

A photograph of a nude woman standing in front of a large, multi-paned window. She is holding her pregnant belly with both hands. The lighting is soft, coming from the window, creating a gentle glow on her skin. The window has a dark frame and the glass is slightly textured or dirty.

Help - I've Inherited A Slave

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.

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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

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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

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offended by anything they happen to see. They're just not eager for me to put on a show on their account.

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

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

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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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"Hey, Pepper!" I hear Ellie, my BFF #3 calling out to me. I'm coming out of the health services building on USA's campus. Ellie is also a student here at USA, but she doesn't have any classes in this building. I see her around campus enough, usually by arrangement, not coincidence. So I suspect it's not a coincidence that I'm bumping into her now. Not that it matters. I'm always glad to see my friends.

Immediately I notice that's there's a guy tagging along beside Ellie. That's not so unusual either. I wouldn't exactly call her a hippie, but she's not far from it. She's always hanging out with some guy, or another, or a group. When I see her around campus, she's almost never alone.

What catches my eye is the guy she's with. He's not her typical friend or at least doesn't look it. It makes me wonder if she's going to date him. He does look like the type she'd date. He looks like the boys we grew up with next door in Baldwin County. He looks to be around my age, and I'm almost 21. He's taller than me, but so is almost everyone. I'd guess he's about 5'10" or so. He has short, light brown hair that's cut neatly. He's wearing khaki cargo shorts and a t-shirt, but that's normal around here. His clothes are clean, not "dorm clean" as we call it – meaning not smelling, maybe washed, and only slightly wrinkled. His look freshly washed and hung up. He has a pretty nice build, too. It's not easy to tell with the loose-fitting t-shirt, but I can tell that he's lean. I can see a hint of defined muscles on his arms and legs that tell me he works out or at least gets plenty of exercise. I like guys who take care of themselves, and he looks like he does.

I have about a half-hour between classes. I was planning to grab a cup of coffee from one of the carts around campus before heading for my next class. I turn and head for Ellie. Maybe she'll join me for that cup. She has more time than I do between classes. I'm studying nursing, and hopefully, then it's on to med school. Ellie is studying "green architecture." I tease her that it means putting grass on roofs. But in reality, it's a booming industry. Everyone wants their buildings to be green now, and Ellie loves saving the planet.

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"Hey, Pepper... this is my friend Allan." She tilts her head to the guy next to her. "I've known him for like a year now. He was in my intro to forest science class last year." I remember her telling me about the class. USA has a huge forestry program, and there's a lot of overlap with Ellie's program. I remember her telling me that the class involved little more than spending time in the forest. USA owns miles of forest land around the southern part of the state.

We chat for just a few seconds before Ellie says "anyway, Allan... has a bit of a thing he wanted to talk to you about. I was kind of hoping you'd have some time soon. You know, like, just a few minutes... to make time for him?" It's Ellie-speak for "please talk to him." And Ellie doesn't ask very often. It's enough to pique my curiosity. And to make me think she likes Allan.

"I was going to grab a coffee. I've got about twenty minutes before my next class. Want to join me?"

"Sure," Allan answers. His voice is pure Alabama, telling me he's a local boy. Ellie bows out, telling us that she has to get going to class. I know she doesn't. It's an excuse. It doesn't look like Allan sees it. It tells me that whatever Allan wants to talk about, Ellie figures that he'd prefer to talk to me alone. We head for the nearest snack cart. They all have coffee. Luckily this one has some decent blends. All of which are sustainable, organic, and ethical. That's a big selling point on campus. Allan offers to buy, saying it's the least he can do. I never object to a guy buying me coffee.

We find a place to sit. We're out in the open, but it's the middle of campus. It's a safe enough place to sit with a guy I don't know. Although, since Ellie introduced him to me, I know he's safe. Ellie wouldn't introduce me to anyone who was the slightest bit creepy. Unless it was to point him out and warn me about some creepy thing he did. Ellie thinks creeps should have to wear signs warning girls what creeps they are. It's not a bad idea.

I ask him bluntly what he wants to talk about. We don't have that much time, so there's no reason to waste any of it. Besides, I'm known

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for being direct. I hate wasting time when I have plenty of it. And I hate misunderstandings even more.

He tells me a short version of his story. His father was a communications specialist in the Navy long ago. He invented some electronic gizmo that does something the military found rather valuable. He doesn't offer me too much of a detailed explanation, other than that it's used to secure satellite communications. And I don't ask for more. I doubt I'd understand it if I did. Electronics aren't my strong point. Whatever it was, the patent on it made his father rich enough that they had a nice life. Until about four months ago when his father died. He was hit by a drunk driver coming home from work.

His father had a live-in girlfriend, a 42-year-old woman that Allan refers to as his step-mom. Her name is Laurie. Allan inherited everything. But Laurie got the right to live in the house forever, and she gets an allowance from his father's income to live on. That's forever, too, unless Laurie moves in with another man. Then she forfeits everything.

Allan promised his father that if anything ever happened to him, he'd take care of Laurie. His father repeated the request in his will. Allan intends to honor it. And he doesn't mind. He tells me that Laurie is a "sweet woman." She's been a big help around the house. She's done almost all of the housework. Which explains his neat and clean clothes.

Laurie has never worked a day in her life. And there's no reason for her to start now. She gets free rent and utilities, plus \$2000 a month. According to Allan, that's "peanuts" compared with what his father's royalties amount to. Most of which is going into savings. Allan is smart enough to know tech patents quickly become obsolete, as does the tech.

Laurie, according to Allan, married a man when she was 16. That's legal here in Alabama. She stayed with him until she turned 30, and then she immediately moved in with another guy. That guy stayed with Laurie for several years. Then, about six years ago, he "sort of just gave her" to Allan's father. Allan was 14 at the time, so he missed some of the details. But her ex packed her stuff up and dropped her off at their

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house. She moved into his father's room that night. Before then, Allan had never seen her. Her ex was friends with Allan's father, and they stayed friends after Laurie moved in, so obviously, there were no hard feelings.

I know of similar "introductions." I've even done one or two of them. It's not so uncommon for a Dom or Domme to find a new Mistress for her slave when She wishes to get rid of it. Then it's the slave's choice. Go where her Mistress sends her, or go away. They all go where they're sent. They trust their Mistresses to find them someplace where they'll be happy. I wouldn't say it's common, but it's far from a rare method of a Mistress "divorcing" her slave. Or a Master.

Laurie just immediately fell into her role as a housewife. And kind of step-mom. At 14, Allan didn't need much mothering. She was very polite to him. And sweet. She did "like a million little things" for him. Yep, Laurie is sounding like a slave to me. A well-trained one, too. A one with lots of experience.

Allan knows that much, too. He tells me that he knows Laurie was his dad's. She did whatever He told her to. And she never argued about anything. She did whatever Allan told her to as well, as long as it didn't conflict with his father's instructions. He tells me he knew his father would "punish" Laurie if she broke His rules, or disobeyed Him, or even if she just wasn't polite or some "tiny thing." But he never actually saw the punishments. His dad didn't let him. He tells me he knows "they were kind of bad," that he heard Him tell Laurie she'd earned herself a spanking on several occasions. Then he'd hear the sound of a belt on her bottom, and Laurie crying. Not much doubt about what was happening in dad's bedroom! He tried asking Laurie about it once, as in did she want dad to stop spanking her. All Laurie would say is no, she deserved the spanking, so she should have gotten it. Whether she likes it or not. He remembers her saying "Men take care of their girls... and sometimes the girl needs to be reminded that He's her man."

Allan didn't think too much about it. But then his father died unexpectedly. And it left him alone, at home, with Laurie. For about a week Laurie just cried and went on doing her chores. She did little else.

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Then Allan heard from the lawyers. They told him of his father's will. Allan didn't know that everything was his. He figured his father would have left Laurie something.

Instead, he basically left Laurie to him along with the rest of his property. He asked that Allan look after Laurie until she moved out of the house, however long that may be, even if it's forever. Allan told Laurie the terms of the will. That she would continue to live in the house and be given money for the things she needed.

Laurie was relieved. She told Allan that she thought she'd have to move out now, and she has nothing and nowhere to go. Immediately Laurie started doing everything she could think to do for Allan. She was always offering to get him a drink, to make him supper, or whatever. HE didn't even ask her to do the laundry. He just came home and found his clothes all neatly washed and ironed, folded up, and hung up. His bed was made for him. Even the trash can in his room washed out. None of which he asked her to do.

Then Laurie started asking him more personal questions, like what should she wear today? He didn't care what she wore. She'd ask what "he thought she'd look good in today" and wear whatever he suggested. Or ask again in a different way. When she needed groceries, she tells him she'd made a list, did he want her to go to the store? And then she'd ask how he wanted her to pay. He'd tell her to use the bank card, the same as she always did. She would, and she made sure to give him the receipt. He noticed that he had a receipt for everything she'd charged, and she'd asked him before making every one of those payments.

She never did anything too overt. She'd walk around the house in her robe, a sexy, lace-trimmed one that didn't quite make it down to her knees. But she's always worn that around the house. Just like with his father, she'd wear it in the mornings until she dressed, then again late in the evenings. Between she stayed fully dressed. He guesses that she didn't have anything on under the robe, but never actually saw anything.

The other big change he noticed is that as soon as his father died, Laurie stopped calling him Allan. Now she addresses him as Sir. Always.

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And whenever he comes close to hint that he'd like something, she hurries to do it for him.

Now Allan tells me why he wanted to talk to me. He tells me that he's heard the "gossip" about me around campus. Pretty much everyone has. Ellie assured him it was mostly true. That I am a Domme. That I play with a number of toys, some of them younger than myself, some of the much older. Male and female toys. Ellie, he says, told him that I actually favor female toys. It's true. I prefer either single women or couples. Single men can get the wrong idea. The idea that they'll end up being something more than a play toy for me.

Allan tells me that he does mind Laurie in the house. He doesn't want her to move out unless she wants to. He enjoys having all the housework done for him. Without Laurie, he says, the house would probably look like a frat house. And Laurie is a good cook.

More importantly, Allan wants to honor the promise he'd made to his father. He wants to make sure Laurie is well taken care of. But now that he's figured out the "nature" of his father's relationship with Laurie, he's figured out that he doesn't know what to do with her. Or what Laurie wants him to do with her. He thought since I understood "such relationships" that I might be willing to help him, or at least tell him what to do. Because he hasn't a clue.

I ask him what he wants Laurie to be. Laurie, I tell him, sounds to be a slave. She wants to be owned by someone. She wants to be told what to do, how to please her owner. And she sounds rather eager to please. It doesn't sound to me as if Laurie minds him being her new owner, either. The question is, does he want to own her. Does he want that responsibility?

He says he hasn't thought about it. Laurie has always been his dad's girlfriend, and that's how he sees her. He says she's "pretty," for a woman her age. He says she's very polite, and "sweet." He "can't imagine" that she'd want to be anything more than she has been, basically his step-mother, and he doesn't want her to do anything she's not interested in doing.

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I just laugh. "It sounds like she's already giving you the power. It's yours for the taking if you want it." I tell him.

He says he wouldn't have a clue what to do with her. "I mean, like, you're saying she wants me to spank her?"

I have to laugh again. I give him a two-second primer on discipline. It's not that Laurie wants to be punished, or spanked. She wants the firm discipline. She wants to feel that she truly needs to obey him. That he cares enough about her to discipline her when she disappoints him. And then, after her punishment, that it's over and she's fully forgiven for her sin. She wants to be told what she's to do, not asked, and not offered a choice. She wants it to be clearly laid out for her. And most importantly, for Laurie, she needs to see that he's pleased with the gift of her service. It won't matter to Laurie what she has to do to please him. She will happily, and eagerly, do anything that she thinks will make him happy with her. She already is, as much as she knows to do.

He asks me for help. He never says just how fully he's willing to own Laurie. Just that's "way totally over his head." And that it would have been nice if dad had left him an owner's manual for Laurie. "I guess he was going to write that next week," Allan jokingly adds.

It's a Thursday, one of the increasingly rare days that I have an evening free. He says his last class gets out at three. Or so. The professor isn't so good with time. And rather long-winded. I get it. A lot of professors seem to love the sound of their own voices.

"Here's what you do. At 4:30, look Laurie straight in her eyes. Say exactly this: 'Laurie, do not ask any questions. Come with me. We are going to see my friend, Miss Rodgers. You will be on your best behavior.' I'd expect Laurie to say 'Yes, Sir,' and nothing more. If she asks you anything, scold her 'Laurie, I said no questions. Behave your naughty butt.' I doubt you'll have to scold her more than once, and probably not even once. Bring her to my apartment and I'll meet Laurie. Then you and I can have a talk about what Laurie needs and what's best for her."

"Thanks, Pepper!" Allan blurts out rather happily. As if it's everything he was hoping I'd say. I give him my address just in case he can't find it. Google maps know exactly where I am. It's not hard to find.

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It's the tallest building on Dauphin Street, downtown, one block from Water Street, which is the end of downtown and the beginning of Mobile Bay. It's also the end of I-165, and it's impossible to miss. So is my building. It's a full story taller than anything else around it. Parking, however, is not easy to find. Dauphin Street is lined with cafes, clubs, and pubs. A few bodegas, too. And a few other things.

Then I say goodbye and head for my class. If I'm going to get into medical school, I need to keep my GPA way up! And that means not being late to class. Especially not a nursing class.

Allan is on time. I figured it would take him around half an hour to drive over from his house in Foley. It's not far, just over the bridge on the other side of the bay. But there's traffic at this time of day. And there's the eternal battle for parking spots. My building has a garage attached to it, but it's only for residents. Allan has to park on the street, or in one of the pay lots on the neighboring blocks.

When he knocks on the door, I slip off to the back of the apartment. Sophie, my live-in slave-girl, always answers my door. I've told her that a friend of Ellie's, Mr. Woods, is bringing a sub over to meet me. She's to make Mr. Woods comfortable. She knows what I want her to do. And she understands that he is my guest. Whomever he brings is irrelevant.

When Sophie opens the door, she sees Allan standing there. She's never seen him before. Ellie hasn't brought him over. And Sophie doesn't attend USA. She's enrolled in a vet tech training program at Bishop State College. She very polite greets Allan, "Hello, Sir, you must be Mr. Woods. My Mistress is expecting you, please, come in, Sir."

It's the first look I get at Laurie. She's definitely pretty. She's fairly tall, maybe around 5'8" but she's also lean. I'm guessing she's no more than 140 pounds, and with her height, that's not so much. She has long dirty blond hair, full-bodied, hanging down to her shoulders. She's wearing a nice, but casual, black dress. It's just loose enough to let me see that she is going to have a nice figure, but also to hide the lines of her figure. To look casual, not sexy or slutty.

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Laurie is standing demurely at Allan's side. She has her hands behind her back, loosely and casually, as if she's used to standing like that. She has her head tilted downward slightly, just enough to have her eyes downcast. But I see the hint of a smile erupt on her face the instant she sees Sophie.

There's no mistaking Sophie. She's wearing one of her usual "slave dresses" as I call them. They're all-lace stretchy dresses. They hug her body snugly from her breasts down to about an inch below the bottom curve of her behind. They're trimmed with white lace. This one is pastel green, my favorite color. The lace doesn't really hide anything. It just makes Allan look a little closer to see through the little holes. There's plenty to see. Sophie doesn't have any underwear on. She has matching fingerless gloves. And she matching boots with high, spiked heels and sides made of stiff lace instead of leather. It's a look that Allan clearly appreciates.

Sophie's wearing her collar, too. It's pastel green, made of soft leather, and trimmed with frilly white lace. It's locked around Sophie's neck with a shiny brass padlock. Sophie polishes that lock every day. She polishes the dog tag clipped to the collar just as frequently. That proclaims her to be my property. The collar never comes off, no matter what. Not even for the TSA at the airport. And it leaves no doubt what Sophie is.

Sophie shows Allan to the sofa. She doesn't mention Laurie at all, leaving Allan to just bring her along with him. Sophie offers him a drink, and he takes the tea. She doesn't offer Laurie anything. And Laurie seems to expect not to be offered anything. Maybe she knows that Allan doesn't know he's to ask for it if he wants her to have anything. But Laurie clearly recognizes what kind of a household this is, and she knows the rules here.

Sophie returns with his tea. She kneels at his feet, sitting back with her bottom between her heels. She holds the cup atop her upturned palms, making a little tray of her hands six inches out from her nipples. She politely offers it to him. He takes it. Sophie stays put, on her knees, waiting for him to dismiss her or ask for something else.

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That's when I come out from the kitchen. "slave, fetch me a coffee," I say to Sophie in a sweet, honeyed voice. Sophie almost jumps to her feet and hurries to fetch it. Hurries to the kitchen I just came from. I take a seat beside Allan and ask him how his classes were. It's just small talk until Sophie brings me my coffee.

"I take it this is Laurie?" I ask him.

"Yeah," He answers.

I turn to the woman. "Laurie, I am Miss Rodgers," I introduce myself to her. "I'm sure you know that Mr. Woods has never owned a bitch before. He has asked me to assist him. You belong to Mr. Woods. However, for the time being, you will also obey me as if I own you. Unlike Mr. Woods, I am well experienced with naughty bitches. Displease me, and you will be punished. You will not be repeating your mistake after that. Is that clear, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Laurie answers. It lets me hear her voice. It surprises me a little, in that she has a bit of a California girl accent to her voice. I'd just figured that since Allan was from Alabama, she would be, too. I guess someone else brought her here, although I can't imagine why anyone would move *to* Mobile.

"It seems to me that Mr. Woods the senior has left your worthless butt to Mr. Woods, and thus you are now his property." I don't make it a question.

"Yes, Ma'am," Laurie answers, her voice sure and now sounding just a bit excited. Almost as if she's been waiting for Allan to realize it. "I know I belong to Mr. Woods now, Ma'am," I hear a faint, almost mischievous, excited note to her voice. It tells me that Laurie has been hoping that Allan would figure it out. And that he would want to keep her.

"Good. Stand up. You will undress and give those clothes to Mr. Woods politely." I tell Laurie. I don't offer her any explanation. No reason why I want her nude. Nor do I ask if she minds stripping in front of the three of us. I simply, and firmly, tell her that's what she's to do. As if her privacy, her modesty, mean nothing to me, or to Allan.

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"When I tell you to undress..." I describe how I want her to take her clothes off. Not randomly, or however else she normally would. I want her to start at the very top of her head, and take off whatever is highest on her body. And so on, until even the tips of her toes are bare. The only exception to the order is her shoes. Those will come off last unless they interfere with her taking something else off. Then they come off when they need to. I tell her that this is what I mean by undress. If I don't care how her clothes come off, I will tell her to "take your clothes off," not to undress. She needs to remember that. I don't offer second chances. I expect her to obey.

Laurie starts with her earrings. She takes those off and holds them out to Allan. "Mr. Woods, will you please hold these earrings for me, Sir?" She asks him politely. It's not quite the line I teach slaves, but it's close enough. Allan takes them and sets them on the coffee table in front of him.

Laurie pulls her dress over her head. She holds it out in front of her and quickly, but neatly, folds it up. Then she asks Allan to hold the dress for her. For me, this is kind of a test for Laurie. I want to see what she knows. I want to see how Laurie expects to be treated. It seems every Domme has Her own way of doing things, and Laurie has learned from her previous owners. I suspect she's doing things exactly the way Allan's father wanted her to.

My opinion of him goes up. Obviously, Laurie is fairly well trained. She knows to take care of her things, and fold them up neatly. She's humble and polite. And she never calls it her dress. It's "the dress." As if she considers it to be Allan's property, not hers. Willed to Allan by its former owner, his father, and she's only allowed to use them. Not to own it. Then again, she is owned, so she shouldn't own anything.

It lets me see that Laurie is wearing sexy underwear. Both her bra and panties. I can see a pair of white fishnet panties. There isn't a bit of solid fabric on them, except for a tiny strip of cotton under her pussy mound. They're cut just below the tops of her hips. But they have a fairly sharp V in the front. Enough of one that not only are they fully off her thighs, but a tiny slice of her pubes are bare as well. Not that it

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would matter. I can see her pubes through the fishnet just fine. They have narrow sides to them, more fishnet, about an inch wide, around her hips.

Her bra is the same. It has full cups, but those are fishnet. It has narrow straps, no more than ribbons, over her shoulders. It has a moderately wide strap around her back, but it needs it. The cups are big enough. And it has a little wire under the cups for support. It also has her mounds maximized and pushed up, making a deep cleft of cleavage between them. All while doing nothing to hide her breasts.

Allan doesn't look at her. Not really. His eyes are more detached as if he either has little interest in seeing her body or maybe he just thinks he shouldn't be interested.

He should be unless he's gay. I never asked, and Ellie wouldn't care if he was. Laurie has a good figure. Her body is lean and slender. She has a noticeable feminine curve to her waist. And she has curvy hips, despite them being lean enough that I can make out the tips of her hips bones. She has a flat, toned stomach, too. I can see shapely legs. What I don't see is any body fat on her. Just enough to keep her from looking like a skeleton or showing her bones. Except for along her shoulders. There I can make out the lines of her collar bones. I usually can, on younger women, but not always on older ones. It tells me that Laurie has put some effort into keeping her body up. Likely she's been told to. Her owners would have wanted her to look her best for them, and if they were anything like me, they wouldn't have cared how much work it took Laurie to look her best.

Laurie doesn't hesitate to take her bra off. She just reaches up behind her back and unclips it. Its straps fall to her sides and she slips the straps over her shoulders. She folds that up and hands it over to Allan.

It lets me see her breasts fully, their shape no longer at the mercy of the bra. Her mounds are soft, lying back against her chest with a prominent crease to their undersides. They're also ample. I'm guessing she's a 36-C, maybe even a D-cup. Her mounds have an almost perfect rounding to them crossways. They have a decent rounding to them up

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and down as well. I can see the full curve to their undersides, once they rise from her chest, a fully-rounded tip to them, and then a gentle slope back to her chest. Her mounds angle slightly outward, making a wide V of cleavage between them. A deep V, even without the bra pushing her mounds together.

Her mounds are topped with a pair of wide tings that are so faint pink that they're almost hard to see. A nipple, only slightly darker pink, and as wide as the tip of my pinkie finger, is centered in each ring. Her nipples are long. Almost ½" long, rising off her mounds with almost straight sides. They have almost flat tips to them, giving them a noticeable rim where the sides turn to the flat tip. And right now, those nipples are as hard as steel. Allan must notice them. There's no missing them sticking straight off those soft mounds.

Laurie drops her hands to her sides. She doesn't try to hide any of her body. She never has. She's just gone about her task of taking her clothes off, and whatever of her body shows is seen. She glances down. It takes me just a fraction of a second to see what she's doing. She's being diligent! She's checking to see whether the jewelry on her hands and wrists is above or below the waistband of her panties. She takes her watch off and hands that over.

Then Laurie slips her panties down. She doesn't hesitate to take those off, either, even though they reveal the most private part of her body.

It lets me see that her pubes are shaven, but now I can see a faint hint of stubble on them. Blond stubble, telling me that the dishwater blonde of her hair is her natural color, not a dye job. It also lets me see the rather puffy mound of her pussy rising down between the tops of her thighs. It lets me see that her silky bare lips are long and narrow. They'll be fairly thin, too. It also lets me see that she has a full and wide slit. I can see the deep pink tips of her inner folds rising into her slit. Those look to be loose and wrinkly, but long. Long enough to run the full length of her slit, making a small ridgeline between her lips. Lips that never meet at the top, allowing that pink ridgeline to flow right into her pubes as if it were a third lip. It's also a slightly narrow mound,

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making it look as if her folds are pushing her lips out and side as they rise into it.

Now Laurie takes a ring off her finger. It's just a cheap gold band. Not a wedding ring that a man of Allan's father standing would have given to a wife. More like a cheap one he bought her to discourage other guys from flirting with her. She hands that over to Allan. Then she slips her shoes off and hands them to him.

Laurie puts her hands behind her back again. She stays up on her feet and facing me with her full nakedness on display. "Miss Rodgers, this bitch is now naked, as instructed, Ma'am," Laurie tells me. I don't hear any hesitation, or any shyness, in her voice. Her voice is calm as if she's just stating a fact. As if she's not ashamed to be the only nude one in the room. OR to be nude in front of virtual strangers. Or in front of Allan, who until recently was her Master's son, not her Master. And she clearly has been well trained.

There's only one thing left on her body. It's a simple chain that could be a necklace. It looks to be. It's delicate links of a silvery chain that surrounds her neck. But I notice that it doesn't have a clasp for her to take it off. And it's too small for her to pull it over her head. There was a clasp, but it looks to have been pinched shut to prevent its removal. I recognize it for what it is. It's her collar. It's just a collar that doesn't look to be a collar. That way, whenever someone not into D/s sees it, they'll think it's a necklace. It spares the questions that always come with a regular collar. And I have no doubt that it was Allan's father who put that collar on her.

I don't mention the collar. No slave would take her collar off. She'd let her Master take it off of her if he wanted to. It's far too symbolic. Like a wedding ring would be for a vanilla. It symbolizes ownership of her. It's coming off. Tonight. Just not right this second. There's no reason why she should be wearing the collar of a dead man. He doesn't own her anymore. Allan does. She should be wearing his collar if anyone's.

Laurie has a pretty face, too. It's a fairly oval face, but one with soft, rounded features. She has dark blond, or maybe brown, eyebrows

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that are clearly well-tended and styled. She has bright, brilliant blue eyes. She has a slightly short and narrow nose. She has a wide mouth that seems to run almost clear across her face. It's framed with medium-dark, decently plump, delicate lips. And she has a rounded chin with flowing lines. There really isn't a harsh or sharp, line to her face.

"Turn around, bitch, let me see your bottom."

Laurie just spins around. Her hands don't move. It shows me a bottom with two well-rounded, and firm, globes. Cheeks that are full, but toned, and have a noticeable curve to the bottom edges. It also lets me see a short, almost shallow, crack between them. A crack that's not quite fully closed. It tries, but the curving insides of her cheeks are the tiniest fraction of an inch short of touching each other and fully closing it. And I can see the puffy mound of her pussy standing out below her bottom.

"slave, this bitch is yours," I tell Sophie in a soft voice. Then I add a touch of firmness to my voice. "Laurie, go with my slave. And be polite to her. She is a proper slave-girl."

"Yes, Ma'am," Laurie says softly. There's no nervousness in her voice. Just a tinge of excitement, and the sureness of acceptance.

Sophie takes Laurie back to the playroom. I have everything there, and Sophie knows what I want her to do. I've given her instructions.

I keep some basic information on all my toys. And some who are the toys of others. Those I expect to see more than once. I keep it all on my computer, as everyone keeps everything nowadays. I have a tablet for Sophie to use. It has the "forms" for Sophie to fill out. Little blocks for all the information I want.

Sophie's job is to weigh, measure, and photograph Laurie. Very thoroughly. She'll measure Laurie's body in every way it can possibly be. She's not getting Laurie's sizes, but the actual measurements of her body. Like a tailor would, only far more measurements.

Like Laurie's breasts. Sophie will measure around Laurie's chest, lifting Laurie's breasts up to get the measuring tape as high up as possible. Then Sophie will take the same measurement, in the same

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place, over Laurie's breasts. Next, she'll measure how far they rise off her chest, both as they naturally hang, and with Sophie lifting the mound up and supporting it. She'll measure across it, both sideways and vertically, too. Then she'll measure the length and width of Laurie's nipple. Finally, Sophie will weigh each breast separately. She'll be that thorough measuring everything.

It doesn't take Sophie too long, maybe ten minutes. Then she brings Laurie back to the living room and walks her over to a little stool beside my desk. It's a small plain wooden stool with a 12" round top. And four legs to support it. It's Amish-built, so it's sturdy. And it's just a hair low to sit on. Sophie instructs Laurie to sit with her back straight, her legs fully crossed, and her hands behind her. Sophie tells Laurie to keep her eyes forward. It has Laurie staring at a blank wall.

I have Sophie fetch a second chair for Allan, bring it over to my desk. She sets it off to my right, the opposite side from where Laurie is sitting. I glance at the tablet Sophie leaves on the center of my desk for me.

"I see Laurie is 5'9" and 141 pounds. That's pretty good... And with 36 D-cup breasts. That's a nice ample size for boobs." I say to Allan.

"Uh... yeah... she does have a good figure and big breasts..." he says, his voice a little uncertain, as if he's uncomfortable talking about Laurie's body so openly. Especially with Laurie sitting mute beside me. And sitting there nude so he can see the body we're discussing as if it were a used car.

I can see the faint scar on Laurie's upper arm. I know what it is. I doubt anyone outside the medical field would recognize it. "Laurie, is that a Norplant scar on your arm?"

"Yes, Ma'am," she answers plainly.

Norplant is the brand name for an implantable contraceptive. The ones that last for five years. They have one major side effect. They tend to stop a woman's period. I don't consider that a drawback at all. I doubt many women do. I ask her when it was put in. She tells me about two years ago, she doesn't remember the exact date. But it's her fourth one. Her owners have been diligent about having it replaced on time. It

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tells me not to bother asking much about her periods. I just ask if she still has them, and she says no. That's all I need to know.

When I "interview" a slave, I don't ask a bunch of questions. I only ask what I need to know to take care of her. The rest I just don't care about. It's meaningless to me. But it still takes a while.

I start with the more mundane questions, like her full name. She tells me that it's "Laurie Jennifer Kellerman." Kellerman is her maiden name. Her second owner changed it back when she divorced her first owner. Her first owner was the only one to marry her, and I suspect he only did that because she was 16 at the time and it was a legal necessity. She tells me that she was born in Fresno, California. She moved here with her second owner, who had some job with Carnival Cruises and came here when they based a ship, long since gone, here. She tells me her birthday. It makes her 42, but that's not new information to Allan.

I ask her if she's allergic to anything, and she tells me she's not. That's important to know. I wouldn't want to give her anything she's allergic to. I don't care what she likes, just what she can't have. Later, if I should serve something she hates for supper, she can't get out of eating it by claiming she's allergic, either. I ask when she last saw a doctor, a dentist, her gynecologist. Even her hairstylist. More things I need to know. It's important that regular appointments are made for her. I have Laurie sign release forms for her records. I have my own doctor and dentist who take care of my slaves. She understands the lifestyle. I plan to have Allan take Laurie to see her for her next appointment. That way, the doctor will understand how things work.

I ask Laurie when was the last time she masturbated. She tells me that it's been several months, about two weeks before Mr. Woods Senior passed. Like most slaves, she isn't allowed to masturbate without permission. No one gave her permission, so she just didn't. I ask if her pussy aches now. She tells me it's aching very badly. She's very horny.

I ask Laurie when she last climaxed. She doesn't hesitate or even blush, to tell me it was the day before Mr. Woods Senior passed. I ask how. She tells me that he used her pussy and very kindly allowed her to cum once he "was satisfied by this body."

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Then I turn away from Laurie and ignore her. I speak to Allan. I ask him if he's seeing anyone, and he tells me that he's not. He's "between girlfriends," although he's been flirting with a couple of girls on campus. He quickly adds that none of those girls are Ellie. I wonder if that is a plus or minus to Ellie. Allan is cute, and he seems sweet enough. Ellie would love him if he wanted to save the planet with her. If not, he wouldn't have a chance with her.

"You have a choice to make," I tell Allan. "Either I can keep Laurie here, train her to my standards, and find a Master or Mistress for her to serve. I know of a few who would take good care of this bitch. Or you can keep her. Your father left her to you, so she is your bitch now. But if you keep her, you'll have to take care of her. I'm not saying you have to do anything with her, but at the least, you will have to make sure her pussy is taken care of. That means either regular masturbation or sex. I doubt you'll have any trouble finding guys willing to take care of that for you. Try Omega house."

Allan Laughs hard. Omega has a reputation. They think Animal House should have a chapter at USA. But only so they could party heartier than those guys. Everyone on campus knows of their reputation. And most girls are rather wary of going to parties there.

"What about... does she..." Allan starts to ask me.

I stop him. "This bitch is your property. You own it. It was left you just the same as the house and car were. It's nothing but your property. It doesn't want anything. It's yours to do with as you wish. The question is what do you wish. Would you prefer to keep it, or would you prefer for me to find it a new owner?"

Now Allan looks to Laurie. The look on her face is fairly blank as if she's trying not to give anything away. As if it doesn't matter to her what he does with her. Not seeing a hint from Laurie, he looks her body over. I notice that his eyes spend a few extra moments on her breasts. And her curves.

"I..." Allan says, now looking at me.

"Yes, if you keep this bitch, I'll help you. I'll teach you what you need to know to take care of it."

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Allan looks back to Laurie. I'm sure he's thinking that Laurie is 23 years older than he is. And wondering how many more good years that body has. Probably, he's wondering what it will do to his chances of dating the pretty young girls around campus, too.

I see Laurie's eyes shift, just for the briefest instant, and almost sparkle as they catch sight of Allan.

"I'll keep her..." Allan says. I see Laurie's face light up. She tries to cover it up, but she can't. It's so clearly the answer she was hoping for. She doesn't want Allan to give her away. She likes him. "Dad left her to me..." I'll bet he's wondering why his father would leave Laurie to him as if she was a toaster, and why he wouldn't have left instructions for Allan to find someone to take her. Why his father would want him to have her. But he did.

I can guess why. And it's only my guess. I think it's his final lesson in relationships to his son. I think he wants Allan to understand what D/s is about, and knows that Laurie is experienced enough to show him without giving him trouble. I think he figured Laurie would like to serve Allan. I'll bet his father was hoping that Allan would discover he liked owning his partner, not marrying her. To become like his father.

I tell Sophie to go to the playroom and bring me the cutters. I keep a couple of pairs, both small and large, in there for emergencies. Like handcuffs that jam and can't be unlocked. It would be so... annoying to have to call someone to come cut them off. Sophie brings me the smallest ones. They're not much bigger than my hand, but they're the ones I wanted. It's not like there's anything serious I might be cutting. I'll bet Sophie can guess what I want to be cut.

I tell Sophie to cut the clasp on Laurie's collar. Laurie doesn't flinch. Nor does she look too upset to have it taken off of her. I'll bet she's expecting what comes next. I know Allan doesn't have a collar for her. So I send Sophie to fetch one of my spares. I call them training collars, and I have them in both baby blue and hot pink. They're just plain dog collars that I bought at PetsMart.

When Sophie returns with the collar I give it to Allan. Along with a shiny brass padlock. It's a small lock, but it's good enough. She could

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break it off, but it would take some work. I tell Allan to put "his collar" on Laurie. He can have this one. Or he can find her a nicer one, if she earns it, and replace this one. It's his choice.

I watch as Allan, reluctantly at first, but quickly getting over his reluctance, moves around me and leans over. Laurie sits still as he lifts her hair out of the way and wraps the collar around her neck. He buckles it, leaving it decently loose around her neck for her comfort. Then he locks it on. He offers me the key, but I tell him to keep it on him. He takes his seat and puts the key on his key ring. I hope he's not the kind of guy who's always losing his keys.

Laurie can't hide it. She beams as Allan locks his collar around her neck. To her, it's as meaningful as a wedding ring. It means that he's taken her as his own now, not just something left to him by his father's will. She belongs to him. And it's now by his choice. I can tell that Laurie is going to work hard to make Allan very happy with her. She's right where she wants to be. Right where last owner wanted her to be now that he's gone.

"Now supper is ready," I tell Allan. "My slave will serve me. Your slave can serve you. My slave will ensure she serves as a proper humble bitch. I hope you like spicy. My house-slave, skanky, has grilled up some brisket in hot peppers."

Allan likes spicy. We take seats at the table. I tell Laurie to go with Sophie and Sophie will teach her how a humble slave serves a Master she values.



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Supper at my house is usually an elaborate affair. Whether I have guests or not. I do have a house-slave, Paige, to do the cooking while Sophie tends to me. Why not make good use of her? It's a four-course meal tonight. An appetizer of toasted ravioli, followed by a Greek salad, then the brisket served with vegetables, rice, and a roll, and then a slice of Pecan pie for dessert. It's Kosher, not that it matters to Allan. But it does to me. I am Jewish, and while my slaves aren't Jewish, they keep Kosher in my house. I insist on it.

Allan has the seat across from me. Sophie kneels down at my side, her hands behind her, patiently waiting to begin. She's shown Laurie where to kneel beside Allan. Unlike Sophie, Laurie is naked. She doesn't seem to mind it. At least she's not showing that she's uncomfortable. Not the least.

It's more to the contrary. I think now that she knows Allan has gotten a good look at all of her body, she enjoys flaunting it for him. That wants him to enjoy the sight of her body. As if before she was just unsure how to offer it to him, and didn't want to upset him, so she just waited for someone to tell her to show it. I'd bet she's already imagining what his hands will be like on her body.

I tell Sophie to begin. It's the only instruction I ever give her at mealtime. Long ago I taught her what I wanted her to do. Now she knows. She rises to her feet. She turns and taps Laurie on the shoulder, motioning for Laurie to follow her. Sophie heads into the kitchen.

The kitchen opens through an archway just across from the dining room. It's not the biggest apartment, but it's colossal by student standards. There's no door, but I do have a pair of curtains screening the kitchen off. Sophie slips through them, Laurie right behind her. Paige is already in the kitchen, where she's been since before Laurie arrived. Paige has kitchen duty. She's prepared the meal.

It's the first time Laurie gets to see Paige. Paige is 19. Paige is a fairly tall girl, but not quite as tall as Laurie. She's 5'7", but she's also only 119 pounds, which gives her a very lean, almost stick-like figure. She has only the gentlest of curves to her body. She doesn't have enough body for any more curves than that. She has a flat, hard-toned

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stomach. She has a pair of rather pert, almost pointy, B-cup breasts with look ample on her narrow chest. She also has a prominent pussy mound with shaven pubes. All of which is on full display as Paige works in the kitchen.

It's the way of this house. Sophie is my personal slave and handmaiden. She gets clothes most of the time when I have no more personal use for her body. But Paige is just the slave-whore around here. A lower slave. Paige never gets clothes in the apartment. Not ever, regardless of what's happening. Not even if I have to call the plumber. She's always fully nude. She wears only two things. Her hot pink collar, and a pair of police-issue leg shackles. She loves wearing both. And she's not shy about me flaunting her nakedness. I'll bet Laurie is surprised to see that the chef is naked and in chains. Or maybe she's a little jealous. It's a very servile place for Paige.

Sophie and Laurie return with the appetizers. Laurie does exactly as Sophie told her to. She drops to her knees beside Allan. She spreads her knees wide, her pussy mound jutting down below her thighs as she sits back, her bottom between her heels. She's holding the appetizer, a small plate, atop upturned palms. And her hands are six inches out from the tips of her stiff nipples.

"Here is your appetizer, Sir," Laurie offers, her voice now pure honey. As if she's loving her role of serving him like this. She raises her hands, lifting the plate up, and sets it in place in front of Allan. She puts her now empty hands behind her back. "May this bitch be allowed to fetch anything else for you, Sir?" she asks politely, her voice almost telling him to think of something for her to get him. As if she's suddenly very eager to serve him.

I watch has soft breasts jiggle slightly on her chest as she moves. I'm pretty sure Allan is watching them, too. Those long nipples of hers are rather eye-catching.

As we dine, I start giving Allan some advice. Laurie must hear what I'm telling him, all of it about her. But it's the mundane stuff. Still, she obediently kneels at his side, waiting to be told what to do next. And always with the hint of a grin on her face, as if she's eager to serve

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him. And she doesn't mind the advice I'm giving him. Advice that she has to know that Allan is going to take.

I begin by telling him that he needs a "dress code" for Laurie. He's welcome to borrow mine, which is on my website. It's not that strict. But I do insist my bitches look like bitches. Girly bitches. I suggest that Allan shouldn't worry about Laurie. He shouldn't even think about whatever preferences he might think she has. He should just go through whatever clothes she has and take away any he doesn't care to see her wearing. And that includes all of her clothes, especially her bras and panties. I suggest that he think of her as a slutty Barbie doll. She should always be dressed appropriately, but slightly sexy. As if he might demand to see more of her body anytime, anywhere, and if he does, it should maximize the appeal of what she has.

I suggest that for now, he choose her clothes for her. Every stitch of clothes, until she's very familiar with how he prefers to see her dressed. I tell him that I will show him a morning routine, similar to the one I use with my slaves. We'll get to that. There's no reason for unattractive clothes to be taking up space in her closet. Not when there are needy women who would use them. Just take anything he doesn't find her "completely attractive" in and donate it.

I suggest that he take his father's room. Yes, I know Laurie has been sleeping in it. It's where she always slept. Hopefully on the floor at the foot of his bed, since that's where a slave belongs. I suggest that he get a few of his buddies and move the furniture around sooner rather than later. He can put Laurie's things wherever they are convenient. For him, not for her. He can give Laurie another room in the house if he wants. Or he can give her no room, put her things in a closet somewhere, and tell her where to sleep. He can, and should think about, allowing her to sleep at the foot of his bed. It's her place now. She's his slave.

But she doesn't get to use the master bathroom. That's his alone. She can use whatever else there is. His things should be in the master bedroom. If he wants hers in there, they should be in a corner, off to the

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side, or something like that. But, if they're in there, that might be something he has to explain if he brings a girl home.

That gets him to interrupt me. He asks what to expect if he brings someone over. I tell him that Laurie had better mind her place. She's not his girlfriend, or his wife, or anything else. She's his property. She has no right to feel jealous over a girl. He's the Lord of his estate, and that means he may date whomever he wishes. Even right in front of his worthless slave bitch. She should serve them both just as shamelessly as she serves him alone. The same for anyone he brings home. If he brings friends over, she's to cater to them selflessly. Just as she would him. They are his guests. She is his property. His slave.

And yes, I add with a grin, should he wish to sleep with a girlfriend, that's his business, not hers. Unless he wishes Laurie to join them, then she's expected to join in very eagerly. She gets no say in who he's with, or whom he shares her body with. She doesn't even need to know his or her name. He only needs to tell her what to do with him or her. And she should do it as eagerly as ever.

I tell him that he should pay attention to her more intimate habits as well. Such as her grooming. It's not up to her. It's up to him. If he prefers her pubes shaven, as they are, then they are to be silky smooth 24/7. If he prefers hair, then she's to grow that blond bush out and trim it however he likes it. She doesn't get a say. Nor does she get a say about her hair. She'll have it styled however he likes it. Her nails, too. Everything. I tell him that he'll see later when I show him a routine for her.

I tell him that he needs to keep track of her needs. Like her doctor appointments, and dentist appointments. When she's due, he should just make an appointment for her. There's no reason to ask her or even tell her. Until he leaves that morning, then just tell her she has an appointment with Dr. Whomever at 12:00, and don't be late. She's to go, and they will know why she's there.

I tell him that I'm going to give him the name of my doctor. She'll see Laurie after hours, and she "understands what Laurie is." She will treat them properly. I'm referring to Jill, a pediatrician, but a real

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doctor, who is one of my toys. She sees all of my slaves for their routine care. And always after hours so her nurses aren't around. She'll ask him everything, and Laurie nothing. If Laurie is due for something, such as the COVID vaccination, she won't ask Laurie if she wants it. She'll ask Allan if he wants it given to her. And if Allan says yes, It won't matter what Laurie says, she'll get it right then. D/s medical care. Allan will be making the choices and decisions for her.

I can see Allan watching Laurie as I tell him all of that. He keeps glancing down. And seeing the hint of a smile on Laurie's face. It should be enough to tell him that Laurie wants him to have that power. She wants to be told what he wants from her. It's as if Allan expects Laurie to object to it, but instead, he only sees happiness on her face. Maybe he's realizing now just what he's gotten himself into.

I suggest that he set a daily exercise routine for Laurie. After all, that's his body now, and surely he wants it kept as appealing as it can be. I ask him if they have a home gym or anything, and he tells me that yes, his father had one. I turn to Laurie and ask her what exercise she's been doing.

"This bitch works out every day, Ma'am," Lauren happily tells me. She tells me that Mr. Woods Senior instructed her to work out during the day, while he wasn't home, so it wouldn't take away from the time she had to serve him. She's required to do 200 sit-ups to tone her stomach up. And to run three miles on the treadmill in under 24 minutes. There's a rowing machine that she's to spend 15 minutes using. She's to do pull-ups for her arms, and she's to lift 50 pounds with her arms and legs to tone them up. It's a decent routine. I have her lay it out for Allan. Then I suggest that Allan push her a little and gradually reduce her time allotment for the treadmill to 18 minutes. She'll just have to run a little harder. But that's good for her. Perhaps he should shave 15 seconds a week off her allowed time. He says he will. Laurie smiles, and it's an honest smile. It's a smile that says thank you for caring and taking care of this body.

I tell him that Laurie must always mind her manners. There's no "when we're alone." There's only humble and subservient. Everyone is

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Mister or Miss. Sir or Ma'am, to her. Never anything else. Not even the girl selling Girl Scout cookies. She's Ma'am to Laurie. Or Miss Girl Scout. And that includes him. She's never to address him as Allan. Ever. It's Sir or Mr. Woods. Or, if he allows her the honor, Master. I warn him that Master is an honor, it signifies his complete ownership of her, and unless he intends to fully own her and keep her, she shouldn't be allowed to use it. "My King" is a fair substitute if he doesn't feel she's earned the honor of a permanent place at his feet yet.

He takes my advice and tells her she'll have to earn the right to call him Master. She will do that by proving her absolute devotion to him as her new Master. He'll decide in a month if she's worthy of that honor. She very happily assures him that she will prove herself. She will be the best slave he's ever imagined.

I ask Allan, as the slaves are serving dessert, if he enjoys being served this way, by a proper "serving bitch." He tells me it's "kind of fun." I think that means he likes it. I ask him if he'd enjoy Laurie serving him this way at home as well. He says that would "cool."

I tell Laurie that she's to serve everything this way. Laurie very happily, and enthusiastically, assures Allan that she will serve everything just like this. Exactly like this. She says it with the biggest grin on her face. I'll bet she's already imagining being naked so much for him. Him wanting her naked that much.

After we've eaten, and been served our coffees, I tell Sophie to go eat. Most of the time I let her have a place at the table with me, as long as it doesn't slow her serving me. But tonight I wanted her to show Laurie how it's properly done. Sophie doesn't care. She just wants me to be happy with her.

Sophie takes Laurie to the kitchen. They'll eat in there, standing up at the counter. They get the same meal we just ate. But I don't expect them to linger. Just to eat it. And to clear their plates. They get proper portions for good nutrition, and I expect everything to be eaten. Sophie will tell Laurie all of that. And I'm sure Laurie won't mind deferring her own meals a few minutes to ensure that Allan's meal is all it can be.

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They're back in about five minutes, their suppers ate. And they're both back on their knees, at our sides, offering to fetch us whatever we can think up.

While they were gone, I asked Allan how he intends to care for Laurie's pussy. He says he hasn't really thought about it. So I offer him some advice. I suggest the same things I do for my toys.

First, that Laurie is not allowed to masturbate. Nor is she allowed to climax while having sex. She's to control herself and allow her body to be used for his, or whoever's pleasure. Not for her pleasure. Nor should Laurie ever tell him that she wishes that pleasure. It doesn't matter how badly she wants it. It's his body, not hers, and he's to decide when he wishes it pleased. And that includes when he wishes to see it pleased. I remind him that Laurie doesn't matter, she's not to be considered, only what use and benefit he might get from that body.

Allan looks kind of surprised to hear that as if it's cruel to do to her. I assure him that it's what Laurie wants. If she's so horny and her pussy is aching, as it is now, it will only encourage her to be a better slave for him. She won't mind one bit.

If he allows her to masturbate, she should do it "with proper supervision." I tell him that I will show him how I supervise a woman. He guesses that means he's to watch her do it. Closely. I tell him he's guessed correctly. He's to watch very closely. She will love the idea of him watching her do something so intimate. She'll want to make a show to entertain him of it. She won't want the pleasure for herself, she'll want it to be for his amusement.

And then I broach the topic he's been dreading. And I knew he was dreading it. Discipline. I tell him at first Laurie is going to test him. It's human nature. She'll want to know what her limits are. What she can and can't get away with. In other words, how exacting he expects her to be in obeying his instructions.

I suggest that he be rather strict. Not overly so, but also not letting her get away with anything less than exactly what she's told. He should give her specific instructions, assume she knows nothing, and if she doesn't perfectly do as she was told, punish her. After the first

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week, he won't be punishing her much at all. She just needs to see that he's not going to let her get away with anything. And she doesn't want him to let her. She wants to know that obedience is mandatory. But also that her obedience and service are appreciated.

I suggest a few punishments for her. Stuff like a time out for minor infractions, and only when her time out won't interfere with her serving him. I tell him my rule. A bitch stands in the corner for one minute for every year old she is. Laurie is 42, so she'll go for 42 minutes.

And I suggest a spanking for most infractions. Allan doesn't look so comfortable with that idea. I promise to show him just how to spank her so that he won't injure her, but will hurt her bottom enough that she won't misbehave again. A proper spanking. And one that doesn't bruise her bottom up. Bruises aren't so appealing to look at, and Laurie has a bottom that should be flaunted. It's firm enough.

I have the slaves clear the table. Once they're done with that, I tell Allan that it's time to take Laurie to the playroom for his next lesson. And Laurie's.



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I have Laurie standing in the playroom, her hands behind her back. I have her in kind of an open place, decently far from anything that might serve as a distraction for her. Like anything that she could reach. Laurie doesn't look the slightest bit nervous, or anxious. I'm sure she doesn't know what I'm going to show Allan next, but I'm just as sure she's eager for him to learn it.

Allan might not be attuned to reading a woman, few men really are, but I am. I can see the way Laurie's face glows just a little brighter every time I tell Allan to supervise her more closely. Or mention another thing he should have her do. Or do with her. It tells me she's rather eager for Allan to very fully supervise her. She wants him to tell her what to do. She wants him to take close care of her.

"I'm going to show you how to inspect a bitch's body," I tell Allan. Immediately Laurie's face lights up. She hides it quickly enough that I doubt Allan caught it. But I did. It tells me better than any words that Laurie likes the idea of being inspected. She wants Allan to see for himself that she's done what he wants. Then she's keeping her body the way he likes this body. That she's doing it for him.

I pull on a pair of latex gloves. Sophie gets Allan a pair of larger ones. Mine are size small for my small hands. I think Allan's hands are big enough and strong enough, to rip the tiny gloves. He's not so tiny. Not that big, but big enough to look manly. He cautiously pulls them on. And I'm sure that he's wondering just why he needs them. How closely he's going to be inspecting her body.

I suggest that he start at the top. And that he assumes nothing. She's to be considered "disgustingly filthy" until she proves herself clean to his eyes. I don't know if his father ever inspected Laurie, but I'll bet he did. Maybe not as thoroughly as I will, but I'll bet he checked at least the basics.

I run my fingers through Laurie's long hair. As I do I make sure that my fingertips are running over her scalp. I tell Allan what I'm doing, that I'm checking her hair to make sure that it's clean. That there's nothing in it, even just flakes of dandruff. That's there's no dirt. That it

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smells clean, like shampoo. That it's silky soft and especially that it's dry. Obviously, it is now, but it might be damp after a shower.

I pronounce her hair "almost clean" and ask if she washed it this morning. Laurie proudly says she did, that she was told to wash it every morning. And she conditioned it. I guess she won't have anything to learn here.

Next, I put my hand under Laurie's chin and turn her head to the side. I look in her ear. I turn her head, checking her other. I point out to Allan the little bits of earwax I can see, and tell him that I don't allow that. She should be cleaning her ears with every shower. She'll start now.

I tilt her head back so I can look up her nose. I see Allan wrinkle his nose up slightly at just the idea. It's dirty, but no more so than any nose would be. Still, I tell him that she needs to fully clean that with every shower as well. I prefer my bitches clean, and that means all of the bitch, not just the parts she expects me to see.

I have Laurie open her mouth wide. I show Allan what to look for, and obviously, after just finishing supper, her mouth is dirty. It doesn't stop me from showing him to look for little bits of gunk between her teeth. Or from showing him to use his finger to lift her tongue and check under it. And to push her cheeks out and check between them and her gums for anything. Those are all places where bits of stuff get stuck. When cleaning her body, Laurie is to clean herself fully, even her mouth. She'll never know when someone might wish to use her mouth, and they'll want it clean when they do.

I show him to brush her hair back over her shoulders so it's all hanging along her back. That leaves her shoulders completely bare for him to see. I show him to lift her arm by her wrist and check her hand. To look under her fingernails and between her fingers. In every little nook and crevasse for whatever. He should find nothing but clean skin. I show him that now's the time to check her fingernails as well. Laurie's are painted white. I show him what he's looking for. Chips, runs, or any big imperfections in the paint. Little nicks in the nail. Anything that's not "model perfect." then I show him to go up her arm, paying attention

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to her elbow. That's a place that tends to get dirty. I show him to lift her arm high, pulling the flesh of her underarm taut. To look and run his finger lightly over her underarm, checking for any hint of stubble.

"I feel stubble, bitch," I tell Laurie. "Just how long has it been since you've bothered to shave this pit?" Laurie tells me she shaved this morning, as she was told to do every morning. I tell her that she won't be punished since she was simply following her last instruction. But starting now, I expect her body to shaven. By that, I mean no hint of stubble. Anywhere. I don't care if she has to shave every hour. Laurie quickly accepts the new rule.

I nod to Allan. It's his cue. He tells Laurie that my rules are his rules. He will be checking her, and he expects her to be up to my standards. Laurie assures him that she will. The look on her face says she wants to run for the shower and fix it right now before Allan sees any more of her body. It tells me what I can already see. That I'm going to find more stubble on her. I'll bet she would have shaven again if she knew she was coming over here tonight, but I told Allan not to give her the chance to do anything. I wanted to see her as she keeps herself with no guidance from anyone.

I put her arm down and check her other side. Then I look over her chest quickly, my eyes scanning back and forth until I get down to her breasts. I tell Allan that "breasts are an important part of a bitch." They should be very carefully inspected. I think Allan realizes that it's more about playing with Laurie's breasts than actually checking them. I'll bet Laurie knows it too.

Laurie doesn't flinch as I put my hand to her breast. I start by cupping my hand under Laurie's mound and hefting its weight. Her breasts are ample enough that I can feel the weight of it. A couple of pounds. I tell Allan to start at the top. The top being her nipple. It should be standing up hard for inspection. If not, he should just stroke his finger over it lightly a few times and it will. But I don't have to tease her nipples now. They're as hard as rocks. I show him to "check" them, and the angle where her long nipples melt into her mound. Then I lift her mound all the way up, stretching out the crease under it so that I

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can see every bit of her flesh. I show Allan to check there. It's a place that can get sweaty. Then I give her mound a gentle squish in my hand. That gets me a tiny purr from Laurie. I do the same with her other breast.

I show Allan to look over her stomach just as thoroughly and warn him that even though it's just flat skin, and there's nowhere to really worry about, not to ease up on his inspection. I make a quick stop at her navel, showing Allan to look there, too. And point out some lint I see. That's not allowed. I don't like my toys dirty.

Now we get down to Laurie's pubes. I show Allan to run his fingers of the flat of her pubes, both looking and feeling for stubble. We find plenty, but it's very short. Just like her underarms. I'm sure she shaved these this morning, too. I show him to check her thighs, especially the crease of them.

Then we make it down to her feet. I point out some hairs on the tops of her feet and toes. That's not uncommon. But I don't like it. So I tell Laurie that she needs to shave that, too. I check the paint on her nails. I lift her feet, checking under her toenails for dirt. And for the smallest of nicks in the nails that should have been filed out. And for any dirt between her toes.

I have Allan follow me around to Laurie's back. I start by lifting her hair and holding it up. I look behind her ears and along her neck. Then I drape her hair over her shoulder so it hangs down over her chest. That leaves her back bare for our eyes. I show Allan to look her over, all the way down.

I'm sure he notices that I have him look at her bottom, especially her cheeks, but I don't have him spread those globes. Then we work down. We even lift her feet and check the soles of them for any dirt. Or anything else.

I tell Laurie to spread her legs and bend over, bracing her hands on her knees. Laurie has enough experience to know where I'm going. This position thrusts the puffy mound of her pussy out for my eyes.

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I show Allan to start with her mound. To run his fingers over the outside of her lips and feel for stubble. To check the flesh alongside her mound and into the cracks of her thighs.

I use my fingers to ease Laurie's lips wide apart, pulling them taut to her thighs. It fully exposes the loose wrinkly folds of pinkness. It lets me see how thick those folds are, more so in the center than at the front. That's the part I could see earlier. It lets me see how those folds meld together into a dense knot to nest her clit, and a short, thick ridgeline that runs along her slit, thinning as it reaches out the top of her slit. It lets me see that most everything is nicely covered with a layer of creamy, clear honey. And to get a whiff of her mild, almost sweet, muskiness. It also lets me see the wide nub of her clit, swelling up from that knot, pushing the thin edges of her folds aside as it pokes its head above the ridgeline. I can see that her nub is swollen hard. And very eager.

I show Allan to "check" her clit. First by looking it over closely. Then I put the pad of my finger to it, feeling just how hard it is. A rock wouldn't be so hard. And I feel her nub pulsing in time with her heartbeat, telling me that it's straining to stiffen up even more.

Laurie shivers lightly from my touch. And she purrs a soft "Mm..." as my finger touches her nub. Now I show Allan how to push the thin, loose tips of her folds aside, checking the nook where those folds lie against her nub. I have two reasons for doing it. First, I want Laurie to feel that every last bit of her body has been checked. And second, I know it's the sweetest torture for Laurie to have to stand still while I play around her clit.

Now I open Laurie's folds. It finally lets me see the narrow entrance of her tunnel. Her tunnel neither stands out nor funnels in. It's more just an opening in her pinkness. I can see about a half of an inch into her tunnel. It's plenty for me to see that her walls are spongy soft, but also have some firmness to them under the softness. And to see that they're flushed to a bright, hot pinkness. And that her tunnel is rather flooded with more creamy honey.

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I point all of that out to Allan, telling him in a rather detached voice "it's important to check a bitch's vagina very closely." I ask him if he noticed how much Laurie's clit was swollen, and he tells me that he did. I wonder if he was paying that close of attention, but it was rather plain. Then I ask if he can see "how sloppy wet" her pussy is, and he again says that he does. There's not much missing that, either.

I put the tip of my finger to the entrance of her tunnel. Casually, as if I'm neither trying to make it easy or rough for Laurie, I just press my finger into her tunnel. Immediately I feel a fiery hot heat. And I feel the firmness of her muscles as her walls cuddle snugly around my finger. I feel their spongy softness as well. As if there are toned muscles just behind a fine layer of softness. Almost as quickly, I feel the light twitches erupting randomly throughout those walls. Like tiny pinpricks snapping at random places. I can't feel the hot sparks shooting along Laurie's nerves, but I know she can. Her pussy is so eager right now.

I press my finger fully into her pussy, stopping only when I run out of finger. Laurie just purrs softly as she feels my finger stroking along the insides of her walls, teasing nerves that are already so tingly they don't need any more teasing to ache. I use my finger, pressing the pad of it gently against the insides of her walls. I wiggle the tip of my finger around, probing the depths of her pussy. I can almost reach the back of it. I'll bet Allan's fingers will be long enough to get all the way to the back. And I know Laurie will appreciate that.

I stroke the pad of my finger over her hungry walls. I feel more little twitches snapping under my finger as it glides softly over her tense, spongy flesh. It glides very smoothly, her creamy honey greasing its way. Now I feel a crisper shivering flowing over Laurie. And I hear her purring a little louder. She was already purring rather urgently. I'm sure it's killing her to have her aching pussy touched. Killing her sweetly, that is.

I move my finger inside her pussy, using the tip of it to touch everything that I can reach. I see goosebumps, faint at first, erupting atop Laurie's lips. I glance up and wink at Allan. I hope he knows that I'm not really checking for dirt inside her pussy. I'm just teasing Laurie.

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And I hope he'll give her the same tease every time he "inspects" her body. I know Laurie loves it just as much as it's tormenting her.

Finally, I bring my finger back out of her pussy. I hear a little sigh from Laurie. It's about half frustration and half relief. I'm sure the relief is only that the sweet torture is over. At least I'm not teasing her aching pussy anymore. That just makes it ache far more urgently.

I release Laurie's mound, letting her lips close back up fully. I hold my finger up for Allan to see the heavy coating of gooey, clear honey clinging to it. "As you can see, this bitch's vagina is rather wet. See how much of her skank is clinging to my finger?" I ask Alan, my voice sweet and teasing. The tease is for Laurie. Allan nods to me. "You can that this bitch's skank is clear. What you're looking for is anything that's not clear. Especially if you see some little white gooey specks in it. It's just impossible for a bitch to get all of a man's cum out of her vagina, and bitches can be rather slutty, so you need to check closely to make sure it hasn't been pulling any trains behind your back." I tell him. I swear I see the corners of a smirk on Laurie's face as I do.

I move my left hand, the one that didn't just have a finger in Laurie's pussy, up to her bottom. I use my fingers and thumb to push Laurie's globes wide apart, revealing the very last, and very intimate, bit of Laurie's body to our eyes. Her asshole. It's not a part of the body most people want another to see, let alone to have openly displayed for a group.

"Oh, this bitch has a tight little anus!" I tell Allan with a bit of enthusiasm to my voice. Laurie's asshole is dark pink, with a faint purple tinge to it. It appears to funnel inward, but just barely. It's almost flush with the valley of her crack. It's lined with countless faint wrinkles and two more prominent ones. Including the larger one, a loose fold that rises almost from her pussy. There's no hair around her ring, thankfully, but I do see a number of fine little strands of peach fuzz. But those are decently far away from the tiny, short little black line where her muscle clenches tightly.

I use my fingers to stretch the flesh around her ring tautly. As fully as I can without opening her asshole. I use a finger from my other

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hand to pull against the pink flesh, pulling out the wrinkles behind it as I go. "You have to check a bitch's anus very closely. They tend to be so dirty! See those tiny little flecks of filth?" I point them out. There aren't too many, and it's nothing I wouldn't see on any asshole. And I've seen enough of them, both here and in my role as a student nurse. "You don't want to see any. That just means this bitch didn't clean itself up good enough for you. You want to use the tip of a finger to pull out every single wrinkle and check all of her flesh here. I know you don't want to be looking at an anus, but you kind of have to. You need to keep a close eye on your bitch. It's your job to make sure it follows the rules, and that means keeping its anus clean, too."

Allan is only half watching me. Enough that he can see what I'm doing, but not so much that he can't still keep an eye on her wet pussy, too. Men. They always want to see a pussy.

I've been saving the finger I used on Laurie's pussy, taking care not to let it touch anything. It still has the heavy coat of her honey clinging to it as I put the tip of it against Laurie's tightly clenched ring. Laurie doesn't squeal or whine about it. I feel the faintest flinch run through her body, but that's all. And she definitely knows what I'm going to do. I know she does. A fraction of a second after I touch her asshole with my finger, I feel her muscle pressing back against my finger lightly, and I feel her ring softening to a rubberiness. That tells me that Laurie has some experience in anal. She knows how to relax her asshole and ease the entry. She's doing it now.

My finger glides smoothly and easily through her rubbery soft ring. Laurie purrs a low "Mmm..." as my finger stretches her asshole slightly as it presses into the snug muscle. Otherwise, she doesn't react. Not even a little grunt to tell me it's uncomfortable for her. I suspect it's not. She's relaxed enough that it shouldn't be. I let my finger glide along on the film of her honey, slipping my entire finger into Laurie's rectum.

I pause for just a second with my finger all the way inside Laurie's bottom. I tell Allan to move his finger around inside her bottom. He should be able to feel a very rubbery and loose membrane. That's her

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rectum. If he feels anything else inside that rubbery, wide tube, it means that Laurie's bottom is still dirty. Not clean and ready for her owner.

I have this impish, evil side to me, too. I take a long moment to fully probe around inside Laurie's bottom, feeling that she's not completely empty. Then again, few bottoms are unless they're fresh off a toilet. Hers isn't any dirtier than average. Mostly I'm just making sure that Laurie feels me probing just everywhere inside her. That she feels how thorough I'm being. As I do, I remind Allan that he needs to be thorough as well. He needs to feel everything he can reach.

Then my inner imp takes over. I lie the pad of my finger flat along the bottom of her rectum, lightly pressing down against her walls. Her rectum is nothing more than a filmy membrane with a paper-thin wall of smooth muscle around it. It's easy to feel right through it and feel what's beyond her bottom. Where I'm pressing gently, it's the backside of her pussy beyond.

I already feel the spongy firmness of her pussy through the walls of her rectum. I can feel its heat, even with my finger in her warm bottom. And I can feel the faint twitches sprouting up through those walls. I'm sure Laurie can feel the light pressure of my finger against her pussy, too. It's just enough to push one pussy wall against the other.

"While you're in here," I say to Allan with a little tease in my voice, "you might as well check this bitch's bottom and see just how slutty it's being. I find that a bitch this trashy tends to let its bottom get rather slutty. I'll show you." I start wiggling the tip of my finger. It's tiny little wiggles, barely moving at all. And I'm using only the lightest of pressure. Just barely enough to have her walls touching each other. That's plenty. As my finger massages the closer wall, it strokes the other side of it against the opposing wall, teasing that as well.

"OHHHHH!" Laurie blurts out, her voice ringing with urgency. "Oh, MM!" Laurie shudders sharply. Then Laurie pants a few hungry, and sultry deep, breaths. Fast, urgent breaths. "OH, Oohhhhhh!" Laurie shudders again. And now I can see her hands gripping her knees tightly.

"See what I mean?" I say to Allan. "Clearly this bitch's bottom is being just a total gutter slut!"

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"Oh, UH! Oohhhhh!" Laurie screeches out, almost perfectly on cue.

I stop moving my finger. Laurie shudders hard and then stills. She pants a few more needy, urgent breaths.

"Uh... Yeah... I saw," Allan says to me. I can hear a note of surprise in his voice. As if he assumed that, like the younger girls he knows, Laurie wouldn't want anything in her bottom. And that there was no way she'd find it unbearably pleasant. Yes, she moaned out with an honest, needy, hunger. There was no disguising that she liked it.

I slowly pull my finger from Laurie's bottom. Then I pull my gloves off. I don't mention much about Laurie's bottom, not that it's slightly dirty, and nothing about how slutty it was. I just toss my gloves in the trash and tell Laurie to stand back up.

"That's an inspection," I tell Allan. "I have now seen every last nook and cranny of this bitch's body. And I've probed inside every orifice it has, as deeply as I can possibly reach. There isn't a single bit of this body I couldn't tell you exactly what condition it's in.

"I inspect my slaves that thoroughly after every cleaning. That way, I know that my bitch is clean to start its day. And that its body is clean should I dream up some use for it."

Allan tells me that he's "got it," and that he will inspect Laurie just a fully after her "cleanings." He's not quite sure what a cleaning entails, but he has a good guess. And I've told him that I'll show him. Laurie clearly doesn't mind being his practice dummy.

I tell Allan that it's his turn now. Laurie's his bitch, so he can inspect her. I stand there and watch as Allan starts from the top and inspects a grinning Laurie's body.

And Laurie is grinning wide. There's no hiding that she wants him to inspect her. That she wants him to know her body that intimately. As Allan works down, I give him advice, telling him how to do things.

He doesn't have any issues. But I do see him hesitate just slightly before pushing his finger into her bottom. He's not rough with her, and Laurie purrs as it enters her. I'm sure he can feel the rubberiness of her ring around his finger. And can feel that it's not clenching tightly. I tell

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him how to angle his finger, and where to press lightly. I use my finger to show him how small of a wiggle to give his finger.

"UH! OHHHH, OOHHHHHH!" Laurie almost shrieks out her cry is so urgent. I'll bet she's been waiting for Allan to finger her bottom. I can see her body shuddering crisply, too. And I know Allan can. He has to be not just seeing it, but feeling those tremors running through her.

As I instructed him, Allan only gives her a couple of short seconds. This is just a tease. The rest comes later. She'll have to wait for that. I'll tell Allan that it's his job to make sure her wait is as uncomfortable as possible, as long as it's her aching pussy that's making her wait uncomfortable. Her sweetly aching, tingling pussy. He follows my advice and takes his finger from her tight bottom.

"Well, what did your inspection find?" I ask Allan.

He recounts everything he saw. Most of which I pointed out to him. But he did notice "her butt is kind of full..."

"I noticed," I tell him. "I was hoping you would, too. I wouldn't want to put anything in a bottom that dirty, so I can't imagine you, or any other man would want to put your dick in there. Not with all that filth in there!"

"Uh... not really," Allan says. His voice tells me a lot. He's thought about anal sex. He'd like to try it, especially after feeling how tight her asshole was. But he definitely doesn't want his cock coming back out covered in poop, and now he's realizing that's a possibility. Now that he's familiar with what's inside her bottom, and what he'd be sticking his dick into.

I tell Allan that my girls use the toilet as part of their "cleanings." It's mandatory that they empty both their bladders and bowels before showering. That way, when I check them after a shower, they'll be clean, inside and out.

I require two cleanings a day. A full one every morning before she's allowed to dress. A second, and a brief one, every evening just after she undresses for bed. Or for evening "entertainment." And definitely, before she puts on any "evening attire," which I tell him

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means sexy lingerie to flaunt "what little assets that body has for my entertainment."

Allan tells me that for the first month, he's going to follow my "system" as he trains Laurie to his ways. It tells Laurie that she can expect to be inspected daily. And she seems fine with that idea.

I tell Allan that if I inspect a bitch's bottom and find it dirty after her cleaning, I deal with that by giving the bitch a good bowel cleansing enema. That will ensure her bottom is spotless inside. Another shower will ensure it's just as spotless outside. "Since your bitch's bottom is so filthy, I recommend it has a good enema now to wash it out."

For the first time, I see a faint tinge of nervousness on Laurie's face. It tells me that an enema isn't something she has lots of experience with. Or else, she has plenty of experience and knows how it's going to affect her. In some way that she would prefer Allan not see, at least not so soon. Yet Laurie stands demurely still as she waits to hear Allan's decision.

"Shall we give your bitch a good bowel cleansing now?"

Allan looks to Laurie, and she's trying hard not to show anything. I can make out the very faint nervous quiver that flows over her lean body. But I doubt Allan can. I nod to Allan, letting him know what answer I'd prefer he gives.

"Sure, might as well clean her out..."

"Great," I tell him with some excitement in my voice. "Then when she uses the toilet, she will definitely empty her bottom like a good bitch!"



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I leave Laurie standing as I tell Sophie to get out one of the pre-filled enemas that I keep handy in the cabinets of this room. I just never know when I'm going to need one! I send Sophie for a "number 12" syringe-type enema. A yellow one.

The color is just food dye that I add to the fluid to mark what it is. Yellow is mineral oil. It's one of my preferred enema solutions. Unlike water-based enemas, the oil won't be absorbed, either by her waste or her rectum. It will just fill her rectum up and stretch its walls out taut. It will make her need to use the toilet. But its effect, and the sensations it gives Laurie, won't fade over time as her body absorbs the water. And it will leave her waste looking just as it does, instead of turning it into a watery mess. But the pressure inside her bowels will ensure a very thorough emptying.

Laurie can't help herself. Her eyes follow Sophie as Sophie sets everything out on a little rolling tray for me. She tries not to look as if she's looking, but she is. I can see her eyes moving.

Sophie sets out the huge enema syringe first. It holds 12 ounces, hence I call it a number 12. And it's full. It has a pre-lubricated tip already attached to it. That nozzle is about six inches long but only as thick as a pencil. It's covered with a green plastic cap. Sophie sets out a pair of latex gloves next to it for me. Then she adds a second, larger, pair in case I want them for Allan. She sets out a packet of lubricating jelly as well. Sometimes I use it, sometimes not. It's not needed with the tip already lubricated. Sophie rolls the tray over to me.

I use a firm voice. "Laurie, it's time to clean your bottom out," I tell Laurie to turn around and face the wall. She turns in place, leaving her where I want her, about six feet back from the wall. I tell Laurie to lean over and get her back flat with the floor. She's to stretch her arms forward, putting them straight out in front of her and bracing her palms against the wall. And she's to spread her feet wide.

Laurie takes a very deep breath. Then she bends over and braces herself against the wall. Her movements are only slightly hesitant. But she opens her legs fully, stretching them as wide as she can. Wide enough that I see the tendons starting to strain at the creases of her

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thighs. And that pokes her bottom out fully for me. She might be reluctant to get her enema, but she's not reluctant to be a well-behaved slave. Even if it means getting something she doesn't want.

I pull the latex gloves on. There's really no reason to spread Laurie's cheeks. Her globes are firm enough that just spreading her feet wide has crack pulled open far enough that I can easily see her tight asshole in its shallow valley.

I know that Allan has never done this before. Most people haven't. I ask Allan if he's ready "to give his bitch its enema." Allan immediately looks surprised. Almost shocked. He clearly expected me to do it. But I figure he needs to learn, just in case he sticks to my system and finds the need to give her another one.

"Uh... I guess... I don't want to hurt her..."

I toss him the extra pair of gloves. Allan slowly pulls them on. And he very reluctant, and even more quietly, tells me that he doesn't know what he's doing. As if he's reluctant for Laurie to hear him admit it. As if Laurie doesn't already know it.

I have Allan pick up the syringe and pop the cap off of it. It leaves the white, semi-rigid, semi-flexible, nozzle bared. And lets him see the thin film of lubricating gel covering it. I tell Allan to put the tip of the nozzle flush against Laurie's asshole, but not to push it in just yet. Then I watch as Allan slowly, and rather diligently, slips the tip between her globes and lets it very gently rest atop her tightly cinched ring.

I take Allan's hand in mine and adjust it slightly, telling him that the nozzle should be aimed directly at her navel. That way it will slide straight into her rectum. I tell him to press firmly, but not to go too fast. Just to push it in, not shove it in. then I decide the better of it and leave my hand atop his.

He presses it easily into her. Laurie keeps her asshole decently relaxed for him, allowing him to slip it into her. With the gel greasing its way, there's almost no resistance from her. It glides right through her ring. Its tip slips along the filmy wall of her rectum presses lightly against it by the waste filling her bowels. Laurie has to feel it sliding over her walls, but it won't be uncomfortable for her. More just weird,

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almost like a worm crawling around inside her. Unnatural, as if it doesn't belong there, but is. But it does let Laurie feel how deeply the tip is pressing into her bottom.

Laurie stays still. I don't even see a flinch from her yet. I just hear her breathing a little deeper as she feels it sliding into her body.

I have Allan push all of the nozzle into her bottom until the base of the syringe is flush against the inside edges of her cheeks. "That way the tip of it is about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way to the very back of its rectum. It will fill this bitch from the back, instead of the front, and that will push its mess down towards its anus. It will ensure this bitch empties more fully," I tell Allan.

I have Allan hold the syringe in his left hand, the side of his hand flush against the outside of her globes. And touching her bare bottom. Then I have him put his other hand to the plunger. I put my hand atop his. I tell him that he doesn't want to rush it, but there's reason to waste any time, either. He should just push casually and the fluid will the bitch's rectum.

I use my hand to nudge him to push. He pushes. The plunger moves forward and the syringe begins emptying the fluid into Laurie's bowels.

Twelve ounces is a lot of fluid. It's not too much. It shouldn't even be the limit of what Laurie can hold. But it is enough to fully stretch out the thin walls of her rectum, pulling them as taut as a piano wire. Like a balloon inflated to its largest, just before it pops. It will fill the space of her stretched bowels with the ungiving fluid. It will make Laurie feel as if her bottom needs to explode. She'll feel the pressure against the inside of her asshole as the fluid strains to burst through. She feels the pressure inside, urging her to empty. As if her insides are uncomfortably swollen.

Laurie gets about half of the fluid into her bottom. That takes Allan about ten seconds to push into her. He keeps pushing, filling her even more. Laurie starts showing the discomfort of having her bowels filled to their limit. She starts panting deep, throaty, "UHM!s" as the fluid fills her.

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A few seconds later I notice the goosebumps erupting. They're in the crack of her bottom, and they flow down to cover her entire pussy mound. They all seem to have erupted at once, so I don't know where they began. I signal Allan not to say anything and point them out to him.

Laurie's groans grow throatier. They grow deeper as well, her breaths now coming faster, her exhales coming harder. As if the air is starting to explode from her lungs. And now I see a faint quivering sweeping her body.

I glance. Then I quietly point it out to Allan. Under Laurie's chest, her ample, soft breasts dangle freely. They jiggle slightly as the quivers flow over her. It makes her long nipples seem to dance around. It's a sight Allan seems to appreciate.

"UHM!" Laurie blurts out, "OOH, UHM!" She shivers lightly.

I glance at Laurie's pussy. I can make out a fresh wetness to her wide slit as her honey weeps into it. I point it out for Allan to see. But I hold off telling what's causing it. Allan almost stares at her pussy, a look on his face that's both questions, and surprised. As if he couldn't imagine that her pussy would be getting even wetter while he did this. But he's seeing it.

He pushes all of the fluid into her bottom, just as I told him to. I tell him to pull the nozzle out of her bottom very slowly. Laurie will be able to feel it slipping through her tightly cinched asshole. And pulling along the inside of her rectum. It will give her a chance to prepare for it to pull from her bottom. The very instant the tip of it slips from her asshole, Laurie clenches her ring as tight as she can. Until her ring is straining from it. But she holds it all in, not spilling a drop.

I give Laurie a few seconds, but not much more, to get used to the feeling of her rectum being over full. Then I tell Laurie to stand up and face me.

Laurie stands up slowly, groaning out loudly as she does. She doesn't grip her stomach as many would. I can see the ripples of sharp, sudden tension snap up on her stomach, so I know she's feeling the light cramps of moving. Moving shifts the geometry of her bowel inside her, and that sends a cramp our two racing through her stomach. Or rather a

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below her stomach, behind her pubes. It tells me that Laurie expected it. She knew she'd feel a brief, light cramping as she moved. And she knew that it would hurt a little. She was ready for it. And she's trying hard not to show the discomfort.

Laurie turns to face us. Her face is scrunched up tightly. But she's keeping her eyes open. She pulls her hands behind her back, as she should. She stands fairly still. As still as she can with the enema straining hard to explode from her bottom. She also moans. Deep, very urgent, and even more needy, throaty "UH!s" as she breathes out every breath. Sharp deep breaths. Then she breathes in a noisy, fast, "OH!" that's just as throaty, but with a little girly squeal to it.

It doesn't sound as if she's in agony. It sounds as if she's getting a good fucking. Her breasts jiggle lightly on her quivering chest, too. Only now I can see the goosebumps surrounding her nipples. I reach over and very lightly rub Laurie's stomach, right at the top of her pubes, for just a second. "Good bitch..." I tell her sweetly.

Then I turn back to Allan. He looks almost horrified as if he thinks Laurie is suffering badly, and he did it to her. He's only half right. Her bottom is utterly miserable. It's so full that the inside of her rectum is straining hard. That's rather uncomfortable for her. As is the hard pressure against the inside of her asshole. It's like the worst case of the runs times ten.

But that's not what has Laurie moaning so urgently. As her rectum swelled up with the fluid, it expanded, as thin membranes do. It had to take up more space inside her body. To make that space, it pushed against the rest of her insides, moving what would yield some space for it. At the bottom, close to her asshole, that was the walls of her pussy. The spongy walls gave, letting her rectum push them. It pushed them firmly against each other. Now, as one wall twitches sharply, it twitches against the other walls, stroking it with its snapping. And that so sweetly teases her pussy. And it drives Laurie insane.

I'm still rubbing Laurie's stomach. And Laurie is still moaning her very sultry and needy moans. "You're being such a slut, Laurie!" I mockingly scold her. "You're supposed to be behaving for your enema

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like a good bitch, and here you are about to cum just from having your filthy bottom filled up! You really don't have any shame, do you, bitch?"

"No, Ma'am, I guess, not, Ma'am!" Laurie blurts out in a very throaty voice that's far more erotic and hungry than strained.

I just leave her standing there, turning my attention back to Allan. I tell him that he should just ignore Laurie's obscene sluttiness. I tell him that enema takes some time to be fully effective, so Laurie will just have to wait a few minutes. But there's no sense in wasting our time. Laurie won't mind. We'll take her and start the next lesson, her cleaning.

I tell Allan that my girls make the bed as soon they wake. My bed, since they've slept in their place on the floor. Laurie would be thrilled to make his bed for him, too. I tell him that once they've made the bed, they stand beside it. So we'll pretend it's morning and Laurie is standing beside his freshly made bed, waiting for him to tell her it's time for her to clean her skanky body up.

I tell Allan to take Laurie in his hands and walk her across the hall to the bathroom. He stares at Laurie for a minute. I'm pretty sure he's wondering how he should take her in his hands, with her standing as she is. Finally, he just puts his hand to her hips and starts leading her across the hall. Laurie follows behind him, shuffling her feet fast with tiny steps and keeping her thighs clenched together. I get to see her firm globes straining as they squish together as well. I follow him across the hall.

He stops Laurie just inside the bathroom, not knowing what to do with her now. He must have figured out not to put her on the toilet yet. I did just tell him that the enema needs some time.

I whisper instructions to Allan. He looks at me, the look on his face completely puzzled. As if he doesn't believe a word of what I just said. He glances at the quivering Laurie and the miserable look on her face. Even as she moans with growing urgency.

He takes my advice. He looks Laurie right in the eyes. "I am going to clean you up this once, bitch. From now on, I'll expect you to be the way I am going to groom your skanky bottom. You are going to behave while I clean your filthy body up. I know your worthless bottom wants

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that toilet. I'll put you on it when it's time for you to empty your bottom. Until then, you will wait and behave, is that clear, bitch?"

"Yes, Sir!" Laurie blurts out, her voice just as needy, but also rather excited now. It's still laced with the strain, though. Her face seems to light up with the idea of his washing her body. I'm sure she's thrilled with the idea. I told him it would be a reward for Laurie. That she will love having him wash her body. Having him physically take care of it for her. Having his manly hands all over her body. And that she wouldn't care if she does have to suffer and hold her enema while he does it. I don't think he believed me. But it looks like he does now.

I tell him to start with her disgusting mouth. He tells Laurie to open her mouth. It's not so easy for Laurie. She eagerly stretches her mouth to its widest for him, wanting to offer him easy access, but she can't stop moaning out those needy moans. So she stands there, next to the sink, her mouth stretched wide as she moans out.

Allan looks at me for a second and gives me an eye roll as if to say "I can't believe she's so horny now!" But he follows his instructions. He takes his time diligently flossing her teeth for her. And then brushing not just those teeth, but her entire mouth. As he does, he tells her that it's important for her to keep her "cock sucker" clean because no man is going to want to put his cock in a filthy cock sucker. It's my line. I gave it to him. Laurie can't say anything with him working in her mouth. Finally, he has her rinse it out.

I have him clean her ears next. And then her nose, using Q-tips dipped in saline to swab out her tiny orifices. There's no doubting they need to be cleaned. Not really, they're no different than anyone walking down the street, but that's not the point. The point is for Laurie to learn to keep her body spotlessly clean for him. That way, whenever he decides to make some use of her body, it will be in its best shape. Look its best for him.

And it nicely wastes some more time, leaving Laurie to stand uncomfortably with her bottom full. Leaving her to moan out cries that are still growing in sultriness and hunger. To stay still as he works inside various parts of her body. I keep reminding Allan not to rush.

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And then I have him strip the polish off her nails. As he does, he tells her that if he wants those nails painted, he'll tell her what color he wants them. It's another of my lines. And it's something Laurie rather eagerly accepts. As if she wants him to like her nails and welcomes the certainty of just being told what he would like to see.

Now I'm out of things for him to waste time on. It's only been about ten minutes, but Laurie has struggled hard for those minutes. Both not to scream and cry from the enema, and not cum from it. I tell Allan to take her by her shoulders and guide her to sit on the toilet. To spread her knees wide, and tell her as he does that's so that he can see what she's doing on this toilet. Then he tells her what's she has been waiting to hear. She's to use it.

Laurie's bottom explodes instantly, shooting a powerful torrent into the bowl. Allan steps back, not wanting to be too close to it. I can't blame him. I was already standing back. Laurie just sits there, breathing out her relief as her bottom slowly empties. She doesn't seem too shy about the three of us watching her use the toilet, either. And that's one thing most people are very shy about, at least at first.

Most people who have had a long-time lover, have had that lover see them use the toilet. When two people live closely for a while, it's inevitable without firm rules. Someone will accidentally barge in. But this is different. She's sitting there nude while everyone just watches her. It tells me that she's well-used to being watched. Or at least using the toilet with others around. And that tells me that her previous owners were no more concerned with Laurie's privacy and modesty than I would be. Which means not even the tiniest bit of a bit. Slaves don't deserve privacy.

And I can see that Allan has never watched anyone use a toilet before. Who has? Who really wants to see that? Not me. I just see it for my slaves. I want them to know that I will pay attention to even the gross details of their bodies. I give Laurie about ten minutes, which is how long it takes for her bottom to finally empty out all the way. And her bladder.

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I tell Allan what to do next. And I can see that it surprises him. I tell him to lean over and take Laurie by her hips. To stand her up, keeping his hands on her hips, and guide her into the shower to be washed. The part that surprises him is that I tell him there's no need to waste good tissue on this filthy bitch's bottom. To just shove her in the shower. But he does it.

Laurie doesn't even think of objecting, although I see her nose wrinkle up enough to tell me something. It tells me that I've found a humiliation that's new for her. No one has ever denied her tissue after using the toilet before. Good. I'll make sure that Allan does it a lot. I want her to have some new things in Allan's demands of her, instead of Allan just being a continuation of her old owner. I want her to know she has a new owner now. One she still has to prove herself to.

Allan avoids looking at Laurie's bottom as he guides her into the shower. There's really not that much to see. Her globes are as firm as ever. And only the edges of them, at her crack, are messy. But still, I can understand not wanting to see that. And it doesn't matter. Laurie can feel the wetness on the edges of her cheeks, so she knows there's a sight to be seen. And she's certain that we're all look at it, and probably laughing at her. She's just sucking it up and obeying her owner. He clearly doesn't care if she's humiliated by it, and she's experienced enough to know that humiliation isn't an emotion for slaves.

Show Allan the addition to this shower. It's a small screw eye in the ceiling. Except now there's a small, but sturdy chain dangling down from the screw eye, with a pair of handcuffs locked to its end. I have Allan lift her hands up and lock her wrists in the cuffs. It holds her hands up above her head, not quite fully stretching her arms, but enough so that her arms will be completely out of his way and useless to her.

Then I have Allan get the handheld showerhead and spray Laurie down with the water. Cold water. That's all this shower has, unless I turn on a second valve outside the shower. Warm water takes money to heat. Thus it's a treat for a slave. Laurie shivers hard, but it looks to me as if she's had plenty of cold showers before. I suspect she's been washed more than once before, too. Maybe just not so thoroughly. She

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stands there, allowing him to spray her body with the icy water. Goosebumps now cover her entire body. But at least Allan uses the spray to rinse her bottom for her.

I show Allan the bottle of hair removal cream. I know that, like most men, he knows little about feminine grooming. I explain to him that the cream removes the entire hair, all the way down to the follicle. Unlike shaving which just trims it off even with her skin. The difference is that a shaved hair starts growing above her skin immediately. A removed hair doesn't. It has to grow up to her skin first. And that takes longer. The average is about 8 to 10 days before any stubble appears. Thus, she only needs to use it once a week and he'll likely never find stubble on her body.

I have him start by coating her feet. Her entire feet. Hair, even just a few stray ones atop a toe, does not look good there. Then I have him coat her legs, all the way around and up to the creases of her thighs. "How do you want her pubic hair groomed? Do you prefer her bare, or would you prefer her to have a nice blond bush?" I ask Allan.

"I guess bare..." He says. I figured he would. More and more younger women are shaving. I'll bet that's what he's used to seeing. What he thinks women are supposed to be like. Or maybe, like me, he just doesn't want to get hairs in his way.

I tell him to cover her body with the cream from her waistline at the tops of her hips down. To get the cream over every bit of her lips. And to cover her globes with it, even though there aren't any real hairs there, just light peach fuzz. And to get a good coat of it into her crack, all around her asshole. Finally, he gets to coat her underarms.

Then Laurie gets to stand there and allow the cream to work. I use the time to tell Allan a few things, like why he's using the cream instead of a razor. Laurie just shivers, but there's a happy look on her face that tells me she likes the idea of him washing her body. And grooming her just the way he wants to see her, not the way she'd prefer to be seen. I'm sure that it makes her feel more like she's his now.

Once the cream has done its job, I give Allan the fake razor. The little plastic scraper that comes with the cream and tell him to start at

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the bottom and thoroughly shave Laurie. He starts at the bottom. There's not much to see as he shaves her feet and legs. It looks to me as if he's never even seen it done before, but it's pretty straightforward. Especially with the plastic razor that couldn't cut anything.

Then he gets up to her pubes. He slowly draws the scraper over those, as if he's afraid to cut her. It doesn't matter. It's not cutting her or anything else. And it's scraping the cream off her skin as it goes. The used cream, white and speckled with the little black pinpoints of her stubble, bunches up in front of the plastic blade. Then it falls, in clumps, to the shower floor. Allan keep going, scraping her soft pubes silky smooth.

He works down, making her mound the last thing he gets to. There he opens Laurie's legs for better access to her puffy mound. He's very gentle there, and careful. HE draws the blade very slowly along her lips, scraping them to full smoothness. It takes him a minute, but he gets it done. I'm sure Laurie notices how careful he's being with her pussy. That should tell her that Allan wants to take good care of her body. That he doesn't want to hurt her. Not even a little nick.

And then he does her sides, saving her bottom. He doesn't hesitate much to scrap the white cream off her globes. Then, when there's nothing else for him to shave, he pulls her crack wide. He full stretches it out. Then he quickly, but carefully, shaves the inside edge of both globes. It leaves him just the valley of her crack to shave. He settles on strokes across the valley instead of down it. And he saves the flesh closest to her asshole for last. With that, he's especially careful. And just as careful to keep his a little ways from it. As if he's not sure it's clean yet.

He doesn't take much time getting her underarms. Those are easy, especially with the cuffs holding her hands up high. Then I have him spray her off, taking his time. I make sure he sprays her mound off well and spreads her crack again to spray that fully off. Then I have him check his work and make sure that there isn't a single stubble to be found anywhere. There isn't. The cream does a good job.

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Now it's time for him to shampoo her hair. I have him put his hands to her hips and turn her so that her back is to us. To rinse her hair, then take his time scrubbing the sudsy shampoo into her hair and scalp. Once he's gotten all of her long hair, I have him do her eyebrows, tell him, but really Laurie, that I mean for all the hair remaining on that body to be washed daily.

Next, it's a rinse, then the conditioner. Then another rinse. It leaves Allan with only two things left to wash. One is her skin.

The second is her pussy. I tell him to "wash her skank pit" next. Then I hand him a disposable douche. I tell him that he shouldn't douche her daily, that's overkill and can lead to problems. However, he should definitely douche her "skank pit" out if there's any cum in it. And if it hasn't been done in about a week. I doubt hers has been douched too recently. Besides, Allan needs the instruction. It's not something guys tend to know a lot about.

I show him how to gently ease the finger-wide plastic nozzle through her lips and folds, and into her pussy. How to slip it in until he feels the tip of it very lightly bump against her cervix. And I tell him to pay close attention to what he's doing so that he doesn't make her uncomfortable. Then I watch as Allan squeezes the bottle. The fluid flows quickly into her pussy, and almost as quickly right back out. It looks like Allan is surprised to see how quickly it flows out from between her folds. He obediently uses the entire bottle, washing most of the honey from her pussy.

I give Allan a rag and the bottle of rose-scented body wash that I keep for my girls. I love its scent, and that's really all that matters. Most any brand would get their skin clean. I tell Allan while he's "down there" he might as well finish washing her pussy. I have him gently scrub her lips with the sudsy rag. And then her loose folds. Finally, I have him scrub her pinkness, taking care not to put the rag or the soap into her tunnel. I have him rinse her pussy thoroughly, warning him that leaving the soap to linger there would be uncomfortable for Laurie.

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Then I have him start at the top of Laurie's head, right at her hairlines, and scrub every bit of skin that he can get the rag to. I even have Laurie close her eyes so that he can wash her eyelids.

I have Allan spend extra time washing Laurie's breasts, knowing, as I'm sure that Allan does, that Laurie will enjoy it. I have him use his finger, not the rag, to thoroughly scrub her long, and very hard, nipples. His fingers just glide of her stiff nubs on their film of soap. I have him lift her mounds to wash under them, scrubbing the crease well. And I have him spend just a few seconds using his bare hands to knead her mounds. Then I get him moving downward again.

I have him spend plenty of time on her bottom as well. First scrubbing her globes off with the rag, then using his bare hands to "work" the soap into her firm globes. Mostly that's just squishing and caressing her soft bottom, but neither seem to mind that.

I have him stretch her crack wide open and scrub down its valley with the rag. Then I have him use his fingers to stretch out the wrinkly flesh around her asshole, pulling every wrinkle out and using the pad of a finger to scrub that sensitive flesh. It takes him a minute. And it lets Laurie stand there and feel him poking around her asshole. I'm sure she loves the way his slick finger feels moving over that nervy flesh. Finally, I have him use the tip of a finger to wash the pinpoint at the center of her ring, telling him to be careful not to push any soap into her bottom. Just to pull her ring wide and scrub everything he can get to.

And then it's time to rinse her off. I have him take his time at that. I have Allan leave her in the handcuffs while he gets a towel and dries her body off. Then I give him the key to release her. I have him bring her out of the shower and sit her on the toilet.

It's the perfect place for her to sit while he brushes her hair out a full 100 strokes. Then he blow-dries it fully. Once he has all of that done, o tell him that the bitch is clean. "I know she's clean, since we cleaned her," I tell him. "This is the time when she should be inspected in the mornings. Fresh from her cleaning." I just hold my hand out and Sophie gives Allan a pair of latex gloves.

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Laurie eagerly stands up and waits for her inspection. With a grin on her face. I tell her that my girls always ask for their inspection. "Mr. Woods, my King, will you please inspect this bitch's body and see for yourself how clean it is for you to use as you please, Sir?" Laurie bats her eyes as she asks him in a very honeyed voice. It should tell him that Laurie is looking forward to him seeing her body closely again.

Allan doesn't hesitate to inspect her. And he pronounces her clean. He even comments that now he doesn't feel anything but the "loose clingy walls" inside her bottom. When she stands up afterward, Laurie looks to be thrilled to hear Allan tell her that he's pleased with her appearance now.



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Now that Laurie is cleaned up, I take her back to the playroom. It's as good of a place as any for the next lesson. Or really for anything. I did promise that I'd show Allan how to properly spank Laurie. Too bad Laurie has behaved so well. She hasn't given me a reason to spank her.

"There are about a thousand ways to spank a bitch," I tell Allan. I have Laurie on her knees in front of us. She can wait there demurely and listen as we discuss spanking her bare little bottom. "My favorite is to turn her over my knees like the naughty little bitch she's obviously been acting like."

I have Allan take a seat in a chair. One without armrests that I keep in here. Mostly for spanking bitches, but I do get a few other uses out of it. Not that spanks are rare in here. Those alone would be enough to warrant having the chair available.

I have lie Laurie over his knees, showing him how to position her body. With his right thigh firmly in the bend of her waist, her legs dangling down to the floor. He's even tall enough that her knees down quite reach the floor. I have him spread his thighs wide, scooting his thigh up along her chest until her breasts are hanging flush along the outside of his thigh. I tell him that she can use her hands to brace herself.

I tell Laurie what's expected of her. Whenever she's being spanked. She's to behave for her spanking. That means she's to lie in place for it. She is not to get up. She is not to try and cover or protect her bottom. She's to leave it poking up, exposed, bare, and easily spanked. She is not to speak. Not a single word. She will very politely count her strokes off for Allan, or whoever is spanking her.

Then I tell Allan my rule. When a bitch misbehaves during her spanking, I just start the spanking over. Whether it was her first stroke or her tenth. She starts over. Eventually, the bitch will behave and accept the spanking I decided she deserves. I know Laurie hears me tell him that. Just as I know that Laurie knows he will use that rule for her.

I give Allan a belt. It's just a cheap leather man's belt about 2" wide. I have him double it over in his hand and then lie the stiff leather

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gently against Laurie's firm globes. I have him tell her what the spanking is for. I always do that, even if I've made up the excuse for the spanking.

"Laurie, you'll get one stroke so that you know what's waiting for you if you ever displease me," he tells her.

I tell Allan that he's not going to injure Laurie, so he should make this a good stroke, even though she hasn't misbehaved. Her bottom is as much his property as the rest of Laurie, and it's up to him when it's spanked. He doesn't need a reason. That he wishes to spank it is reason enough. I take his hand and guide it as he raises it up, his elbow bent.

I tell him to put most, but not quite all, of his power into it. He snaps the belt. It lands a little low, but still on her cheeks. It lands with a loud, splitting crack like lightning. It's a hard stroke. I can see that in the way it pushes the flesh of her globes in as it lands on her cheeks.

"OW!" Laurie screeches out. I see her body tense up. I am so used to feeling it, not just seeing it. I hope Allan can feel it. That he can feel the tension snap into her muscles as her thighs pull suddenly against the side of his seat. As her back arches up. As her hands and feet squirm for an instant, her instincts wanting to get them up to cover her bottom before her brain can stop them. I hope he gets to feel the soft undersides of her breasts pulling along the outside of his thigh, too. I love that feeling. I'm sure he will, too. What man wouldn't? "oh, OW!" Laurie starts sobbing.

Laurie sobs loudly for several seconds.

Allan lets the belt fall away from Laurie's bottom, showing me the deep pink stripe it's left across her cheeks. I calmly tell Alan that stripe is fine. It will fade in about an hour, but leave her bottom sore for a couple of hours. I tell him what he's looking for, the signs of bruising that I use as signs I'm going too hard.

"One, Sir," Laurie counts her stroke off. Her voice is still breaking slightly with her sobs, but she's calming herself quickly. "Thank you for spanking my bottom, Sir. I appreciate you taking the time to show me that you'll give me what I deserve if I disappoint you, my King."

I have Allan help Laurie off his knees and onto hers. It shows on her face that his stroke really hurt. But, at least to me, it doesn't look

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like she minded him spanking her that one stroke. It looks like Laurie learned that he will definitely spank her if she deserves it. And that it's going to really hurt when he does.

I tell Allan that normally, now that the spanking is over and Laurie is on her knees beside him, it's the time I have the naughty miscreant apologize for its sin.

"My King..." Laurie says, not waiting to be told to apologize. And not having a sin to apologize for. "I'm really sorry for crying, Sir. But, please, Sir, if I ever disappoint you, even the tiniest bit, will please spank me really good for it, Sir? Please, Sir, please don't let me get away with disappointing you." It's her way of letting him know that she wants the discipline. That she's not the least bit upset with him for hurting her. And will be upset if he doesn't when she deserves it. "Please, my King, please don't hesitate to make me be a very good bitch for you, Sir. I want to be so good for you, my King."

It looks to me like Allan expected the lightly sobbing woman to cuss him out for the spanking. Especially since she hadn't misbehaved to earn it. Not to ask him to spank her again. Freely. Whenever he felt she warranted it. He'll learn. Nothing will hurt Laurie as deeply as the knowledge that she's disappointed her owner. The spanking is nothing by comparison. Plus, accepting her punishment brings her forgiveness.

I have Laurie stand up. Properly, with her hands behind her back. It has her bottom as relaxed and as loose as it's ever going to be. Her globes are still nicely firm, with that little rounded curve at their bottom edge. I explain to Allan that the looser her cheeks are, the more the spanking will sting. But also the sting tends to fade faster. And that it's much more difficult for Laurie to stand still, on her feet, and keep her hands behind her while she's spanked. Thus, I use this position when a bitch really needs to demonstrate her repentance.

"Laurie, have you ever been spanked like this before?"

"No, Ma'am," Laurie very quickly answers me. "I've always been over His knees, or told to bend over, for a spanking, Ma'am."

I suggest that Allan give her another stroke this way. That way, Laurie will know what it's like. Allan hesitates just a second.

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Laurie looks at him, her face almost eager. She silently mouths "please, Sir." I tell her to say what she so clearly thinks he doesn't already know. "Will you please spank me like this, Sir? Please, Sir, allow this bitch to show you how well it can behave for you, Sir. Please, give me another spanking, Sir, and please make it a good one. For me, Sir?"

Allan definitely did not expect her to ask for it. I kind of did. Unlike Allan, I know why she's so eager for it. Mostly to show Allan that she'll do anything for him, and do it eagerly, no matter how much it hurts her. But partly, and not a small part, because Laurie wants to know what she might have coming before she finds herself having to suffer it.

He does it my way, putting the stiff leather of the belt to her bottom, then telling her that this is so she'll know what bad bitches get. He brings his arm back, puts some power into it, and swings it. Almost like it's a baseball bat. It works. The harsh leather cracks loudly against her looser cheeks.

"OW! OH, OW!!!!, OH, OW!" Laurie screeches out loudly. As the strike lands, she flinches hard. Her breasts jiggle wildly from the crisp flinch. It sears a matching welt line across her globes, telling me that it wasn't any harder than the first stroke. But it gets Laurie crying lightly. And sobbing very loud "OW!s" I can see her arms tensed up. I know that she's fighting hard to keep them in place. Just as I could see her rise to her toes for an instant as the strike landed. If she hadn't caught herself, she would have shot forward.

It takes her several long sends to calm after that swat. Once she does, she "apologizes" to Allan. "Thank you for spanking me like this, my King. It hurt very badly, Sir. If I ever disappoint you, Sir, will you *please* spank me like this, Sir? Please, Sir, if I disappoint you, please allow me to have my spanking this way so I'll really learn my lesson, Sir!"

I give Laurie just a few seconds to pull herself together. I don't need to ask if she minds. I can see her pussy mound glistening with fresh honey already. I'm sure she's gotten herself so aroused by the spanking. Not from the pain, but from believing that she's done something for Allan. That she's pleased him by behaving for the spankings. She doesn't care if she deserved them. Only that he's pleased with her.

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"A bitch like you should be able to suck a cock like the cheapest whore. Can you suck a cock, bitch?" I ask Laurie.

"Yes, Ma'am," Laurie tells me with some pride in her voice. "My previous Masters have all been satisfied with my cock sucking skills, Ma'am." Laurie glances over to Allan with a little gleam in her eyes. As if she's eager for the chance to demonstrate her abilities.

I just don't know if Allan is eager for her to. So I tell Allan that now is the point of "meeting" and new "fuck toy" that I usually "investigate" its "slut skills." I tell Alan the cheapest of gutter whores, such as "skanky whore," the naked slave he's glimpsed and who cooked our supper, should be able to very fully pleasure a man with their mouths and bottoms, not just their pussies. I prefer to try all three and see what lessons my bitch needs to perform like that trashy bimbo slut-bitch. Which, I've discovered, is how men prefer it.

I tell Allan that there are two choices here. I would be glad to have my slave get a strap-on and use it to investigate Laurie's slut skills. He would be welcome to watch. Or he may try her freshly cleaned body out for himself and decide if any of those worthless holes are able to actually satisfy his cock. I wink, hoping he'll catch on that I would prefer that he tries her himself.

And I know Laurie would. So instead of waiting for Allan to pick, I ask Laurie, "Would you like to show your new King what a miserable excuse for a blow job you've been passing off as satisfying?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Laurie blurts out rather eagerly. She turns to Allan. "If it pleases you, Sir, this useless bitch would really love to show you how good it can suck your cock, Sir... This bitch would really love to show you how all of this ugly body might be pleasing to you, Sir... *All of it, Sir.*" Laurie licks her lips seductively, leaving Allan no doubt that Laurie would prefer to get on her knees and show him just how much she likes the idea of his keeping her as his slave.

Allan, slightly reluctantly, agrees that she can suck his cock. Laurie beams, her face glowing the moment she hears that she'll be allowed to show her appreciation for all he's done for her. And it's something she never actually thought he'd do. She figured he'd get rid

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of her, probably sooner than later. She was just too... timid to throw herself at him any more than she already was. She didn't think he'd want her.

I tell Allan that seeing his cock is a privilege that Laurie hasn't earned yet. To earn the honor of seeing it, she'll first have to prove herself useful as a whore. I hand him a blindfold. He ties it over her eyes, taking care to get it snug so she can't peek. Laurie looks a little disappointed as if she wants to see his cock. But she also looks eager to prove herself. When he tells her to get on her knees, she moves quickly to get down. Even blindfolded and unable to see what she's doing.

I tell her to use her hands to free his cock for him. The man shouldn't have to do anything. The whore should do it all for him. Laurie moves enthusiastically. Even as she fumbles for a second, her hands having to find his zipper by feel, not by sight as she's used to doing. But once her hands are there, muscle memory takes over and she very efficiently frees his cock from his pants.

I'm not so surprised. He does have a nice cock. I don't get the chance to measure it, but I'm sure it's over six inches long, maybe close to seven. And it's fairly wide. Maybe almost 1½" across. It's semi-hard as she pulls it from his pants, but as he looks down on her and sees how eagerly she's stretching her mouth wide for it, his cock jumps to full hardness instantly. Men!

I watch closely as Laurie moves her eager mouth to the tip of his cock. Her eagerness shows. She takes the entire deep purple head of it into her mouth before closing her lips around his thick shaft. Now is the point when I think Allan stops thinking with his bigger head. I'm pretty sure that he doesn't notice the surprise on Laurie's face. It's a rather pleasant surprise. As if she didn't expect a cock as big she can feel his to be.

Laurie goes decently fast. Faster than I'd teach her to. But not so fast that it's obvious she's racing him to the finish line. She closes her lips snugly around his cock, but I can see the corners of her jaw are still strained so her jaw is opened wider. She's making the effort to keep her teeth off of his shaft. Good girl.

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I watch as she starts sucking his cock. I see her cheeks pull in slightly, telling me that she has that part about right. A nice, easy suction. Not too much. She starts leaning her head forward, taking more and more of his cock into her mouth. She takes it easily, her motion steady. She definitely has some practice and skill at it. A lot of practice. I wonder if Allan will notice that. It's one of the benefits of an older slave. She'll have plenty of experience, something the younger girls on campus won't usually have. And Laurie is going to put all of her knowledge to use for Allan.

I watch as Laurie gets the first half of his cock into her mouth. I see her straining as she cranes her neck forward, angling the back of her mouth to get a little more of it into her. She keeps going, taking another inch or so. I see the ripples of a gag start to flow over her. It's about the same point when I figure the tip of his cock is getting near the top of her throat. About when her throat has narrowed, funneling in toward the narrow tube of her esophagus. It's the point where Allan will be feeling the spongy tip of his cock pressing against a soft, rubbery, unyielding wall.

It's also the point where I expect Laurie to choke. Allan, however, looks rather impressed that Laurie has managed to get about four inches of his thick cock into her mouth. That's probably more than most young girls could handle.

I see the sharp tremor hit Laurie as she feels his cock pushing against the top of her tube. It tells me that this is as far as she's ever taken a cock. If she goes any further, his cock will push past the hard flap and stretch into her rubbery tube. It will also cut off her air. I see it as the tension suddenly stiffens the muscles of her neck.

Laurie reverses her stroke, keeping her brisk pace, but otherwise stroking his cock rather efficiently. I'm sure Allan is rather appreciative of her skill. The bliss on his face tells me that it's the best he's ever experienced yet. And it's not affecting Laurie to be blindfolded. She even keeps her hands behind her back, unused. Someone has definitely taught her some skills.

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I let her go on for about twenty seconds. It's long enough for me to see that this is the best she can do. And that Laurie is putting everything she has into this one. She always goes down until she starts to choke, even ignoring the gagging that precedes it.

"Is that the best you can do, bitch?" I ask Laurie, my voice full of a mocking disapproval. "What? Is this your first cock or something?" then I catch Allan's eyes. "If you don't mind, I'll just show this bitch a handy little trick."

I don't wait for Allan to answer. I grab Laurie's head, one hand under her jaw, one hand gripping the back of her head. I use the hand under her jaw to pinch the corners of her mouth, forcing her jaw to stretch to its widest and stay there. It prevents her from closing her mouth. And from biting him.

"Now you're going to suck it like the trashy whore you are, bitch," I tell Laurie rather firmly. It gets to the point where Laurie is ready to reverse her stroke. I don't let her. I push hard against the back of her head. I let her slow down – I want her to anyway. But I keep her head moving.

Laurie feels the soft head of his cock squishing harder and harder against the top of her throat. I know that feeling. It's harsh at first. Imagine swallowing the biggest bite of food. Laurie's reflexes know it's too big, that she won't be able to breathe with it in her throat. So they try to stop it. To push it back. Her throat snaps, trying to use those muscles to push it back to her mouth. But now I'm holding Laurie's head. It can't go back. And the cock isn't going anywhere. So it sits there.

It presses even harder against the rubbery wall. Laurie's stomach snaps hard as she chokes. I feel her head snapping firmly against my grip. I just lean into it a little, putting my weight behind my hands. And I keep her head moving.

The tip of Allan's cock pushes past the wall, slipping into the rubbery tube there and starting to stretch it. The steely hard shaft of his cock follows. Now that her throat is open around the head of his cock, there's nothing but the rubberiness to stop it. His shaft just stretches it wide. So wide that her throat starts to burn just a little. And the shaft

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starts slipping forward, into her tube. The tight rubberiness squeezes snugly around his length, cuddling it, squishing it, and stroking it tightly as his length starts slipping deeper into her body.

Length doesn't matter. From here on, it's a straight trek to her stomach, and not even a porn star has that long of a cock. I just watch as Allan's thick shaft pushes the sides of her neck out from the inside. And I feel the spasms racking Laurie's muscles. My finger feels her reflexes trying to close her jaw. My fingers are plenty to keep her from close it and biting down.

I keep pushing her forward at the same, steady pace. It's about $\frac{2}{3}$ the pace she was setting for herself. The slower pace will allow Allan to more fully feel the sensations of his cock stroking through her rubbery tube. It will be tighter around his cock than any pussy. And what guy doesn't want to feel a blow job? I'm sure Laurie's mouth is hot and wet for him, too.

It keeps Allan's cock pushing deeper into her mouth and throat. It won't make a difference for Laurie. She chokes just the same. The cock fills her throat just the same.

I keep her going until she's taken all of his length into her mouth. It has her plush, delicate lips flush against his pubes and the top of his balls. I push her head forward just enough for both of them to feel her soft lips against his body. Then I smoothly reverse her stroke.

As I guide her head back, keeping her pace leisurely and steady, Allan just stares down at the top of her head. Or maybe his eyes are on her ample, lightly bouncing, breasts. I'm not sure if he can see them, but I can. As she leans forward, bringing her shoulders over her knees, it's just enough of an angle on her chest for those spongy mounds to dangle down. And I can see those long, hard nipples dancing as her mounds jiggle.

Whatever Allan is watching, I can see the look of utter disbelief on his face. It's as if he thought his cock was far too big for a woman to ever swallow it. As if he doubted any woman could take all of a cock, except maybe a tiny one. And now, he can see Laurie's lips bumping

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softly against his balls as she takes it all. Or maybe he's just impressed by the tightness of her throat. I doubt he can see her choking.

I guide Laurie's head through several more strokes. Each time she chokes less. Each time she gets a little more used to the sensation. Enough so that her reflexes no longer panic when she feels it stretching her throat wide and pushing into the tightness.

Laurie gets this part down quickly. But I thought she would. She's obviously well experienced. It's just that whoever taught her, didn't know how to push her through the choking as well as the gagging. Or didn't think she could. Maybe felt the firm resistance of that rubbery wall, which is actually just the narrow top of her tube, and thought that was all she could take.

Once Laurie has that part I tell her what to add in next. I have to tell her what to do. There's just no other way. As she nears the apex of her stroke, the point where only the head of his cock is left in her mouth, I tell her to use her tongue. To swirl it quickly around the head, softly caressing the soft sides of his bulbous head with her delicate and feminine tongue. I keep her head moving smoothly, not letting her stop even to swirl her tongue. The only trick to it is that his cock head has her mouth fairly full. It doesn't give her much room to move her tongue. It takes her a few tries, and a few strokes, to get it right. But then she does. I keep guiding her, but I feel the resistance of her neck muscles easing off as she gets smoother at swirling her tongue are his fat head. That's the part of his cock that has the most nerves. The part where he'll feel it the most. And it's clearly driving him crazy.

I let her go a few more strokes like this. I watch Laurie to make sure she's doing it right, but I really don't have to. Laurie is trying hard to make Allan like it. She's not even thinking of slacking off. If anything, I'm afraid she'll start going faster.

Allan stands there, moaning out the sweetest purrs that very quickly grow very hungry. And urgent. He looks down, watching Laurie as she takes his entire cock with every stroke. Then as she backs off until only the head of his cock is left in her mouth. And swirls her tongue around the head of it. I can see a twitch rack his cock every time she

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does it. I'm sure Laurie can feel that twitch, too. It's clear that Allan is impressed with her abilities. And loves her mouth.

Now it's time to teach her the last trick I want her to use. This isn't the first time I've taught a woman all three blow job lessons at the same time, but I almost never do. I'm only doing it now because Laurie obviously has lots of skill and practice already. Slutty skill. The tricks might be new to her, but I'm just building on the knowledge she already has. Unlike most housewives where I'm starting from scratch.

I have to talk Laurie through this bit as well. I keep my hands on her head, guiding her through her strokes. I'll turn her loose to finish it once she gets this part down. As she's going down, steadily swallowing the last couple of inches of Allan's thick cock, I tell Laurie to push her tongue out slowly. That has it sliding rather snugly over the underside of his cock, pushing through the space between his shaft and her teeth. The real skill is to keep her top teeth off of his cock while she does it. I help her on the first stroke by holding her jaw wide open. It strains her muscles slightly, but I don't care about her comfort. It's about her giving Allan the best blow job. Everything she has to give.

Laurie manages to get her tongue out. Maybe ½" past her lips. But that's enough. As she hits the deepest point of her stroke, the tip of her tongue bumps against the top of his sack. Laurie does as she's told. She uses her tongue to stroke across the top of his balls as she reversing her stroke.

Allan definitely notices it. There's no missing the hard-shivering shudder that sweeps over him. Or the look thrilled and surprised look that floods his face. Or the deep, primal, "OOH!" that he blurts out.

As Laurie's tongue pulls back from his balls, her stroke now reversed, I think I see a grin on her face. It would be a grin if her jaw wasn't so wide open. I think there's a twinkle in her eye, too. Satisfaction. As if she's in heaven just from hearing how much Allan is so obviously enjoying her blow job.

I guide her through another half-dozen strokes. By then I don't need to guide her anymore. She's gotten her rhythm back. And now that rhythm includes swirling her tongue around the head of his cock,

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and licking it over his balls with every stroke. There's not much more she could add to the blow job to please him more.

I release Laurie's head, firmly telling her that's she to continue doing it, exactly like I've shown her to. "Your King will tell you when he's done with your filthy cock sucker, bitch." I'm sure Laurie understands that. Allan will tell her when he's ready for her to stop. Until then, she's to keep the rhythm, no matter what else happens.

Allan does not stand still. His hips squirm. He puts his hands to Laurie's head, now that mine aren't there. It's about the only part of Laurie that he can get them on. Maybe her shoulders, but that's a stretch at the top of her strokes. I'm pretty sure that his eyes are on Laurie's jiggling breasts. I'm sure it helps that Laurie has a nice, curvy body for him to look at while she doing this for him.

Allan manages to last about five minutes before he cums. About three, maybe three and a half of those, I spent teaching Laurie the technique. He only gets less than two minutes of her on her own. It's actually not so quick for him to cum. I've seen guys cum in under a minute. I'll bet Allan waited as long as he could, enjoying the very slutty blow job Laurie is giving him.

He cums with a loud, and very satisfied, grunt. I see a little thrust of his hips as he does. That's reflex. And Laurie handles it well. She lets her head move with the thrust, keeping her stroke steady despite it. Allan's head tilts back, his mouth hanging open for a second as he sighs out a couple of more deeply pleased purring breaths. His hands don't grip Laurie's head, but instead, strokes it, his fingers running through her hair.

Laurie definitely knows that Allan is cumming. His cock is twitching sharply, in her mouth. She'll feel those twitches as his cock snaps against her mouth and throat. She'll feel the sticky heat of his cum splattering against her insides as well. Some of his spurts will be so deep, into her throat, that she doesn't taste them at all. But a few more of those spurts will come with his cock barely in her mouth, at the tops of her strokes. Those spurts will shoot his cum against the back of her mouth. She'll get a good taste of his saltiness then. His cum will cling to

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the insides of her mouth as well, its taste lingering. That will make a nice reminder to Laurie of what's she's done. She's satisfied her new owner.

I see it in Laurie's neck. The ripple moving down her throat that tells me she's swallowing. At the top over every stroke. I know what's swallowing. The cum that's spurting into her mouth. I didn't have to tell her to swallow it. I didn't think I would. Men love it when a woman swallows his cum. I was confident that her previous Masters insisted she does it. Laurie, knowing they wanted her to, would assume that all men want her to and do it now.

Allan's orgasm is a long one. Maybe a full minute long. I guess it's been a little while since he's had a good one. Then again, he does have a good-sized pair of balls to go with that nice cock. Finally, he says "That's enough, bitch."

I quickly tell Laurie that she's to leave his cock clean. I watch as she finishes the half-stroke she's on, putting her lips flush against his balls. I tell her to put her tongue to the underside of his cock, and press it firmly up against the rubbery tube that she should feel running along his cock, just under his skin. I tell her to push firmly with her tongue. Then I tell her to release his cock, her head moving at about half the pace that it had been. I tell her to suck a hair more as she does. It pulls her lips snug against his shaft, letting them squeegee everything from his shaft.

She releases his cock. Still blindfolded, she can't see it. But I can see that there's nothing on his cock except for a thin film of her saliva. I see a tiny bit of his cum clinging to the very tip of his shaft, and I tell Laurie to lick the tip of it with her tongue. That gets a sharp twitch from his cock. And it gets the cum off of his cock. I have Laurie use her hands to tuck his cock back in and fix his pants for him.

"Thank you, my King," Laurie begins when I tell her to thank Allan politely. "For allowing this worthless bitch suck your very big and delicious cock, Sir. I just love the taste of your cum, Sir." Laurie very seductively licks her lips. "Yum..." She purrs.

Allan just watches. I doubt the lust on her face is lost on him, though. It's pretty clear that Laurie loved sucking his cock. It's pretty

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clear that Laurie would love to do it a few times a day if he'd let her. I already know that Laurie intends to put every bit of her new skill into every blow job she gives from now on. She might not be able to see how much Allan liked it, but she could feel it. And she could hear the hunger in his moans. She knows it was good for it.

"Did you like this bitch's cock sucker?" I teasingly ask Allan after he's had a minute to get himself together.

"Hell yes," Allan answers. "She swallowed every bit of my dick and licked my balls! I always thought that was... you know, like an urban myth? Like something guys want, but no girl can actually manage to do, but every guy claims to know at least one girl who can. But if you ever try that girl, you find she's no better than anyone else."

"It does take a bit of practice. And some slut-skill. You're lucky, someone had already taught this bitch most of the basics. I just had to fill in a few blanks for it."

"Yes, well, I am so glad you did. I couldn't have... it's not like I know anything about how to suck a dick."

"I could teach you..." My voice is very teasing, and not serious. I could teach him. Guys can learn it just the same as girls can. I've taught guys. I just know Allan doesn't want to learn.

"I'll pass, thanks," He says with a laugh to his voice. "I'll leave the dick sucking to the girls, queers, and bitches."



Chapter 06: The Bitch's Reward

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After Allan's blow job, we head for the living room. We take seats on the sofa. I have Sophie on her knees at my side, ready to cater to me. Laurie, still nude, is on her knees at Allan's side to cater to him. I tell Allan that Paige is in the kitchen, should he fancy anything, he shouldn't hesitate to just send Laurie to fetch. "Most bitches are pretty good at fetching... even things besides sticks and chew toys."

We talk for a while, Allan asking me countless questions about owning a slave. I figured he would have plenty. I've tried to show him a lot, enough to get him started with her. But I knew there would be more. He asks good questions. Questions like when to give Laurie an enema if he finds her bottom "dirty."

I tell him that on her morning cleanings if he finds anything dirtying up her bottom, I'd give her an enema immediately. She'll need to wait at least five, and preferably ten, minutes before being allowed to relieve herself. However, longer is perfectly fine as well. In this house, it depends on me. If I have some use for the naughty, filthy, slave, then she can cater to my whim as she waits, and she had better not whine about her bottom as she does. She had better not let it slow her down, either. I'll send her to the toilet, and then another shower and inspection, at my leisure. If I don't have anything for the bitch to do, then she waits, standing in the corner. Not ten minutes, but the full "corner time" I usually sentence a bitch to. And she had better behave and be still in that corner. Her time can start over until she does.

I tell him that I know it will make Laurie uncomfortable. I don't care. The enema is her fault. It's the consequences of disobedience. Not emptying her bottom out when I told her to. Enduring that discomfort is part of the punishment.

It's the same with a spanking. I know it will make her bottom sting her badly. That Laurie will not want to sit. That it will hurt her to sit. But I make no accommodations for her sore bottom. I just go right on with my life, using the bitch as I would if her bottom wasn't sore. If she has to sit on it, that's her problem. And it's her fault. She's the one who misbehaved to get herself spanked. I shouldn't have to change anything

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because she wanted to misbehave. Living with the fiery, stinging bottom is just part of the spanking.

I tell him a few more of the most basic rules, things that I can think of that he might not know. Rules that Laurie probably already knows. Like that she's not allowed to touch him without his permission. Every time. She must ask before touching him. He, however, may do anything to her anytime, and he's never to ask.

And, since he mentioned it, I point out to him that Laurie doesn't have any money. She doesn't have anything. Even her panties aren't hers, they're his. As is the bottom they're worn on. Thus, it's not Laurie's place to spend any money. It's his money. If he wants her to fetch something from a store, he should tell her that. And tell her how to pay for it. And expect a receipt. It's proof that Laurie has only spent his money on what he told her to buy.

Since he's male, and thus won't know such things, I give him a shopping list of things that Laurie will need. Things he should know, like shampoo and conditioner, and things he might not think of like disposable douches and eyeliner. Men seem to know nothing about makeup! It's a long list, so I have Sophie write it out for him. Because, as I tell him, it's his job to make sure that she has all of that stuff in the house. He's free to pick the brands he likes. Such as her soap. He should find a brand that leaves her clean, as almost any would, and that he likes the scent of on her. He should pick nail polish that he likes the look of on her. Eye shadow, too. Everything. Laurie has no preferences. Her preference is whatever he wants to give her.

I ask Laurie if Mr. Woods, Senior, picked those things for her. She eagerly says that he did. He'd either click up an order on Amazon, or send her to the store with a detailed list, and that's what she'd buy. And use. The look on Allan's face tells me that despite living in the house for years, he never knew that.

I tell him where to get other things that he might not want to buy at a store. Like enema syringes. You really can buy anything on Amazon. I even tell him what I put in the enemas like the one Laurie had. Mineral oil, which he can buy by the gallon, and a touch of fast-acting laxative. I

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mention a few more websites that specialize in the kinkier products he might want, such as gags for noisy bitches.

Then I tell him that his father probably has a decently large collection of that stuff already, and I'm sure it came with the bitch. I ask Laurie if he does. Laurie tells him yes, that Mr. Woods, Senior, has a good assortment of whips, paddles, straps, chains, cuffs, and other toys that he enjoyed using to play with her. They're in his dresser, and she will gladly show Allan where they are since those are now Allan's toys. I tell Allan that I'll stop over in a week or so and if he doesn't know what anything is, or how it's used, I will demonstrate for him. Laurie will obviously serve as the practice dummy for him. Laurie grins. She's already looking forward to his lesson and hoping he'll want a lot demonstrated.

Then we get to discussing Laurie's pussy. I tell Allan that I demand my bitches keep their pussy clean at all times. They'll never know when I might think up some use for it, and it should be ready for me if I do. I tell him that I *never* allow my bitches to cum during sex. Laurie's pussy is there for one purpose only. To give him pleasure. It's to be used, however, and whenever, it will please him. By him, or anyone else he wishes to offer it to. Laurie gets no say in it. She's to eagerly give it to anyone, any time, anywhere, without any question or hesitation if he tells her to. And she's to behave. That means she's not to allow herself to cum. Period.

My rule is simple. When I wish a bitch to cum, I will tell it to come. And when I do, I expect it to cum right that instant. It's his job to make sure that Laurie is ready to cum before telling her to. But it doesn't matter how long she has to wait once she's ready. Until he's ready to watch her climax. If a bitch comes before I tell her to, the punishment is harsh. It's my pussy, not hers. I decide what happens to my pussy. By letting it cum when I don't want it to, she's abusing my pussy. Without my permission.

It's rape. I explain it to him like this. Would he want Laurie grabbing his cock and making it cum when he doesn't want it to? Maybe it's sore or freshly used with another woman. Whatever. He does want

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her just doing whatever with his cock. He agrees with that. He says it's his cock and he decides what's done with it. I tell him that it's also his pussy. She's given it to him, so it's his now. It doesn't matter whose legs it's between, it's his. It's just as much his as his cock is. He decides what is done with his pussy. Laurie has no more right to decide what's done with his pussy than she does with his cock.

And I tell Allan that in my world, an orgasm is a reward. A bitch must earn her orgasm through shameless, devout, humble, and attentive service to me. And naturally obedience. Bad bitches don't get rewards. But an orgasm given to her by another is a rare treat. That's something that must be hard-earned by Laurie. Otherwise, she can climax with her fingers.

I suggest that for this first month, while Laurie is proving her devotion to him, she shouldn't be allowed any orgasms except by occasional masturbation. She's never to ask for permission to masturbate, either. She's to just wait. He is to tell her when she's to masturbate his pussy, and then she'll do it immediately. And do it his way, not hers. I'm pretty sure that Allan doesn't realize that there are many ways to masturbate a pussy. The look on his face tells me that much.

I decide to show him. I'd always planned to. Laurie clearly needs the release. So I tell Laurie to "show me that pussy, bitch." I don't know if Laurie's been taught a version of that command or not. But I want it done my way. Like everything else. So I go on to tell Laurie what I expect her to do.

Laurie says a sweet "Yes, Ma'am," and gets up to her feet. She doesn't hesitate one bit. She just turns her back to me. Then she slides her feet across the floor, opening her legs wide. Next, Laurie leans over getting her back close to flat with the floor. But then her back arches up a little as she reaches around the outside of her curvy thighs and puts her fingers to the lips of her pussy. She pulls her lips, and her loose folds, wide apart, stretching them out as wide as they'll go. She stays like that, her pussy fully displayed. "Here is this bitch's pussy, as instructed, Ma'am," Laurie politely tells me. Now she waits.

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It gives me a good view of everything. Despite her recent, and thorough, cleaning, her pussy is already sloppy wet again. I can see the tip of her clit standing out eager for some attention, too. It's still throbbing hard, just as needy as ever. Maybe even a little needier. I know Laurie liked her evening here. I know Laurie is thrilled to have shown Allan everything she has to offer him.

I point a few things out to Allan, asking first if he can see how wet her pussy is. He can. I warn him that it's only one sign he should be looking for. Some bitches just have naturally sloppy pussy. I point out her clit, and ask him if he can see that it's throbbing hard now. I tell him that a fairly certain sign that his pussy is rather needy now. I just remind him of the little twitches he felt earlier, with his finger in her pussy, and tell him that's another sign of his pussy's need. He should consider all of those signs when deciding if he wishes to attend to his pussy. And I tell Allan that it doesn't matter if his pussy is very needy. It will throb, and that will be... annoying. It will ache, and that's just as annoying. But since he won't have to endure the throbbing and aching, it shouldn't matter to him. He should only consider allowing that pussy some relief if Laurie has very well behaved. And even then he should only consider it.

Now that Allan has gotten a good look, I tell Laurie to stand up and face me. Once she's facing me, I don't tell her anything more than to spread her legs again, only this time only halfway open. She slides her feet and opens her legs. I point to her pussy and tell Allan to notice how her mound is standing down so prominently between her thighs, but that there's a good bit of space between her thighs and her mound. That nothing is touching her mound.

Laurie is standing with her hands behind her, as she's been taught that she should. I tell Laurie to give me her right hand. She holds it out for me. I ball up her first, leaving only her first finger extended. Then I take her hand and put the pad of her finger into her slit. I press it in gently, stopping it with her finger just into her wet slit. With her finger very lightly atop her pounding clit.

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I start Laurie's finger moving. I move the pad of her finger over the tip of her clit with tiny little circles. I keep her touch very light. So light that her finger is moving over the tip of her nub, not even pulling her nub with it. Just gliding over it on a film of Laurie's slippery honey. I keep her circles slow as well.

I guide her through about a dozen strokes. At first, I feel her arm muscles straining, tensing up, as if they want to press harder on her clit and go faster. Then she starts to relax and allow me to move her hand for her. She starts purring deep, and very hungry, needy "UH!s" that are as sweet as they are breathy. I start to feel the tension coming back into her arm, as her body wants her to speed up and tease herself harder, rushing her to orgasm. I hold her arm, keeping her pace steady.

I keep a firm grip on her arm, controlling her motion. And I look Laurie in her eyes. "When you are told to masturbate, this is what you are to do. You will stand just like. You will diddle Mr. Wood's pussy just like this. You will not speed up. You will not slow down. You will not press any harder on that slutty clit. You will not do anything differently. You will do this. You will not cum. You will behave. You will not speak. You will not move. If you want to act like a gutter slut, you'll be punished for it, bitch. Now, masturbate, bitch."

I release Laurie's arm. I hold my hand out and Sophie very quickly puts the handle of my crop in my hand. She knew what I wanted. Now I watch Laurie closely. I don't pay much attention to Laurie's already suffering enjoyment. I watch what she's doing. That she's rubbing her clit my way. That she's standing still.

It does take her but a few seconds to misbehave. Her hips shudder. I'm almost surprised that it took her this long. She is rather needy. I just flick my wrist, sending the tip of my crop sailing through the air. It snaps firmly against her bare bottom, searing a light pink, but deeply stinging, welt onto her globe.

"OW!" Laurie yelps.

"I told you not to be such a slut, bitch! Stand still. Don't wiggle those hips like you're advertising your butt for sale!"

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"I'm sorry, Ma'am!" Laurie cries out, her voice throaty, deep, and urgent.

She lasts about ten seconds before I see another shudder sweep over her body. This one is crisp enough that I see her breasts jiggling slightly with it. I flick my wrist again, snapping another welt onto Laurie's bottom. She yelps again, and I scold her again. Then she apologizes again.

By now Laurie's moans are so loud that she's screaming them out. Her voice is a deep and throaty as every. And it has that faint squeak to it that makes it so girly. And so sultry. Her entire body quivers hard.

I see Laurie's finger start to speed up. Another flick of my wrist sears a light pink welt onto her arm. Laurie yelps. I scold her for trying to speed up. She apologizes. And she forces her finger to slow back down a hair.

That makes her hips shudder crisply. I'm sure Laurie feels the shudder flowing over them. I know she feels the crop swat another hard-stinging welt onto her bottom. She yelps again, only now her yelp is throaty deep. Less squealing and more hungry. Her hips shudder again, the instant that the sting of the crop stabs into her globe. This shudder is sharp enough that it slings a tiny droplet of her honey from her mound. The droplet lands on her thigh, about midway to her knee. And it earns her another swat for the second shudder.

Laurie's mouth is hanging wide open. Her jaw trembles with the rest of her body. If her mouth was closed, those teeth would be chattering. But her jaw gapes wide as she screeches out desperate moans. Her body quiver hard enough that her breasts jiggle enough to have her nipples dancing around.

I suggest Allan comes up. All he has to do is get up to his feet. I ask him if he's enjoying the show, watching his bitch diddle his pussy. HE says that he is. I offer him my crop and tell him to make sure his bitch behaves. "This bitch seems to be a rather trashy gutter slut," I add. It's a reference to how naughty she's been. That Laurie has the gall to be enjoying the masturbation.

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It doesn't take long for another hard tremor to sweep over Laurie, shuddering her hips hard enough that it's almost a thrash. I point it out. Allan snaps the crop. It leaves another, similar, welt on Laurie's bottom, and gets another needy "OW!" from her. But it also gets a rather humble apology as Laurie tells him "I am so sorry for acting like a cheap skanky whore, Sir! Please, Sir, use that whip and make me behave for you, Sir!"

It's been about two minutes, maybe a few seconds less, when I tell Allan that I always demand a minimum of five full minutes of masturbation before I consider allowing a bitch an orgasm. Laurie has three more to go. I think I hear the most agonized groan from Laurie as she hears that she's going to have to wait. That she's not even halfway finished entertaining us yet. And already she has a half dozen welts on her bottom. Plus one on her arm. They'll fade quickly. By morning there won't be a sign left. Not even the sting. But that's later. Now those welts are stinging sharply into her flesh.

It's kind of hard to anything from Laurie. Those screaming moans are just too loud and urgent. Too begging for an orgasm. But I hear her yelp as her hips shudder again and Allan snaps the crop, searing another welt onto her bottom. It stills her hips.

But then another shudder hits her. This one doesn't snap her hips. It has her shoulders snapping. And that tosses her soft breasts around. I just point to a breast. Allan looks at me with disbelief and a little uncertainty on his face. I nod. He flicks his wrist the same way I do. The crop snaps, landing its tip squarely on the center of the top of her spongy mound.

"OW! OH, OW!" Laurie cries out. Even as she cries out, her hips snap with the sharpest, wildest shudder yet. It's sharp enough to sling a couple of drops of her honey onto her legs. Allan snaps the crop, searing a welt onto her bottom. The two strokes are so close together that Laurie doesn't have to apologize between them.

"I'm so sorry, Sir! Thank you for whipping my breast, Sir! Thank you so much for being strong and kind enough to make this stupid slutty bitch behave for you, Sir! Thank you, Sir!"

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I see Allan roll his eyes. He's figured it out. This is better for Laurie than sex would be. She just loves it. Loves that he's being firm and demanding. That he's making her do what he wants her to. And not allowing her to have what she's begging for. Only what he wants her to have.

Finally, Laurie makes it to the five-minute mark. I doubt she could go much longer. She's clearly been holding her climax back for at least four of those minutes, maybe a little more. And her bottom has got to be on fire! There's not much of left that not glowing a freshly spanked pink. And now both of her breasts having matching welts on them. Her thighs have more than a few droplets of her honey on them, too.

I tell Allan what to do now. He looks Laurie right in her eyes. "Cum for me now, bitch," He tells her firmly.

"YES! My King!" Laurie very eagerly screeches out.

Then her body starts trembling hard. Violently hard. Every bit of her body shudders with the tremors racing along her body. Her teeth clench hard "UMMM!" Laurie screeches out through those clenched teeth. It's a long cry that she draws out.

"AH!" Laurie screams out. Her body explodes. Her legs slam shut, clamping her hand to her pussy. Her body trembles even hard. Her legs give out, dropping her onto her bottom. Even before her bottom hits the floor, her legs are snapping hard. It has her feet kicking both out and wildly to the sides. She falls back onto her back. She lies there, her chest thrashing with the rest of her body. And it has her soft breasts jiggling around wildly, too. With her hard nipples standing up.

It has Laurie grunting out deep, throaty, tense, and now satisfied, breathy "AH!s" constantly as her body dances around on the floor.

"Isn't that such a slutty show?" I teasingly ask Allan.

"Uh... Yeah," Allan grins at me. He lowers his voice, hoping that Laurie won't hear him. I doubt Laurie is going to hear much of anything. "She's cumming awfully... intense."

"Yes, she is. She really likes that you supervised such an intimate thing and that you did it for her. That makes it far better for her than

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simple sex would be. Sex is far more mental than physical. She loves you controlling her, and the more intimately, the better."

"I see..."



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Posted by kainazzo
ID 16474910

Epilogue - A Week Later

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It's a week later, and Allan has been calling me every day with some question or another. And he's been texting me plenty of pictures, usually of some part of Laurie's body. Pictures that go along with his questions, such as "Do you think she needs to masturbate now?"

Slowly Allan has been gaining some confidence. Learning the basics. It's clear to me that he really cares about Laurie, too. That he's grown, very quickly, to appreciate the gift she's giving him. And that he wants to do things right for her. He wants to make sure she's taken care of.

I know that he's allowed her to give him a blow job every night. I thought he might be eager for another one, or hundred, of those. He still boasts of her slutty skills. He's still amazed at how good she's able to do it. He tells me that he'd never enjoy a blow job from "some girl on campus" again. She wouldn't have half the skill Laurie does.

He's allowed her to masturbate three times, at my suggestion. Although he's noticed that after sucking his cock, her pussy is always sloppy wet, and aching. He's figured out that she likes doing that for him.

He's moved the furniture around, too. Over the weekend he got several friends over and they got it done quickly. It was also the first time he's had friends over since Laurie really became his slave. It was kind of a test for both of them. Laurie didn't hesitate. She was just as humble and polite with his friends there as she is without them there.

His friends gave him a little teasing. Mostly about kicking his step-mom out of her room now that the house was his. I'm sure they noticed just how polite she was to them, as well. But Allan never explained anything to them. He didn't tell them that Laurie was just a slave and that his father left her to him. I suspect he's told them about her blow jobs, just not that it's her giving them. I suspect that sooner or later, as Allan gets used to the idea of owning a slave, he'll be more open about it. And maybe flaunt Laurie to his friends. I'm sure those guys would love to see her breasts.

I know that Laurie is still spending her nights in the master bedroom. ON the floor at the foot of Allan's bed. Naked. Right where a

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slave like her belongs. And according to Allan, where he now knows his father kept her.

He tells me that when they got home from my apartment, he had Laurie show him all of the "toys." In the drawer, in the back, at the bottom, he found an envelope with his name on it. It was dusty and had clearly been there for some time.

He read it. It was from his father, as he knew it was. It told him what he'd already figured out.

Allan;

If you're reading this, then something unexpected has happened to me. I left it hidden where you wouldn't easily find it. But where I knew you eventually would. After you figured out about Laurie. Or if you haven't, you have now that you've seen what's in this drawer.

Laurie isn't my girlfriend. That's just a show. She's my sex slave. You know she used to be with my friend Randy. When he met Amanda, he didn't want two slaves, so he gave Laurie to me. Now, I'm giving her to you. It up to you what you do with her. Laurie will do whatever you decide. You can find someone who wants her or keep her for yourself if you want.

Laurie is well experienced. She'll be a good slave for you. She can teach you all about this lifestyle, and the pleasures of owning a slave. But I know she's a lot older than you are, so if you don't want her, that's OK. Just please, find someone to take care of her. Don't just toss her out. She wouldn't make it. She'd end up with the first guy who just told her what to do, whether he took care of her or not. She's too good of a slave for that.

Randy's number is in my contacts. You know he moved to Tampa when Carnival pulled out of Mobile. He had a friend here in Foley. Her name is Diane Rodgers, and she's a very well-experienced Domme. He's sure she'll help you learn whatever you need to know if you want to try keeping Laurie. Give Randy a call and he'll arrange an introduction.

I'm sure the lawyers have told you that I left you everything. The one thing they can't tell you is that Laurie is the most valuable thing I owned. And now she's yours.

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I know she will serve you as well as she's served me. I hope you'll enjoy her service. And her body. She's very good at using it to please a man. She'll like pleasing you with it.

Good luck. Don't do anything I wouldn't do - but there's nothing I wouldn't do with Laurie. Don't do anything you don't want to, either. If you don't want her, that's fine, too. Just please find her someone kind if you don't keep her. But if you'll try her, I think she'll make you happier than any of those younger women can.

Dad.

He tells me what the letter says with a little laugh in his voice. HE tells me that he's planning to keep Laurie, too. He's been very thrilled with her. She doesn't give him any of the "crap" that other girls do. She never wants to compromise on anything. She doesn't want her way. Her way is his way. That, plus her great slut skill, makes her about an ideal woman in his opinion. MEN!

But then he asks if I know Diane Rodgers if she's a relation to me. I just laugh. "That's my mom."

"I guess I know where your Domme side comes from then!"

"And my blond hair!"

the "USUAL SUSPECTS"

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



Slave-girl ("Sophie")

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

Debuts In: "Seducing Sophie"



Slave-whore ("Paige")

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

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