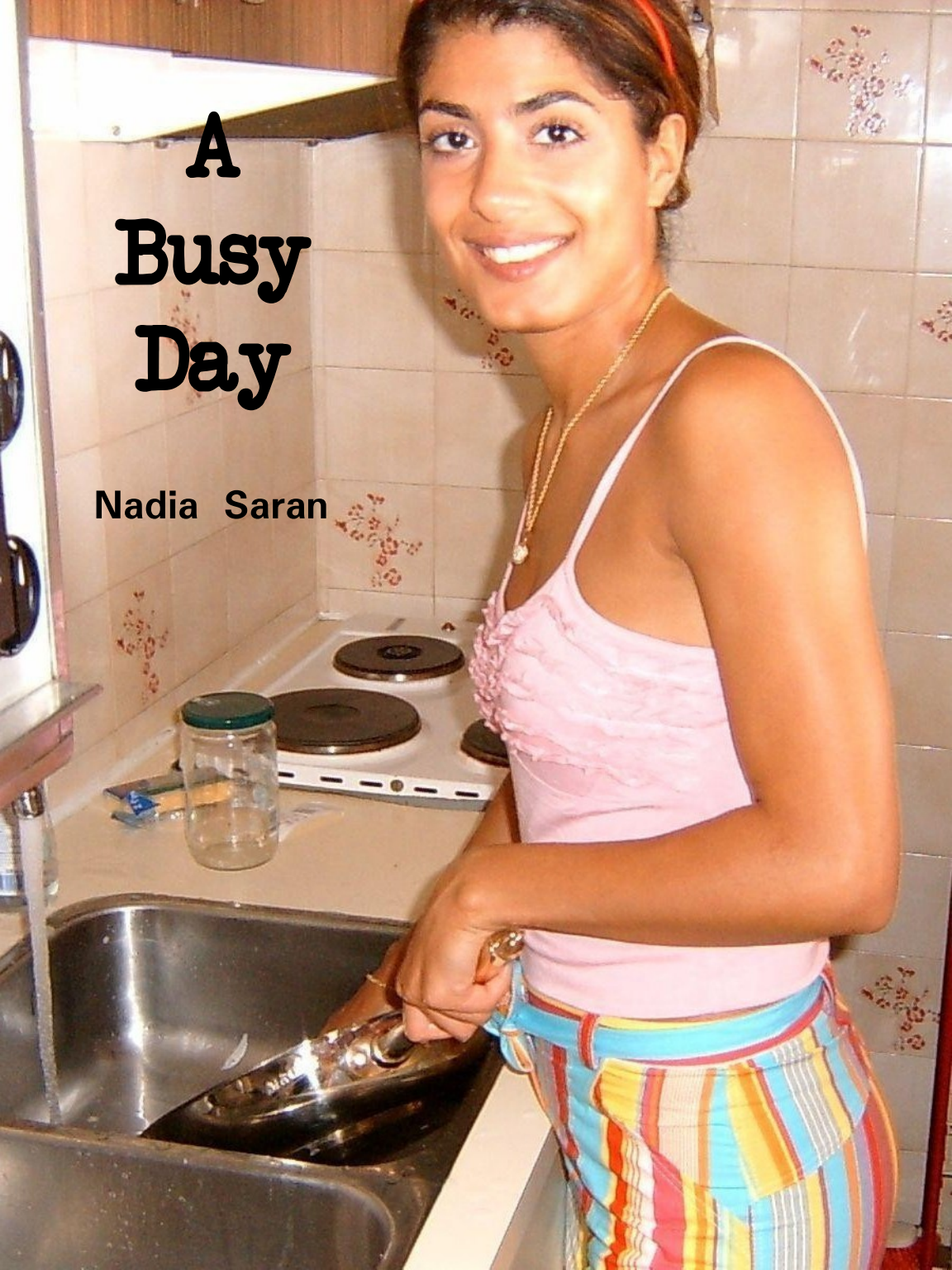


A Busy Day

Nadia Saran



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ISBN: 978-0-000000-0 (Paperback)

ISBN: 978-0-000000-0 (Hardcover)

Library of Congress Control Number: 00000000000

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Front cover image by: Stock Image.

Book design by: Me.

Printed in the United States of America.

First printing edition 2020.

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

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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 latest four stories are always available, with no questions asked and for free, on my website, including stories that aren't published anywhere else.

The complete archives of all my public-version stories are available in the member's pages of my website. Just sign up, it's easy and free. So are the stories. I promise to never spam anyone.

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

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

Session Date:

31March, 2020

This Story Released:

16 September, 2020 (MistressNadezhda.com)

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Introduction:

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

My name is Pepper Rodgers. I'm a 19-year-old Domme, living downtown Mobile, Alabama. I have a decently well-stocked playroom in the second bedroom of my fourth-floor apartment (most of my neighbors are corporate types who aren't always around, giving me a lot of privacy, even in the halls and elevators). I also have a decently stocked toybox. I prefer my toys to be older than I am, around 30-42 years old. I prefer men for myself, however not for my toybox. When it comes to toys, I find women and couples to be far more amusing. Single men tend to be needier, and often too clingy. But that doesn't mean I don't have a few of them in my toybox. I do. They just don't have the same chances of getting there as couples and single women do.

I'm petite. Actually more "tiny" than petite. I'm 5' 1.75" and 91 pounds. I'm not bony, though, I've curvy, like a small-sized woman. I have blond hair down to my shoulders and blue eyes. Oh, and my chest is the only place I'm not small. I'm a 32-D, and I'm very pert. Which makes me popular with the boys.

I'm also slightly bisexual. I'm attracted to men, not women. I would never choose a female partner for even a date, let alone for sex. But I'm not opposed to masturbating with a female toy. Sophie happens to be my favorite sex toy to pleasure myself with. Her tongue has two big

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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 19-year-old live-in slave-girl. She's slightly petite at 5'4" and 119 pounds. She's pretty, too, with long honey-blond hair, green eyes, and a 34-B chest. Sophie is extremely devoted to me. So devoted, and so happy as my slave, that despite not being attracted to women, she's a virgin with men. She serves and pleasures only me, and those I give her to. And while I use her, even with my male toys, I won't allow any man to touch her pussy or penetrate her bottom. Those are mine. Only mine. I've owned her since she graduated high school, but I've known her longer. Since about two months after her 18th birthday, which was also about two months before she finished high school.

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

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put on a show on their account.

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

I get all of my toys through networking. It's almost always either one of the women in our circle who has a toy she doesn't want and offers to point it at another who is interested. Or sometimes one of my toys tells someone, who tells someone, and so on until someone asks my toy to introduce someone to me. Rarely it's someone I don't play with, but who knows what I'm into, who asks me to meet someone. I get plenty of emails inquiring about meeting me, and while I will email and maybe chat with a sub online, I haven't yet met any. I won't rule it out, but meeting online is risky enough that someone would have to convince me before I'd think about it. A girl's gotta be careful!



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It's going to be a busy day. Before I even left my breakfast table this morning, I'd gotten a text from my friend Olive asking for an "emergency" favor. She'd been planning to do it herself, but now she's stuck dealing with a "sick" kid. I use quotes because she told me his stomach flu coincides miraculously with a school project he's been dreading. Her son is 8. Of course, I agreed to see to the favor for her. Olive is a pretty good friend of mine, even if she is a generation older and we have little in common besides our dominance and sense of humor.

The toy is a 55-year-old attorney with a good reputation around town. He's known as one of the good old boys. One of the attorneys who can usually get about anything done in the courthouse. Unless the other attorney is also one of the good old boys, then tradition requires compromise. Or, as is the case today, it's a criminal matter and the defendant very unwisely demands his jury trial. The DA doesn't lose many of those. And the judges tend to help the DA as much as they can. Oh, and judges can do pretty much whatever they want to. So victories are rare. But Jim is one of the lawyers who can (possibly) win one. Thus he's one of the most expensive attorneys in town.

I don't have time to get all the details from Olive. Few of them really matter anyway. I know Olive is a clerk with the circuit court here in Mobile, and she tells me that's where Jim's trial is going to be. I know that's how she met him. I know that more than one of the denizens of our courthouse are her toys. But as far as I know, and I'd know, none of our judges are. Too bad, I could have fun with a judge. And there's d be the added advantage of being virtually immune from losing a lawsuit. It's called Southern Justice. Who you know is far more important than what you've done.

Olive tells me that the trial is for a man accused of arson and insurance fraud. He supposedly burned down an empty house on a lot he owned to clear the land for a new house. Then filed an insurance claim on the former building to reduce the cost of the new home he was going to build. Supposedly since he swears he didn't do it and doesn't know

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who did. I can just hear Olive winking as she tells me that. I think she only tells me the story because she knows I'll ask. If the defendant was accused of crimes against women or children or was a sex offender, I wouldn't be interested in helping out.

Oh, we're not going to fix the trial or anything like that. About a year ago, Olive paid Jim a visit right before he started a big trial. She utterly humiliated him. He won his trial, and he hadn't expected to have even a chance at it. That defendant was so obviously guilty. But he won. Since then, Jim has had a superstitious belief that he needs a good dose of humiliation before a jury trial. If he suffers enough at Olive's hands before the trial, then he won't have to suffer the humiliation of defeat at trial. He's seven for seven in jury trials since then. Olive thinks, and I agree, that a quick visit before the trial frees Jim's mind up and lets him focus more clearly on his case.

I only ask about Jim. What excites him and what doesn't. What humiliates him. Olive fills me in and asks only that I let her know what I did with her toy afterward. Just in case he says something to her, she would prefer to appear omniscient. I can't blame her for that.

Jim is married, and luckily for me doesn't have any kids left at home. He shares his home with only his wife of 31 years. She, according to Olive, is a "reluctant" partner in what she calls his "escapades." She will reluctantly, but willingly, watch. More reluctantly, and far less willing, she will allow herself to be used as a prop as long as she doesn't have to do anything to anyone but Jim. And preferably if very little, or better yet, nothing is done to her. They also have a housekeeper who shows up at seven every morning. She's been with them "forever" according to Olive.

I arrive a few minutes after seven. As always, Olive hadn't told Jim what she's planning for his before trial "motivational session." She hasn't even promised him that he'd get one. She does as I do for such things. Simply calls the toy and summons him to someplace immediately to

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administer his lesson, and expects that once summoned, the toy will sprint right over for his lesson.

I have Sophie, my live-in slave-girl, it tow this morning. She's dressed for her classes, so she looks almost like a college girl in a very cute flower-print dress that hangs to just above her knees. It's far more modest than what I prefer to dress her in, but I do have to worry about her college's dress code. This dress just barely meets it. Of course, she's wearing her collar. That never comes off. There's a shiny brass padlock on it to make sure it doesn't! Her collar is pastel green, made of very soft and plush leather, and fringed with a frilly white lace. I have a matching pastel green leash clipped to it now.

It's Jim's wife who answers the door. Then she immediately casts a very wary eye over me. I guess the leashed Sophie gave me away? She asks who I am. I don't tell her. I just barge past her and let myself in, leading Sophie along. I tell her only that I am Olive's friend and I am here to see "the utterly worthless maggot you call a husband." She calls his name loudly and more or less flees to go find him. I guess she's figured out what I'm here to see Jim about. And plans to vanish lest I decide her assistance is needed.

It takes close to a minute, but Jim comes out already dressed for his trial in a nice suit. Tie and all. He sees me, then hesitates for just a fraction of a second when he does. I'm not Olive, and he was expecting her. I've never met him, and he hasn't a clue who I am. I know that Olive has asked our friend Colette to visit him once before. So he knows that she may send someone else to see to him. But Colette is a soccer mom Olive's age. I just turned 20. And I look exactly like a college girl. Quite possibly because I'm on my way to my college classes? It shows on his face that he never imagined that any of Olive's friends would be like me: young and pretty. He expected middle-aged women like Olive. Oops. Never assume anything!

"Come on, bitch." I snap without raising my voice, "get your

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spineless snake's butt over here before it's over my knees."

It's enough to get his attention. He picks up his pace. He comes over and stops in front of me. He immediately drops to his knees, knees spread wide, sits back with his bottom over his heels, and puts his hands behind his back. He looks straight ahead, his eyes downcast. "Forgive me, Ma'am. My Mistress didn't tell me to expect you, Ma'am."

I snap my fingers and hold my hand out. "Silencer, slave."

Sophie replies with a very humble "Yes, Mistress." She's my bag carrier, among other things. She reaches in the bag, an over-sized purse I've packed with my stuff and some toys for today, and comes out with the requested toy. She puts it in my hand gently.

The "silencer" is a toy I had made for me by some boys I know at a frat house. They'll build just anything I want them to. And they'll do as good of a job as any machine shop could. They don't exactly charge me, either. I "pay" them with (usually) Shelby. I leash Shelby and take her over there where her body is my payment. She loves it as much as the frat boys do.

It started its life as a clamp off a pair of jumper cables. Its spring has been loosened up just a little so that it won't be strong enough to injure anyone. Its teeth have been shortened to tiny, but sharp, nubs. And its bottom jaw has been forked to make room for the tendon under a tongue to slip into its new groove. Oh, and instead of red or black, its handle has been recovered in pastel green.

I use one hand to pinch the corners of Jim's jaw hard, forcing his mouth to stretch wide open. I squeeze the clamp, opening its jaw. I move very slowly as I slide the clamp's jaws along his teeth, slipping it into his mouth. "I didn't give you permission to speak, bitch." I scold him sternly, still not raising my voice. I slowly release my grip, letting the clamp close. At first, its jaws pinch his tongue. As it closes tighter, its little teeth start biting into his tongue.

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Jim starts wincing hard. He groans a loud, and slightly girly-squeaking "UH-OW!" I see his eyes starting to get wet as it bites down.

I leave it there, it's jaws biting on his so-tender tongue, its handle widening between his teeth to hold his mouth open too. I tap my foot impatiently, counting off about twenty seconds. And I watch as Jim fidgets slightly, grimacing hard, with the clamp on his tongue. "Now are you ready to behave your naughty little snake-butt, bitch?"

Jim very eagerly nods that he is.

"And you'll speak only when I tell you what you want to say?"

Again, he very eagerly nods that he will.

I take the clamp from his tongue. Jim pants a quick, single, breath of relief. Then he closes his mouth with a very faint, muted, "ow" under his breath. He kneels and waits in silence.

I have about half an hour to get Jim out the door before he's late for court and thus guaranteed to lose his case. It's time enough for the quick lesson I've planned, one I hope is certain to remind him of his place in the world, but not a lot of time to play around. I'm counting on Olive to have taught him the finer points of behaving.

"I hear you have a big trial today, bitch," I say tauntingly sweet. "Does the stupid criminal have any clue what filthy, worthless, snake he's hired to lose his case for him?"

"No, Ma'am." Jim answers.

"Well... I guess I'll just have to motivate you to act like a shark, then..." I pretend that I'm thinking for a moment. "I think a good blow job will clear that disgusting brain of yours." The instant I suggest a blow job, I see his eyes very quickly dart to Sophie and sweep over her body. The hint of a grin, one he's trying hard to hide and not quite succeeding, creeps onto the corners of his mouth. It's obvious what he's thinking. He's wondering what Sophie's mouth will be like. If I will have her strip

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before getting on her knees so he can see the very pretty young woman nude too. He's thinking what a rare treat it would be to not only get a blow job from an unknown woman but also not to end up divorced over it.

"Go get your wife. Tell her to come watch your blow job. And hurry, bitch, I hate to be kept waiting."

"Yes, Ma'am." He says. He hops to his feet and walks off quickly to find his wife. I wait, imagining how uncomfortable he must be as he's asking his wife to come watch another woman suck his cock. And how humiliating the asking must be for both of them. I doubt she wants to see it, too. It takes him about two minutes to come back.

His wife follows him into the room, a very unhappy look on her face. She takes a place across the room from us, leaning back against the wall with her arms folded over her chest as she glares at us. I can see the anger in her eyes as she looks to me. Jim returns to his place at my feet and kneels. This time he waits silently. When I tell him to speak, he says "I brought my wife to watch my blow job as you commanded, Ma'am."

Jim's wife is a slightly heavy-set woman who looks to be in her early 50's. She's around 5'6", and I'd guess not quite 180 pounds. It's enough to give a little plumpness to her look. As if maybe, in her youth, she was a strong, stocky-looking woman. She has short, gray hair, down to her shoulders, brown eyes, and an ample bosom. And right now, she has a very hard, stern look on her face.

"Does Judy suck your cock for you, bitch?" I ask him.

"Yes, Ma'am..."

"Often?"

"Oh, no, Ma'am." He confesses.

"Do you like it when your cock gets sucked?"

"Oh, YES, Ma'am."

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“Stand and get naked, bitch.”

Jim is up to his feet quickly. He starts shedding his clothes quickly, as I told him to do. “Get naked” means for him to do just that. It doesn’t matter how the clothes come off, as long as they all come off quickly. Olive, and our other dominant friends, all use the same commands. It helps when we share toys and do favors for each other, like now. Jim already knows what to do when I give him a command. I don’t have to waste time, that we don’t have now, teaching him.

It takes him about a minute and a half. Then he’s standing there, fully naked. He’s decently tall, I’d guess around 5'10", maybe a hair more, and well-built. I guess around 180 pounds. He has an oval face, with a sharp, angular jawline. His gray hair, buzz-cut short, still has tinges of its former black color. He has a short beard and mustache, all of which are neatly trimmed up. He has blue eyes. And he has a slightly long, fairly wide nose with slightly plump and rounded features to it.

He’s hairy. His body, at least the front of it, is covered by a medium-dense fur of short black hairs. Except along his chest at his shoulders where the hairs have grayed. Even the hairs on his pubes are short. Not trimmed, just short and straight which makes them look more sparse than they are.

His cock is what I’d describe as decent. Somewhat, modestly, above average in length. I’d guess he measures around 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ ". Not especially thick, maybe about $\frac{3}{4}$ " across. It’s circumcised, which I consider a plus. Not just because it lets me see its light purple head. But his shaft has a slight curve to it, up and to his left. It’s not much of a curve, but it is enough that it probably makes his shaft feel a little thicker than it truly is. For a vanilla woman, like his wife, I’d think she’d consider it a plus.

His cock is rock hard. It stands out straight from his pubes as if stretching out to reach me. I reach my hand out to his shaft. I tenderly run the tips of my fingers along the stiff length, starting at the base and

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working slowly up to its head. His cock twitches slightly as my fingers tease it. "Ooh..." I coo teasingly, "look, slave! Snakes do have dicks!"

Sophie giggles. She's heard me call lawyers snakes and sharks. It's not that I don't like lawyers, I don't like paying their bills. I especially don't like that there's no way to get by in business without paying one, except to go to law school.

I swirl my finger around the head of his cock. It gets me a good twitch that makes his cock jump a little. I tell Sophie to get out the handcuffs and cuff Jim. She locks his hands behind his back.

I've seen the housekeeper peeking for the last couple of minutes. Really peeking, as in her eyes darting out from behind a doorway to get a quick glimpse of what's going on before vanishing. I'd bet she heard him when I sent Jim back to get his wife. Housekeepers can be noisy. And they seem to live on good gossip.

If she's been here for any length of time, and she's been here a lot longer than that, housekeepers know everything. Nothing goes on in the house that they don't know. Even things that go on when they're not around. So I have absolutely no doubt that the housekeeper knows that Jim has been serving Olive. Maybe she doesn't know Olive's name. Maybe she's never seen her. But she *knows*. And so far she's done what the best of housekeepers do. She's kept the house's secrets.

Seeing her peeking gave me an idea. "Now go fetch your housekeeper, bitch. I want her to see what a disgusting snake she's working for." Jim starts to blanch white, and a very nervous look sweeps over his face. "GO." I snap even more firmly. Naked and cuffed, he walks off to find the woman.

I step over to his wife. She glares at me even harder in cold silence. "Don't worry, she already knows everything." I step back. Donna never says a word to me. But I don't step all the way back. If she's not going to come to me and watch closely, I will go to her. I pick a place along the

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wall, a few feet from her, and a few feet from the door. She glares with a little more venom in her eyes.

Jim returns with the housekeeper trailing very uncomfortably behind him. She looks completely out of place. She looks to be Hispanic, and I'd guess somewhere around 30 years old. She's cute, too. Just enough of that "mom look" to make her look sexy and matronly at the same time. He comes to me and kneels. When I allow it, he tells me, "I have brought Maria, our housekeeper, to watch my blow job as you've commanded me, Ma'am."

I greet her warmly and suggest that she takes a place over near Donna where she'll have a "good view of the action." She does, her eyes continually glancing at Donna as if to ask permission.

I've left Jim as he was – on his widely spread knees. It leaves his balls hanging down. And it leaves his cock jutting out into the air. No part of him touches either. But his cock still stands up proud and hard. And he has an eagerness to his face as if he's thinking I can't possibly come up with another way to make him wait any longer for that blow job.

I just nod. Sophie takes the cue. She reaches behind herself and opens the front door. I watch as a look of question sweeps over the ladies' faces. Jim's face as well. But I can see that he's wondering if I might have tricked him into thinking he'd get a blow job from the very pretty Sophie.

A young man I know comes in. I'd called him right after I talked to Olive and, luckily for me, he was available. He's 21, and very nicely built. He's a member of my favorite frat. He's also a weightlifter and has the physique for it. But those aren't the reasons why I invited him. I invited him because of two other qualities. First, he is a complete and total "man-slut." He'll have sex with anyone, no questions asked or strings attached. Sex for the sake of orgasm alone. Just like my hippie BFF, Ellie, although she's rather particular who she has casual sex with.

And second, he is completely bisexual. Unlike me. I'm bi, but I

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find that I'm far more attracted to men. Even though I usually enjoy sex with women a little more. That's only because I like the way women tend to be more tender and slower. Most bis that I know are like me. We have some degree of preference for one gender or the other but are willing to be either. It's more about the person than the equipment. Not him. He has one preference – an orgasm, and no preference for how he gets it, or who takes him there. So for this, he's perfect.

It's time to spring the surprise on Jim. I point to a place on the floor right in front of Jim and tell him to go stand there. He stands casually. He's not a toy. He does not enjoy being dominated by another. But he's perfectly willing to play along when it serves his cock. So he stands. After a few seconds, his eyes drift downward and take in the naked middle-aged man kneeling in front of him. It might be a surprise for Jim, but I'd never surprise a person who isn't my toy. He knows exactly what I'm planning.

I quickly give Jim a firm, but not too hard, smack on the back of his head. "Go on, bitch. It's time for your blow job. Suck his cock like a bitch, bitch."

Jim freezes in place. His eyes lock forward, staring at Rory's crotch. After a second he starts trembling lightly. He doesn't move. He doesn't say anything.

The ladies look just as shocked. Both stare at Jim, nude and on his knees in front of a rather manly young man. A look of disgust sweeps over Donna's face. Her jaw slowly drops open. Beside her, the housekeeper averts her eyes. She definitely doesn't want to watch this.

I snap my fingers. Sophie reaches to Rory's pants and begins unzipping them to free his cock. A second later Rory's cock is hanging out through the zipper hole surrounded by the ends of the dense black curls surrounding it. His cock is already swelling to its full stiffness.

Rory's cock isn't huge, but it is on the big side. A couple of seconds

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later, his 6 ¾" length is as hard as steel and jutting out straight, which puts the fat deep-purple head of it about an inch in front of Jim's face. Rory's shaft is thick, too. It's between 1 ½" and 1 ¾" across. The skin of his shaft is tanned to a light bronze. And lined with a ribbing of large veins.

I grab hold of Jim's jaw again and pinch it as wide as it will stretch open. "I said suck that cock like the bitch you are!" I tell him firmly. Then I start his head moving forward, inching it closer to the hard cock. It doesn't take a second for the rounded tip of Rory's wide cock to touch Jim's lips. I feel the muscles in his neck strain. I feel his jaw trying to close, almost like a pinching on my fingers that block it open. I feel him stiffen hard to resist me.

Then the bottom of Rory's bulbous head is passing Jim's lips and lying atop Jim's tongue. Jim's wide eyes dart around anxiously. They quickly find me. They see nothing but a firm certainty on my face. Even quicker, they dart away again and don't dare to look upon me again. I keep his head moving, slowly and steadily inching Rory's cock into his mouth.

It's clear to me that Jim has never sucked a cock before. Then again, how many heterosexual men have? Olive has teased him with it. Not two sessions ago she sent him to the corner with a pull in his bottom and a short dildo in his mouth. But she's never brought a man for Jim. I do hope Rory is manly enough for him!

The tip of Rory's cock reaches the back of Jim's mouth. I can tell because Jim gags, his mouth stuffed full of the stiff shaft. I tighten my grip on his head a little, and I keep his head moving slowly forward. Immediately a wave of absolute panic sweeps over Jim. He trembles hard. He gags again, this time harder. His hands try to come around, rattling the chains on his cuffs.

A few seconds, and half an inch later, Jim chokes hard as the tip of Rory's cock presses against the entrance to the tight tube of his throat. His bottom snaps up as his back arches and his stomach tenses. I ignore

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all of it and keep him moving.

It doesn't take any time at all for the soft tip of Rory's cock to squish up and slip into Jim's throat. Then it's just the hardness of his steely shaft pressing against it. His throat has no chance, not with me in total control of him. Rory's stiffness pushes into Jim's throat, stretching it so taut that it burns. Feeling to Jim like a huge piece of food swallowed whole, the cock starts stretching his throat as it slips in.

Rory purrs as Jim's tight throat squeezes snugly all around his shaft, it's smoothness surrounding the shaft with its hot wetness.

Jim's panic suddenly ramps up to at least double what it was. He chokes again, his reflexes trying to clear his throat of the huge invader that blocks it. And keeps him from breathing. His hands fight hard against the steel cuffs. And lose the fight. His body trembles, but now tries to squirm away. With my vise grip on his head, he doesn't go anywhere.

Jim is still on his knees. Naked. His impossibly hard cock jutting straight out from his light, sparse pubes, hanging there in empty air and twitching gently. The panic is still in his eyes. And now his lips are touching The wiry hairs of Rory's pubes and the rough denim of his work jeans. All the exposed cock is now inside Jim's mouth, stretching his throat over-wide and stuffing it full.

I reverse my stroke smoothly, allowing Jim's head to move back at the same pace as the hard shaft inches it's way out of his mouth. I keep him moving smoothly until only the head of Rory's cock is left in Jim's mouth. But all of its head is inside the ridge at the base of Rory's cock head lightly bumping against the inside of Jim's lips. And then, I reverse the stroke again, starting Jim taking the cock back into his mouth.

I have to force Jim through about ten strokes before he gets past the choking. Once he does, with me still guiding his head to teach him the steady, leisurely rhythm, the panic fades from his face and is instantly

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replaced by a horrified look of absolute shame and revulsion.

"Guys always want us girls to suck their filthy little cocks..." I say sweetly as I glance up to his wife and housekeeper. "I figure it's only fair that they know what they're asking us to do. I figure, if he's not willing to have a nice big cock shoved down his throat, he shouldn't be fantasizing about pretty, nice, ladies doing it just because his cock likes it!" I bat my eyes and grin.

Donna is watching the show. With a disgusted look on her face. A very disbelieving look on her face. The housekeeper is watching it as well, although she's pretending not to be. She has a look of poetic justice on her face. Then again, I can tell the Latin woman does not approve of men sucking cock. Donna is harder to read.

After another dozen strokes, Jim is moving fairly easily. And he's barely gagging at all as the cock slips in and out of his throat. I put one of my sneaker-clad feet over Jim's knee and squarely atop his hardness. I step down, putting some weight on his cock until I see his eyes squish up hard. I keep his head moving, stroking Rory's cock with it. I wiggle my foot, grinding Jim's shaft between the rubbery sole of my shoe and the roughness of his carpet. "You will suck that cock until he tells you to stop, *bitch*. Just like I've taught you."

I take my foot off his cock. I think that got Jim's attention. I give him two more strokes to recover from the stomping. Then I release Jim's head. He keeps going, steadily, forcing the cock down his own throat.

Rory's purrs pick up into purred moans. He moans out a long, and sweet "AH!" then he turns to Donna and says "your bitch of a husband is a fast learner. He must love sucking cock like a girl." He says it with a little amusement in his voice.

With Jim sucking the cock on his own, I take a second and glance down to Jim's neglected cock. It is still stiff. Probably as stiff as it's ever been. And now I can see a sparkling wetness at the tip of it. A few

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seconds later the sticky wetness creeps a hair wider as a second droplet of his cream leaks from it.

"Lookie!" I squeal excitedly. "I knew he liked being a sissy bitch-boy!" I point to the tip of his cock. It only takes a second for the ladies to recognize the glistening drop of cum sticking to its tip. The housekeeper looks horrified and shocked. She mumbles "maricon..." under her breath. Donna looks just as disgusted, but I can see the faintest hint of a smirk at the corners of her mouth. Jim's cock twitches hard, jumping up and falling back to stand out.

Rory enjoys himself. And he takes his time. It leaves Jim sucking on Rory's thick shaft for a good five minutes while Rory stands there purring sweetly. And while his wife and their housekeeper watch him.

Finally, I know Rory is about to cum. He grabs hold of Jim's head by Jim's ears. Rory holds Jim's head firmly still.

Donna giggles, but it's a very hushed and quick giggle. It tells me that Jim likes to grab her ears, too. And that she hates it when he does. And that she "appreciates" Jim getting so intimately acquainted with her reasons for hating it.

Rory, holding Jim's head firmly, thrusts his hips. The snapping thrusts drive his cock hard and fast into Jim's mouth, more ramming it down Jim's throat. The sudden violence of it gets Jim choking again as the shaft is shoved powerfully into his tightly resisting throat.

Luckily Jim only has to endure about a half dozen deep, ramming strokes. Then Rory backs his cock out about halfway. His hips shift into overdrive, thrusting his shaft into Jim's mouth as quickly as his hips can manage to move.

That only lasts a couple of seconds before Rory sighs out a very pleased "UH...AH!" His hips slow, his cock now more leisurely sliding the head of his cock over Jim's tongue while the insides of Jim's cheeks caress the sides of its fatness.

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The most disgusted look sweeps over Jim's face. He almost turns green. He looks so nauseous! He chokes again, hard, coughing even with Rory's cock in his mouth. A line of spit, laced heavily with the whiteness of Rory's creamy cum, starts leaking out the corners of Jim's mouth and running down his jaw. He sputters another coughing choke.

A minute later Rory is pulling his cock out of Jim's mouth.

I quickly grab Jim's head and hold his jaw shut. Then I pinch his nose shut, too. "Swallow, bitch!" I say firmly. It takes Jim a long moment. But we all see the knot move down his throat as he swallows Rory's cum. Or what's left of it that hasn't leaked out the corners of Jim's mouth yet. I don't care about that. I only care that Jim knows that he's just swallowed another man's cum.

The disgusted look on Donna's face tells me that she doesn't swallow it. I'd bet she doesn't like the taste of it. And I know she doesn't like the thought of it.

I turn to Rory. "Thanks for the loan of your cock. You can go now."

"Anytime." He says happily and winks at me. "Let me know if this sissy needs any more practice. His throat is so tight..." Rory is out the door. I didn't introduce him. I never even used his name. Thus Jim has no idea who's cock he just sucked. Whose cum is now in his stomach. Where he can't get rid of it or wash it out of his mouth. Where it will live for a day or two until he digests it! Digests part of this man's cum, making it a lasting part of him.

I have Jim stand up and show the ladies how stiff his cock is. "Now would that little dick like some attention, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Jim answers firmly and hopefully.

"Aw... did sucking a real man's cock make your little sissy pecker all horny?"

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"Yes, Ma'am," Jim answers his voice now pure shame.

"Wasn't that such a big cock?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"So much better than your little thing, wasn't it?"

"Yes, Ma'am..."

"Do you think your pretty wife would like a real cock for once? Surely she's tired of your little thing!"

"Yes, Ma'am..." Jim blushes a beet red and answers in a voice so muted I can barely hear it.

"Would you like me to allow you to masturbate now? You really don't think any of us ladies would actually want to touch that little thing for you do?"

"Yes, Ma'am," the eagerness and hope are back in Jim's voice. "May this bitch please be allowed to masturbate for you ladies' entertainment, Ma'am?"

With their attention on Jim's show, neither of the ladies noticed Sophie slipping away. Or returning. They were too busy watching Jim suck like a woman. "I have a better idea!" I blurt out happily excited. "I heard you have a very important trial today, do you?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"You don't want to go to court all horny, do you?"

"No, Ma'am."

I turn to Donna and ask in a teasingly sweet voice "Would *like* to clean up the sticky mess of cum this bitch wants to shoot all over your carpeting?"

"Uh, NO!" Donna answers firmly. I ask the housekeeper if she'd like to clean it up, emphasis on "like." She says the same thing. Only

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firmer. "I don't get paid for that. No way I clean that."

"Oh, well..." I sigh out with a smirk on my face and a laugh in my voice. "I guess you'll just have to wait until Mistress gives you permission then. Time to get dressed for court!"

I hold my hand out. Sophie puts a pair of panties in my hand. They're Donna's. Sophie had slunk off to find them while the rest were distracted. They're hot pink. They're fairly sexy. And they're cut low on the hips. I see Donna glare at them. She almost says something about rooting through her drawers, invading her privacy, but doesn't.

Jim stares at them, a mask of humiliation on his blushing face. Sophie unlocks his hands. I hold Donna's panties up in front of him as if they were his underwear. Luckily Donna is a slightly thick woman, and Jim isn't too thick of a man. I'll bet these fit him decently. After a second he gets the hint. "Ma'am, may I please be allowed to wear my wife's panties to court today?"

"I guess after being a girl, you should dress like a girl. You may, bitch."

Jim takes the panties from me and stares at them. "May I please be allowed to put my wife's panties on my naughty bottom, Ma'am?"

I tell him to. Jim puts them on. As I'd thought, they fit him. They're only the tiniest bit snug on his hips. And they are so humiliatingly cute on him! The pink triangle of fabric in the front is trimmed with a pretty lace. But it's nowhere near big enough to cover his still-stiff cock. The head of his cock, and about an inch of its shaft, stands up along his pubes, held firmly against him by the narrow strip of lace around the waistband of those panties. They're cut low enough that the waistband is just barely above his thighs, and not even close to the tops of his hip bones. They even have a narrow band for sides, fringed top, and bottom with fluffy lace. In back they cover about half of his hairy cheeks, leaving triangular slices bare at the sides. They also leave a long strip

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bare at the top of his globes, enough cheek to show about ½" of crack above the lace top. They'd be sexy on a woman. On Jim's hairy body, they're comical.

I tell Jim to go ask Donna if he looks sexy in her panties. She tells him "No, you look like a silly pervert." The housekeeper giggles. Then I send Jim to ask her how he looks wearing his wife's panties. "You look silly and creepy, like cross-dressing maricon."

I have Jim pick up the boxer shorts he was going to wear and give them to Donna. Then I have him finish getting dressed. I politely ask the housekeeper to fetch Jim's briefcase, and she does. I let her hand it to him. Now Jim looks like a lawyer.

"Time to go to court. When you get there you will find your Mistress and ask her if she wishes to see your panties. You will not get a drink or brush your teeth, or do anything to rinse out your sissy mouth. Not until your Mistress gives you Her permission. Until then, you can enjoy the lingering taste of an actual man's cum in your mouth! It should remind you of being the sissy on your knees suck that real cock. Go now, bitch."

I swat Jim on his bottom. He starts to say goodbye to Donna. I swat his bottom again. "She doesn't want to kiss you and taste some strange man's cum! I said go. Now get out."

Without another word, Jim turns and all but runs out of his house.

I wait a minute until I hear his car pulling away, then I clip Sophie's leash back onto her collar and lead her out.

I'm not even to my first class when Olive sends me a picture. It shows Jim standing in what must be an empty courtroom, behind the judge's bench, with his pants down enough to show off the hot pink panties he's wearing. She attaches only a laughing smiley face to the message.

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At lunchtime, I get another text from Olive. She tells me that Jim caught an inconsistency in the detectives' testimony, which was enough to get the search warrant tossed out and suppress the actual evidence. So the jury trial ended early as the DA had to drop the case. And now that the trial had started, they can't charge him with anything in the future. A win. And in Olive's opinion, a lucky one. The defendant was as guilty as Cain. Jim attributes his sudden insight to the soft satin panties tight against his cock, and the utter humiliation of being "forced" to suck another man's cock. He's been begging her to allow him to masturbate ever since he won. She's denied him. After work, he's to write me a polite thank you for "helping him" to remember what a "worthless bitch he is" this morning. He's to bring that, and his wife, to meet her at eight. If it's a good enough thank you letter, she might allow him to beg Donna to masturbate him so he doesn't have to suffer until his next visit from Olive.

Mission accomplished.



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The toy is named Janet. She's a 32-year-old married woman who belongs to a Dom named Dmitri. I think I've met him once, but he's very good friends with my friend Nikolai. Dmitri is older, somewhere around 50 – I think, or so he looks. Nikolai, however, is the one who asked me to "help Dmitri out" and see this toy. Dmitri told me that Janet has some rather prim values and modesty, which she enjoys being forced past, and thus he wanted a very young Domme to "tease" her.

He believes that my youth, I just turned 20, will be "difficult" for Janet. As in "difficult" for her to submit herself to someone a generation younger, someone who should, in her values, be of a lower status than she is. On top of that, Janet is rather homophobic. So far Dmitri has only very seldomly teased her with a female, and never one she had to submit herself to. Janet cringed and utterly hated even being looked at by a woman. Then, when he allowed her to, she climaxes hard and satisfyingly.

Janet doesn't need to work. Her husband is a surgeon and makes plenty of money to support them, and their two young kids. But she does work, part-time, while her kids are in school. She works at an eyeglass store, mostly selling frames. It's not a great job, and she certainly has the background for better, but part-time with school-only hours, she's not going to get much better.

Dmitri text me this morning, telling me that Janet was a very bad girl last night. I didn't get all the details, but I got enough of them. She say Dmitri a mere two days ago. He felt she'd been flaunting herself in front of her husband, encouraging him to use "his pussy" – the pussy between her legs which belongs to her Master. As punishment, he told her that she was not allowed to let her husband see her less than fully dressed until she returned to him. No matter what. Janet hated that punishment. And apparently misbehaved last night by accidentally-on-purpose, allowing her husband to see her breasts. They've always been a favorite of hers to tease him with. He loves seeing them.

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Dmitri didn't tell her anything except that she would have to be punished for her misbehavior. She reluctantly accepted that. He told her to go to work and she would be told what her punishment is later. But since she misbehaved while already in trouble, it would be a harsh punishment for her. She accepted that just as reluctantly, and I'm sure secretly-eagerly.

Then he texts me and asked if I would care to administer her punishment for him. He's confident that she'll absolutely hate being punished by such a younger woman. And the more she hates things, the hotter they get her. Her punishment was left to my discretion as were all the details of its administration. It amounts to "do whatever I want to this woman," with only the caveat that he'd like her to call him immediately after suffering her punishment.

I got the impression that Dmitri is rather busy. I know he lives, at least part-time, somewhere near Pensacola. That's where Nikolai lives and they get together often. I don't know how many toys he has who lives in Mobile, it might be just Janet, but I'd bet he has more than one in Baldwin County, the county between Mobile and Pensacola. I have a number of toys there as well. Nor do I know who his other dominant friends are, but if Nikolai's friends are any clue, he doesn't have any close to my age. I wonder, to myself, if he might be looking to ask for more favors in the future. A lot of subs really like being loaned out to other Dommies, and especially Dommies who are very different from their owners.

I have three classes today. One from 8:00-10:00, a second from 10:00-11:30, and the final one from 1:00-2:30. It's the life of a college student. Classes. Even though only the first professor bothers to take attendance, I always show up for every class. I'm a nursing student, although I might switch to medical school once I get my BSN. I could afford it, and the more I think about life, the more I think I'd rather be the one calling the shots instead of giving them. I like to call the shots.

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My second class gets out just a few minutes early, but most of them do. As soon as it's over, I head straight to my car and drive out to Airport road where Janet works. Luckily it's not too far of a drive from USA's campus. And all the good restaurants are there, except for the ones right by the campus, that is. The line of traffic tells me I'm far from the only one heading out to Airport Road for lunch.

I pull up, and after idling for a minute or two, manage to score a spot right in front of the store where Janet works. I love stores in strip malls. I love those giant glass windows that let me see everything inside. Like now, I can see Janet as she shows a pair of frames to some elderly man. Since she hasn't a clue who I am, I just relax and watch her for a few minutes.

I wait, maybe five minutes. Then I see her take the customer to the register. I wait another minute until I see the man handing over his credit card. Then I go into the store and step up behind him as if I'm getting in line. In under a minute he's gone, his order placed.

I step up to the counter. Thankfully Janet is the only one at the counter, but it looks like that's the usual around here. There are only two other people working and both are with customers. She politely asks if she can help me. I smirk. I can't help myself. I'm already picturing the shock I'm about to see on her face, and that excites me!

"You are the naughty bitch Janet who flaunted your tits like some shameless gutter whore on a street corner. Your Master is too busy to deal with you, so I will be punishing you like the skank you are." I say it firmly but lower my voice enough that I can be sure no one but Janet will hear me.

The instant I start speaking, I see Janet's eyes nervously darting around, scanning the room over and over again, watching carefully to ensure that no one else knows what's going on. I see a very slight quivering sweep over her body. She stares at me with wide eyes.

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"I'll just assume there's a little Mistress' room back there somewhere. Follow me, and behave your naughty butt, skank." I don't wait for an answer, I just turn and start walking through the store a little slowly.

Janet hesitates, but after half a second she starts following me. A half-second later I see her hands casually slip up behind her back where they belong. I walk through the showroom, down a hall, past a couple of exam rooms, and finally find the last two doors. A tiny break room on the left and a unisex restroom on the right. I push the restroom door open and point Janet inside. She hesitates again at the door, her eyes very nervously checking to make sure no one is watching her, the darts inside. I follow and lock the door behind us.

I put my hand to Janet's chest and hold it there as I firmly push her backward until she's standing against the wall, her back snug against it, across from the toilet. Okay, it's not the idea punishment room, but it does have certain advantages to it. I keep my hand there, pinning her firmly in place for a second.

"Please, Miss... I'm at work!" Janet starts to say.

She knows better. I slap her face hard, knocking her head sideways and searing a bright, but light, handprint onto her cheek. I don't raise my voice. I sternly tell her "shut up, skank! I didn't give you permission to speak."

Janet quivers a little harder. She shuts up, too. She stands there eyeing me nervously, and with a very disgusted look on her face already. Not as if she's disgusted with me, but more with the thoughts in her head. The thoughts she's thinking I might make her do. Here. At work. And on the clock.

Janet's clothes are nice. Much better than Wal-Mart grade, but not exactly Armani either. I'd guess Macy's, before the only Macy's closed. Or someplace like that in Pensacola. She's wearing a pants-suit in light

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gray with an ivory blouse under it. I can't see if it's a short-sleeved blouse or not. She has her blazer on, and that's long-sleeved. "If I were you, skank, I wouldn't waste any time. Sooner or later your boss is going to wonder what happened to you, and come looking for you. I doubt you want the boss to find you dripping your skank all over the company restroom." I say in my best taunting, mean-girl, bully voice, but I still keep my voice quiet so it doesn't carry through the door.

"First things first. Since you like to flaunt those tits, show them to me. Strip from the waist up and show me those tits, skank."

Janet already blushes slightly. And she shirks back into the wall, so I take my hand from her chest. It's obvious she's not going to come off of it. She'd be through it if she could. Her hands come up slowly to her lapel. As they do I can see them trembling. They tremble a little harder the closer they get to the blazer. Then they fumble with it before she finally gets a grip on it and manages to slide it off her shoulders. She folds it, once and quickly. There's nowhere for her to set it except the floor. So I hold my hand out and Janet gives it to me. I reach over to the sink, see that it's dry, and set her blazer on it.

Janet reaches back up to the top button of her blouse. Her fingers fumble, unable to get a grip on the plush button. Janet blushes. Then she turns her head.

I slap her face again. "Stupid skank. You know better." I never tell her what she did wrong. And I didn't have to. As soon as I slap her before I even scold her, her head turns back forward. It forces her to look at me, which makes her see me watching her undress. She fumbles with the top button, eventually getting it open. The rest of them aren't any easier for her.

Then she has her shirt unbuttoned. It hits her a little harder then, and I see her face scrunch up into a pained grimace. I see a little tear welling up in the corner of an eye, too. She reaches for her shirt, her hands losing their grip once before she manages to open it's front and slip

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it off her shoulder. One hand loses its grip again as she tries to fold it. Her fold isn't very neat, but she hands it over to me anyway. I just toss it to the sink.

It bares a modest white bra. A cute bra, but not an especially sexy one. It has $\frac{3}{4}$ cups of a solid satiny fabric that mostly cover her mounds and yet leaves a slice bare at the top inside angling to show just a hint of cleavage. It has a wide strap around her sides that gradually tapers toward the clasp. It has thin straps over her shoulders. And it has a slightly wider strip of white lace that starts at the bottom of the cups, where they meet the side strap, runs up over the cup along the outside edge of it, then over the inside edge of the strap, atop her shoulder and back down to the strap. The lace is fluffy and loose.

Now Janet is shirking back hard and blushing brightly. Now she has nothing left to stall. All she has left to do is bare her breasts to me. Almost any woman would rather show her breasts to a man than a woman. Women will look upon them with a critical eye. Men will look upon them with grateful eyes. Men want them. Women have little interest in getting to another woman's breasts unless you count lesbians. Janet's homophobia just makes it even harder for her to wantonly display her breasts to a woman.

She fumbles behind her back, taking a very long time, maybe half a minute, to get the clasp undone. I know it when I see the straps fall loose to her sides. Her eyes close for an instant before she forces herself to open them again. Darn, that spares her another slap. She reaches up to the shoulder straps and flicks them off her shoulders, letting them slide down her arms. But she does it with her upper arms hugged tightly to her sides. They hold the bra up in place. Finally, she takes a squeaky and nervous deep breath and inches the bra off her mounds.

Janet holds her bra out to me. I don't reach for it. She holds it out for several seconds before she realizes what she's forgotten. She hurries to fold it up. Then, the bra crudely folded, she holds it out to me again. I

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take it and toss it to the pile. I never take my eyes off of her.

Janet is around 5'6" tall, and I'd guess maybe 145-150 pounds. I know she's 32. I can see that she has naturally black hair, but now it's highlighted a light blond. It's cut short, about with the bottom of her jawline, fluffed out with a little body added to it, and its very bottom is curled upward. It looks good on her, surrounding her slightly-rounded and soft-featured face. I see a pair of well-lucked and styled eyebrows, also highlighted, above a pair of brilliant green eyes and a short nose with gentle features. Then, above a soft chin, a mouth that's neither short nor wide, but is framed with a pair of plush and full medium-to-deep pink lips. She's wearing make-up, and it's a good job with quality products. Like the deep red lipstick, she has on. If there are any blemishes to her face, they're perfectly hidden.

Janet's shoulders are lean, as are her arms. Her stomach is more loose than anything. It's not quite flat, it's skin having lost too much of its youthful tautness, almost certainly during her pregnancies. I can see the tops of some light pink vertical stretch marks across her stomach before they vanish down under the waistband of her pants. It's not unattractive, but it isn't pretty either. It's definitely matronly. Motherly.

But my eyes are on her breasts. They're big, but they're also fairly loose and soft. They rise off her flat chest, lying back against her chest with a decent crease. They seem to angle outward as they lie, flowing inward along her cleavage until they meet at the very top of it. It gives her cleavage a noticeable V shape. They're topped with a pair of very wide rings of medium-pink. Each ring centers around a wide dark-pink nipple with a purplish tinge to its hue. Her nipples are wide, rising up proudly from her mounds with well-rounded tips atop the nubs. Nubs that are clearly steely hard right now.

"What size bra do those saggy things wear, skank?" I ask her. I would not call these breasts saggy. More loose from swelling with pregnancy. But also very shapely and cute. There's not a blemish on

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them, not even a stretch mark. I see why her husband likes to see them.

"My saggy breasts wear a size 36-D bra, Ma'am," Janet answers in a very hushed voice that trembles as badly as her hands were. Or might still be. That would have been my guess, too. But I'm sure she would have preferred not to tell me, or anyone, her bra size.

"Let's see what you've shamelessly flaunting, gutter skank. Stay." I assume Dmitri has taught her some basic commands, and "stay" is fairly universal. It means just what it says, stand there and do nothing. Like move. Just stay put.

I move very slowly as I reach my hand up towards her mound. I go slow, forcing her to see me reaching up to her breast, and giving her time to think about it. To think about how in just a few seconds she's going to have to stand there demurely and allow a woman to touch her breasts here, in a small bathroom, while she should be working. And to think about how she has no choice in the matter. If she did, she wouldn't be standing there naked from the waist up, let alone allowing her breasts to be felt.

I put my hand underneath her ample mound, cupping it. Her breasts are large enough, and my hands petite enough, that the tips of her mounds and her nipples hang over the edge of my hand. I heft her mound, feeling its weight. Then I give her mound a couple of firm, but light squeezes. They're soft, like wet sponges, but also moderately firm, in my hand. "These water balloons are even flabbier than they look," I comment to myself, just loud enough for Janet to hear me. I want her to feel as if I'm not playing with her breasts for fun, but instead that I'm critically evaluating them. Judging them. And failing them.

I hold her mound in a light snug grip. I use the fingers of my other hand to tenderly stroke over the tip of her nipple, feeling the hardness of her nub. It also sends a shiver rushing through her and goosebumps erupting over her mound. I use my fingers to tease her nipple for a second, then give it a light pinch before releasing it.

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I open my purse. Today I'm carrying a large one that is so not going through any x-ray scanners. I've stuffed a few toys in it that I might want while I'm out today. But anyone else, anyone who doesn't know me, would think those toys were for use on myself. And they are not! I take my crop out. I had to fold it up to get it in even this over-sized purse, but it fit. And it springs right back into shape once it's out.

Janet stands there, a wary eye on the crop, and a look of utter shame on her face. And now she quivers. Not hard, but enough. Just enough that her spongy breasts jiggle slightly.

I hold the whip up, letting Janet see it. I have no doubt that she's seen, and felt the bite of, Dmitri's crop. Maybe some others. She knows exactly how it's tip is going snap against her flesh. How her flesh is instantly going to burn with fire where it lands. How sharp needles of pain are going to sting as they shoot into her flesh. How it will leave a glowing angry red print on her light-white skin that will take an hour or two to fade, and sting her even longer.

"You will get ten strokes for acting like a skanky shameless slut. Since you flaunted those flabby, sagging tits, you can be whipped on them."

Janet's eyes snap wide open. A sudden, and very powerful, tremor racks her body. Now she looks at me with a very nervous face. I see that tear that's been welling up in the corner of her eye roll down her cheek. I don't know if she's ever had them whipped before. I hope Dmitri hasn't passed it up. If she has, she knows it's going to hurt worse than it would on her bottom. If not, she's standing there anticipating it hurting even worse than it's going to.

I tell her not to drag her feet and waste my time, I would be disappointed in her if she did. I tell her to stand with her side to me, facing the wall and back from it. Then to lean over until her back is perfectly flat and scoot forward until the top of her head is lightly against the wall. And then to put her hands against the wall, her elbows fully

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bent, her palms flat on it even with her head.

She drags her feet, but not so much that I add to her punishment for it. Enough that I start tapping my foot, which encourages her to speed it up. The position has her breasts hanging freely and dangling straight down from her flat chest. It also has her arms, and the rest of her body, out of the way to afford me unhindered access to those dangling mounds with their stiff nipples stick out.

I very lightly touch the tip of my crop to the tender underside of her soft mound. I hold it there, it's supple leather against her bare skin. "Oh, and if I were you, I'd be a very good little skank for your punishment. You wouldn't want to make so much noise someone comes in and sees you standing there with those flabby things hanging out for their whipping, would you? That would be so humiliating I'd have to laugh! At you!" I tauntingly suggest to remind her where she is. It has the desired effect on Janet. She shivers crisply and grimaces harder.

I snap the crop. It's not my hardest swat by any means. It's firm, but only about half of what I could have made it, even taking into account that I have to swing it to avoid her slightly sagging stomach. It lands with a loud crack. At least one that sounds loud in this little room, but one I know isn't so loud that it will carry through the door.

Janet grits her teeth hard. As the crop strikes her breast she flinches hard, her body tensing up so sharply that it makes her breasts jiggling wildly for a moment. She grunts out a muted, and pained "MM!" through her clenched teeth. Then she pants a few fast breaths through her nose, which makes them a hair noisy. She opens her mouth, takes another deep breath, and tries to brace herself for the next stroke.

This time I land the tip of my crop on the outside of her mound. It lands just the same, searing a bright, fire truck red crop print on the pale flesh of her soft mound. It makes her stiffen and shudder hard again, sending her breasts into another jiggling. It gets a more pained grunt through those clenched teeth, too. And it takes her just a second longer to

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get herself ready for the next swat. Long enough that she uses up all of the time I allow her as I bring the crop back for the next stroke.

This time I snap the crop upward, landing its tip on the inside of her mound, in what would be her cleavage. It's a tricky stroke to make. I have to avoid her other breast, dangling just an inch or so away. This one gets the tears flowing out of her eyes. But facing the floor, the fall instead of running down her cheek and destroying her make-up. Maybe sometime later, much later likely, she'll realize I did that for her and how much embarrassment and explaining I saved her. Her friends here would know she'd been crying. But not now. Unless they see the little teardrops on the floor.

I snap the crop again, landing this one on the top of her mound. It's a place that would be bared if she left her blouse less than fully buttoned. Part of the cleavage she'd show. That I bet she likes to show around here, trolling for compliments in the form of lecherous eyes on her chest. I know she was showing just enough to look sultry-but-professional when I arrived. I'll bet she doesn't for the rest of the day. I'd bet the sting she'll feel for the rest of the day will convince her that the red marks are still glowing on those mounds long after they've faded away.

Now it's time for the final stroke on this breast. Idly, I wonder if Janet knows, or guesses, where I'm going to land it. I give her just an extra second to think about it, letting my crop dangle free at my side, in my hand. Then I quickly snap it up, adding a touch of power to this stroke. Its tip flies straight, arcing up. It lands hard, cracking against the tip of her pendulous mound squarely atop its stiff nipple. It lands with enough power that for just an instant I see it shove her mound up.

Janet grunts hard, her mouth involuntarily dropping open as she cries out a deep "UH-MM!" that more or less manages to keep from rising to a cry. It's louder than she'd like, enough to be heard outside, but only if someone were listening at the door. Hopefully, no one is. She gasps a few very stressed sucking pants, her exhales laced with "OW!s"

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I tell her to stand up. It lets me see all five of the crop prints on her left breast, one on each of its four sides. And one that more darkens the shade of her nipple and ring to a deep blood-flushed red-purple. But somehow left her nipple straining to and even stiffer hardness, pulling up so tensed that it wrinkles up little goosebumps around it in her dark ring.

I tell Janet that's half her punishment. Now her right breast has to pay for allowing itself to be flaunted about. I tell her to turn around and reverse her position, standing the same way, but now with her right side facing me. I point out that as a worthless bitch, it's her place to make it easy for me to whip those slutty breasts. She very hesitantly bends over and positions herself for the next five strokes.

I whip her breast, getting about the same reactions from her that I got on her left one.

Once she's suffered the full whipping, I tell her to stand up facing me. It gives me a view of her freshly whipped mounds. And all of their glowing, painful, bright crop-prints on them. Obediently, Janet stands with her hands behind her back.

With her standing there unmoving, I make her watch as I fish in my purse and bring out my iPhone. I take my time framing up the image I want. Then I snap a picture of her standing there. One that shows her from about an inch below the lowest point of her breasts up to the very top of her head. Including her face. I show her the image and she cringes hard as she thinks of who might end up seeing it. But she doesn't dare say anything about it.

"Dress, skank," I tell her.

"Yes, Ma'am... may this worthless skank please have that bra and permission to put it on the unbearably stinging breasts, Ma'am?" Janet politely asks me. I'd make her ask it as two separate questions, first asking for her bra, and then once she had it in her hands for permission to put it on. I guess Dmitri doesn't require that.

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I pick up her bra, letting it dangle from my hand in front of her eyes. I pretend to consider her request for several long seconds. "No." I finally say firmly. "You want to flaunt yourself like some slut, you can go around like a slut, skank." I shove her bra in my pocket.

Janet gets wide-eyed and stares at me, looking as if she's about to either burst into tears or balk and scream at me. She hesitates for a second. Then another. Then, her voice suddenly hushed and squeaky with shame, she very politely asks "Ma'am, may this worthless skank please be allowed to wear that blouse to cover these stinging bare breasts so that I may finish working today, Ma'am?"

I pick up the blouse and let it dangle in front of her eyes for a second. "I guess I have to allow you something..." I toss the blouse at her.

She snatches it out of mid-air. "Thank you, Ma'am. If you are done with my slutty breasts Ma'am, may I please put this blouse on now, Ma'am?"

"Fine..." I sigh out reluctantly.

Janet scrambles to get the blouse on. She starts buttoning it in the center, with the button directly over her breasts. She buttons it all the way up.

"You greedy, naughty, skank!" I scold her in a very stern and disapproving voice. "Is that how you wear that blouse? No! You must think I'm as stupid as you are! I'm not! That's not how you wear it. It's not how you were wearing it when you took it off, is it, *cunt*?"

"No, Ma'am." Janet trembles as badly as her voice does, but she confesses to it.

"Give me the blouse, *cunt*."

"Yes, Ma'am," Janet replies in a very embarrassed, and edgy voice. She fumbles to unbutton it. I don't help. I scold her constantly as she fumbles, which only makes her fumble it worse as her nervousness shoots

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up. She folds it, this time taking a second to get it neat, and hands it to me. I put it back on the sink.

It leaves Janet bare-chested again and standing in front of me. I just glare at her for several long seconds that likely seem an eternity to her. "I guess I can't toss this blouse in the toilet and flush it, which is what I ought to do since you still have a couple of hours to work..." I say it as if I truly regret it. "Well, since now you want to fake like you're all modest and some kind of actual woman, instead of just a gutter skank, and hide those stinging, red, freshly whipped boobs... I think it's appropriate that they pay for your fake modesty.

"You will stand there. You will stand perfectly still. You will not make a sound. *One* of those sagging boobs will get another stroke of my crop, right on its nipple, and it will be a good stroke. Instead of squealing like some mouse, *immediately*, after the stroke, you can thank me for my generosity. And I mean immediately. As in while the sting of it is still lancing into your tender boob and unbearably burning you. I promise you, skank, you *do not* want to disappoint me now."

I lift my crop up high, my hand about even with her mounds. "You have a quarter second. I want to hear two words out of your stupid mouth, and nothing more. Pick one. Pick which breast gets whipped."

"R- Right, Ma'am," Janet says in a hushed, and sobbing, humiliated voice.

She barely gets it out before I snap the crop with a flick of my wrist. It sends the tip soaring down. It lands exactly as I want it to, evenly split between the top and the front of her breast. It gets the nipple under its leather, swatting the hard nub from the top. It leaves a bright, and slightly deeper, red print on her mound.

Janet stiffens hard, her face scrunching up overly-tight. She holds her breath while it lands. Stiffening up is enough to make her breasts wiggle a little. I let her get away with that. Her jaw snaps open as the

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strike lands. She tries hard not to stall. It takes her close to a second. "Thank you, Ma'am, for being so kind and whipping my already too-sore breast for forgetting what a total gutter skank I am, Ma'am." As she speaks, her voice can't hide the pain in it. Not can it hide the humiliation.

I make Janet stand there while I get another picture of her whipped breasts. Then I tell her to dress again. This time she leaves the top two buttons of her blouse undone, which is exactly how it was when I first brought her in here. It's enough to hide the whip marks on her breast, but the utter lack of even a sliver of bra makes it clear that she's not wearing one. I suspect that won't be a surprise to anyone. Her bouncing breasts will broadcast that. I just wonder how many of her customers will try to peek down her blouse and if they'll see the whip marks on her mounds if they do. Tell me that doesn't scream "kinky girl!" I allow her to put her blazer back on as well. It hugs her breasts gently to her body when she buttons it. It'll keep them from bouncing shamelessly, but not from bouncing. It'll exact its price for that too, its light hugs reminding her of the sting in those mounds.

I act like we're done. I leave her standing there as I put my crop back in my purse. Then, as if it's an afterthought, I ask Janet "You're not being a total slut are you, skank? Don't tell me that pussy of yours is all hot right now!"

Janet bursts out sobbing. "I'm sorry, Ma'am... I'm so sorry for being such a gutter slut, Ma'am... I'm sorry, Ma'am! Yes, Mama, my pussy is very skanky and hot right now, Ma'am..."

"Show me, skank," I tell her firmly. "Turn your back to me. Bend all the way over. Lower your pants and panties all the way down until they're fully off your cheeks. Then spread your legs as far as your pants will let you. Reach around your thighs, spread your cheeks at the very bottom of your crack as far apart as you can so they don't block my view of that skank pit."

Still tearlessly bawling, in her hushed and mousy voice, Janet says

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"Yes, Ma'am."

Janet doesn't hesitate this time. She blushes a deep beet red. She turns her visage and movements nothing but despondent acceptance of her fate. She turns, and in a moment she's displaying herself to me.

Her bottom carries only a few extra ounces. It's rounded and shapely, but her globes look to be slightly spongy-soft. When she stands, I could see a slight flatness to the curve atop her globes, but now that she's bent over, they're pulled taut and rounded out.

I can see a light, sparse fur covering her lips. I can see lips that are long and wide, but very puffy. Puffy enough that their outsides are rounded at the center, flowing inward as they near her slit. And lips that are long enough that they seem to rise all the way up, coming together into the wrinkles that flow inward and make her asshole just above her pussy. Her lips don't quite meet, leaving a narrow slit between them. A slit that the puffiness of those lips makes to look deep. But not a slit wide enough to bare even a sliver of the pinkness of her inner folds.

And above that, I can see her asshole. Hers is tiny. It's a shade of pink just a hair lighter than her nipples, but now it's flushed brightly. It puckers out at me, standing up maybe 1/8th of an inch, maybe a little more, above the bottom of her crack. It's very wrinkly. So wrinkly that it looks to be a jumble of wrinkles, some rising up from her crack, that all flow toward the same puckered ring. And I can see a single hemorrhoid, a pea-sized, bright blood-red knot swollen up on the edge of her ring.

I'm sure she knows she suffers from hemorrhoids. Just as I'm sure the last thing she wants is for me to know that. Or worse, to see it. I tell her that I can see it and she should consider going to the doctor for it. I can see the shirk sweep her body as she listens to me.

"At least you're honest, skank." I tell her, "that pussy is beyond aroused right now." The glistening coat of her oily honey gives that away. It's a coat that clings to everything. Her lips. The creases of her

thighs. Even the tops of her thighs. And it drenches her fur. I take a second to pull her lips wide open, splaying them to display her inner folds to me. She's even wetter inside. But the first thing I notice is the strong, powerful scent of her muskiness. Almost as quickly I see the half-marble of her clit, peeking the very tip of itself just above its nest of wrinkly pink folds, and throbbing so hard I'd almost say it looks more like it's jumping. Its tip is swollen so tautly that it's almost white-looking until her heartbeats and send a torrent of blood pushing it out at my eyes as it flushed deep red for an instant. It's covered with its own layer of honey, a honey that's seeped into the nest and flooded the space between the wrinkles.

But what I notice most is her pussy. Her tunnel is flushed an almost blood-red that glows like neon. It's slightly wide, gaping but not so wide that I could slip a finger into it without stretching it. And it's pucker out prominently. So much so that it's edge had to be flush against the inside of her lips. It's flooded with the honey steadily weeping out of it.

"You know what, skank? I don't think anyone will believe just what a slut you really are. Stay. I'll just have to get a picture to prove it." my words send a shudder through her, and get a twitch from the rim of her pussy. A moment later the flash on my phone's camera goes off, sending another, and sharper, shudder through Janet's body.

I allow her to stand up and fix her clothes. I wait until she's fully dressed and standing before me. It's been less than fifteen minutes since I brought her in here.

I hold my phone up and demand her husband's private cell phone number. She rattles it off in a voice that's pure reluctance. I attach the picture of her whipped tits to my message, sending a copy to both her husband and Dmitri. Hi, Honey! See what happens to tits that I flaunt like a shameless gutter slut? I send it. But I use an app that allows me to send a message from a one-time, random, phone number that can't be

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called back. I'm sure the police could trace it, they seem to be able to trace anything, but so far no one else has been able to. And this is my phone, not hers.

Immediately I type out another text. See what happens when my tits are whipped by a very young, and pretty, woman? I attach the picture of her sopping wet pussy to it. And send it.

Then I open the door. "You will go call your Master now and let him know that you have been adequately punished for your sluttiness." She says she will, and goes to hurry out of the restroom. As she reaches the door, I reach out and grab her bottom, giving a cheek a quick squeeze. It makes her stifle a squeal as she jumps. "As flabby as I thought they would be.." I lament as she flees.

I give her a minute to get away from the bathroom, then I slip out. No one seems to have noticed anything. I walk straight out, past where Janet is fumbling in her purse for her phone while handing a customer his glasses over the counter. "Thank you, Janet, for the polite service." She blushes deeply as I offer the nondescript compliment.

I'm almost back to campus, pulling into the Mellow Mushroom for a slice of pizza since I have the time when my phone dings with a text from Dmitri.

Janet says her breasts "burn like they're on fire," and sting so badly she still can't keep the tears out of her eyes. She says the entire thought of being whipped at work never occurred to her, and was the utterly most humiliating thing she'd ever suffered. Plus, she feels like a "complete whore, and a cheap one at that" running around without her bra on.

As she told me all of this, she admitted she was grinding her thighs together because her pussy ached so badly she could stand it. And she says her pussy is burning even worse than her breasts, so hot that "even douching with a Slurpee" wouldn't cool her down there. She

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asked permission to masturbate as soon as she possibly could. I denied her, of course. I told her to call me when her husband gets home and she may beg for permission then.

I'm going to tell her that she may, as long as she finds two people to watch her do it. Tonight. She knows one of my other pets, they were friends before either came to me, so she knows who would not kill her for asking. Asking, however, will kill her. And she'll have to strip to do it. Show everyone her whipped breasts, too. I will send you a video of it if you want.

P.S. She says she hates you. That you are "very strict" tolerate "not even the slightest of anything improper" and made her feel like she was less than a steak being sized up at the butcher's counter, then found unworthy of purchase even on markdown. She begged me not to send her to you again, which means she wants to be sent to you again.

I grin when I read it. Then I text Dmitri back.

Glad to help. If you want to truly humiliate her, give her this number 251-555-1212 and tell her that she needs THREE people to watch her masturbate. Someone at that number will be willing to rush over and watch her. A total stranger, but they're all safe. She will not care for whomever she gets. All she has to say is that "Miss Rodgers gave her this number," and they'll know. Tell her if she's a very good girl I will summon her someday for a very "filling" enema and rectal "exam."

Five minutes later I get another text from Dmitri.

Done. She cried and begged me not to send her to you for an enema. She begged that she'd never be able to stand that. And she cried when I told her she had to find three people to watch her masturbate, her husband being one of them. Who's number did I just give her?

I send back, my slice arriving at the table.

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The USA chapter of Alpha Omega frat. They're friends of mine. And they love to party.

I get back a series of laughing smileys and Janet's full name, address, and phone numbers. Home, work, and cell. I decide to stop at the post office on the way home and mail her bra to her husband. I don't want it. I'm sure she'd like it back. Even if her husband gets it.

That night I get a copy of a video from him. It shows Janet stripping down, offering her husband, then some woman I gather she knows, and then a 19-year-old frat boy I recognize, a good look at her breasts. The whip marks have faded to a very faint pinkness that will be gone by morning. Then she takes her place in a recliner, her pussy facing the audience, and masturbates. After about a minute, maybe a few seconds less, she addresses them one by one, my frat boy only as Sir, and begs for them to watch her cum. Once everyone has agreed to watch her climax, she cums hard, her body flopping around as it thrashes. She screams a sweet moan, too. I file the video away.

A half-hour later I get a text from the boy thanking me for "thinking of the coolest frat on campus" with the "skank show."



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I have one last toy on my to-do list for the day. Her name is Nassima. She's French-Algerian and 28-years-old. She's been married for five years now to a 45-year-old French man. He does something, I neither know nor care what, for Airbus that has him flying back and forth between Mobile and Toulouse, France. She's a housewife, so she always accompanies him on his travels. When they're here, which is about four times a year, her husband arranges for her to visit me. She has a single need that he has no desire to fulfill, and he isn't going to allow her anywhere near another man.

I told her husband to bring her at five. He knows to be on time, not early. It will leave me two hours before my usual supper time to deal with her. It should be plenty. Unless she's more disobedient than usual. Then I'll be late for supper. And she'll be sorry that I am.

Tonight will be her sixth time coming to see me. She's slightly submissive, and she definitely likes to play. Her husband is slightly dominant, but to him, it's more of a game, a way to spice things up and have fun instead of part of who he is. He'll spank her. He'll use various toys on her. He'll tie her. Not always, but enough to keep her satisfied.

There's only one thing he has no interest in doing. Anything involving her butt. In his words, it's too "dirty" for him. It turns him off. Not just anal sex, but anything involving her bottom. Even if it only involves a toy.

Unfortunately, Nassima seriously enjoys having her bottom "toyed with." So far, I haven't found anything I could do with it that didn't arouse her obscenely. She's told me that her first boyfriend introduced her to anal sex when she was 18. Quickly a monster was born. According to her, they had almost exclusively anal sex after that. And just as quickly after that, toys became a part of her repertoire. According to her, the orgasms she experiences from anal sex are better than if she were having sex.

Nassima is what I affectionately call a "fuck sub." She's

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submissive, but only once the bedroom doors are closed behind her. Otherwise, she's just an average vanilla housewife. Not the 24/7 "lifestyle sub" that my live-in slave girl Sophie is. Nor is she what I call a "play sub," a woman who isn't submissive, but enjoys role-playing games where she submits. She wants and needs her husband to be dominant, but only when it comes to sex. More than one of my toys is the same way.

They arrive just a couple of minutes before five. I figured they would, so I'm ready for Nassima when Sophie answers the door. I never asked Nassima if she was Muslim as most Algerians are or not. If she is, she's definitely not the most conservative of Muslim's I've met. Then again, she was raised in France, and the French aren't known for modesty.

She's not wearing a hijab or anything else that a conservative Muslim would. Instead, she's wearing a rather immodest pastel pink top. It's sleeveless and topless, with nothing more than spaghetti straps over her shoulders. Otherwise, from her breasts up, she's bare. It's snug, though not especially so, hugging her body down to the top of her skirt, and no further. Her skirt is snug on her bottom and thighs as well, covering her down to just above her knees. It's very colorful, with vertical strips of varying widths in pastel colors. And a baby blue belt around her waist that's all accessory and no function. She wears only sandals with it.

Nassima is a pretty woman. She's only moderately tall, around 5'6". She's lean, too. I'd guess around 130 pounds. She's very light-skinned, white with a middling olive hue to it, not the dark skin I'd expected when I'd heard she was of African descent. Her skin is no darker than the average Israeli. Or wouldn't be if she hadn't spent the last couple of days working on a tan. She has long, full-bodied black hair with underlying natural radiant brown highlights to it. Hair that hangs down to the bottoms of her shoulder blades. Today, however, she has pulled up and tight. It leaves her modest, narrow neck fully bared. I'd bet she did that to make it easier for me to put a collar on her.

She looks relaxed as her husband walks her in, holding her hand. I

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didn't expect her to be nervous. She's been here enough to know that I won't hurt her. She might suffer long and hard, but it will be a sweet suffering. And we all know that she wants to be here. She wants someone to play with her bottom and give her the kind of intense orgasm that her husband can't. Can't only because he isn't willing to do anything involving her bottom.

I'm sitting at my desk as she comes in. I stay there. Sophie, as I've told her to do, immediately shows her husband to a seat on the sofa (which is in the middle of the room), then takes Nassima by her hand and walks her over to my desk.

She points Nassima to sit on the stool beside my desk. It's not the most comfortable, even by the standards of wood stools. It's ornate, just not comfortable. It's like sitting on a slab of bare wood. It's small, 12" across and round. It doesn't have a back or anything else more than legs to stand on. She sits properly, her legs crossed, her hands folded in her lap, her back up straight and her eyes forward. She sits still and silent, waiting for instructions. Even then, even with her smallish bottom, the edges of her cheeks hang slightly over the sides.

While Nassima sits silently, I ask her husband a few questions about her. Questions like "has this sex toy been allowed to masturbate?" and "when is the last time this sex toy acted like a gutter whore and climaxed?" It's not the first time I've asked him questions about her sex life. But it is the first time I've done it exactly like this, watching her closely to make sure she sits still and silent, having to hear everything and react to nothing. But I don't ask too much. I get right to the intimate ones, and five minutes later I'm done. I see a tiny bit of unease on her face. That was my goal.

"Clearly this thing has been a rather dirty toy since I last saw it. I'll start with a very nice enema to get it cleaned up. Then we'll see just how slutty that bottom has gotten." I tell him, but I'm really talking to her. I want her to know it's coming. Nassima hates enemas. She hates the way

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they fill her bottom up, making her very uncomfortable, yet do nothing to stimulate her. At least not while she's squirming and moaning her way through the discomfort. As it ends, she gets very aroused. Plus she knows that once her bowels are cleaned up, something stimulating will be done with her bottom.

I send Sophie to fetch the supplies I want. Then I tell Nassima to stand up, turn around and bend over. With a mask of utter resignation on her face, she stands. As she turns, it gives me a good view of her rounded bottom snuggled in her colorful skirt. Then she's leaning over, resting her forearms on the stool, with her elbows and hands hanging off the edges. She spreads her feet as wide the skirt will allow, which only puts about twelve inches between them. She shuffles her back a few inches to get her back taut and flat.

I didn't tell her to undress. Up until now, I've always done that. I almost always do, preferring to give enemas and everything else to fully nude toys. I take hold of the bottom hem of her skirt and slide it up her thighs as slowly as I can manage to move it. It gives her more time to think about what's coming next. I raise it up all the way to her waist, fully baring her entire bottom, but no more. It shows me that she's dressed up for me. She's wearing a rather sexy pair of crimson panties. The kind that has little ribbons that tie at the sides, instead of straps around her hips. They're sheer, mostly lace, and completely see-through. In front, they're a small triangle. In back, they're equally revealing, leaving around half of her cheeks bared.

With Nassima leaning over, I can see the swath of fabric that covers her pussy before widening into a triangle that covers parts of her cheeks instead of slipping into her crack. It's the only part of her panties that isn't see-through. But I can see a few little strands of her bush poking out around its edges. And I can see that her mound is fairly flat. At least it's not puffing out to me too much.

They still give me a good view of her bottom. Her cheeks are small

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and firm. So diminutive that they have a slight flatness to them, instead of rounding outward like half melons. But they're still shapely. And now they're pulled taut, both their hard muscles and the olive-toned moderately-tanned skin over them. They're smooth and without a single blemish on them. Her globes don't quite touch, leaving a short crack between them that, at it's narrowest, leaves just enough room for a few sheets of paper to slip between them all the way to her asshole. Through the sheerness of her panties, I can see a light tan line on the insides of her globes that tells me her bikini covers her crack and a very tiny slice of her cheeks around it. Not quite as little as a t-back or g-string, but definitely not the bikini for a modest woman.

I slip her panties down, lowering them until they've bared every speck of her bottom and pussy, but no more. They hang taut around her upper thighs, with maybe an inch of space between them and the bottom of her mound. And now I can see everything.

I've always liked her pussy. Her outer lips are very narrow, more like little strips of skin that puff slightly outward along the crease of her thighs than actual lips. Those are covered with a sparse fur of short and well-trimmed black hairs. Between them, her inner folds start as a single, ridge. Its light-purple-brown flesh beginning as a single ridge puffing it's rounded top up even with her outer lips. And as wide as my little finger. Her slit is long and wide. The ridge extends as if it were a third, but furless outer lip, about halfway down before it swells into a spongy-soft knot of wrinkles and then separates into two inner folds that lie flush against each other with only the finest line. Those inner folds are plump and soft, just like a second pair of outer lips would be. I'd take a picture of the cute pussy for my ShameBook (the place where I have the pictures of my toys at their most immodest), but I already have a couple of it. Now I can see the finest trace of wetness at the point where those loose folds meet. But that's all I ever see of her honey there. Those thick folds hold it all inside. I know, if I'm seeing even a trace of it here, inside she's soaking wet.

I use one hand to gently nudge the bottoms of her globe apart. I

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spread them wide. At first, it fully bares the tiny pinpoint of her asshole to my eyes. Then, as I spread her cheeks to their widest, it stretches the wrinkly flesh around her ring along with them. It leaves her asshole displayed. Her ring is still tiny, little more than a pinprick too small to even really be dark surrounded by a triangular swatch of light purple-brown flesh that fades into the hue of her cheeks barely a quarter of an inch beyond her muscle. Her muscle is tight. A ring of flesh with gentle wrinkles surrounds her ring, the wrinkles all flowing into the little pinprick. Beneath her ring, those soft inner folds of her pussy flow back together, into a smooth little strip of purplish flesh. Then, just before her ring, a second little wrinkle rises up just a hair into a ridge that flows into the pinpoint, as if it's just another of the gentle wrinkles, only more noticeable.

Nassima is a clean woman, but most women like her, women who value their appearance, are. She's clean back here, too. And I know she takes pride in keeping her body clean, and thus desirable. "Gross!" I squeal with some honest sounding disgust in my voice, "did you even bother to wipe, whore?" It has the desired effect. I can feel the tiniest of flinch sweep over her entire body. It's enough to let me know she's having to resist an urge to run away and clean herself up. That she thinks I'm seeing her unclean. That her body, even this least-desired part of her, isn't attractive. "No wonder your husband won't touch it! It would take a HAZMAT suit!" it gets me a second flinch from her. "Oh, slave... get over here! I have something far too filthy for my hands, even with gloves, that needs to be cleaned immediately!"

"Yes, Mistress," Sophie says in her most unhappy, reluctant voice that tells Nassima that Sophie is too unwilling to displease me even though she obviously is disgusted by the task at hand. Sophie is just such the little actress! And it's even more obvious to her that I'm trying to make Nassima think her bottom is especially dirty and ugly, something no human would want to touch. So Sophie plays along, hoping to please me. I give her a wink to let her know I'm pleased with her Oscar-worthy

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performance so far.

Sophie gets herself a pair of my pastel green latex gloves and snaps them on loudly. She comes over, glances at Nassima's asshole, wrinkles her nose up, and in her most disgusted voice asks, "may I also be allowed to disinfect that butt hole, after I clean all the poo off of it, for you, Mistress?" I tell her she may.

Sophie gets a wet-wipe. While I hold Nassima's cheeks wide, Sophie takes the wet wipe and scrubs the slightly wrinkled flesh around Nassima's asshole. Scrubs it. Hard. In every possible direction. And she's constantly using different parts of the wet wipe. She even makes sure that she presses enough to smooth out the wrinkles as she scrubs over them. It takes her over a minute. Since Nassima was never dirty, the wet wipe isn't very messy when Sophie's done. There are only a few tiny specks on it, slightly less than average. Sophie tosses it. Then Sophie rips open the foil packet of an alcohol wipe. Sophie scrubs Nassima's asshole again with the icy cold wipe. It sends a light chill into Nassima, getting a little shiver from her at first touch, then making little goosebumps sprout up around her ring. Once it's fully disinfected, Sophie uses her hand to fan the darker flesh completely dry.

"Good slave," I tell Sophie, "now I won't have to stare at that filth while I give this whore its enema. Bring me a brown one." I "color code" my enemas by adding a drop of food coloring to the fluid in them so I know what's in there. Except for the brown ones. I don't have to add food coloring to those. They're coffee enemas. It's the highest caffeine brew I could get, that's then been boiled down to concentrate the caffeine to a level slightly higher than the better energy shots. Because rectums are designed, or evolved, to do one thing. To absorb water from waste so our bodies don't waste it. Water that will now include all of that caffeine, which will go straight into her bloodstream and perk her up better than drinking an entire pot of coffee would. And it will do it far quicker. Of course, Nassima hasn't a clue what's in this or any other enema. Not a hint what I'm about to put into her butt.

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They come in gigantic syringes that hold 12 ounces. Naturally, they're filled to the limit. They come with tips that are about four inches long and as thick as a pencil. On this one, I've changed the tip to one that's a little fatter, more like a delicate finger than a pencil, and much longer. About 10 inches long, which will reach the back of the rectum, even on a fairly tall person. This tip is also less flexible. Not rigid, but not as soft either. In short, it's far less comfortable than the smaller ones. Yes, I am taking care to ensure Nassima isn't comfortable.

I put the tip against her asshole. It's wide enough to completely eclipse her hole, and then plenty more. Not all of the darker flesh, but enough of it that it looks like... I'm trying to park a semi in a single-car garage. No way it's going to make it through the door. I press. It doesn't take that much pressure. Nassima is too used to being entered. Long before she came to me, she knew better than to resist it. She knew instead to relax and accept it. It's far easier that way, and no amount of resisting will prevent it. The resistance just tenses her asshole up and makes the entry that much more uncomfortable for her. Not for me.

In a fraction of a second, her muscle is rubbery and allowing itself to be stretched around the white plastic of the tip as it slides into her on a very fine film of lubricating jelly. The tube is slightly wide, but not so much so that it fully smooths out the wrinkles in the darer flesh that snuggles around it. Once its tip has entered her, the tube slides easily along, diving deeper and deeper toward the depths of her bowels.

I know Nassima can feel it sliding through her insides. I used the wider tip to ensure that she would. Even if her bottom is empty, as in just flushed out empty, this tip is wide enough for her to feel it moving. But not so wide for it to be actually uncomfortable. I've never used a tip so long on her before. I'm sure, unable to see what I'm using, she assumes this one is the shorter four inches long. I imagine her standing there with her bottom offered out to me, feeling it slipping deeper and deeper, thinking how any second now all of it will be inside her. And instead, it just keeps slipping deeper.

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She takes about six inches of it into her bottom before I feel the faintest of nervous flinches sweep over her. That must be when she realizes this one is longer. She stands still, letting it slide into her. She gets almost all of it, over nine inches into her bottom. Just before it bottoms out I hear Nassima grunt hard. The tip of the tube presses firmly against the very back of her bowel, poking into it, and pushing on its nerves. She tenses up slightly. Then it bottoms out. I hold it steady, it's tip poking against her rectum unpleasantly.

I tell her husband "Since this whore is so filthy today, I'm going all the way to the very back of her insides and we'll make sure just everything gets washed out." Nassima stands cringing hard and grunting light grunts of unpleasantness, as she waits for me to finish tell her husband what she can so plainly feel already.

Then I start pushing the plunger, slowly injecting the frigid coffee into her bowels. It doesn't take but a second for the liquid to start fill the tiny bit of empty space inside. Then it's stretching her bowel gently, but steadily, as I push more and more of it into her bottom.

Twelve ounces is a lot for an enema. Most of the commercial ones that drug stores sell are two or four ounces. But it's not too much. Not even close. The rectum can expand, stretching its thin membrane and the fine sheath of muscle around it wide and accommodate a lot. Several times what Nassima is getting. But as it exceeds a certain volume, it gets difficult, and then impossible, to voluntarily hold in. Twelve ounces won't be too much for her. But it will be very uncomfortable inside her.

She gets about half of it before I hear the change in her breathing. Her breaths turn deeper and more measured as she tries to control herself and not show the discomfort she's feeling. With the next ounce, I hear her breaths take on a slight groaning "AH!" And then, with about nine of the twelve ounces into her, her groans have steadily sharpened into strained "UH!s" She starts "squirming" a little while she fights to keep her bottom still and save it a worse enema. Or a spanking. Instead, I can see the

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muscles in her arms and legs tensing and relaxing slightly. The muscles in her back clench a little sharper. At least the tiny slice of it that I can see beneath her bunched-up skirt.

As the last of the coffee is flooding into the very back of her bowel, she finally squeals a little "OW!" that she fails to completely mute. Now, as Nassima strains against the tide that's flooded her bottom to hold it in, her asshole has cinched up tightly around the firm tube. I take my time sliding the tube back and out until finally the last of the shaft slips from her ring and her muscles snaps to full tension to keep the enema inside her. Nassima groans another "OW!" just as mutely, but with just as much discomfort behind it.

She stands there, awaiting instructions. I sit there, my seat off to the side a little, her cheeks held wide. I watch her asshole cinching to it's tightest, seeing the strain in her muscle as she wishes it would tighten even more. But not a drop leaks out of her. All I can see is the shiny coat of lubricant that still clings to the deeply colored flesh.

I reach in the drawer of my desk. I might use this desk for work and studies, but I keep a drawer full of toys up here as well. I never know when a mood will strike me and I'll need a toy for a toy! I select a small vibrating egg. Well, small probably isn't a good description of it. It's slightly larger than the biggest of eggs at the Piggly Wiggly. Maybe two inches long and 1 ½" wide. But it is perfectly shaped just like an egg. And by vibrator standards, miniature. It has a narrow strip of hot pink ribbon firmly attached to its rounder end. That's about four inches long, and maybe all of a ¼ inch across. At its end, it flows out to widen into a foot-long strip of ribbon that's about two inches across. On the wider strip of ribbon, in big bold letters, "ENEMA" is printed. Below that, in smaller letters it reads "flood zone inside - remove before pottying." On both sides.

I smear a little dollop of slippery gel on the tip of the pointier end of the egg. Then I put that tip snugly against Nassima's very tightly

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cinched asshole. She gasps, loudly, with surprise and nervousness as she feels it. As she realizes that whatever it is, it's about to join that enema inside her bottom. Which means that it will be very uncomfortably penetrating her fully-clenched asshole. And she can't relax to ease it for herself, otherwise, the tide will burst from her bottom and earn her some unbearable consequence. So it's going to be very uncomfortable for her. But with its ovoid shape, Nassima is only able to feel it's tip against her body. A tip maybe as wide as a finger. She hasn't a clue how wide it will get. Or how long it might be. I'd almost bet she's thinking, and worried, that might be a second enema tube.

I press. Gently. Not firmly enough to press it through her resisting muscle. Not yet. But enough for Nassima to feel the hardness of it pushing in against her unwelcoming muscle. I ease the pressure up very slowly. The last thing I want is for Nassima to lose control. Poor Paige, my house-slave/skanky-whore would have to scrub my floor. It might even take Paige TWO toothbrushes to clean that up! Instead, Nassima gets to enjoy feeling the hardness of the smooth plastic pressing in against her muscle harder and harder, knowing that soon it's going to be too much for her muscle and whatever this is, it is going to start entering her bottom.

As the pressure increases, I can see that micron by micron more and more of the plastic presses against her body, letting her know that whatever this is, she hasn't felt its full width yet. And then her asshole is no longer able to resist. With her muscles tensed hard and resisting, the rounded end of the egg begins to shove her muscle aside, stretching it, and push into her hole. The taper of the egg allows her muscle to stretch slowly. The width of it ensures that her ring will stretch very wide.

I watch as her dark flesh pulls more and more taut around the pink-tinted white egg. I watch the gentle wrinkles of her ring slowly vanish as her flesh is pulled taut. Then the single, larger, wrinkle at the bottom of her ring is stretched out, leaving only a darkly-tinted ring of smooth flesh stretched fully taut around the light shaft. Nassima moans a

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steady chorus of "OH-OW!" as she's stretched wide. Just when her flesh looks so tight that it doesn't have even a hair of stretch left to it, the egg passes its widest point and jumps forward, diving into her flooded bowel. Nassima squeals with surprise. Her asshole instantly snaps shut, clenching back to it's tightest to hold the fluid inside her. That thrusts the egg forward and into her even faster. A half-second later her ring is cinched back to its full pinpoint tightness. Only now there's a narrow strip of hot pink ribbon sticking through her ring. And a wide strip dangling down, lying against her panties and her thighs, three-quarters of the way to her knees.

Nassima pants a few deep breaths, laced with equal parts of sweet moan and pained groan. She tries to mute both and succeeds at muting neither. Then, three or four seconds later, her entire body is swept by a single crisp shudder as she realizes that there's some kind of toy fully inside her bottom. I wonder if she can even feel the little ribbon dangling through her tightness, or if she thinks that toy is completely inside.

I give her a few more seconds to stand there and feel the toy. To feel the slight extra pressure on her bowels from the enema as the toy takes up even more of the room inside her. Then I pull her panties back up to cover her bottom. As I do, I bunch up the ribbon and stuff it inside her panties at the crack of her bottom. She'll feel it there, against her cheeks. Then I pull her skirt back down, leaving her fully dressed and even more fully filled up.

I tell Nassima to stand up. She does, and I hear a deep groan as she starts moving. As the cramps suddenly appear in her abdomen, low, like female cramps. But not female cramps. These cramps strain her asshole powerfully, trying to force her to the toilet with their discomfort. She hesitates for a second, sucking in a sharp breath. I see her arm flinch, first trying to instinctively fly up to her stomach, then her brain catching herself and stopping it. She straightens, her breaths laced with more of the sweet-and-pained moaning groans. She puts her hands behind her back and obediently turns to face me.

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It lets me see her face, scrunched up hard. Her eyes strain to squeeze shut as she strains to keep the open as I require. She stands. She tries hard to control her deep breaths, measuring them, pacing them, to ease the discomfort. I can see the strain in her neck and jaw, too. It tells me that her teeth are firmly gritted. I can see that a slight shivering, a very sweet shivering, has already taken hold on her body.

"Your very sweet husband over there looks a little bored," I say firmly, with a touch of a sigh to my voice. "Since you'll be waiting for that enema to do its job and make that urge of yours unbearable, you can entertain your husband while you enjoy that so-full feeling, whore. You can strip for him. Slowly. One piece of clothing per song."

As I tell her what's next, I can the look of tension bloom on Nassima's face as she does the math and figures out that will take her around fifteen minutes of dancing to get all of her clothes off. As she thinks about holding in the enema that has her bowel so filled. As she thinks about the worst of it, moving around with it inside her, stretching her inside taut. About how she'll feel those cramps. And how hard she'll feel that tide pounding against the inside of her asshole begging for release even as it tries to force its way through her tight ring.

"Oh, and here's a little something to motivate you to dance very seductively for that nice husband!" I almost squeal it with excitement. I let her see the little remote in my hand. It's just like the fob on my key chain that locks my car doors. I hold it up, then slowly aim it right at her crotch. I move my thumb very slowly, Nassima's eyes locked on it and following it as she wonders what it's going to do to her. When my thumb finally makes it to the button I push it.

"AH!" Nassima suddenly cries out a very shocked, and very sultry, squeal. Her eyes pop wide open. She sucks a very deep, and even faster, breath. She lets it out with a longer "OH!" that's pure erotic moan. Her body shudders hard as it trembles. She freezes in place. She cries out a fresh, pained yelped "OH-OW!" then sucks another fast breath and

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purrs out a purely erotic, and slightly needier, moan. She shudders again, harder, and then stands frozen and trembling.

I guess Nassima can feel that egg. That she can feel it inside her bottom, it's widely curved end pressing hard against the backside of her asshole. That she can feel it vibrating inside her bottom, it's width enough that it's snug against the walls of her bottom. Snugly enough that it's pressing lightly trough them and against the backside of her very needy pussy walls. Massaging those walls tenderly, sending icy-hot sparks erupting in her hungry walls before they shoot through her body, along her spine with their tingles, and into her brain. And that she can feel the little waves it's making as it vibrates in the liquid that has her bottom flooded. That she can feel those waves caressing the insides of her bowels, teasing her sensitive nerves there with their softness. The very nerves she so sweetly can't stand having teased.

I can see the muscles in her stomach ripple as each wave teases her bowel, sending equally strong sensations of arousal and uncomfortable-over-fullness through her. Waves that send light cramps as they urge her to forget everything and fly to a toilet. Waves that urge her just as strongly to reach down to her pussy and masturbate right this instant. Both sensations she has no choice but to resist and stand still.

I let her stand frozen for several seconds until the trembles really take hold. I can tell because then I see the slightest of wiggles creep into her hips as her instincts try to get her to squirm her thighs together and massage that aching clit. Then the sweetness starts to overtake the discomfort in her moans, despite the very slight sharpening of the ripples under the bottom hem of her shirt.

I pick up my crop and give her a firm, but not too hard, of a swat on her bottom. Enough of a swat for her to feel it, even through the fabric of her skirt.

Nassima flinches hard. Then she realizes why I swatted her bottom. She takes a step. A cramp racks her stomach, and she hesitates

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as she groans out a “UH!”

I swat her bottom again. “Get moving, whore!” I snap sternly, “stop acting like a baby and go dance like the whore you are.”

Nassima takes another step, gritting her teeth hard and grunting again as she does. Only this time she was expecting it and forces herself to keep walking through it. I turn some music with a dance beat on. It's only about five steps over to where her husband is waiting. But those are five very long steps for Nassima. Steps she takes very slowly.

She begins to dance, slowly and clumsily at first. It's the too-urgent uncomfortableness that makes her clumsy. Nassima is a party girl at heart, and like all party girls, she's an excellent dancer. I don't know where she learned to strip dance, but she's fairly good at it. Good enough to work in a club, although not one of the fancier clubs.

I can see the discomfort on her face as she begins. No sooner is her body moving than her swollen bowels are cramping her and pounding against her asshole. It causes her to hesitate for an instant as every sensation sweeps through her body. And with every movement, the strong sensations of being too-full seem to hit her slightly differently. Each movement twisting, and angling her bowel just the finest of hairs differently. The brief hesitations give her a halting, robotic look to her first moves.

It only takes a few seconds, a few clumsy undulations of her hips, for the second set of sensations to begin. The ones in her pussy. Those icy-hot tingles that suddenly erupt randomly, all over the meaty walls of her hungry pussy. The ones that turn both fiery hot and arctic cold as they shoot along her nerves. The ones that send the most erotic chills shivering her from head to toe. The ones that cause her to forget her groans as very sensual moans begin overtaking them.

Once her body gets flowing smoothly she quickly loses her sandals. She does it fluidly, kicking them away and flaunting her sleek legs as she

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does. I can still see the grimace on her face and the light rippling of the cramps at her waistline, but those no longer inhibit her dancing. Or her sweet moans. I'd expected it. Sandals are a real pain to dance in. Without them, her movements flow a little more sinuously.

As the song progresses, her gritted teeth begin chattering as her moans ramp up another notch of sultriness. At the same time, I see the rippling at her waist grown a hair stronger. And then her bottom shudders hard as Nassima cries out a very needy moan.

On the next song, she slinks out of her shirt. It reveals what I'd expected to see, a bra that matches her panties. It's not see-through, but it is satiny and soft, and with the same lacy covering as her panties have. It has wide straps at her sides that quickly taper to finger-thin at the clasp. And it has three-quarter cups that leave a decent triangular slice of her breasts bare at the top inside, making a very sensual cleavage as they lift her breasts.

Nassima flaunts those full, shapely breasts, covered by the deep red satin, as she dances her way through the rest of this song. And now she has her husband's complete attention. At least those breasts do. I'm busier watching her flat, toned stomach as the faint waves of cramps ripple along her firm muscles. By now, she's not even showing them. But she is moaning very enthusiastically, and very erotically needy. As she dances, her hands flow along her sides.

Then her skirt comes off, slipping down those slender legs until she tosses it away with her foot. Leaving her only in her sexy underwear. And entralling her husband.

On the next song, she sheds her bra. It's the logical choice, the thing any woman would take off next. Panties are always last. It bares her near-perfect mounds. Their bottoms are shaped just as they would be if her breasts swelled off her almost-bony-lean chest like half melons. On top, they slope upward with a more gentle curve. They also have a set of mild tan lines on their olive-flesh from a rather skimpy bikini. No

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wonder her entire cleavage was so fully tanned. Her mounds are topped with wide rings of a light, almost brownish hue. And with a pair of narrower nipples only a hair wide than pencil erasers that stand up a good ¼". Their tips are slightly rounded, but also have a defined ridge to them. They look absolutely suckable. And pinchable. Better yet, clampable! They're pert and firm with a hint of squishiness to them, like hard wet sponges in my hand. If I didn't know better, I'd wonder if they were real or bought. But I know hers are real. Her husband told me so. And if she'd bought them, he would have been the one stuck with the bill for them.

Nassima knows she has pretty breasts. She takes the opportunity to flaunt them to her husband. She dances, leaning forward slightly, with her perky mounds in front of his eyes. They're too firm to really jiggle, but her chest moves plenty to have her hard nipples dancing around in front of those eyes. It definitely holds his attention.

As the next song begins, Nassima has nothing left to take off except for her panties. Without any modesty at all, she seductively lets them slide down her lean legs. As soon as the swatch of sheer fabric is off her bottom, the hot pink ribbon falls free. It dangles down between her legs as she dances. Her panties reach her ankles. She steps one foot out of them. Then she raises the other foot, her panties dangling off of it, high in the air. It offers her husband a view of her pussy for a brief moment. And a view of the ribbon dangling from her bottom. Or at least of it tapering away as it vanishes between her firm cheeks. A flick of her ankle sends her panties arcing over his head.

Nassima turns her back to him. She smoothly wiggles her bottom for him, leaning over and jutting it toward his eyes. I'm sure that shows him the thin strip of ribbon vanishing into her dark hole. I can see the ribbon dancing around under her pussy as her bottom undulates. If she can't feel the thin strip running through her hole, its muscle cinched tightly around it, she can definitely feel the wider ribbon brushing against the insides of her thighs. Another reminder of the enema filling her

backside.

It shows her front side off to me. It shows me her bush of dark, jet-black hairs. All trimmed very neatly with sharp lines well inside the crease of her thighs. Her bush looks sparse, but it's not especially so. Her hairs are trimmed down short, around $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch long, making it look less dense than it would be if they were longer, curly, and tangled up. Now short, her hairs are straight. Plus they're not that fine. They are soft, though.

Just as that song is starting to end, its volume beginning to fade, I tell Nassima "treat him to a nice lap dance now, whore." I grin at her. It's my evil imp grin. The one I use when I know I have a sweet torment in mind for my toy.

"Yes, Ma'am," Nassima answers. She's only defied me once. It was the first time she came to see me. I'd told her to eat Shelbie's (a 35-year-old redheaded toy of mine with a very red bush) pussy. She squealed as she balked. In two seconds flat she was over my knees while I took a stiff rubber paddle to her bottom. She cried, hard, long before it was over. Afterward, as soon as she was back on her knees, she apologized. Then she did something she'd never done before in her life. She ate pussy. And she made Shelbie screech for close to an hour, while her husband watched rather intently. Then she earned herself a session on my rack by being an impatient whore and trying to sneak a finger down to her pussy when she thought I wasn't watching. Then she ate Shelbie's asshole, which made Shelbie screech pleas for an orgasm.

Nassima gives him a rather slutty lap dance. It's definitely one of the more erotic ones she's done. And she does it with that sensual need plain on her body. He encourages her arousal, too. She brings her breasts close to his eyes. He sucks her nipples, getting a very long and starving-hungry moan from her. He kneads her mounds gently. She turns her back and caresses his cock, through his pants, with her toned cheeks. He purrs. She outright moans. She slips back just a hair, stroking her pussy

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mound over his hardness. She screeches a too-sweet moan. I give her a light tap with my crop right on her bush. She yelps and lifts her mound from him. I see the damp wetness on his pants directly atop his shaft. Her wetness. I scold her for being “such a whore” by trying to sneak a little attention for her pussy in. She blushes and apologizes without missing a beat of her lap dance. She turns back to him, offering her breasts to him before slinking them softly down his entire body. And caressing his cock with their pertness.

When that song ends I allow Nassima to stop. She stands up, hands behind her back, facing me. It has her bottom to her husband, the pink ribbon dangling down to remind him that she’s full. I scold her again for “being too cheap of a whore” and tell her that she’ll have to be punished for her “overt shameless sluttiness.”

“Go to the corner, whore.” I snap with a grin on my face.

A look of horror comes over Nassima’s face as she hears it. But she resigns herself to it and accepts her punishment. A moment later I’m checking to ensure that she’s properly in the corner. She is. The tips of her toes touch the baseboards, her feet lightly touching each other. But nothing else of her body touches anything. Her shoulders and nipples are close, but not touching, to the wall. She stares ahead and the empty pastel yellow of my wall. Her arms are at her sides to the elbows, then her hands are behind the small of her back. She stands still and quiet. With the ribbon hanging down from between her globes, dangling against the backs of her slender thighs.

The worst part of the corner is not being allowed to do anything whatsoever. Not even to scratch an inch. Especially the "itch" she wants to scratch. She's expected to stand very still, and not to make a sound. And to stare at the emptiness before her eyes. It ensures that she'll have nothing at all to distract herself from her body and the sensations running through it.

It only takes about a minute for me to see the goosebumps. They

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start on her pussy mound, but I can't see them there with her legs together. I only see them after they've covered the creases of her thighs and begin to flow outward onto the tops of her thighs and the firm globes of her bottom. A second wave of bumps seems to flow out of her crack and meet the first wave on her cheeks. Those must have started at her asshole. I peek and see that her breasts are fully covered as well.

A moment later I can hear the gradual change in her breathing. It grows steadier, more measured, deeper, and more controlled. I can hear her trying hard to mute the raspy moan that fights its way into her exhales.

I glance at her bottom. I get very close and squat down, putting my eyes level with the tops of her thighs, and peer into the tight space between the very tops of her thighs. I can't see much. But I can see the back of her mound, puffing down very slightly. And I can see the sparkle of a glistening coat of honey on her lips. I can smell the faintly sweet aroma of her muskiness as well.

I stand up, crop in hand, and wait. It doesn't take too long, either. As she waits, Nassima has nothing at all to distract her from feeling the pressure straining inside her bowels. From the ocean pounding against the inside of her asshole, driving the vibrating egg back against the countless nerves there and squishing those nerves between it and the hardness of her tensed muscle. Of the tender massaging of the soft waves inside her bottom, as the vibrator sends them flowing over her insides. Of how those waves caress not just her bottom (which drives her bananas) but also the under-used backside of her pussy walls (which are just as nervy as the front sides). Of the egg itself, it's unyielding hardness pressed against her insides, stretching them taut, and vibrating as sweetly as energetically against her nerves. Or of the previously unknown sensation of the waves crashing against the very depths of her bowels, the light pounding sending a cramp into her insides. A cramp in places she's never felt before. One that hurts just enough to remind her how full she truly is. Or from the strain of clenching her asshole taut as the enema

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desperately pushes against her ring trying to shoot out of her.

None of that does anything but make her feel the icy hot chills that bloom in the spongy walls of her pussy, tingling those walls like hot sparks and sending a twitch through their strong muscles. Then how those chills shoot out of her pussy and race along her nerves to her spine, sending waves of chills sweeping over her entire body while her pussy seems to burn hotter with each one. Or of how those twitches in her pussy are steadily strengthening. Or of how those sparks are making her pussy not just burn, but also throb with an unbearable aching. How she can feel her clit throbbing in time to her heartbeat as it begs her to attend to its sweet ache. Or of her honey weeping from her tunnel and clinging to everything with its sticky wet heat.

After another moment I can see the faintest of quivering blossom in her lips. Both her outer lips and the bared ridge of her inner folds. Neither has any muscle in them to make them quiver or do anything else. They quiver only from the hard snapping tremors sweeping through the walls of her pussy and the quivering tremors in her thighs and bottom from the icy streaks of heat shooting through them.

Finally, after maybe three to five minutes in the corner, Nassima purrs the neediest of moans. I doubt she even hears herself. She looks to be that lost in the agony tormenting her pussy.

I swat her bottom. It's a firm stroke of my crop that lands square on her cheek and leaves a tiny red splotch. Nassima stiffens hard, gritting her teeth and almost biting her tongue to silence her yelp. "Cheap whore!" I scold her, "I can't believe you're thinking about your skanky pussy while you're in my corner. Now you can start over. 28 minutes to go!" I say it enthusiastically as if I can't wait to watch her suffer another 28 minutes in here. It's my standard time – one minute for every year old the toy is. Nassima is 28, so she gets 28 minutes. She should be glad she's not 45. Or older!

She lasts five more minutes. And I can tell they're five very

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sweetly agonizing minutes for her.

Suddenly Her head snaps forward, banging her forehead against my wall. She screeches out a long "UH!" that's as sweet as it is strained. Her hands instantly clench into fists. Her bottom lifts up a hair as her toes curl under her feet. Her entire body trembles, lightly at first, but steadily growing harder. In just two seconds or so, she's trembling violently. She screeches out another cry, this time an "AH!" that she draws out until the last molecule of air is out of her lungs. She shudders sharply as she cries out. Her knees buckle. She crashes to the floor, landing on her bottom before her shoulders fall backward. As she falls, sharp snapping tremors rack her body, one after the other, about one per second. As she lies on the floor the tremors continue sweeping over her, crisply enough to have her nipples dancing atop her bony-lean chest.

Then she suddenly pants fast and deep. Her eyes close. With a single glance, I can see the honey seeping out between the lips of her inner folds, almost squirting but not quite. More like it's being pumped out by the spasms in her pussy. Her body, still trembling, falls spent.

Her husband glances at her, then at me, back to her, and finally at me again. I can see the disbelief on his face. Nassima has just climaxed, and nothing was anywhere near her pussy. Just that egg in her full bottom. And nothing to take her mind off of it. I smile and wink at him. He looks back to his fully-sated wife. She looks to be lost in the bliss of it.

I kneel down and roughly roll Nassima to her side. She lies limp for me, neither helping me nor offering any resistance. Just twitching as more tremors sweep over her. At least they're finally starting to ebb.

I grab the ribbon and pull very gently. It doesn't give at all, telling me that the rounded end of the egg is flush against the inside of her ring. I give it a sharp yank.

Nassima snaps back to life. She screams out a desperate "OH!" as her body snaps with violently hard shudders. She stiffens to steel. The

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egg quickly pops out of her asshole and drops to the floor. A fresh wave of orgasmic tremors hits Nassima, these even stronger than the first climax. She lies on her side, snapping with the waves flowing over her. She pants for a few moments before falling limp again.

I have Sophie collect Nassima's clothes for her. I have her give Nassima's underwear, both bra, and panties, to her husband. Then I drop the rest of it on Nassima and snap for her to get dressed. She lies there, lightly quivering and unmoving. I give her half a minute and snap again. Then again. After the fourth snapping order and two minutes of quivering, Nassima hears me. She doesn't really move. She lies there, still on her side, and lost in the dreamy bliss dumbly just pulls clothes on her body.

A couple of minutes later I finally get her to her feet. She's badly dressed. Her skirt isn't zipped in back, just buttoned, and her belt hangs unbuckled. Her shirt is worse. She pulled it on over her head but somehow pulled it on so clumsily that it's now under her left breast, leaving that mound sticking out bare while mostly covering her right mound. Her eyes are glassy and her legs rubbery. Her bottom is still full, too.

I turn to her husband. "Get this cheap whore out of here!" then I wink at him and step close. I lower my voice so Nassima won't hear a thing. "If you want to kill her, take her home and use her *before* you let her near a toilet. Trust me."

He takes her hand, pulls her shirt up to cover her breast, and leads her out.