

Social Work



Nadezhda Sarankhova

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Author's Note:

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

The 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!

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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 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 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 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.



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My toy this morning is going to be Amber. She's a 31-year-old social worker for the state. She works for child protective services as an investigator. And she is being totally set up for this first session.

My mom is an emergency foster parent. She takes in a bunch of kids, but never for more than a few days. She's also a fellow Domme. I learned a lot from her. But of all the Dommies I know, she's the one who has sent me the fewest toys. It's not because we don't like to share, it's just worked out that way. I think it's because of her style. She doesn't often have her toys serve another. But when she does, I'm the first one she thinks of. When I was first starting out, she even gave me a couple of toys to start my toybox off. Toys like Teresa, whom I still toy with on occasion.

Long ago, before I was born, my mom was a social worker. That, plus her status as a foster parent, means she knows almost everyone at DHR, Alabama's social services agency. Those who have been there for a while are friends of hers. Amber isn't close to her. She wasn't there when my mom was. Mom knows her to say hello, but that's about as far as it goes.

But Amber definitely knows the other ladies at DHR, her coworkers. They all see her as two different people. Professionally she's a studious investigator. The kind who never misses a thing. The kind who doesn't take any BS or excuses from naughty parents.

But out of the office, they see her as a very shy, modest, and reserved woman. They tell me that it's next to impossible to get Amber talking about her life outside the office. Or what little of a life she seems to have outside the office. They tell me that Amber never dates. In her 31 years, she's only had two boyfriends, neither of whom lasted to the one-year mark. Both of whom left her. She's yet to dump anyone.

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Over the years, Amber has said a bunch of things about why she doesn't date. Things like "guys don't really want me." She finds it nearly impossible to open up to anyone, even her girlfriends, and talk about herself. She dresses rather modestly. She tells everyone she "likes her privacy," but on more than one occasion she's slipped up and said something to her girlfriends about it just being too hard for her to "let anyone see her." The ladies in her office had pretty much written her off as a spinster.

And then they caught her reading a story of mine, "The Serf." Amber had printed it out and stapled it together to make an actual book. It looked like she'd put a lot of work into making that book. She tried to hide it, keeping it in her purse, inside a manila envelope. But she underestimated her friends' snoopiness. They found it, and without Amber knowing it, peeked. None of them recognized the story. But a few of the older ones recognized my name. They knew whose daughter I was. And they know my mom is a Domme. It didn't take them much imagination to guess what kind of "romantic novella" Amber was reading.

They snooped. They noticed that Amber had marked a few sections. She'd highlighted some of the more detailed passages. Sections where I described in detail something intimate with Joyce, the "star" of that story. It was always some of the kinkier sections, too.

They gave her "hell" over it for months. Until finally Amber got irritated and blurted out "like it matters! No one would ever want to play with me like that!" After that, she ran off. And she avoided her girlfriends for a couple of days.

My mom is the only Domme any of Amber's friends know. But none of them really know much about what mom actually does. I write

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stories about some of my more amusing sessions. My mom doesn't put hers out there for everyone to read as I do. She does tell stories about some of her sessions, but those are more like girl talk than stories.

They all got together and asked my mom for advice. If, maybe, mom knew of someone with a style similar to mine, who might be interested in having a conversation with Amber. Or, better yet, might have some interest in Amber. Mom wasn't interested or didn't think it would work out very well because Amber knows her, albeit only slightly. But Amber knows that my mom knows plenty of the ladies in the office. Amber would likely spend every second wondering what her coworkers were going to be hearing about.

Then mom called me. "You like newbies..." was the first thing she said to me. Then she told me about Amber. Her friends wanted to set her up, like a blind date, but no one thinks Amber would actually show up for a blind date.

I do like newbies. I like to be able to train my subs to my expectations for them, and it's easier to start from scratch instead of teaching a sub to do things differently than she has been for years. The downside to newbies is that they tend to have little experience in D/s or BDSM. They know what thoughts excite them, but haven't a clue what the reality of those thoughts will be like, or if it will arouse them. A newbie can tell me what she thinks she'll like. She doesn't have a clue what she'll actually like.

Mom and I chatted for a while. It didn't take long for the outline of a plan to form. Mom liked the idea as much as I did. I think Amber will like it, too, although all I have to go on are the tidbits she's said to her friends. I could be very wrong. And that means I'll have to be careful. I don't want to force anyone to do anything they're not willing to do. I

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prefer forcing them to things they secretly want to do. It's more fun. And it doesn't get you indicted.

Mom calls her friends at DHR, and they all eagerly agree to my plan. It's a good thing. We'll need their help. When mom calls me back, she tells me they all want to hear the juicy details. I just laugh and tell Mom then they'd better hope Amber is amusing enough that I write a story about her for one of the sites I put my stories on. Otherwise, they'll only hear the details they can get out of Amber, and it doesn't sound like that will be anything. I guess mom told them that. That night I have three new subscribers to my new story mailing list, all of them coworkers of Amber's. I guess they don't want to chance missing the story if I write it.

The setup is simple. I pick one of my other toys that might enjoy a little amusement. Her name is Tamar. She's a 30-year-old housewife who lives in Saraland, a small, well-to-do, suburb of Mobile. She has two grade-school-age children. It makes her perfect for what I have in mind. Especially since she'll be available, and alone until school gets out at three. At least once her husband leaves for work at eight.

I wait until eight to call Tamar. I tell her that she's grounded for today. I don't tell her why. But Tamar isn't stupid, and she's been in my toybox long enough to realize there's only one reason I wouldn't want her leaving the house. I'm going to pop over. And she's going to have some fun when I do. But I know she's not expecting what I'm up to.

I planned the session for 10:00. It doesn't give Tamar much time to prepare herself for whatever she thinks I'm up to. And it leaves me most of a very long lunch, about five hours, to play with the ladies before Tamar's kids will be back.

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The plan is for Betty, one of the ladies at DHR my mom knows well, to ask Amber for a favor. She's to ask Amber to investigate a report that Tamar has been abusing her kids by spanking them far too much and too hard. The complaint is completely bogus. Not just something Betty made up, but it's not even actually in DHR's system. Betty printed it out and erased it immediately so DHR won't have any record of Tamar. By the time Amber goes to put her notes in the system and notices there's no file to put them in, she'll already know this wasn't a complaint, it was a setup. Amber won't think anything about Betty asking her to cover the call. It happens every day. The ladies swap calls like baseball cards before heading out in the morning. Betty just tells Amber that Tamar is hard to catch at home, other than a brief window at ten, and Betty has another appointment for ten, so if Betty keeps both, she's going to miss Tamar. Amber readily agrees to take the call for Betty. I know because Betty texts me "It's on! Amber will be there! You'd better write a long story about her!"

I show up at Tamar's around 9:30. I don't tell Tamar anything. I just have Tamar strip. Then I go through Tamar's dresser and find something rather sexy for Tamar to put on. I tell her to put it on.

Tamar is an attractive woman. She puts a lot of effort into keeping herself in shape. . She stands 5'7" tall. She has a rather lean, and toned body that weighs 131 pounds. She's not muscular. I wouldn't even call her athletic-looking. But she does have that firm look to her, and some definition to the muscles and features of her body. It's the look of a woman who works hard to keep herself in shape, but not to the level of a serious athlete.

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She has a slightly long-looking oval face. It gives her a prominent jawline with strong lines to it. But those lines are soft and well-rounded. She has long, black, wavy hair that's full of body, flowing as it hangs down to the bottoms of her shoulder blades. She has brown "doe eyes" under slightly heavy brows. She has a nose that's slightly on the prominent side, too, a little longer and wider than average. But it's a nose that's fairly common on full-blooded Jewish women. It gives her a mouth that's average-sized but looks to be just a hair narrower. It's also framed by a pair of very plush and plump lips that are a deep-pink in color, almost with a faint red-tinge to them.

I've chosen a black silk teddy for her to wear. A rather snug-fitting one, trimmed with white lace. It hugs her curvy figure, covering her from her breasts down to her navel. With it, there's a matching pair of black, silky, boy-shorts panties. Those are trimmed in white lace as well. They even have a little ribbon bow at the center of her waistband. They leave all of her thighs bare. They're cut low enough on her hips to leave the tips of her hips bare as well. Butt hey fully cover her pubes and bottom. It's something a woman would wear for her lover. I'm sure that's why Tamar bought it. She looks good in it. The black stands out nicely, even against her slightly olive-toned skin.

I know Tamar from temple. Like me, she's Jewish. Maybe "more Jewish," her mother came from Israel. She's also rather modest. But that's not the reason I picked Tamar to play this role. That's just a happy coincidence. I picked Tamar because of what excites her. Tamar loves "dangerous humiliation." She loves to be flaunted, in a public way. In a

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way that could easily backfire on her and end up publicly humiliating her. I just have to take care not to actually publicly humiliate her. Only to make her think it's happening. And Tamar loves "fresh" humiliations. Anything new, unexpected, and different. This will be all of the above.

The timing works out almost perfectly. I've just walked Tamar back to her living room, dressed in the skimpy lingerie, when the doorbell rings. I see Tamar immediately cringe and blush slightly. I'm sure she's wondering if I've invited another toy over for her to play with. Maybe that's why I dressed her up all sexy.

I send Tamar to answer her door, still not giving her any clue who might be there or what I might have in mind for Tamar. She answers it, hiding most of her body behind the door as she opens it. I hang way back, out of sight. That should be a clue for Tamar that it's not a toy at her door. I'd be up beside her if it were.

"Hello, Ms. Cohen? I'm Amber Edwards with protective services. We have a complaint from your son's school that he's been coming to class with his bottom bruised. I need to come in and discuss that with you."

"NOW?" Tamar instantly balks, loudly, her voice utter panic. "Now isn't really a good time, Ms. Edwards." I guess that sounds more modest than... "could you come back later after my Mistress is done playing with my butt?"

"Yes, now." Amber firmly tells her. "Or I will put your children in foster care until I'm satisfied." I can imagine a hard look on Amber's face. This is very familiar territory to her. Tamar just stands there, stunned. She's likely forgotten that she's wearing sexy lingerie. But she hasn't forgotten that I am here. Maybe she even remembers that I had

my crop in my hand the last time she saw me. That I might not have heard and hidden it.

Tamar, after several long seconds, realizes that she has no choice. She starts very reluctantly opening the door to allow Amber in. Tamar stays behind the door, using it to cover herself. "Then come in..." Tamar tells her. "Have a seat, and just give me a minute to find a robe or something, OK?" Tamar asks Amber nervously.

I'm out of sight now. I slipped into the kitchen where Amber won't see me. Amber goes to the sofa and starts getting some papers out of a leather folder she's carrying.

Tamar tries to hurry to her bedroom. She doesn't make it. I'm standing in the hall, blocking her way. "I didn't give you permission to go fetch a robe, zonna."

"I'm sorry, Ma'am," Tamar nervously squeaks out, her voice pleading. "May I please be allowed to get a robe, Ma'am?"

"No," I tell Tamar, a hard look on my face. After a second I point back to the living room, letting Tamar know where I expect her to go. Tamar blushes to a deep beet red. I'm sure she's wondering what this investigator is going to think of her. Probably that Tamar is some kind of whore. Who else would talk with an investigator in her panties?

Tamar cringes hard, her arms hugging close to her body. She turns, and with the most hesitant steps returns to the living room. She quickly takes a seat across from Amber, crossing her legs and folding her hands in her lap as she sits. None of Tamar's intimate body is visible. But it's clear Tamar is dressed to attract, not to impress. "It's a lie, Ms. Edwards, I don't even spank my kids!" Tamar blurts out as she takes her seat.

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"We'll see about that," Amber answers, a touch of skepticism in her voice. "I don't see why the teachers would think he's being injured unless he was being spanked too harshly."



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"Hello," I say as I walk right into Tamar's living room. I have my attention, and my eyes, locked on Amber. "I am Pepper Rodgers..."

Amber's eyes immediately widen and I see a faint blush come over her face. I now have her full attention, too. It tells me she recognized the name. That I wrote the story she just can't get enough of. I keep coming, putting myself between Tamar and Amber. As I pass in front of Tamar, I quietly tell her "I will take care of this." I keep right on going, coming to stand right in front of Amber.

There's about a foot of space between my knees and Amber's. With her seated, it has her looking slightly upward to meet my eyes. "The only one around here in danger of being harshly spanked, is you, bitch." I say it calmly, my voice steely firm, but not raised even a decibel. I just glare right into Amber's eyes, my gaze not faltering for even a nanosecond.

It takes it a second for my words to sink into Amber. Then I see a deep crimson blush come over her face. She shirks back, hard. Her back seeming to cut into the backrest of Tamar's sofa. She cringes hard, too. Her eyes stare at mine for a brief second. Then they start nervously darting every which way.

Amber stutters hard, her voice breaking off half a dozen times. Her voice rings with nervousness. She tries and does a lousy job of, firming it up. "I'm not going to be spanked..."

I snap my crop hard, sending the leather tip of it soaring through the air. It lands on the soft cushion of the sofa less than an inch from Amber's thigh. And despite the softness it hits, it lands with a loud snapping crack.

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Amber jumps. Her body tenses up so suddenly, and so stiffly, that her bottom rises off the sofa. She drops back into her seat, immediately pulling her arms in to hug herself tightly. Her eyes go wide. She quivers, hard. "Please..." Amber squeaks out in the mousiest tone, her voice hushed to near silence.

I snap the crop again. Amber jumps again. "Manners, manners, bitch." I scold her. It's kind of a test. I don't really know if Amber secretly wants to play or not. It's possible she just likes the story or maybe thinks she might know who Joyce is. Maybe she thinks Joyce might have been one of her cases, and that's why she's so interested in the story. There are laws against putting your hands on people who don't want you to. I'm pretty sure they include putting your crop on unwilling people. Before I'll touch Amber, she's going to have to show me that she wants me to.

There is a plan B. If I don't think Amber wants to play, I'm going to text Betty and she'll call Amber off the call, telling her it was some kind of glitch and Amber was sent to the wrong address. Oops. Just found out. Sorry. Maybe Amber will suspect, but she'll never know for sure if she was set up or not.

"Please don't spank me, Miss Rodgers," Amber squeaks out, her voice just as hushed and mousy, but even more nervous now. It's very polite. It's the kind of answer that Joyce must have given me a million times. It tells me that Amber has read that story enough times, too. Enough that she remembers, even now that she's nervous, what I expect of my toys.

More importantly, it tells me that Amber doesn't object to showing me respect. The respect a Queen deserves. She very easily could have objected. She could have balked, asserted her authority in

her role as an investigator. A role that gives her the right to bring a police officer in here to ensure that Amber isn't spanked, among other things. But instead of doing any of that, Amber chose to humble herself a little and show me that deference.

I casually put my hand under Amber's jaw. I don't squeeze or anything. I just use a very light upward pressure. "Stand up, bitch," I firmly tell Amber.

It keeps nudging Amber up with the gentle pressure under her jaw. It takes Amber a second to start moving. But she does. She very hesitantly begins rising to her feet, trembling hard as she does. Her eyes lock on me again, watching me for any clue as to what's happening to her. As she rises, she hugs herself even tighter. Her legs cross, squeezing tightly together. Her face scrunches up as if she's about to start crying.

"Aw..." I coo softly, "Little Miss Social Worker *Bitch* doesn't want her naughty little bottom spanked glowing red?"

"No, Ma'am!" Amber blurts out in a panicked voice that's half sobbing already. "Please, Ma'am, I don't want to be spanked!" It's far more of a plea than a statement,

"Then I strongly suggest that you behave your naughty little butt, bitch. I haven't gotten to spank bitch bottom all day!" All day isn't saying much, since it's only 10:15 in the morning. I say it firmly, but softly. I wonder if Amber gets the hint. Now that I can see the shape of her bottom, only moderately hidden by her slacks, I don't think I'd mind turning it over my knees one bit.

"Now strip, bitch." I up the firmness in my voice, giving Amber the command in a steely hard, and cool voice.

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Amber stands trembling. She instantly blurts out "HERE? PLEASE, Ma'am, please, I can't strip here!"

Amber hasn't objected to my touching her jawline. Touching her. And so far, she's done as she was told, instead of balking. So I take a chance. I slap Amber on her face. It's a light slap, just enough to make sure I have her undivided attention. It barely leaves the faintest of pink handprints on her white cheek.

"UH!" Amber squeals loudly, her voice still squeaky and mousy. Only now even more pleadingly nervous. She flinches sharply. She cringes.

"I said strip, bitch."

"PLEASE!" Amber screeches out desperately, her voice as mousy as ever, only now with its tone begging. "Please, Ma'am, please! Don't make me strip, Ma'am!"

A lot of things are becoming very obvious to me. First, Amber has completely forgotten that Tamar is still sitting here behind me. Second, that Amber is as shy as she was made out to be. Third, that Amber wants to play. Fourth, Amber isn't going to take her clothes off without some motivation.

Amber apparently doesn't mind some discipline, either. She didn't say a word about me slapping her face. She's still standing here, too. She's not leaving. She's begging me not to make her strip. As if I have some power to force her to strip.

I flick my wrist. It sends the tip of my crop soaring through the air again, only this time arcing across instead of downward. It sends the stiff leather tip sailing right for Amber's bottom. It's a light swat, about

half of my strength in it, and it's softened by the denim of Amber's jeans. It lands with a decent slap as the tip cracks against her globes.

"YE-OW!" Amber blurts out. She jumps off her feet, coming forward a few inches. She reaches around behind her back and tries to rub her bottom. Her arms still strain to hug herself tightly. "oh, OW! That hurts!" Amber wines under her breath, tears now wetting her eyes.

"I said strip, bitch," I repeat, my voice as firm as it was the first time I told her.

"No..." Amber mutters under her breath. She finally looks back at me and I meet her with a cold, hard, glare. She hesitates, trembling hard. After a second she starts trembling even harder. Hard enough that I wonder if she'll fall over on those twisted up legs she's trying to stand on.

Amber is a fairly attractive woman. She could definitely get a date. I'm sure she's had enough offers. Decently frequent offers. It gets me wondering why she hasn't gone on any dates. She has to know the guys would be nice to her and take her someplace nice.

She has a moderately small, slightly rounded, ovalish face. It's a face with an angular jawline to it, but a jaw with soft features and gently rounded curves instead of crisper features. She has short, straight, dark brown hair. It's so dark it's almost black. It's cut about even with her jawline, hanging close to her face. But it's styled nicely with a bit of a wave to it. She has dark black, and thick, eyebrows over brilliant blue eyes. But she hides those bright eyes behind silver-framed glasses with long, short, squared-off, oval-lensed glasses. Then there's a prominent, moderately long nose, slightly narrow, with fairly sharp lines to it. A wide mouth, framed with medium plump, and a rather light pink, lips top off her face.

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Amber is an average-sized woman, or so she looks to me. I'd guess she's about 5'6" and somewhere between 120 and 140 pounds. It's just too hard to tell how her body is shaped under those loose-fitting clothes she has on. Those are far too modest for my tastes. Appropriate for her role as an investigator, though.

Today she's wearing a long-sleeved, light sweater in a medium shade of green. A green like a Christmas green. It covers her almost fully, all the way up to her neckline. It hangs loosely on her, obscuring the lines of her body. It even hides the shape, and size, of her breasts. Under that, Amber has on a pair of black jeans that fit her but hang just as loosely on her body. I can tell she doesn't have too big of a bottom, but that's about all I can make out through the denim.

Amber's trembling hands reach for the bottom hem of her sweater. It's really more of a shirt than a sweater. It's that light and blousy. Her hands tremble enough that she's fumbling to get the shirt in her grip. It takes her a couple of tries. But finally, she starts crying silently as she begins lifting it up.

Slowly she starts revealing a modest slice of her stomach. The first thing I notice is that her stomach is flat and firm. Her skin looks taut and elastic, albeit slightly pale and milky white. As the sweater rises a little more, I start to see the gentle, noticeable, feminine curve to her waist. She has a lean, slender body. As it rises a little more, Amber's arms stretched slightly upward now, I can make out the lines of the bottom of her ribs, telling me just how thin she's going to be.

She keeps lifting the blouse up. It reveals a modest black bra. It's not a sexy bra. It's not something she'd wear if she had any clue someone was going to see it. It's a comfy, work-wear kind of bra. It has full cups with a thin foam liner in them. It has a decently wide band

around her back, but very narrow, stringy, spaghetti straps up over her shoulders. It has a narrow little ribbon between the cups. It's solid black, with no trim at all to it. It has almost every speck of her mounds covered.

Amber slips the blouse over her head. Then she stands, trembling hard, with little tears still rolling down her cheeks. She stands still, clutching the sweater to her chest and covering her breasts with it.

"Don't be a ridiculous little mouse, bitch. Fold that blouse up neatly and set it on the table."

Amber cringes hard. I did tell her to strip, not to just take her shirt off. She moves reluctantly as she brings the sweater about an inch off her mounds, and quickly folds it up. It's not the neatest folding. But it will do.

"Come on, bitch, you've stalled enough. Get naked." I tell her firmly.

Amber gets a brief inspiration. She squats down and takes her shoes off, then her socks, adding those to the pile. It buys her almost two more minutes of modesty.

Amber rises back up. Now she doesn't have much left to take off. The choices are down to her jeans and her bra. It's a no-brainer. She won't show me those breasts until she really has to. She's too shy.

Amber reaches for her jeans. Her hands fumble badly as she tries to unbutton them. It takes her four tries, the button slipping from her fingers before she finally gets it undone. The zipper is even harder. It takes her longer to get it down as well. As she does, the tears roll a little faster down her cheeks. She looks up, very quickly, just to make sure I'm still glaring at her. She sees that I am. I'm not letting her out of it.

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Amber starts pushing the waistband of her jeans down slowly. And she discovers the drawback of such loose-fitting pants. They fall. They slip right off her hips and fall to her ankles, baring her legs far quicker than she'd care to have done. It leaves her nothing to do but to step out of them and fold them for the pile.

It bares a pair of lean, rather shapely, legs. Legs without a blemish on them. It also bares a pair of bright purple panties. They're simple and plain. They're cotton, decorated only with some tiny white flowers printed on them. They have a trim band around the legs and waist, but it's not lacy. They fully cover her pubes, and her bottom, too. They're basic, cut just below the tops of her hip bones, with moderately wide bands around her sides. They're cute enough. But they don't match her bra, and that's a no-no in my rule book.

"Please..." Amber mutters under her breath. Her voice is very hushed, and the mousiest I've heard yet. "Please, Ma'am, don't make me take my clothes off. Please!"

I flick my wrist, sending the tip of the crop sailing through the air. It moves so fast that Amber doesn't see it coming. She squeals a loud "YE-OW!" and jumps again as the tip swats her bottom. And this time she doesn't have the thick denim to cushion the swat. It's no harder than the first was, but Amber feels it worse. She jumps high, shuddering as she does. She lands on wobbly, trembling legs. I say nothing.

Amber gets the message. I thought it was pretty clear. Get your clothes off or get spanked. At least if you're still standing there. She has a clear path to grab her clothes and run if she wants to.

She bursts into a bawling cry. She blushes freshly, and just as deeply. She reaches up behind her back. It takes Amber forever. Her hands fumble hard with the clasp. But eventually, the straps fall to her

sides. Her hands quiver as they inch up to her shoulders. They slow down even more as they push the straps off her shoulders. Her arms stay clamped tightly to her sides. It holds the bra up, still covering her mounds, as the straps fall down her shoulders. It buys her a few extra seconds. Her hands reluctantly move to lower the bra. They don't get the chance. As soon as her arms are no longer holding it up, it falls from her mounds. "UM!" Amber squeals, surprised by the sudden baring of her breasts. Her hands fly to her chest. She folds her arms tightly across her chest. It leaves the bra dangling from one finger as Amber struggles to fully cover her mounds.

Amber stands there, hugging her arms across her chest, trying to make herself invisible, for several seconds. Then it dawns on her that her bra is still hanging from her finger. She moves one hand. It's impossible to fold a bra with one hand. She barely hangs onto it. She gets it more balled up than folded. She does it quickly, nervously, her hands trembling badly. Just as quickly she drops it on the pile and pulls her arm back across her chest.

Amber stands there, her eyes squished shut for several seconds. She opens her eyes, just a crack, to peek and see what I'm doing. I'm glaring back at her, my gaze now fixed on Amber's glowing purple panties. Amber squishes her eyes shut again. She stands there, hesitating, and thinking hard. Thinking of how she's going to do the only thing left for her to do without showing me any more of her body.

She finally reaches down with one hand. Her other hand stays across her mounds. It is very amusing to watch. She fumbles hard at the waistband of her panties. Those fit well, very slightly snug on her. She pushes them crudely down, using her thumb and holding her hand in front of her pubes. Her feet cross again, and she squishes her legs

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tightly together. It holds the panties up, keeping them from slipping down even over her thighs.

Amber keeps up the clumsy approach to pushing her panties down. It takes her countless tries. But finally, she gets them shoved down to about the bottom of her pubes. That's the point where her squished thighs refuse to let them go any further. Her hand still fully covers her pubes.

I really can't see Amber's breasts too well. I can tell that they're not going to be the smallest of breasts. But most women would consider that a plus. I can't really see her pubes either. I can tell that they're going to be flat, but that's mostly because I can see how toned her stomach is. And I can tell that she has a bush on those pubes. I can make out a few stray, long, dark curls peeking out around the hand she's trying to cover herself with.

Amber fumbles more. She realizes her predicament. And that she has no choice but to un-squish her legs. That makes it harder for her to cover her pubes with one hand. It doesn't stop her from trying hard, though. She does it quickly, opening her legs a hair and wildly shoving her panties down to her ankles before squishing her thighs firmly together again.

She squats down, her hands staying in place after stepping gingerly out of her panties. She picks them up with the tips of two fingers, bringing them up dangling in front of her thighs. She tries to twist as much as she can to the side. Amber lifts her thigh up, holding it across her pubes as much as she can. She keeps her hand in front of those pubes as well, even as she tries to use it to fold her panties. They end up unevenly folded in half and atop the pile.

Social Work

Amber stands before me, one arm clutched across her breasts, the other stretched down her front, her hand straining to cover a bush that's a bit wider than the hand. She refuses to look at me. For a moment her eyes dart around anxiously. Then she squishes them shut.

"I have clothes on... I have clothes on..." I hear Amber muttering very quietly under her breath. She trembles hard. Her eyes are wet. She just stands there dumbly, trying to convince herself that she's not standing here naked now.

It's also clear that Amber wants to play. If she didn't, there's no reason why she'd be standing here naked. Especially as self-conscious she is about her nakedness. I see no reason not to push her further.

"Is that so adorable!" I taunt Amber in a mocking, bullying voice. "My new little bitch is just so shy about letting me see my new playtoy!" I laugh at Amber. "Hands behind your head, bitch, before I decide to spank some sense into that shy little bottom!" I add, my voice suddenly shifting to a bullying firmness.

Amber responds to it. She bursts back into the bawling cry as her hands almost fly up to clasp together behind her neck. She trembles harder, making me wonder again how she's managing to stay up on her feet. She keeps her legs squished snugly together.

But now her breasts are on full display. It lets me see a very nice pair of firm, well-rounded breasts. Amber should not be shy about them. I'd guess she's a 34-C. Her mounds are big enough. They don't lie back or hang against her chest. Not even a little bit. They rise straight off her chest, immediately rounding like half balls. They leave a deep V of cleavage between them. They're topped with a pair of slightly wide rings of light pink with a faint brownish tinge to them. A slightly wide nipple tops each ring. A nipple the same color. A nipple that rises up

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decently. A nipple with an almost flat tip, leaving a defined rim to the tips. A nipple with equally defined sides. A nipple that's standing up hard now.

With her hand gone from her pubes, I can see that she has a full bush of dense, black curls. Her fur is long, the hairs all tangled together. I can see the top line of it. It's slightly irregular, not trimmed into a straight line as I demand of my toys. But it is trimmed. I don't see any stray hairs. Just the uneven top line. I can't see the sides. Her squished thighs hide the creases. And they hide her mound.

There's only one solution to it. I tell Amber to "spread her feet wide and show me that furry pussy."

Amber blushes even deeper. Her unsteady feet move slowly, more creeping along the floor. As if she's praying that any second now I'll tell her that she has them wide enough. I don't, at least not until she has her slim legs wide enough apart that I can see every bit of her body.

It lets me see that her fur isn't fully, neatly trimmed. It flows into the creases of her thighs, but not beyond. It has irregular lines, there, too. It flows down, growing a little denser, its hairs tangling tighter together, as it covers her mound. It decently hides her mound, despite the blushing looks on her face that says she doesn't think so. I can tell that her mound isn't too pussy. I can see that her lips are long and moderately wide. But I can't see much of her slit. It looks as if it's going to be more than a fine line, but I don't see the tips of her inner folds poking out. I'll get a better look later.

It lets me see that her bottom has a pair of decently well-rounded globes. They're not quite as firm as her breasts, but close. And her breasts are especially firm. Her globes look curvy. They'll look even better over my knees.

Social Work

“There, now I can see my new playtoy!” I giggle, my eyes roving over Amber’s nakedness.



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I keep Amber standing there, her body now fully displayed. Amber keeps her attention, and her eyes focused on me. She watches anxiously for a clue about what's next. Tamar sits across from Amber, but with me standing between them, Amber doesn't really have a view of Tamar, allowing her to forget the woman is seeing everything. Tamar watches, interested in seeing what I'm going to do, still slightly wary, but by now definitely wondering if Amber is really a social worker or just a toy I brought to play with.

"Be a good little bitch so I don't have to blister your naughty bottom, bitch," I tauntingly tell Amber. "Stay... And since I'm not sure you're as smart as my dog, that means to do nothing. Stand there. Don't move. Don't speak. Stand there. Stay."

"Yes, Ma'am," Amber squeaks out. Now her eyes are even more anxious as they watch me. To me, it looks like a mixture of excitement, as if a dream of hers is unexpectedly coming true, and a lot of nervousness, as if she's unsure whether she'll be able to behave. And nervous about what I might do with her.

I move casually, neither quickly to surprise Amber, nor slowly to give her a moment to get used to what's coming. Just at a normal pace. I reach my hand up to Amber's breast. I cup my hand as I bring it up under her mound to cradle it.

"OOH!" Amber blurts out. She flinches hard, her shoulders shuddering as she feels my hand touching her bare skin. Her nipple is already at its full hardness. But the instant I touch her, goosebumps erupt over Amber's entire mound. They're strong ones, pulling her skin taut enough to ripple the pink flesh around her nipple. Amber's eyes open a little wider. And they stare downward, now watching my hand as it cradles her breast.

Social Work

I lightly squeeze her ample mound. It feels as firm as it looks, like a hard sponge in my hand. Squishy enough to feel like a breast, but firm enough to hold its shape nicely. Her flesh is soft and silky. And the crisp shivers running through her tell me that she's not so used to being touched here.

I shift my thumb around and put it very softly on the tip of her nipple. I wiggle my thumb, very softly, with tiny motions. It lets me feel the hardness of her nipple. And the slight roughness of its tip. It lets me feel the rim around its tip, too. And it lets me hear Amber purring very soft "MM!s" as I stroke her nipple. The sweet purrs tell me Amber likes it.

I move my hand, using the tips of my fingers to tenderly stroke Amber's mound. That keeps her purring just as sweetly.

I take my hand away and start it moving for Amber's other mound. I get about halfway before I let my hand drop. I'm still not moving quickly. Amber seems to think I just decided not to tease her other breast. But I don't. Once my hand is down, I move it to her bush.

"UM!" Amber blurts out nervously. It takes her by surprise as she feels the tips of my fingers slipping into the wiry strands of her fur. My fingers glide over the soft flesh of her pubes, the long hairs of her bush slipping between my fingers. I stop my hand at about the center of her bush, the tips of my fingers just short of slipping down into the fur atop her long lips. I close my hand, getting a good handful of her fur. I pull very lightly, just enough to pull the hairs taut and make sure I have Amber's attention.

Even though the tips of my fingers haven't quite made it onto her lips, I can feel the dampness clinging to Amber's fur. It's still warm. It's

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slightly gooey. I give the gentlest tug on Amber's bush. It makes her flinch hard, almost jumping.

"Oh, that pussy is just so skanky wet! Even this wild jungle you call a bush is getting drenched in honey! I suppose that pussy is getting all hot, too, bitch?"

Amber blushes a little deeper, and that's something I hadn't thought possible. Her voice drops several more decibels, so low that I can barely make out her words. If her tone wasn't so mousy, I might not hear her at all. "Yes, Ma'am," Amber answers, shirking inwardly slightly as she does.

"I gather it's been a very long time since that pussy was properly fucked. Just how long has it been, bitch?"

Amber trembles a little harder. Her eyes quickly shift downward, as if ashamed and trying hard to avoid eye contact. Her voice stays just as hushed. I doubt she could whisper much quieter if she tried. "A long time, Ma'am," she answers reluctantly.

I scold her. I tell her that I don't allow garbage answers like that. I ask her how long, and I expect a real answer. I expect it very politely, and humbly, as well.

"It's been about four years since my pussy has been fucked, Ma'am," Amber is deeply embarrassed to admit.

"It doesn't seem like you've been taking very good care of it," I add as an afterthought. I move a little faster as I put my hand to Amber's shoulder. I push her forward, my hand on her bush holding her, leaving her no choice but to bend over.

"AH!" Amber squeals out as her shoulders are pushed down. There's a coffee table in front of her, at least once I've quickly slipped off to the side of the thin woman. Her hands reflexively come off the back of her neck and fly to the table to catch herself. It leaves her bending over, her elbows and forearms resting on the table.

I reach up and let my fingers slip into her short hair. It only takes me a light tug to get her head up. That leaves amber looking straight ahead. And now that I'm not close in front of her, she has a direct line of sight to Tamar. As Tamar sits demurely, her eyes forward to watch Amber. It forces Amber to see Tamar seeing every bit of Amber's nakedness and what's happening to her.

Amber cringes hard at the mere sight of it. The sudden realization that this session isn't as private as she thought it was. She starts crying again, silently now, but tearfully. I decide that Amber is far too shy for her own good. Too bad for Amber that her pussy doesn't seem to be nearly as shy as she does.

Now that Amber is bent over, I have a slightly better view of her pussy from behind. The first thing I notice is how dense the fur on her lips is. I kind of expected that. Amber has some slightly dark hair on her arms, not manly, but more like she's got some Mediterranean blood in her. Maybe Greek or Italian. I figured she'd be fairly hairy. And from the look of her bush, she hasn't been putting a lot of effort into keeping it trimmed up.

The fur atop her lips is so dense that I can barely make out her slit. It's a moderately wide gash. But it's also just slightly short. I can see the edges of her dark, purplish inner folds at the center of her gash, but they don't poke out or rise into the gash. I can see that her fur is partly

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trimmed. It's wild on her flat mound, but she does have it trimmed off her legs. It ends in the creases of her thighs.

Her slit is hard to miss. The narrow chasm between the edges of her lips is completely filled with a gooey, almost clear, honey that glistens brightly. Especially against the backdrop of her jet black fur. I don't have to open her pussy to know it's going to be sopping wet. IN fact, I suspect if I do open those lips, she might drip a few drops of her honey. I notice her honey has a fairly pronounced muskiness as well.

And now, I have a very good view of Amber's bottom. It lets me see how firm her cheeks are. Just leaning over, her feet open but not stretched wide, has those well-rounded globes pulled tight enough that her deep crack is beginning to open.

It shows me that Amber needs to shave better than she does. Her fur flows over her mound. And it keeps going, barely parting around the tiny dark ring of her asshole. It's a fairly narrow strip of fur, not even enough to fill her crack, but it's there. Gross! Her globes, however, are hairless and silky smooth. They're milky white, with taut flesh covering the firm muscles. They look like they'll have just enough squish in them to feel wonderful.

I put the tip of my finger to Amber's slit. The honey here isn't warm, as it was in her fur, it's burning hot. It's that fresh. I feel Amber's moderately thick lips. They're soft. I feel the tips of her inner folds. Those are loose and soft as well.

Amber squeals loudly at the gentle touch. She shudders hard enough that I see her hips moving from it. I see goosebumps erupting on her lips and in the creases of her thighs as well, even though her dense fur. Amber pants a few squeaky "OOH!s" even before my finger moves.

I move my finger slowly, feeling along her slit. With her thick fur, I can't really see her clit. Or even the nest of folds around it. But I can feel it. Just as my fingertip comes into the densest knot of her fur. It's hard to miss. It's about as wide as a pea. But it's standing up decently. I'd bet at least a ¼" above Amber's folds. And it's impossibly hard. It's covered with its own layer of slick honey, too.

As my finger touches that bundle of nerves, Amber shudders wildly. Her hips snap, almost thrashing, from side to side. Her back arches downward, snapping her head back. Amber screeches a loud, squeaky, and very needy, "UH!"

I let my finger keep slipping down her slit. Amber's shuddering eases as my finger slips away from her clit. A second later, my finger reaches the end of her slit, directly atop Amber's pussy.

I just saw how nervy Amber's clit is. How needy. How intense Amber felt even a light, fleeting touch there. It has me wondering if she's that sensitive, or if she's just that needy. It has been a very long time since she's had sex. Or maybe her pussy is just that sensitive normally. It might explain why she's so reluctant to have sex with a man. She'd be squirmy and noisy. But most guys would love how squirmy she was.

I'm going to find out for myself. I always do. I never take a subs word for anything. Subs lie. Pussies don't. I start pushing my finger, slowly inching it into Amber's slit. Immediately I feel the fire burning in her lips and folds. I feel how soft her folds are, too.

A second later my fingertip finds the entrance of Amber's rather narrow tunnel. I can't see it, but it doesn't feel like it's puckered out. More as if it's flush with her pinkness. I can feel her walls. They're spongy soft, meaty, very hot, and very wet. They're twitching away, too,

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as tiny little sparks erupt in her walls, snapping her flesh as they do before those icy-hot chills shoot along her nerves.

My finger keeps easing its way into Amber's tunnel. I feel her walls cuddling snugly around my finger as they twitch. The deeper I get into her pussy, the sharper the twitches become. And that has her walls squeezing a little snugger around my finger. Which seems to be making the twitches a little crisper.

Amber shrieks a single, long, drawn-out, cry as my finger inches into her depths. It's overly mousy and just as needy. It screams that her pussy is ready for some attention. It's as hot as it is overly-girly. I stop when I have all of my finger inside her hot tunnel, feeling her spongy walls twitching around it.

With my finger now still, Amber's shriek fades away. It leaves her panting very hungry, and fast, "UM!s" over and over again. "When's the last time this pussy was masturbated, bitch?"

Amber bursts into a sniffling bawl.

I don't let her cry her way out of the answer she doesn't want to give me. I still have one hand that's doing nothing now that it doesn't need to hold her bush. I use it to spank her. It's a hard slap, at least as hard as she's going to get with my bare hand. But it's enough to leave a light pink handprint on Amber's taut globe. It's enough for Amber to yelp a loud "YE-OW!" too. "I asked you a question, bitch," I tell Amber firmly.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am!" Amber blurts out. She sobs a little louder. "It's been about two weeks since my pussy was masturbated, Ma'am," Amber answers in the most embarrassed tone of voice I've heard from her.

"It wants to cum pretty badly now, bitch."

"Yes, Ma'am..." Amber reluctantly confesses, "I almost did cum already, Ma'am."

"Since you came over here looking like a shaggy dog," I tell Amber. My voice is soft but loud enough for Tamar to hear as well. My voice is also rather condescending, mocking, and taunting. It's my mean-girl bully voice with a heavy note of disapproval laced into it.

"I will assume you thought no one would be seeing your unkempt body. Too bad for you. I wouldn't want anyone to see me looking so shabby either."

I start wiggling the tip of my finger. I use tiny wiggles, the pad of my finger just barely moving over Amber's soft walls. But it's enough to tease Amber heavily. I feel her pussy snap tight. One minute it's snug around my finger, the next instant her spongy walls are squeezing hard around my finger. And I feel the twitches, sharp and crisp, snapping in her walls, racing through them.

"AH!" Amber cries out urgently. She sucks in a fast deep breath and exhales it with a deep, sultry, "UH!" Then she sucks in another squeaky "AH!" and repeats. And repeats.

Amber's hips shudder wildly. I doubt they'd be thrashing any more energetically if I had hooked up live wires to her pussy. Not even if they were 240-volt wires! Her knees keep buckling, Amber seemingly barely catching herself, as her hips thrash. Her shoulders toss around as well, even with her arms staying mostly on the table. It's enough to have her firm breasts dancing around with her chest. Her mouth hangs wide. Her eyes are wide.

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"Oh, this pussy needs some real attention!" I teasingly tell Amber. "Too bad no one wants to fuck a shaggy dog." I keep teasing Amber, paying close attention to the hardness with which her pussy is squeezing my finger. And to the tingles racing through her pussy. I don't want to make Amber cum. Not now. And she's already close. Making her cum would be easy to do. Even by accident. I suspect it will be a very intense, very graphic, orgasm too.

I've already figured out that Amber is the kind of woman who needs someone who will walk a fine line with her. She needs the usual sub "things," such as humiliation and the feeling of being completely owned. But she also needs to feel wanted and valued. As if her devotion is valued by whomever she gives it to. As if that person actually wants her for more than her body. For the things she can and does, do for her partner. I suspect, once she gets what she needs, she will be the most shameless of slaves in her devotion to her Mistress.

Just as I have no doubt that Amber has never seriously considered giving herself to a woman. Not even when she read that story. It was always just a fantasy that she "knew" would never come true. That she'd only hoped to find a man who wanted her, who valued her devotion and lusted for her body. She never imagined serving a woman. Or that a woman would want her devotion.

Except now, Amber's mind is racing faster than she can process the thoughts. She has to know she's about to cum. That her body is loving this. I suspect she is, too.

"As soon as you have finished work today, you will come to my apartment, bitch," I firmly tell Amber. Only now my voice is as sweet and inviting as it is firm. "First my slave will teach you some proper grooming. Then I will give you a nice warm, filling enema. If you're a

good little bitch, eventually I might teach you to masturbate that pussy properly, too. Do you understand, bitch? Be polite, like the naughty little bitch we both can see you are."

"AH!" Amber cries out another intense moan. "Yes, Ma'am, I will come right over after work for an enema, Ma'am. Thank you, Ma'am..." Amber's voice is reluctant as if the idea of suffering an enema scares her. But it's also excited, as if she's suddenly eager to play.

"Good bitch..." I sweetly tell Amber. "You will not touch your pussy until I tell you to. No matter how badly it aches all day. You will wait until I tell you that *my pussy* wants to be masturbated. And don't even think of trying to pretty that shaggy bottom of yours up. You will come exactly as you are now, got it?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I will not touch my pussy, Ma'am... oh, it already aches so badly, Ma'am! I don't know how I'll leave it alone!" Amber moans out.

"Think of me turning you over my knees and blistering that tender bottom of yours for just thinking about touching my pussy, bitch." I tell her softly, a trace of amusement in my voice. Hopefully, it lets her know that I am a bit eager to turn her bottom over my knees. Maybe it will keep her from masturbating. More likely it will make her want to do it even more.

"Yes, Ma'am..." Amber cries out in a mousy, loud moan.

"Good bitch... Oh, and you will rip up every piece of paperwork for this call of yours. You weren't here. You don't even have a slip to come here. You never heard of this house. You will not even note anything in the system. How could you? You aren't here. Clear?"

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"Yes, Ma'am!" Amber screeches out. Now I feel the walls of Amber's pussy twitching hard around my finger. I have no doubt that Amber is going to cum very soon, no matter how much I try to keep from it. Unless I stop teasing her pussy, that is.

It sounds like Amber hasn't figured out this was a setup yet. Her eagerness to ignore this call sounds to me more like she's praying to forget about it. Praying she'll never have to explain to anyone that instead of doing her job, she found herself getting naked and toyed with. While the subject of her investigation simply watched. As if she prays that ignoring this call will make it disappear. Which it will since Betty never put it in the system, to begin with. But Amber doesn't know that. And she's definitely not going to ask Betty about it.

"Then, there's only one thing left for you to do before returning to work, bitch." This time there's some taunting in my voice. "You do want to be a polite little bitch for me, don't you?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Amber cries out with some honesty in her voice.

I quickly yank my finger out of Amber's pussy. "Then be polite, bitch," I tell Amber.

Amber groans out loudly with frustration.

I put my hand to Amber's bottom, lightly, and give her a firm nudge forward, and off to the side.

Amber stumbles forward, dropping down to her knees despite trying to stay up on her feet. She starts to get back up. Quickly, since she's kneeling in front of Tamar and Tamar is wearing only panties and the silky top.

Social Work

I put a hand to the top of Amber's head and keep her on her knees. "Then you should thank her for allowing you to use her home to show me what a horny slut you are, bitch."

"Thank you---" Amber starts to say, her voice breathy, but hushed and humiliated. I give Amber a little smack on the back of her head, knocking her head slightly forward. That shoves it a little closer to Tamar's knees.

"A real thank you, bitch." I know Amber doesn't have a clue what I mean. To her a thank you is offered in words. I push her head forward, almost all the way up to Tamar's knees. "With your tongue. Eat her pussy, bitch."



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"WHAT?!?" Amber blurts out, her voice is as nervous as it is shocked by the instruction. "OH, PLEASE, Ma'am, please don't make do that!"

I pick my crop up off the table. I don't hesitate. As soon as it's in my hand, I flick my wrist, sending its tip soaring through the air. The tip snaps firmly against Amber's bottom, a little to the side, but that's just from the amateurish way she's kneeling. It lands with a loud crack, searing a pink little welt the shape of the tip onto her globe.

"OW!...Oh, YE-OW!" Amber squeals out. She pants a few nervous breaths.

"I said eat pussy, bitch. I wasn't asking," I tell her firmly, my voice with a hard edge to it, but not cold yet.

"Yes, Ma'am," Amber answer very reluctantly. She sniffles once. "Please, Ma'am... I don't know how... I've never even thought about doing *that* before, Ma'am..."

I wave a hand to Tamar. Tamar lies back in her seat. She uncrosses her legs and opens them wide, offering Amber the crotch of her silky panties. It nicely displays Tamar's lean legs, too. It's a very feminine view of Tamar. I'm sure it's a view far more intimate than Amber ever thought she'd see of another woman, too.

I put my hand to Amber's head, lacing the fine strands through my fingers. Her hair is long enough for me to get a grip on it, but not much more.

I give Amber's hair a light tug, just to make sure I have her attention. "Very sweetly take her panties off, bitch."

Amber's hands tremble so badly as they reach very hesitantly up to the waistband of Tamar's panties. It takes them a long minute to get there. Amber lowers them even more reluctantly. Very tentatively, Amber's fingers touch Tamar's stomach, off to the sides by her hips, at the waistband. They tremble even more as Amber slips the tips of a couple of fingers under the waistband of Tamar's panties.

Amber refuses to look up at Tamar. She keeps her eyes on the cushion under Tamar instead. She doesn't see the eager grin on Tamar's face as Tamar awaits a good tonguing.

Amber starts to pull the panties down rather slowly. Tamar quickly lifts her bottom up to allow the panties to slide off easier. Amber must notice that. She slows down, now knowing that Tamar is definitely willing to do this. Almost eager for Amber to eat her pussy. Amber cringes.

It still doesn't take that long for Amber to start baring Tamar's thick black bush. But unlike Amber's untamed bush, Tamar's is up to my standards. Her bush is trimmed with three neat, crisp lines, well inside the crease of her thighs. And it stops at the top of her pussy, leaving Tamar's lips bare.

A few seconds later, Amber can only take Tamar's panties down so slowly, Amber reveals the puffy mound of Tamar's pussy. It lets Amber get an up-close and very intimate view of Tamar's mound. Amber's eyes tell me that I'm right. It's the first pussy she's ever seen closely. Amber keeps her eyes downcast, but I see them nervously flitting up to spy a glimpse of what's waiting for her. Whether Amber wants it or not.

Tamar's pussy is moderately puffy. And without any fur on her lips, Amber has a good view of Tamar's long, narrow lips. Lips that are shaven silky smooth, without even a hint of stubble on them. It also lets

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Amber see the light purple ridgeline between Tamar's narrow lips. The loose, wrinkly ridgeline of her inner folds gently rising into her wide gash. A gash that already getting wet with Tamar's honey. It makes her pussy look rather eager for Amber's tongue.

Amber cringes a little harder once Tamar's panties start slipping quickly along Tamar's lean thighs. Amber tries to slow it down. But Tamar holds her bottom up, making it easy for the panties to keep slipping off. It makes it much harder for Amber to slow down, too. It's not long before the panties are at Tamar's bony ankles, and Tamar's bottom is back on the edge of the cushion. Only now it's her pussy offered up for Amber's tongue.

Amber very hesitantly slips the panties off Tamar's ankles. She quickly folds them, rather crudely, and tosses them towards the pile of clothes. Amber's clothes, but I doubt that's entered her mind. It's more as if Amber is operating dumbly on autopilot. Folding them and adding them to the pile because that's what she thinks I expect her to do with clothes. Not quite realizing that it's now another woman's clothes.

Amber finally raises her eyes up. Slowly. Reluctantly. But with enough nervous interest. She just has to see that pussy I'm going to make her put her mouth to. To see what she's expected to pleasure.

I nudge Amber's head forward, between Tamar's spread thighs. Amber stiffens up quickly, the tension in her muscles growing stronger the closer her lips get to Tamar's juicy mound. I stop Amber with her lips about an inch from Tamar's pussy. Definitely close enough for Amber to smell Tamar's most personal scent, the muskiness of her eager pussy.

I tell Amber to gently put her fingertips to Tamar's lips and ease them apart.

Social Work

Amber moves more reluctantly than ever. As if she's afraid to touch Tamar's pussy. When her fingertips finally do touch Tamar's plump lips, it's the lightest touch. So light that, at first, they glide over Tamar's lips instead of pushing them open.

Amber opens Tamar's lips, baring her inner pinkness and the loose wrinkly inner folds of Tamar's pussy. Tamar's folds have a slight purple tinge to their edges, but after that, they're a light pink. As Amber bares more of Tamar's pinkness, it reveals just how wet Tamar is. How eager she is.

It also bares the nub of Tamar's clit for Amber eyes. There's no disguising how eager that nub is, either. It pokes its little rounded head up anxiously, already hard and awaiting Amber's attention. It reveals the narrow entrance of Tamar's flooded-wet tunnel, too. This is a view I know Amber has never seen before, and never expected to see.

The very tentative, and the reluctant, way Amber moves tells me that Amber never envisioned herself being with a woman before. It doesn't tell me if she wants to try it, or if she's so disgusted that she's about to puke. Only that Amber is very nervous, and cautious now. Hesitant as well.

I tell Amber to open her lips wide. Then I nudge her head forward, as Amber's neck stiffens anew to resist me. I push her forward until Amber's fine lips are flush atop Tamar's plump mound. It has Tamar's clit, and most of her inner folds, inside Amber's mouth.

I tell Amber to gently lie her tongue alongside of the hard nub that's Tamar's clit. To put her tongue on the top of the nub, the underside of it against the hardness. I can't see what Amber's doing. For a couple of seconds, I don't see anything at all. But then Tamar purrs a sweet, "Ummm...." that lets me know Amber's tongue is in place.

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I see Amber cringe, her face wrinkling up for a moment at the same time. I feel a fresh tension flow through Amber. All of it quickly fades after Tamar's purr. I guess Amber has decided that so far, it doesn't taste too bad.

I tell Amber to start swirling her tongue slowly, circling it around Tamar's aching nub, keeping it in contact with Tamar's clit as it moves. Then to use all of her tongue. That way, when her tongue reaches the underside of Tamar's nub, it will be the top of her tongue against the nub. I tell Amber to go as slowly as she can. And to keep going until I tell her otherwise.

As she begins licking around Tamar's nub, Amber is stiff and tense. I hold her head in place, wondering if she'll pull it away if I take my hand off.

Tamar isn't so reluctant. For Tamar, this is definitely an unexpected treat from me. She expected a session when I appeared. She expected to suffer as she waited impossibly long for her relief. She expected me to toy with her. I admit to giving her that impression. But now, I think, Tamar has figured out that I was only using her to set Amber up. Or at least that if it wasn't a setup, then it's morphed into one once I met Amber. Now, it's clearly about Amber, not Tamar.

But that doesn't mean Tamar isn't loving it. Even though Amber clearly isn't skilled at it. I'll teach her that. Practice makes perfect.

It doesn't take but a few seconds for Tamar to start purring little moans.

At first, I wonder how Amber will react to it. To hearing how much Tamar is enjoying Amber eating her pussy. As Tamar's purrs start to grow into sensual moans, I feel Amber loosening up. The tension slowly

fading from Amber's body. It's almost as if Amber's tension flows into Tamar. I can see Tamar's legs tensing up hard as Amber's tongue does its job.

As Amber begins to relax, I release her head. It stays where I put it. On Tamar's pussy. Where it belongs. Amber seems to keep going, swirling her tongue steadily around Tamar's clit and teasing it tenderly.

Tamar's moans steadily grown more urgent, announcing to Amber that Tamar is getting close to an orgasm.

I wondered how Amber would react to the obvious sultriness in Tamar's deep, throaty moans. Would it turn her off, disgust her to know, for sure, that Tamar was loving it. It doesn't. It encourages Amber.

As Tamar's cries grow hungrier, Amber's body relaxes more and more. Her tongue keeps swirling around Tamar's throbbing clit. IF anything, Amber seems to grow more eager to pleasure Tamar. I see the scrunch fade from Amber's face. I see her fingers pushing Tamar's lips a little further apart. Now Amber's fingers don't hesitate to touch Tamar's pussy.

It tells me a lot about Amber. First, despite her lack of experience, and her very reluctant beginning, Amber clearly isn't opposed to the idea of being with a woman. I guess all that reluctance was just Amber thinking what she always does. That Tamar wouldn't be happy with her attention. That Tamar didn't want her to do it. Didn't want her. Tamar's throaty moans dispel any notions that Tamar doesn't want it. Or that she doesn't want Amber to do it.

Tamar's legs are as tense as steel. They're so tight now that they seem to vibrate. Tamar's reflexes want to close her legs now, to clamp Amber's head in place. But Tamar knows I'll whip her for that. I don't

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allow it. I want her legs to stay open so I can see what Amber is doing. So Tamar keeps fighting herself to keep her legs open wide.

Amber starts fading into it. I can see it on her body. The relaxed tone of her muscles. The eagerness as her face lightly wiggles atop Tamar's pussy mound. It's as if Amber now wants to make Tamar cum. I suspect Amber just wants to know she's managed to please someone. That seems to be the recurring theme of her sexuality. I just wonder what made her so insecure. I'd bet on a bad first boyfriend.

The more Tamar screeches throaty deep moans, the more eagerly Amber seems to eat Tamar's pussy.

Tamar knows she's not allowed to cum without permission. Just as I can see that Tamar is fighting with herself not to cum now. And it hasn't even been the five-minute minimum yet! Orgasms are rewards for a sub. They're mine to give, not the subs to take. I decide when Tamar gets one. And I'm fairly strict on my five-minute rule. I never allow a sub to cum before she's endured a full five minutes of stimulation and obediently waited.

By the time Amber has been eating Tamar for the five minutes, I can see Tamar's hands gripping the seat cushion so hard that her entire fingers look white, despite her olive skin. Her head lolls back over the top of the seat, her mouth hanging wide open as she screeches moan after moan. I don't have to see how wet Tamar's pussy is. I can see Tamar's honey coating the sides of Amber's mouth. And Amber doesn't seem to notice it.

Amber has her eyes closed. But there's not really much for her to be seeing. Her eyes would be staring up into Tamar's bush. Tamar has her eyes open. It's another thing I require. Another rule that Amber will soon be learning.

Social Work

It gives me the chance to signal Tamar that she may now cum without Amber seeing me do it. It turns Tamar loose.

Tamar's legs quickly clamp shut, squishing Amber's head hard and holding it in place against Tamar's pussy. Tamar's bottom rises up a little, her vise-tight thighs lifting Amber's head with it. Tamar tenses up, her entire body turning steely-stiff. She hangs there for a second, her sultry moans fading off as she runs out of breath.

Tamar sucks a deep breath in. "UGH!" Tamar screeches out loudly in her deep voice. Her hips suddenly snap into high gear, thrashing hard from side to side. Her thighs stay clamped around Amber's head, pulling it along for the ride. It makes it easy for Amber to keep her mouth on Tamar's pussy. Less easy for Amber to keep her head on her shoulders.

Tamar's hips snap, thrusting up violently hard. It drives the bottom of her pussy against Amber's chin. As Tamar's hips snap back the other way, I see a thick layer of gooey fresh honey now spread over Amber's strong chin. Tamar shrieks with the pleasure, a second wave of the orgasm hitting her and sending her into another round of wild thrashes.

I leave Amber in place, tonguing Tamar's pussy, until I see the waves flowing over Tamar start to ebb off. Then I grab Amber's hair and give it a light tug. "That's enough, bitch, you don't have to be a total slut about it!"

Amber pants a few breaths as I pull her lips from Tamar's pussy. Tamar falls loose on the seat and pants fast, very satisfied, breaths. I give Amber a couple of seconds to pull herself together. Judging by the thick layer of honey glazing Amber's face from the nose down, both of them need it.

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"Say thank you for every, bitch. Politely."

"Mrs. Cohen, thank you very much for allowing me to use your house to show Mistress what a shaggy bitch I am. I hope my thank you... pussy eating? Was satisfactory for you. I wanted you to like it..."

I don't let Tamar answer. Not that she would. She's still panting. Her pussy is still weeping a touch more honey, too.

"What are you going to do when I allow you to have your clothes back, bitch?" I ask Amber while she's still naked and on her knees. Still tasting and smelling Tamar's sweet pussy, too.

"I'm going to finish my work, Ma'am, then I'm going to come straight to your house for..." Amber sounds a bit eager as if she's already dreaming of this evening. Until she gets that far. Then a heavy note of reluctance and edginess creeps into her voice as she adds "my enema, Ma'am."

"And what aren't you going to do, bitch?"

"I won't touch my pussy, Ma'am," Amber doesn't sound thrilled about it. Her voice tells me she's already wishing I hadn't forbidden her from masturbating. But I'm pretty sure she won't, despite the throbbing ache in her pussy. She'd rather please me, I think, than relieve her ache. At least for the day.

I put my hand between the tops of Amber's thighs. Her legs are sort of closed now, making me push my hand into place atop Amber's very furry mound. The first thing I feel how sopping wet Amber's mound is. Honey covers everything, even the outside of her lips. Her fur is soaked, as wet as it can get. I guess Amber liked Tamar's sultry moans. I use my hand to nudge Amber up to her feet.

Social Work

I reach over to the pile of Amber's clothes. I take Amber's black bra and her purple panties. I hold them up in front of Amber's face. "I don't allow mismatched undies, bitch." I hand Amber's bra and panties to Tamar and tell Tamar to go put them in the trash. Tamar does, her firm, and still bare, bottom wiggling as she walks.

"Get dressed and go back to work, bitch," I tell Amber. I hurry her to get her clothes on, minus any underwear, and hurry her out of Tamar's house.



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The knock on my door comes a little past 5:30. It's a very sheepish knock that I almost don't hear. I've already told Sophie that I'm expecting Amber, and what to do when Amber arrives, so Sophie is waiting for her. Sophie goes to answer the door.

"Oh, you must be the shaggy bitch who interrupted my Mistress earlier. I am my Mistress's slave. You may call me slave. Come in." Sophie greets Amber. I've told Sophie to be nice to Amber, as long as Amber follows instructions. Sophie uses a sweet tone with Amber, almost warmly welcoming her.

Maybe it helps a little. Amber comes in, but she does so tentatively with small baby steps. Sophie stops her just inside the door and guides her to stand along a small empty place on the wall. Amber obeys, but she looks rather nervous as she stands there.

"My Mistress does not care for shaggy bitches," Sophie tells Amber in a rather detached voice. It's more as if Sophie is just reciting the rules. Rules she has no personal stake in and doesn't care about. Which is far from the truth. "Mistress has instructed me to clean you up and groom you like a proper bitch.

"Strip. Give me everything my Mistress allowed you to keep. And I mean everything. I will be closely checking. I had better not find so much as a hairpin. My Mistress wants you nude, and she will be very disappointed in me if you are not. That will not be happening. I am not going to disappoint my wonderful Mistress." Sophie holds her hand out for Amber's clothes.

In her other hand, Sophie holds a crop. It's not my favorite crop, my pastel green one with white lace fringe that my mom gave me for my 18th birthday. It's one of the spare ones I keep around the house. This one is pink. It doesn't have any trim to it. Just soft pink leather. I've

given Sophie permission to use it sparingly if Amber doesn't obey her. I want Amber to learn to obey. And Sophie only gives instructions that I've told her to give.

Amber begins undressing just as uncomfortably as she did for me. I know. I'm sitting at my desk, across the living room from the pair. I can see everything. And I'm only just pretending to ignore Amber. I'm watching her closely. I just don't want Amber to know that. I want her to think I've left her in the care of my young slave.

The look on Amber's face isn't unhappy. It's more tenuous as if she's worried about what Sophie might do. As if she's very embarrassed to undress in front of her. Amber is going to have to get past that. Then again, the very shy way she strips is rather entertaining to watch.

Amber slowly lifts her blouse up, over her head. She trembles as she does. And she blushes deeply. It takes her almost as long as it did the first time. But so far, she hasn't balked or done anything else to get a stroke from Sophie's crop. Maybe she remembers from earlier that she will get that painful swat if she does anything but undress now. It motivated her earlier. And Amber clearly wants more of it. If she didn't, she wouldn't have come over, would she? Especially not knowing that her future here held an enema for her.

Amber cringes hard as she slowly bares her breasts to Sophie's attentive eyes. I took Amber's bra earlier, so now she has only her sweater to cover her chest. And I stayed long after I send Amber off to work. Even if Amber wanted to, she didn't have a chance to get her underwear out of Tamar's trash. The only way she could have any on now is if she stopped, or went home, and got some more. I told her not to do that. The feeling of being without them, something she'll actually

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feel, makes for a nice reminder of what happened to hers. I'm sure it gave her something to think about all day.

Amber tries the same trick on Sophie. As the bottom hem of her sweater rises to reveal her breasts, Amber squishes an arm across her chest, bringing it up along with the sweater, and using it to cover her mounds. As the sweater comes over Amber's head, her arm hugs tightly across her chest. Amber holds the sweater, trying to fold it with one hand.

Sophie knows my rules. I don't allow playtoys, like Amber, any modesty whatsoever. It doesn't matter to me how embarrassed Amber is. But I do insist upon their clothes being neatly folded up before they're humbly handed over. I didn't bother to teach Amber any of that earlier. Then, I was trying to figure her out. To figure out if she even wanted to play. Now I know she does.

Sophie glares at Amber. She giggles. "My Mistress does *not* tolerate such modesty from worthless bitches!" Sophie balks. "Get that arm away from my Mistress's boobs! She doesn't mind if I get a close look at them." Sophie tells Amber to concentrate on folding her sweater very neatly. And she has to remind Amber to hold it out in front of her as she folds it, not to clutch it shyly to her chest.

Amber very hesitantly slips her arm from her chest. She holds the sweater in front of her, maybe a full inch from her body. And directly in front of her breasts. Still trying to block Sophie's view.

Sophie reaches out and takes hold of Amber's wrists. She pulls them out a few more inches, to a place where they'd be if Amber wasn't being a modest mouse. "There. Like normal. Don't make me tell you again." Sophie adds with some firmness in her voice. It's something I would do!

Social Work

“Ooh, those boobs look nice and firm! My Mistress will have fun with those!” Sophie teasingly says to Amber. It makes Amber blush a little deeper just knowing that Sophie is paying attention to her body.

Amber holds the folded sweater out.

Sophie ignores it. After a few seconds, Sophie tells Amber to offer it to her. She tells her what to say, too.

Amber’s voice is hushed and very mousy. “Here is my sweater, Miss Slave...”

Sophie takes the sweater. She sets it on the floor, starting a pile. Soon Amber’s shoes and socks are on the pile, too.

It leaves Amber nothing but her jeans to hand over. Amber fumbles those down just as reluctantly. And she tries to cover her pubes as long as she can. She steps out of her pants, then squats to pick them up. As she rises to her feet again, Amber keeps the jeans in front of her pubes. A harsh stare from Sophie gets through to Amber. She moves them out several inches and folds them very quickly. She hands them over.

It leaves Amber standing very uncomfortably naked. She has her hands at her sides as she fidgets hard. She blushes. She squeezes her thighs together.

Sophie laughs at Amber. “Obviously my Mistress hasn’t taught your skanky butt anything!” Sophie instructs Amber to stand properly. With her feet opened just a bit, around the width of a foot. With her hands at the small of her back. And with her head up, eyes open and slightly downcast, facing forward. The posture of a proper slave. Sophie tells her that’s the only way a “skanky playtoy” will ever stand before

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me, and that from now, if Amber tries to be “modest mouse,” she will be punished for it. She’s to stand politely, the way Sophie just taught her.

“I am completely naked now, Miss Slave, just as you told me to be.” Amber recites. Sophie told her to “make very certain” she was absolutely naked, then to tell Sophie she was nude, or tell Sophie what else she had to take off. Amber says she’s nude.

Sophie picks up Amber's clothes. She hurries off to the playroom, taking Amber's things with her. She locks them in a drawer of a file cabinet that I keep in there for just that. Only I have the key to unlock those drawers once Sophie pushes them closed. It leaves Amber with nothing and no way to get to her clothes except to wait until I decide to return them to her.

Sophie hurries back to Amber. Amber stands just as fidgety along the wall. But she does have her hands behind her, which leaves Sophie a full view of Amber’s nakedness from the front. And she has her feet opened a bit, allowing Sophie to see her furry mound. Or rather the dense jungle of fur hiding Amber’s mound. Her face has scrunched up a bit more, though.

Sophie stands in front of Amber. She casually pulls a pair of latex gloves on her hands. “If I find anything at all on your shaggy butt, you will be spanked. And it will go in my Mistress’s trash.” Sophie says overly-sweetly with a wide smirk on her face. As if Sophie’s just dying to find something.

Sophie starts at the top. With Amber’s hair. She runs her fingers through the short locks, not finding anything. She works her way down, closely examining every bit of Amber’s front side. Especially her firm breasts. Her navel. She runs her fingers through Amber’s dense bush. All the way down to poking her fingers between Amber’s toes. She even

looked inside Amber's mouth, pushing her cheeks out and lifting her tongue up to see every bit of it.

By now Amber must realize that she's being strip-searched as thoroughly as any prisoner ever was. Sophie did warn her that she would be checking closely to ensure that Amber was absolutely naked. But I doubt Amber imagined Sophie would check her this closely.

I see Amber constantly glancing my way. As if hoping I will put an end to this. As if wondering why I've so clearly left Amber in the care of my slave, who seems far more concerned with my rules being obeyed than with Amber. Then again, Sophie is treating Amber as if she were just a hunk of meat to be sized up. I make it a point of letting Amber see that I'm ignoring her. That I don't care what Sophie does with her. Hopefully, it will let Amber know that Sophie has the power over her for now.

Sophie tells Amber to turn around. Amber looks both relieved, and anxious, as she turns to offer Sophie her backside. Relieved because it puts Amber's front to the wall, out of sight. Anxious because she doesn't know what Sophie is going to do with her backside.

Sophie starts at the top again, working her way down Amber's body and checking everything anew. When Sophie gets to the firm, rounded globes of Amber's bottom, she casually pulls them wide apart to stretch Amber's crack open. "EW!" Sophie mutters softly, "no wonder my Mistress wants you groomed!" Sophie releases Amber's crack and continues down until she's seen the bottoms of Amber's feet.

It gives Amber a moment's hope that the inspection is over. That she's been through the most immodest parts of it already. Then Sophie tells Amber to bend over and open her feet wide.

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Amber sobs softly. She leans forward, bracing her hands on her knees. She opens her feet about halfway. Sophie quickly scolds Amber that she said wide, and she means wide. Amber is to open her feet as wide as she can without straining her legs. Then Sophie waits, scolding Amber constantly until Amber gets her feet open.

Sophie kneels down behind Amber. She casually puts her fingers to Amber's furry lips without any reluctance. As if Sophie doesn't care how embarrassing this is for Amber. Sophie runs her fingers slowly, and thoroughly, through the fur atop Amber's lips.

Sophie uses her fingers to stretch Amber's lips wide open, baring every bit of Amber's pinkness. And Amber's wrinkly inner folds. Sophie pushes those loose folds apart as well. She puts her fingers to the knot where those folds meld together into a nest and push them down to expose Amber's clit. The pea-sized nub instantly pops its rounded head up eagerly.

Sophie puts the tip of a single finger to the entrance of Amber's tunnel. Now Sophie has a full view of Amber's tunnel, something I skipped over earlier. It lets her see the narrow entrance. As I'd thought, it's flush with her pinkness. But I can see the spongy soft walls of Amber's pussy swelling inward and fully closing her tunnel off. I can see how wet they are with honey. I can see how brightly flushed those soft walls are, too.

Sophie eases her finger into Amber's pussy.

"OOH-EE!" Amber squeals. "MM!" Amber shudders from the touch. From the light tease of Sophie's finger casually plunging into the depths of her long-neglected pussy. Sophie pushes all of her finger into the tunnel, neither trying to tease Amber nor trying to be rough with her. More as if Sophie just wants to get her job done effectively.

"AH!-MM!" Amber screeches out as Sophie wiggles her finger. It's not the teasing wiggle I gave Amber earlier, but a more probing one. As if Sophie's just trying to fully explore the depths of Amber's tight tunnel. Amber's pussy doesn't seem to care about the difference. Sophie tells me later that she could feel Amber's pussy twitching sharply around her finger as she explored those depths. Then Sophie takes her finger out.

"Ahh!" Amber sighs out heavily, her voice full of relief and just much frustration. As if she's glad it's over. And mad at Sophie for not finishing her off while she was poking around her pussy.

Amber is bent over. But she has a noticeable arch to her back. Despite the amateurish posture, it still has her bottom pulled tautly. It just doesn't quite poke her bottom back at Sophie. It does show off her fully rounded, petite, globes though. And it has her crack stretched open slightly, enough that the inside edges of Amber's cheeks aren't touching each other.

Sophie uses one hand to push those globes as far apart as they'll go. It fully opens Amber's deep crack, letting Sophie get an unhindered view of Amber's tiny, purplish asshole and the ring of fur surrounding it. The fur now looks closer to Amber's ring than it did with my peek earlier. Almost to the ring. The fur lines about half, the bottom half, of the insides edges of Amber's cheeks. It gives her butt the looks of a shaggy dog. Or a hairy man.

I wonder why Amber hasn't bothered to trim her bottom up neatly. Surely a lover would prefer her bottom silky and feminine. Both her underarms and legs are neatly shaven, so she obviously isn't some kind of hippie that doesn't believe in shaving. It looks as if the edges of her bush have been trimmed somewhat, albeit amateurishly. I guess it

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just never occurred to her to shave that ugly hair off her butt. I can't believe neither of her boyfriends politely suggested it!

Sophie doesn't bother with any lubricating gel. There's no need for it. Sophie's finger is covered with a thick layer of Amber's clingy, slippery honey. Sophie just puts the tip of her finger lightly against the tightly clenched ring of Amber's asshole.

"OHMYG-D! NO!" Amber instantly blurts out, her voice pure panic and squeakier than ever. "PLEASE, MISS SLAVE, NO! LEAVE MY BUTT ALONE! NO!"

It's all Amber gets shrieked out. "YE-OWWWW!" Amber screeches loudly, her voice just as mousy. "OH, FUCK, GET IT OUT OF MY ASS! GET IT OUT OF MY ASS! PLEASE, MISS SLAVE, PLEASE GET IT OUT OF MY ASS!"

Sophie ignores Amber, just as I would. She keeps pressing her finger firmly into Amber's bottom. Amber's asshole cinched down even tighter, trying to stop Sophie's finger. It doesn't do Amber any good. The honey greasing the way is far too slick. Sophie's finger easily slips the rest of the way into Amber's bottom. And Sophie pushes every bit of her finger into Amber.

"NO! GET IT OUT OF MY ASS! I DON'T WANT IT THERE! IT HURTS!" Amber shrieks out, her voice still panicked.

"Shut up, bitch," Sophie tells Amber. "Unless you want me to show you how uncomfortable I can make your cavity search, that is." There's a heavy, taunting note to Sophie's voice, almost daring Amber to say something else. At the same time, Sophie crooks her finger sharply inside Amber's bottom. "UGH! OW!" Amber screeches, her hips

shuddering hard. Amber quiets as Sophie straightens out her finger. And Sophie giggles.

Amber sobs heavily, but otherwise stands demurely still. She does say a word. Her asshole cinches hard around Sophie's finger, but that's the only resistance Amber offers.

Sophie wiggles her finger gently. It takes her a few seconds to lightly explore the depths of Amber's bowels, prodding every bit of Amber's insides. She prods just firmly enough for Amber to feel it, and to know that Sophie's finger is exploring her depths back here as fully as Sophie explored her pussy. But hard enough for Amber to really feel it. It's enough for Sophie to feel the rubbery, light walls of Amber's bottom, though.

"Your rectum is fairly full, bitch," Sophie tells Amber in a mostly detached voice, but with a hint of amusement in it. Her finger continues exploring Amber's insides. "I'll beg my Mistress to give you an extra-large enema so all this mess gets washed right out of your bottom!" Now there's a lot of taunting amusement in Sophie's voice. "You'll like that, won't you, bitch?"

"No, Miss Slave!" Amber sobs out, the panic still heavy in her voice, "I don't want an enema, Miss Slave! I'll hate it!"

Sophie decides to drag out Amber's rectal inspection just another second or three. Leaving her finger still inside Amber's bottom, Sophie puts her thumb to the outside of the ring of muscle. She uses her thumb to press on that as if checking the firmness of Amber's asshole.

The grin on Sophie's face tells me she thinks the same thing I do. Amber came here knowing she was going to end up having an enema. Amber is clearly an "anal sissy," a woman who acts like the world is

Chapter 05: Fully Naked

ending whenever anything is done with her bottom. I suspect that it's bothering Amber nearly as much as she's pretending it is. As if Amber only hates it so badly because she thinks a woman should. As if a violation back there is the sluttiest thing a woman could allow. Or something like that.

"Now be polite, bitch. A polite bitch says thank you!" Sophie very teasingly tells Amber.

"Thank you," Amber begins. Her voice is pure sobbing panic. It's loud, but Amber's words are hushed to where I can barely hear them. Sophie starts very slowly pulling her finger out of Amber's bottom. "MM!" Amber screeches. Sophie's finger stops. Amber pants hard, her breaths sounding heavily strained. "for checking me," Amber continues. Sophie's finger starts moving again as Amber starts thanking her again. "Miss Slave..."

Sophie stops and reverses. She pushes all of her finger back into Amber's bottom. It had been about halfway out. Amber grunts hard as she feels the finger thrust back into her depths. Sophie scolds Amber for omitting mention of her bottom.

"Thank you, Miss slave," Amber begins again. Sophie's finger begins slipping back out again as well. At least Amber doesn't squeal this time, knowing what's coming. "For checking me, and for so intimately checking my butt, Ma'am..."

Sophie's finger slips from Amber's asshole.

Amber breathes out a very heavy sigh of relief. She pants a few more, the nervousness in her breaths growing.

Social Work

“Stand up, bitch, come along and I’ll groom you like the bitch you are!” As Amber stands, Sophie grabs Amber’s hand and starts leading her away.

“This bitch is completely naked, Mistress,” Sophie calls out to me.



Chapter 06: De-Shagging A Shaggy Bitch

Chapter 06: De-Shagging A Shaggy Bitch

Sophie leads Amber back to the bathroom. My apartment has two of them. One is off of my bedroom, and that one is mine alone. No one but me and my BFFs uses it. The other one is off the hall. That's the one everyone else uses from Sophie to the maintenance man. It's the only one my toys even know I have. And it's the one Amber is taken to.

Sophie leads Amber right to the tub. She points Amber into it and tells her to lie down. There's no water in. It's mostly dry now. Sophie releases Amber's hand and stands there, pointing into the tub, until Amber gets in and lies on her back.

Sophie gets out a bottle of hair removal cream. Nair, the brand I prefer, and thus the brand I keep in the house and insist my slaves use. I'm not that demanding of my toys. I leave it up to them how to remove their body hair, as long as they *always* look like women. Shaven silky smooth, whenever I pop up.

Sophie gets a good puddle of the thick cream in her hands. She goes right for Amber's dense bush, massaging the cream into the long, tangled hairs until she can barely see Amber's fur through the heavy layer of cream.

Sophie spreads Amber's legs for her instead of telling Amber to do it herself. Then Sophie gets more of the cream and massages it into the fur covering Amber's lips and mound.

Sophie lifts one of Amber's legs and rolls Amber to her side. Then she lifts Amber's left cheek, pulling Amber's crack as wide open as she can. Sophie massages more of the cream into Amber's crack, covering all of the ugly fur there. She covers Amber's asshole with the cream, too. But Sophie's careful not to push any of the cream into Amber's bottom. Just to cover everything.

Social Work

Sophie lies Amber on her back. She stands up and goes to the sink, rinsing the cream off her hands. She completely ignores Amber, leaving the woman lying there with the thick white cream covering her black bush. Sophie checks her watch. The cream is supposed to sit for at least 5 minutes. Sophie will give it ten to make sure it's fully done its job. She stands there, her eyes watching Amber to ensure Amber does nothing but lie there. Otherwise, Sophie continues ignoring Amber.

At the ten-minute mark, Sophie gets out the scraper that comes with the bottle of cream. It's made to look just like a razor, only it doesn't have a blade. Actually, it does, but it's just plastic and won't cut anything. Or anyone.

Sophie returns her attention to Amber. She starts at the top of Amber's dense bush. Sophie puts the scraper to Amber's skin just above the top line of the hairs. Then she starts "shaving" them away.

The scraper works just like a razor. It pushes the cream up into a pile as it moves across the top of Amber's pubes. As it goes, the cream takes every bit of the hairs along with it. Unlike a razor. The cream opens the follicles. The scraper pulls the hairs painlessly out, roots and all. Here's one big advantage of the cream over a razor. With a razor, Amber's hairs will immediately start growing again, and by tomorrow she'll have noticeable stubble that needs to be shaven again. With the cream, it will be over a week before the first tip of stubble dares to rise over her skin. Once a week with the cream, and Amber's pubes will stay as silky as a baby's bottom forever.

Sophie uses strokes across Amber's bush to shave away the dense jungle on Amber's pubes. Then Sophie goes back to the creases of Amber's thighs and shaves them again, making certain that every hair is gone. It leaves Amber's pubes bare. It leaves a fine film of the cream on

Chapter 06: De-Shagging A Shaggy Bitch

them, too, but that's so thin that Sophie can easily see the perfectly smooth flesh of Amber's pubes through it.

Now Sophie moves for Amber's mound. She starts by spreading Amber's legs again for her, this time bringing Amber's feet up and putting the woman into a missionary position.

Here the fur is even denser, and more tangled, as it flows over Amber's lips. It's enough that Amber's mound is hidden under a solid white coat of the cream. Sophie just starts at the top, on Amber's left side, and draws the scraper down one lip. It pushes the cream down until huge dollops of it fall to the tub. And it leaves Amber's lip mostly smooth.

There are still a few stray hairs. They're mostly at the edge of Amber's lip, and well into the crease of her thigh. The last hairs before the line where Amber had shaven herself to. Sophie gets the hairs in the crease first. A single, swift stroke gets those. Then she turns her attention to the ones at the very edge of Amber's lip, almost as if they're growing off the edge, extending more into Amber's gash instead of up. To get those, Sophie slips a couple of fingers underneath Amber's thin lip and lifts it up. Then a smooth stroke along the edge gets those hairs, too. It leaves Amber's lip silky smooth. Sophie gets the second lip.

Sophie moves her attention down, to the narrow band of skin between Amber's mound and asshole. A single, quick, stroke takes most of that hair, almost to Amber's asshole.

Sophie turns Amber over, rolling her to lie on her stomach. Now with Amber's bottom standing up, Sophie pushes Amber's cheeks wide apart again. It lets Sophie see the mess between them, where Amber's firm globes squished the cream between them.

Social Work

Sophie starts at the top of Amber's crack, drawing the razor along the inside edge of one cheek and scraping away Amber's fur. The fur is dense, but not as dense as it used to be on Amber's mound. It's not as long, either. It easily scrapes away, leaving soft skin behind. Sophie works down the edge of the globe almost all the way to Amber's asshole. Then she does the other cheek.

It leaves just a few stray hairs. The finest hairs. The ones closest to Amber's asshole. Sophie moves her fingers very close to Amber's asshole to get those. She stretches the skin, pulling it taut and pulling out the gentle wrinkles surrounding the ring. Sophie fully stretches out that skin. Then she scraps away the last hairs. It leaves Amber's bottom perfectly smooth. And looking like a woman's butt, not a dog's. Amber was fairly hairy before Sophie got a hold of her.

Sophie turns Amber back over. She gets the bottle of Nair again. This time Sophie starts at the tips of Amber's toes and covers Amber's body all the way up to the waistline with the cream. Front and back. Even Amber's cheeks. She coats Amber's underarms last.

Sophie waits another ten minutes, ignoring Amber again. Then she returns to the tips of Amber's toes and starts scraping the cream off with the razor. Sophie shaves the hairs off Amber's toes. Off the tops of her feet. The minute stubble off her legs. She shaves Amber's pubes a second time. She shaves Amber's hips. Sophie rolls Amber over and goes back to Amber's feet. She shaves the backside of Amber's legs. She shaves Amber's cheeks, scraping the light peach fuzz off of them. She spreads Amber's crack and shaves that again, too. She leaves Amber on her stomach. I have no doubt Sophie does it just to make it weird for Amber. It doesn't make much of a difference for Sophie. She shaves Amber's underarms.

Chapter 06: De-Shagging A Shaggy Bitch

Sophie rinses her hands, leaving Amber lying there with her bottom up. She puts the Nair away after cleaning the scraper. Then she gets the handheld showerhead down and turns on the water. Cold water. Hot water is a privilege here. One Amber hasn't earned.

Sophie hoses Amber off with the icy spray. She takes her time, thoroughly spraying every bit of the cream off. She even spreads Amber's crack and gives that a good spray. Then she rolls Amber over and sprays her down again. Now Amber's pubes are silky smooth, stubble-free, bare, and fully exposed. As is the relatively flat mound of Amber's pussy. Now Sophie can see the purple-tinged edges of Amber's inner folds in Amber's wide gash.

Sophie gets the shampoo. She washes Amber's hair the same way, leaving the shivering woman lying in the empty tub while she works the lather into Amber's hair, then rinsing it away with icy spray. Then Sophie conditions Amber's hair.

It leaves only one thing for Sophie to do. Wash Amber. For that Sophie gets a washrag and a bottle of rose-scented body wash. She doesn't need to get Amber wet. She already is, from head to toe. Sophie quirts a huge dollop of the soap into the rag. She starts at Amber's feet. She starts by scrubbing the soles of Amber's feet, then between Amber's toes, before moving up to the tops of her feet.

Sophie works her way up to Amber's pussy. If Amber was hoping for any mercy at all, when Sophie gets to Amber's pussy she finds she won't be getting it. She'll be getting thoroughly washed and nothing less.

Sophie first scrubs the outside of Amber's thin lips. Then she opens Amber's lips to scrub the undersides of them along with Amber's loose inner folds. She spreads Amber's folds, fully exposing Amber's

pinkness, and scrubs that, too. With soap. The only mercy Amber gets is that Sophie rinses the soap away as soon as she's done, rather than leave it where, after a minute or two, it would start stinging Amber.

Sophie works her way up to Amber's breasts. When she gets to them, she scrubs them with the rag. Then Sophie puts her bare hands to Amber's mounds and "massages" the suds in. Slowly, Sophie's hands lightly kneading Amber's breasts as she does. It gets a soft purring from Amber. "Ooh, these boobies are so firm! And with nice, wide nipples that stick up so hard! My Mistress is going to love using them!" Sophie softly coos to tease Amber.

Sophie works her way up even further. She scrubs Amber's face. Her lips. Her nose. Her ears. She even makes Amber close her eyes so she can scrub Amber's eyelids. Only then does Sophie get the sprayer again and fully rinse Amber's front side.

Sophie rolls Amber over. She scrubs everything she can reach, even parts that she's already washed from the other side. She feels Amber cringe lightly when she gets to Amber's bottom.

Sophie has less mercy here. She spreads Amber's crack wide and scrubs everything. Then she pulls the flesh around Amber's asshole taut and scrubs that again. Finally, Sophie gets the tip of her finger sudsy and pushes it lightly against Amber's asshole. Not quite through her ring, but deep enough to get the soap onto the skin at the rim of the ring, and somewhat into the opening. Enough that Amber squeals a loud grunt as Sophie presses. Then Sophie twists her finger, scrubbing the soap over the flesh. She rinses Amber's bottom before finishing Amber's bath.

Sophie rinses Amber a second time, making sure all the soap is off Amber's body. Sophie has Amber step out of the tub and stand on a

Chapter 06: De-Shagging A Shaggy Bitch

towel. She dries Amber off, watching as Amber stands there, cringing, likely dying to scream at Sophie that she can do it herself. But Amber doesn't. She demurely stands there, shirking, humiliated, and very embarrassed as Sophie does it.

Sophie takes a nude, and now spotlessly clean, Amber by the hand. She walks her out to me, where I'm waiting at my desk. She stands Amber in front of the desk and waits silently until I give Sophie permission to speak.

I glance up, my eyes roving over Amber and taking in her bare pubes. And the flat mound of Amber's pussy, now fully exposed between her slightly parted legs. I nod to Sophie.

"Here is this formerly shaggy bitch, Mistress," Sophie sweetly tells me, "I have it properly groomed like a good pussy toy, Mistress."



Chapter 07: Patience

“Bring the bitch, slave,” I sweetly say to Sophie.

Sophie quickly takes Amber by the hand. She holds Amber’s hand snugly. She waits as I walk around the desk. As I start for the playroom, Sophie leads Amber along behind me. Sophie might not know where I’m taking Amber, but there’s really only one choice. The playroom. Where I play with most all of my toys. So Sophie does know where we’re taking Amber. But not what I’ll do with Amber once we get there. Sophie knows that I told Amber she’d be getting an enema, but that doesn’t mean she’ll be getting it now. It could be at any point tonight. The only thing Sophie is sure of is that Amber will get the promised enema.

As we step into the playroom, I point to the massage table in the center of the room. “Sit on it, bitch,” I tell Amber, my voice a little firm. But not as firm as Amber is used to hearing me give her commands. She soon finds out why my voice is softer. Sophie doesn’t let go of Amber’s hand. She keeps it in her snug grip and walks Amber over to the table. She doesn’t give Amber any choice about it. She nudges Amber up to sit on the table.

I get a ball gag and a blindfold out of the cabinets along the wall. I already know that Amber is going to be a noisy playtoy. Soon she’ll be screeching mousy cries at full volume. I don’t want to disturb any of my neighbors! Well, if they were actually home, which they aren’t. I don’t want to listen to it either. With Amber gagged, I won’t have to hear her screeching. And she won’t be able to beg, either. Or whine. She’ll have to just lie there and pretend she’s begging while she enjoys her next lesson.

Amber looks very nervous as I walk the few steps over to the table with them in my hand. I don’t tell Amber anything yet. I put my hand under Amber’s jaw and pinch the corners of Amber’s jaw to force

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her mouth to stretch wide open. Then, with Amber's wide eyes warily watching me, I push the ball of the gag into her gaping jaws. I reach behind Amber's head and buckle the strap, pulling it taut, so the ball will stay in place.

Then I put the blindfold over Amber's eyes. It's a thick sash of dark, but silky, black fabric. I pull it snug and tie it off behind her head. It won't let any light through, not even a sliver.

Now that Amber is blind, she looks even more nervous. I can see the light quivering on her body as she sits. And she's not still. She fidgets fairly anxiously.

"There!" I squeal with plenty of feigned excitement in my voice. "Now you won't make so much noise!" I giggle. Sophie giggles along with me, as if she knows what I have in mind for Amber.

I tell Sophie to help me lie Amber back. With her blindfolded, I'd never tell a newbie like Amber to do it herself. Instead, both Sophie and I take one shoulder. We guide, and mostly pull, Amber to turn. Then we lay her back on the soft table. We pull her forward, toward the head of the table a little, so that all of her, even Amber's feet, are on the table.

Amber loose even more nervous. She can't really fidget as she lies on her back, but her bottom is squirming against the table. Her hands and feet aren't very still either. But it's Amber's body I mostly notice. She's trembling enough that her nipples are dancing atop her pert, full, and well-rounded mounds.

I silently go get four pieces of rope from the cabinet. I didn't bring them earlier because I didn't want Amber to see them. Then she'd know she was going to be bound. Now she's wondering what I'm going to do. And she can't see the ropes.

Social Work

I take hold of one of Amber's wrists. I bring her arm over to the edge of the table. There's a steel tube frame just under the mattress. It's there to support the top, but it's excellent for tying things to as well. I lie her forearm along the edge of the table, bending her elbow.

I wind three loops of rope around Amber's narrow, slightly bony, wrist and tie it off. Then I start winding the rope around Amber's forearm and the steel tube of the frame. I wind it snugly with both the coils slightly tight and lying flush beside each other. I wind it all the way up to Amber's elbow, where her upper arm begins to angle inward to her body. Then I tie it off. The coils completely cover Amber's forearm. And they bind it snugly in place. Amber isn't going to be moving her arm a bit. But it leaves Amber's hand free, dangling over the edge of the table. Then I do the same with Amber's other arm.

Only this time I feel a light tension in her arm as if she's reluctant to allow herself to be tied. Especially now that she's gagged. It leaves her rather helpless, fully at my mercy, unable to object or offer any resistance as I do whatever with her body. As if she's anxiously wondering what hideous things I might do with her, and wondering even more if she'll be able to stand them.

I take hold of Amber's ankle. I feel the tension in her leg as I move it. I bring Amber's foot up, pulling it to the edge of the table as I do. I set her foot on the table for a second, her knee fully bent. I wrap three loops of the rope around Amber's rather bony little ankle. I feel Amber's leg stiffen up even more as she realizes that I'm going to tie her legs as well as her arms. It will leave her even more fully immobilized.

I bring Amber's foot all the way over to the edge, then off the side of the table. With Amber's foot dangling, I take the rope and wrap three coils of it around both the steel tube frame and Amber's calf, just above

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the tied-off coils at her ankle. Then I tie it off again. I do the same with Amber's other ankle, spreading her legs wide.

Amber immediately does the only thing she can do. She modestly tries to close her knees, bringing them almost together. It really doesn't do much to hide her pussy, but it makes her think she is. It also strains the tendon at the creases of her thighs. It doesn't take long for Amber to feel that strain. Slowly her knees open again, now fully offering up her pussy on immodest display.

It lets me see the long, very loose and wrinkly, edges of Amber's inner folds between the edges of her thin lips. With Amber's legs spread, her gash is stretched even wider as her lips are pulled open along with her thighs. It lets me see that, despite the very thorough bath Sophie just gave Amber, her pussy is already fully wet again. It lets me see the knotty ridge where her folds flow together, too. And there, I can see the tip of her clit eagerly awaiting some attention. It stands up so nicely for me as if wanting to make sure I know it's interested in being played with.

"There, shaggy bitch," I say with plenty of amused satisfaction in my voice. "Time for your next lesson." I don't tell Amber what the lesson will be. I'm sure, with her pussy splayed open for the world to see, Amber has some ideas of her own. I'm sure she's thinking it will involve her pussy.

Very quietly I whisper to Sophie to "fetch me something skanky to administer this dirty bitch's lesson." Sophie knows what I want. I want skanky. Short for skanky whore, the "slave name" I bestowed upon Paige. She knows right where to find Paige, too. In her cage, where Paige always is when I have no use for her. The cage that's behind the fabric screen that's blocking off one corner of this room from view, and thus keeping Amber from knowing that there's anything behind it.

Social Work

Sophie hurries around the screen and opens Paige's cage. A minute later, Sophie is walking out of the cage, leading Paige along on a leash. Sophie brings Paige right over to me.

"Tease that sloppy thing," I tell Paige.

"Yes, my Queen," Paige answers.

Amber stiffens up instantly. She must realize that she's hearing a new female voice. Sophie has a strong Southern accent to her voice, but Paige doesn't. Now Amber knows there's a new person in the room. A person she's never seen and hasn't a clue who it might be. It could be anyone. Clearly someone I concealed from her. Maybe she's read enough of my stories to know it's likely Paige, my live-in house-slave and whore.

Paige is nineteen. She's a very lean girl, too. So lean that she has an almost stick-like figure. She's slightly tall, at 5'7", but very slender at 118 pounds. She just doesn't have enough body for it to have too much of a feminine curve to it. But it's still a rather attractive body.

Paige is nude. She's always nude in the house, no matter what. No matter who comes over. She's never allowed to wear anything. The only things on her body are the hot pink dog collar I've put on her slim neck, and a pair of police-issue leg irons on her bony ankles. She always wears both. The collar never comes off. The leg irons only come off when she leaves the house for school. On the very rare occasions I take her to a sub's house, she wears her chains just to remind her that she's my property.

Paige immediately puts her fingers to Amber's freshly shaven pussy. Just as quickly, but also tenderly, Paige spreads Amber's lips wide, baring her pinkness and her purple-tinged inner folds.

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Amber tenses up hard. “UM!” she moans nervously into her gag. It’s about all Amber can do. Now that she feels her pussy being opened up, she shouldn’t have much doubt what I ordered teased. Amber’s pussy.

Paige leans over the end of the table, quickly lowering her lips to Amber’s spread pussy. Paige stretches her mouth wide open. She lowers her mouth the last inch or so, putting her delicate lips atop Amber’s pinkness. Paige’s lips surround Amber’s clit. Paige’s long, curly, honey-brown hair falls forward, hanging over Amber’s pubes and thighs.

Paige puts the tip of her tongue alongside of Amber’s aching clit. Paige sucks, very lightly. Paige starts moving her tongue, swirling it around Amber’s clit very slowly. So far, it’s exactly what I had Amber do to Tamar earlier.

Amber feels it. She screeches a very loud, very tense, and even more urgent, “OOH!” into her gag. At least that’s what her squeal sounds like. It’s hard to tell what she’s actually squealing through that gag. She shivers crisply, her body shuddering hard. Her hips snap, trying to thrash already, but the ropes on her ankles keep them sort of in place for Paige.

Paige swirls her tongue around Amber’s hard clit only once. As soon as she gets back to the starting point, she changes up the tease. Paige lightly closes her lips, trapping one of Amber’s loose folds between Amber’s lips. Paige keeps her tongue along the tender underside of the fold. Paige slowly inches her lips along Amber’s fold, using her tongue to tease the fold as she goes.

Paige goes all the way down to the bottom of Amber’s fold. Then she opens her lips a little wider, slipping her mouth over to take in all of the narrow entrance of Amber’s dripping-wet tunnel. Paige stops with

her lips just around the rim of it. Paige puts the tip of her tongue to the rim. The inside of the rim, her tongue extending just a fraction of an inch into Amber's juicy wet, and very nervy, tunnel. Paige again swirls her tongue, this time teasing it along the inside rim of Amber's tunnel. Caressing Amber's very hungry walls with its tip.

Amber shrieks out again. Her shoulders snap up, rising off the table, as her stomach muscles tense up. Her hands clench into tight fists. Her toes curl. Her legs try to slam closed, but the ropes keep them from gripping Paige's head too snugly. She squirms hard, just not moving much, as the ropes hold her.

Paige keeps her tongue moving at the slow pace, taking her time to tenderly tease the walls of Amber's pussy with it. I'm sure Paige can feel those walls twitching eagerly against her tongue, too. Amber looks that eager already.

Paige only makes a single swirl of her tongue here, too. When she reaches the starting point, at the bottom of Amber's tunnel, Her mouth begins moving to the other side of Amber's pinkness. There it finds Amber's other, unteased fold. Paige sucks her way back up along that fold, just as she sucked her way down the other one.

Now that Paige's tongue is back to its starting point atop Amber's clit, there's only one thing for Paige to do. Start over and give Amber another tease. And then another. Paige will keep repeating the same circuit until I tell her to stop. No matter how much screeching Amber does.

I call this a tease. I've taught Paige to do it this certain way for one reason. It won't quite make Amber cum. It will make her feel the sweet caresses of Paige's tongue, both on her clit and in her pussy. And those will push Amber swiftly towards her climax. But then, as Paige's

Chapter 07: Patience

lips work their way along Amber's folds, it gives Amber a second or two to ebb back from that arousal. Just in time for Amber to feel it all over again. And again. And again. It's intensely frustrating. No matter how much Amber wants to, or how hard she tries to, Paige's tongue isn't going to bring Amber over the edge. Not quite. It's more going to hold her just short of climax, where Amber can fully feel the intense sensations of Paige's delicate tongue. Paige's very feminine tongue.

Amber lies there, shrieking away as Paige keeps going. I can tell where Paige is in the circuit, too. Amber tenses up hard, her shoulders coming up, her head coming forward, whenever Paige's tongue is on Amber's clit or pussy. Then Amber falls, more crashes, back to lie on the table as Paige works up a fold.

I give Amber a minute or so to enjoy Paige's tongue. Then I reach down and put the tips of my fingers to Amber's breast. I very tenderly stroke Amber's breast, both the mound and her very stiff nipple, with the tips of those fingers. "There, there, my shaggy bitch... now you just lay there and learn your lesson, bitch... learn that it's now my pussy."

I wink at Sophie. "come along, slave, you can serve my supper. We'll come back to this bitch in a few hours. Maybe by then, it will appreciate how thoroughly I own that pussy now."

Sophie giggles. "Yes, Mistress!" she blurts out eagerly.



Chapter 08: Over You Go, Bitch

Social Work

I always have some music playing lightly in the background during supper. Tonight I turn the music up. I have to. Once I do, it almost drowns out the sound of Amber screeching needy, hot moans into her gag. Almost. At least it covers it up enough that I can enjoy a leisurely dinner.

Amber does not have a leisurely evening. I leave her there for a good two hours, give or take. When I return to the playroom, Amber is right where I left her. Then again, it's not like she's going anywhere while she's tied to the table.

Amber is definitely a mess when I return. She's flushed to a bright pink, her body covered in a film of sweat. She tense. She's screeching pleading moans into the gag. Her fists are balled up. Her toes are curled up. Her knees open and close. Her shoulders are still snapping up and down, keeping rhythm with Paige's teasing. Only now her muscles are tired, and it shows.

Amber's freshly shaven pussy is just as messy as she is. Amber's clear honey clings to everything, covering the outside of her lips, the creases of her thighs, and running onto the tops of her legs. It looks as if it has run down as well, trickling into the crack of her bottom. There are even a few drops of it on the table. And there's a heavy coating of Amber's honey on Paige's face, too. All around Paige's light lips, onto her chin, and a small drop on her nose.

Paige is still teasing away at Amber's pussy. I knew she would be. If nothing else, Paige is a very obedient whore. I said for her to tease, so she'll tease until I tell her to stop. And that's what she's doing. the desperate hunger in Amber's moans tells me that Amber has yet to cum. Paige is holding her short of that last hurdle. It's just what I wanted.

Chapter 08: Over You Go, Bitch

I walk up beside Amber's head. She doesn't seem to know I'm there. That's not surprising. Not with her still blindfolded and her squeals drowning out any sounds in the room. I am so glad I gagged her!

I use one hand to tenderly stroke Amber's cheek. She flinches as I touch her, but that quickly fades. It leaves Amber slightly more relaxed than she was. "Aw..." I coo teasingly sweetly. "Does my new bitch want to cum so soon?"

Amber violently nods her head yes, as if pleading for that release. She grunts "please" into her gag, or at least I think that's what she's saying. It's awfully hard to tell. It sounds like "YUH!"

"Well, cum then, bitch?" I tell Amber with a good amount of tease in my voice. I already know she can't. If she could have, she would have long ago. Amber is nowhere near well enough trained to hold her climax back this long. I haven't even told her that she has to hold it back until she's given permission yet. She'll learn my rules. But she needs to start slowly.

Amber screeches something into her gag. It's a desperate plea. It sounds like it might be "I can't!" I watch Amber's hips squirming hard against the ropes as Paige keeps on teasing her.

"Oh, you can't?" I teasingly ask Amber. "I guess you're learning your evening's lesson then. That's my pussy. It only cums when I want it to. Shall I leave you there a while longer to ponder that?" Amber very enthusiastically shakes her head as she cries out a panicked "NO!" "Oh, so you accept that I own that pussy, bitch?" Amber nods yes just as enthusiastically.

"Hmm... do I want my pussy to cum now..." I muse softly. Amber's still nodding a very eager "yes," almost begging me to allow it. I pause

for a few long seconds as if considering it. "Nope. Don't be silly, bitch, you haven't even had your enema yet!"

Sophie giggles loud enough for Amber to hear it. Sophie knows what Amber is in for now. I've done this to Sophie more than a few times. And it always drives Sophie bananas.

"Would you like your enema now?" I ask Amber.

Amber must realize that she's not going to be allowed to cum until she endures the enema. She nods very eagerly for the enema. An enema I know she's nervous about and doesn't want. It tells me that Amber is so hungry to cum that she's more than willing to suffer the enema for her release.

"That's enough, skanky," I tell Paige.

Immediately Paige's lips rise off Amber's pussy. "Yes, my Queen," Paige answers. Then Paige works her jaw. It's got to be tired from the long pussy teasing she's just given Amber. Paige straightens up to stand beside the table.

I wave to Sophie. Sophie clips the leash back onto Paige's collar and leads Paige behind the screen. A minute later Sophie's back. Paige is back in her cage, to wait until I have further use of her. Besides, Paige has a lot of studying to do for her classes, and her cage is the perfect place for it!

I untie Amber's legs. They are far from still as I stretch them out on the table. They squirm as energetically as her bottom does. Only now Amber's not squishing her thighs tight to hide her mound. She's trying to rub her mound between her thighs and urge it to cum.

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I untie Amber's arms. The instant the first one is free, it instinctively goes to her pussy. I pull it away before she can start touching herself. I put it to her side and firmly remind her to keep it there. I didn't give her permission to "diddle my sloppy pussy," so it's not to be touched. Touching *my pussy* without my permission is called rape. Certainly, I scold Amber, she wouldn't want someone touching her pussy - if she had one - without her permission, would she? She fidgets hard, but her arms stay at her side as I untie her other.

I put my hands to Amber's shoulders and sit her up. Then I pull her hands behind her back and use one of the ropes to tie them snugly. I wave Sophie to help me. We each take a shoulder and guide Amber to turn so that her legs are dangling over the edge of the table. then we guide her up onto her feet.

I take hold of Amber, putting one of my hands to one of her breasts and cupping it in a light squeeze. It's the perfect place to hold on to her. It lets me feel the firmness of her pert mound. And even with my light squeeze, Amber quickly follows her breast instead of letting it pull from my hand. Not that I'd let it. I'd squeeze harder if I had to.

I lead Amber over to a chair that's along the wall. I keep it here mostly for spanking. It's comfy, for me. It doesn't have any armrests, making it far easier to turn a woman over my knees. And it's sturdy enough to firmly support two people. It doesn't even get wobbly.

I take my seat, putting Amber at my side. She's still blindfolded and gagged, so Amber hasn't a clue what's going on or where she is. she can't see the chair. Or anything else. I tell Amber to kneel. She gets down cautiously, not really showing much nervousness yet, but more worried about bumping into something. There's nothing there for her to bump.

Social Work

Once Amber's on her knees, I put my hand to the back of her neck. I pull her forward gently. "Over you go, bitch," I say sweetly. I keep nudging her forward, bringing her chest over my legs. I push her down as well, lying her chest across my legs. Then I shift my thighs slightly, putting one snug in the bend of Amber's waist. My other thigh goes under Amber's chest, the underside of her perky mounds lying flush against the outside of it. It allows me to support her chest. It leaves her legs dangling at my side.

Amber's waist is fully bent. Her knees just barely reach the floor, half on it. Her calves lie on the floor, as do her feet. Her bottom is pulled tautly enough that her crack is slightly opened between her firm globes.

And now that Amber's crack has been shaven so smooth, I have a very good view of Amber's tiny little asshole. Her ring is a light shade of pink with a decent purple tinge to it. It's a tight ring and one that looks tight. There's no funneling to it. It's more like a pinpoint of darkness centered in the pink-purple flesh. But it's lined with countless gentle wrinkles, all flowing into that pinpoint.

I have Sophie fetch me a bag-type enema. It's a clear bag, like an IV bag, filled with one liter of mineral oil tinted slightly yellow with food coloring. The color is just to remind me what's in this bag. It has a few feet of clear tubing attached to it, and a small plastic clamp pinching off the line just before the end. I set this one up earlier, especially for Amber. It already has a nozzle attached to the end of the tubing. The nozzle is slightly thick, a hair thicker than a pencil, and it's long. It's about eight inches long. It's covered with a thin film of lubricating gel, a plastic cap over the nozzle.

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I use my thumb to pop the cap off. I put one hand to Amber's bottom, right at the top of Amber's crack. That's to steady her bottom. I use my other hand to guide the tip of the nozzle between Amber's cheeks. It's just wide enough to so lightly brush against the inside edges of her globes as it makes its way down. It comes to rest very lightly atop Amber's tight ring.

Amber shudders hard. It's a nervous shudder. I see the muscles tightening up as Amber's asshole clenches even tighter to resist the intrusion she just knows is coming. Amber sucks in a very noisy, squealing, panicked breath. with the gag, it's about the only sound she can make.

I start pushing the nozzle. It has a gently rounded tip to it. and it's narrow enough that it will easily press right through Amber's asshole. It's designed to! The film of lubricant on it helps, too. For an instant, I feel a little rubbery resistance. then the nozzle begins slipping forward. I take it slow. That way Amber can feel the nozzle inching into her bottom.

The instant it pushes into her tightly clenched ring, Amber shrieks out an exaggerated, nervous squeal. It's not a grunt of discomfort, just pure anxiety over the idea of it going into her there. There's no doubt that this will be the first enema Amber's ever received. And it shows.

The nozzle keeps inching deeper and deeper into Amber's bottom. Amber keeps squealing, just as loudly, only with growing panic in her tone. I can see that Amber's asshole is squeezing tightly around the semi-stiff nozzle. And I know Amber can feel the somewhat flexible tube as it slides along the inside of the walls of her rectum.

Amber cries out something like "SO DEEP! PLEASE, THAT'S FAR ENOUGH UP MY BUTT!" But it's really hard to make words out of the

panicked squeaky whine through that gag. Amber's bottom starts to squirm, her hips grinding against my thigh. As if that will do anything. the nozzle keeps slipping into Amber's virgin bottom. "PLEASE! DON'T SHOVE IT ANY FURTHER UP MY BUTT, MA'AM!" Amber tries again. the gag nicely distorts her whine into muffled squeaks that I completely ignore.

I push all of the nozzle's eight inches into Amber's bottom, stopping when the slightly wider base, where the tubing attaches, is flush against the outside of Amber's asshole. It has the tip of the nozzle deeply inside Amber's bottom. Not quite at the back of her rectum, where it would be unpleasant for Amber, but fairly close to it. As thin as the nozzle is, Amber should be barely feeling it. More just feeling that it's there, not feeling any discomfort from it.

I release the clamp on the tubing. The yellowish liquid begins to flow, gravity pulling it into Amber's bottom. I don't have a stand to hold the bag up, but I do have Sophie. She's holding it up high for me.

"EE!" Amber shrieks into her gag. It sounds like she whines about it being cold. Those first drops are at room temperature, about 75 degrees, as they flow onto the 100-degree, body temperature, walls of her rectum. Amber shivers crisply.

In about a minute, Amber is already sobbing. She barely has four ounces of the liquid into her bottom. That's a mere 1/4 of what I'm going to give her. But by the way that Amber is crying and squirming, you'd think she had a fair-sized ocean in her bottom!

Amber's hands nervously try to reach the nozzle. I'm sure some instinct is urging her to yank it out of her bottom. I have her hands bound at her wrists, her wrists crossed over each other. It allows her hands to reach the small of her back, but not much more. The tips of her

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fingers reach as close as the top of her crack, where they wiggle as they stretch to reach the tube. They come up short. It only makes them wiggle harder to get to it.

Amber isn't still. She squirms and fidgets hard. Her bottom wiggles all over my thigh. That doesn't help her any either. The tubing just wiggles right along with her bottom. And it keeps right on filling her rectum.

I put my hand on the center of Amber's back. I softly caress her back, calming her slightly. "There, there, my little bitch, just lie still, and let's get that filthy bottom filled all the way up!" I sound reassuring. Amber is not reassured. She squirms on.

After another minute or so Amber's fidgeting starts growing panicked. "IT'S TOO MUCH! I CAN'T HOLD IT!" Amber screeches something like that into her gag. the gag mutes it to a mumble. I doubt Amber has realized yet that no one could possibly understand her squeals. I can't. I've just heard the same squeals enough times before to just know what she's whining. "IT'S TOO FUCKING MUCH!"

Amber has about half of the sixteen ounces she's getting. That's half of the one-liter bag. And according to Sophie, there's plenty of room in Amber's rectum for that much. Sophie would know. She's the one who cavity searched Amber earlier, which gave her the chance to feel how full Amber's bottom was without Amber having a clue Sophie was checking that.

Amber's feet start kicking up and down on the floor. Her head thrashes from side to side as it hangs beyond my thighs. Amber sobs even louder. Her hands finally give up trying to get to the nozzle. Her hands ball up into fists that fidget atop her back.

Social Work

I leave the fluid flowing into Amber's bottom. "Please!" Amber groans through the gag. This time it's not a panicked squeal. It's more of a muted, desperate plea that she knows has zero chance of success. "It's too much! OW!" Amber keeps squirming away.

Finally Amber gets half of the bag into her bottom. I flip the clamp, shutting off the flow. Sixteen ounces is about the limit of what a woman's rectum can accommodate. It's enough to fully stretch the walls of her rectum taut, to their limits. But it's not quite enough that it will start flowing backward and into her colon. It will make her as uncomfortable as she will get, but not give her the sharp cramps she'd get if it flowed into her colon.

It has Amber squirming manically, as whining as if her bottom is about to explode inside her. It has her crying, too. But Amber seems to cry about everything. She cried just taking her clothes off. So I ignore that.

I slowly pull the nozzle out of Amber's bottom. It takes me around twenty seconds to get the eight inches out of her. Amber doesn't show any relief at it coming out, even though that should tell her that she won't be getting any fuller. She just squirms as hard as ever. And her feet still kick around, her heels almost getting me a few times.

I lightly put my hand atop Amber's firm globes. I softly caress her firm globes. They're hard now, every muscle in her backside tensed up to steel as she strains to hold the enema in. "There, my shaggy bitch, now your filthy bottom is nicely filled up!"

I peek at Amber's pussy. now that it's hairless I have a good view of it between the tops of her thighs. I can see that it's still sloppy wet, Amber's honey still weeping from her slit. I can see fresh honey clinging to her thighs, too, from all the squirming she's been doing. But now, I

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can see the very tip of Amber's clit as it pokes up impossibly hard from its nest and into her gash. It's strained so hard that its tip looks white to me. And now I can see it throbbing. Amber must be aching so badly for that orgasm!



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"slave, bring me the medium ball vibrator, this shaggy bitch has allowed my pussy to get disgustingly sloppy," I sweetly tell Sophie. Sophie hurries off to fetch the requested toy from my cabinets and bring it over to me.

The toy I asked Sophie for is a small vibrator. Even the medium-sized ones. It's a rubber-coated ball, about the size of a pinball, with a pencil-thick shaft on it. The shaft is about eight inches long, with the last four inches of it being a little wider to hold the battery. The ball is where the little motor is that does all the vibrating.

I put the ball against the lips of Amber's pussy. I don't push it into her pussy, although I'm sure she would love it if I would. I just lightly stroke the rounded end of the ball along Amber's sopping-wet gash, getting a good coating of Amber's honey on the tip of it.

Amber purrs softly, and rather sweetly as I do. She also groans loudly, with a lot of discomfort in her voice. And she fidgets around energetically. It makes a very interesting display.

I slowly draw the tip of the ball up, along Amber's gash. As I reach the end of her gash, I keep pulling it up. There's a thick coat of Amber's honey there, too. As Amber lies on the table with Paige, it seems I was right. Amber's honey flowed all the way down into her crack to her asshole.

I keep the ball moving up until it's atop Amber's tightly cinched asshole. I watch as the wider ball pushes the inside edges of Amber's cheeks apart as it slips between them. At first, Amber doesn't react much to it, assuming that I'm just going to keep moving it up. I stop the ball.

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"NO!" Amber shrieks out in a desperate panic. I see her asshole tense up a bit more, too. Her bottom suddenly snaps from side to side as she tries to squirm her asshole away from the ball. Her feet kick down hard.

Her feet kick down so hard that it lifts Amber's bottom an inch or so off of my thigh. I saw it coming. I hold the shaft of the vibrator firmly, keeping it still as Amber's bottom moves. The sharpness of Amber's bottom thrusting up is too much. For Amber's bottom, not for me. Her asshole is slammed against the rounded ball. And with me holding the ball in place, it drives her asshole against the ball. It rams the ball hard through her tightly clenched ring and into her filled rectum.

"OW!" Amber screams into her gag. I'm sure that was a rather rough insertion for her. "oh, OW!" Amber grunts. Her bottom falls back onto my lap. This time I don't hold the vibrator so firmly. It stays in Amber's bottom, following her globes down to my thighs.

"UM!... Oh, please! GET IT OUT! GET IT OUT OF MY ASS, MA'AM!" Amber screeches through her gag. Amber squirms and kicks wildly now. Even her hands are back at it, trying desperately to get to the vibrator and yank it from her bottom. Her hands strain so hard that her hands start turning purple from pulling against the rope holding them. Not even the tips of her fingers get close to the shaft.

I push the vibrator a little deeper into Amber's rectum. Amber squeals, even though she shouldn't really feel it. Just the narrow shaft sliding easily through her tightly clenched ring. That shouldn't be uncomfortable for her. But the idea of having it deeper in her bowels seems to be.

I wiggle the vibrator, angling it slightly. I bring the handle of it up, towards Amber's back. It drives the ball down, towards Amber's pubes.

It has that rubbery ball pushing against the wall of Amber's rectum there.

I turn the vibrator on. The ball starts vibrating. Its vibrations flow into the wall of Amber's rectum where it's pressed against it. The walls of her rectum are paper-thin. It allows those vibrations to flow right through them and into what's beyond. Where I have the ball pressing, beyond her rectum is the backside of the spongy soft walls of Amber's pussy.

"MM! FUCK!" Amber screeches. It's loud. It's a cry of absolute surprise. I see goosebumps erupt over the lips of Amber's pussy and into the creases of her thighs. "MY PUSSY!" Amber cries out. That so-cute over-modesty of hers is long gone now. She sounds like a slut. An eager slut.

Amber shudders hard. Her hips snap as they start bucking up and down. I allow the vibrator to move along with her behind, keeping the ball pressed against Amber's insides as it moves up and down. Amber shivers as she thrashes on my lap. And she moans out the hottest, neediest pleas.

I keep the ball in place. I take care to keep it snugly against the backside of Amber's overly-hungry pussy walls. As Amber's bottom bucks harder, it gets difficult to keep it still.

Amber almost thrashes as she lies over my thighs. Her feet kick wildly against the floor. her hands give up trying to get to the shaft and instead pound against her back. Her head flies around. Her bottom keeps snapping up with thrusts that grow harder and harder.

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I put my hand to Amber's back again. This time I stroke the tips of my fingers lightly along her spine. "I think I want my pussy to cum now..." I muse to myself.

It's no longer just Amber's feet and calves kicking. Now her thighs are getting into it as well. Her knees come off the floor. Her feet come up all the way to her bottom. Her shoulders thrash as well, one or the other always seeming to snap up.

"UH!" Amber screeches into her gag. "um... UH!... FUCK, PLEASE, MA'AM, DON'T MAKE ME DO IT LIKE THIS! LET ME HAVE THE TOILET FIRST!"

I ignore Amber, my favorite thing to do. I hope it lets Amber feel as if I don't care about her. That my only concern is doing whatever I fancy with her body. As if she's nothing but a life-sized Barbie doll to me.

Whatever Amber is feeling, it's having the desired effect. The wild thrashing of her hips sends a few drops of her honey flying, slinging it off of her pussy mounds. It falls to the floor mostly, a few drops landing on Amber's legs.

Amber keeps screeching into her gag. Her words, if there are any, aren't intelligible. It's just sounds. Sounds that are quickly growing sultrier, and needier, by the moan. Moans that are growing more and more shrill and squeaky, too.

It happens suddenly. Amber's shoulders rise up, her back arching the wrong way and driving her stomach against my lap. Amber's legs lock up, stiffening to steel. Her legs stick straight out, leaving me to support every ounce of her weight. Amber cries out a long, very

squeaky-high-pitched “UHM!!!” It fades only when Amber’s lungs run out of air.

Amber stays like that, tensed up as stiff as her muscles will go for several long, and intense seconds. Not moving really at all. Just... frozen like that. No longer able to squeal a single sound.

The first thing I notice is Amber's pussy. It squirts. It's a big squirt, too, sending a huge dollop of honey shooting out through that wide gash. It splats against her thighs, close to her mound. It's hard splat, the honey having plenty of energy to shoot all the way to her feet. But it can't. Her thighs are too close together for that.

A tiny fraction of a second later the tension vanishes from Amber’s body. Her legs fall. Her shoulders fall. She falls limp over my knees.

Amber sucks in a fast, noisy breath.

“OW!” She screeches out, drawing her cry out until her lungs run out of air again.

Amber's body doesn't stay still. Or loose. It snaps back to full tension. It freezes, tensed up, and vibrating for a fraction of a second. then a second wave crashes over Amber. Her body shudders hard as it falls again. “UGH!” She grunts out in the sultriest of voices as she falls. It's the last of her air. She falls limp over my thighs for another fraction of a second.

“MY PUSSY!” Amber screeches out. It’s all she has time for before she’s moaning out another squeaky loud “OW!” as her body is snapping up through another crisp contraction that has her as straight and stiff as a board. By now her thighs are covered in honey, smeared everywhere from her squirming legs, from about mid-thigh up.

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Amber sucks in a noisy breath, "UH-AH!" as she falls loose again. Her feet barely crash onto the floor before she cries out "IS ON FIRE!" I assume that's the ending of the sentence she started earlier about her pussy. Whatever, it's cut off as Amber snaps back to stiffness and screeches another pleading, but very sultry, "OW!"

This time, Amber lies limp for a couple of fractions of a second. a few more tiny slivers of time than she has been. And now her body trembles hard as she lies there. But she doesn't suck that breath in. She just lies there, trembling over my knees.

Another wave must hit her and jar her back from wherever she went. She sucks the fastest breath in. Then her bottom slams hard upward, ramming the toy against her insides. Her bottom thrusts up a few inches, then immediately falls back onto my thighs. as she falls her entire body snaps to the steely stiffness.

Amber freezes again, her body tensed up hard on my lap. "MY PUSSY HURTS!" Amber stutters out, her voice muted from what it's been. The gag muffles her words into a jumble of noise. "OH, FUCK ME, IT'S ON FIRE!"

Amber doesn't fall limp this time. When the next wave hits her, her muscles snap violently hard with it. There isn't time for her to fall limp. Not even to really move. Just to lie there, her body twitching crisply, shuddering hard, and her pussy almost running with honey.

Amber stays like that for several seconds. She doesn't stutter anymore. She doesn't cry out. Not even a moan. She just lies there twitching away.

And again, it happens suddenly. Amber's body falls limp. But it doesn't fall over my thighs. It doesn't make it that far. She falls about

halfway. But before her feet hit the floor, she's snapping again, the tension instantly back in her body.

This time her head snaps off to the side. I see it's her shoulders driving it. Her left shoulder, the one closer to me, rises up. And it keeps rising, flaunting her bare breasts to me as it does. Her knees suddenly snap again, as her shoulder is still coming up. they start locked straight. they snap in, pulling up until her knees crash hard into the chair I'm sitting on.

Amber screams "YES!" Her body snaps again. this time her feet thrust down to the floor, slamming against it with all the strength she has. It throws her hips up. Her twisting shoulders are too much. Amber throws herself to the side, almost rolling off my lap.

She lands on the floor at my feet, on her back. Luckily for her knees have snapped back up, almost crashing into her breasts they came up so far, by the time she hits. In that position, the toy is sticking straight out of her bottom, parallel to the floor. It saves her from impaling herself on it. But with her hands bound behind her, they're under her as she lands on her back. That can't be comfortable.

Amber snaps a few more times. Finally, she breathes out a very long sighing, "OOH!" then she falls limp. Amber lies there limp. The snapping is gone. It leaves her body trembling hard, but doing nothing else. Just barely breathing. And trembling hard.

Amber lands with her feet about ten or twelve inches apart. It's just enough for me to have a good view of her pussy. Now I can see the tiny spurts of honey still coming from it as her walls snap hard with crisp spasms. Even these small dollops of honey start to make a gooey puddle on my floor.

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It takes several minutes for the trembles to fade. When they finally do, they fade very quickly. Amber stilling to a very blissful, fully spent, looseness.

A second later I see a small trickle, really just a few drops, of the yellowish enema fluid being to weep from between Amber's cheeks. The firm cheeks she's lying on, squishing their tips flat against the floor. The cheeks that are squished snugly around the shaft of the toy that sticks out from between them

I lean over and slap Amber's face. She doesn't react. Not even a flinch. I slap her hard, this time leaving a medium-deep handprint on her cheek. She still doesn't react.

I am not going to let Amber lose that enema all over my floor. especially not while she basks in this sweet afterglow. "slave, diaper this shameless bitch!" I call out urgently to Sophie.

Sophie grabs some stuff and hurries over. I don't usually use diapers. And when I do, it's more to humiliate the sub than out of necessity. But I keep a few around. The one Sophie grabbed looks just like a baby's diaper, complete with Big Bird and Elmo on it, only sized for an adult. It's in pink, too.

Sophie moves quickly. Amber lies loose and unmoving as if she's asleep or dead. Sophie lifts Amber's legs up and slips the backside of the diaper under Amber's firm bottom. then Sophie lightly powders Amber's bottom, just as Sophie has done countless times for babies. Sophie quickly pulls the toy from Amber's asshole. It comes out easily, Amber's anus being slightly rubbery and no longer cinching tight with all its might. She sets the toy on the floor. Sophie pulls the diaper up and quickly fastens it on Amber before anything else can leak from Amber's bottom.

Social Work

Now I leave Amber to lie there. It takes a while. I'd guess close to fifteen minutes before Amber opens her eyes. As Amber is lying there, I have Sophie take the blindfold and gag off of her.

"Oh, is my disgusting shaggy bitch back from orgasm-land?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Amber answers in a very breathy, deep, and sensual voice.

"How does *my* pussy feel now, bitch?"

"Your pussy is so satisfied, Ma'am... Oh, it feels so good..."

It only takes a few more seconds. Amber's head snaps up, her eyes going wide. She must feel the wetness she's lying in. She sees the pink diaper she's now wearing and blushes to a very beet red. Her face scrunches up as if she's going to cry. "May I please go use the toilet now, Ma'am?" Amber's voice is full of shame, humiliation, and pleading.

"Don't be silly!" I mockingly scold Amber. "Diaper bitches don't use the potty. They get changed." I watch Amber blush to a new depth of redness. And that's saying something. I stare at Amber.

Amber very hesitantly asks. "May I please have my diaper changed, Ma'am?" It sounds as if it's the most humiliating thing she's ever said. Far more so than she ever imagined possible. I didn't know if she'd ask. I'm still feeling her out, discovering what excites her and what doesn't. I'm thinking, after what I've seen, that the humiliation is a big turn-on for her.

"slave, change the bitch," I tell Sophie.

"Yes, Mistress," Sophie answers. She gets the powder, some wipes, and a fresh diaper. She gets a plastic baggie for the one Amber is

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wearing, too. She hurries over with them and kneels beside Amber's knees.

Sophie opens the diaper. It's not as bad as it could be. But it is wet. Then again, the enema was mineral oil, not water-based. Diapers don't absorb oil. It leaves a tiny, stinky wetness in the diaper. And on Amber's toned cheeks.

Now Amber's asshole is cinched tightly again. Straining to its full tension and holding back every drop of the enema. Sophie efficiently cleans Amber's bottom. She spreads Amber's cheeks and makes sure Amber's asshole is cleaned off too. Sophie uses a fresh wipe to clean the drying honey off Amber's pussy mound, too. Then she switches the diapers. Sophie powders Amber's bottom. She fastens the fresh diaper on Amber.

"Thank you, Ma'am, for allowing me a fresh diaper..." Amber says in her shamed voice. But it's a voice that's still throaty deep and satisfied.

"Thank my slave, too, bitch."

"Thank you very much for changing my diaper, Miss Slave. You're very good at it..." Amber tells Sophie.

"Good, now that we have that done..." I begin.

"For the next few weeks, you will call me before you may set one toe out of your house in the morning. Every morning. Is that clear, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Amber answers a tiny touch of excitement in her very humiliated voice.

Social Work

"You will follow all of my rules, especially those about grooming and the dress code. 24/7. I might pop up whenever, wherever, to check up on you. If I find you looking like a shaggy dog again, you won't be sitting for the next few days. I like my bitches looking like ladies, not dogs. Is that clear, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Amber answers a lot more excitement in her voice. I assume that's from hearing that she's now my bitch. It's what she craves. To be both owned and wanted.

"I don't care how slutty that pussy gets, bitch. You will not touch it. I will tell you when I want it touched. Then you will touch it. no other time. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

I have Sophie fetch Amber's clothes. "You will not date anyone. If you are asked for a date, tell whoever asks you to call me. I'll decide if I want my bitch going out with him or not. You will go if I say to. And if anyone asks if you are seeing anyone, you will tell them 'I belong to Miss Rodgers.' Is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Amber sounds almost thrilled to hear that she's my property.

Sophie comes over and sets the pile of clothes next to Amber. I have Amber sit up and tell Sophie to untie Amber's hands.

"And tonight, you will wear your diaper like a good bitch. You will go straight home. then you will memorize every rule and every part of my dress code from my website. Once you've done that, you may call me. If you've done that, I will allow you to take your diaper off and use the potty. That diaper had better be clean, too. If not, you'll have a very uncomfortable night in your diaper. Is that clear, bitch?"

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"Yes, Ma'am," Amber answers. Her voice is rather excited but also starting to show some nervousness at the thought of how long she's going to be holding that enema in.

"Good. Do not disappoint me, bitch. I care that you memorize my rules. I don't care that your bottom is full. Ignore your bottom and do as I say, bitch. Now put your clothes on and you are dismissed for now."

"Yes, Ma'am," Amber answer. She groans slightly as she quickly starts pulling her clothes on.

Three minutes later Amber is on her way out the door, clutching one arm to the bottom of her stomach and moaning softly from her full bowels. I suspect, come morning, I'm going to have to allow Amber to masturbate.

It's an hour and a half before Amber calls me. I make her put the phone on video and show me that she doesn't have the web page up in front of her. I ask her a few questions about the rules. She answers them all correctly and can recite the rules to me. I tell her she has earned the use of her toilet now.

Then I surprise her with a fresh, and apparently unexpected, humiliation. I tell her to leave her phone on video. While she's relieving that enema, Sophie will watch her. Amber is to keep the phone pointed at her pubes and bottom while she does it.

It's about ten minutes later when Amber, without my prodding her to, says "Thank you very much, Miss Slave, for watching me go potty so Mistress will know I was a good bitch and held my enema until she told me I could relieve it." I guess he's learned some manners tonight.

Author's Note:

Tamar also appears in “humiliated At The Fitness Center,” Which is her story.

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