

Behave,  
Bitches



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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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*Behave, Bitches*

## Behave, Bitches

### *Introduction:*

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

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

I'm petite. Actually more "tiny" than petite. I'm 5' 1.75" and 91 pounds. I'm not bony, though, I'm 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 touch, or even see, all of me. And I never bring a toy to my bedroom. Nor do I chose a woman. I pick a man, usually one I find in a club or cafe, or wherever. I flirt, dance dirty a little and if he meets my standards, I ask if he's interested in a one-time-only, no-names-exchanged, hook-up. I've never been turned down.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



# *Chapter One - Helping Mommy To Behave*

## Chapter One - Helping Mommy To Behave

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Since today is one of my busier days, I hadn't planned on playing at all today. My plans were a little simpler. After class, I have a shift in the student health clinic. They let us student nurses get experience by playing nurse there. The care is free for students, so I guess they can't complain about the nurses being student nurses and the doctors being med students. After all, you really do get what you pay for in this life. Since they're not paying, they get to be practice dummies.

After that, I was thinking of heading home. A nice supper. A long bubble bath complete with a rather slow massage from Sophie, my live-in slave-girl. Then some goofing off or studying. That was what I was planning to do.

Until I checked on Dawn. She's a 23-year-old senior here at USA where she's on a full athletic scholarship for our swimming team. She a good player. Good enough that it's financing her education. She's also a "graphic arts" major, a field there will always be work to be found in.

She's one of two girls whom I'm "looking after" while they're in Mobile for college. I found her by accident. Several months ago she interrupted a session with one of my playtoys. I was just popping into the toy's dorm room, and Dawn barged in on her. She thought it was her job, just because she's the dorm's RA to check up on the noisy plaything!

It didn't take me long to figure out that Dawn was just as subservient as my playtoy, maybe more so. She was far too polite and humble not to be... It didn't take me too long to find out a few more things, too. Dawn is a virgin, and that's because her father would kill her if he ever found out she was even getting close to changing that. Her father, it seemed, ruled his home with an iron fist. Or in this case, a leather belt.

Dawn made the mistake of begging me not to tell her father that she'd been rude to me. Naturally, the first thing I did was take Dawn's phone and call him on the spot. He reminded me that we'd met. Once. At Nikolai's house.

Nikolai is a fellow Dom, and the only time I've met anyone at his house was at one of his parties. And all of those parties were a mix, about 75% D/s with 25% vanilla friends thrown in. The D/s was open and obvious there. I had Sophie on her leash the entire time. Not much question what she is when she's leashed.

He told Dawn that he'd deal with her Sunday when she returned home for "family dinner." He also told me to deal with her rudeness as I felt proper. I whipped the naughty little girl's bottom for it. She deserved it! He also firmly hinted to me that he'd welcome it if I looked after Dawn for him in ways that a father shouldn't.

Over the next few weeks, I had a couple of open conversations with him about Dawn. He clearly wants her to remain a virgin until her wedding night. And doubts that she will be that long, at least not without someone to closely watch over her and her dating. He agreed with me that oral and anal sex wouldn't count. Neither would sex with another woman. As long as her pussy remained untouched by a man.

I then taught Dawn all the tricks of being the skankiest of sluts. Tricks like accepting a large cock in her bottom. And like deep-throating one. But I used strap-on dildos to train her, not actual men.

Except for Dawn's "final exams" for both. Plastic just isn't the same as living flesh. So I blindfolded Dawn. I put noise-canceling earbuds on her, too. That way she wouldn't be able to see or hear anyone. Then I brought a man in and let her demonstrate the knowledge she learned. She still doesn't know who the men were. I hope that has her feeling especially slutty.

Since I'm here, and conveniently on the same campus, her father asked me to keep a close eye on Dawn for him. I agreed, mostly because he's a friend of Nikolai's, and thus he understands the Russian way of things, even if he isn't Russian. Favors are currency. I'm doing him a huge one, and thus he owes me big time. I might never collect on it. Then again, I might.

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I watch over Dawn's studies, too. I do that with all of my playtoys that are in school. One of my rules for them is that major assignments are to be completed, fully completed, three days before they're due. It gives me a chance to review them. It also prevents the toys from cramming them in at the last minute. That leads to a less thorough job on those papers. I demand top grades from my toys, not typical grades, and definitely not last-minute grades.

Dawn was supposed to be writing a paper that's due Friday. I'd given her until this morning to get it to me. When I got it, the last part of it was so hastily written that it didn't even look like she had the time to run it through spell-check. As if she's just pounded something out and prayed that I wouldn't notice she hadn't gotten that last part done yet.

She wasn't so lucky. It took me about five minutes and one glance to notice what she'd done. I just texted her, a very direct text. "Bad girl. Your office. 11:30." I'm pretty sure she knows exactly what her sin was. The thing she was praying that I wouldn't catch. As the dorm's RA, she has an "office." They call it one, anyway. I think at one point it used to be a broom closet. It's the size for it. But it will do. It offers me what I'm after. An appearance of privacy that really doesn't exist.

So much for my lunch. My class ends at 11:30, although it's usually out a bit earlier. I have to be at the clinic by 12:30, and I can't be late for that. Not even a minute. That only leaves me an hour to explain to Dawn the error of her ways. I'll be lucky to grab something from one of the "junk carts" that pop up around campus on the nice spring days offering such nutritious selections as brats. Oh well, my slaves will be making a nice steak teriyaki tonight. I'm texting Sophie that instruction now.

No one notices me as I hurry into the dorm and down the hall to where Dawn's office is. There are a few girls out and about in the halls, but they're all either scurrying off

somewhere or busy catching up on the hotter gossip with their friends.

For a split second, I wonder if any, or how much, of that gossip involves me. I'm not exactly notorious around campus, but I don't hide myself either. I'm known to bring interesting "party favors" to any party I attend. I think most people on campus have at least heard some form of rumor about me and my games. It's not like it's a secret, I publish stories about some of my adventures. I change the names and some other details to hide the identity of the other participants, but that's all. It seems like there's always someone asking me "Is 'Dawn' really so-and-so." So far no one has asked me if "Dawn" is really Dawn. She has this reserved and proper public demeanor, so she's not their first guess to be the "kinky girl."

I had to stop by my car, too. I keep a large bag in the trunk with some toys in it. It's my "just in case" bag. As in just in case I have the sudden need to go visit a toy and remind it of its proper place. Like now. It's a big bag, but it looks like one of the book bags you see all over campus. That way no one will think it's anything but. Like a portable toybox! It also let me dump off the books I had for my classes.

I'm wearing my scrubs today. I knew I had the shift in the clinic today, and I definitely don't have the time to drive across town to my place and change. I hate changing in the girls' room, too. That sucks. So I just wore my maroon "USA Health" scrubs. I'm ready to look like a nurse. Dawn won't care what I'm wearing. She'll be far more worried about what I'm carrying than what I'm wearing.

I don't knock. I'd never knock on a toy's door. My toys are there for my convenience, not theirs, and they know it. I'm sure Dawn doesn't expect me to knock, either. I'll bet she's been running everyone out of this office just as fast as she can for at least half an hour now, just in case I showed up early.

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Dawn's office isn't much of an office. It's just a tiny room with a file cabinet, a little desk, and three chairs. There's not even any art on the walls. They're as bare as Dawn's bottom is about to be! And there's just this bright fluorescent light overhead. It gives the room a rather institutional look.

I barge right in. Dawn is sitting at the desk. She has a laptop set up on it. "Miss Rodger---" she starts to greet me.

"Shut up, bad girl!" I snap. It's like two steps from the door to her desk, and I've crossed them already. I pull the screen of her laptop back, pushing it flat on the desk where I can see what she's working on. She has a word processor open. It looks like she's trying to fix her assignment before I got here. It tells me that she knows exactly why she's in trouble.

Dawn shuts right up. She knows better than to disobey me. At least I thought she did. I did tell her to have this assignment done before this morning, and it wasn't. I hope she knows that I don't want to hear any excuses, either. I just don't care. I'm the Queen, and to a peasant like Dawn, nothing should come before her Queen's edicts. I guess I'm just going to have to remind her of that.

"On your worthless feet, my little lezzie slut bitch!" I firmly tell Dawn. I try never to miss a chance to remind her about eating pussy. She told me that she thought it would be the most disgusting thing. Then she discovered that she liked the taste of it. And even more so liked the feel of a woman's feminine, skilled, soft tongue on hers. It's something she swore to me that she couldn't ever like until she tried it. So I keep reminding her of it.

Dawn hops to her feet and puts her hands behind the small of her back. She stands facing me, waiting for me to start scolding her for the assignment. I think I can see her head already starting to hang down in shame, too. She knows it's going to be bad. I'm never soft when it comes to schoolwork. And worse for Dawn, when she gets back to

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Brewton this Sunday, her father is definitely going to have something to say about it. He takes her studies as seriously as I do.

I just set my bag on one of the empty chairs facing the desk. I take my time hunting through it, making Dawn watch me doing it. I know she's wondering what I'm going to come out with. I'm sure she's hoping for a paddle. Of all the likely possibilities, that's the one she hates the least.

I bring out a man's leather belt. This one is missing the buckle, but that would just get in my way so I cut it off. Now it's just a long strip of 2" wide leather. It's a stiff leather, too. It's probably the one thing Dawn hates the most. At least I think it is. That's why I picked it.

I see her cringe a hair as it comes out. It tells me she was definitely hoping this wasn't what I was after. Good. This is supposed to be her punishment, not a reward. Or at least the start of her punishment. I'm not known for quick and easy punishments.

I push the empty chair back against the wall just beside the door. It gives me about as much space as I could hope for in a closet. They may call it an office, but it's the size of a walk-in closet, so that's what it is to me. Then I drop into the seat.

"Dawn, come over here," I point to a place just beside me on my right side. I'm right-handed, so I always turn the naughty girls over my knees from this side. It lets me use my stronger hand for the whip.

Dawn comes, walking just a touch slowly as if she's trying to stall off her spanking for as long as she can without getting in more trouble. I don't blame her. These walls are awfully thin. And I don't care who knows what. It's not like too many people would be too surprised to find me spanking someone. They might be very surprised to see Dawn getting that spanking, though.

She obediently gets to her knees, keeping her hands behind her where they won't get in my way. She kneels properly, in the posture I've taught her. With her legs

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spread wide, sitting back with her bottom between her heels, and her back up straight.

Dawn is wearing a baby blue pullover top with jeans and sneakers. It's pretty much the standard attire for these spring days on campus. I can see the straps and outline of a black bra under it. That's common, too. It lets the girls flaunt their bras and chests while pretending to have some modesty. It lets the guys see that dark outline through the shirt. And the laciness of the bra. Dawn's is a full-cup bra, one with cups that almost completely cover her mounds, but it's also a fairly sexy one with lots of lace on it. And thin ribbon-like straps over her shoulders.

I don't bother scolding her. I'll get to that. I don't need to tell her what she's done, she knows that already. So I just reach down and unbutton her jeans. Dawn stays put on her knees while I do that for her.

Sometimes I like to do this part violently, grabbing girls and pulling hair. But not this time. I just point to my lap. "Over you go, bitch," I tell Dawn. It makes her put herself over my knees for her spanking. As if she's accepting the spanking instead of being overpowered and spanked. It's more subservient of her.

Dawn sighs as she stretches her chest over my spread thighs. She's been here enough times before that she knows how I want her. She pulls up until my right thigh is flush in the bend of her waist, leaving her thighs to hang straight down. She lies with the underside of her breasts flush against the outside of my left thigh. She lets her calves lie straight along the floor. She lets her head hang down. And she keeps those hands behind the small of her back. It puts more of her weight on me, but it also leaves her less of a way to brace herself against the whipping.

It also pulls her already firm bottom nicely taut. Her jeans are tight enough on her to show it, too. They show me the well-rounded globes of her bottom, stretching against the taut fabric. And they show me the outline of Dawn's phone in her back pocket.

I reach for Dawn's waist and start pulling her jeans down. As I do, I let my fingers slip under the waistband of her panties. Dawn, as she knows she's required to do, lies still, keeping her body loose, while I pull her pants down. That's one of the rules I've taught her, and all my playtoys, for spankings. Once over my knees, they're to lie still and relaxed and I will do everything. They're to stay that way until I put them on their knees again.

I pull her jeans and panties down to her thighs, leaving them around her thighs about two inches below the bottom curve of Dawn's behind. That leaves every bit of her bottom fully bared for me. Her shirt is small enough that the bottom hem of it is above the tops of her globes.

It offers me a pair of nicely rounded cheeks. Her cheeks are just full enough to have a defined curve at their bottoms. And that their inside edges lie flush against each other, fully closing her crack. They're soft enough to have a light sponginess to them, like a hard, wet sponge, in my hand. And toned enough to be firm.

I have a sudden idea. I reach down to Dawn's jeans and pull her phone out of her pocket. I already have her PIN. I make sure I have that for the girls I supervise closely. Just in case. I unlock her phone.

Dawn lies there, her eyes down on the floor. I know she's wondering what I'm doing. Or more likely what's taking so long for her to feel the leather against her bare bottom. She knows what's coming.

She doesn't hear me flip through her phone and dial her father. She doesn't hear anything until she hears me say "It's Pepper Rodgers, I'm sorry to have to bother you, Ted." She hears the name and knows it's her father I'm talking to. I know Dawn hears it, I can feel the sudden crisp flinch run through her entire body.

We chit-chat for about a minute. Then I flip the phone to speaker mode. I hate speakerphone mode, but it's the only way Dawn is going to be using a phone. "bitch, tell your daddy where you are right now." I'll bet he can guess. He knows I wouldn't be calling him during the

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day like this unless Dawn was in trouble. He likes to know that right away.

"Yes, Ma'am..." Dawn says in a very shamed voice. I feel another flinching cringe run through her, too. "I'm sorry, daddy," Dawn begins, "I'm over Miss Rodgers knees now, Sir."

"Tell him why, bitch," I firmly add.

"Miss Rodgers told me that I had to have my paper done by this morning. I almost did! But I kind of... just wrote the last part on what I thought might change in the next decade or two right before I sent it to her. I meant to go through and fix it up before turning it in Friday! I was doing that when She got here, Sir!" Dawn's voice is reluctant as if she knows her father is going to be upset with her.

He sighs. "Then you're right where you belong, Dawn. She told you to have it done, and you didn't. You know how important it is to get good grades, not just to graduate. I'm glad Miss Rodgers isn't tolerating that from you. You and I will discuss it this weekend."

"Yes, Sir... I'm sorry, Sir," Dawn says, her voice now almost begging.

"Pepper, I assume Dawn is going to get a good spanking for that?"

"Oh, yes," I tell him with a trace of firmness in my voice that's for Dawn, not him. "You know I don't tolerate disobedience, and she was told to get it done. She'll pay for that."

"I'll have to have a conversation with Krystal, too." Krystal is Dawn's mother. I'm not sure what his relationship is like with Krystal. Krystal could be his slave. She could be his vanilla wife, too. She wasn't with him the one time I met him at Nikolai's. If she was there, she wasn't leashed. But back then, I had no clue he had a daughter, much less that his daughter was going to end up being one of my... charges. If I did, I would have paid far more attention to him. "Those two spent a couple of hours on the phone last night, and obviously that was time Dawn

needed to be studying, not gabbing like an old lady. Krystal should have thought of that."

"It sounds to me like Dawn isn't the only one who needs a good spanking today," I tell him. As soon as I do, I feel a very hard flinch run over Dawn. And that tells me something. It tells me that Dawn thinks Ted might just give Krystal that spanking. And that Dawn will blame herself for getting her mother spanked.

"And she won't be," Ted tells me. I'm right, Krystal is his slave-wife, not his vanilla-wife.

"Dawn will be getting five strokes with my leather belt for her disobedience. Since Krystal distracted her from her studies, Krystal should get the very same punishment. At least I think she should. It sounds like Krystal needs a lesson in responsibility, too. After all, as this bitch's mother, she should be thinking about the bitch's studies, not worrying about chit-chat. If she were here, I would teach them both a lesson."

Ted hesitates for just a second. "That's actually a good idea. I wouldn't want to impose on you, though."

Now that I didn't expect. I was already thinking of a hard lesson in the need for diligence in her studies for Dawn. And planning a little humiliating lesson for her later. After she spent a day on a very sore bottom to remind her of her disobedience. Dawn still has a class this afternoon to sit through, and it's going to be a very uncomfortable class for her. At least the sitting part will be.

"It would be the same rules as for Dawn. Can she be here at six?"

"I would expect nothing less. Krystal doesn't work, so she will be there at six. If you don't mind..."

"I don't mind. But I'd like to be fair to them. They both get their lesson here, no more this weekend. I think you'll find their lesson sufficient to ensure they behave from now on."

"I'm sure I will. Dawn has never had a problem learning from the lessons you've given her."

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"OK, then I'll be expecting Krystal at precisely six this evening." Brewton isn't that far from Mobile. It's in Escambia County, maybe 60-to-90 minutes from here. It's about straight north of Pensacola, Florida. It's not that bad of a drive, at least not once you get to I-65. From there, it's a straight shot down 65 to I-165, to the end of that short little spur, and a few blocks along Water Street to my building. The long part of the drive is those rural highways to get to the interstate.

"She'll be on time. I'll call her now and tell her that she's at your mercy for her punishment. After I scold her for distracting Dawn from her studies."

"Well, a good scolding is definitely due." I agree. Then I hang up the call.

I don't waste any time. I lie the hard leather of the belt, doubled over in my hand, against Dawn's taut cheeks. I always start a spanking this way, letting the toy feel the leather lightly against her bottom.

"Lezzie, in case you're as dumb as you've been acting, this is for being a disobedient bitch. I told you to have that paper done before this morning, not almost done. I don't care if you sleep. I don't care if you gab with your worthless mommy. I don't even care if you have time to eat. I care only that you do as you were told and get your studies done.

"You goofed off. You wasted all that time talking with your mommy instead of being a big girl and doing your work. Now you're going to get five strokes for not doing what you were told to do. And it seems that you've managed to get your mommy spanked, too. You'll be at my apartment at 5:45 this evening. You will watch her suffer the spanking you earned her. Is that clear, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Dawn answers. Her voice is now shamed to near muteness. I can hear a faint sobbing note in it, as if she's so ashamed of herself that she's about to cry, too. I'll bet she just hates the thought that she got her mom spanked. Or worse. Dawn knows that there's no way of guessing what's in store for her once she gets to my

place. Krystal could end up suffering far more than a mere spanking.

I raise the belt, bringing it up high. I snap it down, putting a good bit of my strength into the stroke. About  $\frac{3}{4}$  of what I could put into it. That's about average for a spanking.

The belt lands across the center of Dawn's firm globes. It lands with a loud, splitting crack. Maybe not quite as crisp as a lightning bolt, but it's sharp enough that I know Dawn would be worried about it being heard through these walls. I figure it could be, but someone would have to be right outside the door to hear it. No one is going to be hanging out there. It does leave a bright pink stripe across Dawn's milky white globes.

"UH!" Dawn can't stop herself from grunting out. I feel her body instantly tense hard, almost snapping, arching her back slightly, as the strap lands. I feel the tension stay as a shuddering tremor flows over her body. Then Dawn loosens back up to lie over my knees. She breathes out a deep sigh with a fair bit of strain to it. That tells me she's trying hard not to cry out.

"One, Miss Rodgers," Dawn counts her stroke. "Thank you for spanking my naughty bottom, Ma'am. I deserve four more strokes for being disobedient and inattentive to my studies, Ma'am. Will you please spank me again, Ma'am?" It's how I require a toy to count her stroke. Not just the number. She's also to thank me. And say the reason she's being spanked. And ask for her next stroke politely. I do that to make sure the toy doesn't forget why it's being spanked, especially in cases like this where it's for a real misbehavior. I wouldn't want Dawn to forget the price of dereliction of study duty.

I swat her bottom again, landing a second stroke across her taut globes and searing a light red welt line across the center of them. It has the same power as the first stroke. All of her strokes will. I don't ease up just because her bottom is already sore and stinging. It lands with just as loud of a crack, too.

## Chapter One - Helping Mommy To Behave

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"UH!" Dawn grunts hard, gritting her teeth, her voice taking on a pained squealing note. Almost a screeching shriek, but she manages to mute it. She tenses up hard. I can see her hard hands gripping each other to help her keep them at her back. I can see her feet kicking wildly, too, coming up to block her bottom from another swat. Her feet fly for a couple of seconds. Finally, Dawn relaxes, her body loosening as she breathes out a deep "Ow!" with a lot of sobbing in her voice. Then she counts off her stroke and asks for the next.

I swat her bottom.

"UH!" She grunts out, but now it doesn't sound like a grunt. Her voice has risen to where it sounds like a high-pitched shrieking cry, only muted. She tenses, her back arching up as her bottom squirms from side to side. And as her feet kick around wildly again. Her hands thrash just as wildly, pounding against her back as they do. I'll bet the spanking is really starting to hurt. It takes her several seconds to calm enough to count this stroke off.

I swat her bottom for a fourth time. This one leaves Dawn's bottom glowing an angry shade of bright red. A shade that tells me it stings as if a million needles are stabbing into it. A shade that tells me her bottom is going to be very sore, burning hot, for the rest of the afternoon. The redness will fade fairly quickly. Her bottom isn't bruised. But the sting will take longer to fade. She's going to have to spend her afternoon sitting on that fiery bottom.

"UHHH!" Dawn almost loses her control this time. Her cry is still a muted grunt, but it's a cry. Not a grunt. It's almost pure squeal. She snaps back to full tightness, her bottom dancing up and down as her feet kick wildly against the floor. Not much of her body is still. Not for the several long seconds, it takes her to calm after the stroke. She breathes out another pained "Ow" that's broken by her sobs. Then she counts her stroke off in that same sobbing voice.

I give her the last stroke. I surprise her with it. I snap the belt just as she's finishing the count, that way it

lands at the instant she's done. It deprives her of the second or so she's using to steel herself up for the swat. It leaves her unprepared for the swat.

It has the effect I wanted it to have. "YE-OW!" Dawn squeals out, muting her cry about halfway through. I just couldn't go an entire spanking without one good squeal from her.

The swat also lands before Dawn tenses up to control her body. It lands against her softer, untensed, cheeks. It makes the slap a little louder, too. But mostly it shoots slightly different needles of pain into her. Ones that are sharper.

It has Dawn snapping hard to tension. It has her body almost jumping off my knees. It has her thrashing more than merely squirming as she lies there. I don't think a single part of her body doesn't react to this stroke.

It also leaves her crying. It's not quite a full-blown bawling cry, but it's good enough. It's a cry that I can hear. It's a cry that has tears running from her eyes. It's a cry that has her sobbing at regular volume, no longer muting herself.

There's only one thing for me to do. I unlock Dawn's phone and snap a quick picture of Dawn's glowing red bottom. I send it to Ted. Then I dial his number again. As soon as he answers, I flip the phone to speaker. "Apologize to your father, bitch," I firmly tell Dawn.

She didn't notice me getting her phone again. She was far too busy crying and squirming for that. It leaves her wondering just how much her father heard. If he's been on the phone the entire time.

"Yes, Ma'am," Dawn sobs out. "Daddy, I'm really sorry for disobeying Miss Rodgers and talking to mom last night when I should have been doing my paper, Sir." Her voice has a pronounced sniffing sob to it. One that tells me, and thus Ted, that she's truly hurting from the spanking.

"I'll bet that red bottom of yours hurts." He says to Dawn.

## Chapter One - Helping Mommy To Behave

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"Yes, Sir. It hurts badly, Sir."

"It a shame you had to drag your mother into your shenanigans. Now you've gotten her in trouble, too. I'm sure her bottom will end up just as sore as yours is now. You can think about that until you see her this evening, Dawn."

"Yes, Sir. I'm sorry, Sir," I think I might even hear a little more sobbing in Dawn's voice. But she doesn't beg him not to make Krystal suffer the punishment. That tells me she already knows better. That she knows his judgment, once rendered, is final. Asking for mercy, even for Krystal, will just make things worse.

"We can discuss it Sunday. I'm very disappointed in you, Dawn. Miss Rodgers is being very kind to look after you, and all you have to do is behave and do as she tells you. Behave, Dawn."

"Yes, Sir, I will, Sir!" Dawn blurts out urgently, pleadingly, in her sobs.

I end the call, promising that I will call Ted later. Which I will. I'm sure he's going to want to hear about whatever lesson I come up with for these miscreants. I'm pretty sure he knows me well enough to know that it's going to be a very humiliating lesson for them.

"I should have told your father what a complete gutter slut you're being, bitch," I tell Dawn with pure disapproval in my voice. It's not hard to see. Dawn's pussy is shaven, as I require of all virgins. Hair on pussies is for women, not little girls, and as a virgin, Dawn isn't a woman yet. Thus she doesn't get to look like one.

Her lips are silky smooth. They're long and fully meet, forming a fine line of a slit where they do. It's a slit that doesn't show any of her inner folds. But it doesn't have to. Her lips are almost covered with a glistening layer of her clingy honey. Enough that it makes them sparkle. What more do I need to see? It's not like she can deny that her pussy is sopping wet now. That honey is far too fresh. And I didn't see it when I turned her over my knees.

I nudge her off my lap, putting her back on her knees. "You really should be ashamed of yourself, bitch. Not only are you being spanked for your naughtiness, but you got your sweet mommy spanked, too. You should be thinking of how much her bottom is going to be hurting tonight. But it looks like your pussy is busy thinking about what a skanky slut you are!

"You two are definitely going to be learning a very painful lesson tonight, bitch.

"Now, fix those pants. You can work on that assignment until it's time for your class. And bring it with you tonight. It had better be done. Done very well. Both your bottoms depend on that now. I don't think you want to get your mommy another spanking already, do you, bitch?"

"NO, MA'AM!" Dawn blurts out in a voice that's pure desperate begging. "PLEASE, MA'AM, I'll do it right, Ma'am!"

"I'm sure your mommy hopes you do," I tell her as I let myself out.

I didn't have much time for Dawn now. This was something I just squeezed into my schedule. But I have the time for her later. This evening she's going to learn a good lesson. I just have to decide what I'm going to do with her!



## *Chapter Two - The Naughty Teacher*

## Chapter Two - The Naughty Teacher

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I'm expecting Dawn to arrive at 5:45 this evening. That will give me 15 minutes to get her "ready" before Krystal arrives at 6:00. Assuming Krystal is on time. This will be her first time meeting me, so she might not understand how seriously I take punctuality in my toys. I did ask Ted to explain it to her, though. I hope she's obedient enough to get it right! I'd hate for her to have to wait in the hall.

I didn't have much time to plan this session. I definitely did not expect Ted to offer to send Krystal to me for her punishment. I wasn't even sure she would be punished. I wasn't sure she was his slave, not just his wife. But he did, and suddenly so many possibilities flashed through my naughty mind that I couldn't resist. So she's coming. Dawn can watch Krystal's punishment.

But I did come up with a plan for the session. One that I think will nicely remind these two toys of the need for proper obedience. It's slightly different than most of my sessions, but I think it will entertain me nicely. Them... maybe not so much. But they'll love it. At least Dawn will. I have no way of even guessing what Krystal will like. I just hope she likes humiliation, otherwise, she's going to have a very bad night.

I've summoned one other toy for the evening. Felicia. She's a 41-year-old high school teacher in Baldwin County. It's been a few weeks since I've entertained myself with her, so it's getting to be time for her to come play anyway. But I picked her because she's the closer of the two teachers in my toybox. I want a teacher for this session. A real teacher can add a level of authenticity to part of what I have in mind. She'll carry herself and come across just like a school teacher would. And the root of Dawn's sin is "cheating" on her school work. It seems like time for a teacher to join in.

I've told Felicia to come dressed like "an especially cheap gutter whore, or in other words, as yourself, gutter whore." I do keep some dresses and lingerie here for the toys, on the rare occasions I wish to allow them anything,

but I know Felicia has a decent collection of whore outfits. I supervised their purchase. A whore should have a nice trashy wardrobe. In case I might want to whore the whore.

Felicia is the first to arrive. I'd told her to be here at 5:30, and like a good toy, she's exactly on time. And she has one of her cute whore outfits on. It starts at the bottom, with high-heeled black pumps. Then there are black thigh-high stockings. The kind that stay up by themselves without a garter belt. There's a black denim micro-skirt. It barely covers her shapely bottom. And it hugs her rather snugly. There's a black cotton top that goes with it. It's sleeveless, but it has decently wide, ruffled straps over her shoulders. In front, it has a wide and deep "U" to bare a good slice of her chest. Enough of a "U" that it bares about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of her crimson red bra underneath. But in all fairness, the bra does have  $\frac{3}{4}$  cups. Still, those cups leave a nice slice of the inside/top line of her petite mounds bared. The outfit has the desired look. It screams "slut." And that's what I wanted. I want her to be the teacher all high school boys fantasized about getting for a class but never did.

Felicia knocks exactly at 5:30. I'm sure that she's been out in the hall for a couple of minutes, waiting until it was time to knock. Most of the toys do. It's better to be seen by the rare neighbor of mine looking like a whore than to be late here.

I send Sophie to answer the door. I almost always do. Why would I answer my own door when I have a slave girl to take care of such menial chores? Sophie opens the door. "Oh, it's a gutter whore!" Sophie giggles as a greeting to Felicia. Come in." Sophie points Felicia to the usual place. The empty spot along the wall just inside the door. It's not that big, about six feet across. It's also a corner. There's a coat closet that stands out from the wall there. Convenient, if I were to keep coats in that closet! But this is south Alabama and coats aren't so necessary. It makes a good place for a time-out room, though.

## Chapter Two - The Naughty Teacher

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“Undress, gutter whore,” Sophie tells Felicia. I've already given Sophie some instructions for tonight. I haven't stopped moving since 6:00 this morning. I didn't even have time for much of a lunch. Thankfully I walked past a pita cart on campus. I was about to get a tasty vegan pita for lunch, which I had time to eat as I walked to my afternoon class. But at least vegan is kosher! I had Sophie and Paige have supper ready early, so I could eat at five before the toys started arriving. Sophie ate with me. Paige is probably eating now in the kitchen. Or will be soon, she's not allowed to eat until the kitchen is cleaned up. But they did have a very tasty steak teriyaki ready for me.

This is part of the normal routine here. Toys are stripped as soon as they arrive. I often allow Sophie to handle that mundane task too. She can ensure the toys are nude and thus ready to amuse me, before presenting them to me. I'm sure the toys don't find it any more degrading to be stripped and inspected by the palace slave! Or, if they do, I don't care.

“Undress” is a specific command for my toys. It tells them not just to take their clothes off, but in what order to strip. They're to start at the very top of their head and take off the highest thing. They're to fold it, then humbly offer it to whoever is undressing them. And then to return to the top of their heads and work down again. Eventually, they get to the tips of their toes, and then she should be completely naked. The only exception is shoes. Those get to come off when necessary. It's the way most people would undress. It tends to leave the toys fully dressed from the waist down, and fully nude from the waist up. And that makes for a cute sight for me. It's definitely cute tonight to see Felicia in those stockings and micro-skirt, with her bare breasts standing out!

Now that Felicia is completely nude, she stands with her hands behind her back and waits. Felicia is a somewhat petite woman. She stands a mere 5'8” and weighs 135 pounds. She has short, black hair.

She also has an ovalish face with slightly strong lines to it and an angular jawline. She has eyebrows that are well plucked into fine lines over blue eyes. She has a slightly small and soft-featured nose. She has a wide mouth, framed with a pair of deep pink, and full, lips. Along with a bright smile.

Felicia has a nice figure, too. She has a flat stomach and chest with moderately toned muscles. Skin that's still mostly taut, too. She has a gentle, but very noticeable, feminine curve to her waist. She has hips that are full enough to look rounded and hide her hip bones, but no more. She has flat pubes with a dense, and neatly trimmed black bush on them that stops above her mound. She has a mostly flat pussy mound with long, narrow lips that leave a wide slit between their pink edges. It's a slit that's wide enough to allow the tips of her inner folds to poke their purple-pink edges out beyond the outside of her lips.

Felicia also has a pair of petite breasts. She's a 34-A cup. But they're mounds that are well rounded, swelling off her chest like a pair of half oranges. Her mounds are milky white. But they're topped with a pair of rings of deep pink that aren't much wider than quarters. Centered in each ring is a nipple as wide as my pinkie finger, the same shade of deep pink, that rises up a full  $\frac{1}{4}$ " from the rounded tip of her mound. Her nipples have well-rounded, almost pointy, little tips to them, not flat ones.

Sophie's next job is to quickly "search" Felicia. Thoroughly. And invasively. This isn't a prison, and I know Sophie isn't going to find anything hidden in anyone's rectum, but that doesn't mean the toys should be spared the humiliation of having to submit to the full-body search. Besides, it gives Sophie an easy way to check and make sure they're groomed to my standards. I'm sure the toys enjoy the feeling of Sophie's little fingers poking around inside their depths, too.

Sophie works quickly, knowing that Dawn will be here soon and I expect her to have Felicia done before Dawn

## Chapter Two - The Naughty Teacher

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arrives. But Sophie would never skimp on thoroughness. She knows I'd be disappointed if she missed a single hair of stubble, and she just wouldn't do that. It takes her about a minute and a half to search Felicia.

Sophie takes Felicia's clothes to the playroom. I have a file cabinet in there that's just for this. I leave all four drawers open just a hair for Sophie. She pulls the top one open and puts Felicia's things in it. Everything, from Felicia's purse to her panties. Then Sophie shuts it. It locks. I have the only key to it, so now that it's locked, Felicia won't be getting so much as a single stitch back until I give it to her.

Sophie returns with a hot pink training collar and a matching leash. She buckles the collar around Felicia's neck and secures it with a shiny, but little, brass padlock. Then she clips the leash to the collar.

"Come, gutter slut," Sophie tells her. Sophie leads her over to where I'm waiting, kicked back on my sofa, and sipping a second cup of after-dinner coffee. "Kneel before your Queen, whore," Sophie commands Felicia.

Felicia drops down to her knees. She spreads her knees as widely as she can, then her feet the same distance. She sits back, letting her rounded bottom sit between the tops of her heels. She keeps her back straight up and puts her hands behind her back. She faces me but casts her eyes slightly downward.

"Here is your gutter whore, Mistress. This filthy thing is completely naked for you, Mistress," Sophie very sweetly tells me. Sophie drops to her knees and offers me the handle of Felicia's leash.

"Good slave," I tell Sophie in a sugary voice that lets her know I am pleased with her. "I'll deal with this whore. Wait here until your next duty."

"Oh, yes, Mistress!" Sophie says. She doesn't make any effort to move. She'll stay exactly where she is until there's another knock at the door. Which should be in less than five minutes.

I take hold of Felicia's leash. "Come, gutter whore," I firmly tell Felicia. I get up and quickly start leading her to the playroom.

Felicia has to hurry to get back up to her feet and follow along. All without using her hands. It's not hard, but it does make her move fast to keep up. She follows me into the playroom.

I leave Felicia standing in the center of the room and go to the file cabinet. The one where Felicia's clothes are locked. I want her to have her clothes tonight, at least for a while. Since she is a teacher, she's going to be teaching tonight! Teachers should have clothes. Slutty teachers should be dressed like sluts.

I get out the top, the micro-skirt, the stockings, and the shoes. Then I close the drawer again. It leaves Felicia's purse, bra, and panties in the drawer. I toss the clothes to the floor just in front of Felicia's feet and tell her "put that on, whore."

Felicia knows not to ask any questions. She starts pulling her stockings on. Then her shoes. The skirt is next, leaving the top for last. The opposite of the way she undressed. I really like this top. It leaves a decent slice of her breasts bare. Just enough of the small mounds that, if I look very closely at the edges of the blouse's cleavage, I can see a tiny slice of the pinkness around her nipples. It's really a shame that she doesn't have larger rings. They'd show so much more prominently, and that's just so slutty!

While Felicia is dressing I go to one of the cabinets along the wall. One wall is mostly lined with cabinets now, all of them holding various collections of toys from whips to medical instruments. I get out a pair of ankle cuffs. They're leather, about 2" wide, and nicely padded with fake sheepskin (Sophie would cry for a week for the sheep if I bought ones with real sheepskin in them).

Once Felicia has her clothes on, I toss her the ankle cuffs and tells her to put those on as well. She gives them a slightly edgy glance, clearly wondering what I have in mind for her that requires her to have her ankles bound

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firmly. Plus these are the cuffs I use when a toy will be bound for a longer time. I'm sure that tells Felicia that she's in for an intense evening.

I take hold of Felicia's leash. This time I hold it close to her collar, my hand maybe a foot from the collar, and I keep the leash taut. I use it to walk Felicia over to the wall. The wall that doesn't have anything on it. But it does have a pair of screw eyes hanging from the ceiling. There are two more screw eyes along the baseboards, but I'm not planning to use those. There are several smaller ones along the ceiling, too. But it's the big two, those that have been anchored into the steel rafters in the ceiling of this building, that I'm after now. I've already attached a pair of pulleys to them. I've, or rather Sophie has threaded a steel cable through those pulleys. One end of each cable hangs freely, dangling less than an inch over the floor. The other ends are both threaded around an electric winch that's bolted to the floor in one corner. Well, it is now. It has cute bolts with little heads on them like thumbscrews that hold it down. That way it can be taken up and put away easily. I don't use it that often. Not often enough to leave it bolted to the floor. But what can I say, I'm a petite woman, not a bodybuilder. It saves me so much work!

I have Felicia kneel with her back to the wall. A little tap on her knees, and a quick scolding from me, urges her back until the soles of her feet are flush against the wall. I bring the cables over, clipping one to each of her ankle cuffs. Then, just for fun, I decide to blindfold Felicia with a sash of black silk. It's not like there's going to be anything for her to see anyway.

This isn't something I've done with Felicia before. It's not even close. This is going to be a new experience for her. And it will keep her occupied while I go deal with Dawn and Krystal. Sweetly occupied.

I order Felicia, now unable to see anything, onto all fours. She gets in place, her bottom facing the wall. I turn the winch on. It's not a great winch. It's a cheap one that I bought at my favorite tool store, Harbor Freight. It's rated

for a ton. I don't think I'd want to try it with a ton on it. But it only has 135 pounds on it now!

The winch starts slowly reeling in the cables. It doesn't take but a few seconds before those cables start pulling Felicia's ankles. At first, they just make her spread her feet a little wider. Then they start lifting her feet up. For a moment, Felicia manages to keep her knees on the floor. But then the cables lift her feet even higher and her knees rise up off the floor, leaving her only her hands to support her body.

"EE!" Felicia blurts out a very surprised and nervous squeal!

It might have been easier on Felicia if I had started with her lying down. Not that I'd care about that. The cables pull her feet up. Her knees come back and bump against the wall as her legs are dragged up. Her body starts to straighten up as those feet rise.

Her feet slide upward along the wall. Now Felicia has to start shuffling her hands backward along the floor as her rising feet pull her body back to the wall.

I stop the winch with her hands still on the floor. But that's about it. Her body is hanging freely, upside down, the top of her head a couple of inches over the floor. Her hair lies wildly along the floor, spreading out every which way. Felicia squirms and fidgets. She keeps her hands on the floor, her elbows bent, bracing herself.

It has Felicia's legs spread wide apart. Almost to where it's straining the tendons in the creases of her thighs. Her skirt had no chance. It was too snug to just fall down, but as her thighs were pulled open, they push the skirt down bunching it up at her waist.

And that leaves her entire bottom fully bared to me. Her pussy, too. Her mound might be flat, but like this, I can see the tips of her inner folds rising their purple heads above that flat mound. They stand up so eagerly! It also has the rounded globes of her bottom standing out for me. In this position, those globes shift downward, well toward the floor, a hair. It gives those cheeks a slightly fuller and

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rounded look, but also a look that slightly softer. Still, Felicia has a pair of nicely rounded cheeks.

I grab hold of Felicia's wrists, feeling a slight resistance as I pull them up off the floor. As if she's reluctant to let her entire body hang from her ankles. But it's nothing much. She knows better than to fight me too much. Especially with her bottom so easily available for spanking! I cuff her wrists at the small of her back. That should ensure that she doesn't use her hands for anything. That Felicia just... hangs around until I'm ready for her.

I would never leave anyone like this. It's just not nearly entertaining enough for me. Just hanging there, even upside down with her tiny little breasts against the wall.

I do take my time getting ready. I have to walk five steps over to the cabinets to find the next thing I'm looking for. I would have gotten it earlier, but I didn't want Felicia to see it. It's a candle. My BFF #3, Ellie, is half (or more) a hippie. But a hippie with a good sense of humor. She makes candles, and she doesn't mind doing special orders for me. I sketch them out, and she makes them, often trying to guess what they're for. This candle is made of a light pink wax. It's about fourteen inches long and a bit over an inch wide. It has a very gentle taper to it. Its base end is rounded, like half of a ball. About halfway up its length, there's a little indentation in the sides of the shaft. And there's the wick. It's thick and slow-burning. It also stops about  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the way down the shaft. Well above the indentation.

I put a bit of lubricating gel atop the base end of the candle. Then I return to Felicia. I spread her cheeks wide. It reveals the tiny little ring of her asshole. Hers is a medium shade of pink-purple, just like the edges of those folds that rise up. Hers is small, its ring of muscle no bigger than a dime. It's fairly wrinkly, but all of the wrinkles flowing across it, into the tiny pinpoint of darkness, are gentle wrinkles. Now it's cinched tightly shut. It's sitting flush with the valley of her shallow crack.

And there isn't a single hair anywhere to be seen. I knew there wouldn't be. Sophie would have checked her too closely for such a grievous grooming error to go unnoticed.

I put the rounded end of the candle flush against the outside edge of Felicia's asshole. I can see her flinch as she feels the width of it pressing against her little ring. But hanging upside down, and fidgeting as she does, that flinch is far more noticeable than it usually would be. I love it.

I press gently. Felicia knows how to ease the entry. I teach all of my toys that trick. It's one they get some use out of, too. I don't believe in allowing any part of a toy to be neglected. It doesn't take but a fraction of a second for Felicia to feel the pressure. And to know what's going to happen. Whether she wants it to or not.

Felicia relaxes her asshole. I can feel the faint pressure of her ring pressing back against the candle in my hand as she does. It doesn't last but a fraction of a second, either. Then her ring starts to soften. Now it feels as if I'm pressing against a rubber wall. For the first fraction, the rubber is hard. But it quickly softens, growing looser, and stretches. And then the pale pink shaft starts to press through. I can see her purplish pink ring, its flesh now wrinkle-free and taut, stretched around the base of the candle's shaft.

I keep pushing. The candle keeps slipping forward, slowly and steadily pushing into Felicia's bottom. It's thick enough to fill her rectum, stretching the paper-thin walls a bit around its wide shaft. I keep going until about half of the shaft has pressed into Felicia's bottom. Until her asshole, the ring of muscle slips into the slightly narrower grove about midway up the shaft. It has about six inches of the fattest part of the candle stuffing Felicia's bottom. And there's no way she doesn't feel that. She has got to be feeling full. As if there was a cock in her bottom. With her asshole snugly in the groove, it's not going anywhere either.

I release Felicia's cheeks, letting them close around the shaft of the candle. It looks cute to me. Felicia's

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cheeks are just full enough that her crack is fully closed, their inside edges flush against each other. It gives her crack the look almost of a line. A deep line. Except that now the line is broken by the wide shaft of the candle, pushing her cheeks aside where it stands out, rising another six inches or so above Felicia's globes. It doesn't rise quite straight up, either. It tilts slightly backward, towards me. But just slightly. Not so much of a tilt that the entire shaft of the candle isn't still above her globes.

I leave Felicia there wondering what I've put in her bottom. She can feel its thickness. But that's all she can do. She's still blindfolded. No amount of twisting and squirming is going to get her a peek at it.

I slip back over to the cabinets for the last thing I want. It's a vibrator. One of my bigger, more powerful models. This one has a fat, bulbous, soft head on it and a long handle. But it also has a long, thin, steel cable attached to the end of the handle. It's thin enough that it might even be called a wire. There's a lip attached to the wire that can slide along the wire if I press a little tab in.

I have to get the stepstool for this. I put it right behind Felicia, taking care not to set its legs on her hair. Then I climb up onto it. I hook the clip to one of the screw eyes, the one centered between the two pulleys. I let the vibrator dangle down. It hangs about six inches over the top of Felicia's pussy.

I push the little tab, holding onto the wire. I slowly lower the vibrator down until the tip of its head is just barely against Felicia's pussy. I position it so that it's touching her folds just enough to start parting their edges. But it's still a hair, or maybe a couple of sheets of paper, from touching the outside of Felicia's lips. It just touches her folds. I'll bet she can feel the foam-lined, wide head, almost as fat as a tennis ball, touching her folds. I know she's wondering what it is. She'll figure it out soon enough.

I climb down and take the stepstool away. I wouldn't want Felicia to thrash against it and bruise herself. "Gutter whore, you just be a good little filthy gutter whore and

hang around until I'm ready to use your worthless body," I tell Felicia in my too-sweet voice.

I turn the vibrator on.

It takes a couple of seconds, but no more. Felicia purrs a sultry, and fairly needy, sweet "Ooh!" I see the first gentle shuddering tremor flow over her still-fidgeting body, too. It seems to start her squirming even more. I give Felicia a minute. It gives her time to start purring louder, her purrs taking on more and more of a high-pitched squeakiness. Her fidgets vanish. Her squirms don't. Those quickly grow more and more energetic. In time with her purrs as those grow needier and needier.

I light the candle. That gives Felicia a couple more minutes. About five, maybe a bit less. It will take that long for the burning wick to melt enough wax. But after that...

"If I were you, I'd stay very still and just enjoy your sluttiness, gutter whore," I tell Felicia in my way-too-sweet, teasing voice. It's a voice that tells her both that she definitely wants to hold still, and that she doesn't have much of a prayer of staying still. She's probably already figured the last part out. The vibrator is teasing her shamelessly.

And now, or in a couple more minutes those thrashing squirms are going to do one more thing. They already have her bottom wiggling around, waving her firm rounded globes in front of me. And waving the candle around as well. Soon those squirming shudders are going to get the hot wax flowing. And flying. Her squirms will sling a few drops of it off the candle. Most will run down the candle shaft, onto her globes, or into her crack. It will burn, but it won't actually burn her flesh. She might think it is, though.

If she somehow manages to hold rather still, the wax will run evenly down the shaft, all of it landing in the same place, a place that will soon be waxed over sparing her from the pain of fresh wax burning her skin. Of course, if she holds still, the vibrator will just kill her with its teases. The squirming helps. It keeps her pussy from aching quite

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as badly as the vibrator pushes her to the cusp of an orgasm. But it slings that wax and “punishes” her for the squirming with the burning.

There's no way any part of Felicia can touch the flame. Or the tip of the candle. Ever. The wick ends too high up the shaft for that. Ellie never guessed this use for the candle when she made them for me. But I did share a video of it with her. She shook her head. And laughed.



# *Chapter Three - Meet My Naughty Mommy*

When I get back to the playroom, Sophie is just finishing up searching Dawn. It's almost perfect timing on my part. I'm free now to deal with Dawn. And I have the soundtrack of Felicia's urgent purring moans to work to! Those are getting rather needy and hot already. So entertaining! I can't wait until she figures out that it's a candle sticking out of her bottom. I know she's going to discover it the hard way! I can't wait for those yelps.

I watch as Sophie takes Dawn's clothes to the playroom. And returns with a smirking grin on her face. I hadn't told her what I was going to do with Felicia, only that I had an idea how to keep Felicia occupied while I dealt with the miscreants. Now Sophie has gotten to see what I did with Felicia. She doesn't say anything. She knows better than to say anything. But that smirk says plenty. It tells me that she's dying to laugh at Felicia

Dawn can hear Felicia's urgent cries. She doesn't know who I have back in the playroom, but it should be obvious to her that I have someone back there. The high-pitch of the cries should tell her it's a female, too. I can see the mostly curious, slightly edgy, look on Dawn's face. She's wondering who it is, if she's seen her before, and what I might make her do with whoever it is. In front of her mother, who is due here any minute now.

I wait patiently as Sophie buckles and locks a collar around Dawn's neck. Then she clips a leash to the collar. It might even be the same leash she'd used on Felicia. I took it off her collar just before I hung her up. No sense in letting that dangle around. She might thrash enough to choke herself. Then Sophie leads Dawn over to me.

"Here is your naughty lezzie slut-bitch, Mistress," Sophie tells me after she orders Dawn down to her knees. Sophie offers me the leash. Dawn kneels silently and waits. I already know she's going to be on her humblest behavior tonight. She doesn't want to risk getting herself, and her mom, another spanking.

Dawn is an almost petite woman. She stands a mere 5'5", and weighs 125 pounds. It's just about perfectly

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proportioned. Especially considering where some of those pounds are.

Dawn has a slightly oval face. A face that is clearly ovalish, but not so much so that it starts to look narrow. She has straight, medium brown hair that's silky and fine. It hangs down to the tops of her shoulder blades. She has bright green eyes. She has a small soft featured nose atop a wide mouth framed with medium pink lips that are fairly plump and plush and a bright smile.

Dawn has a nice figure. She has a flat stomach with taut, youthful skin, and firm muscles under it. She has a rather noticeable curve to her waist and hips. She has flat pubes that are freshly shaven silky smooth. So silky that I'd bet she took the time to shave again today before coming over. She has full but well-rounded, hips. She has a generally narrow body, too. A young body.

She has a pair of lean and shapely legs, too. Legs that don't have an ounce of extra on them. Legs that are lean enough to show the defined lines of well-used muscles in them.

She also has a pair of nicely ample 34-A breasts. Hers are full but well-rounded. They look both firm and soft at the same time. Soft and squishy in my hand, but firm enough to hold their nicely rounded shape. They rise off her chest like half oranges, their inside edges lightly meeting at her cleavage.

And they're topped with a pair of brownish-tinged pink rings slightly wider than quarters. Center in each ring is a nipple that's almost as wide as a marble and sticks up from the rounded tip of the mound about like that half marble. With a fully rounded tip and sloping sides. Her nipples are neither short nor long, rising somewhere between  $\frac{1}{2}$  and 1 centimeter above the tips of her mounds. They're just a tiny shade darker than the flesh around them.

Now, my only real question is what I'm going to with these two. Having a mother and daughter here at the same time is always a unique experience. It presents a lot

of opportunities to humiliate the pair that otherwise wouldn't be available. But there's also the line of incest. Not too many are eager to cross that line. Some are. Some would beg for the chance. But I don't think Dawn and Krystal are going to fall into that small percentage. I think they'll go the other way. Not anxious to cross it at all. And I'm pretty sure Ted just assumes that I won't cross that line.

It doesn't mean I won't come right up to it, though. I might even enjoy pushing them close and watching them cringe as they wonder if I'll push them over it before they can stop me. I do love to make them squirm. Any toy.

I decide that Dawn can learn a little patience now. After all, she's been the naughty one. Or naughtier one, anyway. I walk her over to the corner. The corner where the closet extends out from the wall. It's almost the exact place I undress toys. It's close enough that if anyone was standing in the place to be undressed, she would be able to reach out and touch anyone in that corner.

I nudge Dawn to stand in the corner. Like always, I have her standing with the tips of her toes against the baseboards. But that's the only part of her body to touch anything. Her shoulders come rather close, though. I have her staring straight ahead where her eyes have nothing to see but a plain wall. And I have her with her hands behind her back. I leave the leash on her collar, dangling down between her breasts.

She knows the rules, too. She's not allowed to move. Not even to scratch an itch. She's not allowed to make a sound, either. Nor is she allowed to close her eyes. She's not allowed to do anything except to stand just as she is and wait for someone to come fetch her.

It gives me a good view of Dawn's rounded cheeks as she stands in the corner. The same cheeks I spanked on my lunch break. By now the redness has faded away, leaving behind only a pair of milky white globes. But I'll bet she can still feel the biting sting of my belt whenever she tries to sit. That too will be gone by morning. If Dawn

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behaves herself tonight and those cute cheeks don't get whipped again.

Dawn isn't there but a minute or two before the next knock comes at the door. It's Krystal. I'm sure Dawn knows that, too. Just as I know Dawn is less sure what I'm going to do with Krystal. And I doubt Krystal has much of a clue. I wonder if she called Dawn earlier after Ted told her that she was coming to get her punishment from me, to ask Dawn what she could expect here. I know Dawn would have told her the truth. There's no telling what to expect here. I make things up as I go. And I'm creative and whimsical.

Sophie opens the door, even though I'm standing right there. "Are you Jacqueline, the naughty woman who distracted my Mistress's property and lezzie slut-bitch from her studies?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." Krystal squeaks out in a rather muted and definitely nervous voice. I can already see Krystal's edgy eyes trying to peek around Sophie for any glimpse of what might be awaiting her. "My Master told me that since I distracted Miss Rodger's charge from her studies, that I was to present myself to Miss Rodgers to be punished as she deems fit."

And now I know what Ted told Krystal. But I still know nothing about Krystal. I don't know what she's done and hasn't done. I don't know what positions her Master uses. Or commands. I suspect Krystal has at least heard tidbits about my style from Dawn, though. More importantly, I don't know what will excite Krystal, and what will turn her off. Oh well, she is here for punishment.

I can see that Krystal is as advertised, so to speak. She looks her 48 years. She's slightly taller than Dawn, standing about 5'6". She's about average in shape. I'd guess she's about 150 pounds. Not so little to look thin, but not enough to start looking thick, either.

For tonight she's dressed casually. It's definitely clothes that she would choose to wear around the house. And that tells me that Ted didn't give her much warning at

all. Certainly not enough for her to clean up and change, assuming he would have allowed that. It tells me that is how Krystal was around the house today. When she didn't expect to be meeting anyone new.

She's wearing slightly faded jeans. But that's nothing. It's about the uniform for Escambia County. She has a rather cute floral print blouse on with them. It's sleeveless with only spaghetti straps over her shoulders. But she has an open, light cotton, blouse over it. That has longer sleeves. I'll bet she picked the top to accent her ample breasts. I'll bet she thinks those to be the best aspect of her body. The part everyone wants.

If Krystal has a pet name, I don't know what it is. But I'm definitely not calling her Krystal. Even that informality would be far too polite for such a naughty woman. "Look, slave, someone scraped a cow out of the gutter!"

Sophie giggles. "Yes, Mistress, a rather plump one, too!" Sophie has been mine long enough to know me. She can sense my inner imp coming out to play, like now. She knows that I want her to go along. Krystal is far from a cow. She's not even thick! But I know that all women tend to be sensitive about their weight, so it's an easy thing to tease with. And insult. I don't see any reason why Krystal shouldn't know, right from the start, that this is going to be a very humiliating lesson for her.

Krystal is wearing a little pendant around her neck. It's attached to a thick black cord. But what I notice is that the cord doesn't have a clasp. Both ends of it are attached to the little pendant. And they look to be crimped in. It's not coming off. I have zero doubt that it's her collar. It's just a collar she can wear out in public without anyone recognizing it for what it is. Ah, polite society... I guess Ted didn't want to take Krystal to Dawn's PTA meetings with a real collar on. Or more likely, they keep their private business private. Unlike me.

I grab hold of the pendant. I can see that it's engraved with Ted's name. Clearly, it marks her as his

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property. "Get your flabby butt in here, fuck cow," I tell Krystal. I also pull firmly on the collar.

Krystal steps in. I can tell that she's used to being led around by her collar. I guess Ted has taught her fairly well. It looks like she's going to be a nicely submissive toy, too. There won't be any need to teach her where her place is. Or to teach her any of the basics.

I pull her over the two steps to stand in the empty place. "I don't have a clue what was running through that worthless brain of yours, fuck cow! You might be gutter filth, but seriously, even a disgusting peasant whore ought to know that school girls have to study!"

Krystal hangs her head slightly in shame as I scold her. I only do that because I don't know what Ted has told her, and I want to make sure she knows why she's being punished. Why he sent her to me for punishment. And I want to give her a little context for this session.

"I'll bet you're just as filthy of a whore as my lezzie slut here is!" I sniff the air, wrinkling my nose up as I do and making sure Krystal sees me do it. "I smell skank! Are you being a gutter slut and skanking up the place already, fuck cow? Is that what your problem is? Is that pussy of yours just so slutty that it's skanking already?"

"No... Miss Rodgers..." Krystal answers me. There's no firmness or certainty in her voice. It's hard to recognize the tone when it's about the second thing she's ever said to me, but if anything, I think I hear a touch of a hopeful, pleading tone to it. As if she desperately wants her answer to be true.

"We'll find out. I think you're a liar, too, fuck cow!" I tell her firmly. "You'd better hope that pussy isn't all sloppy and skanky, bitch."

I snap my fingers. "Lezzie, turn around and take this bitch's panties down for me. Show me if her pussy is being a gutter slut."

Dawn turns. But I can already see the slight shirking cringe on her. "Yes, my Queen," she reluctantly says. I guess she doesn't want to touch her mom. Or even see

mom's pussy by the slightly grossed-out note to her voice. I'm going to have fun!

I watch as Dawn puts her hands on the waistband of Krystal's jeans. She unbuttons them and unzips them. Already I can see the fur of a sparse black bush. That tells me Krystal isn't wearing panties. Unusual. Most women would be wearing them with jeans... I wonder if she's allowed panties. Maybe not. Maybe Ted dressed her today and didn't give her any. Men might not know those little quirks. Denim tends to rub against sensitive things without them. Then again, maybe he does know, and that's why she doesn't have any. She definitely will be reminded of it for the day.

Dawn shifts her hands. Krystal stands demurely still, her hands behind her, and cringes slightly as Dawn pulls her jeans down almost to her knees. I stop Dawn there.

Krystal's feet are almost together. But they have to be for Dawn to get Krystal's jeans down that far. I quickly push my hand between Krystal's thighs. It lets me feel a lot. It lets me feel a very hard flinch run through Krystal's body. That tells me that she's not used to be touched intimately by a stranger. Certainly by Ted, but he's probably been the only one to touch her there in a while.

It lets me feel the tone of her thighs. Her skin feels slightly loose as if it's lost its elasticity. Then again, she is almost 50. I'd be surprised if she had youthful skin. It lets me feel the thin layer of extra weight at the tops of her thighs. It's not much thicker than a few sheets of paper. That's good, too, for a woman of her age. And it lets me feel the decently toned muscles. She must get to use those legs, or exercise daily.

It lets me feel the fur lining her lips. It lets me feel that it is as sparse as the fur on her pubes. It's short and neatly trimmed too. I guess Ted must like her pussy with hair on it.

It lets me feel that she has a slightly flat mound. That her lips are long and wide. That they leave a long, moderately fine, line of a slit between their edges. I can

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feel that her slit is deep. It tells me that her lips are going to be especially thick. I can already feel their plump softness. I can even feel the very tips of her loose inner folds peeking up into the chasm of her slit.

But mostly what I can feel is the layer of thin, oily honey that seems to be coating everything. Enough so that her fur feels damp to my touch. And enough that her slit seems to be flooded. As if that honey is clinging to everything, her inner folds and even the edges of her lips, as it flows out to her mound. Not much question about what Krystal is feeling now. At least not what her pussy is feeling. Excited.

I pull my hand back and hold it up to show Krystal the honey that's gotten on my fingers. Her honey. "I knew it! You lying fuck cow! That pussy is being a total gutter slut! You're here to be punished, and already your sloppy fat pussy is leaking honey all over the place! You have got to be the filthiest whore scraped from that gutter in centuries!" I scold Krystal.

I watch. Even with her head hanging down slightly, I can see a bit of redness bloom on Krystal's cheeks. I can feel her cringing, too. She definitely was hoping that I wouldn't notice how hot her pussy was when she got here.

That tells me something, too. It tells me that Ted rarely shares her. If ever. This could be a first for her. Whether it is or not, the idea of being given away to a stranger, but an obviously trusted one, excites Krystal. Maybe, I think, it's the idea of it all being new to her. I'll bet it's been 25-plus years since much of anything has been new to her. Maybe she just likes being given away as if she's worthless trash that doesn't matter. Probably it's both. She's pretty hot. Or maybe it's the idea of being dominated by a woman. I don't know if Krystal has ever been with a woman, but if she has, I'll bet it's been decades.

"Let's see if you can manage even the most basics, fuck cow. Stay!" I firmly command Krystal. "Lezzie, be a good bitch and undress this fat cow for inspection," I tell

Dawn rather firmly. I know Dawn isn't anxious to be touching her mom. Much less to be stripping her. My firm command tells her that she needs to do it anyway. And do it properly.

"Yes, my Queen," Dawn accepts. She knows enough by now to guess that her fate and Krystal's fate are linked tonight. If she hesitates, no matter how uneasy she is about it, both she and Krystal will suffer for it. I won't care that Krystal didn't misbehave. They'll both pay.

Dawn starts at the top and takes off Krystal's outer shirt. She folds that and offers it to me. I have Sophie take it. Dawn takes off Krystal's slightly snug-fitting under blouse. It shows me a decently immodest lavender bra. At least one that's immodest considering the size of the mounds it's holding. It's all lacy. It has straps over her shoulders that are neither wide nor narrow. But it does have a wide band around her back. It seems to be pushing her mounds together as it lifts them up, both supporting them and maximizing her cleavage at the same time. It's made like a sports bra, with no wire under the cups and no clasp in the back. It's a bra that accents her breasts.

And it's a bra that leaves Dawn no especially chaste way to take off of Krystal. It leaves her little choice but to put her hands to the bottom of it and lift it straight up. Dawn does just that, keeping her hands at her mother's sides and avoiding touching Krystal's mounds. She's able to lift it over Krystal's head, but then Dawn runs into a problem. Krystal is being obedient. She isn't lifting her arms to help Dawn. Instead, she's just standing there as she was told to do. It forces Dawn to lift Krystal's arms, one at a time, and work them out of the bra before returning them to Krystal's back.

It also lets Krystal's breasts "flop" out of the bra and hangs free for my eyes. I was right that the bra is maximizing them. Her breasts fall back and lie against her chest with a good crease at their undersides the instant they're free of the bra. They spread out, a little to the sides, as well. Now that they're not pushed up and snugly

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together, it leaves a deep V of cleavage between those mounds.

It also lets me see that her mounds. They're big, I'd guess she's about a 38-D. They look to be rather spongy and soft, too. Maybe they'll feel like wet dough? But they are nicely rounded, sitting on her chest like almost perfectly round water balloons.

They're also topped with a pair of small rings in a brown-tinged shade of pinkness that's medium-dark. Rings that aren't any bigger than quarters, despite the size of her mounds. They're topped with little nipples that are slightly wider than pencil erasers and rise off the rounded tips of her mounds like little half marbles. Just not quite as big. Not as wide. Not even quite as tall. But well rounded. And now very stiff.

By now I can see Krystal's stomach as well. I picked well when I named her "fuck cow." Her stomach has just enough extra pounds on it that she's going to be very sensitive about her weight. It's not flat. But it doesn't puff out much either. There's only a single wrinkle, and that line is very shallow, right at her waistline. It's nowhere near enough for her stomach to hang down or be called a roll. It's just a faint crease. But her skin has a decent amount of looseness to it. She still has a modest feminine curve to her waist. Her hips are just slightly thick, but well rounded, and that just accents the light curve of her waist.

Now that Dawn has Krystal's chest bare, she kneels down to slip a pair of sandals off of Krystal's feet. She's not wearing socks.

It leaves Dawn only Krystal's jeans to finish slipping off. And those are already down far enough that Krystal's secrets were long ago revealed. Dawn doesn't hesitate this time. She just puts her hands to Krystal's thighs and slips those jeans right down. Then she lifts Krystal's feet out of them.

Sophie takes Krystal's clothes to the playroom. With me here, giving the instructions, Sophie won't be the one

doing Krystal's inspection. But Sophie will be bringing back a leash and collar for Krystal.

I start inspecting Krystal, telling her that since she has shown up here acting like the trashiest of gutter whores, there's just no telling what other filthy things I might find. Thus, I'll just look for myself and see how disgusting her fat body is.

I start at the top, looking rather closely. A little more closely than Sophie did with the other two, but that's only because this is Krystal's first time here and I want to get a good look at her body before I play with it.

When I get to those breasts, I left them to get a view of their undersides. Immediately I notice that they are as soft as they looked. But also that they're almost firm. As if they're water balloons that have been over-filled and are almost hard now. Well, not hard, but firmer than they looked to be. I get a couple of squishes on each breast just to make sure they're as firm as I think they are. I stroke my fingers along the flesh of her mounds, too, feeling the light tautness of the skin. And the rocky stiffness of her small, rounded nipples. Those are at their full hardness.

I take a second at her stomach to remind her that she's "fat." I use both hands to jiggle the loose flesh of her stomach. And to lift it up enough to pull that faint wrinkle line out of it. I really had no reason to do any of that, just to remind her of her less desirable assets. Then it's down to run my fingers through her bush and feel just how much of her fur is getting damp. Enough that it's no coincidence. She's aroused.

I put my hands to Krystal's shoulders and turn her around so that I can see her backside. And I decide that Krystal has a rather cute bottom. I define that as one that will look good over my knees. Her bottom has a few extra ounces on it, but not enough to add up to an extra pound. Her cheeks are decently rounded, especially at their bottom edges where they have a pronounced arcing curve to them. Both directions. Across their bottoms, and also outward as her cheeks round out. Her cheeks do have a

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tiny touch of flatness to their fronts, but it's not much. And I'll bet it will disappear as she bends over and those cheeks are pulled taut. She has a short, but deep, crack that's fully closed, the inside edges of her globes flush against each other. But that's all. Her globes are full enough for them to start looking like their insides are pushing against each other.

Naturally, I pull that crack wide open as Krystal stands there. I wouldn't want her to think that I'm skipping over anything. I want her to know that I'm seeing every last bit of her body. That she's going to have no secrets from me. In another minute or two, I will know her body as well as her husband of almost 30 years does. But for now, I just hold her cheeks wide apart for a couple of seconds and glance at the valley of her crack.

Once I've seen every bit of Krystal's body, even the soles of her feet, I put my hands to her hips and guide her to take a couple of steps back from the wall. It gives Sophie space to step in front of Krystal and lock my collar around Krystal's neck. I leave Ted's there. The extra collar can remind her that he's giving her to me for the evening, and for now, she belongs to me just as wholly as she usually belongs to Ted. Sophie clips a leash to the collar and leaves it to dangle down through the deep-V of Krystal's cleavage. Sophie steps out from between Krystal and the wall.

"Now I'm going to take a very good look at that slutty skank pit between those thighs. I want to see just how filthy *my new pussy* is, bitch." I tell Krystal in a mocking, but rather firm, voice. I stand behind her as I do, leaving Krystal to stare at the wall as she hears that I'm not done looking her body over. I do so hope she caught the part about it being my pussy now.

I instruct Krystal to bend over and get "on the wall." That's another command that my toys all know, but Krystal doesn't. I don't wait for her to ask me what I want. I immediately start giving her instructions. It means for her to bend over and get her back flat with the floor. To stretch

her arms forward, straight out from her shoulders with her elbows locked, and brace her hands against the wall with her fingers spread wide. And to spread her feet as wide as she can without straining her legs. Then to stay put until I tell her differently.

Krystal bends over. It takes her a second to get into position, but that's because she's trying to be diligent and get the position right. I suspect she doesn't want to make her punishment any worse than it is already going to be. I think she's realizing that she's in for far more than a quick spanking or something. She hasn't even gotten past the door. I'm sure she can hear the very loud, needy moans coming from the playroom, broken only by loud yelps of pain, too. I'll bet she's wondering who and what is in that room!

With her legs spread wide, it almost thrusts her pussy out for me. Immediately I notice that like this, her legs open instead of closed, that her slit is pulled wide. So wide that it opens and bares a good bit of her pinkness inside. It's almost as if those plump lips open a hole like a second tunnel between them. Except that this tunnel has a little nub of a clit poking out past the outside of her lips! It's a rather prominent clit, too. A stiff and eager one.

There's no missing that hungry clit. It is going to be so sensitive. I'll get to it. For now, I just use the tips of my fingers to nudge those lips wide apart. It lets me see that they're slightly over  $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick. That's thick for pussy lips. They're also very soft and loose.

Now they expose her pinkness. It's a light shade, but it's flushed very brightly and hot now. It's covered with a sparkling layer of her oily honey that's clinging to everything. Honey that clings to the huge nub of her clit as well, making that glisten for me.

Now I can really see the depth of her mound. I'll bet it's at least  $\frac{1}{2}$ " to the entrance of her tunnel. I can see her tiny inner folds, too. It looks to me as if they just sort of flow out, the undersides of her lips splitting off to form rather short and thin little flaps that quickly circle around

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above her tunnel to merge together. There, those folds more circle around the nub of her clit before fading into a single ridgeline that falls away back into her pinkness just before the tops of her lips. It leaves her clit prominently sticking up.

I don't have to touch her pussy to know how eager it is. I can see that much from here. It doesn't stop me from holding my hand out for Sophie to pull a glove on it for me. Or from putting the tip of my finger to the entrance of Krystal's tunnel. Or from pressing lightly, slipping my finger easily into the soft tunnel of Krystal's pussy. I slip all of my slim finger into her tunnel.

Krystal purrs softly, but very sweetly with a fair bit of hunger in her voice.

I barely have to touch Krystal's pussy before I feel the fiery heat burning in her pussy. Her pussy is one of the hotter ones I've felt lately. Almost hot enough that it burns my finger. I can feel that her honey is very slippery, too, and it seems just as clingy. I can feel that her walls are spongy soft, almost silky soft with a slightly meaty texture to them. Ted must love this pussy. Most guys would. I can feel her walls snuggling lightly against my slender finger, too. And I can feel some faint little twitches sprouting up along those walls already. Like little sparks, snapping pinpoint around her walls, then shooting along her nerves to tingle them with teases. It's a pussy that's begging for some action.

"Fuck cow!" I balk, adding a heavy note of complete disgust into my voice. "My pussy is being about the sluttiest thing ever scraped from the filthiest gutter! Just how long has it been since this pussy has cum, bitch?"

"Last night, Miss Rodgers," Krystal answers me, her voice slightly hushed and very embarrassed. Then again, most women would find it embarrassing to be discussing her pussy in front of an audience while there a finger in it examining it. Intentional – on my part!

I scold Krystal, but not harshly, telling her to answer me properly. I tell her what a proper answer would be, too.

"Your pussy was allowed to cum last night, Ma'am," Krystal answers again, properly this time.

"And how did my pussy get such a reward?"

"Mr. Daniels used your pussy, Ma'am, and he allows me to cum once he's finished with your pussy, Ma'am," Krystal tells me. Even though she's staring ahead at an empty wall, she must be aware that her daughter is hearing her tell me that her husband, Dawn's father, fucked her last night. There's enough embarrassment in her voice that I know she's thinking about Dawn hearing her.

"Does my pussy want to cum now, fuck cow?"

"Yes, Ma'am, your pussy would really like to cum now, Ma'am."

I slowly pull my finger back out of Krystal's pussy. Krystal purrs a little more urgently than she did while I pushed it in. I guess that little dose of embarrassment added a little to her arousal.

It leaves me only one thing to do. Her crack is now stretched open decently wide, her globes pulled taut by her leaning over with the sharp bend to her waist. That has the valley of her crack fully exposed. And that lets me see every bit of her light pink asshole. Her ring is slightly on the larger size, but not too large. Maybe the size of a nickel tops. It's flat, flush with the valley of her crack. It's as if her asshole is nothing more than a pink swath of flesh along the valley of her crack, lined with countless faint wrinkles, all flowing in, and into, a squiggly dark line no more than ½cm long. Not a single line of the ring of her muscle shows. Just those wrinkles and the line where her ring is clenched shut.

I put the tip of my honey slickened finger to the outside of her asshole and push very gently. It's not enough pressure to push my finger into her bottom. "Fuck cow, is this bottom as repulsively filthy and slutty as the rest of that fat body?"

"No, Ma'am," Krystal answers, her voice a mixture of confidence, and nervousness. That, along with the fact

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that she's not relaxing her ring for me, tells me that Krystal is pretty much a stranger to being used here. And that tells me I'm going to have fun.

"So if I check this bottom, you're not going to be purring moans like a trashy gutter whore, right?"

"No, Ma'am, I'll be crying, Ma'am!" Krystal insists, her voice still edgy.

Crying doesn't really bother me. And I'm dying to show Krystal that I can make her like it. So I start increasing the pressure on my finger. I feel her asshole clench even tighter, straining to its full tightness to resist the entry. It lasts a second, at most. I feel my finger pressing into the hardness of resisting muscle, shoving the muscle aside, stretching it lightly. I feel her muscle squeezing hard around the sides of my finger.

"UH-OWW!" Krystal gasps out loudly, her voice sounding squealy and high. I feel a hard flinch run through her, too. A flinch that has her hips trying to pull forward away from my finger before she stops them. "OW!"

I just keep going, pushing my finger through her tightly clenched ring. Feeling the muscle squeezing even harder around my finger as if to stop it. Not that it could with the coating of slippery honey on it. I slip all of my finger into Krystal's bottom.

Her rectum feels fairly empty to me. Enough so that I can easily feel the light, rubbery paper-thin walls as they sag inward around my finger.

"You must be some sort of a teasing prissy gutter whore, fuck cow!" I tell her with more mocking disapproval in my voice. "This anus feels like it's been badly neglected. I guess Mr. Daniels doesn't use it much."

"No, Ma'am, he's very kind not to make me do this, Ma'am," Krystal blurts out nervously, her voice already breaking with a sob that's completely uncalled for.

I just arch my finger slightly, using the pad of it to press downward slightly. I don't have to press hard. But Krystal still grunts, or squeals, a very edgy "UH!" as she feels me moving inside her bottom.

The walls of her rectum are nothing more than a sausage-casing-like membrane with a layer of smooth muscle around it no thicker than a sheet of paper. Like a latex glove, it does nothing to cushion my feel through it of what's beyond.

In this case, where my finger is putting the slight pressure, beyond is the backside of Krystal's pussy walls. I can already feel their heat. And I can feel those sharp sparks erupting through them.

I start wiggling the pad of my finger, stroking it very tenderly over the backside of Krystal's walls. Pussy walls aren't much more than rubbery muscle. They're moderately thick, to leave them enough meat to stretch, but not that thick. The same nerves run through the backside of them that run through the front side of them, too. And those nerves don't know or care, which side of them is being teased.

The first wiggle of my finger doesn't do much. The second wiggle gets the first soft purr from Krystal's lips. The next wiggle is all it takes. "Uhhh!" Krystal moans out as her hips shudder crisply. "OOH!"

I keep going, teasing the backside of her walls for about ten more seconds. That's long enough to have Krystal purring out very hot and hungry moans. It has crisp trembling quivers flowing over her body as well.

"I knew you were a lying fat fuck cow!" I scold Krystal harshly, using one of my sterner voices. "That bottom is being such the slut! You like it up your butt, don't you, bitch?"

"YES, MA'AM!" Krystal blurts out, her voice a breathy, raspy, hungry moan. "I'm sorry, Ma'am! It feels so good... whatever you're doing up my ass, Ma'am!"

"Does that slutty butt want to cum?"

"Yes, Ma'am, will you please allow this slave's slutty ass to cum, Ma'am?"

"Don't be a stupid cow, too, slutty cow!" I laughingly scold Krystal. "Orgasms are for good fat whores, not naughty ones! You're far too naughty to cum! Not even

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this disgusting butt is worthy of an orgasm, especially after you lied to me!

"I hate liars, bitch. I think..." I let my voice trail off. "I have just the thing!" I blurt out excitedly. "I'll teach you to lie about your butt being as filthy of a slut as the rest of your fat ugliness, bitch!"

"Lezzie, get on the wall! You can join your mommy for this lesson!"

"Yes, my Queen," Dawn answers. A few seconds later, I have Dawn bent over, in the same position, very close beside Krystal. So close that Dawn and Krystal's feet are touching each other's.



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I step back from the bitches for just a second to pick up my crop. Then I'm behind them again quickly enough that I doubt either noticed that I moved. Both stare at the wall in front of them.

Like this, I have a very good view of Dawn's pussy, too. Mother and daughter, side by side, both naked and poking their pussies out for my inspection. Both of them are nice and wet with honey, too.

Dawn's pussy is similar to her mother's. Maybe I notice it more because they're so close to each other. She has the same long, wide lips. And the same deepness of her slit. She even has tiny inner folds, like Krystal does. But she doesn't have the prominent clit that Krystal does. Dawn's clit is wider but doesn't rise nearly as much. Hers is more of a hard knot where her folds meld into one. But it's a very hard and eager knot now.

Dawn's asshole is tiny. It's no bigger than a dime. I don't have to spread her cheeks to see it, her firm bottom, pulled taut by the angle of her waist, has her crack opened enough for me to see the dark pink ring in its valley. It funnels inward decently, lined with countless, but rather faint, wrinkles that flow into a pinpoint of darkness.

"So, you two bitches want to act like old ladies and gossip instead of behaving like good bitches, do you?" I start scolding the pair. I stay behind them, keeping them leaning over against the wall. It's not the usual for me. I usually prefer to look them in the eyes while I tell them how worthless they are.

I give both of them a little tap on their bottoms with my crop.

"Uh..." Dawn grunts through clenched teeth as a hard flinch racks her body. But otherwise, she stays put.

"OW!" Krystal squeals a half-second later as the crop taps her bottom. She shudders hard, her hips wiggling. It almost gets a good jiggle from her cheeks, but they're just not loose enough for it. I see only the faintest quivering at the tips. Darn!

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Both swats are the same. Both leave a light pink spot on their globes that will sting for a few minutes. But nothing close to a bruise. Not that will last more than those few minutes. I'm not spanking them. I'm just making sure I have their full attention now.

"Lezzie, you know I don't tolerate disobedience!" I swat Dawn's bottom again. She grunts. Then Krystal squeals as I tap her bottom, too. I did say they could share the punishment!

"Starting now I will be checking that phone of yours, bitch." I give them both another tap. After all, they do have two cheeks for me to pinken up before they get off this wall. "You will not make a single phone call without permission from me, except to your *father*. And that means Mr. Brown, not this skanky fuck cow, is that clear, bitch?" I tap both of their bottoms again.

"Yes, my Queen," Dawn answers in a slightly unhappy, very resigned voice. It's a voice that has just enough shame in it to tell me that she knows she's disappointed me. And enough reluctance in it for me to know she's going to hate having to ask me to call anyone. She probably knows that I will deny that permission sometimes, whenever the capricious whim strikes me, just to remind her that it's my choice, not hers.

"Now, as for your fat butt, fuck cow... when you return home, you will present your phone and PIN to Mr. Brown. He will decide if, and when, you may use it."

I tap both of their bottoms again.

"Yes, Miss Rodgers," Krystal very reluctantly accepts her fate.

"And I will tell him that it is clear you can't be trusted not to distract my bitch from its studies. Thus, from now on, you may only speak to her on the phone with Mr. Brown watching you. Within his sight. He will watch the time for you. The call will be over when he says so. Fifteen minutes should be plenty of time for your two whores to gab about whatever stupid, slutty things you're so concerned about." I give them both another tap. Now I

see a rather crisp flinch running over Krystal. It tells me that she's starting to really feel even these light swats. She is going to be such a baby! Krystal demurely accepts the punishment, but I know she's hoping that her husband will relax the rules for her. I hope she knows they won't be relaxed for Dawn any time soon.

"And just so you know, fuck cow, if you distract my bitch from her studies again, I will ask Mr. Brown to send you back to me, and I will not be nearly so gentle in punishing your flabby butt, is that clear?" Swat. Yelp. Swat. Grunt from Dawn.

"Yes, Miss Rodgers," Krystal answers. I'm sure she's wondering if her husband would actually send her back here. I'll bet she's going to go home and whine about how horrible her evening was. She'll try to sound very sorry for her disobedience, too.

"Lezzie, I did tell you to get that assignment done. I told you school comes second in your life, second only to me, bitch. You have been disobedient. You know how I frown upon disobedience. I think you need a little time in obedience school. This fat whore can join you, is that clear, lezzie?"

"Yes, my Queen," Dawn answers even though she doesn't know what I mean by obedience school. I've never sent her before. I'm sure she knows that whatever it is, it's going to be humiliating. And that she's dragged her mother into it with her. Her voice tells me that much.

"Oh, I almost forgot! You have to look like proper bitches for obedience school. Slave, give me the tails."

"Yes, Mistress!" Sophie can't help but to giggle. She gives me one, holding onto the other.

I have four tails, which is two more than I've ever needed at the same time. They're pretty much all the same. All of them are six-inch-long vibrating butt plugs. They're a little over an inch across, too. At the base ends, they have nothing except for a little ring of thick wire, like a coat hanger, that's wider than the base. And a little ridge around the shaft. Those two hold the toy in place,

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keeping it from moving, its base end sticking out only about ¼" from the asshole. And they all have a bushy, furry tail attached to the base end. It fully hides the vibrator it's attached to, making it look as if a tail is growing out of a butt.

I put the rounded tip of the tail flush against the outside of Krystal's asshole. "Oh! NO! PLEASE, MISS RODGERS! IT'S WAY TOO BIG!" Krystal blurts out in a voice that's pure panic. I have little doubt that it's going to be big for her. Her asshole seems to have gotten very little, if any, use over the decades. It's supposed to be big. It needs to be to stuff her bottom full and stretch the walls of her rectum taut. To press those thin walls firmly against the backside of her pussy. Which is what I want. Otherwise, I wouldn't have used vibrators for the tails! That would be a waste. I'd use simple dildos.

I ignore Krystal's protestations. As if I ever would pay attention to them anyway. Not. But I do laugh. "I should care how big it is?" I increase the pressure until I feel Krystal's asshole starting to give.

"EE-OW!" Krystal screams out. "OW! FUCK! IT'S TOO FUCKING BIG! GET IT OUT!"

It's not even in yet! I was so right. Krystal is going to be such a baby! It has her asshole stretched about half of what it's going to stretch. I can still see some faint wrinkles in the pinkish flesh atop her ring as it stretches out around the rounded tip. I keep the pressure against the toy. It keeps pushing slowly forward, the taper of the tip forcing Krystal's asshole to stretch even wider to accommodate it.

"OW! GET IT OUT! GET IT OUT! GET IT OUT OF MY ASS! PLEASE! GET IT OUT OF MY ASS! IT'S WAY TOO BIG! IT HURTS! GET IT OUT OF MY ASS! PLEASE!" Krystal screams her begging pleas.

The toy almost jumps out of my hand. It's reached the point where it has her asshole stretched as wide as it needs to open. The rounded tip pushes through, and the toy starts quickly sliding into her empty bowels. I keep the

pressure against the back of the toy, easing off now that I've pushed past the resistance of her rubbery muscle.

"GET IT OUT! NOT SO DEEP, PLEASE, MA'AM, AT LEAST NOT SO DEEP! PLEASE, IT'S FUCKING HUGE! GET IT OUT OF MY ASS!" Krystal still screams her pleas, but now they have a crying note to her voice as well.

I push every bit of the toy into her bottom, stopping only when the wire ring at the base is flush in the valley of her crack. That has the little ridge just inside the thinned-out ring of her stretched asshole. The toy won't be moving, unless I pull it out.

It leaves the bushy tail hanging straight down, first along the valley of her crack. It hangs over her pussy mound, almost covering it, and dangles down almost to her knees.

"There," I say with a good deal of satisfaction in my voice. "Bitches have tails. Now you look like the bitch you are!"

I move over to Dawn. Sophie hands me the second tail, and I put the tip of it flush against Dawn's slightly smaller asshole. But her asshole is much better experienced. I've seen to that.

Almost the instant I put the tip against Dawn's ring, I feel the slight pressure as Dawn pushes back hard, forcing her asshole to relax and go rubbery. It also pushes her asshole back, slightly onto the tip of the toy. The toy slips forward with about  $\frac{1}{4}$  the resistance I felt from Krystal. It moves almost easily as it stretches Dawn's soft ring around its tip. Then it slides forward, pushing into Dawn's bottom.

"UH!" Dawn grunts out as she lets out her deep breath. She keeps pushing, keeping her asshole at its loosest. The toy slips forward. In less than a second or so, the base of the toy is flush against the valley of Dawn's crack, too. And her tail hangs down just adorably. Only now does Dawn stop pushing and relax. She pants a few deep breaths, steadying herself as her body gets used to the thick toy filling her bottom.

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I reach between them, leaning over to grab hold of their leashes. A bitch should be leashed, too. "On all fours, bitches!" I firmly tell them.

It's a pretty basic position. It tells them to get down to their hands and knees. I do expect their thighs to be straight up and down. Their arms, too. And their back flat, albeit sloping slightly down to their bottoms. And their heads up, looking forward. Dawn quickly drops down, grunting lightly as she moves.

Krystal shrieks out as she starts to move. And she keeps crying, and crying out moans, as she moves very slowly to get down. I let her go. I just tap my foot and wait until she's down on her hands and knees.

Then I use my crop to tap the backs of her thighs as I scold her to get them straight. Each tap gets me another squeal. I tap her arms to get them straight, too, and that gets me more squeals. I tap her on the center of her back as I scold her to get it straight, instead of hunched up, too. More squeals, these a little louder. A tap to the top of her head gets her eyes up.

I hope by now Krystal has figured out that I am not her husband/Master. I'm not going to let her get away with whining or anything but obedience here. And there will be consequences. She's going to be in for a long night.

"Come along, bitches," I tell them in a firm, but teasingly sweet voice. I start walking. I have the leashes between the bitches, and as I start moving, those leashes quickly go taut.

Dawn saw that coming. She hurries to turn around. And she completely ignores Krystal as she does. She's too focused on getting herself turned while she has the time.

Krystal doesn't see it coming like Dawn does. She doesn't start to turn until she sees Dawn hurrying to. Then she turns slowly. Before she gets turned around, the leash is taut. It pulls the collar hard into her neck. Krystal sputters as it starts choking her hard. She panics and moves so fast she almost jumps to get turned around. She shuffles her hands and feet wildly, not caring about her

posture, to catch up and ease off the choking. She coughs a few times once she can breathe again. I'm pretty sure she learned not to try and keep me waiting when I tell her to come, too.

The leashes keep them crawling along close beside each other. But they're both shuffling fast enough that they're not paying attention to each other. Only to try to keep up. And I'm only moving slightly fast now!

I lead them to the center of the living room. It's about the biggest open space I have in the apartment. "bitch sit, bitches!" I snap firmly.

That's another command. It tells Dawn to sit like a dog. Like a real bitch would sit. Dawn knows it, and she quickly sits up. Or sits back. She kneels, her knees opened and her feet apart. She sits her bottom back between her heels, just off the floor. She gets her back straight. She puts her hands on the floor, just in front of her knees. She looks forward. The only thing missing is her tongue hanging out as she pants, but I don't consider that part of sitting.

Krystal doesn't know what I mean for her to do. She nervously glances over to Dawn and tries to copy her moves. I let her get in place. Then I tap her feet, her bottom, and her hands with the crop as I correct her posture. I give her a final tap, very light like all my taps, under her chin to nudge her head up.

I reach down and stroke Dawn's hair. "That's a good little bitch!" after a second, I move along and pet Krystal on her head, too. "You're a good little bitch, too!" I use a cooing voice as if I'm talking to a toddler or a puppy.

I call for Sophie. She's beside me in about two seconds. "Has the Prince had his practice today?" I ask Sophie.

"No, Mistress, not yet," She tells me.

"Lilly... bring your little boy! Come here, my little ones!" I call out sweetly.

Princess Lilly is my adopted pit bull. She's really just a giant love sponge. But Sophie has spent a lot of time

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with her teaching her several special tricks. She can work the elevator in this building. She can walk a toy. She knows what a lot of things, like panties and a whip are, and can bring them to me.

Prince Butt Monkey is a 3½-month-old puppy. He's some kind of a lab/shepherd/a few other things, mix. No one is really sure. Sophie is enrolled in a veterinary technician's training program and the local state college. She gets an Associate's degree, and a decent career path out of it. We know for certain that Butt Monkey's entire litter was dumped off, in a cardboard box, on the steps of the building where her program is. No one claimed responsibility for the eight puppies. The program took them in, and the students nursed them and weaned them. I guess it was experience for them. They found homes for them.

Except for Butt Monkey. I'm almost certain that was Sophie's doing. She kept him in the back whenever they were showing the puppies to someone. She wanted him. She begged shamelessly. Finally, I allowed her to bring him home so I could meet him. My mistake. Lilly might be spayed, but that's done nothing to quiet her maternal instincts. She immediately decided that Butt Monkey would be her adopted son. And once Lilly makes her mind up, there's just no arguing with her.

Butt Monkey seems to have taken to her as well. He follows her around everywhere. It's how he got the name. He's always at Lilly's butt. He's been a good princeling so far. He's learning tricks as fast as Sophie can teach him. In a couple of months, I'll bet he's taking toys for a walk, too. So I guess he's become the latest subject in my realm.

Lilly comes trotting out. She seldom rushes for anything that's not edible and smelling good. As I knew he would be, Butt Monkey is trotting along right behind Lilly, his nose almost to her tail.

I snap my fingers to make sure I have their attention. "Butt Monkey, here." I point to a spot on the floor beside Krystal. He knows that command, it was the first one

Sophie taught him. He trots over and sits down right where I'm pointing him to. It is perfect. I have three "dogs" in a closes line on the floor. All three of them sitting exactly the same way. All three of them even have bushy tails lying along the floor behind them. I have Dawn on my left, then Krystal in the middle, and Butt Monkey on my right. There are only about three inches between Dawn and Krystal. There isn't any more space between Krystal and Butt Monkey.

I keep hold of Krystal's leash. Butt Monkey doesn't have a leash or a collar on. Collars are for bitches, not obedient dogs! Sophie stands in front of Butt Monkey. I point Lilly to come around and sit beside me. I hold Dawn's leash down. "Lilly, mind this bitch." "Mind" is a trick Sophie taught Lilly. Butt Monkey doesn't know it yet. It tells her to hold the leash and stare at the toy on it.

"Aroof," Lilly says. It must mean yes. She gently takes hold of the leash in her mouth. And she stares right at Dawn. I'm pretty sure I can see a smirking grin on Lilly's face, too. She seems to enjoy minding the toys. Or maybe it's the irony of the dog holding the leash while the human wears it that appeals to her.

"In case you bitches are as smart as Butt Monkey and haven't figured it out yet, this is obedience school! It's where bitches like you come to learn obedience. And some nifty puppy tricks! Try to be as good of students as Butt Monkey is." I tell them. It's an unusual scene. Two women and a puppy in line as dogs. One dog minding a woman, one woman minding a woman, and one slave minding a puppy. In my obedience school, species doesn't matter. Obedience does.

"Now, beg!" I tell them.

Butt Monkey quickly sits up, holding his big paws up, and stays put. He grins, too, as much as a puppy with big loose jowls can grin.

Dawn has done the dog tricks a few times, but never in a line, and never with a real dog. She's smart enough to know that I don't care about that. I want her to beg. She

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straightens up and bends her elbows. She lets her wrists hang loose, her hands held up in front of her and to the sides enough not to block the view of her breasts. Just like Butt Monkey is doing.

Krystal looks around anxiously. As her eyes dart back and forth from Dawn to Butt Monkey, very quickly a look of horror sweeps over her face. She blushes, too. She moves slowly. She straightens up. She brings her hands up. She holds them up just like the others are doing. She casts her eyes down to stare at the floor.

I tap her under the chin with the crop. Her head snaps back up. Her face scrunches up as if she's going to cry. I guess she's not used to being a proper, a real, bitch! She'll learn. It's so simple... a dog could do it.

Now that Krystal is in the right pose, I lean over and stroke her head, petting her again. "That's a good little bitch, fuck cow! You are such a good bitch..." I tap her bottom with the crop and sternly scold her that "good bitches wag their tails when they get petted." It gets even more of a cringe from Krystal. But she wiggles her bottom, and that has her tail dancing around the floor.

Sophie leans over and pets Butt Monkey, telling him that he's a good little boy, too. I tap Lilly's paw with my foot. I don't know if Dawn sees it or not, I'm watching Krystal. But it's a cue to Lilly. Lilly takes her paw and "pets" Dawn several times on her thigh. Someday Sophie will teach Lilly when to pet the toy without my having to cue her. But first, she has to teach Butt Monkey the tricks, too. I think he's anxious to get to play with the toys.

I go through all of the basic dog tricks a few times each, mixing up the order. Mostly I do it just to humiliate Krystal by turning her into a dog for a little bit. But it is a good lesson in basic obedience. Follow your commands.

And then it's time to move along to the next lesson. I tell Sophie to take the lead. Butt Monkey has this one down almost as well as the others. He's good unless he gets distracted. But there aren't any distractions in here.

"Butt Monkey, heel," Sophie tells the puppy. She walks slowly, but steadily, as she takes two laps around the room. Obediently, Butt Monkey stays right at Sophie's right ankle the whole time. He keeps pace with her, following her perfectly. Then, as Sophie returns, she points to his place in line and tells him "here." He sits right back where he started. Sophie reaches over and pets him, telling him what a good little boy he is.

I smirk. "Lilly, laps," I tell her.

"ARUFF!" Lilly barks loudly, staring right at Dawn. Lilly turns. "I'd heel, lezzie," I tell her. "You should obey Princess Lilly." Lilly doesn't give Dawn much chance to disobey. She starts trotting along, following the same path Sophie did. Lilly knows the command "laps." It tells her to make two laps around the room, whatever room she's in, and return to her starting place.

Dawn doesn't know that. She has no clue what commands Lilly knows.

Lilly doesn't care. She just knows that when she does what she's told after I'm done, I'll send her to the kitchen where Paige will have a nice treat for her. She quickly trots along, holding Dawn's leash firmly in her jaws. Pit bulls have very strong jaws, and muscles. Stronger than Dawn. Lilly could drag Dawn around this room if she wanted to. And she would. Lilly only knows that I want her to hang onto that leash and make two laps around the room. She doesn't care what's on the other end of that leash.

In about a second, Dawn's leash is taut, the collar pulling hard against her neck. I see the shock on her face. She didn't think Lilly would be so strong. She scrambles, shuffling on her hands and knees, to crawl after Lilly. Dawn has to go about her fastest to keep up with the leisurely trotting dog, too. Lilly is much better at walking on four legs than Dawn.

Lilly leads Dawn around the room twice. Exactly as Sophie did with Butt Monkey. Lilly walks Dawn right back to her place. Dawn figures out that she's to sit now. Lilly

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"pets" Dawn on her thigh. Then Lilly sits down and stares at Dawn. Mission accomplished.

"Fuck cow, heel!" I snap. I don't wait for it to get through Krystal's thick skull. I start walking. The leash gets Krystal's attention and she very quickly starts crawling after me.

I tap Krystal's bottom with my crop. I scold her harshly to get in her place at my ankle. And to stay there. Quickly she gets another tap, this one on her cheek for letting her head go forward to look at the floor. After that tap, she shirks hard but stays in her place. She follows me around the room, shuffling her hands and feet almost wildly fast, losing some of her coordination, to keep pace with me.

I return Krystal to her starting spot and pet her for being a good bitch. Then I tell Sophie to shift one place with me. It puts me in front of Dawn. Sophie in front of Krystal. And Lilly is told to "mind" Butt Monkey. This time all three heel and walk around the room like good doggies. They all get a nice petting, too.

Now I have everyone shift again. It does the one thing that makes Krystal cringe even harder. It puts her leash in Lilly's jaws. As if Krystal was dreading it and praying that I wouldn't have the dog walk her. She's almost in tears. I tell Sophie to lead off with her charge, Dawn.

And then it's Lilly's turn to lead Krystal around the room. "ARUFF!" Lilly commands Krystal, and Lilly starts walking. She's not taking any crap from this bitch, either. In a second, Krystal's leash is taut, pulling so hard on her neck that it has Krystal leaning to the side and sputtering again. That's enough for her to realize that Lilly isn't going to let her slack. Lilly is a demanding bitch. And a strong one. Krystal has to really shuffle her hands and knees to crawl and keep pace with Lilly.

Lilly walks Krystal around the room twice. I'm pretty sure by now that Krystal expected that. She brings Krystal back to her starting place, and Krystal looks relieved that

this humiliation is over. Krystal cringes hard as Lilly pets her thigh.

I take the cute Butt Monkey for his walk, too. After all, the three of them are attending obedience school together! Butt Monkey should not get any less of a lesson!

This time I stop Butt Monkey just beyond the line of bitches, over towards the hallway. He sits and stays at my feet. "Lilly, bring the bitch, here." "Here" is the actual command. It means the same as it always means. I want you here! She's still holding Krystal's leash, and she knows not to let go of it until she's told to. So "here" means to bring whoever is attached to that leash, too.

"ARUFF," Lilly commands Krystal in her limited canine vocabulary. Ignoring Krystal, and the puzzled look on Krystal's face, Lilly trots over to where I'm waiting. She doesn't cut Krystal any slack this time, either. She comes. And Krystal quickly figures out that she's to come, too. The harsh pull on the leash tells her that. I have Butt Monkey up on his feet, not sitting. Krystal is smart enough to figure out that she's to position just like the puppy. She stays up on her hands and knees. She probably prefers it.

Sophie brings Dawn over to join the line. I'm pretty sure Sophie can guess what's coming next. Butt Monkey, too. I always end his obedience sessions the same way.

I walk Butt Monkey down the hall to the laundry nook. It's there that I have the training pads set out. He's little, still, and he's home all day, often without a human. Lilly would walk him, but she can't open the front door, at least not yet. I wouldn't put it past Sophie to teach her that trick, too.

I point Butt Monkey to the pads. They're obviously on the floor, in front of a little rack for the laundry supplies. Butt Monkey knows what they're for. He trots right over to them, turns to face us, and squats down like a bitch. He pees. Everyone watches. He gets up and trots over to resume his place in line beside me. I step aside and Butt Monkey follows me.

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That leaves Lilly in the lead, still holding Krystal's leash. I tell Lilly "here" and point her to a place just off the corner of the pads. Lilly goes, taking Krystal along. It puts Krystal on the pads. The same pads that Butt Monkey just peed on.

Lilly just stares at Krystal. "fuck cow, didn't you hear your minder? It's time to pee like a good bitch! I want that bladder empty for obedience class!" I tell Krystal in my firmest voice.

Krystal starts crying. I see the tears roll down her cheeks. Lilly stares at her. Krystal cringes and blushes. Lilly still stares at her. Krystal finally spreads her legs as wide as she can and sits her bottom back, getting her butt as close to the floor as she can between her heels. She tries to stare at the floor. I snap at her for it, giving her a slightly harder tap with the crop under her chin. I'm getting tired of having to correct that. Krystal picks her head up. A second later, with Krystal cringing and weeping, I see the golden stream erupt from the furry mound of her pussy. It goes straight down to the pad. The pad soaks it in just as effectively as a diaper would. Sophie, Lilly, and I all watch closely as Krystal pees. Then, when she's done, another little command to Lilly and Lilly walks her off to join the line again behind Butt Monkey.

Once Dawn has had her potty break, I walk the line of three back out to the living room. I dismiss Butt Monkey and Lilly. I tell Lilly "thank you, princess, reward time!" Lilly excitedly yips at Butt Monkey, as if to remind him to follow her to the kitchen where Paige will have their reward for pleasing the Queen. Paige knows they're coming. I told her to have some treats ready. The treats are the leftovers from the steak teriyaki we had for supper.

It leaves me Dawn and Krystal, both leashed and on their knees.



*Chapter Five - St.  
Mistress's Academy For  
Wayward Girls*

I leave Dawn and Krystal on their knees in the living room. And I leave Sophie to stand over them and make sure they behave. She'll watch them more strictly than I would. Dawn knows that, too. She knows Sophie won't cut her a bit of slack.

I go back to the playroom where Felicia is still hanging around. It's time for her part in the evening's lesson. Felicia is mostly as I left her. She's still hanging upside down. She's quivering violently now, though. But that's about all she's doing. And making a bunch of noise. She's moaning loudly, and very pleadingly urgent. But she's also yelping out squealy 'ow!s" every couple of seconds.

As I step up behind her, Felicia doesn't react. Maybe she doesn't even know that I'm there. But it lets me get a good view of her fully displayed pussy and bottom. Including the thick candle standing up from between her globes. It hasn't even burned  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the way down yet. But it has burned nicely! There are little droplets of wax splattered on the insides of Felicia's legs halfway up to her knees. It seems that the drops have grown denser the closer they get to the creases of her thighs. Most of her mound is covered with a decently thick layer of wax. Her globes have the thickest coat of it. Near her crack, there isn't a bit of bare skin. some of the wax has even flowed into her crack and pooled, drying in place, atop her asshole. A few short streams of the wax have dripped down her bare pubes, too.

I watch as another drop of wax runs down the candle shaft. it flows over the wax where the shaft pushes into her crack. then it flows down and drops right onto Felicia's slit.

"Ow!" Felicia yelps. a crisp shudder flows over her body, her hips snapping. It scatters a few more droplets of the wax, getting another yelp from her. Her pussy might be well waxed by now, but I can still see the honey in her slit under it. And I can hear the neediness in her too-sweet moans. Between yelps.

## Chapter Five - St. Mistress's Academy For Wayward Girls

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Ugh, now comes the chore of getting her down! the first thing I do is blow out the candle. She must feel the puff of air. She shudders from it. I grab hold of the candle's shaft, just above Felicia's cheeks. Then I have a better idea. I slide my hand up and put my other hand flat atop Felicia's waxy globes, cradling the candle between my thumb and fingers. It's not easy, the shaft is thick, but I snap the candle off. it leaves about  $\frac{3}{4}$ " of the pale pink shaft sticking out above the top of her globes.

I uncuff her hands. She immediately drops them to the floor and uses them to steady herself. "Oh, you naughty bitch!" I teasingly scold her. "You've been skanking all over yourself!" I grab hold of Felicia's hair. then I push the button to start the winch lowering Felicia. It moves fairly slowly. As soon as Felicia feels the winch lowering her, she starts walking forward on her hands. I pull her along by her hair, encouraging her to come along. I pull her forward, letting her hand-walk out until the winch has her lying flat on the floor. well, almost flat, it's still holding her feet about 2" above the ground when I stop it. but it has let her close her legs now. I take the cuffs off her ankles and snap an order for her to get up to her feet. Then I take her blindfold off and watch as she blinks her eyes against the light for a long minute.

I leave her standing there blinking as I slip into Paige's bedroom. It's the corner of the playroom that's blocked off with a little screen where her cage is. It's also where I keep the extra school supplies. I get out two thin notebooks and two pens. I take those around the screen and back to Felicia.

I hand them to her. "Come along, Ms. Teacher-Slut, it's time for you to teach some naughty bitches a class," I tell her, "and pull your skirt down! Try to look like a teacher, not just the cheap slut you really are!"

"Yes, my Queen," Felicia answers as she takes the notebooks with one hand, and hurries to pull the snug skirt down from her waist with her other hand.

I grab hold of the front of her shirt, pulling it out enough that I get a full look at her breasts. "Come along, slut," I tell her. I keep my hold on her blouse and use it as a leash to lead Felicia back out to the living room where the others are waiting. And I definitely notice the little nub poking out against the back of her skirt. that snug skirt. It's the exact width of the candle.

Felicia tries to walk a little slowly. Maybe it's the candle still in her bottom. Maybe it's that wax covering her pussy and bottom. Walking has to be enough to get her body moving around and starting the wax cracking off of her body. At least there aren't any hairs on her mound for it to take with it. That really hurts. She purrs light moans, laced with equal parts of need and frustration under her breath as I pull her along, too.

Sophie has Krystal and Dawn right where I want them. On their knees facing the now-emptied coffee table. Naturally, they're waiting with their hands behind them.

"Bitches, it's time that you learn a lesson in proper study habits. This is Ms. Slut, she will be your teacher," I tell Krystal and Dawn with a wide grin on my face. "Ms. Slut, you may begin." Before leading Felicia out here, I told her what their assignment was. And the rules for it.

Felicia takes her place standing in front of the coffee table across from the others. She sets one notebook and one pen in front of each. "Good evening, class," Felicia begins. She sounds just like a teacher. Then again, she is, so she should. It's why I wanted her.

"For our lesson today, we will be writing an apology essay. There is a 1500 word minimum but no maximum. Your essay is to focus on the importance of proper study habits, and the need for those to be distraction-free. You should include an apology for distracting, or being distracted, from your studies. However, no excuses are allowed. Principal Rodgers feels that there simply is no excuse for distracted studying.

"I will be grading your essays very strictly. Spelling and grammar count, as does penmanship. Honesty and

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openness count heavily, as does the remaining content. Principal Rodgers insists all students get A's or better on all assignments, so I suggest you be very diligent in your writing. Cross-outs, erasures, deletions, or add-ins aren't allowed, either.

"Principal Rodgers also has very strict class rules. there is no talking in class. Not a peep. There is no moving around. You are to stay put and work on your assignment, nothing else. Don't bother to ask for anything, there are no potty breaks or anything else. You can do that on your time, not mine. There is no slouching. Girls will stay in a proper, lady-like posture.

"If you have a question about the assignment, need help with it, or something, raise your hand and wait for me to come to you. I'll answer questions related to the assignment, but that's all.

"Begin now, students." Felicia stands there.

I stand behind the students with my crop in hand. I have the belt sitting on the seat of a chair behind Felicia, at the "head of the class," too. I take classroom discipline very seriously. And this is going to take them some time. 1500 words aren't that much. But it is handwritten. Especially neatly without cross-outs and such. There's no way they'll get that without doing a rough draft first, whether they intend to or not.

I wanted this to take them some time. Dawn has studied here before, so she has a decent idea of what she's in for. Krystal is clueless. Krystal is about to learn what strictly supervised study time is, too. Just to make sure they don't forget what total bitches they are, I've left their tails on them. And left the vibrators switched on. And yes, that's going to be very distracting. They'll have to try and tune it out. I have to have some fun!

Dawn opens her notebook and immediately starts writing something. She knows enough of my idea of study time to know that idleness is about the worst sin. One that will swiftly bring a stern punishment.

Krystal groans out loud as she fumbles her notebook open. I guess she didn't think she'd be studying with Dawn. Or doing any schoolwork here. I love dreaming up sessions that are far outside of what the toys expect. I'll bet Krystal is thinking of just how long it's been since she was in a classroom or doing an essay assignment. I'll bet she finds it slightly degrading to have to write one now, too. As if she's been demoted from mommy to student.

"Fuck cow!" I snap. "Miss Slut just told you there were no making stupid cow noises in her class!"

"I'm sorry, Miss Rodgers," Krystal quickly blurts out. It's obvious from the near-panic plea in her voice that she didn't think a groan counted.

I don't care what she thought. Anything I can hear counts. I said so. "Oh, you're going to be sorry, fuck cow!" I firmly tell her. "Saint Mistress's Academy For Wayward Girls is very strict on discipline!"

"I'm sorry, Miss Rodgers, I didn't know!"

"Shut up, fuck cow, Miss Slut told you to keep that cum dumpster shut!" I reach down and grab hold of Krystal's hair. "Let's go, naughty student," I pull her up hard by her hair.

Krystal almost stumbles as she hurries to get up to her feet. She didn't expect it. It's almost as if she thought study time was going to be *just* study time. Isn't that so silly! She is in my realm! Slutty time is 24/7 here!

"Vice Principal Slave, bring me the board of education."

"Yes, Mistress!" Sophie calls out very eagerly, a light giggle in her voice. She hurries back to the playroom where the toys are kept.

I keep hold of Krystal's hair, walking fast enough that I can keep her hair taut as I drag her around the table and over to where the chair is waiting.

Krystal finally sees the belt on the chair. She freezes, hesitating to go over the last couple of steps to the chair. The hesitation doesn't even last a second. I don't let her. I keep going, pulling hard on her hair. Hard enough that

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Krystal starts leaning forward. And stumbling forward again.

I pull her right over to the chair. I tell her, in my strictest angry librarian voice, that she's going to take her punishment like a "big cow bitch." One way or the other. I just won't start counting until she decides to be a good cow for her punishment.

I tell her to lean over the chair and rest her forearms on the seat with her hands dangling over the edge. And with her feet together. Then I tell her what she's to do. Nothing. She's to stand just like she is for her punishment. If she moves, I will start it over. Eventually, she'll behave for it. She's also to keep her head up and her eyes forward. Eyes open, too. And she's to count her strokes. I tell her what I expect her to say and watch as the flinch of a cringe sweeps over her as she hears it.

I move around in front of Krystal. I want her to see this. Sophie comes hurrying over with the requested paddle. The one I've nicknamed the board of education. It's about five inches wide. It's about ½" thick. It's also about four feet long. It's made of solid wood, with holes drilled in it to speed up its flight through the air. It even has "Naughty Bitch" printed on it in huge letters. It looks truly evil.

I watch as Krystal sees the huge paddle and cringes hard. She almost starts crying before I even take it from Sophie. She cringes, her body tensing enough that I see her back arch up a little. And she starts trembling.

I ignore Krystal. I've already told her everything she needs to know. She can behave or suffer even more. I definitely want her to understand how seriously I take discipline. I don't know about Ted, he might not discipline her too often or strictly, but here, she's just another bitch. She'll mind her betters.

I lift her tail up and lie it over the small of her back. Then I hold the paddle across her cheeks. I have to stand back a little from Krystal's hips. The paddle is long, and I want the far end of it against her bottom.

"Class," Felicia announces, "Let's stop working for just a minute so we can all see fuck cow punished for breaking our class rules. Discipline is important for proper education. This is what happens to bad cows who misbehave in our classes." It's the line I've given her before. This isn't the first time she's played teacher for one of my scenes.

Dawn stops working and reluctantly looks up. She has a full-on view of Krystal. Mercifully it's from the side. Felicia turns to watch, too. Both of them are probably glad it's not them bending over the chair. Krystal cringes very hard and blushes deeply as she sees that everyone is going to clearly watch her spanking. I even see that first tear start to roll down her cheek.

"Fuck cow, you will get two strokes for talking in class," I firmly tell Krystal.

I bring the paddle back in an arc. Way back.

Krystal stands there, trembling hard, cringing just as hard, and waiting.

I take aim at her taut globes. I swing, putting a good bit of my strength into the swing. The paddle soars through the air. It lands squarely atop Krystal's rounded globes, just barely beneath the tip of the butt plug. It lands with a loud, ear-splitting, crack against her soft flesh.

"OWWWWW!!!!!!" Krystal screams out, her voice truly pained, and breaking as her very faint sobs turn into a bawling cry. Her bottom jumps forward a few inches from the power of the stroke. Her cheeks instantly turn a bright, angry, medium shade of red. Her hips snap from side to side, wiggling her bottom. It drags her tail off her back. The tail drops down and wags wildly as her bottom squirms.

I let the paddle fall away from Krystal's bottom. Krystal doesn't seem to notice. She screeches and bawls, her bottom almost thrashing its squirming so wildly. But it does look very cute in this shade of red! "OWWWWW!.... Oh, OW! OW!" Krystal bawls like a baby. And it's only her first stroke!

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It takes Krystal close to half of a minute to compose herself. "One, Miss Rodgers," Krystal counts her stroke off in a voice that's more sobs than words. "Thank you for spanking my naughty bottom. I'm *really* sorry for talking in class, Miss Rodgers. I know I deserve another stroke, Miss Rodgers. Will you please spank my bottom again, Miss Rodgers?" Her sobs are pure reluctance as she asks for the second stroke.

I heft the paddle, bringing it back for the second swing.

"PLEASE! MISS RODGERS, PLEASE NOT SO HARD, MA'AM! I CAN'T TAKE ANOTHER ONE LIKE THAT, MA'AM! PLEASE!" Krystal blurts out suddenly as she sees the paddle rising out of the corner of her eye.

"I hate whiners!" I tell Krystal with a good bit of annoyance and disapproval in my voice. I bring the paddle back about a foot further. It won't make a difference. But I put all of my power into it, a little bit more than the first stroke. That will make a difference. It will make this stoke a little more powerful than the last. I really do hate whiners. And Krystal definitely deserves some consequences for whining about the punishment she earned! It's starting to seem like it's well past time for Krystal to learn what true discipline is. I'll be glad to teach her naughty butt. It's a cute butt!

I lift Krystal's tail back up and drop it on her back. I swing the paddle. It lands with a slightly louder crack. Dawn flinches as it rings out. Felicia just stands there.

Krystal screams out, her bottom jumping forward. It's too late for that to help. Now her globes are a decently dark red. A shade of red that says they're stinging her far worse than she imagined a spanking could sting. Her bottom thrashes wildly from side to side. So energetically that it gets her taut globes jiggling slightly. And it has her tail flying around wildly, wagging like the happiest of puppies.

Krystal's body snaps hard, getting her ample breasts jiggling wildly as they dangle down under her chest, too.

But those nipples stay hard. Krystal cries hard. Like a hungry baby with a dirty diaper. As hard as she possibly can be crying. Tears run down her red cheeks. She even sniffles. It takes her longer, almost a minute to compose herself enough to count off this stroke and thank me for spanking her.

I hand the paddle back to Sophie. I can see how relieved Krystal is that it's no longer in my hands.

I don't give Krystal any time to stand there and whine. I send her right back to her place. As she goes, I give her one mercy. I scold her. I tell her that I don't care how badly her bottom hurts. She got herself spanked by ignoring the class rules. Her bottom is her problem. She will sit up still and straight, on her knees, and work diligently on her assignment. And I will be watching.

I even warn her that if I catch her breaking another rule, like by goofing off, she will get another paddling.

Krystal almost runs to get back to her place. She drops to her knees. still sobbing and sniffing, she straightens up rigidly. She grabs her pen and starts writing even as Felicia is still telling the class to get back to work.

For a moment, I think that Krystal has learned that disobedience is not tolerated here. Then I start wondering how much Ted lets her get away with at home. It looks like far too much. More than she really wants him to.

It looks to me as if she's forgotten what strict discipline and obedience are. As if I've reminded her of something long forgotten. Something like a Domme who doesn't care about her whining and demands complete obedience. As if now that she's been reminded of proper behavior, she's starting to bloom. To soak it up and work hard to please me.

And now, it's on to the lesson. I leave Felicia to teach it. I stand behind the girls, tapping them with the crop for the most minor of anything. Even for silly infractions like wiggling toes and backs that aren't stiff and straight. Doubly for pens that stop moving. I can be a strict task Mistress.





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Miss Slut*

It took the bitches just over an hour to get their assignment done. Their pens never stopped moving, unless they were asking their teacher a question. I made sure of that, and both of them have the little pink welt spots to prove it. I didn't let them slack off one bit. I didn't even let their posture slack up. I made it as unpleasant as I could for them.

Felicia was a good teacher. She answered their questions. Krystal had more than her fair share of questions, too. All about grammar and spelling. It seems as if she's forgotten a lot from high school. Dawn, who uses it daily in college, remembers hers. She had far fewer questions for Felicia.

Both of them managed to get it close enough to right that Felicia gave them an A. I suspect Felicia might have overlooked a few of the more obscure grammar rules to get them both an A. She's generally a fairly kind grader. And I know she wouldn't want to condemn one of them to a punishment for a low grade. I'm pretty sure Dawn earned her A. Less sure about Krystal. But her essay looks good enough to me that it will do. She put her modesty aside and wrote a rather humble apology, and that's what I cared about. The rest was just to make it harder for them. Easy assignments just aren't as much fun.

After Felicia collects the papers I get them from her. I have a use for them in mind. But not right now. I have another idea in mind for now.

Both Dawn and Krystal are still on their knees in front of the coffee table. Both are still wearing their tails, too. With the butt plugs still vibrating. I know those made the lesson a little uncomfortable. Not from filling their bottoms. But from those vibrations flowing right into their pussies. That's obvious. Both of their mounds are rather wet, showing a nice layer of fresh clingy honey covering them. Enough honey that I can see it from behind just looking under their bottoms.

"Good bitches..." I tell Dawn and Krystal, petting both of them on the head to remind them that they're no higher

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than dogs here. "Now, be good bitches, and thank Miss Slut for being such a good teacher tonight."

"Thank--" Krystal starts to say. "OW!" She suddenly yelps out as I tap her bottom with my crop. I see a look of surprise on her face, too. She thought she was doing what I'd told her to. She didn't expect to be swatted for it. That look tells me she's wondering why I swatted her.

"A proper thank you, bitch!" I scold her in a firm voice. Dawn probably catches on. She's done it before. "Bitches lick sluts they're happy with. You are a bitch. Use those tongues to thank Miss Slut."

Krystal pales. She must guess what I mean. Where I want her to lick Felicia. Her blanching pallor, and the way she's already cringing back, tell me a lot. If Krystal has done it before, it's been rarely and a long time ago. She is far from comfortable doing it. It makes me wonder if Ted shares her at all. Most guys are eager to see two women having any kind of intimacy. Maybe Ted isn't. Or maybe Krystal whines too much about doing it. Or maybe Ted just doesn't know of any other women to bring around. I might never know.

But I do know that Krystal is going to properly thank Felicia today. I am going to make sure she does. Felicia deserves something after enduring an hour of hanging around, and then another hour of teaching my impromptu class. A good tonguing should be a nice thanks.

I tell Krystal and Dawn that I expect the entire class to work together to thank their teacher. Dawn catches it immediately and cringes now, too. It takes Krystal a second to catch it. But she looks almost sick when she does. And she starts quivering.

I tell them to get busy. Felicia is all theirs now. They are to do everything. Felicia is to do nothing. They may lie her on the floor and thank her like good bitches.

I almost miss it. But I catch it out of the corner of my eye. Dawn taps Krystal's foot with her foot as she starts moving. As if to tell Krystal to come on, before they both get in trouble. Dawn is quick to get moving. I doubt it's

that she's anxious to service Felicia. Dawn is firmly heterosexual. But she's definitely anxious to please me, maybe to spare herself from earning her bottom another punishment, too.

Dawn is clearly taking the lead. Krystal is only following her reluctantly. As if Krystal just doesn't want to earn Dawn any more punishment. Not as if Krystal wants to do it. More as if she's disgusted even thinking about it. Now I really start to wonder if she's ever done it before. It's not like I can ask her. OK, I could. But she might lie! I'd have to ask Ted. Maybe I will, just not now. I might just ask him if he wants the video, too. I know he would if a naked Dawn wasn't in it. Suddenly I decide that I'm going to have to pull Dawn out for just a minute and make a good clip for Ted. He should get something out of sending Krystal here.

Dawn knows that she's not allowed to speak. Just to tongue Felicia. She knows that she can't tell Krystal what to do. But I can see on her face, and by the way that she keeps glancing over to Krystal, that Dawn really wants to encourage her to perform well for me. Or maybe to remind her that both of their bottoms depend on both of their performances.

Dawn puts her hands to Felicia's blouse and starts lifting it up to bare Felicia's chest. As revealing as its cut is in the front, I'm sure both of them know that Felicia doesn't have a bra on. Krystal fumbles around, her hands barely at Felicia's waist. And Krystal's hands don't move up with the hem of Felicia's blouse.

Dawn quickly bares Felicia's chest. And Felicia's petite, but firm, mounds. I love the way those wide nipples stick up, and by now they're standing up nicely. They're hard enough that they've pulled the darker flesh around them taut enough to wrinkle it up. I'll bet they've been that stiff since the vibrator first touched her so-eager pussy.

Dawn puts her mouth to Felicia's breast, opening it wide to take the tip of Felicia's mound into her mouth. A

## Chapter Six - Thank You, Miss Slut

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fraction of a second later, I hear a sweet, and hungry, purr from Felicia. It tells me that Dawn has laid her tongue alongside of the nipple and started swirling it slowly. That Dawn's delicate tongue is caressing Felicia's very eager nipple.

Krystal does not look. She's trying to keep her eyes anywhere but on Felicia, as if she's never even seen a naked woman before. And definitely doesn't want to see Dawn licking Felicia's breast. Krystal keeps a bit of distance between her and Felicia's bodies, too.

Dawn takes a chance. She reaches one hand over and nudges the small of Krystal's back. She nudges Krystal close to Felicia. As if to say "come on, mom, suck her breasts before you get us both spanked!" Dawn can't leave her hand there. the briefest little nudge was a chance. She takes it away.

Dawn wraps her left around Felicia's shoulder. I can see the goosebumps sprouting up on the bit of Felicia's breast that isn't in Dawn's mouth. Dawn must notice that Krystal is still cringing and hesitating. She definitely knows I won't stand for that. She gets an idea. She wraps her right arm around Krystal's bare shoulders and pulls Krystal into what's almost a three-way hug. It would be if Dawn's head wasn't down at Felicia's breast.

I decide to help Dawn. I put my hand to the top of Krystal's head. With her long hair, it's easy for me to get a good grip on it, twisting my hand and lacing the fine strands through my fingers. I pull her hair taut, making sure that Krystal can feel me pulling it, and hold it there, but with my hand atop Krystal's head. I push her head downward, feeling the resistance grow the closer it gets to Felicia's breast.

I tap both bitches on their bottoms, lightly, with my crop. Just enough for them to feel it, but not enough to make Dawn wince or break the rhythm of her breast licking. I just want Krystal to feel the swat on her bottom and hear the swat to Dawn's. That way Krystal will

remember that it's not just her bottom on the line here. If she doesn't behave, Dawn pays too.

As Krystal's lips reach Felicia's mound, I instruct Krystal to open her mouth wide. She parts her lips about a centimeter. I give up and just pinch the corners of her jaw, forcing her mouth to open wide. I keep my grip on Krystal's hair and head, using it to push Krystal's lips up flush against Felicia's firm breast. I hold Krystal's head in place as I tap her on the back of her head. Actually, it's more of a thump on the back of her head. I very sternly tell her to lick Felicia's nipple, and I tell her how I want it done.

Then I hold Krystal's head in place and just watch. Felicia is already purring urgently, so I can't go by her purrs. but after a few seconds, I see the goosebumps erupt over that breast, too. Then I know that Krystal is obeying me. And that Felicia is liking it.

I let go and watch to make sure Krystal keeps behaving. As her tongue moves, I can see the tendons in her neck working. I'll know if those stop. So I'll know if Krystal stops. Dawn holds her arm snugly around Krystal, encouraging Krystal to stay put.

Dawn lets her left-hand glide down along Felicia's back. She fumbles, trying to feel her way through unzipping Felicia's skirt. It takes her a few seconds, but she gets it unzipped. The skirt goes nowhere. it's snug enough that it stays up on Felicia's hips. It doesn't deter Dawn. She slips her hand into the waistband at Felicia's hip and starts working it down.

It takes Dawn some work to get it down, too. I can see the nub of the candle poking back and dragging against the skirt, but I don't know if Dawn has noticed it. Her hands don't get close enough to it. But it has been poking the back of the skirt out, just slightly, all evening. I'll bet it's been wiggling inside Felicia, against the backside of her pussy, all night long, too.

But the skirt does come down. It falls to Felicia's ankles. Felicia steps out of it. She wraps her arms around

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Dawn and Krystal, too, holding them close as they continue licking her breasts. It's a rare treat for Felicia not to have to do anything but stand there and be used.

Dawn is definitely taking the lead. Felicia is just allowing it to happen and enjoying it. Krystal is barely participating, doing enough to keep Dawn out of trouble, and nothing more. I'm sure if Dawn was allowed to speak, she'd be scolding Krystal herself, urging Krystal to be more active and pleasing for me. Pleasing me, Dawn knows, is the surest way to spare their bottoms.

Dawn breaks her kiss to Felicia's breast. Krystal immediately follows suit. Krystal looks almost pleased that her lips are off of Felicia's breast. At least for the split second until she sees Dawn urging Felicia to lie on the floor and guesses why.

Felicia sits on the floor. At first, she's almost eager to get down. She still is, even when she feels her weight pushing on the end of the candle. She just shifts her weight to her hip to keep it from driving the candle deeper into her bottom. Then she lies back. And opens her legs for them. Eager slut, isn't Miss Slut?

It gives Dawn and Krystal their first view of Felicia's pussy. Of the wax still covering most of her mound, although it is lined with cracks now. And it lets them see the shaft of the pink candle sticking out from her bottom, its base flush against the floor as the shaft pushes up between her taut globes and vanishes. There's no doubt where it vanishes into. Every bit of Felicia's pussy is on display. At least, lying back, the candle is on an angle, its edge against the floor, instead of being pushed straight into her bottom. But that also shows it off all the better. And it lets them see how wide it is.

Dawn almost shrugs when she sees the layer of pink wax on Felicia's pussy. I haven't done the butt candle to Dawn yet. But I have used candles with her. I have no doubt that Dawn very quickly figures out exactly where that wax came from. And what happened to the rest of the candle sticking out of Felicia's bottom. I'm pretty sure that

Dawn is smart enough, and knows enough physics, to realize what position Felicia was in, too.

Krystal's eyes get wide as she sees it. As if it's not only unexpected, but maybe something she hasn't seen before. At least not like this. The way the wax covers her mound, thicker at the bottom closer to her asshole, should tell them which way the wax was flowing. The look on Krystal's face, those wide, almost horrified eyes, tell me that she's still stuck on the idea of hot wax flowing over a pussy. and thinking "ouch!" I'll bet now she can guess what all those yelps she heard earlier were! It makes me wonder if Ted has ever played with wax. Then again, I'm wondering if he's ever done as much, most of which I'd think he has, I suspect that Krystal is antsy-nervous as well as whiny. It will just make her more entertaining for me.

Dawn nudges Krystal's head back toward Felicia's breast. Maybe she figures now that Krystal has done that, it will be easier for her to do it again. At least easier than tonguing Felicia's pussy. Especially since Dawn knows my rule: toys may not cum without permission. Nor may they ask for permission, unless I've told them they may beg for it. Otherwise, my toys, like Felicia, have to endure whatever and not cum from it. Dawn knows that no matter how hard she tries, it's unlikely that she'll make Felicia cum. It would earn Dawn a nice reward if she did, but also a nice punishment for Felicia.

Dawn uses her fingers to open the long lips of Felicia's pussy. It just cracks the wax. Some of the wax stays put, clinging to her lips and thighs, and pretty much everything else. Some of the wax, mostly on her lips and then closer to her slit, falls away. Felicia's lips part, baring her folds and her nice, hard swollen, clit.

Dawn lowers her lips. She doesn't show any reluctance, but she's done it a number of times before. She just stretches her mouth wide open and puts it to Felicia's sopping wet pinkness. Dawn's lips surround Felicia's clit. Dawn lies the underside of her tongue atop

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the hard nub of Felicia's clit. Dawn starts slowly swirling her tongue tenderly around Felicia's aching nub.

"AHH!" Felicia shrieks out as her hips shudder crisply. She starts squirming lightly, too. It tells me that Dawn's being a good toy. Her tongue is doing exactly what I want it to do. Felicia shrieks on, loud, squealy "AHH!s" one after another as she shudders from Dawn's tongue.

It leaves me free to motivate Krystal. Maybe Krystal is just jealous of Felicia. Now Krystal is back on her knees, leaning forward to get at Felicia's prone body. It lets me see just how sloppy her pussy has gotten. The way her lips gape open, showing me the deep hole-like chasm of her wide slit, lets me see that it's completely filled with creamy honey. The same honey that now coats her entire mound and the creases of her thighs. I guess in spite of all her whining about it, she must like that tail! Or at least the vibrator in her bottom.

But for some reason, Krystal is still reluctant to touch Felicia. And it shows. I want her eager. Or at least not so hesitant.

I use my crop. Very lightly. I land a single little swat atop Krystal's slippery pussy mound. The leather tip of the crop lands with a slap that's so light I barely hear it over Felicia's shrieks. It leaves only the lightest of pinkness to the outside of Krystal's lips.

"EE-OW!" Krystal lifts her mouth from Felicia's breast as she cries out. Her bottom wiggles instantly, and it wiggles hard. Hard enough that it tosses her tail around nicely wagging it. Krystal starts to pant.

I shove Krystal's head back down until Felicia's breast is back in Krystal's mouth. I hold her head down, knowing that if I don't, she'll just lift it back up again. "Bad doggy, bitch!" I scold Krystal in a very disapproving tone.

I lean back a little so I can get a clear line to Dawn. She's now lying face-down on the floor between Felicia's wide feet. It gives her the best angle to get her mouth to Felicia's pussy. Her bottom might be up, but Dawn's feet are opened a little. Enough that I can swat her pussy just

the same as I did Krystal's. Dawn just takes it better. I can see the shuddering flinch run through Dawn as it lands, but that's all. Dawn never stops taking care of Felicia. Or at least Felicia never stops shrieking and squirming.

"Fuck cow! I said to thank Miss Slut with your tongue. Lick her good! Use those hands to caress this teacher slut. Act like you actually appreciate her teaching your class." I tap Krystal's pussy again with the crop. I haven't even given her time to start yet. then I tap Dawn's pussy again, too. I want Krystal to hear those strokes and know that she's earning them for Dawn, too, not just for herself.

Krystal keeps her mouth on Felicia's breast. slowly her hands start exploring Felicia's chest. But Krystal miraculously avoids touching Felicia's breasts with her hands. Her touch is far from erotic and sensual, too. More rote than anything.

I give it about five seconds. I'm not known for my patience. Then I tap Krystal's hands with the crop. She yelps, although the breast in her mouth mutes her cries nicely. I tap Dawn's hands as I scold Krystal that she should be "sweet" for her teacher.

It takes a couple of swats on the backs of both of Krystal's hands. then they start moving smoothly, and much more tenderly, over Felicia's body. But she still keeps them off Felicia's tiny breasts.

I glance at Krystal's pussy. it's even wetter now. At least I can see more honey clinging to more of her body than I could a moment ago. Interesting... As if Krystal wants me to make her do this. As if that is getting her very hot. Luckily for Krystal, I am going to make her do it. I haven't gotten to see what I want to see yet! And I won't be disappointed. My inner imp doesn't allow that.

I tap her pussy with the crop again, making this stroke just a tiny hair harder. If it makes her lips any pinker than the last stroke, I don't notice it. But Krystal flinches a lot harder. Then again, my imp is starting to come out. I

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put that stroke right on her gaping slit. "I said lick it, bitch!" I scold her in my harshest voice.

Then I tap Dawn's pussy with the crop. Fair is fair, and they are sharing the punishment tonight. Dawn flinches, but any girl would. She doesn't grunt as Krystal does. Well, Krystal shrieks loudly and plaintively, but the breast in her mouth mutes it to a grunt.

I don't wait. I tap Krystal's pussy again. Then Dawn's. Then I'm back tapping Krystal's again. This time the repeated swats start turning her lips a bit of a brighter shade of pink. "Bad doggy!" I scold her in my harshest voice. "Thank Miss Slut like the stupid, useless fat cow you are, bitch!"

I keep taping their pussies, alternating back and forth between them. At least for another few moments. Krystal's hands still haven't found Felicia's breasts. She's too studiously avoiding those for some reason.

So I decide to switch motivational techniques. "Oh, are you scared of breasts, bitch? Don't want to touch those tiny breasts? I said to be sweet you stupid flabby, worthless fuck cow!"

Krystal is still on her knees, leaning over to get her mouth to Felicia's breast. It has Krystal's ample mounds dangling down from her chest, her nipple just barely off the floor. And about ½" from Felicia's ribs. I can see her mounds jiggling as her body shivers and moves. And there's no way Krystal is cold in here, not even naked.

I snap my crop, sending its tip sailing down and forward. The tip snaps hard against the side of Krystal's pendulous breast, searing a bright red welt onto the side of it.

"OW!" Krystal screams out, keeping her mouth against Felicia's breast, but I'm pretty sure she stops licking to scream. Her chest shudders hard. It makes those breasts jiggle wildly for me. I love that view.

I reach back to get the right angle. It's not easy with Dawn lying on the floor. But I can see the side of a breast, where her chest is squishing it out against the floor. It's

enough. I swat Dawn's breast, too. Dawn yelps. It's loud and pained, but it's fast. And then Dawn is back to tonguing Felicia's pussy.

"Bad doggy! I said to be sweet, fuck cow!"

I swat Krystal's breast again, not giving her a chance to obey me before she gets the swat. Just like the first one, this one is hard, searing a nice welt onto her breast. She cries out again. "I have far more whip than you two have boobs!" I tauntingly tell Krystal just before Dawn yelps from her swat.

Krystal's hands about fly up to Felicia's breasts now. I guess that's enough to make her do it. She starts moving her hands fast. after a few seconds her movements grow tender. As if she's starting to get into it, now that she can tell herself I made her do it.

I give it a couple of minutes. Enough for me to see that Krystal's hands don't lose their newfound enthusiasm for exploring Felicia's lithe body. I even see her fingers pinching and toying with Felicia's hard nipple. And the little shivers that tell me Felicia likes it. But I already knew that! And now, I'm getting the idea that Krystal likes it, too. At least her pussy does. The honey hasn't stopped flowing.

I put my hand atop Krystal's head. I give her a firm nudge. "Get those lips down where they belong, fuck cow!"

Krystal's head starts moving on its own. Slowly, but not reluctantly. Her lips slowly make their way down from Felicia's breast, kissing every bit of Felicia as Krystal slithers back.

Krystal goes all the way down until her lips are kissing Felicia's pubes. But just barely. They're just below her waistline. It's as far as Krystal can go. Her head bumps against Dawn's.

"Lezzie," I tauntingly say to Dawn, "stop being so greedy and share that hot pussy with your mommy!"

Dawn knows how to share my way. Krystal is going to be clueless. I know it. So I grip Krystal's head firmly,

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but not roughly. Just enough to get a good grip and control over it. Dawn starts to shift her body over to the side. As she does, she rolls her head to the side, laying her cheek flush against the inside of Felicia's thigh. Felicia sees what's happening and stretches her legs a bit wider. As wide as she can.

I guide Krystal. And that's all I have to do, guide her. I don't have to force her. She moves around, kneeling and straddling Felicia's leg. As Krystal moves, she keeps her lips to Felicia's body, kissing and licking her flesh as her lips flow down further to the crease of Felicia's thighs. It has Krystal's large breasts stroking over Felicia's thigh as she moves.

I nudge Krystal's head down. It makes Krystal shift her body again. She ends up lying on her stomach, too. It has her body flush against Dawn's. And it has one of Felicia's little feet against each of their sides.

I guide Krystal's head into place. She lets me show her how to lay her cheek against Felicia's inner thigh. I guide her to kiss her way down the last bit of Felicia's pubes, her lips kissing over the waxy lip that Dawn has pushed aside to get at Felicia's pinkness. There's not much flesh there for Krystal's lips. Soon the corner of Krystal's mouth is flush against the corner of Dawn's.

Dawn stretches her mouth open. But she keeps her tongue against Felicia's clit. She keeps it moving slowly, swirling around Felicia's throbbing nub. Dawn wiggles a little, pushing her head a little firmer against Felicia's thigh.

I nudge Krystal into place, telling her firmly to put her tongue against both Dawn's tongue and Felicia's clit. And to swirl it in rhythm with Dawn's. I don't need to motivate Krystal. She stretches her mouth. Her top lip lies flush against Dawn's. Krystal puts her tongue to Felicia's nub. Her tongue dances, twirling around with, and against, Dawn's. It leaves their bottom lips open a little, letting me see their dueling tongues dancing over Felicia's nub.

"uh-AHHHHH!" Felicia screams. it's a hot, overly needy, and begging urgent cry. Her hands start pounding

against the floor beside her. Her head thrashes around. Her legs try to squeeze close. I can see her muscles straining as her toes curl. But it does little more than squeeze her feet into Dawn and Krystal's sides.

Her bottom squirms hard, grinding against the floor. The shaft of the candle, already against the floor, wiggles as her bottom does. That has the length of it, inside her bottom, stroking back and forth over the backside of her pussy walls. And that gets Felicia screaming even louder, more urgent, and more begging moans.

I watch the show Felicia is putting on. Any pretext of modesty is gone. She thrashes and squirms like the most energetic of porn stars. But what I notice is how "into it" Krystal seems to be. She's no longer forcing herself to go through the motions. Her tongue flows smoothly around Felicia's clit, right in time with Dawn's. Her hands rove hungrily over Felicia's body, reaching up to her breasts without me prodding her. It seems like the more Felicia thrashes and screams out

the more interested Krystal gets.

And Felicia is getting very energetic. My usual rule is five minutes, at minimum. That's how long I insist that a toy squirm, thrash, and shriek for my entertainment before I tell her to cum. I don't see any reason to short-change my amusement this evening, either! So I wait. And I watch as Felicia thrashes and shrieks.

"Uhh..." I finally sigh out, rather loudly to make sure that Felicia can hear me over her moans. "Will you just cum and get it over with, slut, I am so tired of those trashy moans!" I'm not, I could listen to them all day. But I want it to sound like it's a gift for Felicia.

Felicia says nothing. She goes right on screaming out needy moans and thrashing about. It's a good thing that my view is perfect. I can still see those tongues swirling around her clit. And that lets me see Felicia's pinkness. It lets me see the jet of honey that squirts out of her pussy. It almost makes it out. Instead, it ends up splatting against Krystal's bottom lip. Most of Felicia's

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honey falls into Krystal's mouth. a little rivulet of it rolls down Krystal's chin. It does nothing to discourage Krystal from eagerly licking Felicia's clit. Or to discourage Felicia from thrashing about.

Felicia goes on for close to a minute. I see several more squirts of honey, each a little less, but just as powerful, as the last.

Finally, Felicia falls still. I tell Dawn and Krystal that “my lezzie cows,” a combination of their pet names, have eaten enough pussy for one night. I order them up to their knees.



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Both Dawn and Krystal have a fair amount of honey covering the lower parts of their faces. It's a little more to one side, too, but then again, one cheek was flush against Felicia's thigh and that kind of covered it. Felicia is now useless. She just lies there, basking in the sweet afterglow, and quivering lightly.

I have both Dawn and Krystal back on their knees, facing me. It has them turned slightly, putting Felicia mostly to their side. Not that it matters. Felicia is no more than a house plant now. She'll lie there for about fifteen minutes if her past is any predictor.

"Fuck cow," I begin. I'm standing directly in front of Krystal, looking down upon her. "When you get home, you will immediately kneel before your Master. You will tell Him about your lesson. You will read Him the apology essay you've written. You will ask Him politely to sign it and send a picture of it to me. You will offer your fat butt to Him, just in case He feels you deserve additional punishment for distracting *His daughter* from her studies. Is that clear, fuck cow?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers," Krystal very reluctantly accepts the addition to her sentence. The reluctance in her voice tells me that she's not eager to do it. It tells me that I had better send Ted a message and tell him what I've told Krystal to do. That way, he'll know if she tries to be disobedient. I'd hope he'd send her back down here if she is. I would so teach her a lesson!

I step over to Dawn. She always goes home for Sunday dinner. I guess it's a tradition in her family. I tell her that Sunday she's to do the same. She's to read her essay to her father and have him sign it. She will then keep it with her, and whenever I pop up she'll hand it over to me. She's to offer to accept whatever additional punishment he thinks she's earned as well. I'm pretty sure Ted won't give Dawn any. I'm less sure about Krystal. I just don't know him that well.

But reading the essay and offering herself for additional punishment will make for one last little

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humiliation for Krystal. Especially asking him to sign her essay like she's a schoolgirl again. But hey, we teachers have to ensure that Masters' and dads really do see those assignments, don't we?

I step back over to stand in front of Krystal. "I suppose those slutty pussies of *mine* are just so eager to cum, too, aren't they, bitches?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers," Krystal answers. Now her voice is as eager as it is embarrassed. As if she thinks I don't already know how sloppy wet and aroused *my* pussy is! I can see it! I can see the honey glistening on her mound. at least from the front. From the back, the tail still blocks my view.

I sigh out. "Get your fat butt up on those worthless feet, fuck cow."

Krystal gets up, almost eagerly. She stands with her feet slightly parted and her hands behind her back. she has her head up, facing forward, but also with her eyes slightly downcast. As much as she can without moving her head.

Dawn obediently stays on her knees beside her mother. Close enough that there are only about two inches now between Dawn's shoulder and the side of Krystal's bottom.

I tell Krystal to spread her legs about half as wide as she can open her feet without straining her thighs. She does that quickly, sliding her right foot along the floor. There's no room for her to move her left foot without moving it right into Dawn. It moves her bottom another inch or so from Dawn's shoulder.

"Oh, skanky, bring your disgusting bottom out here, whore," I call out. Krystal hasn't gotten the opportunity to meet Paige yet. Dawn has. Dawn has been here enough times, and Paige does live here. At least if you count the kennel in the playroom. That's Paige's room.

"Yes, my Queen!" Paige answers from the kitchen, where she's been scrubbing things after my supper.

Paige, now named "skanky whore," is my live-in house-slave and whore. She's 19, almost 20, years old. She's slightly tall at 5'7", but rather thin at a mere 119 pounds. It gives her a figure almost like a stick but still leaves her with a gentle feminine curve at her hips. She has long, honey brown, curly hair. She has pretty green eyes. She has a wide mouth with plush lips. She also has shaven pubes and a pair of rather perky 34-B breasts with wide, light-pink nipples. Her breasts are firm. They have a slight pointiness to them as well.

Paige comes hurrying out. She's nude, except for two things. The glowing pink collar that's locked around her neck. That never comes off. And a pair of police-issue leg irons around her ankles. She always wears those inside my apartment. She never wears any clothes inside the apartment, no matter what else I have going on in here. If I don't want her seen nude, she stays in her cage.

As Paige appears from the hall, I can see a wide smirk flash over her face. She must see Krystal's tail. Paige knows those tails well. Intimately well. She's worn one of them enough times before. She quickly wipes the smirk from her face and hurries over to where I'm waiting. She drops to her knees facing me. It puts her in front of Krystal as well, but with her side to Krystal. It gives Krystal a nice view of Paige's pert breasts and lithe, slim body.

I leave Paige right where she is. I'm pretty sure Dawn can guess what I have in mind. Paige's duties around here are pretty much limited to two things: chores and whoring. I have been talking about an orgasm for Krystal and Dawn. I did just summon the whore. It probably doesn't take a degree in physical chemistry (rocket science) to figure out what I want the whore to do.

"Fuck cow..." I've moved around so that I'm facing Krystal, but a few feet back from her. With Paige between us, on her knees. "If allow *my* pussy a nice orgasm, will you behave like a good filthy sack of flab while *my* pussy enjoys its relief?"

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"Yes, Miss Rodgers," Krystal's voice is definitely eager now. But I can also hear the nervousness creeping back into it. As if she's wondering what I'm going to make her do. I guess Dawn hasn't explained to her about my version of supervised masturbation yet. I guess Dawn doesn't care to talk about playing with herself with her parents. Duh.

"We'll see," I tell her in a voice that says I'd believe anything but. I have that "I don't believe you" look on my face, too. Krystal, I'm pretty sure, notices it. I see the look on her face grow a little more questioning and edgy as if she's really wondering what I have in mind for her now.

"You are to stay," I firmly tell Krystal. "Since I know you are stupider than Butt Monkey, that means do not move. Not your hands. Not those feet. Not those flabby boobs. And especially not that fat, slutty bottom. Pretend you are a statue. Strive really hard to better your worthless butt and rise to the level of an inanimate object. now, stay, fuck cow."

"Yes, Miss Rodgers," Krystal answers.

"Skanky, eat that filthy slop pit," I tell Paige as if I'm telling her to lick an open sewer or something.

"Yes, my Queen," Paige doesn't hide the eagerness in her voice. She's not into women, but she is definitely into pleasing me. And now she knows how she can please me right this minute.

Paige turns to face Krystal without rising off her knees. She scoots forward. She puts her fingers to Krystal's thick pussy lips and spreads them wide, watching as Krystal's hard clit stands down for her. Paige stretches her mouth wide open. She leans forward, putting her lips to Krystal's pinkness. It has the plump lips of Krystal's pussy lying against the outside of Paige's lips.

Paige puts her tongue gently against Krystal's long clit. She starts swirling her tongue, slowly and rhythmically around the throbbing nub.

"OOH!" Krystal screeches. It seems like the instant that Paige's tongue starts moving. "uh, AH, OO-OO-HH!" Krystal goes on screeching out loudly.

It takes about five seconds for Krystal to misbehave. I knew she would. I could see that her pussy was far too eager. And thus too sensitive for her to stand still while Paige's rather skilled and very well practiced tongue licks it.

I see a very sharp and crisp erotic shiver sweep over Krystal's body from head to toe. "UGH!" Krystal moans out as it hits her. "uh... OOH!" She squeals on. the chill is enough to get fresh goosebumps around her nipples. And to have her ample mounds jiggling slightly.

That's moving enough for me! For an instant, I think about reaching down and pulling Paige's head away from Krystal's pussy. That would make a nice attention-getting for Krystal. But then I have a better idea.

"Fuck cow!" I snap sternly, but without raising my voice. Her eyes immediately, and rather nervously, shift to me. I know she has to feel those shivering tremors flowing through her. Just as I know that she's never going to be able to stand still. I never claimed to be fair.

"I said stay! It's been, like, two seconds and you're already squirming around like some gutter whore!" I say with a good deal of distaste in my voice. I sigh deeply, and loudly, again. "What did I expect from a fat old gutter whore..."

I pause for a second or two, watching as another shivering tremor flows over Krystal. Already she's getting close to the edge of an orgasm. I can see it from here. "It's clear that you just aren't capable of even being an inanimate object on your own. You need help just to do nothing! Don't think I'm going to help your flabby butt to behave while I waste a perfectly good orgasm on that filthy skank pit, either!

"I'm tired of this. Just ask your little girl to help you behave while the skanky whore eats that filthy thing."

Krystal blanches. I'll bet she'd forgotten that Dawn was about three inches from her bottom. Now she has to think about Dawn not just seeing her orgasm, but somehow helping her behave for it. Then, after a second

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or so, I see a look of pure nervousness sweep her face. That only lasts a fraction of a second before another tremor flows over Krystal, reminding her just how badly her pussy needs that orgasm, and it's replaced by a look of humiliated resignation.

"Dawn... will you please help me behave?"

"Bad cow, fatso!" I scold Krystal. I can't stand a toy trying to be modest, or prim, or hang onto a shred of dignity. I tell Krystal to ask properly.

"Dawn... please help me behave while this whore eats... MY SLUTTY PUSSY! OOOOHH!" Another tremor hits Krystal mid-sentence and that instantly pushes her voice into a screech. A nice and crisp shiver that has her breasts bouncing around.

Dawn looks to me for permission. She should know I'm going to give it. If I wasn't, I wouldn't have told Krystal to ask for it. But she still needs to wait for it. Unless she wants to misbehave, too. I'll bet Dawn is just wondering what I am going to have her do. How closely, how intimately, I am going to make her touch her mom.

I nod.

"Sure, mom," Dawn answers. She rises to her feet.

"Slave, fetch me the flyswatter," I tell Sophie. Sophie hurries back to the playroom and brings me the toy. It's just a cheap flyswatter I got at one of my favorite stores, the Dollar Tree. \$1. It has a wire handle like a coat hanger, and a plastic... swatter? I got this toy because it will sting Krystal's already very sore bottom nicely, but it's next to impossible to bruise her bottom with it. And Dawn has no experience spanking.

I hand the swatter to Dawn. Then I tell her what to do. Dawn's job is twofold. She's to be very nice to Krystal. She may touch Krystal's body as she sees fit. But she's also to monitor Krystal. If Krystal misbehaves and moves, Dawn is to punish her for it. By swatting the offending part of Krystal's body, whatever part it happens to be until it's still again. However long that takes. There's one more rule. Krystal, already not allowed to speak, isn't allowed to

ask for her orgasm. Instead, she must ask Dawn to ask me for it. But only when I'm satisfied that my pussy has been well enough eaten. Until I'm satisfied that my pussy has been fully licked, Krystal is just to stand there silently and be a good fat cow.

I can see that Dawn doesn't know what to do. She stands there, holding the swatter, and starts to watch Krystal's body.

"Oh, and Lezzie, don't think about showing this naughty sack of flab any mercy. I don't care if it did somehow manage to give birth to your worthless butt. I expect every swat my cow gets to be your hardest. Otherwise, I will swat *both* of you three times instead." I hold up my crop. "And I am not light with my crop." I hope Dawn gets the message. The only kindness she can show Krystal is to give her some good strokes with that little swatter.

It doesn't take a second for the next shudder to start flowing over Krystal's body. Dawn doesn't hesitate, but I'm sure that's only because she knows I'm serious. Either she spansks her mom hard with the swatter, or I'll whip her mom hard with the crop. Dawn just brings the swatter back about three feet and swings it. She puts all of her arm's strength into the swat, or so it looks to me.

The swatter lands atop Krystal's cheek with a loud, but little, snap. "OW!" Krystal manages to blurt out between moans. The swatter makes Krystal's cheek glow a little brighter, but that's already fading. It also sends a second shiver racing through Krystal. And that makes Dawn swat Krystal's bottom again. Dawn is nice enough to hit the other cheek, though.

"OW!" Krystal squeals. The swat sends yet another, slightly sharper, tremor sweeping through her. I thought it might. I noticed just how hot that paddle got Krystal. I've figured out that Krystal craves the stern discipline. It tells me that she's going to really love this.

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"Rude bitch!" I snap at Krystal while she's still shuddering. "You should thank your little lezzie girl for helping you to behave while my ugly pussy is eaten."

Before Krystal has a chance to say anything, I see her face start to scrunch up as if she's going to cry. Her face doesn't have the time to finish before another tremor hits Krystal, this one the sharpest yet. It's hard enough that it gets her shoulders snapping, and that jiggles her breasts almost wildly. Too wildly to ignore.

I point to Krystal's bouncing mounds. Dawn doesn't need any more of a hint than that. Dawn cringes. She knows it's going to hurt. She swings, putting her strength into the stroke. Better the flyswatter than my crop. Dawn lands the tip of the swatter squarely atop Krystal's mound. It lands hard enough that it pinkens the front of Krystal's breast. But what I notice is how it drives the steely hard nub of Krystal's nipple into the soft mound. The nipple quickly pops right back up. It's a little bit darker from the stroke. It also strains a lot harder to get even harder. Goosebumps just appear covering the entire mound.

And Krystal screams. She shudders again, too. But mostly her shoulders thrash as if to wiggle that knife-sharp sting out of her breasts. The thrash makes them dance even more. I point. Dawn swats.

"OW!" Krystal screams, her mouth hanging wide open and her teeth chattering as she does. "THANK YOU, DAWN, FOR HELPING THIS WHORE BEHAVE WHILE MISTRESS'S PUSSY IS EATEN!" Krystal more screams out her thanks, unable to quiet her voice. "OOH!" She moans out, more squeak than ever in her voice. A vibrating tremor takes hold of Krystal's shoulders. "WHIP MY TITS, DAWN, PLEASE! WHIP MY TITS, MAKE ME BE A GOOD FUCK COW FOR MISTRESS!"

There's no question that Krystal deserves yet another stroke to her mounds. Dawn sees the way Krystal's breasts are dancing around. She knows she has no choice. She swats one of them again. Hard, just like before. After

a second, Krystal's breasts still jiggling around, Dawn has no choice but to swat the other one, too.

"UH!" Krystal screeches. Her breasts quiet, almost going still. But at the same time, her hips squirm hard. That has her grinding her pussy firmly against Paige's mouth.

I point. "There's just no end to your sluttiness, is there, cow?"

Dawn cringes hard. And she swings her flyswatter. It lands where I'm pointing, squarely atop Krystal's pubes. I would have put it on Krystal's pussy if I could have, but that's impossible with Paige's mouth there.

"YE-OW!" Krystal cries out. Her hips keep going. "PLEASE! DAWN, MAKE ME BEHAVE! WHIP MY PUSSY! HARDER! MAKE ME BE A GOOD COW FOR MISTRESS! PLEASE! WHIP MY PUSSY HARDER!"

Dawn has no choice. She swats Krystal on the pubes again. Seeing that the last stroke did nothing to still Krystal's hips, Dawn makes this one as hard as she possibly can.

"OW!" Krystal screams. As she does her shoulders snap forward. That has Krystal's breasts jumping up and out. For a brief second, before Krystal can straighten back up, her breasts dangle nicely. I point. Dawn swats. Krystal screams again as the swatter hits her very hard and now stinging nipple.

Finally, Krystal almost stills. She would be still, except that her entire body now vibrates. Krystal screeches a loud, pleading "OOH!" drawing her cry out until her lungs run out of air.

I give Dawn a little pat on her bottom with my hand. "See, even a worthless fat cow is capable of doing nothing. Reward your mommy for being a good dumb bitch..." I tell Dawn. "Kiss those boo-boos you gave her."

Dawn definitely cringes. Her face scrunches up, her nose wrinkling. She leans her head forward. She opens her lips wide enough, but not much more. I know she's

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trying to figure out how much of a kiss I am going to demand. She puts her lips to Krystal's breast.

I doubt Dawn does much more than that. She doesn't have the time. Krystal screeches the shrillest, squeaking, cry. Her entire body thrashes as it shudders. It pulls her mound from Dawn's kiss. I point. Dawn swats. It looks as if she's relieved to be swatting again instead of having to kiss it.

The swat just makes Krystal squirm and shudder worse. Dawn swats her breast. Her bottom. Her pubes. Her bottom. Her breasts. Her bottom... By then Dawn is just moving the flyswatter around, constantly swatting some tender place on Krystal's body.

And so it goes on. Krystal screaming out thanks, and pleas for more, between screeches from the swatter. Dawn ends up continuously swatting some part of Krystal.

It quickly gets Krystal's breasts a light red from all the swats. Her pubes, too. Her bottom doesn't show them, but that's still red from the paddle. It definitely feels those swats, though.

"Lezzie, this flabby old cow just can't behave, can it?"

"No, my Queen, it's being very bad," Dawn tells me. I almost think I hear a hint of a giggle in Dawn's voice, especially since it's so obvious just how much Krystal is liking it.

"What a waste of a skanky pussy. I'm so done with this ugly whore."

"Mom... would you like to cum now?" Dawn very sweetly asks Krystal.

"YES! PLEASE DAWN, BEG MISTRESS TO LET ME CUM! PLEASE, DAWN, PLEASE, BEG HER FOR ME! BEG HER TO LET THIS FILTHY COW CUM! PLEASE! BEG!"

Dawn turns to me. "My Queen, may this lezzie bitch please have permission to grant this fat ugly cow of a mother the reward of an orgasm, Ma'am?"

I lean over to Dawn's ear and whisper instructions. I don't want Krystal to hear them. Dawn wrinkles her nose

up hard as she hears them. But she smirks, too. She knows it's going to be a hard tease for Krystal. And I think Dawn has figured out that Krystal likes her teases, the harder the better.

Dawn follows the instructions I gave her precisely. She steps around Paige to stand in front of her mother, but also to the side. She has to with Paige kneeling in front of Krystal's pussy. It puts Dawn's leg against Paige's side.

"Mom, you may ask me to tell you when you may cum." Dawn says firmly, but with a bit of a giggle in her voice. As if she's amused to have this tiny bit of power over her mom.

"DAWN, PLEASE! WILL YOU PLEASE TELL THIS USELESS WHORE WHEN TO CUM, MA'AM!"

Dawn waits. I can see her mentally counting to five, just as I told her to do. It's just to make Krystal wait as if Krystal's orgasm isn't any more important to Dawn than it is to me.

"I will kiss you, mom. When my tongue is in your mouth, you may kiss me back, and then, while kissing me, you will cum for me. Is that clear, mom?"

"YES!" Krystal screams out very urgently, "HURRY UP AND KISS ME. PLEASE DAWN, PLEASE MA'AM, PLEASE KISS ME AND ALLOW ME TO CUM"

Dawn tries to take her time, but I can see that she's having to force herself to go as slowly as she does. She steps close, pressing her chest, her bare breasts, and steely hard nipples, against Krystal's chest. And feeling Krystal's softer breasts pushing their stiffer nipples against Dawn's chest. Dawn wraps her arms around Krystal's body and hugs her tightly. It lets Dawn feel how crisp and powerful the tremors flowing through Krystal actually are.

Dawn very tenderly caresses Krystal's bare back with her hand. Slowly, or as slowly as Dawn can make herself go, her hand works its way down to caress Krystal's bare bottom. Dawn strokes her hand lightly, gently caressing Krystal's stinging cheek for a moment. I told her no less

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than five little strokes, and that's what she gives Krystal - five caresses.

Dawn lets her hand flow over to the crack of Krystal's bottom. She finds the tail, still sticking out of Krystal's crack and wagging nicely with all the tremors hitting Krystal. Dawn lets her hand slip into Krystal's crack, getting a good grip on the tail right as it enters Krystal's bottom. It has the side of Dawn's hand flush against the taut pink flesh of Krystal's asshole. I can see that Dawn can feel Krystal's asshole against her hand. I doubt Krystal is noticing anything.

Dawn turns her head, putting her lips flush against Krystal's hungry lips. Krystal's lips eagerly part to welcome Dawn's. Dawn starts kissing Krystal, making sure that her tongue is moving quickly about, exploring Krystal's mouth. I can see Krystal's tongue is moving even more hungrily.

The instant Dawn's tongue is in Krystal's mouth, Krystal stops fighting her orgasm back. I see her entire body snap to full tension. Krystal is like a vibrating board in Dawn's embrace.

Dawn yanks hard, jerking the tail out of Krystal's bottom just as Krystal is stiffening up. The still-vibrating butt plug hangs loose, Dawn holding the toy by its bushy tail.

Krystal snaps. Her knees try to come up. There's nowhere for her to move. Not with Dawn holding her firmly. Instead, Krystal's buckling, snapping knees just pull her feet out from under her. It drops her weight into Dawn's arms.

Dawn is not prepared for it. Krystal drops straight down to the floor, landing first on her bottom. On the way down, Krystal's body goes limp in Dawn's arms. Dawn has no choice. The heavier Krystal pulls Dawn down with her. Dawn lands on her knees. The pair of them, Dawn still holding the kiss, bash into Paige, knocking her to the side and almost onto the floor. Dawn falls forward onto Krystal,

pushing Krystal onto her back. Krystal's legs flop as she falls back. They end up intertwined with Dawn's.

Krystal snaps as she lies there, almost like a convulsion, as the next wave of her orgasm flows over her. Then again and again as the hard waves keep flowing over her. I'm sure she'd be screaming, but Dawn's tongue makes a good gag.

A minute or so later, I tell Dawn "that's gross, lezzie, get your tongue out of your mommy's throat!"

Dawn takes her cue and breaks the kiss. I had told her to keep kissing Krystal until I told her to stop. But not that Krystal has cum, Dawn looks relieved to be getting up and off of Krystal's still-orgasming body.

I giggle. "Well, lezzie, it looks like you'll have to wait a while for your orgasm. Mommy doesn't look she's up to helping you just yet." I sigh. "Go on, skanky, lick this bitch's breasts until her mommy is ready to help her have an orgasm."

"Yes, my Queen," Paige tells me. She doesn't hesitate to push Dawn back and lie her on her back. Then Paige's tongue is swirling around Dawn's nipple. And Dawn is moaning.

# THE "USUAL SUSPECTS"

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



## Slave-girl ("Sophie")

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

Debuts In: "Seducing Sophie"



## Slave-whore ("Paige")

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

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



## Lezzie Slut (“Dawn”)

| Age                    | Height | Weight |
|------------------------|--------|--------|
| 23                     | 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 |
|---------------|-----------|--------|
| 5 (35 in K9)  | 2’2”      |        |
| Hair          | Eyes      |        |
| Black & White | Puppy Dog |        |



## Prince Butt Monkey

| Age                  | Height    | Weight |
|----------------------|-----------|--------|
| 3 Mo. (1 in K9)      | 1'3"      | 10     |
| Hair                 | Eyes      |        |
| Brown, Tan,<br>White | Puppy Dog |        |

# GUEST APPEARANCES

My other play toys who make an appearance in this story



“Felicia”

| Age                                 | Height | Weight  |
|-------------------------------------|--------|---------|
| 42                                  | 5'4"   | 126     |
| Hair                                | Eyes   | Pubes   |
| Black                               | Brown  | Trimmed |
| Bust                                | Waist  | Hips    |
| 34-A                                | 30     | 34      |
| Debuts In: “Her Son’s First Lesson” |        |         |



“Krystal”

| Age   | Height | Weight |
|-------|--------|--------|
| 48    | 5'6    | 152    |
| Hair  | Eyes   | Pubes  |
| Black | Green  | Shaven |
| Bust  | Waist  | Hips   |
| 38-D  | 33     | 39     |