-in house-slave and whore. She does most of the chores, leaving Sophie free to attend to my whims. And, when I have use for a female body to tease a toy, any toy, any way, it's her body I make full use of. Isn't that what a whore does?

Paige is naked as she comes in. She's always naked in the house. Always, no matter what. If there's a reason a naked whore can't be seen, I put her away out of sight instead of allowing her clothes. Tonight she wears only her hot pink collar, locked around her neck with a brass lock,

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and a pair of police-issue leg irons around her bony ankles. She always wears those in the house, too. They're to remind her of her place. As my property.

Paige is 20 years old. She looks a little younger, maybe 18-19. I think that's mostly because of how lanky she is. She's decently tall at 5'7" but rather lean at 112 pounds. It gives her a narrow frame that looks narrow. Long and lean. And almost stick-like. Its leanness leaves room for only gentle feminine curves at her hips and waist. But she does have a pair of rather perky B-cup breasts. They have a slight pointiness to them. They're topped with wide rings of light pink, and wide light pink nipples that are, or at least seem to be, perpetually stiff. She has a slightly oval face, with brilliant green eyes, and long, wavy, light brown hair. And a wide mouth framed with plush, light pink lips. She's a rather pretty college girl.

Robyn flinches sharply as she hears a new voice coming into the room. Another person to see her, and whatever is going to happen to her. She doesn't move. She tries to, but all she ends up doing is tensing up against the ropes. They hold her still. It tells Robyn, for the first time, just how securely bound she really is. That, whatever I'm going to do to her, she's going to be staying just how I put her and enduring it.

I point to Robyn's displayed, and obviously wet, pussy. "Tease that filthy thing, skanky," I say plainly.

"Yes, my Queen," Paige answers softly. She needs no more than a glance to figure out the best place to be. She's teased more than a few women, and men, on this very table. She steps up to Robyn's side, standing about at her knee. Paige leans over, putting her face directly in front of Robyn's furry pussy.

"Tease" is a specific command all of my slaves, and many of my toys, know. It tells Paige a lot. Exactly what I want to be done. How I want it done. And that I will be very disappointed in Paige (guaranteeing her punishment) if Robyn somehow manages to cum. I don't want her to. I

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want Robyn to lie there and enjoy what Paige is going to do.

Paige stretches her mouth wide. And she can stretch it rather wide. She puts her lips to Robyn's pussy, almost fully surrounding her furry lips. The fur doesn't deter Paige the least. Nor does she let it get in her way. Paige sucks very gently, just enough to keep her lips clamped snugly against Robyn. She sticks the tip of her tongue out. It quickly finds the protruding line of Robyn's knotty soft inner folds as they poke out through her wide slit. She touches the hot, wet tip of her tongue to the creamy, honey-coated folds. She draws her tongue down the ridgeline of folds. Slowly, taking a couple of seconds to reach the midpoint. The place where Robyn's wide clit is poking its eager head up.

"AHHHHH!" Robyn screeches out a loud, rather needy and erotic, purring moan. It's shrill and girly high. She draws it out. Her body shudders hard, snapping against the ropes that hold her down. She doesn't move. She shivers hard and cries out more urgently pleading moans.

Paige doesn't care what Robyn does. I've given Paige instructions. She's to tease Robyn's pussy, slowly, softly, and delicately. She's to keep doing it until I tell her otherwise. Even if Robyn does cum. But not allowing Robyn to cum is part of teasing. Paige is just to torture Robyn sweetly, making Robyn feel the tender caress of her tongue. She'll spend most of her time licking along Robyn's lips and folds, avoiding Robyn's tunnel and clit. The places where Paige's tongue would make Robyn cum. She'll get them too, just not enough for Robyn to cum.

Now that Robyn is quivering hard and struggling against the ropes, Paige's tongue moves over to tease the underside of a lip. Something that will feel very good to Robyn, yet not push her towards orgasm. She'll keep teasing lips, folds, and pinkness until Robyn just begins to ebb back from her quivering shudders. Then Paige's tongue will once again find Robyn's clit or tunnel and tease

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it briefly to start Robyn squirming hard and trembling all over again. And again. And again. It will quickly push Robyn to the edge of an orgasm, and hold her there, unable to go that last bit over the edge into bliss. It will be agony for Robyn, but a rather sweet agony. It keeps Robyn screeching moans that quickly grow more and more shrill, as well as needier. And more begging.

I stand back a couple of feet and watch Robyn shriek and squirm. Before Paige's tongue, Robyn was relatively still. She only fidgeted slightly. Now she's squirming hard, testing the ropes with every snapping tug against them. Her hips can roll a few degrees, and they are moving as energetically as they can. In about fifteen seconds I can see a thick glaze of Robyn's honey clinging around Paige's lips, so I know Robyn's honey is flowing, too.

It takes Robyn maybe a minute to misbehave. She screams out "PLEASE!!! IT HURTS, I HAVE TO CUM RIGHT NOW! PLEASE, MAKE ME CUM!" Then she cries out another hot, urgent moan.

I slap Robyn's face hard, stinging a light pink hand print onto her cheek. It's not like I can spank her bottom with her laying on it. "Bad bitch!" I snap without raising my voice. But I use a harsh, stern, coldly scolding tone with her.

"Robyn Marie!" I use her first and middle name as if I were scolding a toddler. At least in my home, I always knew when I was in trouble because that's how mom would scold me. "You are going to lie there. You will not cum. You will learn what it is to be horny. *VERY* needy horny. The rest of us will just watch you wiggle around like a worm. This is what slutty bitches get for touching *MY* pussy without permission."

I hold my hand out and Sophie brings me a red bandanna. I wad it up. I don't have to open Robyn's mouth, it's open as she screeches away. "Now shut up and let that skanky whore lick your pussy, bitch." I shove the wadded-up bandanna into Robyn's mouth, stuffing it as much as I can. It doesn't fully quiet her, but it takes the

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shrill edge off and somewhat mutes her moans. I could fully mute her, to where not a peep made it out, but that wouldn't be as much fun. I want Hank to hear her moaning away like a gutter slut. I want him to hear how badly she wants to cum, and how she isn't.

I wait another minute, maybe two. Robyn's cries, even muted by the gag, manage to become a little more desperately pleading. Her pussy manages to become a lot wetter. Enough that now I can see a little wet spot on the mattress right at Paige's chin. Thankfully the mattress is vinyl and thus will be easy for skanky to clean later.

"Hey, dildo," I call out to Hank. "Does this filthy bitch scream like this when you fuck that sloppy pit of its?"

Hank doesn't answer. After about two seconds, maybe not even, Tyler, who is standing right next to Hank, reaches over and swats Hank lightly on his bare bottom. "She's talking to you, needle dick."

"No, Ma'am," Hank quickly blurts out.

"I thought this bitch didn't sound horny enough yet!" I blurt out excitedly. Robyn immediately starts shaking her head no. I know she means to beg me not to do anything more to tease her. "See, it agrees!" I point to her head.

No one believes that Robyn wants more. Hank knows this is all the eagerness Robyn can possibly show. It's probably far more urgently than he's ever heard her screech out before. Tyler can guess. Even Tammy seems to realize that Robyn is in the sweetest of total agony.

I snap my fingers and point to Robyn's chest. "Oh, lezzie, you may enjoy those flabby boobs."

"Thank you, my Queen," Dawn answers with a good bit of enthusiasm in her voice. She's not a lesbian. Nor bisexual. But she is my property. I named her "lezzie bitch" because of the way she grimaced and turned green the first time her tongue tasted another woman.

Dawn doesn't hesitate. Not even with Robyn's soft mounds bouncing as the tremors flow over her. She puts her lips to the top of Robyn's mound, letting Robyn's long nipple slip through her lips and teeth. She lightly clamps

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her teeth around the very base of the steely nub. She sucks lightly. She puts the tip of her tongue to the tip of Robyn's now captive nipple and very slowly draws her tongue around it in a tiny circle.

Instantly goosebumps erupt to look like mountains covering the dark ring around Robyn's nipple. In about a second they flow outward to cover her entire mound. Her chest tries to snap, but the ropes above her breasts keep her pinned to the table.

Dawn puts the tips of her fingers to Robyn's soft mound. She begins slowly caressing the mound with a feather-light touch, letting Robyn feel the softness of her fingers.

Dawn is about Robyn's height, with long dark brown hair. Dawn has a rather curvy hourglass figure, too. She's lean, but not narrow as Paige is. She's about 130 pounds. Her most noticeable attribute is her breasts. She has rather full and rounded, pert C-cups that seem huge on her slim 34" chest. Now, with Dawn leaning over to get her mouth to Robyn's breast, Dawn's breasts hang down. And jiggle slightly as she moves. Dawn's rock-hard nipples dance over Robyn's chest and stomach. Dawn's hair hangs down, too, letting it flow over Robyn's body with every one of Dawn's little movements.

Dawn knows what to do. About half a minute on just Robyn's nipple. Then her lips will take a few seconds to plant some soft, nibbling kisses around Robyn's loose mound. Then Dawn will move over to Robyn's other breast and repeat. Back and forth. Teasing and playing with Robyn's breasts, Dawn's free hand caresses Robyn's body all the way down, and into, Robyn's thin bush. Dawn, like Paige, won't stop until I tell her to.

Robyn screeches through gag a little more desperately. And louder. She trembles harder, too. The wet spot at Paige's chin steadily grows.

I lean close to Robyn's ear so that she can hear me over her screeches. "Don't worry, bitch, no matter how long it takes, I'm going to teach you to leave *my* pussy

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alone until I tell you to play with it. You just lie there and enjoy the girl's tongues."

Robyn shakes her head the hardest and fastest no that I've ever seen. It tosses her hair around wildly. It gets fully ignored, leaving Robyn to lie there and endure without mercy.



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I slowly make my way over to where Hank is standing in front of the bench. On my way, I stop to whisper to Tammy. It gets a brief wide-eyed look from her, but then she nods. And giggles. Then, at least for the moment, her attention shifts back to watching Robyn squirm so desperately against those ropes. I can already, after about three minutes, see red lines around Robyn's wrists where she's tried so hard to pull them free. And get one to her pussy.

"Oh, dildo..." I step right in front of Hank and take a taunting, sweet voice. "My bitch over there sounds like it really wants to cum, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Hank answers confidently.

One glance is all it takes for me to see his cock is as stiff as it can get. It's twitching hard, jumping around a bit, too. Robyn's sultry moans must be having an effect on him. I have zero doubts that Hank is imagining the sight in front of his eyes. He's wondering what Paige and Dawn look like. What it looks like to see Paige's mouth on Robyn's pussy. How much of her tongue he could see doing what. It has to be obvious to him that whatever Paige and Dawn are doing, Robyn is loving it.

I put the tip of my finger to the top of his shaft, at the base, against his pubes. Very slowly I start lightly tracing my finger along the length of his shaft. Instantly it twitches sharply, bumping up against my finger. "Oh, you like listening to that bitch moan like a whore, don't you?"

"Yes, Ma'am," he quickly answers. With my finger on his cock, there's no way he can lie to me. It's too obvious.

"Do you want to fuck that fat old bitch's sloppy skank pit?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Hank answers firmly and quickly with a good bit of hope in his voice.

Now that my finger has reached the spongy head of his cock, I move fast. One second I'm tenderly teasing it. In the blink of an eye, my fingers are pinching the spongy soft head with a crushing grip.

"UGH!" Hank grunts out.

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"Is this cock hard?" I ask him.

"Yes, Ma'am," He answers in a strained grunt. I make him answer in a polite sentence. "My penis is completely erect, my Queen!" Hank blurts out quickly but in a hard strained grunt.

"Who gave you permission to let *my* cock be hard?" I ask Hank, but this time in a scathing tone.

"No one gave me permission to have an erect penis, my Queen," Hank grunts out, now with as much embarrassment as discomfort in his voice.

"EW, GROSS!" I blurt out in a disgusted voice. "This cock is leaking boy-filth on my fingers!" I groan loudly. "I guess this hard cock must *really* want an orgasm, doesn't it dildo?"

"Yes, my Queen!" Hank grunts out eagerly. "My erect penis wants to ejaculate more than ever, my Queen."

I release my grip on his cock head. It springs back up into shape. In the blink of an eye, my hand has slipped down between Hank's thighs and wrapped around his sack. I squeeze, somewhere between lightly and crushingly. Hard enough that I see his face start to wrinkle up, but not so hard that he cries out. I definitely have his full attention now.

"Boy-filth spewing orgasms are rewards for good little boys. Are you being a good little boy, dildo?"

"Yes, my Queen!" Hank blurts out, a moderate note of discomfort in his voice. It's more pleadingly hopeful than confident.

I squeeze a little tighter, watching the grimace tighten up a bit more on Hank's face. "Liar!" I snap. "Good little boys mind their Queen, don't they, dildo?"

"Yes, my Queen," Hank sounds shamed, but the strain in his voice belies any apologetic notes to it.

"What are you doing to be naughty, dildo?"

"I have an erect penis... starting to... leak semen, my Queen."

"And what would a good little boy be doing, dildo?"

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"If I was a good little boy this penis wouldn't be erect, my Queen."

"If you want even the slimmest hope of cumming this millennium," I squeeze Hank's balls a hair more firmly and harden my voice to the harshest, iciest, steel I can manage. "You will prove to me that you can be a good little boy for your Queen, dildo."

"Yes, my Queen, may I please prove how much I want to be a good little boy, Ma'am?" Hank blurts out in a fast, desperate plea laced with a lightly pained grunt.

"This cock will be masturbated. It will not cum. Is that clear, dildo, or should I just make you regret misbehaving now?"

"I'll be a good little boy, my Queen,"

I release Hank's balls. He sucks in a deep breath of relief. He pants a couple of times, too. Then his face loosens back up. I give him a few seconds to recover from the squeeze. "Only naughty little boys touch their weewees in front of girls. Go ask your guardian, Miss Schmidt to help you."

I put a hand to Hank's waist. I know he has no clue where she is. He's still blindfolded, and she's silent. Nor does he know what else is in the room that he might walk into. I swat his bottom with my hand. "Go, dildo!"

Hank starts moving, shuffling his feet about an inch forward. I use the hand on his hip to nudge him to turn to his left. He gets the message and shuffles his feet about three inches this time. It's only about five or six feet to where Tammy is waiting. It takes him a minute to cross it. When he's about eight inches from her, I stop him with the grip on his hip.

Hank hesitates for a second. He starts speaking, his voice now so shamed that it sounds slightly girly. "Miss Schmidt... The Queen wishes this penis masturbated... and only naughty little boys touch themselves in front of girls... would you please help me please the Queen... will you please masturbate this penis for Her, Ma'am?" Hank cringes as he asks her for the hand job.

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Tammy bursts out laughing. It's what I told her to do. But she does it so well that I almost believe it, and I know better. She laughs for several seconds. "No way am I touching that tiny little dick!" Tammy reaches up to his shoulders and grabs them firmly. With a sharp tug, she turns him to his left again. It stands him facing Tyler, but Hank can't see that. "If you ask nicely, maybe my boyfriend will do it for you."

"Ask, dildo," I snap in a steely hard voice.

Hank blushes a beet red. He stands for a second or two. He starts to tremble. When he finally opens his mouth, not a word comes out. He tries again. On the third try, he finally speaks in the most hushed and humiliated tone. "Mr. Greene... Will you please masturbate my penis for the Queen, Sir? Please, Sir, please masturbate my penis so I don't displease Her, Sir?"

I nod to Tyler. And smirk.

"If you had a dick, I'd think about it, but that little needle? Seriously?" Tyler pauses for a second and sighs.

"Come on, scruffy... it would be so hot to get to see two guys together," Tammy says to Tyler in a voice that's pure sultry honey. She bats her eyes to him. Hearing it, Hank definitely believes it.

The answer was preordained the minute I nodded to Tyler. I want him to do it, and he belongs to me, so he's going to do it. He sighs out again. "Anything for you, trouble," Tyler says sweetly to Tammy.

Tyler reaches his hand to Hank's cock. He wraps his hand very lightly around the shaft. He starts slowly stroking his hand over the twitching, steely-hard shaft. He does it the same way I teach girls to. His hand is loose, barely even touching the cock. That way he doesn't move the skin of the cock, instead his hand glides over it. He uses full, long strokes. Strokes that have his hand bumping against Hank's pubes, then going up until only the fat, spongy head is left in his grip. He goes slowly, taking about two full seconds in each direction. Four seconds per stroke.

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Maybe Tammy wasn't kidding. Or faking. I know I find it erotic to see two men together. Or women. Or some combination. All I know is that Tammy has forgotten the screeching Robyn and now gawks intently at Hank's cock while Tyler strokes it.

"Uhmhhh!" Hank manages to last two whole strokes before he cringes hard, blushes a little more, and lets out a rather sensual purr. With the loose grip, I can see Hank's cock twitching more eagerly. As Tyler goes on stroking the hard cock, Hank lets out another, slightly more urgent, purr.

"Does it feel so good to have a man stroke your tiny cock, dildo?"

"Yes, my Queen," Hank ekes out. His voice sounds utterly shamed, but the erotic moans overpower his voice.

"Tell him how good it feels, dildo. Thank him. Like a polite little boy." I very firmly tell Hank. Blindfolded, there's no way that Hank can see. But thanking Tyler will remind him, will drive home to him, that it's another man stroking his cock. I am not going to let Hank pretend that it's a woman.

"Thank you, Mr. Greene, for masturbating my penis. It feels very good, Sir." Hank almost squeaks out, his voice hushed and probably more ashamed than it's ever been. He goes on purring out moans that are quickly becoming even more urgent. Purrs that no one mistakes. No one could. Despite the blatant humiliation, and now a noticeable revulsion, in his voice. Hank likes it.

I tell Hank to thank him again, and this time ask him to continue. Hank repeats the thanks, word for word, and then adds an even softer "will you please keep masturbating my erect penis, Sir?" The words are definitely degrading for Hank to say. But they also have his cock twitching even sharper. More eagerly.

I tell Hank to be polite and thank Tammy for allowing her boyfriend to do it. And to ask her to keep watching. I tell Hank that I like words. I don't want a perfunctory anything. Speak. Openly, honestly, and fully, just like one

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of my bitches. Hank's voice is just as humiliated, and a hair more urgent. "Miss Schmidt, thank you very much for allowing your boyfriend to masturbate my penis, Ma'am. It feels very good, Ma'am. Will you please keep watching him masturbate my erect penis, Ma'am?"

For the next minute or so, I make Hank constantly thank Tyler for stroking him, and Tammy for watching. Hank's voice stays just as humiliated the entire time. His moans steadily grow stronger, more urgent, and more pleading. Hearing him, no one would have any doubts that he's getting close to cumming. And liking what Tyler is doing.

Then I see Hank's hips buck as if he's instinctively trying to fuck Tyler's hand. I did tell him to stand there! I take my crop and swat Hank's cheeks with it. A loud snap rings out. Hank blurts out a loud, girly "YE-OW!" as the strike lands. I scold him and remind him to stand still. He's to let Tyler masturbate his cock and show me that he can behave. Fucking Tyler's hand is not behaving.

Hank manages to eke out three more rounds of thanks before he finally screams out "Please, my Queen! My penis is going to ejaculate!"

I swat his bottom with the crop, harder this time, searing a long, thin red stripe across his soft cheeks. The splitting crack gets a flinch from Tammy. But it doesn't get her eyes off the cock. It's a good thing, too. As Hank cries out, his cock drips a drop of cum. A drop that lands on Tyler's wrist.

I scold Hank for being such a filthy boy and leaking his boy-filth onto Tyler. I make him apologize. "I'm sorry for letting my erect penis drip semen onto you, Mr. Greene, my penis just likes men too much, Sir." The constant talking keeps Hank thinking about it. Remembering that it's a man doing this, not a woman. The apology gets another drip of cum from his cock.

"UHHHHH!" Hank moans out the loudest, most heavily strained, and most needy cry. His teeth chatter. His body trembles hard. I can see the tension like steel in

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every muscle of his body, too. He's fighting hard to hold a climax back.

I leave Tyler going, and Hank thanking him, for a few more strokes. Every stroke has Hank showing his need as it grows from urgent to overpowering. I know I have about half a minute before Hank can't hold his orgasm back. Of course, he'd be punished for it. I strongly suspect this is a first for him. I doubt he's ever tried to control an orgasm before. He definitely has a lot to learn about it.

"You sound like a girl, dildo!" I mock Hank. "Do you want to be used for a girl?"

"NO! Please, my Queen, don't make me a girl!" Hank blurts out in a desperate panic. As he moans out as eagerly as ever. And as his cock drips another drop of cum. By now the tip of his cock is glistening with the cum clinging to it.

"Oh, and here I thought you wanted to be a good little peasant and *earn* some relief." I very tauntingly say.

"Please, my Queen! Please let me earn the relief of ejaculating, Ma'am! I'll do anything, my Queen, let me be a good little boy, Ma'am!" Hank shamelessly begs in a humiliated voice. A voice that's pure sensual need.

I step over a little so I have a good angle on Hank's backside. I pick up my foot and hold it just behind his knee. I kick the back of Hank's knee slightly hard. His knees buckle. I keep the sole of my sneaker firmly planted against the back of his knee. And I keep shoving it forward. For an instant, he starts rising to his tiptoes. Then his knees buckle a little further and he drops, like a sack of bricks, to his knees.

Tyler has been around me enough to guess what I was about to do. He kept his grip loose on Hank's cock. That way, as Hank dropped, his body pulled his cock right through Tyler's hand and out of his grip.

"UGH!!!!!!!!!!!" Hank groans out. "OW!" He pants fast and hard. His face scrunches up even harder. His cock jumps. And jumps. And dribbles several thick drops of cum onto the floor. His cock is so needy, so engorged,

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that it's flushed a light red from base to tip. And I can see it throbbing with his heartbeat. I'd bet Hank has never been so horny in his life.

I put my hands to his shoulders and shove him down. I use a foot to kick his knees apart, forcing him to spread them wide. It puts his bottom hanging back between his heels. I straighten him up. He groans again, a loud, pained, frustrated groan.

"Be a good little girl, dildo. Show your Queen just how badly that teensy little cock wants to cum. Ask him to let you suck his cock like a naughty little girl." I tell him in a very mocking and taunting voice. I firm my voice to steel and add "now, bitch."

Hank starts crying, but lightly. He blushes deeper than ever. And he cringes. I feel a very powerful tremor flow through his body, shuddering his hips. That waves his cock around. And it drips again.

When he opens his mouth, his voice is girly. He more squeaks as he ekes out the words in an utterly humiliated voice. "Mr. Greene, Sir, may I please be a good little girl and suck your penis to thank you for masturbating my penis. May I please, Sir, I... liked... it... so... much, Sir."

"Ask trouble if she wants to see you suck my cock like a girl," Tyler tells him.

"Miss Schmidt," Hank sucks up the shame and encouraged by the growing pounding of the throb in his cock, asks. "Will you please watch me be a good little girl and suck your boyfriend's penis, Ma'am?"

"Chill!" Tammy blurts out. "I have so totally wanted to see a guy do that!" Her voice is eager. And it's honest.

I very lightly tap Hank's bottom with the tip of my crop, avoiding the sharply stinging red line, but not by much. I tell him to thank Tammy, and Hank quickly does.

I nod to Tyler. He doesn't hesitate. He unzips his pants and pulls them down. His underwear goes with them. He stops with them about mid-way around his thighs, his feet spread enough to hold them up. It doesn't matter. His long, thick cock is now fully displayed. He puts

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a hand to the base of it, and it springs to attention, showing off its full size.

Tammy gasps. A very sultry grin erupts on her face. She licks her lips. She stares at Tyler's huge cock and purrs seductively.

Tyler puts the tip of his cock right to Hank's lips. As the spongy tip pushes against Hank's lips Hank's face crunches up tight. An almost sickly pallor floods it, paling his face even more. He very tentatively opens his lips a tiny bit.

Seeing that Hank is stalling, I reach my foot over his thigh. Hank's cock is still standing out straight and rock-hard. Jumping a bit, too. He might be disgusted by the idea of sucking another man's cock, but he's definitely turned on by it. I put my foot atop his cock. I push it down. Almost immediately the top half of his cock, and its spongy head, are trapped between the hard floor and the rubbery sole of my sneaker. I step down hard, squishing his cock to the floor.

I snap my crop hard too. It lands on the center of his closer cheek, searing a bright glowing pink spot on his loose flesh. A loud crack rings out. Hank grunts out a very loud, slightly girly, "YE-OW!" as it lands. His cock tries to twitch rather sharply. The half I have pinned isn't moving. But the sharpness is enough to jiggle his dangling balls.

My foot stomps down a little more, squishing his cock even harder as Hank cries out his pained yelp. My hand goes to the back of his head. As he cries out, I smack his head hard. Hard enough to drive it forward about two inches. And that drives Tyler's cock about two inches into his gaping mouth before Hank realizes what's happening.

Reflex takes over. For an instant, Hank tries to yank his head back. My hand stops him. He gags hard, almost choking. It's really unwarranted, the cock is no further back than the back of his mouth. Not nearly deep enough to choke him. Or even to gag him. His pallor blanches about 10 shades greener.

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Then I see the tremor flow over him. It's crisp enough that it shudders his hips. And that pulls his cock against my foot. The hard stomping pressure of my foot keeps his cock pinned to the floor. His balls bounce around hard. He sputters hard, saliva dripping from the corners of his mouth.

Tammy laughs hard.

Hank starts to settle down. And realizes just how thick Tyler's cock is. He can barely relax his jaw at all. His lips are pulled taut around the flesh. The spongy head seems to stuff every bit of the back of his mouth. The hard shaft pushes his tongue down, pinning it against the floor of his mouth, and pushes against the hard roof of his mouth at the same time. My hand on the back of his head tells him that he's not getting the cock out of his mouth anytime soon.

I nod to Tyler, cuing him. "Suck my dick, little girl," Tyler tells him.

I give the back of Hank's head another thump. It knocks it forward, but not much. Enough that the head of Tyler's cock bumps hard against the back of his mouth, but it still has no more than three inches of the fat shaft into Hank's mouth. It gets another gag from Hank.

Hank gets the message. Suck cock like a girl. He starts slowly moving his head. It's rather clumsy. It's clearly the first cock he's ever sucked. I'd bet he's never even had a toy in his mouth before. His strokes are short, at least by my demanding standards. I'd make him swallow every last millimeter of that cock. I'm considering making Hank, but that's a rather involved lesson I'm not so anxious to give since he may not be returning enough to warrant it. Despite the entertainment value of it. I can always give him the lesson later if I decide to have them back.

His strokes take only about the top three inches of Tyler's cock. Enough to stuff his mouth full, but not to start shoving into his throat. It's the point where he gags. He

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starts slow, fumbling his way through several strokes. Then he starts to pick up speed.

I decide to just let him fumble through his first blow job. Like a young woman would the first time she tried it. He stays clumsy, but he's clearly trying to do it. It doesn't help that Tyler's cock is long and thick, either. The width makes it a harder cock to suck. It forces Hank to keep his mouth stretched that much wider. Wide enough that the muscles at the corners of his jaws are going to be burning.

Tyler's face tells me that Hank is doing well enough. Enough that eventually Tyler will cum. If I allow him to. He's never been one to get there that quickly, which means Hank will have plenty of time on his knees to think about "being a girl."

I take my foot off of Hank's cock. It starts twitching crisply enough that it bounces around. His dangling balls jiggle for me, too. I can see the little spot on the floor, about ten drops of Hank's cum that leaked from his cock while it squished under my sneaker.

Hank's cock goes on twitching as he sucks Tyler's cock. Steadily, more droplets of cum ooze from the tip, well up, and fall to the floor. About three per minute. Enough to announce to everyone that Hank is staying very close to the edge of orgasm. Sucking Tyler's cock is definitely turning him on, not off. I bet that throbbing cock hurts a little. I know it's aching for release. The only question for me is if and how I might decide to allow him that sweet relief.

Hank keeps going. After a minute or two, the revulsion starts fading from his face. Slowly a look of disappointment starts to creep onto his face. After another minute, it turns to frustration. He starts going a little faster. It tells me that Hank is quick to cum, but I'd figured that out already. He expects all men to be. He's wondering why Tyler isn't. Why Tyler doesn't even seem close. He's thinking that his blow job is so awful that Tyler isn't enjoying it.

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I know it will be several minutes before Tyler is ready to cum. Once he is, he won't say anything. He'll obediently wait for permission. I watch Hank's blow job, waiting for sure signs that Tyler is ready. It takes about eight or nine minutes for me to see them. By then, Hank is convinced that Tyler hates his blow job and is never going to cum. He's only waiting for me to end this farce.

It shows me how little Hank has paid attention to anything before. I can now see the tremors twitching Tyler's cock. Hank has to be feeling it snapping against the inside of his mouth as if trying to jump around but having nowhere to go. The look in Tammy's eyes tells me she sees it, too. And knows exactly what it means. The look on her face is more questioning as if she's wondering if I'm going to have Tyler pull out or not.

Not. I slip around behind Hank, standing close to him. Then I nod to Tyler. That's his cue. He lets go. His cock twitches sharp and crisply, jumping up and knocking against Hank's upper jaw. I can see the faint ripples running through the muscles of Tyler's pubes, too.

"ACK!" Hank gags hard and sputters harder. His mouth stretches even wider, pulling his lips even tauter, but also opening little gaps at the corners of his mouth. I hold his head, stopping him from moving back. My hands are just in time, I feel his head jerk back against them hard. His eyes pop wide as a look of utter revulsion floods over his face. Tiny little rivulets of thick white cum start running from the corners of his mouth.

My hands keep Hank's head moving. Just not the direction he wants to go. I make him keep sucking Tyler's fat cock. Tyler goes on cumming. Quickly I see his cock snap again as he spurts a second shot of cum into Hank's mouth. The thick cream hits the back of his mouth and clings in place, slowly oozing down to cover everything. Tyler's cock, steadily stroking through Hank's mouth, smears his cum around, making sure Hank gets a good taste of it.

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"Oh... Freaky!" Tammy says under her breath, her voice sounding giggly and thrilled. "A big load from that ginormous dick!" Tammy grins wide and making sure Tyler sees her, licks her lips.

Hank gags. He sputters as well, constantly. His gagging does little more than pushing a drop or two more of the cum out the corners of his mouth. It runs down his chin.

Hank's cock twitches almost as eagerly as Tyler's. It jumps. It almost cums. With every sharp twitch from it, another drop of his cum appears at the tip and clings to it. Before it can fall, his cock jumps again tossing it off. But leaving a sparkling coat clinging to the head of it. His balls are bouncing around, too.

I keep Hank going. The entire time. Until finally Tyler breathes out a deep, rather manly, purr of satisfaction. Tammy giggles when she hears it; I'd bet she's heard it plenty of times before, too. Hank just gags and sputters.

I stop Hank's head, holding it still for a second to move one of my hands under his chin. Then I ease up and let Hank slowly back his head off the cock. As soon as I see the cock slip from Hank's lips, I slam his jaw shut and hold it, trapping Tyler's cum in Hank's mouth.

Hank chokes, trying to spit it out, but unable to with me holding his mouth shut. The sickly, disgusted pallor returns to his face. "My dildo seems to have a big wad of cum in its mouth. Should we let him spit it out, or make him swallow it like a cheap gutter whore?" I ask no one in particular.

"Swallow it!" Tammy blurts out. No one else here would have said a word. "Guys so totally want us to swallow it, make them do it, too!"

I can't argue with Tammy's girlish logic. I pinch Hank's nose shut. "Be a good little girl and swallow your new boyfriend's cum like a whore!" I tell him in the most mockingly taunting voice.

Hank looks as if he's going to cry. After several seconds, we all see the knot move down his neck and know

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he's done it. "YES!" Tammy blurts out before bursting into laughter. She knows he's done it, too.

I also watch Hank's cock. As he swallows the cum, choking on it and almost puking it back up, several thick drops of his cum run from the tip of his shaft in a steady stream. His cock throbs, a powerful pounding throb, too. It's flushed to deep beet red now as well. It has got to be aching so badly to cum that it hurts.

I leave Hank there for a moment, letting him really taste the saltiness of the cum. Even after he swallowed, a coating of the thick cream will still be clinging to him. It will take a while to erode away. The taste will seem to linger far longer. Probably a day or two, at least in Hank's mind.

I ask Hank if he's "ready to cum like a good little girl after sucking your boyfriend's cock." I use my taunting, teasing voice for that. I think Hank misses everything except the word "cum," the one word I know he's been dying to hear. I thought about sending him off without. But the way his cock is swollen, flushed, and pounding, I doubt he could stand it. He's too needy.

"Yes, My Queen," Hank quickly answers.

"Then cum, dildo," I tell him firmly, in an icy hard commanding voice. A flick of my wrist sends the tip of my crop soaring. It snaps hard against Hank's loose bottom, searing a rather glowing and bright pink spot on it.

"YE-OW!" Hank screeches out loudly, pleadingly. He shudders hard. His cock jumps, tossing off a few more droplets of cum.

"I said cum, little girl," I repeat in my same icy hard voice. And I snap my crop hard against his other cheek. He cries out again. His cock jumps again, this time so sharply that it bounces up and knocks down against the floor. It tosses off a couple of more droplets of cum, and already I see more oozing onto the tip of it.

"I said cum now, little girl!" I snap in that icy steel tone. And I snap the crop against his soft bottom a third time. He cries out loudly, his voice rising another octave

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well into the girly. He shudders hard, too. His cock jumps up hard and knocks back down against the floor hard. This time, as his cock bounces on the floor, his hips are snapping a powerful shudder. It drags the head of his cock over the floor, about half an inch before it starts bouncing up again. As it rises, it dribbles a steady stream of cum.

His cock jumps again, knocking back down against the floor. It rises, and instantly snaps with a powerful twitching. A huge spurt of cum shoots from the tip of his cock, flies about three feet, between Tyler's feet, and lands on the floor.

Immediately another powerful tremor racks his stiff shaft, snapping it up as it spurts a second, very big, shot of his creamy whiteness. It shoots up, almost straight up, about a foot before falling. It falls and splatters on his chest, running down to his pubes and the base of his cock as another tremor starts to snap it again.

Hank grunts out with relief as if a horrible pain just vanished. A spurt later he breathes out the deepest sigh of satisfaction.

Tammy giggles hard "O. M. G. like nothing is even touching his dick! That is way freaky!" She stares at the sight, watching Hank's cock twitch, jump, and spurt cum wildly around. She giggles the entire time.



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Robyn is still right where I left her. Tied snugly to the massage table. Paige is still leisurely licking Robyn's folds and lips, teasing her tunnel and clit. Dawn is still teasing Robyn's breasts, and nipples and caressing her. Robyn is still screaming out the most urgent, and pleading, of sensual moans.

Robyn is flushed a bright pink and covered with a layer of sweat now. From head to toe. There are deep red marks on her wrists, from pulling too hard against the bonds. I glance at them, seeing that they're just marks, not bruises. They'll fade away in a few hours. The marks on her shoulders and ankles are only pink. They'll fade even faster.

Paige's face is covered with a clingy layer of Robyn's thick honey. It covers the bottom of her nose, her lips, and her chin. Everything that's been anywhere near Robyn's pussy.

Robyn's pussy mound is covered with its own layer of her honey. The fur on her lips, all the way to the creases of her thighs, is soaked. The honey covers the insides of her thighs as well, to about an inch below the creases. It wept down and into her crack. It covers the bottoms of her globes. There's a thick, wide smear of it, fresh and wet, covering the table. Robyn's bottom thrashes against the ropes, wiggling only slightly, and smearing more of her honey over everything.

Robyn quivers violently. Her hands fidget, balling up into fists, wringing her fingers, opening and repeating. Her toes are locked into a tight curl. Her mouth hangs wide, the bandanna sticking up slightly above her lips, as she screams her moans into it. She sounds like she's in agony. But it's a very sweet agony.

I have Sophie return Hank to the bench and sit him down. Unlike women, I don't have the men cross their legs. At least not often. I have them sit with their knees opened enough that there is some space between the insides of their thighs and their cocks and balls. That way I can see it. And they know I can. Even blindfolded, as Hank is, he'll feel his balls resting on the hard bench. And he'll feel the cool breeze wafting over the sticky damp head of his cock with the fresh cum clinging to it. For the first moment, his cock stands straight out, still stiff and hard. It's still engorged, and flushed to a deep red, too. As he sits there, the redness quickly begins to fade. A minute later the stiffness

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begins to fade as well. I guess Hank isn't the type to go all night, either. Too bad for Robyn! No wonder she's been masturbating.

It takes another minute or so. Maybe two minutes total, for Hank's cock to shrivel back to its full floppiness. It's probably about half the size it was. In both length and thickness. But its head still shows the coat of cum on it, now mostly dried to stickiness. His cock hangs down over his dangling balls. His shaven pubes let me see everything a little better.

He sits still, now almost fully relaxed. He basks in the afterglow of his orgasm, even though it was probably one of the lighter ones he's ever had. It was probably one of the more relieving and satisfying orgasms, too. And definitely, the hardest earned. In a few minutes, he'll start thinking about what he's done. That the only direct stimulation his cock got came from another man's hand. And that was a while before he came. That he sucked another man's cock. He'll still taste, or think he tastes, Tyler's cum in his mouth. Then a fresh, and deep, wave of shame will hit him. And just maybe stiffen that cock back up.

But he's not my interest at the moment. I point for Sophie to keep an eye on him. To make sure he stays put on the bench and doesn't try anything. She'll let me know if his cock stiffens back up, too. She knows I consider that naughty for little boys here.

My interest is in Robyn. I know she needs to cum far more than she ever has before. Anyone could see it. The woman is a mess.

I've decided that Robyn is just beginning her suffering. And her humiliation. It's obvious to me that she likes the humiliation, being pushed hard to lower herself and show her slutty side. It's no secret that the longer she waits for her orgasm, the more she suffers to earn it, and the more satisfying it will be. I plan to leave her so sated that she won't even think about her pussy for several days. But not now. She hasn't waited long enough. Or earned it.

Getting her off that table is going to be a chore, too. Anyone can see that if she can find a way, she'll relieve herself. Allowed to or not. The ache is just too strong for her to do anything else right now. It means I can't let her get anything near that pussy. I can't even let her sit on it, or she'll be grinding it

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against her seat until she cums. I figure that would take about two seconds.

But now that I've decided what's coming next, I snap my fingers and tell Paige and Dawn to stop. Both immediately stop teasing Robyn and stand up beside the table. Hands behind their backs, they wait for my next instruction.

Robyn screams. Even with the gag in her mouth, it's loud and pained. Nothing is being done to her. It's the frustration. The ending, of even that torturous tease. Now that Paige's head is out of the way, I can see her pussy lips quivering as her muscles behind snap with twitches. Ones that are powerful enough to keep her creamy thick honey steadily weeping out of her wide slit. I can see the nub of her clit, poking up just slightly, throbbing hard. I see the powerful shuddering tremors flow over her entire body.

Robyn has no chance. Not with the four of us. Six if I bring Tyler in and rope Tammy into helping.; I won't need them. Four on one is enough to keep Robyn from getting to her pussy.

I start with her legs. Those will be the least useful to her, at least for what she wants to do. I have Dawn take one ankle, and Paige the other. They untie them. But they don't release them. Both keep firm hold of Robyn's ankle, pinning it down to the table. Robyn squirms energetically, her vigor renewed now that the ropes are gone. Her hips twist a little more, but otherwise, she doesn't move much more than she did with the ropes. My girls hold her. One leg against an entire girl isn't much of a fight. Even though both are lighter than Robyn, both have better muscle tone as well. Both easily pin the leg down. Robyn squirms harder.

I untie Robyn's shoulders. It lets her thrash around more, at least her upper body, but it doesn't let her do much of anything. Just toss around a little more wildly. I take a couple of seconds to watch her soft breasts bounce around shamelessly as she squirms. I always have liked that sight.

I have Sophie help me. We each take one arm and free it. And hold it. I don't even have mine untied before I feel it fighting hard to get free. It doesn't. It's not even that hard for me to pin it to the side of the table. To Robyn's side. But now that she's fully untied, she is able to thrash a bit more. Or at least to move more

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when she does. Her hips bounce around on the table. Her breasts bounce around on her chest. Even the soft flesh of her stomach jiggles slightly. She cries out another tormented groan of frustration.

We roll Robyn over onto her stomach. It's not easy. It's not that she resists so much as she's squirming too hard. She's only thinking about that pounding ache in her pussy. I doubt she even realizes that we're rolling her. But with the four of us, it's not that much of a problem to get her onto her stomach.

Sophie follows my lead and brings Robyn's hand up behind her back. We cross her wrists, as they were bound when she arrived, and I fasten a pair of heavy tie straps around them. Maybe a little more snugly than Tammy did. Now I don't have to worry about them. She squirms energetically, pulling her hands hard against the straps. Her shoulders rock as she does. Her hips rock opposite her shoulders, jiggling the flesh of her still pink and sore bottom.

I have Dawn and Paige bring Robyn's feet up, bending her knees until her heels are almost flush against her bottom. It pins her hips a little better to the table and stops most of her squirming. Her bent legs try to straighten up, but that's not hard to control. She cries out another frustrated plea. The girls have her knees spread wide, leaving her pussy exposed. I can see her honey still weeping, only now it flows down into her bush and onto her pubes. Her entire bottom already glistens with a coating of the honey it's been squirming through.

I don't hurry. I prefer to watch Robyn squirm and moan with frustration. I prefer to watch her shoulders toss as she tries to get her hands to her pussy. I casually walk over to the cabinets and look through the drawer of toys before selecting one. I come out with a vibrating butt plug. It's about 2 inches long, and an inch thick.

Tammy's eyes go wide as I hold it up. She grins and giggles, too. She knows exactly what it is. I'd bet she's no stranger to its kin, too. The smirking grin says it all.

I walk back over to where Tammy is held down on the table. I work casually as if this is nothing to me. I'm not trying to be rough or gentle with her, just to do what I'm going to do.

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I use one hand to spread Robyn's wiggling cheeks wide, stretching her crack open and revealing her tiny asshole. It's almost hard to see. The flesh around it is dark, almost like a light or smokey shade of black. A deep brown I guess. The valley of her crack is almost smooth, too. There are few wrinkles, and those are gentle, around her opening. The opening is like a tiny squiggly line, less than ¼" long. Just a little twisting blackness at the center of the dark flesh with a few wrinkles flowing into it.

I don't need any lubricant. There's enough of Robyn's honey covering the valley of her crack. More flooding her crack, at least when it's not stretched so wide. Thick and creamy it clings in place, sparkling, showing itself off. It covers the ring of her asshole fully. And everything else.

I just put the widely rounded tip of it flush against the squiggly line of her asshole. It covers the line, the muscle around it, and then a little more. I press gently, with a little firm pressure. Not quite enough to force it into her bottom.

Robyn with the gag still in her mouth, grunts out a panicked "no." It feels huge to her. A mile wide. Wider than the hole I'm intending to put it into anyway. Now I know that Robyn has little if any, anal experience. If she did, she wouldn't fear the butt plug. She'd probably welcome it. She shakes her head hard, too, tossing her long hair about. She tries to wiggle her bottom away, but that's fairly well pinned down.

I give the tip a little wiggle, rolling the rounded tip over her hard, clenching muscle. Robyn squeals as she moans another frustrated groan through the gag. She blurts out another, even more panicked, no. The gag mutes it, too.

I keep rocking the rounded tip slowly against her ring. I start pressing a little more, and then a little more. Soon the pressure is enough that the tip pushes against the opening of her asshole. Her muscle pushes in for a fraction of an inch. And then, with nowhere else to go, it starts pushing her ring aside. Stretching the tightly resisting muscle. Her asshole doesn't have a prayer of resisting. The toy easily pushes against it, the taper of its rounded tip pushing the muscle aside as it creeps a little deeper into her opening. It doesn't take much for it to stretch her muscle enough for the toy to start gliding forward, it's way

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greased by the slippery honey clinging to everything. And stretching her ring wider as it dives deeper.

"UHM!" Robyn screeches into her gag. I ignore her. The toy keeps inching forward, pushing deeper into her bottom. As short as the toy is, it's only a couple of seconds before the toy has slipped fully into her bottom. And stretched her asshole wide. Her dark brown flesh clamps vise tight around the white shaft. It's pulled tautly, maybe even a little tightly, around the shaft. The shaft holds her asshole stretched the full inch wide.

Robyn is almost panicked. She sucks fast, deep, and noisy breaths through her nose. She squirms hard. Her pussy weeps honey, maybe even just a hair faster now.

Sophie and I each take hold of one shoulder. Working together, the four of us lift Robyn off the table. Dawn and Paige gripping her thighs now and more leaning over her calves to hold them back against her thighs. Once she's off the table, still blindfolded, Dawn and Paige shift to let her calves free. Her legs straighten and they lower her feet to the floor. They release her thighs. Sophie and I merely steady her shoulders as the other two lower her feet. Now that Robyn stands, we release her shoulders.

Robyn stands, quivering hard. And now her lightning-fast breaths start to take a lightly needy erotic note to them. I have no doubt that in several more seconds, once the surprise of the anal intrusion fades, and her nervousness along with it, Robyn will be moaning the neediest of moans.

I reach down, my hand bumping against the inside edges of Robyn's cheeks. The base of the toy stands out only about ¼" from the taut flesh of her asshole. It lets her crack close about halfway around it. And that has my hand knocking her globes aside as my finger flips the switch and turns it on.

"AHHHHH!" Robyn's body shivers violently hard as a powerful tremor flows over it. She cries out a very desperately urgent, and sultry, squealing moan that the gag seems to barely mute. Her hips shudder hard, tossing her bottom enough to have her globes jiggling. Her hands forget freedom, instead, her fingers lace together and her hands grip each other hard. Her breasts jiggle, too. Then another powerful tremor flows over her

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body. And another. It keeps her body quaking violently hard and fast. It keeps her screeching out erotic and urgent cries.

I give Robyn a minute or two, letting her feel the toy doing its thing. Vibrating inside the low point of her rectum. I'm sure she can feel it stuffing those first inches of her bottom full, but I doubt she feels the vibrations much there. In this position, the shaft is pushing down on her bowels. Pushing against the filmy thin wall. And pushing firmly against the backside of her pussy wall that lay just beyond. The backside of those spongy soft and firm walls is lined with just as many nerves, the same nerves, that the inside of her tunnel is. The vibrations feel just the same on either side of it. Her pussy doesn't even know that the vibrator isn't inside it, that it's in her bottom.

But there is a difference. Her pussy instinctively tries to cinch snug around the shaft teasing its nerves. Except there's nothing there for it to tighten around, so instead her walls end up squishing against each other. And that just lets the vibrations tease even more nerves. Instinct has her asshole clenching tightly, too. Only now that's held wide open by the shaft. It's different. It's something that her body has never experienced exactly before. Something that her body doesn't quite know what to do about. So her nerves just tingle with more and more hot sparks. Driving her closer and closer to climax. It takes about one second for the shudders to be trying to grind her pussy against something. There's nothing there. My feet stay inside of hers, holding her legs from closing and clamping her thighs together. That way she can't use them to massage her pussy. It will hold her short of cumming, and thus hold her rather frustrated.

I give Robyn a moment to get used to the toy. To get used to the shaft holding her asshole so widely stretched. And stuffing her bottom so uniquely. She spends the time screeching out needier and needier moans. Moans that are every bit, and maybe more, sultry than when her pussy was teased. After about half of a minute, I can see her thick honey starting to ooze down the inside of her thighs. And I know I have her where I want her.

I stand in front of Robyn. I reach my hand down to her bush. She was only on her stomach for a few minutes, but her fur is drenched with her thick honey. Honey that's so slippery it

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makes it almost impossible for me to get any kind of a grip on those hairs. It takes me a couple of tries, at the center where it's densest before I get a decent grip.

I pull. Not hard, the oily hairs would slip right through my fingers. I doubt I could hang onto them with a pair of pliers. Her honey is surprisingly slick. But I manage enough of a pull that I see the slightly loose flesh of her pubes pull out and up with them. Robyn must feel it.

"I hope I have your attention, bitch," I tell Robyn using my iciest, most disapproving, and sternest voice. "Since you are standing there, moaning out like some porn whore, and even a gag does nothing to mute your filthy gutter noises, it's obvious to me that you've learned nothing about being a disgusting whore. I have no doubt that if those hands weren't tied behind you, we'd all be watching you diddle that sloppy skank pit like a shameless street trollop right this minute."

I sigh deeply. "I'm sure when your kids are naughty and misbehave you send them to time out. I don't know what they do when they act up, but it can't be as naughty as you are being now. You are acting like the cheapest corner whore! So you will have a time out, too.

"Since it seems like the only thoughts that stupid head of yours is capable of are the slutty thoughts, you won't be doing any thinking while you are in time out. The babysitter will mind your kids for you, and mind you. Do not expect anything that even your youngest child wouldn't get. You're no better than them, bitch. In fact, being such a filthy whore with them in the house is far worse than whatever they could do.

"You have a full day of time out. You will mind your babysitter. You will be very polite. If I were you, I'd be on your best behavior while you're in time out. I give your babysitter my permission to punish you should you misbehave. And if you misbehave, even the tiniest bit, your time out will double to two full days. If you can behave, your time out will begin now and end Friday morning after breakfast. If not, it will be Saturday morning.

"It's obvious that you can't act like a woman, so let's see if you can manage to act like a good little girl. Miss

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Schmidt will take you home to begin your time out. Is that clear, *BITCH*? Just nod."

Robyn screeches constant needy moans into her gag. She quivers hard. After several seconds, she nods. I'll bet one of my stories of another time-out is flashing through her head. I'll bet she's wondering what kind of a babysitter Tammy is going to be. And even more how I managed to talk Tammy into it.

"Are you going to be a good little toddler girl for your babysitter and be on your very bestest behavior while you're in time out, bitch?" I switch to a hard and firm voice, but one like I'm talking to a baby. "Nod."

Robyn cringes even as she shudders a little harder. Her moans grow squeakier, and clearly more urgent, as well. After several long seconds, she nods again.

I turn to face Tammy. I instantly switch back to my normal tone of voice, as if I'm gossiping with one of my BFFs. "Do you want to dress this disgusting whore, or have your boyfriend do it? The other can dress that needle-dicked, two-second Tom over there."

Tammy giggles lightly as she looks at Robyn, obviously so close to cumming. Completely naked. I wish I knew what thoughts were running through her head. In the end, she asks "Hey, Mr. Enormous, would you like to dress the girl this time?" I hear a bit of a tease in her voice.

Tyler grins as he says "whatever you want, Trouble."

"Have fun, Mr. Enormous," Tammy tells him. She turns to Hank and almost looks reluctant.

I send Sophie to bring their clothes to Tammy and Tyler.

Tyler gets the chore. Dressing Robyn with her hands bound isn't easy. He ends up having to leave both her shirt and bra off her shoulders. There's just no way to get her arms through the holes. The bra stays up easily. He does have to handle her breasts a bit to get them into the cups, something the still moaning Robyn seems to not even notice. The button-down shirt buttons around her chest,

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but barely stays up. At least the shorts and her panties fit easily over the vibrating butt plug. I leave that in place.

Tammy has an easier time with Hank. Although his cock gets hard again the minute he feels her hands touching him. And he knows it's Tammy's hands. That tells me he, like many men, has that "naughty babysitter" fantasy. I'll text Rose about that as soon as they're gone.

I warn both to behave for Tammy and Tyler as they're taken home for Robyn to begin her time out. I tell Hank that once they get home, Tammy or Tyler will watch as he undresses, and inspect his body, and if it is exactly as it was when he left the house, he will be allowed to dress. And then he will be dismissed. But with the understanding that Robyn is not dismissed. Her babysitter is in full charge of her. He may not so much as speak to her without first getting permission from the babysitter. He should just pretend Robyn doesn't exist until she serves her time out and is dismissed from her lesson. Then she can resume being his wife. Until then, she's my naughty little girl in trouble for being a filthy slut. Hank agrees.

Robyn finally realizes that she's leaving here with the plug in her bottom. That means a ride home with it. Maybe even longer. That means another half hour or so of suffering those intolerable sweet vibrations. And worse, trying to walk with it in place. I see the nervousness.

Tyler and Tammy take them home.



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The drive home is uneventful. Hank sits demurely beside Robyn. Robyn fidgets and squirms, but never manages to get her relief. She purrs sultry moans with every breath, too. Tyler drives. Tammy flirts shamelessly with Tyler.

As soon as they get home, Tammy and Tyler walk the couple to their bedroom. Now their hands are freed and the blindfolds come off. The couple still has no idea where Tammy took them. They know that I was there, and they could hear the girls, but they have no idea what they look like. Or if anyone else was there to see the show. They know only that Tammy must know since she clearly watched everything.

With Tyler standing beside her, Tammy orders the couple to strip. Tyler collects their clothes. Tammy inspects Robyn while Tyler inspects Hank. They leave Hank standing right next to Robyn for the inspection. She pronounces him naked with a "naughty stiff cock." He's told to dress for bed, and then he's dismissed.

Robyn is left nude with the plug in her bottom. It keeps her breathing out very needy and hot soft moans with every breath. By now it's getting close to 10:00. the kids should have been in bed over an hour ago. She knows that there's no chance of them being up now. Especially since she heard the TV when she came in. There's an episode of "Love & Hip Hop in Atlanta" playing. It's the kind of show Joey would watch, and something she knows that letting kids see would have her over my knees. Tammy might not know what Joey would watch, but she knows that she watches that show, too, so it's probably Joey watching it. They're close in age, and that's obvious to Tammy.

Tammy takes the nude Robyn by her arm and walks her to the living room. The kids are long gone. The lights are dim. Joey is kicked back on the sofa watching her show.

Joey does a few different personas well. Her best I call "teen bimbo." She dresses just like a high school

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sophomore or junior would. She acts it, too. Not the brainy girl, but the bimbo cheerleader girl. The kind of girl who has only two things going for her in life: her good looks and her flirty fun personality. The kind of girl who thinks reality TV is real. The kind of girl who couldn't name the president, but could name every designer whose fashions are considered "in." The kind of girl who thinks who is dating who is the definition of "current national events." The girl who can tell you which TV star is doing what with which actor. Supposedly. In short, a teenage bimbo. It's the persona she's put on for the evening.

As Tammy leads Robyn in Joey does her best to look petulant and put-out as she gets to her feet. "Miss Chartruse," Tammy begins. She doesn't know Joey's first name. Nor do the kids. She just introduced herself to them as "Joey," the name I use for her in my stories. Robyn might never know her real name. They live on opposite sides of town, so Robyn isn't that likely to happen into the gas station where Joey works or anything.

"This naughty little girl is Robyn. She is in time out until after breakfast Friday for being a very filthy little girl and abusing her pussy." It's all Tammy can do not to giggle as she tells Joey what I told her to. Joey already knows everything. More than Tammy does, too. I texted Joey specific instructions as soon as Tammy had the couple out of my house. Joey was ready and expecting this. But she doesn't let it show.

"Whatever," Joey sighs out. She takes hold of Robyn's arm. "You're up very late, Robyn. Let's get you a bath and tuck you in for the night." Now Joey sounds like she's talking to a toddler.

"So you," Tammy sings out. She turns, takes Tyler's hand and the two of them leave.

Hank finally comes into the living room. He's wearing pajamas, which is what he put on when Tammy told him to dress for bed. Joey smiles to him. "The boys are asleep," She tells him. "Don't worry about anything, I'll give Robyn her bath and put her to bed, too, and then I'll

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come to keep you company if you'd like." Joey bats her eyes to him.

Hank gawks at Joey. She's rather pretty and young. She's 19 but dressed the way she is, and with only minimal makeup on, she could very easily be mistaken for 16. It helps that she's a fairly small girl, too. Hank, knowing nothing about her other than that she was introduced as Tammy's friend, assumes Tammy knows her from school. He wonders how old Joey is. He wonders if he was mistaken - a girl her age shouldn't be flirting openly. Especially with a man old enough to be her father. But he can't take his eyes off her skin-tight jeans.

Joey turns back to Robyn. "Robyn, you are now in my care. I'll tell you the rules as we go along, but for now, you need to know to be very polite, do as you are told, and never, under any circumstances, while you are in time out, will you touch your pussy. Period. OK?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Robyn answers reluctantly.

Joey leads Robyn to the bathroom. The one the kids use, not the private one off the master bedroom. Robyn starts cringing a little more with each step. But she can't stop herself from purring those soft, urgent moans, either. Robyn cringes hard as Joey stops her in front of the toilet. And then nudges her to sit on it. "Can you be a big girl and go pee-pee for me, Robyn?" Joey asks as if Robyn were about two years old. Robyn cringes harder and blushes. Joey kneels in front of Robyn and watches her. Robyn blushes deeper and shirks harder. Then Robyn pees. "Oh, that's such a big girl, Robyn!" Joey blurts out excitedly.

Joey starts filling the tub with warm water. She adds some of the younger boy's favored bubble bath and gets a wash rag. Once the tub is full, she gets Robyn up off the toilet and sits her in the tub. Robyn starts to reach for the soap. Joey lightly swats Robyn's hand. She firmly, still using her toddler's voice, scolds Robyn for "grabbing things," and reminds her that she was only told to sit.

Joey gets the rag wet and full of soap suds. She uses a cup to pour water over Robyn's chest. And then she

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starts washing Robyn. Joey starts at the shoulders and begins working her way down. Her bath is thorough, but also efficient. It gets Robyn spotlessly clean, which after sweating for an hour on the massage table, Robyn needs.

Robyn cringes even harder and blushes deeper. I'd bet anything she didn't expect to be given her bath like a child. Not even when I told her she'd be treated like a child. She blushes. There's no hiding the embarrassment of the bath.

Joey ignores Robyn and bathes her. Robyn's nipples are rock hard long before Joey gets near them. Joey doesn't shy away from them. She uses the rag or pretends to, letting her soapy hands caress every bit of Robyn's soft breasts while Robyn sits demurely quiet and blushing a little deeper. Joey acts as if she doesn't even realize she's washing breasts, which only humiliates Robyn even more.

Joey washes Robyn thoroughly. She leaves nothing unwashed. She saves Robyn's hips for last, but when she gets there, she's not shy about lying Robyn back against the back of the tub, opening Robyn's legs and telling her "lie still while I wash your wee-wee, Robyn." Joey washes the outside of Robyn's furry lips. She washes the pink inside of Robyn's vulva. Her folds. Her still-throbbing clit. Robyn can't help but moan sweetly as Joey washes it with her fingers, not the rag.

Then Joey rolls Robyn to her side. Joey washes Robyn's bottom. "Uh-oh, someone was a naughty little girl and got herself spanked good," Joey comments to Robyn teasingly. There's still a faint pink glow on Robyn's cheeks, but it has mostly faded away by now. Joey lifts Robyn's top cheek, pulling the spongy softness high, to stretch Robyn's crack wide open. It exposes Robyn's tight asshole. Or would if the toy wasn't in the way, still standing out about ¼" from Robyn's ring. Joey giggles lightly. "Robyn!... You can't be playing with your toys in the bathtub!" Joey reaches for the protruding end of the toy and pulls firmly. Robyn's asshole lets go and the toy slips from it.

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After being stretched so wide and held for so long, Robyn's asshole gapes wide open for a moment, closing back slowly. Joey knew it would happen. She's had enough anal experience to know intimately how a body reacts. She takes full advantage of that moment. "Let me wash your little poop hole," she sweetly tells Robyn as her soapy finger finds Robyn's gaping ring. Joey's finger slips over the inside rim of the wide opening, soaping and lightly scrubbing flesh that likely hasn't been washed in a long time. Flesh that's normally squished up inside the clench of her muscle. Then Joey washes the outside of the ring. Robyn almost screeches. She purrs out a squeaky "OOH!" and shudders as Joey's finger tenderly cleans her asshole. Joey splashes water over it to rinse it.

Joey gets Robyn out of the tub, spreading out a towel on the floor and making Robyn sit on it dripping wet while Joey uses another towel to dry Robyn off. Then Joey takes Robyn to her bedroom, unable to leave Robyn unattended and not allowed to dump her on Hank. She finds a rather conservative nightgown, an old-timey cotton one, and puts it on, Robyn. Robyn doesn't get underwear.

Joey walks Robyn to the spare bedroom. It's set up as more of a home office for Hank now, but the sofa in it opens out into a bed. A bed that Joey already has neatly made up. It'll do.

Joey turns the covers back. Then she tells Robyn that it's time to say her prayers and has her kneel at the side of the bed. She tells Robyn the standard, generic, non-denominational prayer I use for my Christian toys. Even the lapsed ones such as Robyn.

Joey has Robyn get in bed. Then Joey rolls Robyn to her side and uses another heavy tie strap to lightly cinch Robyn's hands behind her back. She tells Robyn, in her sweet toddler voice, "that's so you won't be a naughty girl tonight." Joey leaves Robyn on her side, facing the edge of the bed. With her hands tied behind her, it would be uncomfortable for Robyn to sleep on her back. Joey covers Robyn up to her neck, tucking her in.

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Joey tells Robyn she gets the same bedtime story that "the boys" picked, a Clifford the Big Red Dog book. I'd bet Robyn has read them that story so many times she has the book memorized. Joey goes on, ignoring the shamed scowl on Robyn's face, and reads her the story in a rather enthusiastic voice. Joey gives Robyn a kiss on her cheek and tells her good night. She reminds Robyn that she has to stay in bed. She's not allowed up for anything until Joey returns for her in the morning.

Joey leaves, turning the lights out and closing the door. It leaves Robyn in absolute darkness except for a small night light on the far side of the room behind her. It leaves Robyn in silence as well. There's not even a clock left in the room. Robyn wiggles a little, getting comfortable.

Robyn closes her eyes and wishes she'd fall asleep. Mostly she wishes that her pussy would stop aching and throbbing so badly. At least that it would ease up enough that she could think about anything other than the pounding ache. She wonders how she'll ever sleep with her pussy screaming so loudly for attention.

Joey, now relieved of her burden of Robyn, quickly peeks in on the boys. They're sleeping fine. She heads for the living room.

Joey moves on to part two of her assignment. She slips onto the sofa next to Hank. She slides close, snuggling her side against his. The TV has been changed to a basketball game, but Joey ignores that. She puts her hand to Hank's thigh and caresses it softly. "I'm Joey," She tells him. She's smiling and batting her eyes again as he looks to her. His eyes fix on her.

Joey rolls her body just slightly, gently lying her ample breasts against his chest. She's wearing only a thin blouse and a thin, rather lacy, bra underneath that. Under those painted-on jeans, she has nothing but a g-string on that's worthy of a stripper. She wiggles very softly. It's just enough for her breasts to wiggle on his chest.

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"Ms. Rodgers says I'm to mind all three kids 24/7 while Robyn is in time out, that way you won't be bothered with them. You can just put them out of your handsome head and I'll take super-excellent care of *everything* for you."

Joey takes a minute to tease Hank with her caresses. Hank's cock was stiff before she got to the sofa. I'd bet it's been stiff since he left here. Hank stays gawking in disbelief. I'd bet he's wondering if he's imagining Joey shamelessly throwing herself at, and on, him.

Joey finally lets her hand wander to the bulge at the crotch of Hank's pajama bottoms. She notices that he has underwear on as well. She ignores it all. She lets the tips of her fingers "accidentally" brush the steely hard shaft several times. Plenty enough times for Hank to know that it's no accident. Enough times for her to feel the shaft starting to twitch eagerly, too.

Joey can see Hank gawking. She can see the questioning disbelief on his face. And feel the excited little twitches of his cock. She has no doubt that Hank likes what he sees. That he likes the idea of a very naughty babysitter. That the 50-ish man thought such a very young woman would never be anything more than a fantasy.

Joey leans over to his ear. She uses just the tip of her tongue to trace around the lines of his ear. Slowly, letting him feel its warm, wet touch. "Do you like my breasts?" She asks in a very honeyed voice. Hank nods dimly. "Would you like to see them?" She asks with even more sugar in her voice.

Before Hank answers, Joey lifts her chest up. She slides over and rises to her feet, facing him. She immediately drops to her knees. She faces him, smiling and batting her lashes, as her hand works excruciatingly slowly to unbutton her lace-trimmed cotton blouse. It's a perfect blouse for the looks she's trying to project: immature. It's the kind of thing that a teenager, wanting to look cute and sexy, but not really understanding the

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concept of sultry yet, would wear. It takes her over a minute to unbutton it.

Joey reaches up behind her back and releases the clasp of her bra. She puts her hands to the ribbon-like straps over her shoulders. She starts slipping them off of her shoulders, then hesitates. "Do you really want to see big breasts with their perky hard nipples?" She teasingly asks, adding about 100 pounds of sugar to her voice now. Hank, still with the disbelief covering his face, nods dumbly, but with a bit of eagerness showing. Joey just flicks her fingers, sending the strap of the bra flying along her shoulders and over them. The straps drop down her arms to her elbows. The bra falls from her mounds, revealing them. And showing Hank that her nipples are indeed sticking up as hard as rocks.

Joey leans forward, bracing her hands on her knees. It lets her rather ample C-cup breasts hang in front of Hank's eyes. Unlike Robyn's breasts, Joeys have almost no looseness to them. They're spongy but firm, and hold their rounded shape as she leans over.

Hank's eyes widen and lock onto the sight of her breasts. He sits still, staring at them. Slowly a look of lewd glee creeps onto his face. But the disbelief, as if he expects to awaken from this dream any second now, lingers.

"Do you like my little boobs?" She asks Hank in a sugary tease. Hank nods, a little more eagerly this time. Joey moves slowly. She brings her hands to Hank's wrists and very gently takes hold of them. He offers her no resistance as she begins lifting his hands. She brings them up and then out, putting one hand to each of her hanging mounds. "Then enjoy my boobs... Don't be shy, help yourself and enjoy me."

Hank doesn't need to be told a second time. His hands are gentle and tentative. They instantly begin kneading her mounds, feeling the firmness of them. He strokes them. He runs his fingers over her nipples. Joey shivers when he does. She purrs sweetly, eagerly, the

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entire time he's touching her. It encourages him. His hands get a little firmer in their squeezes. Joey purrs a little louder.

Joey's hand slowly makes its way back to the bulge in Hank's pajamas. He doesn't see it moving. Her fingertips tease the stiffness through the thin fabric. It gets Hank's attention. Joey smiles a little wider. "Oh, that big feller likes my little boobs!" She adds a bit of excited girly squeal into her voice. She teases a couple of more seconds. "I bet that huge feller would like to play with my boobs, too..." Joey is already coming down, moving smoothly, her body more flowing than moving. In a couple seconds, she's down. His pajamas are still up, but now his cock is lying back towards his stomach. It's still steely hard. And now, one of Joey's pert breasts lies on either side of the shaft. Joey shifts her hips with a fluid motion. Back and forth, slowly. Her shoulders move with her chest. And her breasts move with her chest. With the inside of each mound lying snugly against his shaft, her breasts stroke over the stiffness. His cock twitches sharply the instant she starts teasing him.

Joey finally rises up. As she does, she leans in fully, keeping the tips of her breasts, and her nipples, against Hank. She draws her pebbly hard nipples over his chest and up to his face. She lets her breasts stroke over his face slowly.

Joey stands up. Her hands are already at the waistband of her jeans. In about one second her zipper is down and stretched open into a wide V. It shows a slice of the all-lace front of her panties.

Joey licks her lips. "I am such a naughty girl..." She turns her back to him, leaning over slightly, and wiggling the tight denim down off her bottom. It very quickly lets Hank see that her bottom is almost fully exposed. Her panties are nothing more than a fine line of lace running through her crack, widening into a tiny triangle just before merging with the waistband. Her entire cheeks stand out bare. "I definitely deserve a good spanking..." Joey

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reaches around and slaps one of her cheeks with her hand. It leaves only a faint pink hand print that will fade in two minutes. It barely stings. But Hank can see it, and hear the crack of her hand slapping bare flesh.

It doesn't even slow her down. In a few seconds, the jeans are around her ankles. Joey's hands go to her hips. Her bottom wiggles before his eyes. Its motion is fluid and gentle. Her firm globes don't jiggle.

Joey leans forward quickly this time as if to touch her toes. Her hands start at her hips and glide smoothly down her thighs as she goes. They take the waistband of her panties with them. In a second or two, her panties are down to her knees. Her hands let go and they fall to her ankles. She keeps leaning over until her waist is fully bent. It pokes the very wet mound of her pussy right out in front of Hank's face.

Joey's mound is very different from Robyn's pussy. The pussy that Hank is so familiar with by now. Joey's isn't shaven - instead she uses hair removal cream on it. The cream fully removes the hairs, leaving no trace of them, and no stubble. It lasts much longer, too. It will be close to a week before anyone can even tell that she's capable of growing hair there. And she's freshly shaven this morning. Her lips are long, plump, and soft, but narrow with no wrinkliness to them. They leave a wide gash between them. In this pose, he's treated to a full view of her long, thin, soft inner folds gently rising into the gash, but not beyond. And of the dense knot where her clit pokes its head up the tiniest bit, like the rounded tip of a hard pea. A heavy coat of lighter, more oily, creamy honey covers everything.

Hank's eyes lock on the sight so shamelessly offered him. Joey gives him a couple seconds to get over his disbelief. "Do you like my wet little pussy?" He doesn't answer, but she sees him nodding constantly.

Joey moves steadily, neither fast nor slow. She lowers her hips, not straightening up as she does. Her shoulder rises slightly to keep the angle. It lowers her

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pussy. She lowers it right atop his steely hard cock. The thin fabric of his pajamas, which he's still fully dressed in, covers his cock, but does little to dull the feeling. His cock can feel her burning heat. And her wetness. She lowers just a hair more. It squishes his cock against her folds, pushing her lips aside to lie along the sides of his cock and treat him to even more of her feel.

Joey rocks her hips, her entire body, slowly and smoothly. It has her mound stroking over the hard shaft, teasing his cock. And it grinds her happy clit against his cock. Joey lets out a very long, and sultry, moan as she grinds on him. "Oh, I am so hot for that huge cock." She purrs in a voice that's pure honey.

Joey rises to her feet. She turns around slowly, letting Hank see that she's now fully naked. Somehow, her jeans and panties slipped from her ankles and now lie off to the side. She lets his eyes feast on her nakedness. She wiggles her shoulders, letting him see her breasts wiggle with them, showing off their firmness. And showing him that her pubes are just as silky as her mound.

Suddenly, Joey is down on her knees. His eyes are still on her mounds. Her shoulders start inching up torturously slowly. With his attention focused on her stiff nipples, he doesn't notice her hands slipping to the waistband of his pajamas. He doesn't notice until he feels them, and his undershorts, being eased down to bare his steely hard cock.

"Do you like my naked body?" She asks teasingly, but very sweetly.

Hank nods, a little eagerly now that his cock is exposed, standing up straight, and twitching.

"Do you want to cum?" She asks him even more sweetly.

Hank keeps nodding, his head picking up its pace a little.

Joey leans forward. She stops with her mouth a scant fraction of an inch above his overly-eager cock. She sticks her tongue out, lying it against the top of his cock. She

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leisurely licks her way up, her tongue caressing the length of his shaft, to the pink head. Her tongue swirls around the spongy cock head.

"Do you want me to make this huge cock cum?" Joey's hand slips up, under his bunched-up pajamas, and finds his dangling balls. The tips of her fingers lightly stroke them.

Hank nods very eagerly. His cock jumps from the hot caress of Joey's tongue.

Joey starts rising up and leaning in at the same time. It quickly has the tips of her breasts stroking over his body as she rises up. Only this time her mounds stroke along his exposed cock, her skin softly against his. His cock jumps hard from the touch, snapping against her chest between her breasts as she so slowly rises up.

Joey stops with her face even with his. She leans her lips to his. Her tongue licks into his mouth. She kisses him for a long moment, her tongue eagerly showing its hunger to explore his mouth. He kisses her back. She leans in as she does, bringing her pussy mound to lie atop his twitching cock. Letting him again feel the fiery heat and slippery wetness of it. Her hips shudder, squirming her hot pussy atop his bare cock.

Then Joey ends the kiss and slithers her way slowly back down his body until she's on her knees. She leans her head forward, putting her lips to the very tip of his cock. An instant later, before Hank realizes what she's going to do, he feels the bulbous spongy head of his cock pushes right through her silky soft lips and into her hot wet mouth. He feels his cock head, and then his shaft, slipping steadily, and very leisurely, into her mouth.

Hank feels the soft head of his cock pressed firmly against the back of her mouth. He remembers feeling Tyler's cock pushing firmly against his as he started gagging. Joey isn't gagging. Nor, he dimly realizes, is his cock stopping. It keeps going. He feels her throat tightening around the head, squishing the spongy bundle of nerves into an ever-narrowing space. Then he feels the

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stiff shaft of his cock starting to push into the same narrowing space. He wonders when she's going to gag.

A moment later he feels the head of his cock pushing hard against a solid wall. He feels the soft flesh squished out into every little nook. He feels the wall start to give, like a hard rubber, as his shaft drives the tender head even harder against the wall. He finally looks down to see about four inches of his length has vanished into Joey's pink lips. To see her plush lips stretched taut around his shaft.

Hank realizes that Joey isn't choking yet. Nor is she stopping. Her lips steadily inch along the shaft, taking in even more of his length. Then he feels the hard wall of rubber suddenly gone. Now he feels a very tight rubbery squeeze around the soft head, and his hard shaft pushing leisurely into the unfamiliar tightness. He feels that tightness, almost more than he can stand, hot and wet, caressing his shaft as it plunges deeper and deeper.

He watches, shock and disbelief flooding his face, as Joey's delicate lips inch ever closer to his bare pubes. For an instant, he wonders just how much cock Joey can handle. Then he stops thinking as he watches the very last of his cock disappear into her mouth. Her fine lips press flush against his pubes. Hank shudders violently as her lips meet his pubes; it's at that very instant he feels that somehow she's gotten the tip of her tongue out past her bottom lip and far enough to flick it over the top of his balls. "UH-MMMM!" Hank moans out the deepest, loudest, and most thrilled of hot moans. Joey's mouth never stops moving. Even as she teases his balls, it's moving in a continuous motion, swallowing every bit of him, then smoothly reversing the stroke. Now she leisurely releases the cock from her lips.

Joey keeps rising up until only the head of his cock is left in her mouth. Its bottom ridge lightly brushes the inside of her lips, still pulled tautly around his shaft. Joey smoothly reverses her stroke again, not hesitating even a bit. As she does, her tongue swirls quickly around the

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head of his cock. It gets another hard shuddering and hungry moan from Hank.

Joey gives his cock another leisurely stroke, swallowing every bit of it, teasing his balls, and then releasing his cock. Only this time she lets his cock slip fully from her mouth. Her lips shift to the side of it, stretching wide open to allow her tongue out. Her tongue stays on the head of his cock, licking over and around it. Her hand finds the base of his cock to steady the eagerly twitching shaft.

It takes only a couple seconds for Hank to moan out again, his huger growing quickly. Joey uses her mouth to control his cock as she lies it back against his stomach. Her tongue and lips caress up and down his length. As she does, she manages to let her breasts caress a sliver of his thighs. After a moment she rises up again, drawing her breasts over his hard cock. She goes all the way until her pussy rests atop his sharply twitching cock.

She leans her head forward again, stopping just before her lips touch his. "Mmm..." Joey purrs in her softest, most honeyed, and sultry voice, "I just love the way your huge thick cock feels all the way down my tight little throat... Did you like me swallowing every bit of that big cock?"

"Oh, G-d, yes!" Hank purrs out softly as her pussy shudders atop his cock.

Joey locks her lips to his and kisses him again, as much tongue as she can manage to slip deep into his mouth and entwining with his. Holding the kiss, Joey shifts her hips slightly, pulling her sopping wet slit along his length until the tip of his cock is almost at the very back of it. She rotates her hips, almost lying her pubes flat atop his. She wiggles her hips, letting a little of her weight push her mound firmly down. To push the head of his cock right between her soft folds. Then, still kissing him with all her hunger, another deft wiggle of her hips gets the tip of his cock lightly touching the entrance of her tunnel.

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Joey holds the deep kiss. Before Hank knows or believes it, he feels his cock pushing into the burning heat. The slippery, flooded wetness. He feels the spongy walls of her pussy, firm but with a softness, snuggling around his shaft. He feels her tightness as his cock starts slipping into her pussy.

Suddenly Hank feels Joey's pussy tighten around his shaft. Rather the top of it, only about two inches has slipped into her so far. Her pussy squeezes hard around his shaft, the tightness almost so much that he can't stand it. But not quite. It doesn't slow her down. Her honey is slippery enough that even so tight, his cock glides right into her. And into her. And deeper into her. Squishing tightly her pussy manages to take every bit of his length, her sopping wet lips coming flush against his pubes.

Joey gives a fine shudder with her hips, but it's enough to wiggle his cock in her tightness. Then she rises up again just as leisurely and smoothly as he went down. She holds the tightness in her pussy until his cock has fully slipped from its wetness. Instantly his cock twitches hard, knocking against his pubes and her mound.

Joey ends her kiss, hesitating again as her lips release his. "Oh, that huge cock feels so totally incredible stuffing my tiny little pussy so full." Her voice is pure honey, this time with a touch of thrill and delight to it.

Joey quickly turns around, offering Hank a brief glimpse of her firm bottom. Then she lowers her hips again, his cock pressing into her crack. Her globes nestle it snugly. Joey starts rocking her hips, stroking the hard shaft with her cheeks. She lies her shoulders back, her back onto his chest. She brings his hands up and around, putting them to her nipples. Her head lolls back onto his shoulder and she purrs.

It takes less than a stroke with the toned muscles of her bottom and a tiny bit of her weight keeping his cock snugly trapped in her crack. Her slippery wet honey keeps it slipping smoothly between her cheeks. Hank purrs out another loud moan. Joey feels his shaft twitching between

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her cheeks. She gives it three slow strokes with her bottom.

And then Joey has turned around to start slithering down his chest again. Drawing the tips of her breasts over his body as her head returns to his rock-hard cock. Now his cock glistens with a coat of her honey that fully covers it. And the tip of it sparkles with a few drops of his whitish cum.

Joey swallows his cock again, giving it two full strokes with her mouth. Strokes that send it plunging down her throat. Strokes Hank can't resist watching. Then her tongue teases his cock.

Her tongue works its way very slowly up and down his length. And again. This time, as Joey reaches the base of his cock, her mouth shifts downward. A second later her mouth is stretched wide. And slowly she brings it up, letting his dangling balls stroke along her tongue as they slip into her mouth. When her lips are all the way up and touching the underside of his cock, she lightly closes them around the top of his sack. With his balls captive in her mouth, her tongue slowly caresses a swirl around them. And again.

It pushes Hank past the limit of what teasing he can stand. Looking up at the base of it, Joey sees his cock jerk hard as it spurts his cum. Joey keeps his balls in her mouth, her tongue lightly caressing them, as his cock spurts. She waits until his cock is almost still to release them.

Joey rises back up a bit, her eyes now a couple of inches from his cock. Joey grins wide as she sees the thick, milky white cum splatter on his stomach and down onto his pubes. "Yum..." Joey purrs sweetly, "I love cum!" Joey leans her head forward. "Let me clean you up." As soon as she's said it, her tongue is on Hank's stomach. Joey licks every drop of it off of him, leaving nothing at all but a thin film of her saliva.

Joey lifts her head so that he can see her lips. She opens her mouth for an instant. Just enough for him to see

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some cum still on her tongue. She purrs and licks her lips. "Oh, your cum is so delicious!" Joey lets him see her swallow.

Joey rises back up to her feet. She leans down a little and takes his hand. "Are you ready to take me to bed?"



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Joey slept naked next to Hank, in the bed he normally shares with Robyn. Joey kept Robyn's spot warm for her. Hank kept his hands all over Joey, which Joey eagerly allowed. Invited. But she didn't have sex with him. Not that his cock was ready for a third round anyway. It barely had any stiffness to it at all. But he definitely enjoyed cuddling her.

In the mornings, Hank rises at 06:00 to be in his office by 08:00. Joey woke at 04:00 and very quietly slipped from the bed without waking him. She secretly turned his alarm off, too. She cleaned herself up, then went to the kitchen and fixed breakfast. She left the breakfast in the oven to warm while she went to wake Hank.

Hank was sleeping on his back. At exactly 06:00, Joey, fully naked, very gently eased the covers off of him. She managed not to wake him. His cock was still soft, lying limply atop his thigh. Joey grinned as she leaned down. She put her lips to the head of his cock and quickly, but lightly, drew it into her mouth. She sucked the soft shaft as far into her mouth as it would reach, to the back of her mouth but no further. She softly closed her lips around the base of the cock, keeping them flush against his pubes. She sucked gently on it, using her tongue to stroke the underside of the shaft at the same time.

Almost instantly Joey can feel his shaft starting to stiffen in her mouth. As it grew, the tip of it started to push deeper into her mouth, towards her throat. Joey kept teasing it.

It took maybe all of a second for Hank's eyes to open and quickly look down to see the young babysitter leaning over him with his cock in her mouth. The sight made his cock start to stiffen even faster. He purred softly, lay back, and closed his eyes.

Joey kept teasing. Her hand found his hanging balls and began to caress those. Leaning over, she kept her stiff nipples, and only her nipples, touching the tops of his thighs. It took less than ten seconds for his cock to fully

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stiffen to rock hardness. Joey's lips stayed flush against his pubes the entire time. As his cock grew longer, it simply pushed deeper into her throat. And Hank purred more eagerly.

Joey waited until she could feel his cock start twitching against the inside of her mouth. Then she slowly lifted her head up, releasing the cock from her mouth as she went. She let it slip from her lips, her fingers still on the shaft. It stood up straight. Joey put her tongue to the side of the cock head and began slowly swirling it around the pink bundle of nerves, feeling it twitch against her fingers. She made about half a dozen slow circles.

"Good morning..." Joey greeted Hank in her honeyed voice. "I'm your alarm clock this morning." Joey lifted her shoulder up, turned a little to put her hanging breasts directly over his eyes, and shook them lightly. They danced along with her shoulders before his eyes. He watched eagerly.

"I hope I got you..." Joey smirked wide, leaving no doubt what meant, "*up* on time." Joey batted her eyelashes. She convinced a reluctant Hank to get out of bed. Then she made the bed neatly while Hank used the bathroom.

Joey heard him turn the shower on. She slipped into the bathroom and with that glowing grin on her face, asked "May I give you a hand?" Her hand wandered in the direction of his still hard cock.

She had Hank stand in the shower. She joined him. She washed him. Joey lathered up her ample breasts and used those to wash his back and chest. She used her very soapy hand to "wash" his cock by stroking it until it twitched sharply against her hand. She even used those firm soapy breasts to wash his bottom. Hank purred sweetly the entire time.

After his shower, Hank dressed. Joey took him to the dining room for breakfast. Hank was rather surprised to find that she had a real breakfast of pancakes and bacon with eggs and fried potatoes ready and waiting for him. He

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was even more surprised to watch as Joey put an apron on, and nothing but an apron, and served him. Far more attentively than any restaurant waitress would have, too. He mostly peeked at her bare bottom sticking out from the back of the apron while he ate. And commented on how he was lucky if Robyn poured him a bowl of corn flakes. He was rather pleased with the breakfast, more so to hear that she had plenty made for the kids as well.

The kids usually wake at 07:00, just as Hank leaves for the office. Joey stays focused on Hank, keeping him happy through breakfast. But once that's done, while he reads the morning paper and sips coffee, Joey quickly dresses for the day. When she returns, she's back in "teeny-bimbo" mode. She has fresh clothes, but it's another high school girl look.

Joey gives Hank another long, and hot, kiss goodbye. It makes sure that his cock is at full hardness when he leaves. Then she goes to tend to the kids.

Joey heads for the boys first. Unlike Robyn, she can take her eyes off of them. She gets them up, has them dress, and straighten up their beds. She walks them to the table and fixes both a plate for breakfast. She tends to them, making sure they have everything they want.

Joey heads for Robyn's room. Robyn is already awake, lying on her side and fidgeting with a full bladder. Joey doesn't waste any time uncovering her or untying her hands. She tells Robyn to get up and make her bed neatly. She stands there watching Robyn as Robyn groans and starts doing it.

When Robyn finishes making her bed, Joey takes her to the bathroom. Luckily that's just across the hall and a trip that's not in sight from the kitchen. Robyn walks nude. Joey watches Robyn on the toilet, using her talking-to-a-baby voice to tell Robyn that she has to pee and poop this morning. Robyn just cringes hard, blushes deeply, and obediently does as she's told.

Once she's done, Joey has Robyn stand up and turn her back. That way Joey can see while Robyn wipes her

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bottom. But only her bottom. Robyn isn't allowed to touch her pussy for anything, not even to wipe herself. She has to stand facing Joey, her legs apart, while Joey does that for her.

Once Robyn has finished, and Robyn is quick, Joey walks the nude woman back to the spare bedroom. She has clothes waiting there for Robyn. Robyn gets a pair of simple and modest black cotton panties. She gets an old-fashioned-looking gray dress with white stripes checkering it. It's long, about halfway down her calves. It has full sleeves. But it has a good V at her chest that shows a fair bit of cleavage. Robyn wears it with a light undershirt to cover her chest. Joey doesn't even give Robyn a bra, telling her "Bras are for big girls, not little ones." Joey gives Robyn a pair of sandals to wear with it. Joey brushes Robyn's hair out quickly and pulls it back.

Then Joey walks Robyn out to the kitchen. The kids are about halfway through their breakfasts. Joey has Robyn sit at the table next to her oldest one. "OK, boys," Joey begins, "remember what we talked about? Mommy is in time out today for being naughty. So we can't talk to mommy or play with her." The boys agree, with a little smirk and laugh.

Joey fixes Robyn a plate of food and sets it in front of her. She tells Robyn that "naughty little girls in time out" are expected to clean their plates." Joey doesn't take a seat. She stands, keeping an eye on everyone, but mostly on Robyn.

Robyn, shamed into a deep blush, sits fidgeting in her seat. She eats her breakfast. She drinks her milk. Not the two cups of coffee she always has. Coffee is for big girls. Robyn cleans her plate. So do the boys. The boys are offered seconds. Robyn isn't. Seconds are for good boys and girls. Robyn sits quietly, waiting until the boys are done. Keeping her hands where Joey can see them as well. And fidgeting a bit more in her chair.

As soon as breakfast is over, Joey lines the three of them up and marches them to the bathroom to brush their

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teeth. Robyn gets to be first. Which leaves the boys watching and waiting their turn. And that only humiliates Robyn a bit more.

Joey already has one corner cleaned out. There wasn't much there, so it didn't take her long. She sets a chair in it, facing the corner. As soon as their teeth are brushed, Joey walks Robyn over to the corner. She tells Robyn to sit in the chair. Naturally, that has Robyn staring at the empty corner, seeing nothing but blank walls.

Joey tells Robyn the rules. Robyn isn't allowed to speak. Her bottom is not to leave the seat. Her left foot is to remain on the floor with her right leg crossed over it. Her arms are to stay loose, hanging down at her sides. If even for a fraction of a second, Joey can't see both of Robyn's hands, then Robyn will be deemed to be "misbehaving" and punished for it, whether she was or not. Robyn is to keep her eyes forward. She's not to turn her head or look around the room. And she may not say a word. Joey warns her that even minor infractions come with "consequences."

Joey waits while Robyn sits properly. Then Joey leans close to Robyn's ear and whispers "you can use this time to think about how naughty it is to abuse Her pussy and what a total whore you've been acting like. Playing with yourself like that, no wonder you haven't been taking care of your husband's handsome cock, either. But don't you worry about that, either... while you're in time out, I will make sure that delicious thing is so well taken care of." Joey laces a lot of sultry taunt into her voice, letting Robyn know that she means it. It gets a hard, and shocked, cringe from Robyn. Joey lets Robyn cringe for a second before adding "as fast as that nice cock came last night, I'd bet it likes me far better anyway." Then Joey leaves Robyn to sit.

Lunch will be served at noon. That leaves about four and half hours. Robyn is expected to sit quietly in the corner the entire time.

As soon as Joey has Robyn in the corner, Joey returns to the boys. The TV goes on cartoons. Games come out.

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In two minutes the boys are playing, laughing, and having fun. Robyn can do nothing but sit in the corner, seeing nothing, and hearing her kids having a great time.

The kids have fun.

Robyn lasts twenty minutes before Joey sees her starting to squirm in the chair. Joey quickly scolds Robyn, aloud for all to hear, for “wiggling like a worm.” She warns Robyn that if “I have to tell you again, there will be consequences for it. Just sit still and be a good little girl for your time out.”

Robyn doesn't even last twenty minutes this time. Not listening to her kids having a great time playing with Joey. Basking in the dual humiliations of having to sit there, completely ignored by everyone, and thinking about what Joey might have meant earlier about taking care of Hank for her. Images won't stop flashing through Robyn's head. Images like Joey lying on her back, moaning, while Hank fucked her. It didn't happen. But Robyn imagines that it did.

It doesn't help that Robyn's pussy still aches from yesterday's denied orgasm. Not as intensely as it did last night, but if Joey would blink, Robyn's hand would be on her pussy. Envisioning Hank with Joey only makes Robyn's pussy ache a little more. More so because, not knowing what Joey would have done, Robyn imagines every possibility instead of just one.

My instructions to Joey were pretty simple. Be very strict on Robyn's time out. Punish her sternly, but don't go overboard, for even the slightest infractions. And to treat Robyn like the youngest child. I didn't have to tell her not to let the kids see anything, that's a permanent rule of mine.

When Robyn starts squirming enough that her pussy might be feeling it, Joey doesn't hesitate. She scolds loudly. “Robyn Banana! I told you that you have to be a good little girl and sit still.” As she scolds, Joey is moving toward Robyn. Joey reaches down and takes hold of Robyn's hand. “Come with me you naughty little girl...”

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Joey keeps Robyn's hand, holding it as Robyn reluctantly rises to her feet. Joey walks Robyn back to the bedroom that Robyn slept in last night. Joey shuts the door with her foot.

Joey says nothing. She moves fast though. In a few seconds, Joey is sitting on the end of a chair. And Robyn is turned over Joey's knees. Joey flips the back of Robyn's dress up, lying it over her back, and leaving Robyn's bottom exposed. A second later the panties are down around Robyn's thighs, and Joey has a wooden hairbrush in her hand.

"Oh, Robyn... why do you make me spank you? This is going to hurt me worse than it hurts you, but I have to. It's for your own good, Robyn. You can't be fucking the chair like a cheap whore." Joey spans Robyn with the brush. I doubt either of them counts strokes. I know Joey won't. I didn't tell her to. I told her to do what she's doing. To spank Robyn's soft bottom firmly, but not too hard with the brush. To watch Robyn's milky globes as they slowly, but steadily, grew pinker and pinker. And then as they started to glow more of a red. To alternate strokes between cheeks. To take care not to spank Robyn too hard.

Spanked this way, Robyn's bottom will more burn than sting. What sting there is will be on the surface of her globes, not deeper in their muscles. It will take a little longer, and more swats. But it will also leave a lasting fiery sting in those cheeks. Overall, it will be harder for Robyn than a couple of quick, but strong, strokes. It's far less likely that Joey will make a mistake and leave marks, too.

I told Joey to spank Robyn "to tears." As Joey spans Robyn, tears come to her eyes. The strokes come too fast for Robyn to really grunt with each. Then Robyn sobs lightly. Then she cries harder. And harder. Until Robyn is bawling like a baby. Finally Joey stops.

Joey glances down to Robyn's pussy very quickly. Just enough to see if Robyn's pussy is wet. It's obvious. Everything, even Robyn's fur, is sparkling with the wetness that soaks it. The creamy thick honey that covers

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everything and clings to her body. That's all Joey needs to see. Joey knows I'll ask.

Joey stands Robyn up on her feet. Joey pulls Robyn's panties back up. Robyn's dress drops. Joey takes Robyn's hand, and with Robyn crying hard, walks her right back to the chair. And makes her sit on her stinging bottom. Joey warns her that she's still expected to behave.

And so goes the entire day. For the most part, Robyn manages to behave. Joey only has to spank her three times for squirming. As I knew it would, the boredom of just sitting there has Robyn's mind daydreaming. As usual, her daydreams are slutty, and that gets her squirming. Every spanking Robyn gets, each one leaving her bawling like a baby, only makes her thoughts hotter and sluttier. And makes her need to squirm a little more. By the time Hank returns from work, Robyn's pussy is throbbing almost as badly as it was last night.

Robyn can't see it. Neither can the kids. They're in the living room when Hank returns from work. But Robyn definitely hears the honey in her voice when she greets him. And the kiss she gives him. After which, Joey is right back in her teenager mode.

Once Robyn is in bed, Joey entertains Hank again. This time Hank cums with his cock between Joey's breasts. Then she tells him that Robyn was naughty, so in the morning she's going to tell Robyn that she can repeat her time out. He has to "suffer another night of her companionship" while Robyn is in trouble. Hank does not complain about it.

Friday is pretty much a repeat of Thursday. Except that Robyn squirms a little more. In addition to three more spankings, Robyn earns herself two trips to the corner. Standing instead of sitting.



Chapter Ten - The Dildo

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Saturday morning begins a little differently than Thursday and Friday mornings did. Hank generally sleeps a little later on the weekends when he doesn't have to work. Joey doesn't wake him as she slips from bed and gets herself ready. Or as she cooks their breakfast.

Once breakfast is ready, she goes to wake Hank first. That's what Robyn would do, according to what he's told me, to give him a chance to get showered and dressed for the day. Joey wakes him as sweetly as ever. Then she takes him and gives him another slutty shower.

But today she dresses before serving him. In another of her "high school teenager" outfits of jeans and sneakers with a light yellow cotton blouse trimmed with light yellow lace along the buttons, around the collar, and around its short sleeves. She accessorizes it in a typical sophomoric fashion with gaudy plastic bracelets on her wrist and simple, cheap, obviously fake jewelry that pretends to look good. Like big dangling earrings. Her goal is to look as young as she can. She pulls it off, looking about 16. She has the act down well.

She suggests that Hank accompany her to wake the kids. She takes his hand, holding it softly, as she does. Hank isn't a fool. He lets her lead him right back to the boys' bedroom. He'd probably let her lead him anywhere. She wakes the boys, helps the younger one get his clothes out, and leaves them to change from their cartoon character pajamas into "play clothes" for the day.

Then Joey walks Hank into Robyn's room. She whispers softly, reminding him that no one may speak to Robyn, except her, until Robyn is out of time out. Breakfast comes first. Joey uncovers Robyn, then clips the strap binding Robyn's wrists. Robyn looks a little surprised to see Hank. Hank looks a bit more surprised to see the thick coat of honey clinging to the creases of Robyn's thighs. It's fairly fresh and still damp. Robyn's nipples are hard, too. Hank waits silently as Joey has Robyn make the bed.

Joey takes Robyn to the bathroom, this time encouraging Hank to come as well. He watches as Robyn

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shamelessly uses the toilet in front of them both. And then as Robyn even more shamelessly shows Joey her messy bottom while she cleans it up.

Robyn stands with her feet spread, facing Joey, and her hands behind her back. She waits silently for Joey to clean her pussy since Robyn still isn't allowed to touch it. Joey gets a good wad of tissue in her hand. Then she hesitates for a moment. "This naughty little girl isn't allowed to wipe her own pussy," Joey tells Hank with a bit of a mocking, and more playful, tone. "This bitch is way too slutty. Let me show you..." Joey smirks wide. She puts the tissue to Robyn's mound. She doesn't so much wipe. She presses gently, and squarely atop Robyn's clit. She pretends to wipe with a short motion rocking the tissue back and forth.

"AHHHHH!!!" Robyn moans out, almost too loudly, biting her lip to silence herself as her body trembles. Joey makes her stand for several long seconds of it. Hank gawks and grins, thinking how sensitive Robyn's pussy must be. But then, with that done, Joey peeks to make sure the boys aren't in the hall and walks a still naked Robyn back to her bedroom.

Joey lightly closes the door with her foot. She turns to Robyn and snaps firmly for Robyn to stand. Robyn obediently stands with her feet together and her hands behind her. She faces Joey, keeping her eyes on Joey. "Robyn, I really wish you'd been on your bestest behavior for your time out, that way the Queen could teach you how to make a man happy... And then, maybe this delicious big cock here wouldn't be so badly neglected." Joey bats her eyes to Hank, letting a bit of scorn seep into her taunting, mocking voice. Joey shifts her voice into a playful, and slutty, teenager. "Here, Robyn, let me show you what a good woman does for a man with such a great cock."

Joey is smirking. She moves fast, dropping to her knees and dropping Hank's pants and undershorts down. After his wake-up and shower, Hank's cock needs no encouragement. By the time Joey has his pants off of it,

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the shaft sticks out rock hard. "Watch very closely, Robyn. This is what *real men* like..."

Joey stretches her mouth wide. She swallows Hank's cock. Every last bit of it. She never touches it with her hands, just her mouth. Hank lets out a long, deep, and happy purr as his cock steadily vanishes into Joey's mouth.

Joey moves leisurely as if she's enjoying sucking it. She takes three full strokes on his steely hard shaft. He purrs a little more urgently with each.

Robyn stares, the blush on her face steadily deepening the entire time. She trembles. Her pussy weeps honey as fast as it ever did. Robyn watches Joey, who looks like a teenager, sucking her husband's cock. And him loving it.

"That's how a woman sucks a cock, Robyn," Joey tells Robyn mockingly. "Right?" Joey looks up at Hank and bats her eyes.

"Oh, yeah, that's perfect," He tells her. And Robyn cringes harder. She looks as if she's about to start crying, too.

Joey fixes Hank's pants for him before she rises off her knees. Then she gives Robyn another of the prim dresses, this time with white panties and sandals to dress in. Both she and Hank watch Robyn dress. Joey takes Robyn by the hand and walks her to the breakfast table.

Almost as soon as breakfast is over, Tammy and Tyler return. Joey just points to Robyn and Hank in the kitchen and slips off, taking the boys to watch TV and play games.

Tammy does not tell them anything. She takes Robyn's hand, and Tyler takes Hank's hand, and they walk the pair back to the bedroom Hank and Joey shared. This morning Joey intentionally left the bed unmade. Robyn immediately notices that both sides of it have been slept in. She can smell Joey's slightly sweet and flowery perfume all over the bed, too. Robyn's face wrinkles up at the thought of Hank sleeping in her bed with that... girl.

As I told Tammy to do, she starts with Hank. She has him stand facing her to undress. Tyler stands behind him.

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Both watch. Once he's naked, Tammy inspects his front, including his very stiff cock and balls. Tyler inspects his backside, including his bottom and rectum. Then Tammy gives him clothes and Tyler binds his hands.

Tammy made Robyn watch Hank's inspection. She moves Hank off to the side and stands him so that he's watching now. Then she has Robyn take the place Hank just vacated. Robyn gets inspected the same way. Tammy does her front and breasts. Tyler does her back, including her pussy and bottom. Robyn moans rather urgently as she feels his strong finger pushing into her pussy. And her bottom.

They're both blindfolded again for the trip over to my apartment. They still don't know where I live. I'm sure they can hear the traffic noises and such and guess that it's downtown - or at least someplace that's busy and has clubs. I'm sure they know it's not the ground floor. They'll know they're riding up in an elevator. Maybe they even hear the doorman greet Tammy. But that's all they'll know.

Once they arrive, I have Tammy and Tyler undress them. They keep their clothes, restrapping their hands once the pair is fully naked. With their hands bound, Sophie gets to inspect them both. Then she walks them back to the bench to wait for me.

I don't rush in there. When I do, I stand close in front of the seated pair, pacing back and forth in front of them. Even though they can't see me, they'll sense it. "Robyn, I see you've been a rather filthy slut in time out," I tell her. Hank listens as well. "Miss Chartruse tells me that your pussy was rather sloppy the entire time and that she had to spank you often for trying to fuck the chair. Since your pussy is sparkling with all the fresh pussy cream it's dripping, I won't bother asking if it's horny. Obviously, it would do about anything to be a total gutter skank right now."

"And as for you, dildo, don't think I didn't hear about you, too. I know you are so hot to fuck the teenage babysitter that you couldn't stop cumming all over her like

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some little teenage boy with the first girl who ever stooped so low as to let him hold her hand." His cock is twitching before I finish making fun of him.

He knows it's true, too. OK, Joey teased him like an overly experienced stripper would have. I've taught Joey well. Over the course of those three nights, his cock was treated to slipping down her throat, into her pussy, and up her bottom. All three made him cry out the most urgent of moans. But as I'd instructed, Joey only used them to tease him. She never allowed him to cum inside her. And she always made it seem as if the reason for that was that Hank just couldn't last long enough for her to get a good fuck started, let alone finished. As if he came all over himself the instant she touched him.

"Would you like a good fuck, or just to cum all over yourself again, dildo?"

"I'd like a good fuck, my Queen," Hank timidly answers.

"Do you hear that, Miss Schmidt?" I say to Tammy. "The naughty little boy would like a good fuck."

Tammy giggles. I've already discussed this with her. I knew what Hank would say. I'd bet anything that he expected to be offered Robyn's pussy. Now he's thinking, is it possible that Tammy might fuck him. Another pretty young girl, like Joey. "Why not," Tammy's words are partly lost behind her giggle. "Hey, Mr. Enormous, fuck him. I've always wanted to see two guys bumping balls." By now, Tammy is laughing hard.

Tyler knew it was coming, too. Tammy told him before they picked Robyn and Hank up. So when Tammy asks him to fuck Hank, he doesn't hesitate. He reaches right down, between Hank's spread thighs, and grabs hold of Hank's stiff cock. He gets a firm grip with his moderately rough manly hands. "Come on, little girl, let me show you how a real man fucks his girl." Tyler starts stepping towards the table. He keeps his grip on Hank's cock, leaving Hank no choice but to follow along.

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Hank moves as slowly as he can. He cringes hard. His face erupts into horrified shock as he hears Tammy ask Tyler, and then very quickly scrunches into a weeping grimace. He blushes, too. His cock stays hard in Tyler's grip. His legs barely work, stiff and unwilling to move, as Tyler pulls him along for those short steps.

Tyler stops Hank with his feet about two feet back from the side of the massage table. He releases his grip on Hank's cock, moving that hand to his hip. His other hand goes to Hank's shoulders. Both hands get a powerful grip on Hank. Tyler bends him all the way over until Hank's face is flush into the mattress. Hank's hands stay strapped behind him. Tyler uses his foot, first nudging, Hank's feet to spread a bit. When Hank doesn't, Tyler kicks his ankles to get those feet apart about 18 inches. Enough for Hank's crack to loosen up and start opening.

Tyler puts one hand to each of Hank's cheeks. Almost immediately, before Hank can start to stand up, Tammy steps up to the other side of the table and stands right in front of where Hank's head is on the mattress. She folds her arms across her chest as she leans over. She puts her folded forearms across the center of Hank's back, the mounds of her breasts against his shoulders. Even through her bra and t-shirt, he has got to know what those are squishing against his bare shoulders. Tammy stares at Hank's bottom. The look on her face tells me that she really does want to see it.

Tyler isn't exactly gentle. Then again, Hank impresses me as the type who will interpret the slight roughness of Tyler's as manliness, so it's appropriate now. Tyler quickly pulls Hank's cheeks wide, stretching the wrinkly ring of his asshole a bit. Just enough that the squiggle of darkness at its center begins to open, but doesn't really. It only begins to stretch out the wrinkle lines flowing into that dark point.

Tyler, rather noisily, gets a good bit of saliva in his mouth. He spits it directly onto Hank's asshole, watching his ring reflexively snap tight for a second as it feels his

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warm spit splattering on it. And then starting to run down Hank's crack to his balls.

An instant later, Hank still flinching hard from the spit, Tyler has the spongy soft tip of his fat cock pressed hard against Hank's asshole. It squishes down, covering the entire ring, and about as much of the dark purple flesh around it. That should let Hank feel how thick the cock is.

Tyler grips Hank's cheeks tightly, using them to hold his hips steady. Tyler simply snaps his hips, bucking his cock forward hard and fast. For an instant, it pushes hard against Hank's asshole. His muscles aren't nearly strong enough to stop the powerful thrust. Tyler's cock rams through, suddenly stretching Hank's rubbery ring wider than it's ever gone before. Tyler's milky white shaft, lubricated by his saliva, shoves forward through the tight squeeze of Hank's asshole and plunges a couple of inches into Hank's bottom.

"UGHHHHH!" Hank screams out, his voice squealing and girly. His head starts to snap up, but can't. It knocks against Tammy's stomach, which nicely holds it down.

Tyler doesn't give Hank the moment he needs to get used to it. He shifts his feet slightly forward and thrusts the rest of his cock steadily into Hank's bottom.

"UGH! OW! IT'S TOO BIG!" Hank screeches out. "OW!!!!!"

Tyler keeps thrusting forward, ignoring Hank's pleas, until his hips are pushing hard against the outsides of Hank's globes. And the front of Tyler's balls are dangling and flush against the backside of Hank's balls. Tyler chuckles. "Stop screaming and take it like a *GIRL*."

Tammy giggles. "I love it! Do you know how many boys want to do that to me? I'll bet he wants to do that to the bitch over there. Probably Miss Chartruse, too. Bet he's never wondered what it's like for the woman. Let him have it, Mr. Enormous!"

"Anything for you, Trouble," Tyler says playfully. Then he's drawing his cock back. All the way back until only the head of it, and a tiny slice of his thick, steely hard shaft, is

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left buried in the tautly stretched dark ring of Hank's asshole. Tyler bucks his hips again, thrusting his cock hard and fast into Hank's bottom.

"OW!!!!!!!" Hank screeches. "IT'S TOO BIG!!! PLEASE NOT SO DEEP!"

I glance down. I see Hank's cock is rock hard. It's almost hard to see. It's twitching so hard that it's jumping in and out of my sight. "Since the little girl wants to cry like a bitch, pound that ass like a bitch's," I tell Tyler. "Let Miss Schmidt have the show she *really* wants." I harden my voice into pure ice. I swat Hank's cheek hard with my hand. "And you be a good little girl, dildo. After all, you did say you wanted a good fuck, now shut up and get fucked before you pull a train like some gutter whore."

Hank bites the mattress.

Tyler starts steadily pounding his cock into Hank's tight asshole, ramming it up his bottom. His strokes are long and full. They're fast, with some power behind them, but not exactly the hardest he could make them. He buries every bit of his long, thick cock into Hank's bottom with every stroke. His thrusts have enough power to keep his balls bouncing around as his hips move, and that lets them knock hard against Hank's balls every time.

Hank cries from the shame, not the pain. By now his bottom is getting used to the fat cock slipping into it. He bites the mattress. His cock jumps faster and faster. After about ten thrusts, I can see his cock starting to dribble little droplets of cum.

I cue Tammy. "OH, he likes it up his ass!" Tammy giggles loudly. "You can cum, little girl. Go ahead, let us all see how much you like getting fucked up your ass!"

Hank tries hard not to cum. He barely lasts another five or six strokes. Then I see his cock jump sharply and I see the first spurt of cum splatter against my floor. His cock keeps spurting cum. Hank cries out a deep, loud, and now satisfied moan.

Tyler keeps going. He keeps thrusting his cock into Hank's bottom as if Hank hadn't cum. Tammy keeps

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watching and giggling. Hank's cock keeps twitching sharply as it spurts the last dregs of cum from its tip.

And Tyler keeps going. Hank's cock stays fully hard. It doesn't take long, maybe another minute, before I see Hank's cock start to jump again. Another, much smaller spurt of cum splatters on the floor. Hank cries out another, and louder, moan of satisfaction.

Hank's first orgasm shot out about half of a load of cum. I'd bet, after the several times Joey made him cum on himself, that's just about all the cream he had left. His second orgasm gets me about half as much. Then Hank's cock goes soft and limp. It hangs down, bouncing around like a wet noodle as Tyler keeps thrusting into his bottom. It slowly drips the last drops of his cum.

Hank starts grunting with every pounding thrust into his bottom. Tyler's balls still knock against his on every one. Hank's limp cock dangles and flops around.

It takes only about a minute. His soft cock can't twitch or jump. Instead, this time the cum just starts oozing from its tip. It falls down to the floor, bounced off the tip by Tyler's hips bumping Hank's globes hard with each stroke. Hank screeches out a third satisfied moan, this time it's a bit more girly. The flow of cum takes a bit to start ebbing, steadily running from his cock and flinging off. I'd guess it added up to about half of his second orgasm's worth.

And then Hank screams out the girliest moan of satisfaction as if it feels so good that it hurts a little. His cock flows again, dripping a tiny bit more cum to the floor. Slowly this time. Those balls just don't have anymore. His cock is still shriveled tiny, soft, limp, and flopping around.

It takes Tyler close to ten minutes to finally cum. That's about average for him. It gets a total of five orgasms from Hank, the last one of which he screams his way through and his cock doesn't have any cream left to drip. But it doesn't stop his body from snapping as the tremors of orgasm rack him again.

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When Tyler cums, he grunts deeply, pure satisfaction in his voice. His cock twitches sharply, and I know Hank will feel those twitches inside his bottom. Tyler rams his cock hard, shoving it as deeply into Hank's bottom as it will reach. Then he fucks with short, slowing strokes as his cock spurts his cum against the very back of Hank's rectum. Knowing Tyler, it's going to be a good load, too.

Hank definitely feels it. His entire body starts quivering hard as he stands held down and bent over the table. He pants fast, squeaky, "UH!s" His cock bounces around uselessly, hanging limply from his pubes.

Tyler finishes his orgasm. Then he slowly pulls his cock from Hank's bottom. As the pink head slips from Hank's dark ring, Hank's asshole gapes wide for a moment. His dark purple flesh now has a light pinkness to it as well. After the pounding, that ring is going to be sore.

"Holy shit! You tore that ass up!" Tammy blurts out in her giggly voice. A voice with no small amount of satisfaction in it. It gets a hard cringe of shame from Hank.

"You gotta see this, Trouble," Tyler says to Tammy. Tammy hurries around. Tyler points to Hank's asshole. It still gapes at least $\frac{3}{4}$ " wide. It takes her a second to figure out what Tyler wants her to comment on. "O. M. G..." Tammy sounds surprised, but giggles hard as she does. "His ass is like so flooded! You *really* gave him a good load of cum! All the way up his ass!"

Now that Tammy has seen the sight of Tyler's white cum just inside Hank's gaping asshole, Tyler shoves Hank's cheeks hard together. "Don't lose my cum, girl." He tells Hank. He holds Hank's cheeks together for a long moment. "That's it, *GIRL*, don't leak my cum... keep it all up your tight ass, *GIRL*."

Tammy giggles. Tyler yanks Hank back up to his feet and walks him back to the bench. Tyler shoves Hank down to sit. Tammy's still giggling.

THE "USUAL SUSPECTS"

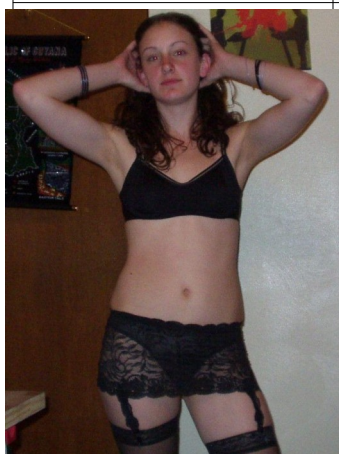
My friends, family, and slaves who appear in this story and numerous others. Only those in this story are shown.



Slave-girl ("Sophie")

Age	Height	Weight
21	5'4"	118
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Blond	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-B	26	34

Debuts In: "Seducing Sophie"



Slave-whore ("Paige")

Age	Height	Weight
20	5'7"	112
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-B	29	34

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

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Lezzie Slut ("Dawn")

Age	Height	Weight
24	5'5"	125
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-A	30	35
Debuts In: "The Dorm."		



Princess Lilly

Age	Height	Weight
7 (Human)/49 (K9)	2'2"	60
Hair	Eyes	
Black & White	Puppy Dog	

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Prince Butt Monkey

Age	Height	Weight
26 Mo.	2'10"	80
Hair	Eyes	
Brown, Tan, White	Puppy Dog	



Mistress Andrea

Age	Height	Weight
29	5'9"	
Hair	Eyes	
Red	Green	

GUEST APPEARANCES

My other play toys who make an appearance in this story



Fuck Hole ("Joey")

Age	Height	Weight
20	5'4"	122
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Blond	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-D	29	34

Debuts In: "Four Play"



Dick Licker ("Trevor")

Age	Height	Weight
25	6'0"	186
Hair	Eyes	Penis
Brown	Brown	6½" x 1½"