

Race Day



Nadezhda Sarankhova

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

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

Library of Congress Control Number: 00000000000

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Front cover image by: Stock Image.

Book design by: Me.

Printed in the United States of America.

First printing edition 2021.

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Author's Note:

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

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

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

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

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

Session Date:

12. January 2020

This Story Released:

25. January 2021

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Prologue:

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 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

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moment! It's better than fresh bunny batteries, it just keeps going until I want it to stop. And I don't even have to hold it in place!

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

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

Sophie is my 20-year-old live-in slave-girl. She's slightly petite at 5'4" and 119 pounds. She's pretty, too, with long honey-blond hair, green eyes, and a 34-B chest. 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 rather lean girl. She stands about 5'6" tall, but weighs

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

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

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

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

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



Chapter 01: Sub Flight

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In a way, this is going to be a first for me. I'm well known for being willing to do favors for friends of mine, the other Doms and Dommes I know. But this is the first time one of my friends has asked me to do a favor for a friend of hers that I've never met.

Diane is kind of a friend of mine. She's a fellow Domme who I know mostly as a friend of my friend Nikolai. But I've met her a number of times. And I've done a favor for her before. She's a singer for a rock group, and thus she travels somewhat often. It's not exactly a top 40 group, but they have opened for a couple of bands people have actually heard of. I like her music, and that's all I really care about when it comes to music.

She called and asked me if I would be willing to do a "huge favor" for a couple of friends of hers. Her friends, Brenda and her husband Chris are from Ohio. She tells me she's known them for years. Chris is the brother of the ex-drummer for her group. The drummer didn't last so long. But she stayed close with Brenda and Chris, partly because of their shared interest.

She tells me that Brenda and Chris are both lifestyle Dom/mes. But they very seldom play. They own a woman named Maureen, whom they call their "house pet." Maureen is nothing but a live-in slave-girl, whom the dominant couple share equally. She serves both just the same.

Maureen doesn't work outside their home. She's too busy doing her chores as their house girl or being put to use as their slave. But she does contribute. She's a marathon runner. And it sounds like she's a fairly decent one at that. She's got some sponsors who foot the bills for her travel and races. And she sometimes wins prizes, or bonuses, for actually placing in the races. Obviously, whatever money she gets belongs to her owners, not her. Slaves own nothing. They are owned.

Diane asks if I'd at least talk to Brenda and Chris. If I'd be willing to hear them out and hear what they need. And help out if I could. I'm always willing to chat with other Dom/mes. A girl has got to network these days! So I agree.

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It's Brenda that calls me. She tells me that she and Chris always take Maureen to her races. Travel is required since there is almost never more than one marathon in a single city. That, I get. How many people want to run 26 miles? Not me, I am so calling an Uber for that!

But this year they can't take Maureen to a race here in Mobile. They have a prior commitment with their son who is graduating from something – I don't remember what. That wasn't relevant for me.

I kind of know of the race. It's sponsored by one of the hospitals here in Mobile and benefits a variety of health-related causes. It's not USA's hospital, where I'm a nursing student, but it is one of the major ones. That makes it a good cause in my book.

One of Maureen's "more generous" sponsors is a drug company, and they have asked that she run in several of the marathons sponsored by larger health care concerns. I'm sure those would be the ones that do a lot of business with them. Or that they are cultivating. It can't hurt to have a better-than-average professional, with some good credits to her name, in some of the younger races, like Mobile's. It would build their stature just because they can attract the better runners. So, Maureen's sponsors are urging her to run them. And, to quote Brenda, "never disappoint the people doling out the bucks." Duh.

Even just when she's practicing around town, they don't allow Maureen to "wander around free like a stray bitch." Brenda or Chris always stays with her, although neither runs. They have a car for things like that. Obviously, they would prefer not to send her halfway across the country alone. Maureen would hate it. She likes being kept close.

Plus, they always "take good care" of Maureen just before and after she runs. They have a sort of, a loose, routine. They always ensure that Maureen eats properly, so the day before a race isn't going to be an exception. They always make sure she gets her rest, a full and exact 6 hours during which she's restrained. They always see that she takes care of herself, so on race days, it's the same. Supervised showers and everything else. They pick her racewear. They even walk her to starting line and are right there at the finish line to grab her. They stay with her

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as she cools down. And walk her to get any awards she wins. In short, Maureen is supervised by them every second she's not actually running, and some of that time, too.

Maureen, they tell me is a well-experienced sub. They're her second owners, having gotten her from a guy they knew who wasn't interested in Maureen's running, something Maureen absolutely loves. I understand why he got rid of her. She'd never be happy if she couldn't run, and he'd never be pleased with her if he had to accommodate it.

She tells me that Maureen has done about everything in her life as their slave. That Maureen is well experienced with both men and women and shows no clear preference for either. Her only preference is for pleasing her owners.

She tells me that she thinks Maureen will enjoy being loaned out to another for a few days, especially in the context of the race. Brenda is sure that my version of a pre-and post-race routine will vary from theirs, at least a little, and that might thrill Maureen. Something new, different, and special. Thrilled, Maureen usually does better. Plus, the more closely, the more intimately, Maureen is controlled around her race, the better she does.

Brenda sends me a picture of Maureen, so I know "what we're talking about." She also sends me some details of a pre-race workout, a warm-up routine that Maureen always uses. Maureen, I decide, qualifies as pretty. And there's nothing in her routine that I don't expect there to be.

On the more submissive level, Maureen's pre-race routine is fairly loose. The only real constants in it are that she gets a good supper the night before, but only electrolytes for breakfast on race day; she gets her six hours of sleep, fully restrained the night before; and she gets to have an orgasm after the race. How she gets that orgasm isn't important. But, according to Brenda, the hotter she is before the race, the quicker she runs it. She must be anxious for that orgasm!

After we talk, for well over an hour, I agree to take care of Maureen for her. Brenda agrees to pay Maureen's expenses, like her

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food and stuff. And she offers me the prize Maureen wins if she wins one. She tells me if Maureen wins it, they'll give her a check on the spot which I should just have Maureen sign and keep. After all, I'm doing the work of getting Maureen to win.

A couple of days later I talk to Brenda again to make Maureen's travel arrangements. They're planning to send her on a plane and were hoping that I could meet her at the gate, or as close to it as TSA will let me get. I tell them to "hold off paying for anything for a bit," that I have a friend with the airlines, and let me see what I can work out.

Then I call Andrea, my friend, and fellow Domme. She's also a flight attendant who flies out of Mobile. I know she very seldom flies to Ohio, but that doesn't mean anything. So I tell her the two-minute version of Maureen. Andrea says, if she's in town that day, she might come to the race. She also has some ideas about Maureen's flight. She asks when Maureen lives, and I tell her in Galion, Ohio, although I'm not sure where that is. I only know that Brenda plans to fly her from Columbus. Andrea says she'll check on it and let me know something.

It takes Andrea a couple of hours to call me back. But when she does, she's outdone herself. She has the reservations booked. Delta 1522, departing Columbus, Gate C55, at 08:20 am. That flight is nonstop to Atlanta, where Delta's main base is and thus their planes love to fly through. It's due to arrive in Atlanta, gate B17, at 9:40 am. From there, it's Delta 4644, departing from gate E33 at 10:10 am and arriving in Mobile, gate 2, at 10:22 am.

But that's not how Andrea outdid herself. She has Maureen listed as a "passenger in need of special assistance." It's airline code. It means that someone named on the reservation, Brenda, will be allowed to walk her to the plane. Aboard the aircraft, the flight's purser will look after Maureen. In Atlanta a gate agent will be assigned to ensure that Maureen is taken to her connecting flight, the gate agent putting her aboard where the next flight's purser will look after her until she's met at the gate by some named, and that would be me. Andrea has checked the schedules. She knows the purser on the first flight. The schedule

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for the gate agents isn't made yet, but Andrea assures me she knows most of them. She knows the purser on the second flight, too – it's her. She assures me that Maureen will be as well-tended on those flights as an unaccompanied minor would be. And she promises me that in Atlanta, she'll even get a ride to her connecting flight in a golf cart so she doesn't have to walk. I don't doubt it, Andrea isn't above bribing a gate agent. Or spanking one.

I call Brenda back and tell her about the arrangements I've made. She laughs, a good hearty laugh, and asks how I managed it. I tell her I have a friend at the airlines. Brenda notes that the ticket is only \$20 more than it would be on the discount airlines, and surely Maureen will get better in-flight service on one of the majors than on "el cheapo air." I tell her I'm not so sure about that, but at least she won't get charged for all the "extras," like actually wanting to take a suitcase on the plane! Even the cheap airlines have 1 flight attendant for every 48 seats – only because the FAA won't let them take off if they don't. Brenda immediately goes to the airline's website and pays for Maureen's ticket.

Several days later, I get a security pass in the mail from the airline. It's sort of like a boarding pass, in that allows me through the TSA checkpoints as if I were a passenger, but doesn't get me on a plane. Just up to it to pick Maureen up. The amazing part, to me, is that no one has asked what kind of assistance Maureen needs to fly. She is a 31-year-old woman. You'd think they'd assume she could manage to walk to a gate by herself. And I'm sure she could. Brenda was going to have her. But as a slave, Maureen will appreciate the extra attention to watching her.

The race is on a Sunday. Maureen is scheduled to arrive the Saturday before, and to fly out with the same "special assistance" the day after. That will be Andrea's flight, too.

Saturday morning I get a call from Brenda just after 7:00 in the morning. "I still don't know how you did it, you must have one heck of a friend at the airline." She skips the hello. "But they let me walk her right onto the plane. The stewardess there took one look at Maureen's boarding pass, and took her by the hand! She walked Maureen right to

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her seat, buckled her seatbelt for her, and told her that if she needed anything, to hit the call button and someone would see to that she was taken care of."

I just laugh. "That's Andi. She says she knows the purser on that flight, that's the head flight attendant. Obviously, Andi had a little talk with her." I've told her that Andrea is a fellow Domme, and thus understands everything. Brenda agrees. Andrea got it "perfect."

Around 9:00, I get a short text from Andrea. "Maureen is aboard. I put her in 1-B. She's pretty." I know that seat 1-B is the aisle seat, pilot's side, front row. Then again, it's not hard to figure the seat numbers out. But it does have Maureen right up front by Andrea's station. I text her back "See ya KMOB." It's the airline code for Mobile Regional Airport. Then, with only an hour until the plane lands, and that's assuming it's on time, I head for the airport.

I hate airport terminals. I have a pilot's license, so I am normally flying my own plane. Where I can skip all the TSA hassle and just take off. But I do fly to Russia enough to know what to expect in the terminal. Luckily the TSA knows what my pass is, and lets me through with a minimum of hassle. I'm sure it helps that when they ask for my photo ID, I show them my ramp pass for this very airport. The same one the airline pilots have. It allows me to walk out on the ramp where the airplanes are. It also says the TSA has already determined that I'm safe to be around airplanes. Hopefully, they've determined that all pilots are safe to be around airplanes!

When I get to the gate and Mobile is not a big airport, the gate is waiting for me. I know, she asks if "I'm Pepper." Apparently, Andrea has talked to her as well. We chat and joke, mostly about one of Andrea's more infamous escapades, until the plane taxis up to the gate and she has to go to work. A minute later she's poking her head back out of the gate door and inviting me to come on.

I follow her down the Jetway just in time to see Andrea opening the plane's door. "Hey, Pepper, come on!" Andrea waves for me to just step onto the plane. And I don't know too many pilots who'd pass up a

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chance to get on any plane. Even one parked at the gate. I wouldn't.

"Your toy has been very well behaved. She has one diet coke, and she's been very polite to Christy and me." Andrea tells me. I assume Christy is the other flight attendant on this 86-seat aircraft.

That's all Andrea has time to tell me. Maureen's seat isn't but two steps inside the plane. I immediately see the fit blond woman, still sitting in her seat with her seatbelt buckled. And sitting politely with her legs crossed and her hands neatly folded in her lap. I wonder, for an instant, if Brenda has her sit that way. Then I decide it's Andrea's doing. She knows how I like my subs to sit. The same way she has hers sit. I'd bet she instructed Maureen to sit that way, telling her it's how I expect.

There's no one in the window seat beside Maureen, so I just lean over her. "Hello, Maureen, I am Miss Rodgers. I'm sure Mrs. Shepherd told you that you'd be in my care while you're here." I reach down and unbuckle Maureen's seat belt for her.

"Yes, Ma'am," Maureen answers. Her voice is soft, but confident, laced with just a tinge of the mid-west in it. It's just slightly on the girly side. "My Mistress told me that I belong to you for the weekend and that you are in complete charge of me, Ma'am."

"Good. Then come along, and we'll go fetch your bag." I take Maureen's hand. She's wearing a turtle neck sweater with jeans and casual boots today. And I see a long, heavy coat beside her. "Bring your coat." She did fly from Ohio, where presumably the temperatures aren't nearly as comfortable as they are here on the southern coast. I can see the bulge of a collar on her neck, under the sweater, too.

I walk Maureen off the plane, with a quick "see you tomorrow," to Andrea. Once we're in the gate, I lead Maureen off to the side. I get a leash out of my pocket. It's just a fairly generic hot pink leather leash that I found at PetsMart, one of my favorite suppliers of such things. I just pull the neck of the sweater down and find a narrow white leather collar buckled around her neck. Not locked. I just clip the leash to it.

I tell Maureen to stay close to me. It lets the leash hang loose at

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her front and sort of blend in with the rest of her clothes, mostly unseen, as we walk through the terminal to baggage claim. There's little reason for me to talk to Maureen here at the airport. So we wait. I tell her to point her bag out to me when she sees it on the carousel. We wait longer. Luckily hers is one of the first group of bags off, likely because with the connecting flight it would have been one of the last loaded.

Maureen obediently points to the suitcase and says "that's my Mistress' suitcase, Miss Rodgers." I stay beside her, keeping her on the leash, and tell her to get it. I check the tag, seeing Brenda's name on it, and decide I don't need to check the claim check on it. I have Maureen carry her bag to my car. And load it in the trunk for the ride to my apartment.



Chapter 02: Plaything

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"OK, plaything," I use the pet name that Brenda and Chris have bestowed upon Maureen. We're in the elevator on the way up to my apartment. "When we get to the door, you will stop just inside. My slave-girl will take care of your things."

"Oh, yes, Ma'am," Maureen says without any hesitation. I know she doesn't have a clue who I am. She didn't even know until this morning that she'd be supervised by another while she was in Mobile. Like most Dommies, Brenda and Chris only tell her what she needs to know when she needs to know it. Never anything more. This morning she was told that I would be taking care of her. That she was to get on the plane and follow the instructions of the flight crew. I'd meet her. So that's what she did. I'm sure she was rather pleasantly surprised to discover that the flight crew had special instructions just for her. That she wasn't going to be left on her own, even just to get between gates.

But her voice tells me that she's accepted it. She knows that she belongs to me now and for the next couple of days. That I own her just as fully as her owners do. And obviously, she fully trusts them. All she needs to know is that they've selected me to look after her. Thus they trust me to take proper care of her. And thus, she knows, I will take good care of her. It doesn't matter to her who I am. What matters is that I am the woman her owners chose.

I open the door. Maureen steps inside and immediately steps over to the right. She stops and stands, demurely waiting for instructions. Sophie comes hurrying over. She immediately drops to her knees in front of me. "Welcome home, my beautiful Mistress!" She greets me.

"slave, this is plaything. It will be staying with me for the weekend."

"Yes, Mistress!" Sophie eagerly accepts.

I close the door and turn to Maureen. I unclip the leash from her collar. "Take everything off and give it to my slave."

"Yes, Ma'am," Maureen doesn't hesitate. Nor do I hear any trace of modesty or shyness in her voice. Just acceptance. She squats down

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and starts taking her sneakers off.

"slave, put her things... in the playroom. Obviously, the suitcase is too big for the cabinet, so just put all of its things on the little table."

"Yes, Mistress."

Maureen takes her shoes off. She drops the laces in the shoes, then picks them up as a pair and holds them out to Sophie. "Here are my shoes, slave, Miss Rodgers told me to give my things to you."

Sophie takes them and starts making a very neat pile for Maureen's things. A minute later Maureen is handing over socks just as humbly. Her owners haven't given her any jewelry or accessories for her outfit, except for a single elastic to hold her hair back in a ponytail. Not even a watch. It's not uncommon for a long-term live-in slave not to wear much more than she needs, especially a house pet like Maureen. So I'm not surprised. But I do appreciate the lack of a watch while Maureen is on an inflexible timetable; it very fully reminds her that she's not to worry about it, that she's to let the flight crews worry about it for her.

It also doesn't leave Maureen as much to take off. Which is fine by me. I didn't tell her what order to take her clothes off in. Since she's a "one-off," meaning that after Monday I won't be seeing Maureen again until the next Mobile marathon, and only then if both her sponsors want her in it, and Brenda sends her instead of bringing her, I don't see any reason to spend the time teaching Maureen my way of doing things. It's easier just to let her do things the way her owners have her do them.

Maureen takes her sweater off. It reveals a yellow cotton blouse under it. But she does fold it up fairly neatly before giving it to Sophie. Then she takes her blouse off and turns it over to Sophie. That reveals a nice white bra, with lacy half cups and thin straps. Now Maureen slips her jeans down to reveal a matching pair of white panties. Those are mostly lace, with a little swatch of silk at her crotch. They're "boy shorts," cut fairly low on her hips, and they look cute on her.

It leaves her just her bra and panties to get off. And it gives me

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first, decent view of Maureen. She's moderately tall for a woman, about 5'8", but she's very lean. I never asked what she weighed. I just assumed that, like most runners, she'd have a lean physique to her. She definitely does. It looks like she weighs around 125, give or take.

Maureen has a slightly ovalish face, but it has soft and rounded lines to it. And it doesn't have that "long" look to it. She has dark blond hair. Now that it's free of the ponytail, it hangs down to the middles of her shoulder blades. It's fine, as most blond hair is, and rather silky soft. It hangs mostly straight at the center of her back. She also has some brilliant green eyes. She has a slightly small nose and beneath that A fairly wide mouth that's framed with a pair of plump, full, and soft light pink lips.

She has almost zero body fat. I kind of thought she would. It's fairly common on long-distance runners. They tend to burn it off at least as fast as they can eat more of it. Her build is lean enough that I can see the lines of her collar bones at her shoulders. I can see the outline of her hip bones too. And I can even see the lines of her ribs, just not quite as fully as I can make the others out. Both her arms and legs are just as lean. Both are lean enough that I can make out the lines of her muscles.

She has a rather flat stomach. The muscles there are just as toned as the rest of her muscles, giving them a slightly hard look. And her skin is still nicely taut, leaving nothing to show any wrinkle lines. I don't see any other blemishes on it either. But I do see a decent bronzing to her skin as if she spends a lot of time in the sun. Maybe... out running? Duh.

Maureen stays facing me, the way she was standing when I told her to undress. She reaches up behind her back and unclips her bra, letting the band fall free at her sides. Then she slips the narrow straps off her shoulders. The bra falls free. She hangs onto it, bringing it up and folding it before giving it to Sophie. And like a well-trained slave, she doesn't even think of trying to cover her breasts now that they're bare.

Maureen's breasts are definitely nice ones. They're decently sized, I'd guess around a 34-C. They're fully rounded, without a big of

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sag or hang to them. Like half oranges rising off her chest, only bigger. They're topped by pair of fairly wide, deep, purple rings with a slight brown tinge to them. And centered in each ring is a nipple about the width of a pencil eraser, and standing up decently, maybe as tall as it is wide. Those nipples have almost flat tips to them, leaving them with defined sides despite their shortness. They remind me of the nipples on baby bottles, the "natural" design. I don't really see much of a tan line on her firm mounds. It's more as if her mounds are just tanned to a lighter shade of bronze than the rest of her chest.

Maureen slips her panties off and gives them to Sophie. Now I can see a good tan line. It's about the size and shape of a small bikini bottom where her skin is a light, milky white against the fairly bronzed rest of her body. I can see flat pubes, too. Those look to be very freshly shaven as if Brenda wanted Maureen to look her best for me. And I can see a medium-puffy pussy mound between the tops of the lithe thighs. It looks as if Maureen has long, narrow lips. Lips that are fairly puffy, but leave a wide gash between their edges. And I can see a line of loose, purplish inner folds, standing out, through her gash, and about another ¼". Those look to be rather soft.

I can see a pair of hard, firm, and small cheeks to her bottom. Like the rest of her body, they're rather lean. But, despite their smallness, they do have a good rounding to them. It's just a gentle rounding. And I can see that the firm edges of those globes barely touch each other, leaving Maureen with a rather short crack. A crack that's barely closed, and not that deep. But it does leave a shallow V at the top when her cheeks curve outward below the waistline of her tan lines.

Maureen stands with her hands loose at her sides. It's not a bad place for them, they don't cover anything, but it's a little casual for my taste. "This plaything has nothing left, Miss Rodgers, your slave has all the things my Master and Mistress send with me." She very sweetly tells me that she's finished undressing.

I'm sure she's completely naked. I've already seen that she didn't have any jewelry to take off, and that's what more of my toys usually

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forget. She remembered the elastic in her hair, and I'm sure that was the least significant thing she had.

"Put your hands behind your neck for a minute, plaything."

"Yes, Ma'am," Maureen quickly says, her hands already moving. She's not rushing, but she's definitely not stalling either. It's perfect, just a normal pace. She is definitely well-trained. She knows how she's expected to behave, and she does as she's expected to do.

"See to its things now, slave, and bring me back a pair of gloves and a packet." I send Sophie off on her mission. She goes, quickly.

I put my hands to Maureen's upper arms. She does flinch as I touch her body. She stands, calm and demure, allowing me to touch her as I wish. I feel the tone of her muscle there. It's not hard like a weightlifter would be, but it is firm. It tells me that these muscles get some workout of their own. I already knew that, though. It tells me that they're in rather good shape, too. "These muscles are in good shape, plaything. Your owners clearly take very good care of you."

"Thank you very much, Ma'am," Maureen says with a smile on her face. Clearly, she loves hearing her Mistress praised. I'm sure it doesn't hurt that I'm praising her body as well. A slave would want her body to be pleasing to its owners.

I circle around Maureen, letting my hands feel her stomach and back. It's as lean as the rest of her, and it feels it. Those muscles are also firm, but not hard. I can feel, clearly, the lines of her bones, although I can only make out the lines of her ribs, her collar bones, and her shoulder blades.

Then my hands slip up to Maureen's breasts. I give both of them a light squeeze. It lets me that her breasts are firm and pert. They're like hard, wet sponges in my hand. Squishy enough to give and feel like breasts, but otherwise firm. They hold their shape nicely, too. Maureen does flinch as I touch them, either.

I move my hands to her nipples and feel those. They're rock hard. A stone wouldn't be any harder in my hand. They have just a hint of

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roughness to them, something any nipple does. Maureen says nothing, nor does she flinch, but as I pinch them softly, I hear a slight intake of breath from her. It almost covers a little purr.

Then I go down to her ankles and feel her legs. The muscles there are harder than her others. Makes sense, she uses them more. They're well defined, letting me feel the outline and shape of them through her skin. I don't feel any body fat, but I haven't felt any anywhere. I slowly move my hands up her legs.

I move in behind Maureen. My hands slip to her bottom. Her cheeks feel as firm as they look. But, like the rest of her body, her skin there is silky soft, and smooth. I give her cheeks a light squeeze as well. I don't feel much squish to them, just the firm muscles right under the skin.

"plaything, spread your feet wide and bend over all the way."

"Yes, Ma'am," she answers immediately. And then she spreads her feet wide enough that I can see the tendons prominently as they strain in the creases of her thighs. She bends over, pulling her bottom even tauter. And displaying her pussy to me.

Sophie is back with my gloves. I hold my hands out, spreading my fingers for Sophie to pull the gloves on me. She snaps both of them, but it doesn't even startle Maureen.

I was right about Maureen's pussy. I can see those lips fully now. They're long. They're fairly narrow. And they're nicely plump. They're silky smooth, too, just like the rest of her body. Not a hair of stubble anywhere in sight. Only now I can see the back of those lips. It looks as if they don't quite ever meet. Between the edges of those lips, I can see the long line of her soft inner folds standing out well past her lips. It fades as it nears the back of her lips, turning into a short line, like a folded wrinkle, that rises between the edges and extends back past the end of her pussy. The gentle line of that wrinkle flowing up onto the skin between her pussy and her asshole, fading fully long before her asshole.

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I put my hands to her lips and open her pussy fully. It lets me see those prominent loose folds flowing along. It lets me see them merging into a hard, tight knot, then flowing up as more of a single ridgeline. It lets me see the wide nub of her clit poking its eager head up from that knot, lightly surrounded by thin folds of pinkness snug around it. It lets me see the narrow entrance of her tunnel, no wider than my thumb, open just enough to invite a cock into it. Or, now, to show off the first little bit of her pink, hotly flushed, meaty pussy walls. And it lets me see the layer of clear, creamy honey that's clinging to everything.

I put the tip of a gloved finger to the entrance of her tunnel. As Maureen stands still, submissively waiting for me to tell her to do something, I ease my finger into her pussy. I'm barely inside her tunnel before I feel the hot walls of it cuddling around my finger. And they are fiery hot. I have to slip my finger a little deeper into her pussy before I can really feel the spongy softness of those walls. My finger slips readily into her pussy, gliding along the thick layer of Maureen's honey. It tells me that her honey is going to be slippery. And now I can feel the full extent of those spongy walls as they seem to hug my finger.

Maureen stands still as my finger presses into her pussy. But I feel a light, faint shivering flowing over her as my finger moves. It vanishes once my finger is still. That tells me those walls are already hungry for that orgasm. I guess Brenda and Chris haven't allowed her any relief for a day or three, just to nudge that neediness up. To nudge up that eagerness to win her race. She shivers again as I slip my finger back out of her tight pussy.

I move my attention up to Maureen's bottom. Just leaning over has her crack opened enough that I can see the dark swath of flesh around her asshole. And I can see that there isn't a hair anywhere in sight. Not even "peach fuzz" on her cheeks. Everything has been fully smoothened.

I can see the tight ring of her asshole, too. Hers neither funnels inward nor puckers out. It's just flat with the valley of her crack. And it's tiny, smaller than a dime. Her ring is light pink and lined with countless,

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but the faintest, of wrinkles. All of which flow over the pink flesh and turn sharply inward, vanishing into a pinpoint of darkness.

I put a drop of lubricating gel on the tip of my finger, then put my finger flush against Maureen's asshole. She stays still for me, not showing any nervousness. As I touch it, I feel her asshole instantly snap to its full tightness, her reflexes wanting it to resist. An instant later I feel that tension ebb as Maureen relaxes herself. It lets her ring soften from hardness to a mere slightly-rubbery firmness under my finger.

I put a little pressure on the muscle. Maureen doesn't flinch. She stands there, taking a deep breath and waiting. Her asshole doesn't fight me, it just stays firmly closed. But it's rubbery muscle quickly surrenders, allowing my finger to press slowly into the pinpoint of darkness. Her muscle stretches reluctantly, staying tight as it begins to snuggle around my finger. The slick gel greases the way. My slender finger easily slips along, through the snug embrace of her asshole, and into her bottom. Maureen slowly exhales her deep breath as she feels my finger sliding deeper and deeper into her bottom. I push all of my finger into her bottom, stopping only when the outside of her asshole is flush against the webbing between my fingers. I leave my finger still for a second, letting Maureen get used to it being there.

I have my finger inside Maureen's bottom with the pad of it down, towards her pussy. It's a natural angle for my finger. But it's intentional as well. I press down gently. The very light pressure lets me feel the spongy walls of her pussy burning hot just beyond her rectum. I wiggle my finger, very slightly and just as softly, over the inside of the thin walls of her bottom. Just once. That's all it takes for me to hear Maureen purr out a slightly surprised, and very needy, "OOH!" It lets me hear that her purrs are throaty deep, not mousy or high-pitched. And it lets me feel a single, sharp twitch rack her pussy walls. I know Maureen feels that.

I can also feel that, while Maureen's rectum isn't empty, it's not full either. That tells me that she won't be needing a toilet anytime too soon. I'm sure Brenda was thoughtful enough to ensure that Maureen

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used the toilet before the flight. No one wants to use the bathroom on a plane. They are tiny! It also tells me that while Maureen is feeling my finger inside her, it's not exactly uncomfortable for her. It's more like it's just uneasy, for her. As if it's unnatural, and unwanted for her, but also something she's well used to feeling. I gently pull my finger back out of her bottom.

I have Maureen stand up and turn back to face me. Despite the poking she just endured, I see nothing but the faintest tinges of a smile on Maureen's face. It tells me that, while Maureen definitely found it uncomfortable to be closely examined, she likes that I did it. As if it makes her think, and believe, that I am concerned about her body and intend to take just as good of care of it as her owners do.

"You were a good girl, plaything," I tell her in a sweet, pleased voice. The smile blooms instantly to stretch from ear to ear. "I don't want you to get in trouble while you're here. So I am going to tell you a few rules you will follow here. I'm sure your Mistress has many of the same rules for you, especially just before a race. But I am going to tell you anyway, that way there won't be any confusion. You will know what I expect of you."

"Thank you very much, Ma'am," Maureen says rather happily. The smile stays on her face, too. I expect that Maureen was slightly nervous when she heard that she would be obeying another for the weekend. It's not something her owners often do with her. So it's something that Maureen won't know quite what to expect. Now, her voice tells me that she was hoping I would quickly get to know her body. As if she thinks that I can't take care of something I don't know. Duh.

I tell her my usual house rules. The rules like speak only when spoken to, and if there's something she just can't wait to tell me, to kneel at my feet and wait for permission to speak. The rules like do not use any of my things, even my toilet, without my permission first. The rules like to be very humble and polite, as would befit a mere plaything. Then I ask her if her owners have those rules, or if they are new to her. She tells me her owners have them, too.

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"Good, then you'll know how to obey them like a good plaything."

"Oh, yes, Miss Rodgers!" Maureen eagerly agrees.

"The first thing I'm going to do is feed you lunch," Brenda told me that, especially close to a race, they try to keep Maureen on a very specific diet, and timely meals. Lunch is at noon. It's about 11:30 now, but Mobile is an hour behind Ohio. We're a few minutes late, but it's the first chance I've had to feed to her.

Maureen gets a diet of 2,600 calories a day, except for race day. She gets a diet that's high in protein, and low in junk, like fats. But otherwise, she can eat anything. She'll eat kosher here, it's the only thing that comes out of my kitchen, but that shouldn't be a problem. Brenda assures me that Maureen isn't picky. I hope not. I have a rule that slaves eat what they're given.

I don't bother to give Maureen any clothes. She doesn't need them. I clip the leash back to her collar and walk her into the kitchen where Sophie has the plates out. I see no reason why Maureen is worthy of Sophie's service. I tell Maureen to get her plate and drink. She waits until Sophie points to a plate, showing Maureen which of them is hers. Not that it matters, they're all the same. I feed my slaves the same thing I eat, and I eat healthily.

I take Maureen to the table and point her to a seat across from me. Then I take my seat. Sophie hurries to serve me. One thing about "borrowing" a slave from an owner I don't know well, is that I never know what the slave is used to. Like now. Maureen is smiling wide as she looks at her plate. And I think I see a little twinkle in her eye.

Lunch today is just leftovers from Thursday night's supper. But I have always been a good cook. Gourmet Chef-ette, according to my BFFs. And I have taught Sophie to cook my way, to my standards. Lunch is a grilled tuna steak with a dill sauce, wild rice, fresh steamed carrots, and cheddar biscuit. I'm guessing that Brenda, a working housewife, doesn't go through much trouble for Maureen's lunch. Neither do I. It is leftovers that Sophie reheated.

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I tell Maureen that I expect her to clear her plate. I don't expect anything left on it. And that I don't care what foods she likes and does, that this is a healthy and appropriate meal for her, so it's what she's going to eat. I also don't expect her to rush, but delaying isn't permitted anywhere for anything. I expect polite table manners, too. If I see anything that isn't properly polite, I'll tell her *once*. Then I ask if she understands what I've told her. It's my code for asking if she has a question, or if she knows what she's to do.

"No, Ma'am," Maureen answers, her voice as happy as ever. "Thank you very very much, Miss Rodgers, for giving this plaything such a delicious lunch, Ma'am!" She sounds like she means it. As if she expected a sandwich or something, and got far more than she was expecting. As if tuna might be a favorite of hers, too.

"You're welcome, plaything. You may eat now."

"Thank you, again, Ma'am," Maureen says. Then she starts eating.



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As soon as lunch is finished, I start setting the tone for Maureen's stay here. I give her the chore of clearing the table. And polishing it. I like my things clean and well cared for. For the weekend, "my things" will include Maureen. She will be well cared for. But there's no reason why all the work has to be mine! She can do her fair share. Besides, housework is work and that will help those muscles of hers stay strong.

But once Maureen has the table cleaned, it's time to have some fun. Brenda did say that the hotter Maureen's pussy is, the better she runs. I've decided that I'll be spending about 15 minutes every two hours teasing Maureen today. In the morning, when my slaves usually are allowed their relief, Maureen won't be getting any. Just before the race, I'll tell her that her treat awaits at the finish line. The better she does in the race, the more enjoyable her treat will. Unless she disappoints me, and then she will suffer miserably. She'll be teased for the remainder of her time here, and have to hope that Brenda allows her some relief when she gets home. That should get those legs of hers going!

I lead Maureen by her leash into the playroom. There's a padded massage table in the center of the room. The folding table is kind of one of the centerpieces of the playroom – it offers me a great place to tease a toy. And it's much more convenient to set up than the rack. I lead Maureen up to it and tell her to lie on it on her back.

She gets up, then obediently bends her knees to put her feet on the table. And opens her thighs wide to offer me full access to her pussy. She lies on her back, her hands loose at her sides. I'm guessing that's Brenda's position, having Maureen keep her hands free at her sides, and not use them. I don't mind. It will make them easy to bind to the steel tubing frame of the table if she doesn't behave.

Now I wish my slave-whore Paige was here. She's not. I loaned her to Sophie's parents for the day. They needed a babysitter for Sophie's younger siblings. And while she's there, Paige can do some housework for them. I would so love to have Paige's tongue right now. That would be a rather nice little tease for Maureen.

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But since Paige isn't here, I opt for my second favorite pussy torture. I'm sure Maureen will enjoy it. I doubt it will be new for her, it seems like she's experienced enough that she's gotten to try everything at least a couple of times. But I suspect it's not something that's too common in Brenda's repertoire. I suspect Brenda is more into using Maureen for her pleasure. And her husband's.

I have Sophie get me a few things. She brings them over a small plastic tray. A lot of times I hide what I'm getting from my subs. But I don't this time. I don't think the not knowing would even register with Maureen. She seems like she's very accustomed to just letting whatever happen to her.

I use one hand to pull one of Maureen's pussy lips aside, pushing it flush against the crease of her thigh. It bares her pinkness, but her long inner folds stand up like second, and larger, lips. Those folds almost fully cover her tunnel. I decide this won't work as well as I'd like it to. I push her fold over alongside her lip. Much better.

I have a set of pussy lips clamps. It's just two clamps with a little cord between them. The clamps on this one are the gentler ones, like clothespins. They don't even have teeth to bite into her flesh. I put one clothespin on the very top of her fold, draping the cord up and over her thigh. Then I bring it up under her thigh and clip the other clothespin to the bottom of her wrinkly fold. Now I pull the cord, drawing it tight around the outside of her thigh. I let go, leaving the clamps to hold Maureen's lip and fold spread wide and snug against her leg. I do the same with her other lip.

And now I have Maureen's pussy very lewdly displayed, and equally accessible to me. I didn't have to spread her inner folds to see her clit. It's prominent enough that even with those loose folds around it, it was exposed plenty enough for me to play with. It's really no more accessible now. But I do have a much better shot at her tunnel.

I also have a tiny vibrator. It's about the size of an electric toothbrush. It has a soft, foamy head on it about the size of the tip of my pinkie finger. And it has very fresh batteries in it.

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I put the spongy tip of the vibrator lightly against Maureen's hard, wide clit. I don't push on the nub. I just lie the tip against it. I flip the switch and it starts humming.

"UHH!" Maureen screeches out in a deep breath. She shivers hard, her hands immediately balling up into fists. "OH!... UHH!" It only takes another second or two for me to see Maureen's toes curling up, pressing hard against the soft table. Then I see her legs begin to vibrate as if her knees want to slam shut and she's straining to keep them open for me.

I start slowly moving the vibrator around the edge of her hard nub, making sure that it stays touching her clit the entire time. It keeps Maureen groaning out loud, need and increasingly breathy deep moans. Sweet, and very strained moans. Moans that scream out how badly her pussy wants to cum.

It keeps Maureen squirming around hard, too. I watch as her back begins to arch up, driving her bottom down. Her bottom keeps squirming, grinding her cheeks against the table.

The clamps hold her lips wide apart, leaving me to see as her clear honey clings to everything. And to see the honey almost flowing from her tunnel. It's only been a minute, maybe a little more, and already I can see her clit throbbing as I tease it.

I move the tip of the vibrator down. Now I stroke it just as slowly around the entrance of her tunnel, taking care not to let her squirming hips buck the tip of the vibrator into her pussy. I don't want Maureen to cum. I just want to tease her. To push her to the very edge of orgasm, and leave her there. So she can bask in the aching frustration. If I wanted her to cum, I would have left the tip against her clit, and in short order, she wouldn't have been able to behave any longer.

Teasing the rim of her tunnel has just about as much of an effect on Maureen. And it gets her hips rocking from side to side as well. It keeps her very urgent, pleading moans coming out with every breath, too. Hers are deep and sultry, begging for an orgasm.

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I see the first few twitches, crisp but light, begin at the rim of her tunnel and shoot back into the depths of her pussy. It happens at the same time that I notice Maureen's head rising up off the table and beating itself back down. It makes me glad that I have her on a padded table!

I move the tip of the vibrator slowly, taking my time as I inch it back up along the inside of a fold until the fold funnels the tip of it back to Maureen's still-throbbing clit. Then I tease a few more circles around her hard nub, watching it throb almost as if it wants to jump away from the vibrations. It doesn't. The only thing it does is make Maureen's moans a little deeper, a little louder, and more than a little hungrier. It looks like it gets her honey flowing even faster, too. I know that her entire pinkness is now a complete mess with the creamy honey covering it.

I work my way back down along her other fold. It's amusing for me to watch. Even these so gentle vibrations are enough to have her loose fold jiggling despite the clamps on it, stretching it out to her thigh. It gives Maureen a second or two to ebb back from the cusp of orgasm, too. Then the soft tip is back at the rim of her tunnel, where I can torment her some more.

And I do. I circle the tip around the very edge of the rim, letting most of its vibrations flow into her pinkness. But a small share of those vibrations still flows into the walls of her pussy, right at the edge. And from there, it seems they flow through her walls, all the way to the back of her pussy. I watch as the light twitches, as crisp as ever, seem to grow slightly stronger with this set of teases.

Then I press the tip of it into her tunnel. The tip isn't long, around $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch. I slip it quickly into her. It's narrow, too. No wider than my pinkie finger. But it's wide enough that the loose soft walls of her pussy lie flush against, cuddling against the vibrating tip. And that sends every bit of those vibrations into her spongy walls, tingling every nerve in them. Maureen screams out. It's a deep, sultry scream. More like a fast, sudden exhale of her breath laced with sound. A very throaty

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“UGH!” just like she was being pounded with a cock. Her hips snap now. They stay moving the same, grinding her cheeks energetically against the table, rocking from side to side. But now their motions are fast and sharp.

I keep it in place, holding it there and moving it along with her hips to keep it still inside her tunnel. In about two seconds, I watch as one of Maureen’s feet lifts off the table. The other follow just as quickly. Her knees slowly raise, pulling up and down a hair toward her breasts. They rise about halfway from their up position to her mounds. Then her feet suddenly explode, kicking up and down wildly as another scream erupts from her lips.

I pull the vibrator from her tunnel and let glide up her fold as slowly as I can. It gives her just enough time for her feet to come back down and rest on the table before the toy reaches her aching clit again. And then her fists beat hard on the table at her sides as she cries out.

I keep going, repeating my teases endlessly. And I take care to never allow her to cum. I keep her there, enduring the arousal and the frustration of being denied her orgasm.

When the fifteen minutes is finally over, most of my vibrator, except for the handle of it, is coated with a sparkling layer of her honey. As are the creases of her thighs and the tops of her cheeks beneath. I can see a little trickle of that glistening honey that’s flowed between her cheeks to her asshole, too.

As a final tease, I put the tip of the vibrator against her asshole. I put it there lightly, not pressing it into her, just touching her ring.

“OH!” Maureen screeches out loudly. It’s a short, startled, fast cry. Her hips snap up, and freeze, her tensed muscles holding her bottom up. I see the muscle of her ring tensing to it’s full, almost an impossible, tightness. “UMM!” Maureen’s voice takes on the deepest, and neediest, tone yet.

I can’t resist. I’m just too evil. I press firmly. It takes a good amount of pressure. But then I see the soft white tip of the vibrator

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pressing its way into Maureen's pink asshole. At first, it just pushes inward. But in a fraction of a second, I can see the tensed muscle yielding, the pink flesh stretching slightly open, and the whiteness starts to vanish. I can see the pink flesh squeezing its hardest around that whiteness, too.

I push the tip almost all the way into her asshole. It's short, barely long enough to span the depth of her tight muscle. But it seems to be long enough to send its vibrations into that muscle. And into the nerves there. Nerves, which are so obviously unaccustomed to being teased. It shows.

It shows as Maureen cries out with utter agony and desperation. Her muscle clamping so tightly around the soft tip that it squishes all of the foam flat. Her hips, still up off the table, thrash from side to side now. For a half-second. Then her bottom crashes onto the table as her feet snap up, her knees jerking hard up to her breasts. Feet that are already kicking as they come off the table. Her legs snap as well, driving her feet back to the table, pounding it hard, and tossing her bottom back up so the cycle can repeat.

I leave it there for only a few seconds this time. It doesn't look to me as if Maureen can stand much more than that. And it looks like it's going to get messy. Even in those seconds, the honey has run, a fresh little rivulet of it, all the way from her tunnel to her asshole and now clings to the shaft of the vibrator.

As I pull it from her bottom, it's as if her asshole doesn't want to let go of it. It holds it tightly, squeezing against it with all the muscle's might. But the tip is too slick to stay put for too long. Maureen's honey not only coats the tip but has soaked into the foam. The tip slips from her pink ring. Her ring cinches tightly. Maureen screeches out in the frustration of it. Her asshole snaps with crisp spasms.

I tell Maureen to "quit slutting up my table and get to her feet." She stands, but it takes her a minute to get on those unsteady legs. As she stands, demurely with her hands at her sides, I can see her thighs wanting to squish together and rub her pussy mound between them. I

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make sure she stands with her feet apart enough that she won't be rubbing her pussy with her thighs, or anything else.

"Are you thinking of that skanky pussy between your thighs, plaything?" I teasingly ask. I don't wait for Maureen to answer. I swat her on her bottom with my hand. It's a decent little spank, about as hard as I'll give with my bare hand. Enough that a slap rings out as my hand cracks on her hard globe. "Stop being such a slut!" I mockingly scold Maureen. "I have toilets that need scrubbing. That should get your mind off of that skank pit and back to where it should be. On tomorrow's race!"

"Oh, slave..." I coo sweetly, "get this plaything a bucket and a toothbrush. I want my toilet spotless."

"Oh, gladly, Mistress," Sophie answers.

A few minutes later she has Maureen, now in her charge, on her hands and knees in front of the toilet. Maureen has a toothbrush in hand and scrubs the bowl. She scrubs hard, working the muscles in her arm nicely. Sophie stands right over her, making sure that Maureen's arm doesn't stop moving for a single fraction of a second.

And a little while after that, I hear the doorbell. I go get it myself, knowing that it's Sophie's father returning Paige. He always brings the babysitter home.

And since he's male, he doesn't pass up the chance to say hello to Sophie. Which gives him a chance to see Maureen naked on her hands and knees. It's a position that has her sloppy pussy glistening as it pokes back out for him to fully see. And it lets him see her firm breasts jiggling under her chest as she works hard.

Now I have Paige's tongue to tease Maureen's pussy. I'll bet Maureen will love that.



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The race begins at 8:00 am. It should have the better runners crossing the finish line sometime after noon. Probably not so soon after. More like between one and three. It has them running during the hottest part of the day, but it is January! It shouldn't get up over 70 degrees. It looks like it's going to be a decent day, too.

All of the runners have to check in by 7:30. Check-in begins at 6:00, leaving a 90-minute window for them to check-in, and get their numbers. I figure parking is going to be an issue. Luckily for me, the finish line is almost in front of my apartment. And the start line isn't more than a few blocks over. Maybe about five blocks. The course even has them running through the campus of USA, which is pretty much on the far side of town! Then again, this is Mobile, not New York or Moscow! "Town" isn't so big.

And even luckier for me, Maureen doesn't have to check-in herself. She's allowed to have someone do it for her. As long as she runs the race herself.

I get up at 5:00, which I do every day anyway. Give or take a few minutes. It will give me plenty of time to properly get Maureen ready for the race and walk her over to the start line. And after the race, she won't have but a block to walk back to my apartment. I'll admit, the race isn't something I had in mind when I got this place. I was only thinking of being in the middle of what little passes for nightlife around here. It's the best place to live!

Maureen spent her night the way she's used to spending them. Bound to her bed. I decided that with a race today, she should have a nice comfortable night's rest. Bedtime for her is normally midnight. I adjusted that for the time zone and put her to bed at eleven last night. It has her sleeping at the same time she would be if she were still at home. And it gives her the six hours she's used to.

I wanted her to get a good rest before the race. So I put her on the floor of the playroom. She's used to sleeping on the floor, at the foot of her Master's bed. It's where a slave belongs. It's the same place I allow Sophie to sleep!

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To accommodate Maureen's usual position of four-pointed, I had a couple of friendly frat boys build me a frame. It's nothing more than a rectangle of heavy steel tubing that has bolts and wing nuts to put it together. It only takes a minute to set up. And it has some screw eyes anchored into it to attach restraints to.

Maureen spent her night stretched out on her back. Her ankles were bound with leather cuffs locked to the corners of the frame. It held her legs splayed wide enough that her pussy was fully exposed. Her wrists were bound to the sides of the frame, leather cuffs locked around them. It held her hands several inches away from her sides. Just far enough that she wouldn't be able to touch any part of her body with her hands.

Paige spent her night in the same place she always does. In her kennel, behind a screen in the corner of the playroom. And she spent it with leg irons locked around her slender ankles, and her hands cuffed behind her back. She's not getting those hands to her pussy, either. It's a good-sized kennel, made for a Doberman or something, that gives the slim girl just enough room to lie on her side curled up. Naturally, she was naked. As was Maureen.

Now that it's time to wake Maureen for the day, I start by letting Paige out of her kennel and taking the cuffs off of her wrists. The leg irons stay on. Those never come off. I had intended to let her earn her way out of them, once she proved herself trustworthy around here, but I decided that Paige actually likes wearing them. So they stayed. They make a nice reminder for Paige of position here: the lowest of slaves. Right where a whore belongs!

I immediately tell Paige to lick Maureen's pussy. That should make a nice wake-up alarm for her. I'd say it would get her nicely aroused, but with her pussy on display I can see that won't be necessary. Whatever Maureen has been dreaming of, it has her mound glistening under a thick, and fresh, coat of shiny honey. At least Paige can clean that up for Maureen.

Paige obediently kneels between Maureen's feet and leans all the

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way over, bracing her elbows on the floor. Then she uses her fingers to ease Maureen's lips apart. She leans over further, her shoulders going down to the floor, and stretches her mouth wide open. Paige puts her delicate lips to Maureen's bared pinkness, surrounding Maureen's hard clit.

Paige puts the soft tip of her rounded tongue to Maureen's clit, lying it at the side of the hardness, and starts licking a small circle around the nub.

"MM!" Maureen purrs out sweetly.

Paige's tongue keeps moving, taking a single circle around the stiff nub before licking its way down one of Maureen's loose inner folds. Then Paige licks a single lap around the rim of Maureen's tunnel with the very tip of her tongue.

"OOH!" Maureen purrs again. Now her hips start to squirm a little. Her hands and feet must be trying to wiggle, too. I can hear the locks rattling as they hold them to the frame around her.

Paige's tongue licks its way back up Maureen's other fold, finding the aching nub of Maureen's clit again. She begins licking another single swirl around the hard nub.

Only now do Maureen's eyes open. She must realize that it isn't a dream. She's actually being licked. As they open, her hips squirm more eagerly, trying to grind her pussy against Paige's face. This isn't the first time I've used Paige's tongue to tease Maureen. I did it twice yesterday. Maureen quickly learned that Paige is very skilled at it. As a whore should be.

I see Maureen's head lift up for a second as if to see what's happening to her. I doubt she can actually see. Paige's long, curly, flowing honey-brown hair hangs loose, draping over Maureen's pubes, and covering much of the show. But I'd bet the sight of the top of Paige's head is plenty for Maureen to figure it out. Her head lies back on the floor.

Maureen starts moaning her deep and hungry purrs. Just as

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eagerly, as pleadingly, as she did when Paige gave Maureen a “good night” tease! I so wanted Maureen to have the sweetest of dreams! What better to encourage sweet dreams than a tender pussy licking?

I let Paige go on for maybe all of five minutes. It's plenty of time to have Maureen squirming eagerly against her bonds and moaning out loudly. I just assume her pussy is fully aroused by then. When I tell Paige to stop, she lifts her head up and lets me see the coat of honey clinging to her face around her fine lips. And it lets me see Maureen's pussy has been licked clean. Although already Maureen's slit is beginning to show a fresh weep of honey.

It leaves Maureen lying on the hard floor, panting her frustration, and wiggling lightly. I give Sophie the key to Maureen's cuffs and tell her to free Maureen. While Sophie's doing that, I stand over Maureen with my crop in hand and warn her to lie still for my slave. It's a good thing I do stand over her. I have to swat her hand with the crop the instant Sophie frees it to keep it lying still at her side. I don't let get far enough for me to know if it was going for Maureen's needy pussy or somewhere else. It doesn't matter. I told her to be still, and I expect her to obey. After that first swat, she lies still until Sophie is done unlocking her.

I have Maureen get to her feet. Before she's on her feet, I remind her to stand with them apart enough that her pussy is fully exposed to me, and nothing is touching it. Like those wiggly thighs, she's dying to squish it with. She gets up.

I have Sophie and Paige stand in a line, side by side. A tight line, their sides touching each other's as they stand with their hands behind their backs. I have them lean over, as one, and reach around the outside of their hips to open their pussies wide for “morning sluttiness inspection.” Both pussy are nicely wet. As they should be. Paige has now gotten to lick Maureen's pussy three times for my viewing pleasure, and she knows that I have been well pleased with her whoring. That excites her.

Watching all of the Maureen shows yesterday, her eager squirming and moaning as her pussy was teased without mercy, got me

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hot. So when I went to bed last night, I masturbated with my favorite sex toy. Sophie's tongue. Unlike my vibrators, the batteries in Sophie's tongue never die. She just keeps going on and on like an Energizer Bunny until the wild thrashing of my hips finally tosses her aside. Then she tucks me in and lies down on the floor beside the foot of my bed in case I might have some whim for her to cater to in the middle of the night. But that gets Sophie very aroused.

After both of them have suffered the night without their relief, now it's their turn. I do this every morning. I inspect their pussies, and when I deem them "so horny that they will distract the slave from properly serving me," I allow them to masturbate under my supervision. Never without supervision. Both of them would be squirming around, wiggling and moaning like gutter whores if I allowed it! Instead, they're supervised, required to stand still as they masturbate and be quiet. Then to cum immediately when I bore of watching the show. To ensure they behave, I have my crop in hand as they stand back up. Any infraction will earn them a stroke of the crop on their bottoms.

"I've decided to allow you both a nice reward for being such good girls yesterday," I tell Paige and Sophie. "slave, you will be first. Open your legs wide."

"YES, MISTRESS!" Sophie blurts out in a very eager and thrilled voice. She might not know what her reward will be, she knows that I will ensure it's good for her. Her left leg almost flies out to the side, stretching her legs fully open, as her right foot stays flush against Paige's foot. Her shoulder stays flush against Paige's shoulder, too.

"I will masturbate you with this new plaything of mine. You will behave, slave."

Sophie's eyes pop wide. "OH, YES, MISTRESS!" she very eagerly blurts out as the smile blooms on her face. She knows what I'm going to do now. Sophie is completely heterosexual. But she's also submissive. Power attracts and arouses her more than anything. As does having someone who is fully pleased by the service she has to offer. But heterosexual or not, there's no denying that a woman's tongue can very

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easily tease a clit very effectively.

I tap Maureen on her bare bottom, just lightly, with the tip of my crop. "On your knees, plaything." I watch as Maureen drops to her knees. Maureen, I'm fairly sure is bisexual. And I know that Brenda uses Maureen's tongue enough that it's as experienced as Paige's. Another tap punctuates my command for Maureen to scoot forward, bringing her knees up between Sophie's spread feet.



It also puts the very puffy mound of Sophie's pussy right in front of Maureen's eyes. Sophie's mound is so puffy that it stands a good inch down from the rest of her pubes. She has the plumpest lips I've ever seen, lips that are long and wide as well. But lips that don't fully meet, leaving a wide enough gash between them that the edges of her pink inner folds can stand out through her slit.

I give Maureen another little tap on her bottom with my crop. "Eat that pussy, plaything."

"Yes, Ma'am," Maureen answers. I don't know what technique Brenda has taught her to eat a pussy. Other than the obvious, whatever technique Brenda enjoys. Maureen readily brings her shoulders forward, putting her wide open mouth to the lips of Sophie's mound.

"MM!" Sophie mutes her purr by clenching her teeth firmly together. I command Sophie to tell me what "this worthless little pussy toy is doing." Sophie immediately answers me. "Its tongue is on my clit, Mistress. It is licking my clit, not too fast, but steadily, and sucking it into its mouth, Mistress." Sophie's voice is breathy already, more of a purring moan than speech. That tells me Maureen is doing a pretty decent job of tonguing Sophie's pussy.

But otherwise, this is just supervised masturbation for Sophie.

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She's still required to stand unmoving and as mute as possible while her pussy is stimulated. The only difference is that it isn't her finger doing the work. It's Maureen's tongue.

Sophie is always the better behaved of the pair. Nothing hurts her worse than disappointing me with her misbehavior. She'll nearly kill herself to behave. It doesn't take me long to see that it is about killing her now. I can see the tension straining her muscles, pulling them to a steely hardness. It's not easy to stand still and allow her pussy to be stimulated like this. Or any other way. Plus she has to keep her hands behind her back, and not ball them up into fists. I don't allow curled toes, either. I've taught them that supervised masturbation isn't for the pleasure of their pussies. It's only to release the tension in it so they're able to focus on fully pleasing me. Thus, they're forbidden to enjoy it. That would be taking an undeserved pleasure for themselves. Not that merely forbidding them from enjoying it means their bodies won't. They just can't show their enjoyment.

Sophie's legs grow so tense that they begin to vibrate. Her breathing turns into fast, stuttering pants. She keeps her eyes open, as I require. In about half of a minute, I see the pink flush begin to blossom on her white skin. And I see her face scrunching up.

She manages to last a minute. That's when I notice the little wiggle of her hips, forward then back, as if rubbing her clit against Maureen's mouth. It earns Sophie a firm swat on her bare bottom with the crop. It brings tears to her eyes. Not from the swat, it wasn't that hard. It was more just enough to get her attention and remind her to keep those hips still. These are tears of shame. The shame of knowing that she disappointed me by misbehaving during her reward. Her hips instantly freeze. Her breaths grow faster and more ragged as she stands there.

A minute or so later Sophie gets another stroke of my crop. This one on her feet for letting her toes curl. I'd bet she didn't even realize they were. Her legs are so stiff that her muscles just pulled the muscles in her feet tight, curling them up. But the swat gets her attention and

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they quickly uncurl.

I make her wait five minutes, enduring the soft tease of Maureen's tongue. It's the same time she'd have endured were she masturbating with her finger instead of Maureen's tongue. It's the minimum time that I always make a sub wait, enduring the stimulation, before I consider allowing her to cum. This way, the sub gets to really enjoy the arousing.

"Cum now, slave," I firmly tell Sophie.

"YES! MISTRESS!" Sophie's voice is pure breathiness, a sultry deepness, laced with her Southern accent.

Instantly a hard shivering shudder overtakes Sophie. She trembles hard for a couple of seconds. "UM!" she cries out with utter satisfaction in her voice. Her knees buckle, but she manages to catch herself and stay upright. With Maureen still licking her pussy. Now she squirms wildly, every which way, moaning out loudly as she cums.

I grab Maureen's hair and pull her head back from Sophie's pussy with a gentle tug and a firm command. Her face is almost fully covered with a coat of Sophie's honey. Just the short seconds of squirming that I allowed Sophie before taking the tongue away was enough that her mound managed to smear her honey over every bit of Maureen's face, from the top of her nose down to her chin.

"Quit wasting time, plaything. Go eat skanky's pussy for her, too."

"Skanky" is Paige's pet name, the one I bestowed upon her. It's short for skanky whore. "Yes, Ma'am," Maureen answers. She scoots over to kneel between Paige's feet and puts her mouth to Paige's mound.

Paige is already grinning wide.



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Now that my girls have had their morning relief, something Maureen is doing without today, and their shower it's time for me to get Maureen ready for her race. It's a specific routine that Brenda has for her. One that works. But Brenda has told me to feel free to add to it or do things my way. Just as long as the basics are done.

"On the wall, plaything," I firmly tell Maureen. Then, since I haven't told her that command before, I go on to instruct her what I want her to do. She to go the wall and stand facing it. Then she's to back up and lean over, putting her back flat with the floor. She's to stretch her hands out in front of her, spreading her fingers, and bracing them against the wall with her elbows locked. And with her feet spread wide apart. Then I just watch as she bends over and braces against the wall.

I have Sophie, now dressed for the day, at my side. Paige, still nude, I've sent to the kitchen to make breakfast for us. I send Sophie to fetch a tray with the supplies I want on it. Maureen isn't going to like this.

The position has Maureen's pussy and asshole easily accessible to me. But with her holding her head up, all Maureen can see is the wall. She doesn't have any idea what I'm doing or what Sophie is bringing me. Although I'm sure she can guess I'm going to do something to her. And I'm very sure she's praying that whatever I am going to do, it will relieve the ache in her honey-weeping pussy. Oh, how that has got to be throbbing her now!

Sophie brings over the tray I sent her for. She holds it out for me atop her upturned palms, her hands even with her nipples, and out six inches from her mounds. Then she stands silent, her role now that of a table to hold my tray. But her eyes watch what I'm doing. It's nothing she hasn't seen before. I guess she likes seeing it.

The first thing I have on my tray is a #28-French Foley catheter. It's one of the larger ones they make. Larger as in fatter, not longer. All Brenda asked me to was to make sure that Maureen went pee fully before her race. The catheter is my way of doing that. It will drain her

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far more effectively than merely using the toilet will. And it has the added benefit of being a rather uncomfortable and intimate invasion of her body.

The catheter is the same one used in hospitals and clinics everywhere. You can buy them cheaply on Amazon. Which is where I get most of mine. It's a length of latex tubing. At one end it has a semi-stiff, but flexible, insert. That's to guide it in. Around the outside of that tip, about an inch below the rounded point of it, there's a latex band, like a balloon, around the outside. There's a narrow channel running inside the wider, main channel. That narrow channel is what inflates the band. Then, at the other end, there's a Y where the narrower channel splits out of and off the wider one. Both ends of the Y have twist-on connectors on them. The smaller port also has a valve in it so that fluid will only flow when something is connected to the port. The main channel is just open.

I've already clamped off the tube, pinching off the thin rubber-walled main channel. That will stop anything from flowing through it until I remove the clamp. Now I squeeze a good bit of lubricating gel onto the tip. I use the regular gel, not the numbing lidocaine-infused stuff. I want Maureen to get to feel it fully.

I pull on a pair of latex gloves. There's no sense in getting my hands messy, and Maureen's pussy is very wet right now. By the time I was done, that honey would be clinging to my hand and drying to stickiness. Yuck.

I use the fingers of my left hand to push Maureen's lips and folds wide apart. It fully exposes her tunnel. But that's not what I'm after now. I use those fingers to pull on the pink flesh just under her tunnel, towards her clit, and stretch it tautly. Once I do that, I can see the tiny little hole that's the opening of her urethra.

As a student nurse, I've done this enough before. On actual people. And Maureen is far from the first woman I've done it to in this playroom. I put the rounded tip of the catheter flush against the narrow opening. It's somewhat wider than her hole. But its tip is well tapered.

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A gentle push is all it takes for that tapered tip to begin slipping into Maureen's narrow, rubbery urethra. "OW!" Maureen cries out. She stiffens up as well. She was definitely not expecting this mildly painful invasion. I'd bet it's the first time she's been stuck here. No one without some medical training would try it. Not that there's anything to it.

I just keep pressing and the catheter keeps slipping into her body. As it goes it stretches her rubbery urethra wide. And it goes against the natural flow of things. It hurts, but not so much. Just enough to make sure that you know your body doesn't want it there. Maureen, still tense, whines another "OW!" as it slips deeper into her.

It only takes a second or two for me to feel the resistance as the tip bumps against the entrance of her bladder. I push harder and the catheter jumps forward slightly, "popping" a hair as it enters. I press it forward a bit further until I'm sure the band has passed into her bladder. Then I hold it still as the tub quickly fills with golden pee all the way to the clamp.

Maureen immediately pants out her relief. Now that it's not moving, she can barely feel it in her. I get a small syringe, without a needle on it, and screw it onto the smaller port. It's already filled with the balloon inflator of choice, sterile water. I push its plunger. The water flows through the narrow channel and fills the band, stretching it out wide around the tip. That ensures that it will stay in place. I don't need to hold it any longer. I let go of it and twist the syringe off of the port. That goes back on the tray. I'll use it later to deflate the band.

I'm sure Maureen can figure out what I've done. She definitely knows where I've poked her, and how deeply it has gone inside her. And, while there are options, this is by far the most common thing to have been put into her.

She wouldn't feel herself going pee now. All she'd feel is the pressure in her bladder lessening. Growing less and less and until she couldn't feel any pressure any longer. As she stands there, I'll bet she's waiting to feel that easing. After a full night, I'm sure her bladder is full. But she's not going to be feeling it too soon.

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The last time Maureen was allowed to use the toilet was last night. Not right before bed, either. It was about 9:00, which was well after supper. Long enough that all of the water she had made it through her by then. And I didn't give her any water after that. I'm sure it has her reasonably ready to use the toilet again by now.

The second thing on my tray is a syringe-type enema. It holds 16 ounces. It has a pre-lubricated tip, about eight inches long and as wide as a pencil, already attached to it, now covered with a thin cap. And it's pre-filled with 16 ounces of mineral oil, tinged yellow with food dye. I picked the mineral oil for one reason. Her body won't absorb it. Unlike water, which her rectum would start to quickly absorb. And that would soon make it's way to her bladder. The oil will do nothing at all, other than the obvious. It will fill her rectum, stretching it out to its fullest and making her want that toilet worse than ever.

I pick it up and pop the cap off of it. I don't need to spread her cheeks. Bending over has her firm globes pulled far enough apart that her crack is opened wide enough for me to see her asshole. I just put the rounded tip of the nozzle flush against her tight ring.

A little pressure is all it takes for the nozzle to start inching into her ring, stretching the hard muscle and loose flesh enough to slip into the opening at the center. It won't hurt her. But Maureen is definitely feeling the narrow tube as it slides on the film of grease through her unwelcoming muscle. She just won't know what I'm putting into her bottom.

I keep the pressure steady. It keeps the tube slipping just as smoothly into her bottom, gliding along the loose flesh of her asshole, and then into her rectum. It glides along the inside of the walls of her rectum, held flush against them by the contents of her rectum. Those walls have enough nerves in them that she can feel the tube making its way along her insides. And thus, she'll know just how deeply it is into her bottom.

The eight-inch long nozzle is enough to almost reach the back of her rectum. I don't want it to get all the way to the back. There are far

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too many nerves there. Even just touching it would be unpleasant for Maureen. But I do want it close. I want it to fill her bowels up from the back. That will push everything in her rectum down, towards her asshole, as the fluid takes up the space behind. It will ensure the most thorough evacuation of her bowels. And that's my goal now. For this second of our weekend. I want her fully emptied out.

I push all of the nozzle into her bottom, stopping only when the base of the syringe is almost flush against the outside of her asshole. I hold it with one hand. The inside edges of her cheeks lie against the front of the wide syringe as I begin to push its plunger.

"OOH!... EE!" Maureen gasps out with a little squeal as she feels the first drops inside her. The enema fluid is cool. Room temperature, about 75 degrees. And that feels icy cold as it dribbles onto her 100-degree rectum. I see a faint shiver flow through her.

I keep pushing the plunger steadily, but not so fast. That keeps the fluid flowing into the back of her bowels, filling them. At first, it just pushes everything else towards her now tightly cinched asshole as it fills every bit of available space. Then, with no room left to accommodate the fluid that's still being pushed into her bottom, her rectum begins to stretch.

"OH... JEEPERS!" Maureen blurts out, "I HAVE TO POOP, MISS RODGERS!" Her cry is loud and very nervous. She blurts it out, her words almost running together into a desperate plea. "PLEASE, MISS RODGERS, I'VE NEVER HAD TO GO SO BADLY BEFORE! THIS IS MY FIRST ENEMA, MA'AM."

She's only had about five ounces of the enema. A mere third of it. Her bowels are going to get a lot fuller before I'm done. She's going to want that toilet far more than she does now.

She's also not allowed to speak without permission, and I didn't give her permission. Just because she's nervous isn't any reason for her to misbehaving, is it? I use my free hand to give her a hard swat on her cheek. "Next time, I'll get my belt, plaything," I tell her firmly, scolding her as she flinches from the swat that barely leaves a handprint on her

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globe. "You will stand there and get your enema like a good bitch. It's for your own good, so I don't expect you to be acting up like a scared little girl. It will get you completely empty for your race. Far more thoroughly than you are used to being emptied out."

"Yes, Miss Rodgers," Maureen says, her voice telling me that she's already resigned herself to suffering the enema. It tells me that her nervousness is mostly gone, too. As if that tiny bit of firmness was enough to remind her that I am in control. That I won't make it unbearable for her. That it is for her own good.

I keep pressing steadily. Maureen keeps mewling little "Oh-OW!s" as her rectum is uncomfortably stretched by the fluid filling it. But she also stays still, allowing her bottom to be filled. Because I said so. I hear her breathing steadily grow ragged again, and I wonder if it's excitement or strain, that's doing it to her. I don't really care, just wonder. She's going to endure the full enema experience.

As she nears the end of the enema, I can see her fingers tight as they grip against the wall. All of her body is tight and tense. And her mews come through clenched teeth with ragged, fast, nervous breaths. I know this is the point where she's wondering if she'll be able to endure the enema without having an accident. She's definitely feeling far more pressure, and a far stronger urge to use the toilet than she's ever felt before. And it's not comfortable for her.

I just keep going, pushing the last bit of the mineral oil into Maureen's bottom. Once the syringe is empty, I slowly ease the nozzle backward, and out of her asshole. Her ring immediately strains as it tightens to it's straining tightest. I set the syringe aside.

And I don't say anything to Maureen. Not a single word. I leave her standing there, bent over and braced against the wall. With her bottom offered up for whatever else I might do with it. With her bowels stretched to their fullest limit. Her asshole strains, feeling the pressure of the fluid just inside of it that's straining hard to burst forth. And her insides feeling as if they're going to explode any second now. It's about as full as her rectum could be filled before the fluid would start moving

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backward into her colon. That would just be a waste for this.

And I leave her there, in silence. I'm sure Maureen's only thought now is how long I'm going to ignore her until I allow her to use the toilet. Five minutes. That how long it takes for the enema to have its maximum cleansing effect. And that's all I'm concerned about.

But I am curious. I wonder if Maureen likes the enema or not. Or should I say if her pussy likes it? I know she's hating it. A single glance is all I need. I can see those narrow, thick lips of hers. I can see the yellow latex tube emerging from between her loose, wrinkly pink folds. And I can see the honey covering it all. Even the top inch or so of the catheter. I don't have to open her pussy to know how aroused it is now. And I don't. Let her wonder if I know it or not.

At the five minute mark, I warn Maureen that she's going to feel some light cramps when she moves. I don't care. She's also going to feel the pressure grow in its intensity suddenly, and then gradually ebb back to what it is now. That's the result of the shift angle of her bowel as she moves. I tell her that she's to behave. She's to be a big girl. She's to ignore her cramps and move her body normally. It's better for her bottom if she does, so I am going to make her. Or so I tell her. Then I tell her to stand up.

Maureen cries out a loud "ooh!-OW!" as she rises, but she makes herself rise up normally. I make her keep her hands open, instead of balling them up into tightly clenched fists as she wants to do. Then I have her walk to the bathroom and stand in front of the toilet.

I only leave her there a few seconds, staring at the toilet she needs more than ever. I tell her to get in the shower. And to get on the wall just as she was, opening her feet to the walls of the tub, her head towards the showerhead.

Maureen groans a little and cringes as she makes herself step over the wall of the tub and get back into the same position she was just in. Sophie and I stand out of the tub, but where we can see. It's time for Maureen to endure a little sweet humiliation.

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"Good girl," I tell her softly. If she knew me better she'd know by the tone of my voice that she wasn't going to like this. "Since a plaything like you shouldn't be entrusted to take care of its own body, I have to make sure that you empty your rectum fully and properly," I tell her. Then I tell her that she's to let go. And to push hard, and keep pushing. To let all of her bowels empty. I ask her if she has any questions.

"Yes, Miss Rodgers," she says. It's the first time she's asked a question. Her voice sounds tentative as if she's not sure she should even be asking. "You mean for me to do it... like this, Ma'am? Here? Not on the toilet, Ma'am?"

"Yes. That's exactly what I told you to do. Stand just like you are empty your rectum. That way we can all see exactly what you are doing, and I'll know that you've done it properly. Do that now, plaything."

"Yes, Ma'am," Maureen answers confidently. Her voice says she doesn't much care for the idea, but also that she accepts it is what she's going to do.

Maureen lets go. I don't have to worry about her cheeks. I love her so firm globes. Just bending over has her asshole fully visible. It lets me see her ring almost pop wide open as the torrent bursts from her bottom. It's a powerful geyser, shooting back the two feet to splat against the back wall of the tub. The fluid is still clear and yellow-tinged, not dark. It comes out almost as it went in.

"Ew!" Maureen groans softly under her breath. I get it. This is already messy. I knew it would be. But I'll just have to deal with that. It's the most degrading way I could think up to allow Maureen her relief. She's getting it. It's explosive. The fluid splashes against the wall, flows down into the tub, and then along the tub to the drain at the far end. Its path takes it mostly between her feet and right under her eyes where she can see it. It washes along her feet, too. A small trickle of it flows from asshole, down along her pussy mound, and drips into the tub, too. It's almost all yellowish, but with plenty of brown mess dotted into it. It shows Maureen just how dirty her bottom was inside.

I stand well back. I am so not getting splashed. I just wait as the

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torrent flows from asshole. I watch, but not so much because I want to see it. I just want Maureen to know how closely she's being watched.

Maureen groans a few more "ew!s" as she empties. She stands still, as she was told to. It's hard to see her pussy now. But it's not hard to see her nipples. Those are rock hard, dancing as her breasts jiggle slightly under her chest.

I wait until Maureen is done, her bowels fully emptied into the tub. Then I take the handheld showerhead down and turn on some cold water. I liberally spray Maureen's bottom, and especially her pussy mound, washing away the heavy coat of mess clinging to her crack, her globes, and her mound.

Maureen squeals as the cold water hits her. She shivers. She doesn't object. I'm sure she's rather happy to feel the mess being washed off so quickly after she's done. Even if she does have to watch it flow down the tub to the drain. At least I've taken the strainer off the drain so it can all flow easily away.

I already have gloves on my hands. And I have a spare packet of lubricating gel in my pocket. I pull the packet out and squirt about a third of the gel onto the tip of my finger. I'm behind Maureen. She doesn't see any of it. She doesn't see anything. She's still shivering from the icy spray and cringing from the rest.

I put the tip of my finger flush against her tight asshole. And I push. I'm not rough. I don't want to make it uncomfortable for her. I'm just casual, professional. As if her comfort isn't any concern at all.

My finger quickly, and rather easily, presses into her bottom. It slips fully into her. Maureen stays still, grunting uncomfortably as I push into her. Now my finger feels nothing. Just the loose, filmy walls of her empty rectum lying against it. All around it. It lets me feel that she's completely empty now.

I pull my finger back out of her bottom. Maureen gives me a little grunt of relief. "Good girl, plaything. Your rectum is fully empty now."

"Thank you, Miss Rodgers," Maureen says sweetly. As if she

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appreciates the fact that I went so far as to check.

I reach down and take the clamp off the catheter. It lets the urine flow. It flows freely, and quickly, through the catheter and into the tub. Now it's a stream of deep, dark, pee flowing down the tub to the drain. I leave the clamp off, even after the pee stops flowing. That way, as each drop of fresh pee, finds its way to Maureen's bladder, it will run out of the tube and dribble into the tub instead of accumulating inside her. She's completely empty now, and the catheter will ensure that she stays that way until I clamp it off again.

"plaything, you are going to stay just as you are. My slave will wash and groom you for your race. Obey my slave." I firmly tell her.

"Yes, Ma'am," Maureen answers. Now I can hear a little bit of honey in her voice. I don't know if Brenda gives Maureen baths or not. I doubt it. I don't usually bathe my slaves. I just supervise their showers. But this is a special occasion. Maureen is going out in public, and she's going to get some attention. She'll be representing me. I trust Sophie to have Maureen looking her best for it. And I have no doubt Maureen will see it as a rare treat, to be so fully taken care of.

Sophie gets a very large, four-liter, douche bag. It's already filled with my preferred solution of sterile water laced with medical-grade disinfectant, cleanser, and a touch of scent. It's a sweet jasmine scent. All of it is perfectly safe for this use. It's the same stuff that's used in commercial products. I just buy bulk bottles of it and mix my own. It already has a finger thick hose attached to it. But there's no nozzle.

Sophie starts with the "scrubbing" nozzle. It's a regular douche nozzle with a thick layer of soft, dense, spongy foam wrapped around it. And over the tip of it. The nozzle is hard plastic, but it isn't any thicker than my thumb. With the spongy foam around, it's more like the thickness of a cock.

Sophie flips the shut-off valve in the hose. It lets the solution begin to flow through the nozzle. It quickly soaks the sponge. The sponge starts dripping slowly.

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Sophie uses her bare fingers to ease Maureen's lips wide apart. That lets Sophie see Maureen's tunnel fully exposed. Sophie ignores the thick tube of the catheter, emerging from the tiny hole just above Maureen's tunnel and hanging down over the tunnel. She just eases it aside. Then Sophie puts the tip of the sponge nozzle to the entrance of Maureen's tunnel.

Sophie presses firmly, slowly pushing the soft spongy nozzle into Maureen's tunnel. It's wide enough to stretch Maureen's walls a bit, pulling them taut, but not tight, as they snuggle around the foam. Sophie keeps the nozzle moving until she feels the tip of it bump against the back of Maureen's pussy.

Now the solution is flowing through the nozzle, soaking the sponge, and dribbling into Maureen's pussy along its full length. Sophie starts moving the nozzle with short, smooth strokes. They're not fast strokes, but they're not slow either. The spongy nozzle scrubs over the insides of Maureen's pussy walls, scrubbing everything clean with the solution soaked into it. Slowly, the used solution begins dripping out of Maureen's pussy, taking her honey along with it, into the tub.

"OOH!" Maureen purrs very sweetly. She tenses just a little as she stands there. She purrs. Louder and more urgently with every stroke. Her pussy doesn't know it's being washed. It only knows that something very soft and gentle is stroking against its walls and very sweetly tending to the countless eager nerves there.

Sophie gives Maureen about half of a minute of that. It has Maureen purring rather hungry moans by then. Then she pulls the sponge out. She quickly replaces the nozzle with an identical one that doesn't have the sponge around it. She slips that one into Maureen's pussy, all the way to the back, and lets the solution flow. All four liters of it flow into the back of Maureen's pussy, then through her pussy, rinsing everything away with it as it flows out the entrance of her tunnel and rains down into the tub.

Now that every possible orifice of Maureen's has been thoroughly washed out, Sophie begins with Maureen's outside. First Maureen will

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be shaven. With hair removal cream, not a razor. It's far more effective. After this, it will be over a week before there's a hint of stubble to be found on her. For the race, Maureen is going to be completely shaven. Sophie starts at Maureen's underarms, and coats every bit of Maureen's body with the cream, all the way down to the tips of her toes. Even inside Maureen's crack. Over her globes. Her back and stomach. Her breasts. And all of the usual places like her legs. Everything. Maureen won't even have a single strand of peach fuzz left on her stomach after this. Once Maureen is covered in the cream, Sophie will leave her to stand there for the seven minutes the cream takes to work. Then she'll diligently scrape it all off Maureen's skin with the little plastic scraper provided.

Maureen's hair will be shampooed and conditioned.

And then Sophie will use a jasmine-scented body wash and a little plastic scrubber to completely wash every cell of Maureen's skin. She'll spread Maureen's cheeks, pull the wrinkly flesh around Maureen's asshole taut and scrub that. She'll open Maureen's lips, then her folds, and scrub her pinkness as well. She'll get between Maureen's toes. She'll even scrub Maureen's eyelids and lips with the soap.

Then Sophie will carefully spray the suds off Maureen's body, rinsing her completely with cold water. And then, Maureen will be allowed to stand up. Sophie will dry her off. Then she'll leash Maureen and bring her to me.

I don't stay to watch. I've seen it enough before. More importantly, I know that Sophie will do a great job on her own. She's always very studious when I allow her to clean my things. My things like this plaything.



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When Sophie brings Maureen to me I already have the bottle of electrolyte solution that will be her breakfast ready. It's a sixteen-ounce bottle that provides a healthy dose of energy for her. And most of what she'll need. A good lunch after the race will make up for it. But she runs better on an empty stomach, as long as she isn't hungry. This will keep her from being hungry.

Sophie has put the clamp back on the catheter for me. She kind of had to before she could let Maureen out of the tub. Otherwise, she'd be dribbling on my floor. That, I'd never tolerate. So Maureen walks in, wearing only her collar, led by her leash, and with the tube dangling down from her pussy almost to her knees. And bouncing off her thighs as she walks. I'll bet that's a nice reminder that it's in.

I have Maureen stand in the kitchen, her back to a wall, and watch her drink her breakfast.

Then I take Maureen back to the playroom, where I have her racewear laid out on the massage table. I didn't get a choice in what she wore. Everything, even her socks, are provided by one of her sponsors. With their logo on it. Prominently. Too bad. I'd find a race she could run naked and have her in it. There's got to be one somewhere! Maybe San Francisco?

I also have a little plastic tray laid out on the table. That's covered with a cloth to keep Maureen from seeing what's on it. I walk Maureen over to the table, standing her at its side, facing the table. I don't tell her anything, I just put my hand to her back, between her shoulder blades, and push lightly. She leans forward, not that she has a choice with me pushing on her.

It leaves her feet together, but it does pull her cheeks taut. It's still enough to bare her asshole and pussy mound to me. Although it leaves her pussy mound puffing out between her thighs. It'll do.

I pull on a fresh pair of gloves. Then I get a small round balloon off the tray. I put a heavy film of lubricating gel on the balloon. Then I put it flush against Maureen's tensed asshole. I use my finger to press it through her tight asshole, leaving only the end of the balloon sticking

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out of her bottom. That I hang on to snugly with my other hand. The fingers, and the part of the balloon, that don't have any slippery gel on them.

I use a piece of PVC pipe to stretch the end of the balloon wide. It's only about an inch long, $\frac{3}{4}$ " in diameter. It doesn't matter, since it doesn't go into Maureen's bottom. It just stretches the open end of the balloon wide outside. Then, almost immediately after the pipe, Maureen's asshole squeezes the balloon tightly, shutting it.

Also on the tray are ten hard rubber balls. They're decent-sized, maybe about twice the size of a marble. And they're all covered with a heavy coat of the slick gel. I pick one up, barely managing to keep it in my fingers. I slip it through the pipe. It stops when it butts up against the balloon, where it's tightly squished shut in Maureen's clenched asshole.

I use my finger to press it firmly. It's rounded. It quickly forces her asshole to start stretching wide. Maureen grunts hard as the ball pushes through her tight ring. It jumps. The instant it has her asshole stretched wide enough to pass through, it jumps forward and vanishes. Maureen's asshole quickly snaps back shut, pinching the balloon snug behind it. The ball stays just inside Maureen's ring, the balloon holding it.

Nine more to go. I get another and push it through the pipe, then through Maureen's asshole, and into the balloon where it lies beside the first ball. And so on until all ten of them have vanished inside her bottom.

Now it's time to tie it off. I drape a thick string over the end of the balloon, pulling the pipe out. I tie the balloon's end into a knot around the string. Then I tie the string around the balloon. It's enough of a knot that it won't be coming apart. I use the tip of my very greasy finger to press the end of the balloon into her bottom. It leaves the string sticking through her tight ring and dangling down about eight or nine inches.

It also leaves a balloon full of little balls inside her rectum. The

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balls have the round balloon swollen up to about 1 ½ inch in all directions. It's big enough that Maureen is going to feel it. But it's going to be more of a weird feeling for now, not an uncomfortable one. Especially with her fully empty rectum. There's now plenty of room in there for it.

I tell Maureen to stand up.

"OH!" Maureen blurts out a surprised screech. Instantly it fades into a much deeper "OOH!" A far more sultry "ooh," too. Maureen must be discovering that the balloon full of balls is wide enough to have the very bottom of her rectum filled. Not quite stuffed, but filled enough to be pressing against whatever is beyond those paper-thin walls of her bowels. And there, at the very bottom of her rectum, it's the backside of Maureen's pussy walls that are just beyond those walls.

As Maureen moves, even a tiny little movement, her bowels are going to be shifting around slightly inside her body. As they do, they'll pull one, two, or five of those balls, stroking them over the nervy backside of her pussy. She'll feel that, fairly intensely, in her pussy. Not so much in her bottom.

I quickly take the catheter out of Maureen's pussy. The last few drops of her pee still haven't even filled the tube up, so there's no need to drain anything.

Then I have Maureen dress for the race. She gets stretch pants that fit her snugly and cover her down to mid-calf. She gets a sports bra that's equally snug on her, especially with her ample, firm breasts straining it. They don't seem to want to squish down so much. More stand out round and proud. She gets socks and sneakers to go with it. And a baseball cap with another sponsor's logo on it that she has to wear. I'd bet it'll be one of the only hats anyone is wearing. But a deal is a deal!

I leave Maureen on her leash. She does so enjoy humiliation, so I don't see any reason not to walk her over to the race on the leash. I'll free her just about two seconds before all the other regular racers get to see her. I doubt they know she's owned.

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I start walking Maureen to the door. Maureen purrs soft little "ooh!s" the entire way to the door. I expected her to. Every step she takes has those balls bouncing against the back of her pussy, sending tiny little hot sparks into her walls to tingle her so sweetly.

I stop at the door, sending Sophie to fetch Paige's clothes. Paige is required to stay naked in the house. Always. No exceptions. When she goes out, she dresses here at the door and isn't allowed to step any further into the house with her clothes on. When we return, they come off here, too. I give Sophie the key to Paige's leg irons and let her take them off. Then we watch Paige quickly dress in jeans and a cotton blouse. I have her pull her hair back into a ponytail, too. That, along with the lack of make-up, gives Paige a slightly younger look.

I leash Paige. But since I'm walking Maureen, I have Sophie take Paige's leash for me. I know Sophie would enjoy being leashed as well, but she won't mind. She knows I want her to walk Paige. I'll leash Sophie for the race. She's the one I trust the most off the leash, or I should say the one I make them think I trust. I trust all of them. If they didn't want to be mine, they wouldn't be here. But Sophie has the highest status among them.

We walk. It's only a few blocks, and Brenda told me that Maureen needs to walk a little before running. And now, I don't have a car to worry about! I won't have to fight the traffic and take a half-hour to get the few blocks back to my place! Besides, I drive a Mazda Miata. It only has two seats. Someone would be a trunk monkey on that trip, and I mean it literally. There's no way to squeeze more than two into the seat! That only leaves the trunk for the third slave. Not that Paige would mind it so much. But I would, at least if I were stopped by a cop. Explaining the girl in the trunk might get... interesting. I'm sure I'd get a ticket, too. There are no seat belts in the trunk!

The starting line, and check-in, are on Government Street up by the courthouse. There are plenty of routes I could take. Some, like Conception Street, are decent sized. I take the less used roads. The ones that are little more than alleys. The ones the locals know, not the

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others here just for the race. And that's about everyone. These roads are mostly deserted. We pass only the more adventurous of the crowd. And we get some strange looks from those we do pass.

I am pretty sure that most, if not all, of the looks we get, are because of the two leashed girls with us. But it just might be the soft moans Maureen is purring the entire way. Those balls are giving her pussy hell! I'll bet it's twitching away and aching for an orgasm.

We stop about one block from the check-in table. From here, there's just no avoiding the crowd. So I unleash Maureen and tell her she's to stay at my side. Then I leash Sophie. I have two hands, so I can hold two leashes! I'm sure we'll be a spectacle. Only the few people who live close by, downtown will recognize me. They'll be used to seeing Sophie leashed. The rest... not so much. It'll make for a good story for the tourists to take home!

I walk Maureen up to the check-in table. She signs in and gets her number. We step back from the table, and I pin the numbers onto her. I do the one in the back first. The one in front is much more fun. I put it with the top of it lined up with her breasts. And pinning it on gives me all the excuse I need to get a hand up under Maureen's sports bra. It doesn't even look unnatural for me to have my hand there. It looks like I'm just putting her number on.

I make full use of the excuse. I give her mound a gentle squish while my hand is under there. It lets her feel my feminine touch on the bare skin of her breast. And while I'm doing that, I let my thumb stroke over the top of her nipple. It's stiff. But I already knew that. It strains out against the tight sports bra. I so bet the sponsor designed this bra that way. It will definitely have half of the crowd, the male half, looking at her chest.

I walk Maureen up to the starting line. She has a good starting place, in the first group, right behind the tape. I wait with her for a few minutes until the race is ready to start.

When it's time for me, and everyone else without a number pinned to his or her chest, to get out of the road, I tell Maureen good

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luck. That I will be waiting at the finish line. And I remind her that the better she finishes, the more she's going to like her reward. I ask her if she has any questions for me.

She does. But only one. "How am I ever going to run with this... thing up my butt, Miss Rodgers? It's driving me insane, and we've only walked a few blocks! PLEASE, MA'AM! Don't make me do this!"

I grin. Then the most evil thought hits me. I turn to Paige. "Give this plaything a little encouragement, skanky."

Paige smirks. She steps up to Maureen and quickly wraps her arms around Maureen. She pulls her close and holds her. She leans close, her lips just beside Maureen's ear. She whispers. "Win your race plaything... My Queen said you can have a nice reward if you do really well."

Paige acts like she's going to step back, then puts her lips to Maureen's instead. She starts kissing Maureen. It's a long and very passionate kiss. The only kind of kiss I'd allow Paige to give.

Maureen immediately blushes to a deep beet red. After a few seconds, she realizes that I'm still standing here. She starts kissing Paige back.

A loud round of applause breaks out. All of it sounding male. I hear a couple of catcalls as well, guys remarking how hot it is to see two pretty girls making out. And one guy remarking that it's a "double waste of hot chicks." With an attitude like that, no wonder he thinks it's a waste. Like they'd ever talk to him!

The catcalls do the job of humiliating Maureen. And that usually gets her rather aroused. And this time it gets her blushing even deeper.

Paige finally breaks the kiss. She puts her lips back up beside Maureen's ear. "I am so totally praying that you win..." Paige seductively licks around the lines of Maureen's ear with the tip of her delicate tongue. "And that I get to be your reward."

She puts her lips to Maureen's again. Instead of kissing Maureen

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again, Paige uses her tongue to lick Maureen's lips just once, slowly and softly. "I will so make you scream!"

Paige steps back with an evil grin on her face.

A tear rolls down Maureen's cheek. "I am never going to make it the first mile like this..." She laments under her breath.

We all step off. Two minutes later, a very hot, and tormented Maureen, is taking off for the race.

I don't wait at the starting line. I walk, leading Sophie and Paige along with me. I click up an Uber. It's easier than going back for my car. I Uber up to the campus, where the racecourse has about its halfway point.

This is the perfect place for a "reminder" tease for Maureen. I figure it's the point where the fatigue will start hitting her. So I've planned a pick me up.

I find us all a place, and we wait until the first runner, a man, comes by the checkpoint. Then I have Paige get ready. She waits until I give her the signal, and that's when Maureen is close to us. And sees us watching her.

Paige lifts her shirt all the way up until it only covers her breasts. On Paige's flat stomach I've written "Win My Tongue!" I wrote it in bright red lipstick.

Maureen sees it and blushes slightly.

Paige very quickly flashes her breasts to Maureen.

Maureen passes by us.



Chapter 07: Finish Line

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Maureen gets the honor of being the 27th person across the finish line. It makes her the second woman. And first in her age class. She makes the 26-mile course in just under four hours. It's a good pace. It's a very good finish. They're giving prizes for the top 3 finishers of each gender. They're giving smaller prizes for the top finishers in each gender-age group. Maureen is the second woman overall, earning her \$2000. She's the top woman in her age group, earning her another \$1000. It's not exactly a winning lottery ticket, but it's a nice chunk of change. Plus her sponsors give her generous "bonus" checks for placing high enough to be standing up on the stage during the award ceremony wearing their logos. The \$3000 will nicely cover my expenses of taking care of Maureen for the weekend. Plus a nice contribution to my tuition & textbook fund.

It's also a pace that leaves Maureen looking like a mess as she crosses the line. Her tanned skin is well flushed. She's literally dripping sweat. She's breathing deep and hard. She crosses the line at her fastest running pace, then slowly fades into a walking pace. Several onlookers give her a pat on the back, telling her that she did well.

Maureen slowly steps off the road, onto the sidewalk where the spectators are gathered. She keeps moving, gradually slowing. She stops for a second, the first time her feet have stopped pounding in over 26 miles. She leans forward, her hands on her knees as she tries to slow her breathing.

I step up beside her. Instantly I clip a leash onto her collar. "You did good, plaything," I tell her now that the crowd's attention has shifted to another pair of runners, one male one female, who are about to cross the line. "Come along."

I know Maureen needs to walk for a bit, to allow her muscles to cool off slowly. It's a block to the front door of my apartment building. That's a nice little walk for her. We have at least an hour, maybe closer to two, before the big award ceremony. They're going to wait to have it until they have a winner in all of the age-gender groups, and according to the announcer, a couple of the groups don't have anyone within miles

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of the finish yet.

It leaves me plenty of time to take care of Maureen and get her back for the ceremony. I'll bet I know what she'll like. And she did earn herself a nice reward.

I lead Maureen along the street, past a couple of food trucks, to my apartment. I even skip the funnel cake truck! Those are so delicious! My building is slightly unusual, at least to me, in that the lobby is on the second floor. The ground floor is all businesses, leaving only a small atrium and a wide staircase up to the lobby. I could take the elevator straight up from the ground floor, but it's not so easy to get to. It's down a small service corridor behind some of those stores. It's much easier to go up to the lobby where those same elevators stop. It's designed for you to come in that way.

"How'd she do?" the building's doorman asks me as I lead Maureen in. She's still sweating and panting. The doorman is a retired soldier, turned cop and retired again, and now collecting a third paycheck. He's a great guy, too. He's good at keeping anyone from just popping up, except for my BFFs who have keys to my place. And he doesn't bat an eyelash at me and my leashed toys. "She earned me a few dollars," I grin back to him. He has an elevator waiting for me by the time I get up there.

As soon as we set foot in the apartment, I have both Paige and Maureen strip everything off. I'm sure Maureen's clothes are going to smell awful with sweat. Her body, too. But when her pants come off, I can smell as much of her musk as I can the sweat. I can see the little string sticking out of her bottom, too, as it drops down to dangle freely now that her pants are off.

I send Maureen straight to the shower. And I give her warm water for her muscles. I tell Maureen to stand in the tub with her feet spread, facing the glass doors, and her hands out from her sides. With the evil grin on my face, I tell Paige to "wash this plaything up."

"Oh, Yes!" Paige squeals with plenty of eagerness in her voice, "my Queen!" Paige knows what I want her to do. I told her earlier

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before Maureen crossed the finish. There were two choices, one if Maureen did well and one if she didn't. Maureen did well. So I told Paige to give Maureen the sweeter version.

Maureen is required to stand still and allow Paige to wash her. Paige starts with Maureen's hair, washing it quickly but thoroughly.

And then Paige gets to the fun part of it. She gets her hands lathery with soap. She starts at Maureen's lean shoulders, working the soap onto Maureen's skin with her tender hands instead of a scrubber. And Paige's hands are especially tender. After only a few seconds, I can see that Maureen wants to close her eyes to bask in the warm water and Paige's caresses.

Then Paige gets to Maureen's breasts. "Ooh...these are just so dirty..." Paige tells Maureen teasingly. "I'm going to have to wash them extra well..." Maureen's breasts aren't any sweatier than the rest of her body. Paige's hands begin softly flowing over Maureen's firm mound, giving them a few little squishes. But mostly her hands are lightly stroking and caressing the flesh. And the nipples. Paige spends plenty of time on those. She "washes" them with two fingers, massaging the soap into the hard nubs with her fingers. She gives them a couple of little pinches, each one getting a hot purr from Maureen. She swirls the tip of a finger around the edge of Maureen's nubs. Paige lets the water rinse Maureen's mounds. Then she leans forward and plants a long kiss atop each hard nipple, encircling the hard nub with her fine lips, and swirling her tongue slowly around the nub.

Paige works her way down Maureen's body. She doesn't hurry. She spends far more time washing Maureen than she needs to. Her touch is always soft, a lover's touch. It keeps Maureen purring softly the entire time.

Then Paige gets down to Maureen's pussy mound. Obviously, that too needs a good washing. Paige starts with her soapy, slippery fingers, massaging the soap into the outside of her thick soft lips. That has Maureen purring even a little more eagerly. Then Paige's fingers slip around to wash the inside of those lips. Her fingers stroke softly over

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the pink underside. Maureen purrs even more eagerly. Paige takes her time.

Paige's fingers move to wash Maureen's rather loose and wrinkly inner folds now. She lightly pinches a fold in her fingers, stroking her fingers along its length and teasing the flesh captured between those fingers. She takes her time with those as well. And then she uses her fingers to wash the rest of Maureen's pinkness.

That lets her fingers wash the hard knot surrounding Maureen's clit. And Maureen's very hard, pulsing clit. Maureen almost screeches the instant Paige's fingers touch her clit. Her purr is loud, and desperate in its eagerness. A very crisp shudder sweeps over Maureen's body. And then Paige starts to move those fingers over the tip of Maureen's clit.

Maureen cries out a starving-hungry "UM!" as another, sharper, shudder flows over her body. It hits her so hard that her knees buckle, almost dropping her down to her bottom.

"Ooh... that clit is so eager for my tongue, isn't it?" Paige remarks in a teasingly honeyed voice. Maureen isn't allowed to answer Paige. It's one of the rules. It's a rule I made for Paige, to constantly remind her that no one cares what she has to say. Maureen just purrs even more eagerly.

"Did that little run of yours get that pussy all hot, plaything?" I ask Maureen.

"Yes, Ma'am!" Maureen blurts out in a sultry deep voice. "This pussy is as hot as it's ever been, Ma'am. Those... freaking balls up my butt drove me insane before the first mile, Miss Rodgers. They were constantly teasing this pussy, Ma'am! I couldn't stand it!"

I have Paige work her way down now, washing Maureen's legs. Paige doesn't have to tell me how those legs feel now. I can see it. And I've felt them before. Her muscles are even more defined after the workout. And her skin is hot to the touch. Everywhere, not just her legs. I'll bet those legs are tired!

Then Paige works around to Maureen's bottom. That gets extra

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attention from Paige as well. Her hands very gently caress Maureen's toned globes. Her fingers ease their way into Maureen's crack, softly washing the flesh there, too. Paige knows that I expect my toys to be kept very clean. And Maureen is my toy for now.

I tell Paige to "make sure Maureen's butt is clean."

Paige spreads Maureen's cheeks and starts washing the flesh there again. She spends a few extra seconds washing Maureen's asshole with the pad of a single finger, more massaging the tensed muscle with her finger than anything. "My Queen, this plaything's anus is very clean now, Ma'am," Paige tells me sweetly with a little giggle in her voice. The giggle I think is from the way Maureen purred and shivered as Paige teased her asshole.

"Is it clean enough to eat off of, skanky?"

"Oh yes, my Queen!" Paige eagerly says. She's been mine long enough that she can likely guess what I'm going to tell her next. I doubt she's nearly as eager as her voice is. Or maybe she is. Paige definitely loves getting to be impish and torment someone, male or female.

Paige's fingers are holding Maureen's cheeks wide apart. It leaves Maureen's pink asshole fully exposed. It lets me see the faint wrinkles that line the pink flesh pulled mostly taut now. It lets me see the white, waxed, string appearing from the dark pinpoint at the center of the pinkness, too. The string that dangles down now. "Prove it, skanky," I tell Paige with a little bit of a taunt in my voice.

Paige just stretches her mouth wide and sticks her tongue out. She puts the tip of her tongue to the center of Maureen's pink asshole, almost directly atop the point where the string appears. Maureen sucks in a sharp breath as she feels the hot, delicate tip of Paige's tongue against her asshole. Then Paige starts to lick her tongue around in a tiny circle, stroking its tip over Maureen's ring.

Maureen shrieks, her body tensing instantly to steel. Then her body trembles hard as Paige's tongue finishes its single circuit around Maureen's ring.

Chapter 07: Finish Line

Paige's tongue returns to its starting point at the center of Maureen's asshole. Paige is eager to do two things. First to please me with her obedience. Second, to torment Maureen. Maybe because Paige knows I'll enjoy watching Maureen teased. Maybe because she's rather playful and will enjoy seeing it herself.

Paige presses her tongue forward, pushing the tip of it into Maureen's tightly clenched asshole.

Maureen tenses again, this time so hard and suddenly that her body jumps forward until her chest is flush against the wall. Maureen screams out the loudest, and most pleadingly urgent, moaning "UMM!" Her body trembles hard, pinned against the wall now, Paige's lips still flush against her asshole. And the inside edges of Maureen's cheeks against the sides of Paige's face.

Paige teases away. It's kind of hard for me to see what Paige is doing. But it looks to me as if Maureen's asshole suddenly relaxed to make it easier for Paige's tongue. I can see Paige's tongue moving, licking the inside of Maureen's thick ring of muscle. I can see Maureen trembling hard and screeching away, too.

Paige finally takes her tongue away. Maureen relaxes and backs off the wall. "See, my Queen, plaything's anus is so clean I will eat off of it, Ma'am!... And I will gladly eat it, my Queen!"

I don't bother telling Paige to dry Maureen off. The floors are tile so a few drops of warm water won't hurt them. I tell Paige to take Maureen by the hand and walk her to the playroom for her reward.

"Come along, plaything, my Queen wants me to reward you for your run now. I am going to give you the best reward ever!" Paige very affectionately takes Maureen's hand and walks her out of the bathroom. The playroom is just across the hall. A few shorts steps.

In under a minute, a very dripping wet Maureen is lying on the massage table. On her back. Paige isn't letting Maureen do anything. She's lifting Maureen's feet up, putting them on the table for her with Maureen's knees fully bent. And Maureen's pussy fully exposed to her.

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I leave Maureen's feet free. That way they can squirm. Last time, with her pussy being teased, those feet squirmed rather amusingly. I'd hate to miss a chance to see that again. But I do put a pair of heavy zip ties on Maureen, one around each wrist binding it to the steel tube frame of the table. It has her hands held at the edge of the table, a few inches away from the rest of her body.

On my cue, Paige puts her lips to Maureen's pussy. Her lips are closed and puckered up, as Paige uses them to push Maureen's thick, soft lips apart. Then she stretches her mouth wide, pushing Maureen's lips aside with hers. It leaves Paige's delicate lips surrounding the hard knot and Maureen's clit wide enough that they're touching nothing but pinkness. And Paige's lips have Maureen's loose folds pushed flat under them.

Paige lies the tip of her tongue against the side of Maureen's hard clit. She starts swirling it, slowly, rhythmically circling her hot, wet tongue around the edges of Maureen's hard, honey-covered clit.

Maureen screams out. It's a long, unending cry of "UMM!" She thrashes. Wildly. Instantly. Her hips fly all over the table, her bottom snapping up and down as it thrashes from side to side. Her head beats back against the padded table. Her back arches up and down. Her knees snap up violently, fast and hard, to knock against her breasts before hanging just above them. Her feet kick up and down, her toes curled.

And Maureen "hangs" like that, thrashing away wildly as Paige's skilled tongue steadily swirls around her clit.

It doesn't take Maureen too long. In half of a minute, her pussy is weeping honey fast enough that I see a drop of it fall from Paige's chin to the table below. I have no doubt that Maureen is so ready to cum. But like a good slave, she's holding her orgasm in check as long as she can, waiting for permission to climax.

I don't give her permission. Not directly. I tell Paige to pull the string. Paige's finger goes right to the short length of string emerging from Maureen's bottom. She wraps it around her fingers. She starts pulling, gently.

Chapter 07: Finish Line

Paige's pull isn't enough to pull the balloon full of little balls from Maureen. But it is enough to pull it against the inside of Maureen's asshole, urging her asshole to relax and let it out. Maureen's asshole isn't able to relax. Not now. It's busy clenching impossibly tight, along with the rest of Maureen's muscles, as she fights to behave.

Paige steadily pulls harder and hard on the string. It takes about fifteen seconds before Paige pulls hard enough. Maureen's asshole doesn't relax. But the pressure of the balls in the balloon against the inside of the ring finally becomes enough that it pulls Maureen's ring, stretching it quickly wide enough open to allow them to pass through. The pink balloon, filled with the little balls, explodes from Maureen's bottom, shooting out through the tightly strained ring of muscle and dropping onto the table.

Maureen screams "AH!" at the loudest her lungs will scream. Her body freezes for an instant. Then, as the balls begin stretching her ring to the very widest, and popping out through the tensed, but open, ring, Maureen explodes. Instantly she's flopping and thrashing hard. Her body jumps all over the table, snapping hard with spasms. For an instant, I can see her asshole snapping with the spasms, too.

Maureen cums. I knew she would. There's only so much that can be held back, and I told Paige to push Maureen past that point. It's Maureen's permission to cum. I forced her to.

Paige's tongue keeps going, swirling slowly around the hard nub of Maureen's clit. It leaves Paige to feel Maureen's nub throbbing hard against her nervy tongue.

Maureen thrashes away. After about twenty seconds, I see the hard waves of a second orgasm being crashing over Maureen. They come with another loud, and so satisfied, scream from Maureen.

And then, after about another minute of thrashing like she's on fire, Maureen falls limp and spent. Her body doesn't move. It doesn't even quiver. She stops moaning. Her eyes are closed as she lies on the table. If it wasn't for her breathing, steady but shallow breaths, she could be dead. Maureen just lies there.

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“skanky!” I snap with a lot of tease in my voice. “You broke my play toy!” I pull Paige’s head up. Her lips and chin are covered with a thick coat of Maureen’s honey. Her lips smirk widely. Her eyes twinkle. Paige knows I’m not mad at her, there’s too much of a playful tease in my voice for that. She knows that she’s done what I wanted her to. Sated that ache in Maureen’s pussy.

I cut the tie straps holding Maureen’s limp wrists to the table. Maureen doesn’t react at all. I have Sophie and Paige pick Maureen up. Thankfully, Maureen isn’t so heavy. It only has each slave supporting about 60 pounds of her weight. Sophie gets Maureen by the shoulders. Paige gets her by the knees. Maureen looks as if she doesn’t even know she’s being picked up.

I have them carry Maureen into the bathroom and lie her in the wet tub. Maureen still doesn’t show a thing. The only thing I do see is a few goosebumps on Maureen’s hot skin where it touches the cool water in the bottom of the tub.

I take the handheld shower sprayer. I turn the water on, icy cold. I spray it all over Maureen. For a few seconds, she doesn’t react. Just more goosebumps erupting under the icy spray, covering almost all of her body now. Then her body shivers crisply. A second later Maureen’s eyes open wide as she squeals out “EE!” I guess the cold water did that trick!

I spray all of Maureen’s body down. Especially her sloppy pussy mound. That’s coated with a huge layer of honey.

Then I have Paige dry Maureen off. I doubt Maureen could do it herself. Not yet. She’s still lying there, shivering, but purr her satisfaction. It tells me that Maureen’s pussy is fully relieved of it’s pounding ache.

And now, it’s time to get Maureen dressed in a fresh running outfit, with her numbers on it, and take her back down to get her award and my check.



Chapter 08: The Last

Chapter 08: The Last

When I get back to my apartment after the award ceremony, I have some friends waiting there. Izzy, BFF #1, is there. Ellie, BFF #3, is also there. And Ellie has brought a few of her friends, two guys, and a girl. Ellie is half a hippie. Her friends look to be more than half of a hippie. But they all seem nice. And Ellie knows to only bring friends that will agree to my rules. Like never speaking of anything they see here. I trust Ellie to only invite people she's already explained it to, and trust to follow the rule.

One of the guys Ellie brings ran in the much shorter 5K fun run today. He saw the start of the marathon. The finish, too. 5K is only 3 miles. His race was over long before the marathon was. But he recognizes Maureen from the first group of starters. And the winners.

Again, I have Maureen strip immediately when she enters the apartment. Then I introduce her to the crowd as "plaything." And I tell them that she's available to serve their whims while she's here. It tells them that they can do anything with her, except penetrating her. They're welcome to touch her naked body. Or to have her fetch their drinks and whatnot for them.

The guys almost immediately have their hands on Maureen, feeling the tone of her muscles. And the firmness of her breasts, which seems to be a favorite place of their to touch her. Men.

Izzy, Ellie, and I have Sophie to serve us. We sip tea and chat. As does Ellie's female friend. The guys only pretend to care about the chat. Their interest is captivated by the sight of the nude Maureen.

We have "fun food" for lunch today. Paige is out on the balcony with a small grill. And nothing but an apron and her shackles on. She's grilling brats for us. The grill is open. But not for slaves. Maureen ends up serving the food, eyeing it and smelling it, long before she's given a plate for herself. She eats only when everyone else is done.

That night I have Paige tease her pussy to the heights of arousal again. And I leave her hanging.

In the morning, Maureen gets to join Paige and Sophie as they

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stand in a line and masturbate. Maureen cums hard, but not as hard as she did on race day. She also earns herself the most whippings for squirming during her masturbation.

And then I take her back to the airport. Check her bag in. Walk her to the gate. And once the plane begins boarding, I walk her out to the plane and hand her over to Andrea for the first leg of her flight home.

That night I get another call from Brenda. She tells me that Maureen was “absolutely thrilled” with her time here. She tells me that Maureen cries every time she tells Brenda how hot those balls in her bottom had her while she was running. It was unbearable. And it did the trick nicely.

Brenda says she’ll keep in touch. If Maureen enters the race again next year, she’d like to send her to me again for it. She knows Maureen will love that!

I agree. If Maureen runs the race, she can come back to entertain me that weekend.

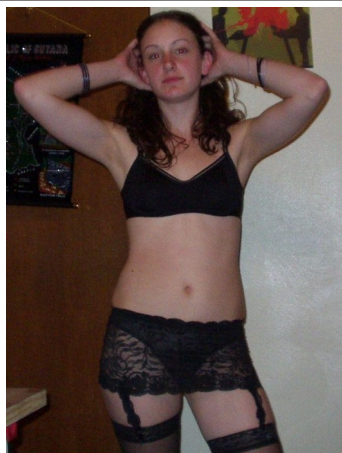
Author’s Note: The 2021 Mobile marathon was canceled due to COVID. If there’s a 2022 race, then as of now, Maureen will be returning for it.

THE "USUAL SUSPECTS"



Slave-girl ("Sophie")

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



Slave-whore ("Paige")

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