

The Bad Mommies Club



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Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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Introduction:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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My amusement tonight started early this morning when Olive called me. I should have known I was in for trouble even before I answered the phone. Olive isn't much of a morning person, and if she was calling me this early, she's up to something.

Like me, Olive is a Domme with a decently stocked toybox. She's been my friend, one of what I call my "kinky friends group" for several years now. There are six of us in the circle. We get together every couple of weeks for coffee and gossip. Mostly for the gossip about our toys, and new ideas we might have for them. We also occasionally do each other favors and play with each other's toys. It keeps things interesting for the toys. And for us. I get to play with more toys than I could own in my toybox.

Olive almost immediately starts telling me about Nikki, a 28-year-old single mother of two young boys, ages 4 and 7. Nikki has been in Olive's toybox for about six months now. I vaguely remember Olive mentioning her before. I think I mostly remember it because Nikki works at a sandwich shop downtown. I live downtown, so from time to time, I tend to pop into most restaurants in the neighborhood. I'm sure I filed Nikki away in the back of my mind for the next time I popped into her restaurant. But it's not exactly my kind of place. It has good food, mostly "designer" sandwiches with fancy organic ingredients, which I love. But it closes at 3:30 in the afternoon, and I'm seldom home by then. Besides, I have Paige, my house-slave, who makes the very best sandwiches.

Olive tells me that Nikki is a "cute" blond woman with a slim body. She tells me that Nikki isn't really dating anyone seriously. There is a guy who has taken her out several times, but so far hasn't made it to where Olive considers him a boyfriend. Nikki, like most single moms, doesn't have a lot of time for a social life, and most of what time she does have is devoted to her Mistress – Olive.

Olive's fairly staunchly heterosexual. It doesn't matter as much as a vanilla would think it does. She

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enjoys playing with female toys just as much. But she tends to limit her toybox to married couples, regardless of whether one or both of them wish to play. She likes her toys in relationships. I admit, there's some benefit to that. The single ones are always needier and clingier. The married ones tend to get part of what they need from their spouses. It saves me the trouble of giving them that portion of it. And that frees me to use them and play them more.

I wasn't surprised when she mentioned a single female in her toybox, though. Nikki isn't the only one. And I know Olive likes single mothers. She thinks they make better, meaning more shameless, toys than those without kids or boyfriends. I'm not so sure about that.

Olive tells me that Nikki is basically a "humiliation whore." It's a term we made up for toys like Nikki. It tells me that Nikki wants to be degraded. The more demeaning things that she's made to do, the more aroused she gets. Nikki likes sex, obviously, but the more humiliating the experience is for her, the better she enjoys it.

It makes Nikki my kind of toy. I love to humiliate my toys. I love to find new and amusing (for me) ways to shame them. I love watching them cringe and squirm from the shame. At least if I can see that it's arousing them.

And unlike Olive, I have a slight preference for female toys. Maybe it's because I'm bisexual. But male toys, especially single ones, tend to be the clingiest toys. Those are the ones that are always getting the wrong ideas, like that they might be invited to move in and serve me full time. Not happening. I just want my toys to come, play, have fun, amuse me, and go home to their lives when I'm done with them.

Olive tells me that she's starting to "run slim on ideas" for what to do with Nikki to amuse herself and arouse Nikki. She's gone through a fair part of her usual repertoire and Nikki's status as a single mom really limits some of the more creative ideas. Nikki needs to be there for her kids, and that cuts into what can be done.

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I can already see that. There are plenty of things I do with my single toys that I can't do with Nikki. Things like sending a man over to her house to be her "boyfriend" for an evening. Not with kids in the house. I never do anything with kids in the house, even if the kids are asleep and very sound sleepers. It's one of my rules. Olive's, too. Nor can I send Nikki anywhere to be someone's girlfriend. At least not for any length of time. Kids can only stay with a sitter for so long.

Finally Olive asks if I might be interested in arranging a little surprise for Nikki. She'd like Nikki to be humiliated in some new way. Preferably some way, and to a fresh depth, that Nikki wouldn't be expecting. Olive tells me, if I'm willing, then I'm free to use Nikki as I wish. No restrictions, beyond my usual self-imposed ones.

Olive sends me several pictures of Nikki. She sends me a copy of her notes, too. We all keep notes on our sessions with toys. Especially me, with a decent-sized toybox, I have to so I can remember all the details of their sessions way-back-when. Olive's notes let me read what Nikki has done before, what Olive knows about Nikki, and what's done what for Nikki. What's gotten her hot and what hasn't gotten her so hot.

Then Olive tells me that I'm welcome to Nikki if I like her and have a place in my toybox for her. While I don't advertise my private life, I don't hide it, either. I do as I please, and I don't really care who sees what. Most people who know me already know about my toybox anyway, or at least have heard rumors of it. They just don't know much about what I have in it. Olive, however, is a court clerk, and she tries to keep her private life mostly private. It's well known around the courthouse crowd that she plays games, but that's all that's known. No one there knows with whom she's played, or what she's done. Just that she likes to amuse herself from time to time. And that's as much as Olive wants anyone to know. Except for her closer friends. It limits some of the options of what Olive can do with toys like Nikki. Limits I don't have. I don't think twice

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about inviting half a dozen friends over to watch a toy humiliated and used. Friends who aren't into the lifestyle, and thus are shocked by what they see the toy do.

I don't need long to make my mind up. Nikki is definitely cute. She has a shapely, lithe body. The kind of body I like on my female toys. But that's not the deciding factor. It's more of a pre-qualification. I don't play with toys that have unhealthy body shapes. The real deciding factor is attitude. And Nikki has that.

I know it the minute I read Olive's notes. There's mention of a time when Nikki made the mistake of offering Olive some of the leftover supper she'd made for her family. It was hamburger helper. YUCK! Olive thought it unworthy, too. She dumped the plate on the floor, let the food sit there while Nikki stripped, and then put Nikki on her hands and knees to lick it up like a dog eating off the floor. Nikki must have enjoyed that humiliation, Olive's notes tell me that before Nikki finished the "supper" Nikki's pussy dripped honey to the floor. Maybe Nikki would have tried to masturbate, too. It would have been impossible with Olive's feet on Nikki's hands, though.

I tell Olive that I will summon Nikki and decide for myself if she's sufficiently amusing to merit a place in my toybox. Olive agrees to pass the message along to Nikki. Sometime this weekend, Nikki will be summoned by "Ms. Rodgers." Olive has given Nikki to me to be used "at my whim" for the weekend. Nikki is expected to behave like the "obedient worthless fuck doll that she is." Nikki does not want to displease me. That's something Olive will not stand for. It will guarantee Nikki a horrible fate.

Ten minutes later I get a text from Olive telling me that she's spoken to Nikki. Nikki, as usual, was edgy and anxious about being "loaned away." Nikki tried to ask Olive questions, such as did I know she had kids and obligations to them? What would be done with her? Would I give Nikki enough notice to arrange a sitter? What if she couldn't find a sitter when summoned? Olive gave her the same answer I would have. The same answer Olive always

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gives to such questions. "Shut up, bitch. Do as you are told. Thinking is for people, not trashy trailer whores."

Then I set about making plans for the night. I plan to summon Nikki tonight, not wait. I don't know what Nikki might be thinking if she expects me to summon her quickly, or wait until Sunday night. I'm half tempted to pick a really weird time to summon her, like three in the morning. But I'll save that for later. If I keep her. If not, I'm pretty confident that at our next coffee/gossip session, Nikki's picture will be getting passed around with Nikki being offered for the taking.

My first call is to Ellie. She's my usual babysitter when I don't need a kinky babysitter. Like me, Ellie is a sophomore at USA. Unlike me, she needs the money, and her income comes mostly from the student's favored bank, the bank of mom and dad, where they don't really expect you to repay your student loans, and from babysitting for spending money. Ellie is always up to babysit for me.

Ellie doesn't play. She's not interested in it. But she's never minded seeing a session. Or bringing a male date to a "show" at my house. She doesn't mind doing things, like watching a toy undress, but she does have her limits. She won't touch a toy very often. She only does that when she wants to. But unlike the toys I use as babysitters, Ellie can be firm when she needs to be.

I tell Ellie what I want her to do. I give her Nikki's name and address, and I send her a picture of Nikki so she'll know she's gotten the right whore when she gets to Nikki's door. And I tell Ellie that if Nikki can't afford to pay her, I will. For tonight, since Nikki doesn't know the session is coming. Ellie readily agrees. It's not like I'm asking much of her anyway.

Then I head for my classes. I don't give Nikki much more thought throughout the day, either.

Friday is my early day, so I'm home by 13:00. It gives me a chance to catch up on a few things. I require my toys to email me daily, with a full report, and I try to

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read those emails every morning. But I also tend to file a few away for a more careful reading later.

I find an email from Holly in that pile. Like Nikki, Holly has two younger kids. Holly is 27, a few scant months younger than Nikki. Both are even blonds. Except, unlike Nikki, Holly is married.

I'd given Holly an instruction for this week. It was a simple one. She was to greet her husband at the front door with a blow job every day when he came home from work. I told her that I meant right there at the door. He wasn't to get any further into the house than it took for her to close the door behind him. And she was to be on her knees welcoming him home. And swallowing every drop of his cum.

Steve doesn't play himself. But he knows that Holly plays. I have a rule against "whipping behind a spouse's back," so to speak. I wouldn't play with Holly without Steve's consent. They are married. While Steve doesn't care to play, he doesn't mind watching, either. He doesn't mind participating, either, just as long as the humiliation and pain are saved for Holly. He's less excited to allow Holly to be with another man, even one of my male toys, but reluctantly allows it. I try to keep it to rare occasions, something I know Steve appreciates. Steve definitely doesn't mind playing along, especially at times like this where I have instructions for Holly that he enjoys her obeying.

All went well until Tuesday. Yeah, I know, that was only the second day of the five-day workweek. But it was a day Holly's kids had plenty of energy. They wanted to be running all around the house, doing their thing. With them running around, Holly claims she wasn't able to give Steve his blow job right at the front door. Her kids would have seen it. Instead, she met him at the door and pulled him into the bedroom for it. Stupid whore, she thought that would be good enough.

I scolded her harshly for it Wednesday morning when I got Steve's email telling me about it. Holly apologized,

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saying she just didn't know what else to do with the kids "too wound up" for her to find the privacy at the door. I told her that was her problem, she should try parenting. I had given her instructions, and I expected them followed. If she needed to get a babysitter to do that, that's her problem, not mine. I expect my instructions obeyed. That afternoon, and the next couple of afternoons, Holly's kids were at a neighbor's playing with the neighbor's kids when Steve got home. Thus, Holly was perfectly capable of having obeyed her instructions on Tuesday, too. I told her that we would discuss her punishment later.

Olive had told me that Nikki had been late picking her kids up from their after-school program yesterday. It wasn't too late, about twenty minutes, but it is slightly serious. They allow thirty minutes, unless you've called ahead with a good reason why you can't pick them up on time, and then you still have to make some arrangements for them. It's a government-sponsored program for lower-income working mothers, so they're likely to report anyone who is too late to DFS.

Nikki was late because she got distracted flirting with a customer at work. When Olive heard the story, she'd told Nikki that Nikki was due a harsh punishment for "Thinking with her slutty, sloppy, skank pit instead of her brains." Olive would discuss it with Nikki the next time she saw her.

Obviously, that's changed now. I will be discussing it with Nikki. Nikki will wish it had been Olive to discuss it with her, too. I tend to expect near perfection from mothers. They should all be as good as mine. Of course, Nikki doesn't know any of that yet. But she will.

On a whim, likely inspired by my evil inner imp, I decide that their sins are close enough to the same thing that they can share a punishment. Both Nikki and Holly "neglected their families" and that's close enough.

Then I decide that it's been a while since I've summoned Tamar over to play. At 34, Tamar is just slightly older than Nikki and Holly. But otherwise, she's similar. She's a mother of two younger boys. And her husband,

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Joel, is essentially of the same mind as Steve is about Tamar's playing around. He likes to see it. He loves to join in, especially if I have another female toy in the mix. But he's not interested in playing himself. And he strongly prefers that Tamar's play be shared with female toys, not male ones. In fact, I had been thinking of playing with my Tamar doll this weekend anyway.

Tamar didn't have an "assignment" to fail at this week. But Tamar does have standing instructions that she is to be available to Joel from the minute the kids are in bed until she wakes the kids up in the morning. She's to be available to him for whatever form of sex he might wish from her. I don't care if she "has a headache." She's not to mention it. Just to give him whatever he wants, however, he wants it, whenever he wants it. But only at night. During the day, she's completely off-limits without my permission. Joel doesn't mind that since he's usually not home during the day anyway.

Tamar has had a punishment coming for a week now. I would have summoned her for it sooner, but I know better. I know Tamar better. The waiting and anticipation get to her far worse than a swift punishment would. I know that every day for the last week Tamar hasn't been able to stop thinking about the punishment she's owed, when it might come, and what it might be. Not even for a second. I know it's driving her crazy. But sweetly crazy. So, I had always planned to take my time summoning her for it. The swift punishments come only often enough that Tamar can't come to expect the delays, either.

Tamar neglected her family, too. She neglected Joel. Last week was her period. I'm fairly confident Joel knew that. Most husbands of a decade have a pretty good idea when their wife is on her period. He told her one night that he wanted her. He didn't say how he wanted her. According to Joel's email to me the next day, he'd only told her "I'm horny, why don't you take those clothes off Tamar?" And Tamar immediately blurted out that she was on her period and offered him a nice blow job instead. He

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accepted that offer, which according to him was what he was going to ask for anyway. They're Jewish, like me, and sex, while Tamar is on her period, is taboo and unclean for us. I wouldn't have made her do it. I might break a lot of taboos, but never a single one of 613 G-d given rules. Well, maybe a few, but not personally!

What Tamar should have done was politely say "yes, Sir" and take her clothes off. As a proper Jewish housewife, it's not Tamar's place to worry about such things. It's Joel's. If he didn't already know that she was on her period, I'm sure the little string dangling down from her pussy would have given it away. See, that's neglecting her family, her husband, too.

I decide: why not? I'll just have a meeting of the "bad mommies club" here tonight. The three naughty whores can share their punishment. So, I text both Steve and Joel and ask if they can bring their wives over to my apartment at 18:45 tonight for the punishment they deserve. I just neglect to mention that it won't be a private punishment. It will a group punishment for them. But it will be just three female toys here, all of them with cute bottoms, so they shouldn't mind.

Both quickly text me back that they'll be here. By now both Steve and Joel know full well to expect. They've both brought their wives here a number of times before. Joel a few more times than Steve, but that's only because I've owned Tamar for longer. Both know I expect them on time. Both know not to let their wives wear too much clothing, either. It's just going to be coming right off.

Both men are here on time. Precisely. I'm not even sure which of them knocks on the door. When Sophie, my live-in slave girl, answers the door, both couples are at it. They've met before, so I'm sure all of them recognize each other as other toys of mine. And I'm sure they all figure out right then that Holly and Tamar will be sharing their punishment. I wouldn't be surprised if the husbands compared notes in the hall, while waiting for the time to

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knock, and learned that both had somehow been inattentive to their husbands.

I've already given Sophie her instructions for this session. And I know that Sophie will follow them exactly. She's always very diligent about that. She just hates to disappoint me too much to forget anything. Thus, I've come to trust Sophie enough to let her handle most of the "arrivals." It takes a more mundane part of the session off my shoulders. She can get my toys ready for me to play with. And it lets the toys have that tiny added degradation of being stripped not by their Mistress, but by a slave. I hope it reminds them that they are a lower life form than my slave, too. Whores are beneath slaves.

Sophie lets everyone in. There's a blank place along the wall about six feet long just inside the door. I keep it blank for one reason. It's where the toys give up their clothes. It's not like they'll need them here. Clothes just get in the way of getting to their bodies.

Sophie immediately points Tamar and Holly to the wall. But I'm sure both women are expecting that. It almost always starts like this. Although usually it's one woman at a time. Then again, I usually stagger their arrivals, too. Two walking in at once is rare here. I'd planned this little place along the wall for one, not two. With one toy, the toy can stand in the middle and not be able to reach anything. With two, one can just barely reach the door to the closet if she leans a tiny bit. And that's with them standing very close to each other.

Sophie has them standing close. With about six inches between their feet, and maybe three between their shoulders. I'm sure it's closer than they'd stand if left to their own. She has both of them standing properly, meaning up straight, eyes forward, mouths shut, feet opened slightly, and hands behind their backs.

Very politely, Sophie "asks" both Steve and Joel if they would please "undress" the "naughty bitches" they've brought to "their owner."

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“Undress” is a specific command for the toys. It’s one Steve and Joel have come to learn the meaning of as well. It tells the toy to take her clothes off from the top down, not in layers as most people undress.

Both Joel and Steve have undressed their wives for me before. It’s nothing new for them. The only difference tonight is that both of them are standing side by side and standing so closely. Close enough that as Joel undresses Tamar, he’s going to be getting an eyeful of Holly as well. And probably bumping against Holly’s sides as he works. Just as Steve will be seeing Tamar and bumping against her, too. I suspect the guys will take care not to bump against each other too much, though.

It doesn’t take them too long to undress their wives. The women obediently stand still and silent, allowing themselves to be undressed like little girls. Sophie gets each man a paper grocery bag to put his wife’s clothes in.

Once both Tamar and Holly are nude, I ask both Steve and Joel if they’d care to stay for the evening and “see for themselves just how sorry these naughty wannabe-prissy whores are about neglecting them.” I’m pretty sure both men are thinking that I have some girl-on-girl activities planned for their wives. I know both can see that the other woman is attractive – the kind of woman they find “hot” to see their wife with. Both agree to stay and see the show.

I have Sophie collect the bags of clothes. I’d never leave a toy’s clothes out where the toy could get to them. They either leave with her husband or go into a locked drawer in a file cabinet in the playroom that I keep for just such occasions. Sophie takes the clothes and locks them away. The women stand along the wall and wait. When Sophie returns she shows the men to a seat on the sofa and serves both a cup of coffee.

I live on the fourth floor. And this is the tallest building around here, except for an office building that’s empty this time of night. It means that no one has a clear sightline onto my balcony now. There’s plenty of foot

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traffic on the street below, but they're all looking up. The angle is enough that no one can see through the glass doors and into the apartment. I've checked.

I walk both Tamar and Holly across the living room, parading them past both husbands, to those glass doors. I have them stand facing the door, a few feet back. It gives them a nice view out, across the roofs of downtown Mobile.

I have both of them get “on the wall.” That’s another specific command I teach the toys. It tells them both to bend all the way over, a full ninety degrees at their waist. To stretch their arms out, locking their elbows, and putting their hands against the wall in front of them and in line with their shoulders. Fingers spread. Feet spread wide apart. Heads up, looking out those glass doors at the balcony.

And that’s when I hear the next, a far more timid, knock at my door.



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Ellie arrives at Nikki's house right at 17:00, just as I'd asked her to. Nikki's house is a doublewide trailer, but at least it's not in a trailer park. It's on a lot south of the city, just past Irvington where Sophie is from. It's a fairly redneck part of Mobile. It's also a fairly cheap part of Mobile, but one of the safer cheap parts. There's just not much out there.

Nikki answers her door, seeing Ellie who looks like exactly what she is: a college girl. A student. I'll bet for a fleeting instant Nikki thinks Ellie is there to sell magazines or something. Maybe Girl Scout cookies. I'll bet the truth never enters Nikki's imagination.

"I am Miss White," Ellie greets Nikki. She knows she has the right woman. That's why I sent Ellie the picture, so she'd know and not have to ask if Nikki was Nikki. "Ms. Rodgers sent me. I am coming in."

Nikki cringes. But she obediently steps back from the door to allow Ellie to step into the living room of her house. The boys are playing with some toys on the floor behind Nikki. They look up to see who's coming in, but their interest vanishes as fast as it sprouted up. The toys are more interesting.

Nikki looks very nervous. According to Ellie's report, almost trembling nervously. Ellie pushes the door closed behind her. She tells Nikki to lead the way to her bedroom so that "the grown-up can have a minute with the naughty girl." I have taught Ellie how to handle toys so well! Then again, it's been two years she's been doing little errands for me like this. She's had her practice.

Nikki reluctantly leads Ellie back to the bedroom. Nikki stands with her head hanging down slightly, and blushing slightly, as Ellie sees the disarray. It tells me that Nikki never expected guests. Or at least didn't expect any that would see her bedroom.

"Ms. Rodgers is very strict. She will tell you something once, and after that she expects you to obey her. She does not allow any questions ever. Do not ask her anything, she will tell you what she wants you to know.

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Ms. Rodgers does not accept limits, either. I don't know about Mrs. Daniels, if she allows limits or not, and I couldn't care less. I'm telling you that Ms. Rodgers does not. She will do whatever she wants with you and your worthless body. She can be rather fickle and impish, too. So you know." Ellie is certainly smiling as she tells Nikki that little piece of advice.

"I expect the same. Do as you are told. Do not ask me a single question. I will tell you what Ms. Rodgers wishes you to know. The rest... Oh, well, who cares if you know? I sure don't. Oh, and be very humble and polite. Ms. Rodgers does not tolerate any rudeness in her castle."

Ellie smirks widely. "Now strip. Take every last thing off. You're not allowed so much as a hairpin."

Nikki cringes even harder. She looks up at Ellie, sizing her up with fresh, and even more nervous, eyes. I'm sure Nikki is wondering what would happen if she disobeyed Ellie. Ellie didn't bring anything, like a paddle, with her. There's no reason for it. Ellie wouldn't use it. She doesn't like doing it.

Nikki decides that it's not the time to challenge Ellie. Maybe Nikki realizes that the best she could hope for is that Ellie will call and tell me how bad Nikki has been. And then Nikki would certainly suffer. If not from me, harshly from Olive. Maybe she's smart enough to realize that it's better to just strip.

Nikki slowly and reluctantly pulls her clothes off. Ellie stands there, leaning against the door, and watches Nikki like a hawk as Nikki undresses. It looks to me as if Nikki notices that Ellie is watching her, too. Nikki turns her back to Ellie before she takes her blouse off. And that comes off long before her jeans do.

Ellie isn't me. She's not even a Domme. She is what she looks like: a student. Ellie doesn't stop Nikki from turning her back as I would. She lets her get away with the modesty. I'd make Nikki face me and stop her from hiding any part of her body. There's no modesty in my Queendom.

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"I'm done..." Nikki manages to squeak out in a very hushed and mousy voice. She keeps her back to Ellie. And, even then, she has her hands in front of her body covering her breasts and pubes.

Ellie points to the bathroom off the master bedroom, if this little bedroom can be called a master suite. Nikki keeps her back to Ellie, and like that, she can't see where Ellie is pointing. Ellie walks almost past Nikki, telling Nikki to come along. She leads Nikki into the bathroom.

Ellie points to the toilet. "You may use it if you need to. You won't get another chance for a bit."

Nikki has stayed in front of Ellie, keeping as much space between the two of them as she could. It now has Nikki in the space kind of in front of the toilet and between it and the shower. Nikki keeps her back facing Ellie, twisting and turning as needed to make sure it does. Nikki just shakes her head. After a few seconds, when Ellie says nothing, Nikki adds "I'm OK..."

I have no doubt it wouldn't matter if Nikki's legs were crossed, there's no way Nikki is going to use that toilet with Ellie standing so close to her. Probably not with Ellie in the room. Maybe not with Ellie in the zip code! I don't care, though. Nikki had her chance. She'll learn soon enough that in my realm, she's better off taking those chances when she has them.

Ellie points Nikki into the shower, reaching her arm around and past Nikki to make sure Nikki can see where Ellie is pointing her. "Get in, Nikki," Ellie tells her.

Nikki cringes a little more. She gets in, stepping over the side of the tub a little awkwardly as she struggles to keep her back squarely to Ellie. She scoots to the front of the shower, as far from Ellie as she can get, and stands there.

Ellie pulls the shower curtain about half-closed, leaving the backside of it fully open. She stands there. I'd asked her to "never take her eyes off Nikki" after she got there, and Ellie will do that. She doesn't mind seeing. "Ms. Rodgers says for you to shower. With shampoo,

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conditioner, and lots of soap. If I were you, I'd have your legs, underarms, and pussy, too, very smooth, Ms. Rodgers hates stubble. You have ten minutes. You will use every bit of it, and that's all you will have, so I wouldn't waste much of it. When you come out, you will show me every bit of that body so that I can see for myself that it's completely naked and clean. Now, wash yourself, Nikki."

Ellie waits about two seconds; Nikki stands there shirking into the wall. Ellie reaches around Nikki and turns the water on, moving the handle to somewhere close to warm. Nikki squeals and jumps as the water rains down onto her nude body. "Wash yourself, Nikki, you don't have time to waste trying to be so shy," Ellie tells her. "You really don't want Ms. Rodgers to be disappointed in you."

Ellie stands there. Nikki stands there for several more seconds. Finally, Nikki starts trying to shower while mostly trying not to show her body to Ellie. I'm pretty sure that Ellie is laughing at Nikki for it, though she'd try hard not to laugh out loud. There's just something so amusing about the sight of a woman cringing, huddling up on herself, trying to cover her body with nothing, and trying to shower at the same time. It looks almost like a naked woman huddling down against a thunderstorm.

When Nikki is done, Ellie hands her a towel to dry off. Then Ellie makes Nikki return the towel. Nikki still hasn't really let Ellie see her front side. She's been very studious about keeping her back to Ellie, even as she moved. As she washed with one hand, trying to use the other to block Ellie's sightline.

"I'm going to ask you once because that's what Ms. Rodgers wants. You will answer politely. Nikki, are you absolutely naked now?"

"Yes..." Nikki squeaks out, her voice a little more hushed than before.

"Nikki, is your body clean and smoothly shaven?"

"Yes..." Nikki's voice hushes even more. The squeaking tone of it takes on a bit of a cringing whine as if she's so embarrassed that she's about to start crying.

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"Then come with me out to your bedroom and you can show me that you've done as you were told, Nikki," Ellie tells her. Ellie starts walking to the bedroom. Nikki has to face Ellie to follow her, but she faces Ellie's backside, not her front, so Ellie still doesn't get to see her. As she does, Nikki very carefully keeps her arms folded across her chest, one hand down and covering the mound of her pussy. She keeps her legs together, and her side slightly turned to Ellie as she walks awkwardly out of the bathroom.

Ellie stops. Nikki stops just behind Ellie and immediately turns her back again before Ellie gets turned around.

Ellie gives Nikki the bad news. She tells Nikki that she's to stand facing Ellie. To spread her feet as far apart as she can. And that she's to hold her arms straight out from her shoulders, elbows locked, and fingers spread. She's to stand with her mouth and eyes open wide, too.

Nikki turns very slowly, even though she should have guessed that it was coming. Ellie did warn her that after the shower, Ellie would be checking her body to make sure it was up to my standards. I'm sure not even Nikki thought that Ellie would check with Nikki covering any of her body. "Quit stalling, Nikki," Ellie finally tells her. "The sooner I look, the sooner you can put something on."

That's enough of a motivation to get Nikki moving a little faster, but not that much faster. It must take Nikki about a full minute to get herself turned around. Even then she stands with her arms trembling and her face wrinkled up hard as if she's right on the verge of bursting into tears.

Olive warned me that Nikki was "timid", but this is more than I was expecting. Not that it matters to me. The extra shyness is just that much more I can strip away for my amusement.

Ellie doesn't search Nikki as I might do here. She would if I had asked her to, but I know Ellie doesn't care to do it, so I didn't ask. She just takes a second to make sure

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that Nikki sees Ellie's eyes slowly roving over Nikki's naked body.

Ellie tells Nikki to stay put. Ellie circles around behind Nikki and pauses there for a moment to look over Nikki's backside. Then Ellie circles back around to the front.

Ellie stands facing Nikki and looks her in the eyes. "Would you like me to pick you some clothes to meet Ms. Rodgers in now, Nikki?"

"Yes..." Nikki answers, her voice embarrassed to near muteness. Nikki's arms flinch hard, too, as if they start to slide down to cover herself again, then as Nikki realizes she hasn't been told she could, she stops herself before Ellie does anything more.

"As me politely, and humbly, like you would ask Ms. Rodgers, and I just might get you some clothes."

"Miss White, will you please choose some clothes for me to put on and meet Ms. Rodgers in, Ma'am?" Nikki asks. Her voice remains just as mute and mousy. But it's by far the most humbly she's spoken to Ellie yet. That tells me two things. Nikki knows her manners, but I could have guessed that. Olive wouldn't have let her forget them. And it tells me that Nikki wants clothes badly enough that she's unwilling to take any chance, to give Ellie any reason, to deny them to her.

"You will wait just as you are. I will find you something appropriate, Nikki."

"Yes, Ma'am," Nikki answers.

Ellie keeps one eye on Nikki, mostly just to make sure that Nikki stays put. That Nikki keeps her feet open, showing off the mound of her pussy fully, and her arms out wide where they can't cover her breasts or anything else.

Ellie hunts through Nikki's dresser, finding a lavender bra and panty set that is lacy and sexy. It's the kind of thing that a woman wears for a date. Ellie tosses those on the bed. Then she hunts through Nikki's closet and finds a sleeveless white cotton sundress and a pair of sandals. I didn't tell Ellie what to pick, I couldn't without a clue what

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she'd find in Nikki's closet, but I did ask for a dress if possible. The rest is just from Ellie knowing me. And knowing what I'm going to do with Nikki the minute Nikki walks into my apartment.

Once Ellie has everything on the bed, she picks up the panties and holds them up. They're all-laced boy shorts. They're cute, too. "Would you like to ask me politely to put these panties on, Nikki?"

"Yes, Ma'am. May I please be allowed to put those panties on, Ma'am?" Nikki asks, already cringing even more.

"If I give them to you, will you put them on quickly and then stand just as you are now, Nikki?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Nikki promises Ellie in a voice that's as eager as it is reluctant. Eager to get the panties on. Reluctant to have to stand like this again.

Ellie hands Nikki the panties and tells her to put them on. Nikki moves very quickly to take them and pull them on. Then reasonably not-so-slowly to get back into position. "What do you say, Nikki?" Ellie sounds like she's talking to a toddler.

"Thank you for allowing me to put my panties on, Ma'am," Nikki politely answers.

Ellie repeats with the bra. Then the sandals. She saves the dress for last. And that's all Nikki is given to put on.

"Listen to Ms. Rodgers's instructions carefully, Nikki. I don't want to have to call her and tell her you couldn't behave for me. I am certain that you don't want that, either.

"We are going out to the living room. You are to introduce me to your kids and tell them that we are playing a game. The game is that you have been a bad girl and have a time out. I will be 'mommy' until your time out is over. That is all you will tell them. Then I will show you where to sit, and you will sit. You will not move. You will not make a sound. No matter what. You will wait. I will tell you when I want you to do anything more than sit.

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Sit with your legs crossed and your hands folded in your lap. You must keep your hands there and not move them for anything. Nothing at all.

“Can you do that with clothes on, Nikki?” Ellie, as I taught her long ago, puts just the right emphasis on “with clothes on” to imply that “without clothes on” is the other choice, even though it’s not. I wouldn’t strip a woman in front of children. Not that Nikki knows that, at least not for sure.

“Yes, Ma’am,” Nikki answers quickly, but in a very edgy, reluctant, and mousy voice. As if she’s only being so confident because she fears the other perceived choice.

Ellie points. Nikki hurries out to check on her kids. Their attention is still fully on their toys. It looks as if they didn’t even realize mommy had left the room.

Nikki tells them about “the game.” they both giggle at the idea of mommy having a time out, but don’t really care. They pay some attention to Nikki. Then quickly go back to crashing plastic trucks into each other.

As Nikki is telling the boys, Ellie gets one of the chairs from the dining table and sets it roughly in the center of the kitchen with its back facing the living room.

As soon as Nikki has delivered the message, Ellie motions for Nikki to come over and take the seat. She waits until Nikki is seated, her legs crossed, and her hands folded in her lap. “Good girl, Nikki,” Ellie tells her, “now behave and be patient. Don’t move, don’t make a sound.”

It’s about five minutes until 18:00. I’d hoped Ellie could have Nikki ready by six, and Ellie has done that.

Nikki sits with her back to her playing children.

Ellie stands behind Nikki and clicks up an Uber for 18:30. An Uber for Nikki, not Ellie. Ellie goes and sits with the kids, playing with them and talking to them. She keeps one eye on Nikki, making sure that Nikki behaves while Ellie gets them comfortable with her.

The great thing about Uber is how they text you when your car is pulling up. Ellie just waits for that text.

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Then, as soon as it comes, she gets up, telling the boys she'll be back in a minute and walks over to Nikki.

Ellie reaches down to Nikki's lap, feeling a sharp flinch sweep over Nikki as Ellie invites herself to touch Nikki. Ellie takes Nikki's hand and holds it in a snug grip. "Come with me, Nikki."

Nikki very nervously and reluctantly, gets to her feet. Ellie keeps her grip on Nikki's hand. She walks Nikki to the front door. And then out of it. Luckily, for Nikki, none of her neighbors have that good of a view. There are enough trees to block even the nosiest of neighbors from seeing what's going on.

Ellie walks Nikki right to the arriving car. Ellie leans in the passenger door and gives the driver his instructions, adding that his passenger hasn't a clue where she's going. She asks him to stop at a specific place along Dauphin Street. He agrees.

Ellie tells Nikki where to go. She tells Nikki exactly where the door to the apartments is. To go up to the fourth floor. To turn right and knock on the door of apartment 4G. Then she urges Nikki into the backseat of the car.

Ellie sends Nikki off without a penny. Without her ID. Without the keys to her house. Without her phone. Nikki has nothing but the bra, panties, dress, and sandals. That's it. Not even makeup on. Ellie watches as the car drives away. Then she steps back inside to see what the kids want on their pizza for supper.

Ellie orders the pizza and sends me a video clip she made of Nikki's stripping, showering, and sitting.



Chapter Three - No Modesty Here, Bitch

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I have my crop in hand when I answer the timid knock at my door. It was so light of a knock that I barely heard it. That I wondered if it was really a knock. Olive warned me that Nikki was “timid,” but I haven’t met her yet, and I haven’t watched the video that Ellie made for me, so I don’t know just how timid she is. Yet. Ellie did text me that Nikki was “such a total mouse.”

I pull the door open. It’s my first sight of Nikki, other than the pictures Olive sent me. She’s about average height, I’m guessing 5’3” or so, and she looks decently lean, even in the slightly loose-fitting sundress that Ellie picked for her to wear. I’d guess around 125 or 130 pounds, tops. I can see why Ellie picked this dress. It’s Ellie’s kind of thing. It’s sleeveless. It’s slightly billowing at the bottom hem. And it’s cut above the knees. It’s thin and light, too. It’s white with some pastel pink and purple trim on it. Cute. And coming off. I want to see my toy, not her wardrobe.

Nikki has short, light blond hair that hangs straight around her head down to just graze over the tops of her shoulder blades. It frames a moderately oval face with rather soft and flowing lines to it. She has green eyes. Then she has a slightly long and wide nose with more flowing lines to it, except along the top where it has a single sharp line. She has a wide mouth, too, framed with a pair of light pink lips that are fine and delicate.

I can see that she has lean narrow arms. I can see that her legs are just as lean, but also shapely, at least from mid-thigh down. I’m sure the rest of her thighs are just the same, though. And, despite the dress, I can tell that she has a noticeable feminine curve to her waist over narrow hips.

I don’t bother to ask if she’s Nikki. I’ve seen enough pictures of her that I know she is. I’ve already seen all of her, albeit only in those pictures. I wonder if Nikki is thinking about that now. If Nikki is wondering if Olive shared those pictures with me. If I already know what Nikki looks like naked.

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Nikki is almost cringing as she stands there. She looks as if she has shirked inward on herself. I can see her legs squeezing unnaturally tightly together. I can see her arms hugging her sides. I can see her head angling slightly downward, her eyes cast down to the floor. I wonder if she can see me or just my feet.

I know she's not seeing the scene waiting for her in the living room yet. To the left, her left, of my door is a wall. About ten feet in front of her is the door of the coat closet that extends out from the wall. There's a large print picture of an airplane, a Cessna 152 that's older than my mother, N-5218R, on the wall right beside the door. It's the first airplane I ever piloted. To Nikki's right, there's a rather bushy potted plant that's about six feet tall. It nicely blocks her sightline to the living room. The only real view Nikki might have is a slice along the coat closet into the hall. Too bad for Nikki!

Nikki says nothing. I can see that she wants to, she just doesn't know what to say. Then again, it is the first time Olive has sent her to anyone else, so this entire night is going to be new for her.

I already know that Nikki doesn't have anything with her. I asked Ellie to ensure that Nikki had the bare minimum to be out in public, and nothing more. I do that for a reason. It makes Nikki feel far more naked than she is. All the things she's used to having, she doesn't. She has just enough to cover herself enough not to get arrested, and no more. She doesn't have her ID, or even a penny, to make a call or get home if she needs it. She has nothing. She's at my mercy for everything she needs. I really hope Nikki is feeling it, too.

I've dealt with a number of shy and mousy toys before. All of them wanted me to push right through that modesty. I really hope Nikki, does, too.

I reach my hand out and grab hold of Nikki's dress at the center of her chest. It's cut low enough that I can slip a couple of fingers between her breasts and under her bra at the same time. For now, that will make enough of a leash.

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"Get your worthless behind in here, bitch," I firmly tell Nikki, my voice teasing but hard. At the same time, I pull her hard.

The sharp tug on her dress surprises Nikki. She stumbles the first step, scrambling to get her foot under her. Then she catches herself and comes forward. I keep pulling her into the apartment. As soon as her feet clear the door, I start turning Nikki to face the wall. It puts her back to the living room, mostly, as I pull her further in. I push her into place, standing her with her nose and toes touching the empty place along the wall. I have to let go of her dress to get her the last couple of inches, though.

I put a hand to the small of Nikki's back and press lightly, nudging her to stay in place. I use my other hand to grab hold of her hair, feeling its silkiness as I do. I give her hair a light tug, just enough of one to get her attention. "Your Mistress has told me what a naughty stupid little whore you've been, bitch. I can't believe you are so skanky slutty that you neglected to pick your kids up just because you were flirting with some loser like a cheap gutter whore! You are in so much trouble, bitch!" I scold Nikki in a cold, stern voice.

I leave my hand on her back, pinning her lightly to the wall. I use my other hand to lift the bottom hem of her dress up. I hold it up, exposing the backside of her panties and her bottom. I shift her dress to the hand against Nikki's back, freeing my hand up. I give her a firm spank on her bottom, through her panties, with my hand. "That little bottom is going to pay dearly for such obscene lewdness, bitch!" I give Nikki another spank with my hand.

"Ow!" Nikki yelps. Her voice is quiet and hushed. It's also mousy, squeaking more than anything else. And it's loaded with a heavy dose of sobbing as Nikki starts to cry. "Please don't hurt me, Ms. Rodgers... Please, I'm sorry! I'll be good! Please, don't hurt me, Ms. Rodgers..."

"Shut up, bitch!" I snap in my iciest voice, but also without raising my voice to her. "Who gave you permission to cry like a little baby? You want to skank around like a

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big whore, you can pay for it like a big whore, bitch. Now, shut up and get those useless clothes off that filthy body, bitch."

Nikki cries louder. Loud enough that I can hear her, and I'm sure that Sophie can as well. Her head lolls forward a hair more, enough that her forehead bumps against the wall. Then Nikki starts fidgeting, trying to kick her shoes off without really opening her legs any.

I don't tolerate much in the way of modesty here. I grab hold of the bottom hem of Nikki's dress, and I yank it up roughly. It quickly pulls up to her shoulders. I toss the bottom of it over Nikki's head. "I said strip, whore! Now strip like the shameless gutter whore you are, bitch. You have one minute to be naked and ready, bitch, or you'll pay more!"

Nikki cowers against the wall. Her feet still fumble and fidget, squirming as much as they're trying to get kick the sandals off. I don't let her get away with that. I grab hold of her panties, at the center of the waistband, and I yank down hard. They come down, roughly grating over her bottom as they bare it. They end up around her thighs, a couple of inches below the bottom of her globes.

"I told you to get those clothes off that filthy bottom, bitch, now strip, whore while you have something left to take off!" I scold her in that icy hard voice. Then I flick my wrist. It sends the tip of my crop soaring in a wide arc. The tip lands almost squarely at the center of her globe, searing a light pink splotch onto the center of her cheek.

"YE-OW! OW! That hurt!" Nikki squeals. She starts sobbing even harder.

"I said strip, gutter whore, now strip!" I scold her. Another flick of my wrist sends the crop snapping a matching pink splotch onto Nikki's other cheek. It gets another squealing "OW!" from Nikki, too, as Nikki jumps against the wall.

Now Nikki's hands start moving. And they move rather quickly. She pulls the dress over her head, not that it has far left to go, and tosses it aside. Then she kicks her

shoes off, sending them roughly in the same direction. She pushes her panties the rest of the way down until they just fall to her ankles. She steps one foot out and uses the other foot to kick them towards her dress. Even as her panties are flying her hands are coming up to unhook the bra. In a couple of seconds, the bra is tossed aside.

It leaves Nikki standing totally naked but facing the wall. Flush against the wall, she can't get her arms in front of her to cover her body. Instead, she hugs her arms tightly to her sides.

I noticed how, once she learned that she would be swiftly punished here, her hands flew to obey me. Maybe it's just Nikki's little way of testing her boundaries here. Of finding out just how stern I am, and if she really has to obey me or if she can get away with whining and crying her way out of things she doesn't like. Even though I'm certain that Nikki expected to get naked here. She does know why she's coming. She must just be one of those who want me to make her behave. Fine by me. It won't be my bottom getting too sore to sit on.

I grab hold of Nikki's hair again. I barely have it twisted in my finger for a grip that won't easily be broken when I'm yanking it very hard. I pull straight downward.

"AH!" Nikki shrieks. Her head pulls back, turning her eyes up to the ceiling. I keep pulling down. Nikki almost falls as her knees buckle, dropping her down to them.

I yank her hair to the side, sharply and suddenly, pulling Nikki to the side as well. Her reflexes take over and bring her hands out to break her fall. I'd counted on that. It lands Nikki, awkwardly and squealing, on all fours. And that's where I wanted her.

Now I use her hair for a leash. I hold it down, leaving Nikki no choice but to stay on her hands and knees. I pull her around to where she's facing the haphazard pile of clothes she just tossed on my floor. I have standards here. I like my things neat and clean. Not just tossed about. Time for a quick lesson!

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I lean into it as I shove Nikki's head down, driving her nose into the pile of clothes. "Bad!" I firmly scold her. Then I swat her bottom, searing another faint pink splotch onto a cheek. "Bitch!" Nikki yelps as she gets another swat. "Making a mess on my floor!" I swat her again. "Pig!" I give Nikki a fourth swat. Now she has three matching, light pink splotches on each cheek. I'm sure all six of them sting her sharply, but not that badly. Certainly, they don't merit the sobbing cry I'm hearing from Nikki.

"Clean your mess up, you filthy bitch!"

Nikki just starts to move her hand. One hand, using the other, elbow bent fully, to hold herself up. I snap the crop against her bottom, leaving a fourth splotch on the closer of her cheeks.

"Are you completely stupid, bitch? Bitches don't pick things up with their paws!" I shove down harder, pulling her head down with her hair until her face is squished into her dress and against the floor underneath. "Now pick it up, bitch! Let's see what a *real bitch* you are, bitch."

I hold Nikki's face down in the pile of clothes and watch closely as she reluctantly bites into the dress. A sharp tug up on her hair brings her head off the floor enough for everyone to see the dress dangling from her mouth.

"UGH!" I sigh out. "too stupid to even get naked properly." I yank the dress out of her teeth. It doesn't take much of a yank. Nikki almost eagerly lets go of it. I toss it back on the pile. "get those rags, slave," I sweetly tell Sophie.

In seconds Sophie is there picking up all the clothes. She neatly folds everything, making a nice pile with it. Then she takes the pile and hurries off to the playroom. The file cabinet in there, the one I call the bitch locker where the toys clothes are kept, has four drawers. Nikki's go in the third.

While Sophie takes care of Nikki's things, I do nothing. I just hold Nikki in place on all fours. I wait for Sophie to return.

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"On your useless feet, gutter whore. You want to act like a whore, fine. You can *be* a whore. Time to troll the stroll for a trick, *whore!*" I mockingly tell Nikki. At the same time, I yank her by the hair, pulling her up to her knees.

Nikki shrieks loudly as her shoulders are yanked up. Her hands, no longer needed to hold herself up, fly up to cover her chest.

Nikki should know better. She must. Olive wouldn't allow that any more than I would. That I am going to. Oh, no. Covering her breasts is a no-no here. Time for another lesson!

I flick my wrist again. The crop sails, its tip landing squarely on Nikki's forearm just below her elbow. It would have landed on Nikki's breast if her arms weren't folded so snugly over her mounds. Nikki yelps a loud squeal. It's laced with enough surprise that I know Nikki did not expect it. Good. Before Nikki can do any more, I flick my wrist again and sear a matching little pink spot onto her other forearm, atop her other breast.

"What in the world do you think you are, bitch? Some kind of prissy thing, like... like a woman? You are a shameless gutter whore! Quit faking like you're anything more evolved before the slimy slugs take offense!"

I flick my wrist again, and then again, searing a second faint pink spot onto both of her elbows. That's a place it hurts to be swatted with the leather tip of my crop. It gets me a good couple of yelps from Nikki. "Hands behind your back, whore!" I scold Nikki sternly.

Nikki's hands fly behind her back. They move so fast that I almost see a blur instead of hands moving. It leaves her breasts fully exposed.

Now I yank up on Nikki's hair again, snapping for her to get on her feet. Nikki scrambles to get up fast enough that she doesn't lose any hair to the sharp yank. She gets up.

I spin her around. For the first time, she's facing Steve and Joel as they sit on the sofa. From the wide-eyed

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leer on both of their faces, it's clear that they've both been watching every bit of Nikki's humiliating undressing. And her spanking.

"uh-EE!" Nikki blurts out in a very shocked, horrified, and squeaky voice as she sees that she's had an audience. Until now, I've kept her back to the men. But now Nikki starts crying again as she sees them ogling her body. Nikki tries to quickly look down at the floor. I yank her hair, snapping her head back up to face them.

It's the first real, live, naked look I've gotten of Nikki's body. As I'd thought, she has a noticeable curve to her waist. But what I couldn't see through the dress was how her hips are so well curved, too. Those have a smooth and sweet rounding to them as they curve gently, but sensually outward. Nice.

Then again, I should have expected it. I did get to see Nikki from the backside. She has a rather nice backside, too. Her hips and bottom are narrow. But those globes have a full rounding to them, swelling out with a smooth, flowing curve that rises straight off the tops of her thighs. It leaves no discernible edge to the bottoms, and definitely nothing like any kind of sag. It's just a soft, full, arc upward. And it flows back into her waistline just as smoothly. It leaves her with slightly small cheeks. And a slightly short crack. There, the inside edge of her cheeks more kiss each other rather than lying flush against each other. It makes her crack a bit of a tease. It looks like I can see into it, but I can't. All I could see were her firm globes.

Nikki's breasts are just nice. They're slightly smallish, but also almost perfectly full and rounded. They rise off her chest like half grapefruits, rounding smoothly and fully, as they rise off without any kind of crease at the underside. Then they flow back to her chest with a rounded top to them, not a straighter angle. It gives those mounds a rounded look.

They have fully rounded fronts to them, too. Each mound is topped with a silver dollar-sized ring of light pink-brown. Then, centered in each ring, is a moderately wide

nipple. Her nipples are short, not rising much above the front of her mounds, but they're well-shaped. And rounded. Even now, with those nubs rock hard, they rise only about $\frac{1}{8}$ th inch above the flesh around them. But those nipples wrinkle up a bit as they stiffen, giving them a rather hard look to them.

And now, with her feet slightly open, I can see the mound of Nikki's pussy between the tops of her thighs. It's not the puffiest of mounds, swelling down only slightly. But I can see that she's going to have long and wide lips on it. Even from the front, I can see that. I can see the top of her slit, too. As it arcs up toward her pubes, the edges of her lips curve gently outward, opening her fine slit to a wider gash at the very top with a sharp "V." But even that V has soft and flowing lines to it. In the wider top of that slit, I can see the ridgeline of her pink inner folds flowing along and fading back into her pinkness. I'm pretty sure those lips fully meet about $\frac{1}{3}$ of the way along her mound, and likely stay closed from there, leaving Nikki only a fine line of a slit.

Another little tug on Nikki's hair gets her feet moving. Especially since it lets her turn away from the guys who have been eyeing her over. I turn her to face the glass doors. Using her hair for a leash, I almost drag her along, through the living room, over to the doors.

There's more space beside Leah, so that's where I pull Nikki. "Oh, you think you're better than these negligent whores, whore?" I mockingly scold Nikki. "Get on the wall with the other whores, whore!" I kind of pull her head down, and kind of push it, letting go of her hair as she starts to bend over.

I have no doubt that Olive has taught Nikki all the basic commands. Olive would have told me if she hadn't gotten that far with Nikki. She probably wouldn't be sharing Nikki that soon, either. Thus, Nikki knows what I expect of her. And if she has any questions, she can see Leah "on the wall" right beside her.

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Nikki knows the position. She bends over and puts herself in the same position that Leah and Megan are already in. And that pokes the mound of Nikki's pussy out for everyone to see. It also has Nikki's firm, hard, globes spreading taut, opening her crack wide enough for me to see the dark pink-brown ring of her asshole at the valley of her crack. As I'd thought, Nikki's slit quickly fades into a fine light pink line that flows the rest of the way back. All the way back to the end. It lets her lips fully cover her pussy, both her tunnel and her clit.

And that's how I came to have three nude toys bent over against my glass doors. But I only have two husbands sitting on my sofa and watching. I seem to be one cock short. Oh well, cocks don't seem to mind over time.



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Now I'm left with an impossible choice. Which of these three naughty toys to punish first! As I look at them, I can see three cute bottoms, all taut and firm, sticking out for me. All three stretched taut enough that I can glimpse a tight asshole between firm cheeks. And all three with wet pussies fully exposed just under those globes.

"Slave... fetch me a chair..." I sweetly tell Sophie. While Sophie hurries off to find me a chair, I slowly pace along behind the line of bottoms, trying to choose which one to play with first. It's not an easy choice. Nikki, the newest and apparently the whiniest? Holly, slightly whiny, and definitely squirmy? Or Tamar, the one who will endure her punishment the best, and likely get the most unbearably aroused from it?

Sophie brings one of the chairs from the dining table. She knows that I like these chairs for playing with the toys. They don't have armrests. Those just get so in my way! Sophie stots the chair facing Joel and Steve as they sit on the sofa waiting to see what I have in store for these three women.

I decide to start at one end of the line. That narrows my choice to Holly on my left, or Nikki on my right. Tamar, between them, has just volunteered for second. She just doesn't know that. I start at the left and kneel down behind Holly.

That gives me a very close view of Holly's pussy with its decently puffy mound just before my eyes. It lets me see her long, plump, but slightly narrow, lips. Lips that are now shaven smooth. They don't even come close to meeting fully, leaving a wide gash between the edges of them. It lets me see the thick, soft, ridgeline of her pink inner folds rising into that gash and filling it, but not really rising above the outside of her lips. But even bending over as she is, Holly's pussy doesn't show her tunnel. It is, however, already covered with a decent layer of her creamy, clear honey. Enough honey that I can catch a whiff of her muskiness from where I am.

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I already have a pair of my pastel green latex gloves on. Size small, naturally. Now that I can see Holly's mound, and how wet it is, I'm glad I'd thought to put them on. I use the tips of my fingers to gently ease her lips apart and show me just how wet she is.

Sloppy wet might be a bit of an understatement. Her honey is creamy enough that it weeps from her slit rather slowly, clinging to everything as it does. With her lips pulled wide apart, I can see her long inner folds as they rise slightly up. And I can see the pea-sized nub of her clit, swollen rock-hard as it pokes its head above the knot of her loose folds. I can see the thumb-wide entrance of Holly's tunnel, too. I can see her soft, light pink, spongy walls puffing inward. I can even see the thick layer of honey filling that tunnel. Holly definitely looks ready for some fun.

I move over to Tamar and drop back to one knee behind her. I don't bother to change my gloves, either. I want them to notice that. I want them to know that the gloves are for my hands, not their pussy. I don't care if their honeys get mixed together in their pussies. I only care that it stays off my fingers.

Tamar's pussy has a far more eager look to it. Her lips are just as long, but hers are wide as well. They're thinner, too, keeping her mound from puffing out quite as much as Holly's does. Her lips don't come close to meeting, leaving a rather wide gash between them. Even at the top, her lips aren't close to meeting, leaving plenty of room for a ridgeline of her inner folds to fill the gap. But as that ridgeline flows down along her gash, it parts into a pair of fairly tall loose folds. Those folds rise out past the outside of her lips, curling back over them slightly, giving her pussy a look like a flower blooming open. It lets me see the marble-sized nub of her clit, swelling hard at the point where her folds part. And it lets me see the slightly narrow opening of her tunnel hiding behind her opening folds. I can see enough of her tunnel to see that it's flooded with her clear, oily-thin honey. The same honey

that covers everything else. I don't need to push Tamar's lips open. I can already see every bit of her. She's eager for some fun. Too bad she'll be second.

It only leaves me Nikki's pussy to get a close-up look at. And I've pretty much seen it by now. I haven't opened it yet, though, so I do that now. I wouldn't want the timid little mouse that Nikki is to feel left out of the pussy inspections!

I use the tips of my fingers to push her long lips aside and let me see the short-rising long folds that run about $\frac{2}{3}$ the length of Nikki's pussy. Hers are probably the loosest, the most wrinkly, of the three, despite their short rise off her pinkness. It lets me see the pencil eraser-sized nub of her clit poking its eager little tip above the knot where those folds meld into a single ridgeline. Her clit is probably the most eager of the three, too. Hers is throbbing. I can see it pulsing slightly with her heartbeat. I can see the narrow entrance of her tunnel, flush with her pinkness, as it funnels inward. I can see the softness of her spongy, and firm-looking, walls. Mostly. Everything is coated with a heavy layer of her clear, but slightly creamy-thick, honey. A honey that fills every bit of space in the funnel-like opening of her tunnel. And covers every speck of pink flesh that it passes over. Hers is also the muskiest of these three. Her aroma is strong, but not heavy. And that honey looks to be as slippery as any grease. I know she's eager to get to the fun. I'll bet guys love that pussy, too.

Now I have to choose. Holly or Nikki. I go with Nikki. After all, this was supposed to be Nikki's session! And I'm eager to see just how timid, and how squirmy, Nikki really is. And to see how hot a little punishment gets her. I do have to decide if I want to keep Nikki or throw her back to Olive.

Now, with Nikki leaning over, it has her already firm globes stretched taut enough that her crack gapes at least halfway to wide open. It gapes plenty enough for me to see the medium pink splotch of flesh around her tiny asshole. Her ring isn't any bigger than a dime. It sits flush

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with the valley of her crack, too, funneling in very gently, to a teeny pinpoint of darkness. It's an asshole that doesn't look to have seen that much use.

And that reminds me of something Olive told me about Nikki. Olive told me that Nikki is a "total baby" about her bottom. That Nikki flat refuses to allow anything to be done with it. Olive, not caring what Nikki will allow, has toyed with a few times. But she's always done so with Nikki bound. That way, Nikki could squirm around and whine, but that's about all she could do to object to it. None of which would have even slowed Olive down. Me either.

As soon as I think about what Olive told me, and stare at the tightly clenched ring of Nikki's unsuspecting asshole, my inner imp pokes her mischievous head up again. She has just the greatest idea!

I rise to my feet. I reach over along Nikki's side and around under her chest. Nikki's breasts hang freely, holding their almost-perfectly rounded shape as they do. I cup one of them in my hand, squishing it gently. I feel that it's as firm as it looks. Firmer than I would have expected from a woman with two kids. For an instant, I wonder if she has implants. Then I squish a little harder. I don't feel the wateriness of the implant sacks, so I rule falsies out. I deem hers to be natural, firm, rounded, and pert. Nice breasts.

Even with the latex glove on I can feel her short, wide nipple. Its stony hardness is unmistakable as it presses against my palm. I loosen my grip slightly, taking a couple of soft squeezes of her mound and getting a better feel of it. Then I grip it fairly firmly. Not enough to hurt her, but enough that it's tight in my hand.

"Come along, whore bitch, it's time for you to learn what happens to skanky gutter filth when it tries to whore around in my Queendom!" I use Nikki's breast for a leash, holding it firmly as I pull her to straighten up and turn towards me.

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It's only about two steps to where Sophie has set the chair. I cross them quickly, bringing a nervously cringing Nikki right along with me. I drop into the seat, pulling Nikki over to stand at my right side. I can see Joel and Steve staring at me, or more accurately at Nikki, wondering what I'm going to do with Nikki. Knowing that their wives are likely in for the same fate next.

I'm pretty sure not even Nikki is surprised when I order her down to her knees. And pull her down by her breast. She cringes more, her eyes wetting up again, as she hesitantly lowers herself to her knees. I pull her forward by her breast, releasing it as she starts to lie over my knees. I put my hand to her shoulder and use that to push her forward. To push her the rest of the way over my knees.

I put Nikki in the same position I always put naughty toys in. Over my knees, where naughty girls belong. I have her waist bent fully, her thighs hanging straight down along the side of the chair. She's short enough that her knees aren't on the floor, but just above it. Her calves lie along the floor. My thigh is flush and snug in the bend of her waist. My other thigh is under her chest. I open my legs just wide enough that the underside of Nikki's breasts lie flush against the outside of my thigh. Nikki's hands fidget nervously as she uses them to brace against the floor. Her head hangs limply down, turning her eyes inward slightly at the chair.

Nikki is anything but relaxed. She fidgets and squirms nervously. She almost quivers. She mews little "Ooh!s" that are pure nervousness. Her bottom wiggles ever-so-slightly from the fidgeting. And I can feel her breasts wiggling gently against my thigh.

"Slave, bring me a nice strap for this filthy whore's bottom," I tell Sophie.

In a few seconds, Sophie is back with the strap. It's a man's leather belt, about 2" wide, minus the buckle. It's a stiff leather, too. Sophie doubles it over for me and puts it

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in my hand. I lie the smooth, hard, leather against the center of Nikki's taut cheeks. Softly.

"Five strokes ought to teach you not to whore so shamelessly that you neglect your family, bitch," I tell Nikki. I always want my toys to know what they're being spanked for. Even if it's for a reason that I just invented. They should know what they've done to irk me. Or what my excuse is.

I lift the belt up. High. I always bring the belt up as high as I can with my short arms. The height of the swing isn't so important. It's how much power I put into that stroke. That's what makes the difference in how much it hurts. Or if it bruises. I'm not trying to bruise any of these three. I never try to injure my toys. I don't like leaving marks that last more than a few hours. I just want them to feel the spanking. To know that I've turned them over my knees like naughty toddlers and spanked their misbehaving little bottoms.

I put about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the power I could put into Nikki's stroke. It snaps the belt down hard against her cheeks. It lands with a crack like a clap of thunder. Sharp and loud. The belt sears a light pink stripe across both of her hard cheeks.

"OW!" Nikki screams out. "OW! OW! Oh, OWWW!" Nikki sobs loudly, "PLEASE, MISS RODGERS, PLEASE! OH, PLEASE! IT HURTS SO MUCH, MISS RODGERS! PLEASE, MISS RODGERS, PLEASE TAKE IT EASY ON ME! PLEASE, I DIDN'T MEAN TO BE LATE! I'M SORRY! I WON'T DO IT EVER AGAIN! PLEASE MISS RODGERS, PLEASE DON'T HURT ME SO MUCH! I CAN'T TAKE IT!"

"Shut up, you whiny little gutter whore!" I scold Nikki in a rather icy hard tone. "You know better than to whine like a baby." I raise the belt up again, but that's mostly because it was already moving when Nikki started begging for mercy. She should so know better.

"Slave, fetch me a ready bag... yellow," I tell Sophie. Sophie knows what I want. She smirks from ear to ear as she tells me she'll be right back with it.

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Nikki squirms hard, her bottom wiggling, her hips grinding against my thigh. Her head tosses around, too. Her hands are all over the floor. Her feet are even squirming around. She cries loudly, like a baby. And she's only had one moderate swat with the belt. Olive was right, Nikki's definitely whiny. But that so desperate squirming of hers is definitely entertaining.

"Don't worry, bitch. I should have seen just how filthy of a gutter whore you are. More like a sewer whore! But I have just the thing to clean you up and teach you to act like a proper piece of filth here in my Queendom.

"I know your Mistress has taught you better than to cry like a little baby. I'm sure she makes you take your spankings like a big bitch! I don't know why you would expect any less here. I guess you really are as stupid as you look. Oh, well, it's no skin off *my* bottom. That stroke won't count. Since you want to beg and cry, we'll just start over. And over. And over. Until you decide to be a big bitch for all five strokes. I'm sure your bottom will tire of the extra strokes long before my arm does." I use a rather taunting, mocking voice as I tell her.

"NO!" Nikki blurts out in her sobs. "OH, MY GOD, NO! PLEASE, MISS RODGERS, I'LL BE A GOOD GIRL. PLEASE, YOU DON'T HAVE TO HURT ME SO MUCH! I'LL BEHAVE! I SWEAR, I'LL BE SO GOOD! PLEASE, PLEASE, DON'T HURT ME SO MUCH!"

As Sophie returns with my request, I ignore Nikki. I've already told her what she needs to know. She knows what's expected of her. It hasn't changed from when she belonged to Olive. We're different, with different styles and interests, but our rules are pretty much the same. Nikki should know that she's expected not to whine and to count her strokes off. I know Olive hasn't missed a chance to spank her. So, I know Nikki has been spanked enough times to know how to behave for it.

Sophie has brought me one of the enema bags that I keep pre-filled and ready to go. They're just clear bags, like IV bags, with about five feet of clear tubing attached to

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them. There's a little hot pink flow wheel in the line just below the bag. One of the ones where the little wheel spins as the fluid flows through it. And there's a clamp pinching the line off to keep the fluid from flowing. The ready-to-go ones also have a pre-lubricated nozzle attached to them. It's a generic nozzle, about six inches long and as thick as a pencil. A plastic cap covers the nozzle.

This one is filled with a light, yellow-tinged fluid. It's just mineral oil. The yellow color is plain food dye that I add to the bags so that it's readily apparent what's in them. That way I can be sure what's in it, and thus what effect it will have on whoever gets it. The mineral oil is one of my favorites. It will nicely fill her rectum, stretching her walls out and pulling them taut. But her waste won't absorb any of it as it would with a water-based solution. It will keep her waste looking just as it does now instead of turning it into a watery, runny mess. And it will make Nikki rather uncomfortable, but all of them do that.

Sophie pops the cap off the nozzle before she hands it to me. Sophie holds the bag up, serving as a makeshift stand for the bag, too. She lets it dangle free from two fingers about two feet above Nikki's back.

I have one hand on the small of Nikki's back, holding her lightly down on my knees. My other hand holds the belt. That's the hand I use to take the base of the enema nozzle from Sophie's hand. And, with the belt hanging from my hand, to put the tip of the nozzle against the tiny pinprick of darkness right at the center of Nikki's asshole.

Instantly Nikki's asshole clenches to its full tightness. "OH!" Nikki shrieks out in the squeakiest, most nervous voice. "NO! NOT MY BUTT, MISS RODGERS, NO!!!! I CAN'T! I CAN'T STAND ANYTHING THERE, MISS RODGERS, NOT MY BUTT! NO! PLEASE, NOT MY BUTT!"

Nikki starts squirming hard and energetically. She tries to lift her shoulders up, but they only raise a couple of inches, arching her back, as my hand holds her lower back in place. Nikki's feet start to kick wildly, searching for a

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grip on the floor. The chair is in the way. She can't bring her knees up enough to get her feet flat. She stiffens her legs, locking her knees, but with the tops of her feet against the floor, it does nothing to raise her bottom up. It does tighten those cheeks up a little more, though. Nikki tries to rock her hips, but my hand stops her from doing too much of that, too.

I push. I can feel the hardness of her ring resisting the invasion of the nozzle. But only for a second. The nozzle is thin, its tip fully rounded, and it's well-greased with the gel. It pushes right into her unwelcoming ring and starts slipping into the depths of Nikki's bottom. I keep pushing, slowing it down to make Nikki feel it pushing into her bottom for an extra second or so. And I push every bit of that nozzle into her bottom. It puts the tip of it roughly $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way to the back of Nikki's bowels. Nikki's tightly clenched ring grips the sides of the slick shaft enough to hold it in place.

I release the nozzle. I shift the belt back into my grip. I start raising the belt to give Nikki her swat. She still owes me five good ones. I'll bet right this second, Nikki's so nervous about the enema nozzle I just pushed into her bottom, that she's forgotten all about her spanking!

On my way up, I flick the clamp on the line. The little wheel starts to turn, letting me know that the fluid is flowing. I pause for a fraction of a second with the belt high up, waiting for the fluid to flow through the tube and for Nikki to feel the first drops of it inside her bottom.

"OOH!" Nikki shrieks out. Immediately goosebumps erupt along her crack and shoot up her spine. Nikki trembles hard and crisply. "OHMYGOD!" Nikki shrieks out, "NOOOOOO!!!!!! PLEASE! I'LL DO ANYTHING, MISS RODGERS, PLEASE! NOT MY BUTT! OH, PLEASE, NOT MY BUTT! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT ME TO! I'M SORRY! I'LL BE SO GOOD! ANYTHING, MISS RODGERS, PLEASE, JUST GET IT OUT OF MY BUTT! PLEASE, GET IT OUT OF MY BUTT!"

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"No, bitch," I very firmly tell Nikki. "You owe me five strokes. You are going to behave for them like the big bitch you can fake being. Once you've been good, and taken your spanking like a big bitch, I will stop the flow from filling your rectum anymore. Until then, you can lie there while your bottom fills up and enjoy strokes that don't count. I know your Mistress has taught you how to behave for a spanking."

I snap the belt down before Nikki has a chance to say anything more. It's just as loud as the first stroke was. It leaves a matching pink stripe just beside the first one. It just pinkens up more of those adorable globes.

"YE-OWWWW!" Nikki screeches loudly. As the stroke lands, I feel her body tensing up hard. The tension vanishes just as quickly, giving way to a very energetic thrashing, wiggling, squirm over my knees. Not a single part of Nikki is still. I just love the way her feet kick against the floor while her hips rock from side to side.

"OH, OW!" Nikki quiets slightly as her voice fades back into a sobbing cry. "One, Miss Rodgers," Nikki's voice is squeakier than any mouse's ever was. It's muted and hushed, too. "Thank you for spanking my naughty bottom, Miss Rodgers. I'm sorry for neglecting my family. I deserve four more strokes, Miss Rodgers, will you please spank my bottom again for me?" See? I knew Olive taught Nikki how to behave and count her strokes. I didn't even have to tell Nikki.

I raise the belt. Nikki is far from still. I'm sure she knows that I expect her to hold her bottom still, too. But I'm not sure she can. She's squirming too much, and it doesn't look as if she's capable of stopping herself. She's crying fairly hard, too. But mostly I can see just how nervous Nikki is.

I swat Nikki again. Another identical stroke.

"OW!" Nikki screams out, instantly stiffening and then snapping into that energetic thrashing squirm again. "OH, OW, OW OW!" Nikki cries out loudly. "UGH! OW!"

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"Two, Miss Rodgers," Nikki counts. "Thank you for spanking my naughty bottom, Miss Rodgers..." Nikki asks for her next stroke.

I swat her bottom.

"YE-OW!" Nikki screams as her body snaps to full tension. "UGH!" Nikki shrieks out immediately as the tension vanishes from her body. She starts squirming wildly again. "UGH! OW! UGH!" Nikki cries out loudly.

"UGH...OW!!!! MISS RODGERS, PLEASE!" Nikki shrieks out, her squeaky voice now in utter panic. "OHMYGOD, PLEASE, MISS RODGERS! IT'S TOO MUCH! GET IT OUT OF MY BUTT, NOW! PLEASE! IT'S KILLING ME! I CAN'T STAND IT! IT'S KILLING ME! I'LL BE GOOD! WHIP ME BLOODY, I DON'T CARE! JUST GET IT OUT OF MY BUTT! PLEASE! PLEASE! I'LL DO ANYTHING! PLEASE, GET IT OUT OF MY BUTT, MISS RODGERS! I CAN'T TAKE A SPANKING WITH MY BUTT TOO FULL! IT'S TOO MUCH, GET IT OUTTTTTTTTTT!"

I just sigh heavily. By now Nikki has about three, maybe four whole ounces of the oil in her bottom. It's nowhere near too much for her, or anyone. But it is enough to make her feel like she needs a toilet. And her thrashing around, that antsy, energetic wild squirming, is only going to shift the angle of her bowels inside her and make her feel it that much more. I'm sure grinding her hips against my thigh isn't helping her any, either. That has her pubes grinding against me, too, and that's right where her bowels are filling up.

"Bad bitch!" I scold Nikki. "Now we have to start over again! I told you, no whining!"

I lift the belt. Nikki screeches the most desperately pleading "NO!" Then Nikki screams as the belt snaps another line of pink across her globes.

Nikki cries out another loud chorus of "OW, UGH" several times. Finally, her wild squirms slow. "One, Miss Rodgers. I'm sorry for being such a baby, Miss Rodgers. I deserve four more strokes, Miss Rodgers. Will you please

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spank my naughty bottom again, Miss Rodgers?" Nikki's voice is hushed almost to a sobbing muteness.

I swat her bottom again.

Nikki screams loudly. She cries, a full-blown bawling, as she screams out "OW!s" and "UGH!s" over and over again.

By now Nikki's bottom is pretty evenly pink. But it's a light-to-medium shade of pink, not a deep redness. It's enough that I know her globes are stinging her a little worse than... say sitting on a hive of bees would. But not so badly as if they were giant African killer bees. More like as if they are giant ordinary, and angry bees. I'm sure those globes burn hot as well.

Nikki doesn't fall anywhere close to still. She thrashes, grunting out very strained "UGH!s" as she counts off the second swat.

I swat Nikki again.

Nikki screams again, her body snapping to its full tension and hanging like that for a fraction of a second before the tension disappears and she's back to thrashing atop my knees. She cries so loudly that it almost masks her "OW!s" and her grunts.

I glance up and see that Nikki is up to about eight or nine ounces of enema by now. And she still has two strokes to go. Assuming that she manages to behave for them. I wonder if this is her first enema. I know it's not something that Olive does very often, so it just might be. Or might not be. I don't remember reading anything about an enema in Olive's notes, but I just skimmed those.

Nikki, bawling away, counts off her stroke. I can barely make her words out through her sobs.

I swat Nikki's bottom again.

Nikki screams again. She snaps back to full tension. The snap is so hard, Nikki's knees flying up and crashing into the side of the chair, that it moves the chair a half-inch or so. Nikki's hands fly inward, knocking against the chair as well. Nikki's back arches downward, her shoulders

snapping up as I hold her lower back down. Her bottom rises up a fraction of an inch, too.

Nikki hangs like that. “UhMMMMMM!” is the only sound she makes for close to a full second. Then her entire body starts trembling hard. It’s a crisp, sharp trembling. And it appears instantly from her head to the tips of her curled toes. She hangs another full second or so, trembling hard. As she does, I see a couple of droplets of her honey go flying. She trembles hard enough that her quivering pussy mound slings the drops off. It makes me look to Nikki’s pussy.

Before I can see it, Nikki’s body falls limp. Totally limp. Except that it still trembles just as powerfully, or maybe even a little harder. She trembles enough that her teeth start chattering. She sobs, loudly, too. “Three, Miss Rodgers,” Nikki’s voice is as squeaky as ever. And just as hushed. Only now it has a sheepish and cowed tone that it’s never had before. “Thank you very much for spanking this whore’s naughty bottom, Mistress Rodgers. I’m so sorry for being a baby and making you spank me, Mistress Rodgers. I need two more strokes, Mistress Rodgers, will you please help me and spank this whore’s filthy bottom again, Mistress Rodgers?”

I immediately notice just how much more humbled Nikki’s voice is. And I notice a breathiness in it that I didn’t notice before. I notice that the honey is flowing from her pussy now, too. Enough so that I imagine that I can see the film of it moving as it flows over her lips.

Nikki just lies there, limp and loose, trembling hard, and waiting for her next stroke.

I swat her bottom.

“OW!” Nikki cries out. But other than her scream, she doesn’t show the stroke at all. I don’t feel her tense up this time. I don’t see her squirming. She just lies loose and trembling hard. As if her bottom is just waiting for the next stroke.

Chapter Four - The Naughty Bottom Treatment

Nikki counts her stroke off. She cries, sobbing loudly, as she does. But now there's no mistaking the breathiness, the urgency, in her mousy voice.

I swat Nikki's bottom again.

She reacts the same, just screaming out from the strike while lying loose and relaxed over my knees. It leaves Nikki's globes- tanned to a light shade of fiery red. And it has them stinging enough that now I'd bet Nikki wishes she'd *only* sat on that hive of angry giant African Killer bees.

It also has Nikki's pussy dripping tiny droplets of her honey. And it has her trembling hard enough that it looks like her lips are quivering.

"Five, Mistress Rodgers, thank you very much for spanking this whore's naughty bottom for being such a filthy whore, Mistress Rodgers. I'm so sorry for being so disgusting that I made you spank me, Mistress Rodgers." Nikki counts off the last stroke. "Thank you very much for being so firm and kind with this filthy whore, Mistress Rodgers."

I close the clamp on the enema tube. I take a second to look and see just how much of the enema Nikki has in her bottom. About fourteen ounces as near as I can tell.

I leave Nikki lying there for a few more seconds. Then I very slowly pull the nozzle tube from Nikki's bottom. She doesn't move. Not even a flinch as it comes out. She lies just as relaxed as she can be and just lets me do it.

I put Nikki back up onto her knees. It lets me see that Nikki's face isn't wrinkled up, but just as relaxed as the rest of her. Even as she sobs. Tears run down her cheeks. But that's about all I can see on her face. I can see her nipples are as stiff as they can possibly be, too.

I tell Nikki what she's to do now.

"Yes, my Queen," Nikki answers. I'd noticed earlier that Nikki was trying out various ways of addressing me. "Mistress" is a title I save for my personal slave, Sophie. Not even Paige, my live-in house slave and whore, is allowed to use it. But Olive lets all of her toys use it. She

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thinks it's traditional. So, I've told Nikki how to address me. "This whore will do as you command it, my Queen."

Nikki rises to her feet. I hear her groan out heavily, with a good bit of strain in it, as she rises. But she doesn't show the discomfort she must be feeling. I know that moving is going to make that enema strain her bowels doubly for a few seconds. It will give her some light cramps slicing through her insides, just behind her pubes. And it will make her bowels feel as if they're exploding. But that's the only thing it will do to her. As she stays still, all of that will fade in a moment.

Nikki takes hold of the enema bag from Sophie. She walks the two steps over to where she had been standing against the glass doors. Nikki pats Tamar lightly on the shoulder to get her attention.

"Excuse me, whore, our Queen is ready to spank you now. Will you please go to her and get your spanking, whore?"

Tamar reluctantly rises up. Standing as she was, she hadn't been able to see anything. But she could hear everything. I'll bet she already had a pretty good idea of what happened to Nikki. Only now she has to see it. To see the enema bag hanging from Nikki's hand as Nikki holds it up to the height of her shoulder. And see how it's about half empty now, leaving Tamar no doubt where that fluid is.

Now that Tamar is on her feet, Nikki can look her in the eyes. "I'm really sorry, whore..." Nikki says to Tamar. "Since I was so naughty for my spanking, our Queen has decided that we all will get an enema with it." Nikki's sobbing voice rings with shame as she tells Tamar that Nikki has gotten an enema, not just for herself, but for Tamar and Holly as well.

Nikki holds her enema bag out to Tamar. "Will you please hold my enema while I get on the wall, and then lie the bag on my back for me, whore?"

Tamar, a reluctant and disgusted look on her face, takes the bag from Nikki. Tamar has no doubt that I've told

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Nikki to ask her to do this. Or that I expect Tamar to do as she's asked.

Nikki gets back into place on the wall, making sure that her back is flat and her head up. She stares out at the view across downtown.

Tamar lies the bag softly on Nikki's back. Then Tamar hesitantly walks over to me and kneels down at my side, ready to be turned over my knees for her spanking. Tamar's very nervous eyes stay on the fresh enema bag that Sophie is holding up high. With a big grin on Sophie's face.

That's when I tell Tamar that she's expected to behave for her enema spanking, too. If she does, it will be over quickly, and she will only have to endure the same fourteen ounces of an enema that Nikki currently has in her bottom. But, should Tamar's bottom take more than fourteen ounces before she manages to behave for all five strokes... well, it just wouldn't be fair for her to have more enema than Nikki! So, Nikki will have to be given the additional ounces as well. And naturally, that will become the new mark for Holly's enema.



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All three of my toys are now back where they started. Standing on the wall with their bottoms thrust out. Only now those bottoms are full. And they're red. Sore, too.

I sent them back to stand like this for one reason. After a good spanking like that, it's human nature to try and soothe those fiery sore bottoms. Like this, they can't do anything. Just stand there with those bottoms on display, stinging away. It's just as effective of a punishment as spanking those bottoms was. The enemas filling those bottoms only make it that much more uncomfortable for them to stand there.

I tell Sophie to collect the enema bags off their backs. Now that all three have gotten their spankings, I won't have to add any more enema to their bottoms. Both Tamar and Holly behaved for theirs, sparing all of their bottoms any more than the fourteen ounces Nikki earned them. Too bad, a couple of more ounces would have them squirming even more!

I guess it's Tamar's turn to go first this time. Tamar was second last time, and I do so love rotating the lineup. Besides, this lesson is for Tamar, not Nikki or Holly. It's only fitting she gets to start it off. And it just wouldn't work with Nikki having to start it off.

I tell Tamar to stand up and turn around so that she's facing me. She does, standing right between the other two bottoms.

Tamar is a slightly "plain" looking woman. If there even is such a thing as looking Jewish, she doesn't. She could easily be just another of the "country" girls that are as common as the air around Mobile.

She has a slightly rounded face framed with medium-long dark brown hair. It's hair that's straight, soft, and fine. It has a decent amount of body to it, spreading out slightly as it hangs down to the middle of her shoulder blades. She has deep brown eyes, too. She has a moderately wide, and average length, nose. She also has a wide mouth that's a hair on the flat side, giving it the look of a long line. It's framed with a pair of deep, bright pink lips that are full and

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plush. Then she has a slightly squared chin with lines that are somewhere between straight and rounded. She also has rather fine and well-teased eyebrows. And finally, a few little, tiny pink spots, almost like acne, dotting her chin. But her smile is as wide and bright as it is reserved.

Tamar also has a rather narrow and lean body. It doesn't look as if there's more than half of an ounce of body fat on her. I can see the lines of her collarbones. I can see the lines of tendons at her neck. She's not too lean, but she definitely doesn't carry any extra weight.

Tamar has a decent, and noticeable, feminine curve to her waist. And her hips. All with soft, smoothly flowing lines to it.

Tamar's breasts are only a tiny bit bigger than Nikki's. They're just as fully rounded, too. But Tamar's lie back against her chest to make a slight crease at the underside before rising off her chest like half melons. Her mounds are full and firm. They're topped with a pair of rather small nipples, neither any bigger than the eraser of a pencil. They're a light shade of pink. And they're surrounded by a pair of small rings no larger than a quarter which are the same shade of pink. As Tamar stands there, those nipples are as hard as rocks, rising their gently rounded tips up from her well-rounded mounds.

It's time for this to move to the playroom. I tell Sophie to take Nikki and Holly there and sit them on the bench. Sophie takes both, using their hair for a leash, and leads them in. She'll stay there to watch them until I get there.

I tell Tamar to go to Joel and take him by the hand. She's to lead him back to the playroom.

Tamar's face scrunches up tight as she starts to move. That's just the enema making her that much more uncomfortable. It's much easier to stay still than to move with her bottom so full. She crosses what should be two steps with about five little baby steps. That's the enema effect, too. She's keeping her legs close together. And as

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she steps past me, I can see her cheeks are firm, hard, and clearly squishing together as well.

Tamar leans over, groaning out slightly as she does, only as far as she absolutely has to, to reach down and take Joel's hand. "Honey... Sir... I'm sorry for being a bad wife and being a disobedient bitch. Will you please come to the playroom and allow me to make it up to you, Sir?" Tamar asks Joel, her voice as sweet as she can make it while trying not to groan again from the fullness.

Joel rises to his feet with a growing smile on his face. Tamar, keeping hold of his hand, starts leading him back to the playroom. I invite Steve to follow along as well.

In the playroom, just to the right of the door, I have a small wooden bench. It's plain and simple. Its seat is nothing more than a 3' long piece of 2x12 that's been sanded just enough to keep from leaving splinters in bottoms. Otherwise, it just has two wide legs to hold it up.

Sophie has both Tamar and Holly sitting on the bench. Sitting properly. With their legs crossed right over left. With their backs straight up. With their hands behind them. Not only does that keep their hands from covering any of their bodies, but it also forces them to scoot forward an inch or two on the bench. And it blocks them from using the wall behind as a backrest. With their eyes forward, too, and that has them both staring at the padded massage table that lives in the center of the room. And naturally with their stinging-sore bare bottoms on the hard wood.

Across from the bench, on the opposite side of the massage table, there are three more comfortable chairs. Those face the massage table, too. They also allow for a nice view of the two seated nude women. Joel and Steve get two of those chairs. The last is for me, just in case I want to relax, not that I expect to get the chance to.

I offer one to Steve.

As I've told her to do, Tamar leads Joel over to the massage table and stands him beside it.

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I nod to Tamar, telling her to go on. She very politely asks Joel to get up on the massage table and lie on his back so that she "may begin making it up to him." Joel doesn't seem reluctant to get on the table.

Once Joel is lying back in position, Tamar very sweetly, despite the uncomfortable grimace on her face, asks him if she may "free his wonderful huge cock." Naturally, Joel eagerly grants her request. I've yet to have a man deny that request, especially in a room with three nude and slutty women.

As Tamar's slightly bony thin fingers free Joel's cock, it stands straight up, already hard, and eager. His is just short of six inches long, and maybe 1¼" thick. Not that I've measured it like I would a toy, but I've gotten pretty good at estimating. It's circumcised, showing its purple-pink bulbous head.

Joel lies on his back, trying not to look and watch whatever Tamar is doing. I'm sure that he knows he's going to like it. I've yet to disappoint him with any of the tricks I've had Tamar do for him.

Tamar leaves Joel there. She steps over to the bench where Holly and Nikki are sitting. The bench is narrow enough that it has them sitting pretty close together, too. I designed it that way. It will hold three, but they'll be very snug. Two leaves them a tiny bit of space to be comfortable, or at least not squished up against each other.

Tamar goes to Nikki. I told her she was to pick "the whore who sent you up for your spanking," since I know that none of the three have a clue who the other two are. Tamar doesn't know either Holly or Nikki's name. Nor does she know that it's Nikki's first time here. Unless she's figured it out from the scolding I've given Nikki.

"Whore..." Tamar begins in a rather sheepish, and very humiliated, voice. "I was a bad wife and didn't take care of my husband like a good woman should... Will you please come show me how a real whore takes care of a man?"

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Tamar extends her hand out to take Nikki's. Nikki doesn't really hesitate. But she doesn't look very enthusiastic, either. She looks more resigned than anything as if dumbly accepting her fate. She gives Tamar her hand.

Tamar leads Nikki over to the table. She guides Nikki to get up onto the table. She nudges Nikki to straddle Joel's legs, and then to scoot up until Joel's cock is sticking up directly under Nikki's pussy.

I'll bet by now Nikki has a pretty good idea what I'm going to have her do. I'll bet Tamar does, too, although I haven't told Tamar what comes next. I just told Tamar that I wanted Nikki in this position.

Now Joel is looking up, or at least as much as he can. He's straining his neck to hold his head up and see Nikki's nude body straddling his. It looks to me like his eyes are on Nikki's breasts. I doubt he can get them far enough down to see Nikki's sloppy-wet pussy. But maybe he can feel the occasional droplet of thick honey fall from it.

I whisper instructions into Tamar's ear. Even though I'm sure she can guess what I'm going to make her do before I tell her, I see a hard cringing shudder sweep over her as she hears it. I'm not as sure if her face scrunches up anymore, though. Tamar is already grimacing pretty hard from holding that enema.

"Whore, will you please show me how to fuck a man?" Tamar asks Nikki in a very cowed, hushed, and embarrassed voice. As she asks, Tamar reaches a tentative hand to Joel's cock. She adjusts it slightly so that the tip of Joel's head is pressing against the outside of Nikki's sloppy-wet lips, aimed directly for Nikki's tunnel.

"Okay..." Nikki tells Tamar. Nikki looks at me and just dumbly waits. I nod. Nikki lowers herself down slowly, letting Joel's slightly above-average cock slip very easily into her tight pussy. Nikki's honey must be as slippery as it looks to be.

Joel purrs softly.

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I put my hands to Nikki's hips. I start Nikki moving with a rather leisurely, and steady rhythm. It has Nikki rising back up until only the fat head of Joel's cock is left hidden behind Nikki's pussy lips, and then coming back down until Nikki's lips are flush against Joel's pubes. Nice, full strokes. And luckily for me, Joel's cock isn't so long that it's too long for Nikki.

Joel purrs.

Tamar quickly turns her head to Joel's feet. I guess she doesn't want to see the look of bliss on Joel's face as Nikki rides his cock. Or watch her husband's cock slipping in and out of Nikki's very wet pussy.

Nikki's honey is just as clingy on Joel's cock as it is on her body. After just one stroke a thick coat of the creamy honey clings to his cock, covering every speck of his length with its glittery shine.

This time it's Tamar that I grab by her hair, getting a tight grip close to her scalp. I use that to turn her head as I pull her a small step closer to Joel's feet. "Watch this whore show you how to fuck your husband, you naughty little wannabe-priss of a whore," I scold Tamar. I push Tamar's head down as well, putting Tamar's eyes close to Joel's balls. That way Tamar has an eyeful of Joel's cock as Nikki's pussy strokes it.

I hold Tamar's head firmly in place for a few seconds, making Tamar see it. I can hear Joel purring rather sweetly. I ask him "does this whore have a nice hot pussy?"

"Oh, yes," Joel tells me, "that pussy is on fire. It's nice and snug, too. And so wet."

"Mmm..." I purr, "You must really like that skank pit. Is this filthy whore a better cum dumpster than your bitch?"

"Oh, yeah... I mean no!" Joel blurts his answer out before he remembers that Tamar is probably going to hear it. I doubt Tamar cares that he supposedly changed his mind. My only question was whether Joel would answer honestly or lie to spare Tamar. I hope he'd answer honestly, Tamar could use the humiliation of it. Joel's a

man, and after ten years of getting to know Tamar's pussy, I'm confident that anything different will be "better" in his opinion. Most guys think that way.

I just push Tamar's head forward. "Lick your husband's cock, whore, keep this disgusting sewer whore's filth from dirtying up his shaft." I tauntingly instruct Tamar as her lips are pushed up to Joel's balls.

Tamar cringes a little. She's never been too enthusiastic about tasting a woman, although being made to taste a woman has never failed to arouse her intensely. She knows better than to resist now. She sticks her tongue out, putting the tip of it to the base of Joel's cock just above his balls.

Tamar lightly strokes her tongue over the cock, licking away a trace of Nikki's honey.

Joel almost shrieks a purr from it.

Nikki continues stroking Joel's cock, her hips coming down. Nikki's bottom bumps onto the side of Tamar's face and pushes Tamar's head down a bit. It pulls Tamar's head into the space between Joel's thighs, leaving her tongue nothing to tease but Joel's balls. It makes Tamar see just how far down Nikki is going, and how fully Nikki is taking Joel's cock into her pussy.

Then Nikki is rising up again. I hold Tamar's head in place, pushing Tamar's cheek firmly against the bottom of Nikki's globes. As Nikki rises, Tamar's lips follow Nikki's pussy lips up. It lets Tamar lick most of the length of Joel's shaft.

Joel's purrs take on a rather urgent and delighted squealing note as he now gets to enjoy his wife licking his cock while Nikki rides it. He starts fidgeting with crisp squirms on the table, too.

I turn Tamar's head slightly, shifting her lips up until the corner of Tamar's mouth is flush against the dripping wet mound of Nikki's pussy. It leaves Tamar little choice but to let her tongue graze along Nikki's slit as she sticks it out to lick Joel's cock.

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Joel purrs even more eagerly, so I guess he likes that just as much.

Nikki groans, loudly. It's deep, breathy, and very squeaky "UGH!s" with every little movement. Her face scrunches up as tightly as it can, too. That's the enema. It has her bottom filled so much so that her rectum is firm and fully stretched to its tautest. Right behind her pussy. And pushing firmly against the backside of her pussy. It makes her pussy feel even tighter for Joel, although I doubt Joel realizes why Nikki's pussy feels so tight now. Or realizes that with her bottom full, Tamar's pussy would feel just as tight for him.

As Joel's cock strokes inside Nikki's pussy, it stuffs her pussy full. It squishes the walls of Nikki's pussy snugly between the moving cock and Nikki's firm bowels. That just makes Nikki feel the sensations of Joel's cock twice as powerfully as it would without the enema. As if Joel's cock were twice its size and stuffing her pussy obscenely full.

And that gets Nikki trying to purr out the hungriest, most urgent moans while she's grunting hard from the strain. The strain and the cramps. That's Joel's cock, too. Every little movement of it is "wiggling" the enema filling her bowels, sending tiny waves flowing through the fluid, and tormenting Nikki. Even as the stroking of her pussy pushes her quick and powerfully to the edge of an orgasm.

In under a minute Nikki's grunts have faded. Instead, she's shrieking out very needy moans. Her moans still have the edge of a strained grunt to them, but that's all. Mostly it's a deep hunger for that orgasm. It has Nikki's body quivering hard, too. I can see her toes curled up. And I can see her hands balling into fists.

Tamar misses all of it, except the sound of Nikki's grunts going more and more sensual until they're begging for release. All Tamar can really see now is Joel's balls, Nikki's dripping pussy, and the shaft of Joel's cock stroking between them. And maybe, with half of her face flush against Nikki's bottom, a little bit of Nikki's tightly clenched asshole just above her one eye.

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Nikki's pussy drips another drop of honey. It lands on Tamar's top lip. It's not alone there, either. Nikki's pussy has been dripping since Joel's cock first slipped into it.

Joel has never been too slow to cum. Usually, he's good for about five or six minutes of the leisurely stroking. Today, after about a minute and a half, I see the little ripples on his pubes that tell me those muscles are starting to twitch. That Joel is about to cum.

I'm careful with my toys. I know that all of mine are healthy. I know Nikki is, too. Olive wouldn't have her if she wasn't doctor certified. And like me, Olive keeps track of her female toys periods. You kind of have to, otherwise, you might summon one at a time that would be inconvenient and messy. Most of the toys, mine and Olive's use some form of birth control as well. All of our single ones do. Neither of us allows them a choice about it. Thus I know Joel and Nikki are safe. There won't be any diseases or children.

I ignore Joel. In about ten more seconds, I hear Joel suck in a deep breath of air. Then he lets it out with a deep, very satisfied grunt at the same time his hips snap with a little thrust, driving his cock the last half inch into Nikki's pussy.

I'm watching Tamar and Nikki. Tamar's tongue and Nikki's bottom. I'm tuning out Joel's satisfied moans and Nikki's starving-hungry shrieks. I'm watching to make sure that Nikki keeps going. She does, even though I'm pretty sure that she must feel Joel cum. She must feel that cock twitching inside her tight tunnel, twitching against the taut walls of it. And she must feel his gooey cum as it spurts against those fiery hot walls.

A few seconds later I see Joel's cum. I see the first little trickle of it start flowing down his shaft atop the coat of Nikki's thicker honey. Then about a second later, as Nikki reverses her stroke and starts taking Joel's cock back into her depths, I see a rivulet of Joel's whitish cream run down from Nikki's slit. It runs straight onto Tamar's tongue.

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I see Tamar's eyes go wide as she recognizes her husband's taste. As she realizes that I've allowed him to cum into this unknown woman's pussy. Then I see Tamar's face wrinkle up as she realizes how quickly Nikki brought Joel to orgasm. About $\frac{1}{4}$ of the time it usually takes Tamar to do it. I doubt Tamar has a clue that it was the enema that sped it up, not Nikki. Instead, Tamar just blushes slightly from the shame of thinking that Nikki just gave her husband a much better fucking than she gives him.

I'm still holding Tamar's head to the bottom of Nikki's behind, too. I use my free hand to reach down to Tamar's pussy. Even before I touch Tamar's pussy, I feel the hot creaminess of Tamar's honey. Honey that's now flowed from Tamar's pussy and coats the tops of Tamar's lean thighs.

I pinch hold of one of Tamar's thick pussy lips. It's a tight, but not painful, pinch. I give the lip a light tug, too. "Clean up your husband's mess, like a trashy whore-wife, whore." I firmly tell Tamar in a tauntingly sweet voice.

Tamar reluctantly, her face scrunching up a little as her blush quickly deepens, starts licking a bit quicker. She has to. Otherwise, Joel's cum would make it down to his pubes and those black curls before Tamar was able to lick it all up.

I keep Nikki going until Joel has spurted the last little droplets of his cum into Nikki's pussy. Then I stop Nikki at the top of her stroke and nudge her hips up until only the tip of Joel's cock is left between Nikki's lips. I have Nikki stay there for a moment while Tamar very thoroughly licks Joel's cock clean.

Then I twist Tamar's head as far as her neck will let me. It's just enough to turn Tamar's lips up to Nikki's pussy lips. I make Tamar lick those spotless, too.

I have Nikki rise up. As Joel's cock slips from Nikki's pussy, with Nikki still lifting her hips up, I push Tamar's head to the tip of Joel's cock. A decent-sized gob of Joel's cum, mixed with Nikki's honey, falls from Nikki's pussy and

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lands atop Tamar's head, sticking into Tamar's hair. I ignore it.

I watch Tamar carefully as she swallows every bit of Joel's cock, going down until her lips are flush against Joel's pubes. As Tamar lifts her head back up, she sucks hard, leaving only her lips along Joel's shaft. It lets Tamar suck, and her lips squeegee, every bit of Joel and Nikki's mixed honeys off of Joel's hard cock.

And then, after Joel gets a single stroke of Tamar's mouth, it's time for Tamar to fix Joel's pants for him. And for her to walk Nikki back to the bench and thank her for "giving my husband the best fuck he's ever had."

Tamar gets to take Joel to a chair beside Steve.

I send Tamar to join the others on the bench and that has them squeezed snugly together on it; their bodies pressed tightly against the next woman's. Tamar's on the end next to Nikki. Sitting so snugly against the naked woman who just fucked her husband for her. And the woman whose pussy taste still lingers in Tamar's mouth.



Chapter Six - Making Up For The Whore's Laziness

Chapter Six - Making Up For The Whore's Laziness

I don't make the toys wait long. I do only have the evening! But I want them to spend just a minute squished snugly together on the bench. I want them all to sit there, ignored, their bottoms ready to burst from the enemas, and behave by sitting still.

I require them to sit still on the bench. I've told Nikki, which makes for a good reminder for the other two. It reminds them of their place in this Queendom. The enemas can keep them uncomfortable. They can make them want to fidget and squirm, too. The bitches can just endure the discomfort and force themselves to sit still because I said so. And think about how irrelevant their comfort is to me.

But only about a minute. I never did like wasting valuable time. Besides, Steve is waiting, and by now I'm sure that he's wondering what his treat is going to be tonight. Maybe he's thinking that he'll get a similar treat to Joel. Or maybe that, since Holly neglected his blow job, that Nikki will give him a good one. He might even be close to right. But I'm confident that he expects to get some kind of treat.

I tell Holly to go to Steve. She gets up. After sitting for so long, about fifteen or twenty minutes while Tamar "made it up" to Joel, Holly's bowels have gotten used to the position and that's let the discomfort ease a little. But the instant she starts moving, it comes flooding back. Holly groans out loudly. She hesitates in her step for a fraction of a second. And then, with smaller steps, makes her way over to Steve.

Holly stands in front of Steve. Then following my directions, she drops down to her knees with another groan. "Sir... I apologize for not being a good wife and putting you ahead of everything else. I was a lazy bitch by not finding somewhere for the kids to be so that I could show you what a great husband you are. May I please have permission to make it up to you now, Sir?"

Naturally, Steve accepts Holly's offer. He was waiting for it. Eager for it. I'd bet he's only wondering what I'm

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going to do to make it better than the blow job Holly cheated on.

Holly is almost petite at 5'4" tall, and at a mere 130 pounds, decently slim, too. She has straight, bushy, light blond hair that hangs down to the tops of her shoulders. It frames a face that's slightly ovalish with soft lines. She has brown eyes to go with it. She has a slightly long and narrow nose. She has a moderately wide mouth framed with a pair of nicely plump and soft light pink lips around a bright smile, too.

Holly has a moderately narrow body. And she doesn't have so much as an extra ounce on her body. She has a fairly pronounced curve to her waist. Her stomach is flat, its skin having only the slightest looseness from her pregnancies. Her hips are moderately curvy, her body lean enough that the tops of her hip bones show slightly.

Holly also has the largest breasts of the three. Hers are a nice, and full, 34-C. They're also the softest of the three, but that's not saying they're too soft. They do lie back against her chest with a moderate little crease at their underside, but then the bottoms round out nicely as they rise to the front of her mounds. The fronts are fully rounded, but then her mounds angle in steeply to rejoin her chest, giving her breasts a lightly pointy look to the tips of them.

A pair of wide, rather light, pink rings top each mound. Centered in each is a nipple as wide as the tip of my little finger that stands up almost a full $\frac{3}{4}$ ". Her nipples have gently rounded tips to them, but even with the rounding, they're long enough to have noticeable sides to them. And, as the others are, Holly's nipples are steely hard now.

Holly also has fully shaven pubes. That's pretty standard here. I generally make my toys shave, exceptions being made only to accommodate a toy's spouse, or to allow me another way to torment a toy and remind her that I own her pussy as well as the rest of her.

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It lets me see the pussy mound of Holly's pussy with her plump lips. And her fine slit. All of which is covered with a decent layer of her clingy honey.

As soon as Steve accepts Holly's offer, Holly uses her hands to free his cock from his pants as Steve sits in the chair. It doesn't take her too long. Steve's cock is fairly similar to Joel's. It's just short of six inches long, or so it looks to me, and definitely better than an inch across. His is circumcised as well, showing off its bulbous deep purple head. And it stands out straight from the open zipper of his pants. Nice and hard, eager for Holly's attention.

Then Holly rises to her feet with a deep groan. With another couple of groans, she walks slowly back to the bench. She extends her hand down for Nikki. "Whore, would you please help me give my husband a good two-whore blow job to make up to him for my being a lazy bitch?"

Nikki knows that she's expected to agree to Holly's request, too. She hesitantly gives Holly her hand and rises to her feet. Nikki groans loudly as she feels the flood in her bowels shifting. She allows Holly to lead her over to where Steve is waiting.

I'm sure Olive has taught Nikki this one, too. It's one of my favorite ways to tease a guy. Olive likes it, too. Or rather we like the effect it has on men. With all the married couples Olive has, all those men in need of a good teasing, I'm sure she's taught it to all her toys.

Holly drops to her knees and scoots in between Steve's widely spread knees. I know I'm right when Nikki drops to her knees and scoots in just beside Holly.

Holly takes the lead. I figured that she would. It is her husband. Holly puts her lips to the tip of Steve's cock.

Nikki leans in as well, putting her lips to the side of the head of Steve's cock. Nikki stretches her mouth wide open, taking about half of his cock into it from the side. She keeps the corner of her mouth flush against the corner of Holly's mouth.

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Holly starts to take Steve's cock into her mouth. Her lips stretch open slowly as she moves her head down, leisurely taking the cock into her mouth.

As Holly moves down, Nikki allows Holly's mouth to push her mouth down the side of Steve's cock. Nikki keeps her mouth wide, using her tongue to caress the slice of cock trapped between her lips. And she keeps her mouth flush against Holly's.

Holly keeps her pace casual and leisurely. She knows that I insist on that. It allows the man a little extra time to feel what she's doing for him. To feel Holly's mouth sliding down along his cock. To feel his cock inching deep into her mouth.

Holly keeps going. She's done this countless times by now and knows exactly what I expect of her. She cranes her neck, straightening out the bend at the back of her mouth, and easing the way for Steve's cock to push into the top of her throat as it begins to funnel inward steeply.

Holly keeps on going, allowing the spongy soft head of Steve's cock to stuff that funnel fully. And she keeps going, not hesitating, or slowing, as she feels Steve's cock pushing against the top of her throat. It's like a rubbery wall, the tube of Holly's throat far narrower than Steve's shaft.

Holly's throat quickly surrenders, allowing the shaft of Steve's cock to push into the tightness. The rubbery tube of her throat squeezes snugly around his length. And his cock keeps slipping into Holly's tight throat.

As Holly takes the shaft into her throat, her lips near the base of Steve's cock and his pubes. It leaves no cock left for Nikki's mouth. Nikki shifts her lips, allowing Holly's mouth to push them smoothly down to the root of Steve's cock and then further. Off his cock and right onto his balls. Nikki stretches her mouth wide open, gently sucking Steve's balls into it. She caresses his balls with her soft tongue.

Holly takes every bit of the cock into her throat, going down until her top lip is flush against Steve's pubes

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and her bottom lip is touching Steve's balls. Then Holly smoothly reverses her stroke, her lips starting to inch their way back up his shaft.

Nikki keeps the corner of her mouth flush against the corner of Holly's mouth as Holly slowly releases Steve's cock from her throat. Nikki's mouth releases Steve's balls and slips right back to his cock to follow Holly's mouth up.

Holly goes slowly on this half of the stroke, too. She goes up all the way, fully releasing Steve's cock from her mouth until she can close her lips against the tip of his cock. And then Holly starts to shift her lips to the side.

Nikki's mouth follows Holly's. As Holly shifts to the side, it draws Nikki's mouth around to the front of the cock. Holly stops, her mouth still flush against the corner of Nikki's once Nikki is facing the cock. Steve's cock pointing straight into Nikki's mouth.

And then Nikki starts going down with the same leisurely pace that Holly set. She knows better than to rush a blow job. I hope she knows to follow the pace that the first whore set, too.

Nikki goes down just as smoothly as Holly did, steadily taking the cock into her mouth, stretching her neck to take it deeper, and finally allowing the thick shaft to push into her narrow throat and stretch it wide. Nikki goes all the way down as well, pushing Holly's lips to Steve's balls before smoothly reversing her stroke and starting back up.

Steve sits there, purring rather sweet and happy moans as the whores suck his cock.

Nikki reaches the top of her stroke, releasing Steve's shaft almost fully from her mouth, and shifts back to the side. It draws Holly's mouth back around to the front for Holly's next stroke. It sets the rhythm. Each whore gets one stroke with her mouth, swallowing Steve's cock, before yielding the cock to the other for her stroke. And on and on.

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I watch to ensure that Holly and Nikki keep their rhythm smooth and flowing as if it's one whore with two mouths sucking Steve's cock.

Steve fidgets in his seat. He squirms as he purrs. By about the fifth stroke his hands aren't happy just lying there. He starts running them through Holly's hair, stroking her head tenderly as she swallows his cock. Then, when they trade roles, his hands aren't shy about running through Nikki's hair just as tenderly.

I let them have about a dozen strokes each. By then they've established a good rhythm and Steve has gotten into it. "I expect you both to satisfy this man. It's a contest. One of you gets the prize. The other... disappoints me." I tell them. I don't mention any consequences for disappointing me, but I know Holly knows there will be. By the ripple I see flow over Nikki's body, I'm pretty sure that she can guess there will be.

There will be. There always is here. I just haven't decided what it will be yet. It will definitely make the woman wish she'd been the one to win the prize. The prize being Steve's cum in her mouth.

Then I stand there and watch as they keep going. I know both of them are now very eager to be one to make Steve cum. I'll bet Holly is hoping that Steve will hold off and give her the prize instead of letting Nikki have it, too. I'll bet she hopes he'll do that whether she deserves the prize or not, just because she's married to him.

The blow job takes a few minutes. It always does with the whores taking a leisurely pace. I want it to. I'm pretty confident Steve does, too. It lets him enjoy the sucking.

Then I see the first signs that Steve is about to cum. Those faint twitches just behind the curls of his pubes. Holly is just starting her stroke. I'll bet Holly can feel the light twitches of his cock against her tongue and the roof of her mouth, too. I know she's praying that this will be the stroke Steve cums on. And thinking it will be as close as he is.

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Holly goes down. It's probably the smoothest stroke she's taken yet. I'll be she's sucking just a little harder on the cock, too. Anything to encourage her husband to give her the prize. She goes back up.

I can see Steve's cock twitching as Nikki shifts into place for her stroke. Nikki hoping to finish Steve and please me, Holly hoping just as much that Steve will wait and let her win.

Nikki goes down sweetly and smoothly too. And she cheats. I see it as she gets all the way down. She slips the tip of her tongue out between her teeth and the underside of Steve's cock. The tip of her tongue presses lightly against the very top of Steve's balls, lying atop Holly's upper lip as well. And then Nikki gives her head a quick little shake, twisting her mouth. Twisting her tight throat and pulling the snugness around his cock.

"UGHHH!" Steve grunts out. I see his hips snap forward a hair. They don't really have anywhere to go, not with Nikki's lips flush against his pubes and balls. But the extra tease proved too much for Steve. I can see the crisp twitches.

I can see a tiny gleam in Nikki's eyes, too. She can feel those sharp twitches of Steve's cock against her tight rubbery throat. Even if she can't taste or feel his cum. It's spurting too deeply into her throat for that. But she still knows that she's won.

Nikki keeps going, keeping her strokes smooth. Only now, when she gets to the top, she doesn't yield the cock to Holly. She starts back down for another stroke. Nikki has won the prize. Even if Steve didn't, his cock has picked the mouth it wanted to cum into, so it gets to finish cumming into Nikki's mouth.

Steve's cock keeps twitching crisply and spurting his cream as Nikki rises. As his cock slips from her throat, it lets his cum squirt into her mouth. To cling to the inside of Nikki's mouth sticking to everything. To let Nikki taste his hot saltiness.

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Nikki keeps going until Steve is done. Until she can tell that Steve's cock isn't spurting any more cream into her mouth. On her final stroke, Nikki sucks all of the cum off the sides of Steve's cock. The head, too. As Nikki lifts her head from the cock, she sticks her tongue out to lick the last droplet from the tip of him.

"Thank you for helping me give my husband a good blow job, whore..." Holly reluctantly thanks Nikki. Holly knows she must. It's required here. Politeness. And Nikki did help her, so a thanks is due.

Steve's cock is still stiff. That's not unusual, a man's cock usually takes a few moments after cumming to get soft. It gives me a chance...

"Oh, naughty cock sucking whore..." I coo teasingly, "that just wasn't as much fun as he deserves for your neglectfulness. Persuade your husband to let this whore fuck him, too." I tell Holly. I do it mostly because I know Holly hates it whenever I offer Steve another woman. It arouses her intensely, though. I hope the humiliation of having to beg him to let Nikki fuck him will arouse Holly a bit more. She's always liked it when I degraded her.

"Honey... I'm sorry I wasn't good enough to win, Sir... will you please let this whore fuck you, Sir? Please, let her fuck you, Sir, please that should start to make up for how badly I neglected you, Sir... please, Sir, please, let her fuck you?"

"Uh... OK," Steve says. His voice is more surprised than anything. I see him glance down at his cock, as if he's wondering if he can go another round so soon. It's still rather stiff.

I snap my fingers. "go on, whore, show us all what a whore you are. Let his wife watch you fuck him." I tell Nikki.

"Yes, my Queen," Nikki says her voice sheepish and accepting of her fate. She stands and glances down at Steve's hard cock.

I tell Nikki to turn her back to Steve. She does. I tell her to lower her hips down and slip his cock into her pussy

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like this, bracing her hands on her knees. And I tell her that she's to do all the work. Steve's not to do anything but sit there and enjoy her sloppy skank pit. That's what whores are for.

A moment later Nikki has every bit of Steve's cock into her pussy. She has her back to him, leaning forward slightly. Her knees are bent. Her hands are on her knees. Her knees are flush against Steve's widely spread knees. And she's lifting her hips slowly and steadily, stroking Steve's cock with her pussy. Her pussy taking the very same leisurely pace that her mouth did.

"OOH!" Steve purrs out loudly as Nikki takes her first stroke on his cock. "Oh, FUCK! She's so tight! FUCK that pussy is on fire!" Steve purrs out, his hips already squirming.

Holly cringes and blushes with shame as she hears Steve praise Nikki's pussy.

I know Steve is going to last even longer this time. Any man would after cumming a minute ago. But it's clear that he's noticed how tight Nikki is with the enema filling her bottom so full. And that he's definitely enjoying it. Like Joel, I'm pretty sure Steve hasn't thought about what the enema might be doing or realized that with it his wife is going to be just as tight as Nikki is. He's too busy enjoying the sex with a woman, not his wife.

I'd never leave Holly there to just cringe as she watches. But making her lick Steve's cock while Nikki fucks... well, I just did that to Tamar! I hate repeating anything, especially so soon.

"Holly, go ask Mr. Cohen if he'd care for a blow job from this whore, too. Clearly, she's a far better cocksucker than you are, so I can't imagine anyone would want you. Your husband's cock just proved that, didn't it?"

"Yes, my Queen, I guess it did..." Holly answers in a rather shamed voice.

Holly gets up and walks around Nikki to get to Joel, seated just beside Steve. She politely asks Joel if he'd like "the better whore" to suck his cock, too.

Joel accepts.

I tell Holly to free Joel's cock from his pants. Joel has only had about ten or fifteen minutes of rest since the fucking Nikki gave him. As Holly frees his cock, it's barely hard again. So, I tell Holly that she can "try her best to get that cock interested enough."

Holly does as I've told her to. She drops to her knees and takes the soft cock into her mouth. She starts trying to suck on it, but that isn't so easy when the cock is so soft. She starts caressing the head of it with her tongue while it's inside her mouth.

From across the room, Tamar looks on, blushing, and shamed. She sits still, not saying anything as she watches Holly sucking on her husband's cock and knowing that Nikki is about to suck it as well. But she hasn't been invited to suck it. Not by me. Not by her husband. As if no one wants her blow job, either.

It doesn't take long for Joel's cock to get hard again. Despite my chiding her, Holly is pretty good at sucking cocks. I haven't had a man complain yet.

Once Joel's cock is fully hard, I have Holly get him to his feet. She obediently steps close behind him, hugging her body snugly against his, as she guides him to spin around and face Nikki.

And then I tell Nikki "quit being such a lazy whore, whore! You have two holes, there's no reason both of them can't work at once. Now suck that cock, whore."

Holly, as I instruct her to do, stays closely hugged against Joel and nudges him into place.

Nikki leans forward a little, putting her mouth to the tip of Joel's cock. Holly reaches a hand around Joel and steady's his cock as Nikki starts taking it into her mouth. Holly releases it once Nikki has the head of it in her mouth.

Nikki starts sucking Joel's cock. She sucks it just the same as she sucked Steve's, taking every bit of his shaft into her mouth with every leisurely stroke.

Joel stands there while Nikki sucks his cock, purring sweet groans that quickly grow very needy.

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Nikki keeps her hips going as well, steadily fucking Steve's cock with her pussy. She doesn't skip a beat in her rhythm, even as she starts to suck on Joel.

"I know what these guys want!" I blurt out with a good bit of excitement in my voice as if I'd just thought of something amazing. "Breasts!" I ask Joel if he's like some breasts to amuse himself with while "that filthy whore plays with his cock."

Of course, Joel says yes, he would. So, I tell Holly to come around and tease Joel's front side with her perky breasts. As soon as Holly steps around him, I tell him to help himself to "this bitch's saggy tits." His hands are on them immediately.

Then I summon Tamar. I tell her to use her breasts to tease Steve. I have her stand behind Steve and lean over him, putting the firm mounds of her breasts to Steve's face. Before I can even offer Tamar's breasts to him, Steve has one of them in his mouth.

And then I just wait to see which guy will finish first.

Steve does, but it takes him just over ten minutes to cum. When he does cum, it's with the loudest, and most satisfied, grunt and a sharp upward thrust of his hips, driving his cock hard into Nikki's pussy.

Nikki keeps going.

I wait until I can see that Steve is finished. Then I tell Tamar to go and clean Steve's cock off for him with her mouth.

Tamar moves around, slinking up under Nikki, to get her mouth to Steve's cock. She sucks it clean. It leaves Nikki's now very sloppy pussy dripping several streams of cum, mostly Steve's this time, into Tamar's hair. I ignore Nikki's pussy and leave that sloppy with as much cum as will cling inside it. Which is less than half judging by the mess in Tamar's hair.

Tamar gets sent back to the bench to wait.

Joel takes a couple of minutes longer to cum, but he also started a couple of minutes later than Steve did.

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Once Joel is done cumming, Holly gets the job of kissing both cocks as she slips them back into the men's pants for them and zips the guys up.

While Holly does that, Nikki gets to go wait beside Tamar.

And then Holly goes back to the bench as well, giving me my line of three dirty whores snug together on the bench.



*Chapter Seven - Three Butts
And A Butt Monkey*

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And now, it's time for me to get rid of these toys. It's getting late. And this was kind of an impromptu session just to meet Nikki. But I have decided that Nikki will be back for more. I'll tell Olive tomorrow that I'll take Nikki. I'm already dreaming up several nice uses for her. She might be amusing me for a long time to come. As much as I hate whining, I've always enjoyed making the whiny ones squirm. Maybe it's because they squirm so much more energetically.

Naturally, I intend to make even the ending as degrading as possible for the three of them. Bad mothers deserve to be humiliated.

I send Sophie to fetch a 5-gallon bucket from the cabinet. There's only one in there, It's not something I use that often. But it is already lined with a thick, clear garbage bag. The bag just makes cleaning it so much easier. Otherwise, I don't think I'd want it in my cabinet, no matter how well it was scrubbed out.

I have Holly stand up and take the bucket from Sophie. The other two get to wait a few more seconds sitting on the bench.

I decide to send Tamar out first. I have Tamar stand and take a step forward. Then I leave her standing there, cringing slightly from her full bottom, while I send Sophie to fetch Tamar's clothes from the cabinet. I have Sophie take Tamar's clothes to Joel.

Then, with a smirk on my face, I turn to Joel. "What do you think?" I ask Joel, "has this bitch of a whore wife of yours sufficiently made up for her misbehavior that I should allow her to relieve that enema, or does she deserve to be sent home without that meaningless relief? Doesn't matter to me... then again, it's not my bottom that's about to explode, so..."

Tamar stands there, her face scrunched up. I can see the faint ripple of a wrinkle run through her pubes as another of the light cramps rack her bowels. I doubt Joel notices that. I can see the faint quivering on her body, too. It's as if she's fighting herself hard not to fidget. As if she

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feels like she can't stand still, but knows she has to. Especially now, with relief on the table.

"Let her have her relief," Joel decides.

I tell Holly to take the bucket and go kneel behind Tamar. Tamar has her legs spread slightly, her feet maybe eight inches or so apart. It's enough to have the tops of Tamar's thighs opened about an inch or three, barely enough that they slope outward after revealing Tamar's pussy. Tamar's bottom, on the other hand, is rounded and firm enough to rise back from the backside of Tamar's thighs a few inches.

I tell Holly to put the bucket behind Tamar as closely as she can. Holly, I think, can guess what I'm going to do next. She puts the bucket up, its rim pushing flush against the top of Tamar's thighs and the bottom curve of Tamar's cheeks. Holly pushes on the bucket, pushing the lip of it hard enough that it presses in slightly on Tamar's thighs. It's as close and tight as Holly can make the bucket.

"You have one minute, whore, release that enema," I firmly tell Tamar.

For an instant, Tamar's eyes go wide. Standing is about the worst way to empty one's bowels. The angle of the bowel is just wrong for it. Biology. It thinks we don't want to poop while we're standing, that we want to wait until we're on the toilet. Not only is it more difficult for her in this position, but she won't be able to empty as completely.

Then Tamar cringes as she sees the eyes watching her. Then she releases the enema, knowing that if she doesn't do it now, she won't get another chance until she's at home. I've given her one and I'm not known for second chances.

The yellow-tinged fluid shoots from Tamar's asshole. Standing up, her crack is still closed. The fluid immediately hits the inside edges of her cheeks. They send it splattering every direction. Most of it keeps going, shooting out from between her cheeks. The position has Tamar's asshole aiming the stream right into the bucket.

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The bucket begins to fill. More drops, and little rivulets of Tamar's mess, flow along her crack for a bit before dripping down. Most of those end up in the bucket, too.

As Tamar empties, the mess starts to steadily cover her crack, clinging to the insides of her cheeks. And to start creeping out of her crack and onto those globes.

Tamar uses the full minute. That was a given. With the size of the enema, it would take her several minutes on a toilet to empty even most of it. Like this, with a minute, she doesn't get more than about half of her bowels emptied out. Enough to relieve the urgent pressure, but also not so much that she doesn't feel that urge. It's just not straining her hard as if she's going to burst now. More as if it's time to find the ladies' room.

I started counting her minute the instant I gave Tamar permission to relieve herself. I'm counting the several seconds it took her to forget about her modesty and begin, too. As my watch ticks off the sixtieth second, I tell Tamar to stop. I'm pretty sure she does immediately even though it takes a couple of seconds. I think that's just the leftover mess falling off her cheeks and into the bucket.

It leaves Tamar's bottom rather messy. And I know there's no way Tamar isn't feeling that disgusting mess clinging to her cheeks. I used a mineral oil-based enema and that makes the mess coming out of her mostly mineral oil. Oil coats and clings. And unlike water, it doesn't dry or evaporate away. It just coats and clings.

Holly stayed in place as she was told to do. She kept the bucket pressed firmly in place so Tamar's mess wouldn't get on my floor. I warned Holly that if Tamar made a mess, it would be Holly's fault. It's Holly's job to keep the bucket in a proper position, not Tamar's. Tamar's only to stand there and release it. Holly is to catch it.

It made Holly keep her eyes on Tamar's bottom. She didn't have a choice but to watch, in close-up detail, the mess shooting out of Tamar's behind. If Holly had turned her head away, she wouldn't have been able to aim the

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bucket as carefully. Already in trouble, Holly isn't going to risk that.

Now that Tamar's bottom has gotten all the relief that it's going to get, I ask Joel "You pick, should I let this negligent gutter whore relieve that pussy, too, or should I just let it ache and throb all night long?"

"Might as well let her," Joel tells me.

I take a quick second, leaning over as if I'm looking closely at Tamar's pussy. I'm not. I don't have to. I know that it's covered with a thick layer of honey and as eager as eager can get. I can guess that at least a few drops of her mess have splattered forward enough to be clinging to those lips, too. At least like this, with some of the oily mess running down her crack. I'd prefer not to see.

"Disgusting!" I pronounce to Tamar. "You pooped all over your pussy! Now, what kind of skanky, disgusting, gutter whore would touch that to relieve it?" I sigh out heavily. "Skanky! Get in here, I have something disgusting for you!" I call out.

"Yes, my Queen!" Paige calls back to me from her place in the kitchen. Paige is my live-in house-slave and whore. I've named her "skanky whore" or just "skanky" for short. As my whore, it's her job to be used shamelessly whenever I wish for a female body to use. Like now.

Paige is 19, almost 20 now. She's decently tall at 5'7" and very lithe at 119 pounds. It gives her a figure almost like a stick with only gentle curves to her hips and waist. But that's because she doesn't have enough body for any more of a curve to it.

Paige isn't allowed clothes inside the apartment. Not ever. Only her pink collar and a pair of police-issue leg irons on her ankles. Otherwise, she's nude. She strips at the front door, just like the toys do, and won't get any clothes until she's on her way out that door again. Since she lives here, that can sometimes be days without clothes for her.

Paige hurries in as fast as her chained ankles will let her move. I don't wait for her to get to me. As soon as she

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comes through the door, feet shuffling and chain rattling, I tell her what to do. "Skanky, this dumb filthy whore has pooped all over that pussy. Eat it."

"Yes, my Queen," Paige doesn't hesitate to answer. She turns to head for Tamar instead of me.

Paige quickly drops to her knees in front of Tamar.

Tamar stands, cringing and blushing, her body tense and stiff.

Paige puts her fingertips to Tamar's pussy lips and pushes them aside. She leans in, craning her head back to get the right angle as she stretches her mouth wide open. She puts her lips to Tamar's pinkness. Then Paige sucks gently as she lies her tongue against the hard and throbbing nub of Tamar's clit.

"OOH!" Tamar screeches out. That's enough to tell me that Paige is doing her job. Her tongue has started moving, swirling gently around the pulsing nub of Tamar's clit. Paige's tongue should be moving slowly as it swirls endlessly around the aching nub.

Tamar shudders hard. Her mouth hangs wide open. Her hands, still behind her back as they should be, ball up into fists. Tamar screeches another very needy "OOH!" A hard shivering shudder flows over Tamar, trembling her body and leaving goosebumps over her.

Tamar stands there, screeching moan after moan. Each moan a little more erotic, and needier, than the last.

Joel and Steve sit there watching Paige tongue Tamar's pussy. Holly and Nikki have to watch from behind. And Holly has a far better view of it. She's still holding the bucket up behind Tamar. I haven't told her that she could take it away yet. The trembles, growing harder by the second, that sweep Tamar have her body wiggling the bucket, sloshing the mess around for Holly.

I just stand there and watch. I have a rule here. I never allow a toy to cum until it has endured at least five full minutes of tonguing. I don't see any reason to make an exception for Tamar. I let her stand there, her body tensed

and quivering crisply, screeching her cries, and endure the sweetness of Paige's tongue.

As soon as the five minutes have passed, I tell Joel that he may tell Tamar to cum whenever he feels that she deserves that sweet relief.

"SIR!" Tamar cries out her plea at full volume, "PLEASE SIR, PLEASE! MAY I PLEASE HAVE PERMISSION TO CUM NOW, SIR?" Tamar knows the rules, she's allowed to ask once, and only once, to cum. After I tell Joel that he may grant it. Then she's to wait patiently until he decides to grant it. Or not grant it.

Once Joel gives her permission, Tamar must cum immediately. That's the reason she's allowed to ask. She asks only when she's hanging so far over the edge of an orgasm that she can cum instantly. When she's fighting her hardest not to cum until allowed to.

Joel only waits a few seconds. "Go ahead, cum," He tells her. Both he and Steve are eagerly watching Tamar now.

Tamar screams out. "Uh...UHHHHH" as she lets go. Her body tenses hard, straining her muscles and quivering harder. Then the tension vanishes as her body shudders hard. "YES, Ahhhh!" Tamar cries out. Her body shudders with crisp snaps. Her bottom snaps enough that it almost knocks the bucket from Holly's hands. And almost sloshes the mess all over Holly. But not quite hard enough for that to happen.

Paige goes on tonguing Tamar's pussy.

Tamar goes on screeching out her satisfied moans and shuddering. Her knees almost buckle a few times, but she stays up on her feet. I think part of that is the bottom of her behind catching on the bucket's lip instead of dropping from under her.

Finally, Tamar still slightly, standing and quivering, but not thrashing so much. Her body looks loose now. I tell Paige to stop. Paige pulls her lips back from Tamar's pussy. Tamar almost sags as she stands loose and sated. Tamar pants for her breath.

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I tell Joel to dress Tamar.

Joel stands up and takes the pile of clothes as he steps over to stand facing Tamar. He pulls Tamar's panties out of the bag and hands them to Tamar.

"May this whore please have permission to put these panties on my bottom, Sir?" Tamar asks, her voice breathy, deep, almost panting, and tired now.

Joel tells her to put them on.

Tamar pulls them up. She gets them up to the tops of her thighs before she remembers just how messy her bottom still is. She cringes and pulls them up the rest of the way, making sure to keep her hands well away from her body.

Joel finishes giving Tamar her clothes, one piece at a time. Tamar asks for permission to put each piece on, and he allows her to.

I tell Tamar to take her seat on the bench.

Tamar cringes hard, her face scrunching up as she realizes that's going to mean not just being messy but sitting in it. I'm sure she's already written her panties and jeans off, to be thrown away as soon she gets home.

Tamar takes the step backward. She sits, crossing her legs. Her face scrunches even more as if she's about to be sick. Or maybe cry. She sits there.

I tell Nikki to stand up and step forward. Since Nikki doesn't have a husband here, I decide to fill the role Joel did for Tamar. I tell Holly, relegated to bucket duty as the price of losing the blow job competition, to hold the bucket up for Nikki.

Nikki cries as she makes her mess in the bucket.

Nikki screams the neediest, most begging, hottest, and squeakiest cries the instant Paige's tongue touches her pussy. And Nikki keeps screaming them for the entire five minutes Paige is on her knees in front of Nikki.

Nikki's thrashing shudders and loud, pleading, screams are enough to ensure that everyone is watching her as she stands there suffering Paige's tongue.

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After the five minutes, I tell Nikki that she may beg for permission. "PLEASE, MY QUEEN, MAY THIS GUTTER WHORE PLEASE BE ALLOWED TO CUM SO THAT SLOPPY PUSSY WILL STOP ACHING SO BADLY, MA'AM? PLEASE, MY QUEEN, PLEASE, I'LL BE A GOOD WHORE, I'LL DO ANYTHING, MAY I PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE, BE ALLOWED A TINY BIT OF RELIEF, MA'AM?"

I laugh and watch Nikki squirming and trembling for a little longer. I'm not quite as nice as Joel was. I make Nikki wait almost half a minute before I tell her to cum.

And then, once told she may, Nikki screams. It's a single, long, unending scream. Her body tenses to steel. She stands there, trembling so powerfully that her body vibrates for a long moment.

Nikki's lungs run out of air. Her scream fades. All at once, the tension evaporates from her body, leaving her standing loose and relaxed. But also quivering. And with goosebumps covering her breasts.

I tell Paige to stop. Paige immediately pulls her lips back from Nikki's pussy. A long thin stream of gooey honey starts running from Nikki's pussy. At first, it hits Paige's chin, but as Paige's head moves away, it runs down to the floor. Nikki doesn't seem to notice her pussy running. She just stands there, limp and spent, almost inert, and quivering on her feet.

I wait until Nikki's pussy stops running. Then I have Sophie bring me the bag of Nikki's clothes.

"I suppose you want to wear clothes home, whore?"

"May I please be allowed to, my Queen?" Nikki asks. Now her voice is throaty but still squeaky, breathy, and humble. I don't hear any shame in it. Just an almost dullness that tells me she has accepted her place. That she knows she'll get clothes if I want her to, and if I don't... it's going to be a very interesting ride home.

"Catch, whore," I tell Nikki. I see her eyes lock on the pair of lavender panties in my hand.

I toss them to her.

Chapter Seven - Three Butts And A Butt Monkey

Nikki reaches out to grab them. Her fingers catch them.

And then, out of nowhere, or rather from the open playroom door, comes a little brown streak. It seems to move at warp speed, too. It's Butt Monkey, the new puppy in my Queendom.

Butt Monkey races across the few feet from the door. He jumps. In mid-air, his jaw clamps down on the panties a fraction of a second after Nikki's fingers started grabbing them. Butt Monkey lands on his feet. The panties stay clamped in his jaw. Butt Monkey is a smart puppy, he takes his prize and keeps running for the corner of the room furthest from Nikki. Just in case she wants them back.

Nikki stands there with a shocked look on her face. She stares at the little puppy for a few seconds, her eyes wide. And maybe horrified as Butt Monkey starts chewing on them.

"Don't look at me, you stupid whore. You lost your panties, I guess they're gone. I'd be more careful with the rest of your clothes, or it's going to be a miserable ride home for you. As filthy as you are, I doubt Uber would even let you in the car."

I toss Nikki her bra. From across the room, Butt Monkey watches closely. Nikki watches him. She catches her bra and clutches it tightly. She asks to be allowed to put it on, and I allow it.

Once Nikki is dressed, I send her to sit on the bench, too. She doesn't look any happier about it than Tamar does. Maybe she even realizes that, without her panties on, her dress is going to have a big messy wet spot on the back of it.

It only leaves me one toy to deal with. I send Sophie to get Holly's clothes from the cabinet and give them to Steve.

I have Holly stand up with the bucket of filth at her feet. "You've just been too naughty of a whore, whore. No relief for you. Maybe next time you won't disappoint me in

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a blow job competition. Dumb bitch, you can go home just as you are.”

I tell Steve that he can dress Holly now.

Steve, I think slightly disappointed that he doesn't get to watch Paige eat Holly's pussy, too, starts giving Holly her clothes.

Holly almost cries. I can see the look of horror on her face as she realizes that she has about a half-hour ride to her house, and she's going to spend that time with her bottom so full that it's trying to burst. She obediently dresses. I send her to the bench to sit and wait. Holly looks just as uncomfortable as the others, only for a different reason.

I politely ask Joel if he would mind dropping Nikki at home. I asked him because he goes close to Nikki's house on his way home. And I really don't want to make Nikki Uber home with her bottom and dress messy. Joel gladly agrees to take Nikki.

I have Sophie fetch me six pieces of a black cotton cloth. I start with Tamar, on one end of the bench, and tie one sash across her eyes to blindfold her. Then I have Tamar lean forward and tie her hands together with another sash. I move down to Nikki, and then to Holly, doing the same to both.

I tell Joel that “Miss White, the babysitter, is waiting for the whore to be returned. I would appreciate it if he would walk her to the door and put her in Miss White's hand.” Joel tells me that he'll do it. Joel is always agreeable. I think he likes the other toys I've let him use. Besides, It's not like he could just kick her out on the curb blindfolded and tied.

Then I tell everyone that the cloths are to remain where I've put them until the whores are fully inside their homes. And then until their husbands decide to take them off. Or, in Nikki's case, until her babysitter decides to take them off. I remind Nikki that she's to mind her babysitter until Miss White leaves.

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All three women tell me that they understand the rules.

I have Sophie fetch me three more strips of the cloth. I use them to gag all three of the women.

I tell Sophie to help Joel. She can take his place and help Nikki to the car.

I have Sophie, Joel, and Steve each go to their charge and get her off the bench. All three put their arm around the whore's waist, taking care to keep them up off their messy bottoms. In a line, all three pairs walk out of the playroom, and out of the apartment. Blindfolded and gagged, the whores just have to trust their husbands to get them to the car.

Sophie is back in five minutes and she tells me that Joel has both Tamar and Nikki in his car.

I text Ellie to let her know that Nikki is on her way back.

Ellie already knows what to do when Nikki gets home. She's to leave Nikki blindfolded and gagged, freeing only Nikki's hands and tell Nikki to undress.

Once Nikki is nude, Ellie will comment on Nikki's messy bottom. I'd never let Nikki go without that humiliation.

Then Ellie is to supervise Nikki as Nikki showers. I think Nikki will be eager to shower this time. Ellie will then tie Nikki's hands again. She will walk Nikki, nude, back to the kids' bedroom and allow Nikki to peek in on the sleeping boys. Then she will take Nikki to her bedroom.

Ellie will give Nikki a choice. Nikki may masturbate now, with Ellie watching her closely, or not. Either way, this is Nikki's only chance to masturbate until I give her permission. Nikki is to email me in the morning. Ellie will leave her the email address.

The next day I get the email from Nikki, telling me that she masturbated with Ellie's permission and supervision, and thanking me for allowing her the much-needed relief after the trip home with her humiliatingly messy bottom.

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Nikki apologizes prolifically for neglecting her kids and being a trashy whore. She offers to submit to any further lessons I might have for her, too. I guess she really liked her lesson.

THE "USUAL SUSPECTS"

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



Slave-girl ("Sophie")

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

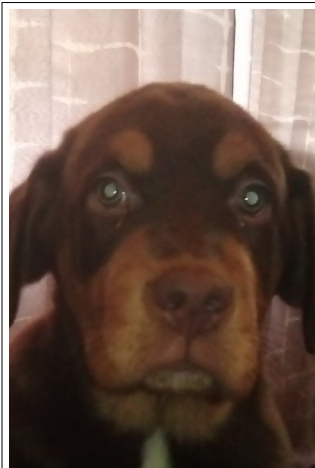
Debuts In: "Seducing Sophie"



Slave-whore ("Paige")

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

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



Prince Butt Monkey

Age	Height	Weight
3 Mo.	1'3"	10
Hair	Eyes	
Brown, Tan, White	Puppy Dog	



Ellie (BFF #3)

Age	Height	Weight
20	5'5"	
Hair	Eyes	
Black	Brown	



Mistress Olive

Age	Height	Weight
46	5'5"	
Hair	Eyes	
Blond	Green	